This letter was written by a person incarcerated at CSATF (California Substance Abuse Treatment Facility).</br></br>

Hello I am in S.A.T.F. (California Substance Abuse Treatment Facility) I am originally from Mexico, I was born in the city of [redacted], I am one of many undocumented prisoners who are given a very large sentence so that they do not leave prison since are the ones who produce money for the state of California.</br></br>

This means that the more time they give us, the more good money they receive. Well I want to tell you that I don't have a family in California everyone is in Mexico. It is very sad since every day or every year on holidays you have no one to celebrate Christmas or your birthday with.</br></br>

Just waiting for a hug but it never comes but the worst thing is when you receive the news that your father dies but it takes five or six months for you to receive that letter with the bad news. And you can not do anything you are powerless in the face of that circumstance it is something so sad that it makes you think that you do not wish this on anyone.</br></br>

All you can do is just ask God for forgiveness and it is so dark that all the nice thoughts that you spent with him come to you but thank God you get over all that with time. With the help of God and the programs that we have here. But that is not the worst since I arrived in this prison their program is very bad for example in the prison where I was we had yard all day and I am at a level two that supposedly we must have more programs however it is not so.</br></br>

We are with prisoners who take very strong medications because they hear voices or their nervous system is very altered we run the risk that one of them might hit us or even kill us and we can not do anything since hitting back or or simply touching them they give us another charge.</br></br>

Another one of the things that this pandemic caused for me personally here in the prison was provoked because everything was going very well there were no sick individuals for six months we had a supposedly normal program. Cloth masks were not provided until later most of the officers did not wear masks. One of the worst things was that they moved all the people from a part of the prison that had like 88 people because that part of the prison was filled with people with COVID-19 that decision was questioned but nothing was solved since they gave us different excuses.</br></br>

Another of the many things was that they were being fed on plates and we had to wash regularly without any protection if we did not do it we were almost forced to. I am a cook in this prison and the dishes for those who were in quarantine were being used and served regularly. There was no separation, so I think the contagion started in this yard because that. They moved all those people behind the things that were supposedly building three where they were in quarantine.</br></br>

Because a prisoner tested positive they did not go out to the yard but they did let them sit in the dining room then we wondered what the supposed security of the quarantine was for, so I think that all that was intentional. It was a great excuse for them to receive more money without thinking about the consequences since as far as I know in this yard there are already 12 to 14 deaths.</br></br>

Another of the big mistakes that were made was that the results of the COVID test were up to two weeks late while you were living for all that time. That person who was already positive by logic one would be more prone to get infected.</br></br>

The worst thing is that the prisoners themselves who work cleaning the building had to clean the cells that had people with COVID without any protection on, I personally realized all that and spoke to my roommate asking him not to do it. That is because I am diabetic and for me getting infected with that disease was going to be very dangerous that is why I kept wearing the mask all the time.</br></br>

But nevertheless he continued doing the same thing because that was his job and the officers did not want to do it. They do that so you get in trouble they play with you sociologically. For a prisoner it is stressful and tiring to move from one bedroom to another since you do not know what kind of people you can encounter since not all people like to do a program, they just want to get high, drink liquor or get tattooed.</br></br>

It is mentally stressful since I have a life in prison and I only have one opportunity to go to Mexico and if I lose it I will not leave this prison so I make the most of everything good and try not to get together with those people. For those of us who have life in prison it is very sad because we do not have anyone who is not there. We have to wash or iron the clothes of other prisoners to earn money to be able to buy toothpaste or a shampoo or beans, soups, or rice.</br></br>

It is hard for us here. We have to teach ourselves to value the little we have and more in these times since I did not work for almost two months and they did not pay me in the kitchen. And as I tell you to be able to buy what I need for my personal cleaning is very difficult and at this time they limited us to buying the maximum in the store for my purchases. It is sad but with the strength of God it is not impossible.</br></br>

Being here it is almost like living in the streets back home if you have a store you are my friend if you have nothing you are not anyone and it is like they only approach you out of interest and many times they want to use you for bad things that is why I try to keep to myself. That is why in this quarantine I learned to value my freedom since I was locked up for more than a month and a half without being positive and my exams continue to come out negative and I take the best possible care of myself.</br></br>

There are many people who do not want to use their mask and don't want to protect themselves at all. For me this quarantine was and continues to be the worst. I did not receive a letter from my family for nine months without knowing anything about my mother if she was ill or well. My brother almost died and I did not know anything.</br></br>

It is frustrating, this is not life for anyone I only dream of being in Mexico with my mother with my brothers and my daughter, who unfortunately I do not know. For me this is an experience that I will not repeat. I just want to go to Mexico and never return here to the United States. And I ask God for the people with whom I lived here that they are well and may God take care of them and protect them and forgive me for all the damage that I caused them and that God bless them.</br></br>

I thank you for this opportunity to be able to write to you and get a little of what you have in your heart. God bless you all.