

"Oh my God, if we have committed faults, we have certainly expiated them." - Marie Antoinette

Dear Readers,

wed. 03-27-24

7:50A

Howdy! I hope everyone is doing great! I just finished some quick additions to some typing for a guy in my unit, and am currently stuck in the Library as Godly Watley sings "Real Love" on C3PO.

I've mentioned some of the differences between this place and Petersburg. Another is the amount of Texans here - so I feel right at home! There are probably more Texans here than any other state - and most of them are Latinos. I've also met more people from my hometown of Corpus Christi than anywhere else; there are at least two in my unit alone!

Also, you may remember that as a Kitchen worker at P-burg (on the AM crew), I had to get up at 4A every work day to get to the Kitchen at 4:30A. Here, instead of everyone coming in at 4:30A and sitting there for over two hours before breakfast started, they only have essential



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workers come in that early, and everyone else goes in after they open the doors around 6:30 A. Also, I believe that after your work is done, you can come back to the unit until you're needed again (e.g. - finish breakfast work, then go back before lunch).

All this makes a lot more sense than forcing everyone to stay and twiddle their thumbs for hours like at P-burg. I'm assuming that they get paid less for the hours they aren't there, but that would be fine with me. Those hours of being stuck in the kitchen with nothing to do were the worst part of working at P-burg.

I may have mentioned in the past how there's always at least one guy that goes by "Country" at every prison (there are two in my current unit alone). I always wondered why you never found a "City" at any compound. Well folks, there is finally a guy who goes by "City" on this compound! At last!

One of the guys I came with goes by "Hollywood." I get an involuntary eye roll every time I hear him called that. Talk about delusions of grandeur! This guy is from Victoria, Texas which I'm sure most of you



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have never heard of. He is good-looking, but he is definitely not "all that." He would definitely be ignored in the real Hollywood. He usually wears a baseball cap everywhere, but in a real goofy-ass way. Instead of pulling it down over his head like most everyone, he props it on the top of his head. I don't know if this is 'cause he's vain about his hair in general or he's concerned about his receding hairline, but it really looks dumb.

We've had several brief lockdowns since I got here. On Dec. 14<sup>th</sup> we were locked down (in the afternoon?) so staff could have a party. On Jan. 8<sup>th</sup>, just before lunch, some guy in my unit "fell out" due to K2, and we were locked down. I believe they locked every unit down that afternoon due to weather, but we weren't let out until after the 4p Count on Jan. 9<sup>th</sup>.

There was an evening lockdown on Jan. 16<sup>th</sup>, and on the 17<sup>th</sup> they had a "recall" around 9A and locked us down till lunch. There was another "storm" lockdown on Feb. 12<sup>th</sup>, but fortunately that time we were allowed out in the common areas and not locked in our cells.

I don't know if they were this anal about



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storm lockdowns before the hurricane, but it seems like any time a storm is predicted, they use it as an excuse to lock us down.

Then there are the fog lockdowns. We had a morning fog lockdown every morning from Sat. 3/2 through Mon. 3/4. Those are always annoying 'cause they throw the whole day off. Plus, it's always well after the fog is gone before we're let out.

Thurs. 03/28/24 7:44A

Hey y'all! I'm back in the Library and unfortunately have no typing to do. I had hooked up with a "legal" guy who takes on cases for people, but he and I got into an argument on Fri., the 8<sup>th</sup>, and he stormed off and was exclaiming loudly to someone about how stupid I was. Oh, hell no!

This dumbass was telling me to use the word "supra" in the first reference to a case. If you know anything about typing legal documents, the word "supra" means that you referred to the case somewhere above, so you'd never use it for the first reference. This stupid fuck will go on and on about what he knows, and kept saying



to me how a judge is going to use the word "supra" to look up a case. So, idiot, he's not.

I would have let it go until he started talking loudly enough for everyone in the Library to hear about how stupid he thought I was, when in fact he's the one who's stupid. He's some mental case hothead, and now he's going around and saying that he got rid of me because I kept changing words around in his documents and telling people they shouldn't have me help them 'cause I can't fill out a tort claim. He is now actually trying to drive people away from hiring me! That's how psycho he is!

I've also had some bad changes in my living situation. During the first week in March, a few people went to the Hole from my unit. The counselor for my unit has been gone for about five weeks, and word is he's supposed to be gone two months. This has created a problem in itself 'cause now we can't get our weekly hygiene and other supplies that the counselor gives out, plus we have no one to go to to discuss issues we may be having (i.e., to talk about our living situation, or file a complaint, etc.).

