

# Abduction

Over the last several years I've been going through the process of getting medical treatment for my shoulder. I could give you the medical definitions of what all is wrong, but it's just easier to say that it hurts and that it needs to be fixed. The x-rays and MRI's and physical exams all lead to the conclusion that I need to have surgery.

Surgery's okay. I'm not one of those guys who think the Bureau of Prisons is going to do experiments on me while I'm under the knife or plant a tracking device under the skin, nor do I believe they would purposely cause my demise, I'm job security. So when they finally told me I was to be scheduled for surgery with the outside surgeon I was ecstatic. Finally I would be getting this taken care of, I'd get the rehab done, then I'd be able to sleep at night and start exercising again. Until last month everything was moving along fine.

The medical department told me to stop taking my pain medication, generic Aleve, which could cause excessive bleeding during surgery, so I was off it for 10 days. Then two weeks. Then three weeks. Nothing. No surgery, no appointment. I go back to medical to ask them what is happening, the joint hurts. The Health Services Administrator takes me into her office, asks me to sit down, and tells me my surgery has been approved.

What ? I already know that I say to her and I've been off my pain meds for almost a month. She then tells me "but there has been a change in plans. We are going to increase your Care Level, to a level III, so that we can transfer you to a medical facility." I ask her why, if the surgery was already approved and scheduled, would you want to transfer me now ? Her answer was pure, grade A, bull-shit. Here's what she said : due to the type of surgery and the rehab needs, it will be in your best interest to be moved to a location that has that ability to handle your case."

Now this would have sounded good and correct, IF, someone at the EXACT same institution had not had the EXACT same surgery with the EXACT same surgeon and the EXACT same hospital I was scheduled to go to only two months before me. So what was the real reason ? My best guess would be money. It was about the perfect amount of time for the institution to start getting the bills from the first guys surgery, so they decided to pass me off to someone else.

Understandably, I got upset. I had been waiting for years to get to this point, now she wanted to transfer me, which would take months. I'd have to see new doctors, which would take months. I'd have to get scheduled at a local hospital, months more. So I tell her "I'm not going to sit back and continue to let you neglect my medical needs. I'm going to start the Administrative Remedy process." (That's what we use to file a complaint, which they are supposed to be forced to answer by law and policy) When they are in the wrong it doesn't look good in the record so they really don't like it.

She tells me to do whatever I want, but she can do what she wants. It's her medical department and that she has the discretion to handle medical issues the way she wants. Besides, she says, she's already filed the paperwork with the regional offices to get me transferred.

Now usually a transfer takes months. There are plenty of logistics involved. What institutions are Care Level III ? Where is beds space available ? When is the next bus heading there ? Is that bus have space ? Is the institution within 500 miles of the inmates home (in theory they try to keep you close for family ties) ? And these are just the questions that I know about.

Well, here it is 3 weeks later and I am no longer there. Last week the housing unit officer came to my cell with several green army bags that they use to pack our property and told me that R & D (receiving and discharge) called for me and my property NOW. Since it was Friday I asked him if he was sure it was me they wanted since I'm not scheduled to go anywhere. He called down to double check and not only was it me they

wanted, they wanted me there 10 minutes ago. I'm pissed. It's like checking into a hotel room on Friday, thinking you are staying for a week, then on Sunday getting a call from the front desk saying you need to be out in 10 minutes or they will call the cops. You have stuff everywhere and you don't know where to start. You don't know why they are kicking you out and you don't know where you are going.

I start throwing everything I own into the bags. The breakable stuff into plastic bowls and paperwork into a box. I have such little time that I end up forgetting pictures of my son that were on my locker and a letter to be mailed on my desk. Thankfully one of buddies there was able to get it sent to me here.

I get most of my stuff packed and down to R & D. They tell me they don't have time to process it because I'm scheduled to leave 5 minutes ago. Now things start to get surreal, I mean who's ever heard of being transferred so fast that nobody knew enough in advance that property couldn't be packed and inventoried ? But true to their word, I was out the door as soon as the cuffs went click, in the back of a van, driving to the closest airport, waiting for a plane to land, and ten minutes later I was being escorted onto a Lear jet. That's right, a freaking Lear jet. The only thing missing was the tape over my mouth and the black bag on my head.

On board was 2 pilots, 6 correctional officers and one very large inmate. He was a 500 plus pound guy from the Hawaiian islands. He was so large that he took up two of the three seat available on the bench seat. He was in route to the medical center in Springfield, Missouri and I was along for the ride. Five minutes is all it took to get us back in the air, on our way. As it turns out, the big guy was just too big to move through conventional means. Regular air travel wouldn't work, neither would a bus, so it was either send him 2000 miles in a van or charter a flight. That's right, spend \$3000 an hour, plus the cost of staff to fly him from Victorville, California to Springfield, Missouri. But he must not have been worth the cost by himself, so they needed to find a way to split the cost. They stopped off in Corpus Christi, Texas to pick me up in route, sort of.

My leg of the flight was 2 hours, so we know that the cost was a minimum of \$6,000. Really ? It is absolutely no wonder why the per inmate average in the Bureau of Prisons is over \$38,000 per year. I could never see where all that money was going before now, but I guess these days kidnapping ain't cheap!