

WHAT ELES COULD GO WRONG?

I wake up with body aches inflicted by my metal bunk that feels to have become one with my paper thin mattress. I can not say I rolled over, because one roll and I'll hit the concrete floor, so I sit up. Immediately a sharp pain dances around my right ankle reminding me of the fracture I suffered two months ago on the basketball court. Unfortunately, it is healing improperly. The Xrays identifying the fracture came 7 weeks to late. The prison doctor gave me some generic Ibuprofen that may damage my liver and cause bleeding in my stomach. The doctor told me don't worry it'll heal on it's own, but I wonder why after two months it's still swollen? By the way, my mother is fighting for her life, Stage four throat cancer is threatening to make my worst nightmare a reality. "I can't lose my mom while locked in this cage, no funeral, no goodbye." For many years this was a horrifying dream, but now it is a conceivable reality. *People v. Heard* (2022) 83 Cal. App. 5th 608, gave me hope of an early release; so I filed a pro per petition in the court to only have it rejected for unlawful reasons. A lawyer assured me I qualify under *Heard*, but required a \$20,000 retainer fee before we could even continue the conversation with very few book sales since 2020, and a family neck deep in debt, I got a better chance at becoming President from my prison cell, before I could come up with \$20,000. I thought I had a young woman who would help me find some solace, but her own demons have impaired her empathy, so she rather focus on boosting her self-esteem via social media, I hope she finds her peace. When I joined a gang, they did not tell me about

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all this grief.

Now I been in prison for almost two decades long,
waking up everyday wondering, "what eles could go wrong?"

By Perrie Thompson