

Thank you allowing me the opportunity to assist any way I can. Should you have any questions regarding anything here, feel free to contact me anytime.

My full name is Robert Lee Hills, most people know me as SPYDER. I'm 34 yrs old and have been incarcerated since I was 19. I was born in Port Huron Michigan and grew up in Smiths Creek Michigan until moving to Port Huron MI and arrested not long after. I was raised by an abusive father and a mother who looked the other way until my father was arrested in 2000 for molesting my youngest sister. Growing up in that house hold we did not have alot of money so school was not a fun time either. It seemed as if my mother just stopped caring and gave up on raising us. It's hard to explain as I don't normally talk about my childhood after I spent so long trying to forget it. It was abusive physically, mentally, and emotionally. I've had to figure out almost everything on my own, except to keep things to myself and if it don't involve you stay out of it! It ultimately lead me here. My first real run in with the law was when I was 14 I had a UPA (unlawful driving away of an automobile) my mother's car. She turned me in. Did some time in juvy and probation. ①

Then When I Was 18, Theft From an Automobile.
I Was placed on HYTA Status probation. Then Not
Long After, this case Here. In the extremely Short
Version I Was Sentenced to 30 yrs for looking the
other way and Not Calling the cops When I knew Harm
Was to Happen to Someone. That's the Short Version on
How I ended up in prison and Some Background
Information.

I Have Been incarcerated at Coker
Correctional Facility from 2006-09. Where I Was
in levels 4 and 2. When I Was there I did
See Many things. One of the Most Humbling Was
a Man in His 70's Was going to Med line from
level one and Had to pass by the loading
dock of the MSE factory. He ended up Sticking His
Head under a Semi Tire as it Was leaving, crushing
His Head. 4 of us were on the yard which is
fenced in, playing HorseShoes about 25 ft. away from
it. The old Man Was going Home in 2 weeks. He
left a Note (the officers were telling us) Saying He
Had Been in prison so long (40+ yrs) He Had No
Family and Did Not Want to be in a Nursing Home
which is like another prison. It Makes you think,
is that What I Have to look Forward to? Being
Here so long that there is Nothing out there for
you? I Never Really Had "Family" to Start and everyone
Disappeared When I got locked up, including my Mom.

Another thinking moment was when the officers in another unit let an 18 yr old kid die on the floor, right in front of them, of an Asthma attack. The officers threatened any prisoners who wanted to help the kid, said they would be thrown in the hole. The officer said he believed the kid was "faking" for attention. He never lost his job! This was in level 2. I have seen alot of violence since being in But I will keep do "thinking moments" to cut for time.

In 2009 I was sent here to what is now Chippewa Correctional Facility (west) but was Straits then. I have been here for 11 yrs now and the staff are always changing, but one thing that stays the same is alot of officers. Because it is their job to make our lives miserable. Not all, and I understand what their job is, and most go far out of their way! Healthcare is no better, people have had heart attacks and our doses and health care takes up to 20min to show up! More recently a prisoner fell out on the yard and seized up, died of an Aneurism. We hear the officers talking and one did not respond to the call because he did not want to do the paperwork! It almost seems as if we are getting to a point to where we are not even seen as people anymore. And this view of us is only getting (3)

Worse as New officers are coming in phasing the old ones out.

What is incarceration like for for me? I am going to Be as Honest as I can and as Transparent as possible. Prison for me Has Been a Roller coaster Ride and each prison Was Different, But I know it is different for everyone. I Decided to take the time I Have and learn What I can. But the time away is Not easy. I Have a Son Which makes this time So Much Harder. I am always thinking and in Here your mind is your own Worst enemy. Not knowing if everyone is okay and the uncertainty of what my future will look like is the worst! I am always thinking on what more will I miss out on Because of my poor choices. . . . I Have Missed My Sons First Steps, First Words, Birthdays, Soccer, Baseball and Now Football games. Somebody else got to experience those things in my place, all because I Did not know How to put my priorities first, did not put them first! I Have Had to Watch Him grow up through a few photos and listen to his Voice change from a little kid to a young Man in phone calls. You Dont know how Much that Hurts when All you Have is time to think on it. Family and friends Have passed away and I can not even be there to Say goodbye. And with the

