

Prison is a bad dream, and solitary confinement is a nightmare. Prison separates you from a world of family and friends. Solitary confinement separates you from a world of family, friends, and prison. Both environments will have you on a verge of mental combustion.

Solitary confinement is a dark lonely place that guides your mind and your mental state totally astray from reality. It's like the mind having a computer chip with no algorithm. If you lock the mind, basic task, problem solving, communication has to deteriorate. Something as simple as mannerisms can be lost when someone is locked in a cage.

In 1987, at the age of 16, I was committed to the Maine Youth Center for robbery. I could see a number of big houses they called cottages. I stayed in cottage 4. My first shower was in a room with seven showers lined up, and there was an adult (guard) who stood by the door with a watch. He made sure we (myself and the other kids) were out of the shower in 3 minutes. After the shower, we formed a line in our underwear. The line took us up to an attic, where we were all assigned to a bunk. A guard sat at a desk in the center as we slept.

The next day, around lunch time, I ran through the front door and around the Cottages in effort to escape. I ran down a huge grassy hill. It was low tide, so I crossed the waterway and hid behind a tree. I managed to hide and a car dealership next to the highway. I had nowhere to go, because I didn't know my location. Eventually a couple of officers spotted me, and drove me back to the Maine Youth Center.

They locked me in a place called ICU for my getaway attempt. It was a dark circled space with blue chip metal doors, and a station where a guard sat in the middle. All I can remember from this situation was looking forward to receiving my meals. After approximately a week in ICU at the Maine Youth Center, I was taken to a place called s t u s t u was another place Wood Circle and metal doors, but here you got out for a brief schooling and some volleyball. I remember a black man named Mr. Wesley that let us out of the cages some mornings to do push-ups and other calisthenics. The youth center committed me to Stew for approximately 30 days. After the 30 days I was released from s t u confinement to cottage for, where I was to complete a 60 credit program. You start out on group five, and you could make one credit per week on that group. Each week's you get evaluated. If you make it down to group one oh, then you could get five credits each week.

In the year 2000, I was taken to the Maine supermax, because a guard thought he heard me say I would be bringing contraband into the Maine State Prison from the Cumberland County Jail. I was taken to the supermax, stripped, and put into a room with just a blanket. I was told, if I take three good ones (bowel movements) I could go back to the prison. I was fed cheese sandwiches and carrots. An officer was assigned to watch me through the door 24/7. I took my bowel movements (while leaning on the wall) into a pink pan while an officer watched. They would then take my stool and spoon through it. After they were satisfied that I didn't bring anything a Contraband from Cumberland County jail, they did not release me from solitary confinement. I was taken upstairs and told that I would be going back to the prison. I was locked in a room all day. I was given a shower approximately once a week. Meanwhile, my neighbors stayed up throughout the night defecating on envelopes and sliding them under each other doors for entertainment. Going out for recreation consisted of walking back and forth in a fenced in cage. They didn't place inmates together. They used alternate cages, because

inmates would spit on each other. I was there for a month and saw no humanity. Was there no Humanity? I was missing my final exams for college, and I couldn't understand why people would be yelling all through the night. What changed these humans, and turn them into animals? Would this happen to me ? I refused to participate. I didn't receive feces letters throughout my weeks, but I could see them sliding if I looked through the little hole in my door. Humanity can be given, and it can be taken away. Prison strips Humanity, and solitary confinement takes away the rest of the human being. Being caged like an animal can make you an animal. Even Mowgli was given an option.