Also, when he's gone, the counselor next door



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makes it a point to move people around. According to Inmate.com, the BOP has a new policy about not leaving one person alone in a cell - everyone has to have a cellie - to prevent suicides. Anyone wanting to kill themselves can still do so even if they have a cellie, so this prevents nothing. All it does is force people to live with someone they can't get along with.

So, since people went to the Hole in early March, the counselor next door started forcing people to move.

My former cellie, Maddy's, cellie was one of those to go to the Hole. And instead of taking another tranny who had previously lived next door (in Savajo A), but was released from the Hole to our unit (who I'll admit is a slimy, nasty bitch), she decided to go "poaching," and persuaded my cellie, Chris, to move in with her. That left me open to get someone I didn't want to live with.

Now, I'll admit I didn't "like" Chris. He's a crackhead loser who gets money from family every month, but has nothing to show for it (the whole time we were cellies he didn't have a tablet 'cause he "pawned" his for drugs - and



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I'm sure he still doesn't have it back). There was no way I could trust him - especially if I went to the Hole myself and he had access to my property. Plus, he's DUMB AS SHIT! He spent most of his time just staring - either laying in bed or sitting in a chair - for HOURS.

One time he made "prison taffy" to sell for stamps (for drugs), and made a mess of our desk (leftover taffy was stuck to it). He left it there for three days - while sitting in a chair a foot away from the desk and just staring - until I said something 'cause I needed to use the desk.

Total loser, but a manageable loser, and I was still clearly the one in charge.

So, Chris moved out, and Gade's - my tranny "friend" - cellie wanted to move in the slimy tranny so he could screw around with "her," and stick me with Gade.

Again, hell no!

Being "friends" with Gade is one thing, living with Gade is entirely another. I've since mentioned to other people about being cellies with Gade, and they all respond, "Oh, no!", so trust me when I say it's not just me.



Mon. 04-01-24 9:33A

Happy April Fool's Day! I'm now in Club 112 listening to "Don't Tell Me Lies" by Breathe.

We were just unlocked from yet another fog lockdown which totally screwed up my plans for this morning. This is the one day my case manager has "open house" (and at this time), and I had planned to meet with him and plead to move to that unit.

When I got up at 6:30A, I could see clearly across the compound. It looked like there might've been some wisps of fog beyond the fence, but I could see no reason for this lockdown. Was it the Fates telling me to stay where I am for now?

If so, the Fates really suck 'cause I hate my living situation.

On March 7<sup>th</sup>, I made it very clear to everyone that I did not want to live with Gade - including Gade's boyfriend. Then I went out to Rec at 12:30p to enjoy the day.

When I came back in at 2p (they do hour and a half "moves" here during the week), I discovered Gade and all her stuff already



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moved into my cell.

What. The. Fuck.

This bitch moved in without even asking me and even after I made it clear that I didn't want Gade for a cellie. This is actually a perfect example of why I didn't want Gade for a cellie.

Gade is gonna do whatever Gade wants without any thought or consideration for anyone else.

It has really sucked in here ever since.

I could be taking a nap and Gade will come in and bang around - not even trying to be quiet - and then turn on her radio or tablet with the music blaring loudly through her headphones - which should be over her ears and turned down.

I'm back to having another fucking cellie who thinks it's cool to blast their music in the cell whether I want to hear it or not. (I don't.)

I've got a fucking MP3! If I wanted to listen to music, I'd put my headphones over my ears and respectfully listen to what I want to hear without disturbing anyone else!

Gade is also another one of those that goes to bed with the music playing. "She" has no consideration for anyone else.



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I knew living together would fuck up our friendships and I was trying to avoid that.

I'm also having second thoughts about "her" legitimacy as a tranny. This bitch stands to pee more often than "she" sits down! And, "she" doesn't wash "her" hands after!

Just nasty. I really fucking hate living with this bitch.

Wed. 04-03-24 8:43A

Howdy! I'm in Club 112 this morning listening to "Hypnotize (Club Mix)" by the Notorious B.I.G. on C3PO.

I didn't go to the Library this morning 'cause we were again locked down, but only until 7:15A or so. There was no fog. I can only assume it was 'cause a storm was forecast, but it wasn't even raining when I woke up at 6:40A. They are seriously overdoing this lockdown crap.

