

"I'm Not a Crackhead!" by Nate Lindell

4 January 2015

Drug addicts say and do some ridiculous shit, which is probably why they are so often the main feature in shows like "COPS" + MSNBC's "Lock Up", and why I do my best to avoid them in prison. Drug addicts of every sort — heroin, meth, crack, all of the above + more — flourish at Coleman 2 USP, a yard for special-needs prisoners (e.g. ex-gang members, informants + "check-ins"*) , a yard where dope (such as marijuana "wax," heroin, suboxyn (an opiate that comes in miniscule strips)) is openly traded + very available. Thus, it was inevitable that one would be put in my cell.

D.J. was almost as tall as my 6'4" but had a sloppy gut, acne-scarred face + flabby build. He seemed nervous but normal as he came into my cell more than two months ago + told me he was assigned to be my cellie. Cool beans. He'd just got off the bus, so I invited him to use my shower shoes until he got his property + was hospitable.

D.J. didn't seem like a bad guy, and he was my cellie. So I warned him to watch out for most of the other Whites, as they were die-hard dope-fiends, untrustworthy, selfish....

In the process of fiending for their dope, dope-fiends learn to say or do whatever it takes to get their next high. Stealing from their mom or someone else they'd otherwise respect is common, as is telling ridiculous lies in attempts to hide their misdeeds — hence all the antics you'll see on "COPS", etc. A "decent" dope fiend is delusional — they have to be to not see their mind wasting, their body sucking up, the suffering of those who love them, the fouling of their character.

Because dope fiends are delusional, it can be hard to spot one who've been well fed + had healthy conditions provided for them, as is the case with some prisoners.

D.J. looked healthy, although peculiarly jittery, anxious.

"I'm cool with you being my cellie, but you have to respect that I don't want any drugs or weapons in this cell," I told D.J.

* A check-in is a prisoner who checked into protective custody, which includes drug addicts who can't or don't want to pay their bills.

He agreed. Cool.

He was my cellie, so we hung out by the T.V., went to chow together, even worked out a bit. I let him know why I was in prison & why I was sent into federal custody from my state. He told me he was in for bank robbery.

Bank robbery? That's interesting, I thought. I was curious as to how he got to Coleman 2, given that, as he said, he wasn't a former gang member & bank robbery is a respectable crime.

"Ya get a lot of money?" I asked, which led to a description of his crime, spurred along by a question here & there from me. Here's the story:

He was at work, a construction job of some sort. The boss let him go home early & had just paid him. Bored, D.J. decided to go buy some crack to pass the time.

One rock (of crack) led to another, until his paycheck was gone. But he still wanted to get high, wanted a 1 oz. "cookie" of crack that his dealer'd flashed to him.

"Take me to the bank, so I can get some more money," D.J.'d told his dealer, still geeked up on crack. Of course the dealer started up his car & hit the road with D.J. & a homie of the dealer's, looking for D.J.'s bank.

After driving around, back & forth, coming off his crack high & desperately wanting to get back up, D.J. points to a bank & says, "That's it. Pull over."

D.J. went in, geeked on crack & told the teller it was a robbery & to give him all the money. He hurried out, dropping money all the way.

"You just robbed a bank!?" the dealer exclaimed, as D.J. got in the car.

"No, I didn't! Drive! Drive!" D.J. replied, delusionally.

"You fucking robbed a bank!" the dealer repeated, over & over, while D.J. repeatedly denied it.

During the panicked ride, D.J. handed over the money for the cookie of crack, got the crack & his brain surely conspired about what it could do to get the most crack out of the situation.

When they came to a red light, D.J. grabbed his dope, his stolen money & exited stage right before the dealer & his friend could rob D.J. or kill him for making them unwilling accomplices in his bank robbery.

It was then that I realized why he was in Coleman 2 - he'd most likely sold out the dealer for leniency. Anything to get out of prison sooner & get more crack! (Because of its bulkiness, crack is harder to smuggle into prison than heroin & suboxyn, thus crack is less common).

After running from the dealer, D.J. found himself in a wooded area, where he promptly squatted down & began smoking crumbs from his cookie & "thinking" about what he should do next.

When the cookie was about half gone, D.J. decided to reenter society & walked back towards the city, somewhere in Georgia. He bumped into a veterinary clinic, where he asked to use the bathroom, cleaned himself up & smoked a piece of crack. From there, he left, robbed another bank & decided to go on the run, which he did, robbing banks, smoking crack with a variety of "crack whores", one of whom was pregnant & wouldn't have sex with him, the other of whom was so high that she couldn't have sex with him.

D.J. came from an abusive family, so it's not valid to say that he abandoned them & went on his crack-fueled crime spree. But he did abandon his daughter & what friends he did have. Crack became his #1 priority.

Those of you following my blog know by now how curious I find many of the aspects of this prison experience. I've learned that it's futile to say the obvious & wiser to, instead, ask questions.

So, after D.J. finished telling me his saga, I asked him, "Ya think you might be addicted to crack?"

D.J. looked at me, angrily, nervous, & said, "I'm not a crackhead!"

That's good, because, if he was, it'd end up hurting anyone unfortunate enough to love him, not to mention many innocent bystanders to the addiction.

Oh, D.J. says he's a Christian, a Pentacostal (U.P.C.I.) specifically. And, at the same time, has convinced 3 or 4 different women (whom

he met on pen-pal websites) that he'll be with them when he gets out, so they send him money, which he spends on drugs & munchies. (D.J. criticized me for being an Atheist.)

My current cellie also is an addict, heroin & opioids being his drug of choice. He too claims to be a Christian, looks down on me for being Atheist. He, "Chaos", is in the SHU because he can't/won't pay his heroin & gambling debts.

You may think I wrote this to put down drug addicts &, maybe, thereby, raise myself up. But this is not the case. I wish all the drug addicts around me were clean, so I could relate with human beings rather than try to deal with doped-out zombies!

"Oh, whyyyy can't we not be soberrr!" fool.

I write this in the hope of discouraging people from ever trying dope, in the hope that they don't become like these guys, happily degraded, & break their loved ones' hearts!

I write this so that those who love a drug addict won't feel bad about moving on, leaving the fiend to worship their true god.

I write this because, although she's sober now, my mom was an alcohol/drug addict when I was very young & I don't want any child to have to go through what I went through. Thank you, all the folks at Al-Anon, therapists, etc. who helped ensure I didn't become an addict myself - thank, to the Law Enforcement people who made drugs hard to get in La Crosse, WI!

Sorry, there is no happy ending for D.J. or Chaos, or any of the numerous drug addicts in here. They still spend the majority of their lives thinking about how to get high or being high.

Anyone may publish this anywhere.

Sincerely,

Nathaniel Lindell # 99582-555

find my current address on bop.gov

Help for addicts is available from:

1-800-662-4357 & www.findtreatment.samhsa.gov