

I was housed a couple of bunks down from Lana Copeland in N dorm. She was in the end stages of liver failure. The officers would come out at count time to the end of her bunk and check to make sure she was still breathing. She was so swollen and weak she couldn't shower by herself or feed herself. The ladies would go to the canteen and buy pudding and saltines and spoon feed her. They would get in the shower and bath her as well as dress her after. Eventually her family raised enough hell they sent her to hospice.