I have news! Yesterday, my prayers were answered! Sort of. Gade went to the Hole - which I didn't pray for, but "she's" out of my cell for which I am very grateful. I was able to take a nap yesterday afternoon with



no one banging around or blaring their music! It was wonderful!

I expect, however, that today I will get yet another cellie. Either the counselor next door will move someone in or I'll get someone "off the bus," as that usually happens on Wednesday. I am seriously owed a good cellie!

I think I briefly mentioned previously that some guys in this unit were moved to Mohawk-B. Most were moved on Mon., Jan. 8<sup>th</sup>, and a few more on Thurs., the 11<sup>th</sup>.

Unfortunately, one of those guys moved was the hottest guy on the compound. No more eye candy! He goes by "Cuba" (he's Cuban, duh), has lots of muscles, a close-cropped beard, and dreamy bedroom eyes. So sad he's gone!

I also mentioned that I had my unit team in Creek-A. Well, on Sun., March 10<sup>th</sup>, I learned that I was reassigned to Mohawk-A. (I get the feeling no one wants me!)

When Gade became my cellie, I started working on getting moved myself. I first tried Creek-A 'cause that's where I thought my unit team was, plus, the second (and third) hottest guys on the compound are in that unit. Plus... the



second hottest guy happened to be flirting with me and wanted to be cellies!

However, this same guy recently told me he's screwing around < Pause. Someone just came to my cell and I am moving cells. I'll explain later. >

Thurs. 04-04-24 7:39A

Hey there ... I'm back in the Library and haven't had any work at all this week - which really sucks - but eventually things will pick up.

I'll finish what I was saying before I give you yesterday's news.

So ... this guy told me he's screwing around with someone in his unit and that he has a "stable." "screach!" < sound of brakes squealing > I am not the type to share my toys, nor do I belong in a stable. < ROO! > Plus, after talking to him, it seems like we are very different in other ways and I just don't think we'd be a good match.

Pity. He is so fine!

As a result, I turned my attention to Hawk-A (where the fourth hottest guy lives who has also flirted with me).



Wow for yesterday's news.

Andrew came to my cell, and sure enough, the counselor from next door struck again. Andrew is a skinny, young, (in his early 20s) gay guy with shoulder-length ash blond hair and blue eyes.

He is really cute and much lusted-after on the compound, but not by me. He's not my type.

As long as I've been here, Andrew has lived with "Ace," a latino Texan with big muscles and lots of tattoos. The fact that they've been in a relationship has kinda been an open secret.

Everyone knows about it, but no one acknowledges it 'cause Ace is supposed to be some big, tough, former gang member with an image to protect.

Well, Andrew came to me and said the counselor split them up and moved Andrew with me ('cause I have a bottom bunk pass), and Ace with a young latino guy who also has a bottom bunk pass.

We had the option of staying in my cell, but Andrew - and Ace - wanted for the two of us to move into the other latino guy's cell, and have him move in with Ace. I had a foreboding that this was a mistake, but I have a bad habit of being passive and allowing people to talk me into



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things I wouldn't normally do (which is part of the reason I'm in here - you'd think I'd learn).

So now I'm in Club 220 with Andrew (who said he also likes to dance!), and I have lost the flowerbed outside my window. Club 220 is the end cell by the stairs going up to the top level of cells or down to the third, upper side of the lower level (see previous description of the unit).

Sure enough, moving there was a mistake. My previous cell was very inconspicuous. This one overlooks the common area where guys sit to watch TV. Everyone can see who comes and goes from my cell. (Do you see where this is leading?)

I was supposed to have plans last night. Unfortunately, the asshole counselor moved my "plans" next door to Navajo-A. That was heartbreaking enough. What really sucks is that I also had a "Plan B."

"Plan B" is a tattooed, thuggish, white guy who also has an image to protect, and therefore can't be seen coming and going from my now-very-conspicuous cell, and let me know that.

I fucked up. Again.

So... my goal is still to move to Mohawk-A and start anew. I have a friend there - who



also does typing which is unfortunate - but I think we'd get along well as cellies and have already talked about it.

I have nothing keeping me here in Savajo-B, and I'd like to get settled in a unit where people aren't constantly being moved to other units and where I'll have access to my unit team so I can take care of things I need to do before my release.

Wish me luck.

Until next time, I wish you...

Love & Blessings,