More ^{time} that passes, the more I miss and the more people will grow apart from me or forget me. I am half way through my sentence but by the time its over, I may not have a support structure to get out to. So this is a little of what it is like being incarcerated for me. A constant reminder of my failure as a father, my continuous thoughts of an uncertain future, and a never ending search for purpose or reason to keep moving forward year after year. And how I do that is by learning and finding ways to make myself useful. I have learned alot through the jobs I've had, mostly through maintenance and recreation. But the most rewarding has been the Dog program. I am on my 3rd puppy raising them for leader dogs for the blind. It gives a little sense of purpose even though the facility gets all the credit and praise not the prisoners who are raising them.

Living in prison is like living on a campus. except you can trust almost nobody and our security staff is consisting of overpaid babysitters on a power trip! Again each prison is different. At Cotton they have 2 man cells, here they have 7-8 man cubics. Picture having someone go into your room and just rip sheets off your bed, empty your dresser and put it on your bed, Now if you

live with someone mix their stuff in there as well. Some staff do things just to get a rise out of people and hope they do something they can put them on the hole for. They talk to us in a way we can not talk to them without punishment. It is frustrating and the stress is high. They make you feel like you are worthless and believe that is their job. Not all, but most. Like now, during a pandemic, officers do not follow their own rules in wearing masks and social distancing with themselves. They only put their masks up when we come around because they think they will only catch it from prisoners! But they are the only ones who can bring it to us. We can't leave, we can't stay home stay safe, so we have to rely on them to be professionals and from our experience were in trouble! Do you know they get hazard pay for BEING the hazard! Makes a lot of sense, right. But that is living in the MDoc, if it makes sense, do the opposite!

What is it like living in a cell or cube? Small, we are severely overcrowded. We are 7-8 people in a cube originally meant for 4. Prisons have closed, yes. But what they don't say is they have not let the people go! They just stacked them on top of each other. That

forces us to have to cope with many different personalities, which is not easy when forced to do it. living in cells are easier if you get the right bunkie (you don't get to choose) we have access to cleaning supplies, but some places are rumored to have mold. our conditions are just cramped! A flu or cold spreads rapidly in these conditions. And now this coronavirus!

Our communications are being cut. our mail rooms lose mail, give it to other prisons, or hold it for weeks at a time. I've gotten mail almost a month and a half late! I have lost touch with people because of this, and then if someone does write (a traditional letter) and does not put their address in the letter, they throw the envelopes away they come in so we can not write back! Most people don't know to do this. So people lose people all the time because of this. Pay has helped a little with this if people know about it. It's like email but you pay for letters sent. And even they reject photos and deliver messages late. It is like they are trying to keep us from talking to people in the free world. I have been involved with PCAP for about 10 yrs now and the staff here hate it when people out there get to talk to people in here or more like people in here get to talk to people out there! They think

We should have no friends or family if we are here. There is no rehabilitation, only punishment. And what they do have can only be taken if you are a couple of years from being released. So using my time as an example I have to wait 28 years before I can take recommended programming required by Lansing. But some facilities make side courses which we can take, but are prison led.

But it does not matter in the end.

Nothing gets done that is positive for us. That is my experience here. Nobody follows statistics. If they did, people with long term sentences are less likely to come back. Just thinking about that time, 30 yrs, and then add everything and every thought on top of it, it does not take 30 yrs to figure out you messed up and you had to be a better person! In fact, more time does more damage to a person! Now I must be honest here. I needed to come to prison! Not at the loss of a life or for 30 yrs, but it gave me a chance to reflect on everything and fix myself, find who I want to be. It is a humbling experience when you think so many people care about you and once you are locked up, only a couple may be left. And now that I am ready to join society, I can't. And by the time I am able who knows the condition I will be in. Mentally, emotionally, or even

Physically.

I apologize for the up and down of this. This is the most writing I have done in years. So it may be all over the place. I hope it helps. IF you have any questions or want me to clarify or elaborate on anything just let me know. you can write me here or on Jpay, which is faster and easier to read than my chicken scratch for hand writing.

Respectfully,
Bob