

## Three Page One Moments by People Living in a Denver Shelter

*The following 3 page one moments by Lanise Redwine, Jacqueline Jovi Trujillo, and an anonymous writer, were written by people living in one of several shelters in Denver. They each participated in a single 3-hour workshop.*



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## **Here We Go Again!**

by Lanise Redwine

I am so tired of hearing the word nigger coming out of a white mouth when speaking about me. You would think that being one of the only black female officers in a prison would earn you a little respect. Oh how I was wrong. Today is my 1st shift of work after graduation and I am welcomed with the word nigger as a welcoming gift.

3 months of training from 8:00 am- 4 pm and a state board test of 180 questions. I tested at the top of my class getting 84%. I wasn't going to let that word stop me from doing the best I could at this job. Especially when I had carried this word through life. Being one of 11 black kids in school growing up and now one of the only female black officers.

I started with a shack-down. That takes about 30 minutes looking through the inmate's bunk from top to bottom. I am excited to start. I won't let anything get me out of the excitement of starting a new job. Look at all of this stuff he has. Weed. A homemade lighter. All of it hidden under his bunk. Damn this is a pretty good find. These were the words going through my mind at the same time I heard a man's voice say dumb nigger bitch. I looked up and there stands a bald-headed white inmate.

I caught eyes with the inmate and he was waiting for my reaction. I did nothing but on the inside I was red hot like

the inmate's face. Damn! I was thinking. Here we go again. I'm having to just eat being called a nigger. I thought that things would of changed by now but who am I kidding this shit will always be. So. I wrote the inmate up for his statement and for the items found inside of his cell. I from that point remembered who I was and kept my head up knowing always I am black + hated but I always loved being me. Not many can do this job but nothing is stopping me.

## **The Window of Truth**

by Jacqueline Jovi Trujillo

I woke up to banging and yelling my eyes are still trying to adjusting to where I am at she at the cell door banging and yelling HELP ME HELP ME, GUARD, HELP ME, please. She has this fearful look on her face I ask what's wrong she's holding her stomach she is pregnant so I start yelling help as well for hours no body.

I am terrified what may happen. The sound of urgencies pouring out of my voice help please help her please as the pain got worse for her the deeper my fear came out my voice come please help her in my mind I start to think is she dying is the baby coming do I say to her sit down here then I continue to bang on the door, my mind is staying on do I have to witness death again?

In between the yelling and banging I'm praying for her to have strength for me to as well trying my best to soothe her through the pain I am holding myself together trying not to freak her out anymore than she already is.

As the time passed and the pain increased in her body and the yelling turned into screams the intensity in my mind and heart got so fearful of what was about to happen.

She put her blood on the window of the cell door then the guard came.

## The Factors

by Anonymous

Shackled walking down this hallway still shackled thinking could I really be getting out of here no one knew I was here. I had been here 143 days now I'm finally being unchained and led into this giant cage in the middle of a room surrounded by empty office chairs and desks. I had dressed out of the green county corrections uniform and the orange and white Velcro shoes and back into my own slightly snugger pants and top.

Trying to hear what's going on with the officers that brought me in and the fat officer behind the counter. I lean over not so much that I draw either of their attention but to see if it may be me they're talking about. Maybe the judge messed up. I wasn't supposed to get out. I hear voices coming from down the hall from the same direction I just came from maybe it's one of the other guards coming to get me and...on no, they're just bringing someone else in who's getting out.

I watch this scene play out over and over and over. I watch the clock as minutes tick by then hours. I begin to think they forgot about me.

Finally it's my turn I am released from my cage and provided with the few belongings I brought in my pockets.

At this point I'm walking down the hallway to another big metal door with a tiny window above my line of vision. The

guard is searching for the keys for the door finally finds the key and shuffles through the keys, with amazing slowness.

Finally he finds the keys as he puts it in the lock and turns I'm doing everything short of jumping up and down and doing a little boogie dance.

I finally hear it turn and the officer starts to push the door open...I want to shout over him I held myself in check when the door slides open and he steps out of the way to let me past and says have a good night I mumble something like you too, I think.

I hear the door close behind me I look around me and I realize how do I get back from here in the middle of the night there were no lights coming from either direction no sounds no tires on gravel no no music nothing except every few minute there's a light from inside of the corrections facility.

I take one more look around...

Bust out the boogie dance.

I'm out bitches.