

Dear, Mrs Michelle Fin

Hello, my name is Jusa Country and you've recently wrote me about my situation. I had a friend they you to let you know my family will be contacting you. I truly hope this letter reaches you. I would love for you to tell my story and I don't mind you using my name. I want everyone to know what goes on behind these prison walls. I would be glad what you have written so far. So, here's a look on what I've endured here. I've been beaten, robbed, bullied, racism is a huge factor in this prison if you not black you do not matter they hate white people. I've reached out ~~several~~ several times for help but no officer or even Bonking the head man would listen my family has emailed and called. But on that day July 11, 2019 put a lot of light on how this prison treats their inmates, I had been begging for 4 days for a mate to sleep on ~~that~~ went to ~~shift~~ shift commond twice and was denied each time. on that 4 day of no sleep and hot to death because we have no air, I lost it. Yes I pushed the tray up but nobody has been listening to me I've begged to be put on Protective Custody I had already been beaten 3 times ~~and~~ in that zone and nobody helped me. So when I pushed the tray all hell broke loose. The guard beat me with a tray and God knows what else she hit me with then at least 10 or so inmates jumped me from the side all who were black they enjoyed it so much I was beat in the head with the phone

I took so many hits by the guards and inmates
I was pulled by my hair from Warden Sheila Parks
into the foyer and hit in the head with a metal can
by Officer Hill. I had so many knots in my head,
they waited hours before they took me to get a body
chart they didn't want to but MSU says requires it.
I never saw a doctor for anything. I was the only
one they brought to me that day and the only one
to receive a write up nobody got in trouble for what
they did to me. When I got to work I was made fun
of put in a cell that's hot no air either now in the
middle of summer. They wouldn't let me have my fan.
Nothing to eat or drink either they took my mom's
photograph and my son's pictures and threw them away
in front of me and my Bible. They threatened me on a
day they wouldn't give me soap or toothbrush or toothpaste
I had no personals wouldn't even let me have shower
shoes. They took everything from me and made me
suffer on and didn't have nothing to even put ice cubes
in to stay cool. They thought it was so funny and told
me they wanted to lick my ass and laughed on my
face because I had to eat with my hands and drink
out of milk cartons and only had one of those when
we had milk for breakfast. The day I saw discipline
it was Captain Burton the lady with the tray I
pushed on her face in family which yet again us
bigist and no fair treatment took all my earned
2 years at 45 days all my trustee time and blocked
me from calling anyone for 6 months and they
pressed charges on me, I know of a lot of inmates
who have assaulted the officers and got none of this
I can't even call my family for my lawyer.

This place is a horrible place and it needs
the state to come in and fix these issues it
could have been serious injured or even died.
Please help me with this story of police
brutality and write me to let me know what else
you need. My sister name is Samantha Coon
her phone number is 601 748 6495 please contact

Shantia

Lisa Coon

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