

Peggy,

i'd like to 1st start this off with saying that i'm sorry for not responding back to your letter you sent me awhile back, i just been in a real struggle with stamped envelopes, paper and other supplies that has limited my correspondence to a small few.

but, on the other hand i do want you and other people to know my story, and what kind of abuse i have endured these last 21 years of incarceration and what type of serious mental illness i've developed, do to the fact that i've been in seg for the past 9 years.

the worst of abuse started in the beginning of 2000 while i was in Columbia Correctional Institution; in portage. i was in segregation when a officer stopped at my door and began distributing my medications. because i was not allowed to possess any containers and was also on a "tether to door" or "cuff for meds" restriction, this officer had to tether me to the door, when i took my medications with my left hand while my right hand remained cuffed. it was when i was done drinking water from the styro foam cup provided by the officer, that a nother inmate started yelling at this officer: "watch out, he's about to dash you", that is, implying that i was attempting to propel body fluids on this officer. However, i was attempting to do no such thing and the other inmate was only trying to

frighten this officer. This officer suddenly pivoted, swinging his arm defensively at my trap on the door, knocking the cup from the trap and grabbed my left arm with his left and right hands. This officer's eyes were very big and he appeared terrified and very angry. I immediately informed him that the inmate was only "messing with you man - let my arm go."

The officer's face contorted with anger and he continued to pull my arm. At that point I used my right arm to brace myself - while I struggled to pull my left arm back thru the trap.

When I was able to free my left arm, the officer slammed the trap on my fingers. He was able to do this because when I had forced my arm free, the weight of the pull caused me to fall backwards and I caught myself by holding onto my trap hole. I was ~~scared~~ afraid this officer would chop my fingers off and I was telling this officer to "calm down, man, this shit hurts bad." I told this officer again, "you got it wrong, I swear I ain't doing anything - please let my arm go." When I realized this officer would not let my arm go, I used my palms to push the trap off my fingers. That's when this officer grabbed my right arm and pulled on it violently. I brought my left arm in the trap to hold it up at the window to encourage this officer to believe me and to release his grip on my right arm. This officer suddenly jumped up and brought all of his weight down on my right forearm.

Which was laying on top of the trap palm upwards. My arm snapped loudly and that's when the officer let go of my arm and stepped back. I collapsed to the floor of my cell in excruciating pain and passed out for a few moments. The pain was so horrible. It was the worst I have ever experienced in my life.

I was transferred to the local Divine Savior hospital in portage, where the hospital staff immediately decided I needed to be taken to a specialist. I was then taken, the very same night, to U.W hospital in Madison, where I was heavily drugged and underwent a seven hour surgery where I acquired 13 screws and 2 metal plates. To this day I have been in extreme pain off and on ever since, and the mobility and utility of my right arm - hand has been limited, as well. The pain in my arm often makes sleep very impossible, and I have recurrent nightmares where a faceless guard is breaking every bone in my body, and I wake up sweating, breathing rapidly and crying. The pain in my arm and the abuse I'm still receiving to this day, has brought me to a breaking point on several occasions where I sometimes think about suicide, so I can just end all this madness and be at peace.

They say prison is for people to get better, but in reality it's the total opposite of better. Prison has turned me into a nut case as one would say; and I have yet to receive any real

mental health treatment for my illness that prison has brought upon me, nor am i receiving any programming while i deteriorate in segregation. these people throw you in ~~a~~ a box for years, and don't allow you any programming in seg, and expect for you to just be alright. not happenin'... i've been in prison sense the age of 15, for several counts of battery, and am now 26 years old and very institutionalized, because the system wants to take your sanity by forcing prison upon people who get into petty fights or hit a cop before he tazers you, cause he doesn't like your attitude.

it's not right peggy, and i seriously don't know what to do any more.....

Well my friend, till next time...
Be safe...

Sincerely

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