

# SWORN STATEMENT NO.10-2

## FROM PRINCE GEORGE'S COUNTY JAIL

**We do not have cell phone footage of abuses inside prisons and jails. I am reading the following sworn testimony from a person held in the Prince George's County Jail to lift this veil of secrecy and hold our justice system accountable. This testimony was taken in April 2020.**

I am currently incarcerated at the Prince George's County Jail in Upper Marlboro, Maryland. I contracted the Coronavirus while detained at the jail and have since tested positive.

At the medical unit, they put me in the isolation cell. It has mucus and blood dried all around the walls, 360 degrees. I wish you could come and take pictures of it. When I say mucus and blood on the walls, I mean it – thick yellow, some green, some yellow with red blood in it. I can also tell someone was bleeding in that isolation cell, because there is blood all along the floor under the bed. And I had to sleep in there and live in there. I asked to be moved to a different cell, but the COs told me, "you put yourself in this situation, so you need to deal with it."

For the first three hours, they made me sit in the isolation cell without any linens. I kept asking for sheets and blankets, and I had to kick my cell door just to get their attention. I told them that I was very cold and feeling very sick, and that I just wanted linens so I could go to bed. Finally, after three hours, they give me linens, but they were dirty. The sheets were stained with big yellow drool stains. I asked for clean sheets, but they wouldn't give me new sheets. So I put the stained end of the sheets toward the foot of my bed, so at least they wouldn't be near my face.

When they moved me out of the isolation cell to the ten-man cell, the COs also had me put my sheets in a red bag labeled "hazardous." Then when I went over to the ten-man cell, they told me they weren't going to give me fresh sheets after all. They made me pull my dirty sheets back out of the red hazard bag, even though there was other contaminated stuff in there. And those are the sheets I'm still sleeping in now.

When we really need something, the staff will open the door, and throw stuff at us through the door. It makes me feel like an animal. There's also a pile of trash building up inside of our unit, which they won't take away. There are fumes from guys getting sick in those trash bags, there's spit on top of it and in it, and the trash is just closed in here with us. I understand, I have a disease. But it's not like I volunteered for this.