

My name is Tiana Hill. I am from Atlanta, Georgia, and I am a mother of three beautiful children. I was incarcerated at the Clayton County Jail for about seven months. I didn't know what was about to happen to me.

When I entered the jail, I already knew that I was pregnant from a positive home test result and informed the jail staff at intake. I was taken to intake to take a pregnancy test. After taking the test, the jail staff congratulated me and said that I was not pregnant. Even so, towards the end of my first month at the jail, I was still missing my cycle. I took another pregnancy test but this time, the jail staff would not tell me the results. I started telling my other cellmates that I was pregnant. The safety and protection of my baby was my main concern.

About 50 times I told the jail staff I was pregnant. Although I asked again and again for pregnancy and medical care from the jail staff, I was ignored from about October until November. This time felt infinite and long. In November, a member of the jail staff finally asked me if I was pregnant, and I responded saying that I believed so because I had not had

my cycle since I was incarcerated. No jail staff ever addressed my concern.

Around the end of December, I went into early labor. From the night of December 29-December 30, 2019, I started peeing blood. Immediately, I asked the Jail Staff Officer, who I believe was a Lieutenant, if he could take me to medical care, but he just called more jail staff instead. When they arrived at my cell, the jail staff supposedly checked my records in the jail system and said, “ma’am you are not pregnant.” They told me that all four other tests on file to date confirmed that I was not pregnant. I started crying. I knew I wasn’t crazy and that I was pregnant. I could feel my baby moving. My cellmates had seen my baby move. The jail staff said they could not do anything, so they left me in the cell.

The pain was so unbearable. I knew I was in labor. My cellmate was panicking, because she also knew and started saying, “I do not know how to deliver a baby, I do not know what to do.” She was hysterically crying and banging on the door. My cellmate was panicking, pressing the call button. I was screaming in pain and trying to keep my baby in and that

was when the jail officer heard her and finally took me upstairs to the jail infirmary.

They made me take the fifth pregnancy test at the jail infirmary. They gave me a cup to pee in, and the cup was full of nothing but blood. The test showed positive, they showed it to me this time. The jail staff made me take a blood test to see if I was pregnant. This test showed positive. The jail staff on duty said, "you're pregnant? how long have you been here?" And I said since September. The jail staff called another lady to check for the baby's heartbeat. Meanwhile, I was bleeding all the way down my legs. I was so stressed. They wanted to see if the baby had a heartbeat because I was bleeding so much. Nobody knew if I was having a miscarriage or not. The officer, jail staff, and ultrasound tech all heard the baby's heartbeat. They were so much in disbelief that they kept checking to see if there really was a baby. I just kept saying to them, "I need to go to the hospital. I don't know why you are doubting this, I just took two tests. I need to go to the hospital!" I was obviously in labor, and they still didn't believe me.

The jail staff started making jokes about my size, my weight, saying “how could anyone think I’m pregnant?” It was humiliating. Instead of taking me to the hospital, they held me in jail. I had to lay on a hard metal bed while going through labor pains.

While I lay in the jail infirmary, I felt the tip of my baby’s head coming out my body. The lead jail infirmary staff came in. He just watched me, looking at me in my underwear and told me not to push. But my baby kept coming. There were male inmates freely passing by, just watching me writhe in pain and scream as I was having my baby. It was like the people were looking at a concert, almost. They were just standing at my door, looking, and I’m stuck there, naked, with my legs wide open. I felt faint, like I was going to pass out, but I could see all these people around me. My baby was born premature, in my panties. The lead jail infirmary staff looked in my panties and started to panic. The jail staff told me nothing, wrapped my baby in my dirty jail sheets, and left.

Paramedics eventually came and got me and took me to the hospital. My baby was in the NICU. They allowed me to see him, but I was

handcuffed to my wheelchair. I feel like that was wrong, I don't feel like that was necessary at all. That was it—that was all the time I had with my son. They took me back to the jail two days later. I wasn't allowed to call my family that day or have my mom go visit the baby at the hospital. They put me back in general population the next day, but then, without any explanation, told me I was being moved to suicide watch. I was so sad about this. I was actually feeling a little better because my sister was incarcerated with me, and it was helpful to see some family.

The jail wouldn't give me any information about my baby once I left the hospital. For the first four days of his life, he was okay. I was able to call the doctor. But then, on the fifth day of his life, my birthday, the mental health unit at the jail suddenly told me that my baby passed away. They wouldn't give me any information as to how. I still don't know, and I don't know where his remains are. Instead of giving me mental health support, the jail just put me in solitary on suicide watch.

This shouldn't happen to mothers. Ever since I arrived at the jail, no one listened to me. They didn't care about me, and they did not care about

my baby. The jail just assumes that if you if you are there, you're not a good person. No woman who is pregnant should have to go through that.