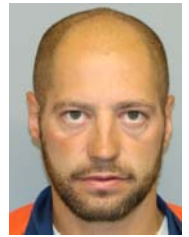


P R O F I L E O F



C H R I S T O P H E R T H O M A S M A C H A C E K

Full Name	Christopher Thomas Machacek
Prisoner Number	196785
D.O B.	May 31, 1970
Crime Convicted Of	First Degree Murder
Date of Crime	December 30, 1988
Conviction Date	October 28, 1988
Age at Time Crime was Committed	16 years old
Age at Time Entered Prison	18 years old

Brief description of offense and your role in it

"My co-defendant's girlfriend was killed in my case. The prosecutor's theory was that I killed her because I thought she was pregnant with my child. However, an autopsy revealed that she was not pregnant, and a ballistics report proved that the fingerprints on the murder weapon were not mine."

Have you been negatively affected by your experiences as a juvenile living among adult prisoners? Please Explain

"I believe all juveniles have been negatively affected by being forced into an environment with adult felons. Being so young, there are really only two choices available to us: learn how to fight or become someone's boy-toy. Oddly enough, most of my worst experiences have been as a result of dealing with people whom I thought were here to make me a better person. To lead me."

Difficulties you experienced as a juvenile living among adult prisoners

"Initially, the juvenile people sent me to the county jail because I was too young to be in with the regular guys. During this time I was kept in solitary confinement. I had one hour out-of-cell activity a day. This amounted to a small 8' x 8' room with a telephone. I spent 45 days in solitary like this until I was waived to stand trial as an adult. This time was especially difficult for me to deal with. All those hours of doing nothing and not being able to move. I remember playing with ants in my cell to keep me occupied. I guess I was too stubborn or stupid to go crazy."

"My first experience in prison involved gangs of youths taking kids' commissary bags and jumping on kids in the shower. When I was sent to my first real prison, I wasn't there a week before a guy who had been down over 20 years began following me around trying to make conversation. White guys were telling me that the man was a notorious "predator" and was known for stabbing people, too. I'm not going to lie and say that I wasn't scared, but I was told if someone other than me took care of the problem it would look like I was their "kid." I tried everything to get this man off my tracks. I told him we had nothing in common and to leave me alone. But he persisted and it led me to finally tell him to either leave me alone or I was going to hit him in the mouth. As it turned out, he didn't believe me and I had to do what I said I would do.

For that, I was taken to segregation. Even though the man was known as a sexual predator, my security was raised to Very High. I remember crying in the hole because I was back in solitary confinement. Shortly after I did my hole time, I was transferred up North as a disciplinary transfer due to my behavior. The few friends I had left dropped off like flies when they learned they'd have to drive over six hours—one way—to see me. Up North, the realization really hit me that I was all alone. I still got visits from my family. But they went from once a month to twice a year. An incident worthy of mention occurred when an older con was raping young guys in my unit.

At the dinner table a man asked me to find out what I could about this rapist. I asked around and before I knew it, this 6'5", 290 LB. Dude, kicked my door in. Another guy stood watch as the man ran up on me and hit me in the head. He wanted to know what I was doing asking questions about the rapes. I was mad but at the same time I was scared to death because he was so big and there was no escape. Luckily, he knew someone that I spent time with on the yard so he didn't come to rape me. He came to teach me a lesson about minding my own business.

A short time later I was transferred again, this time it was back down state to Jackson. There I enrolled in school and tried to use my time more effectively. That helped to keep me off the yard and away from trouble. I felt that I was doing really well going to school and occupying myself during the day. But before I could finish school, I was again transferred.

At my new facility, I noticed all these prisoners with an "X," a "Bey" or an "El" on their nametag. I asked what that meant and was told those belong to the religious "gangs" that run the prisons. Those names were how you identified them. They "sold" protection, or strong-armed "extortion." And that's just what they did. I've had numerous run-ins with these people, but due to my fighting abilities I have most often just been left alone. Not all of my problems were with other prisoners. I've had problems with staff too. I learned a hard lesson about staff when I was asked to do some extra duty shoveling snow. I went about the task of shoveling, but then four guards started following me around

making fun of my life sentence. They started talking about the things I'd never do again, saying I would never sleep with a woman again and other things of this nature. I believe they were doing this trying to get a response out of me. But I caught on and ignored the game. They got pissed off that I wasn't "playing ball," so they handcuffed me and took me back to segregation. Everyday one of them would come by my cell, look in at me and laugh. They asked me things like, "What's the score of the Superbowl?", knowing I had no television. In my youth, I hated these men. What kind of person gets their kicks out of another's misery? Even causing my misery with lies!

In one instance a Warden totally agreed with my position, saying that staff were wrong and should return my property. Yet, as soon as the Warden left, my stuff was taken anyway. You'll see that I have no respect for that sort of authority. I've learned that reality is whatever they say it is, and the truth really doesn't matter. This led me to the discovery that prisoners are viewed as animals and no matter what we say, we're always thought to be lying.

#### How have you resolved these difficulties or dealt with them

"Most of my difficulties have been resolved simply by being careful of my associations and by not placing my faith in other people. I keep the highest faith in myself and in what I can accomplish when I put my mind to something."

#### How you've changed since being incarcerated

It took me over ten years before I even understood how serious and tragic the events of 12/30/86 were. In truth, I don't think I began to understand just how precious life is until I became a man. I've recognized what a bad child I was and have worked very hard in prison to become a good man. I've taken the few opportunities available to me to further my education. I have certificates in First Aid, Building Restoration, Group Therapy, Culinary Arts, Food Sanitation, Horticulture, and Substance Abuse. I even attended Jackson Community College at Jackson prison until prisoner access to Pell Grants was restricted. The Department of Corrections consistently denies my attempts to gain any further education, citing my life sentence as the reason for the denial. This reason has also been given for denying me access to "Impulse Control."

Since becoming incarcerated, I've always held a job. I have worked as a unit clerk, as a porter in the Deputies Suite, have been a painter, a substance abuse clerk, and a tutor for the custodial maintenance technology program. Most of these positions require a certain level of trust to gain employment.

It is of note that in February, 2007, I saved the lives of both a Corrections' employee and a prisoner when another prisoner charged into the area and began to stab people. I was commended by the employee I saved for placing my life on the line. However, after this incident I was transferred back up North, far away from my family.

Have you remained in continual contact with family or friends since becoming incarcerated?

I've remained in contact with my immediate family through letters, visits, and telephone calls. However, my efforts to maintain positive family communication is frustrated by Department rules which prevent me from visiting with my nieces and nephews.

If given a second chance, what plans have you made?

If given a second chance, I plan to visit my victim's gravesite to say that I'm sorry. I would also like to visit the friends and family who have stuck by me for all these years. Then I would like to move to Florida where I can work for my aunt in her apartment complex. As an alternative, I could use my training in culinary arts or horticulture to secure employment. It's difficult to plan for a future that is in doubt. I try not to place all my hopes for efforts into one thing because I know the world is ever-changing and a man must be diverse. I know, however, that I am ready to live a free and successful life, never forgetting my youth or my time behind these walls.

I would also, at some point, like to work with juvenile offenders. I don't know what the laws are concerning an ex-convict's participation with at-risk juveniles, but I do believe they need to know that someone else cares.

No matter what happens in my life, I sincerely feel that these memories will prevent me from ever considering committing a crime again.