

{ GOOD Days! }

Good Days are far and few between and today was a Good Day! It started before the sun came up with a Dream of one of my favorite Girls on this evil planet. She's given me so many good memories and my memories are what's sustained me thru these long years of darkness. Actually this GOOD DAY started w/ me getting a "package Ducat" at mail-call yesterday. I'm on C-status for 2 more weeks and you can't get packages on C-status but I got lucky and they missed that info so I got to go get it today. I also got some "canteen" this morning from a win on a football ticket. Maybe that doesn't seem like alot to most people, but when your life is all bad the simplest things are like miracles that only happen to other people. It's so nice to have shampoo (yes I have hair now,) coffee, some food and a pad of paper to write this on. People are under the impression that prisoners are taken care of when it comes to food and hygiene products and clothes. Wrong. If you don't have some Hustle you're always hungry. The Hated state gives you only the bare minimum to sustain life and they'd give less if they could get away with it. I do have a pay number which means I get "paid" for my job. That is if you consider \$5.40 per month ^{as} getting paid! They also provide a couple of bars of state made Lye soap but if you have hair its not adequate. I don't want to sit here sniveling and being my usual cynical self and that's not what I'm doing. I'm just giving some facts to clear things up. I am fully against the forced labor the state enforces in here. And it is forced. You get written up for refusing to work and they dangle a shrivelled up carrot ...

in front of your face with the chance to move into a "pay number" job. Why? Who knows. Maybe they can't get enough suckers to work without it. When you are doing "Life" what is your incentive to work? I guess having a few dollars a month so you can brush your teeth with something other than water is enough. Without an "inmate work force" the prison don't run. The inmates are a necessity to the "life" of the prison. When we have a work strike everything stops. And I mean everything. No laundry, nothing. The guards have to cell-feed everyone because obviously they lock us all in our cells when we take a stand like that. And the guards HATE to cell feed us! Sometimes they'll just pass out 3 bag lunches a day but federal law dictates that we get at least one hot meal a day. Not that these "snivel servants" care if they break the law or not. They are above the law after all! Most of these clowns are no better than 95% of the people they guard. In many cases the difference between them and us is one bad day. One bad decision. OR some action without thinking. I've acted so many times without any thought at all. It's not like I'm stupid. Actually it's exactly like I'm stupid but I'm not. I know better than to do some of the stupid things I've done. If I just would have stopped to THINK! And that's no guarantee either. I am a legendary maker of BAD Decisions. And that's one of those things I'll never be able to understand. Maybe I've had too many head injuries or ate too many paint chips when I was young. Whatever it was it's caused me so much pain and loss. I know I'm not the only clown on the town that wishes they had a rewind button!

But anyway... enough on regret. This is a Good Day! I just found a new Zombie Book: "21st Century Dead" and threw my last book away. I love books but that book sucked and I wouldn't inflict that sour-ass book on anyone! I hate when you try to get lost in a book and end up wishing the book would get lost! (Hi Lyvonne!) And I only have 12 days of C-status left! Not that it even matters that much. We're supposed to lock up at 1pm but we both (me & my cellie Donnie/blog 1346) go to work at 1230pm! They haven't been able to lock us up at 1 yet! And of course they get mad about it. They really take it personal when they can't inflict punishment on you, even though none of us were sentenced to prison to be punished. We were sentenced to prison as punishment. Most of these guards don't understand that. We're not here for them to get their "get backs" for whatever life dealt them when they were young. Adult Bullies usually have some unresolved childhood issues that makes them act the way they do. OR maybe they just have a short-dick complex. I don't know but I do know some of these small-town clowns try so hard to be tough I'm sure their dicks so small they pee on their balls!

So... I know I'm having a Good Day when I can't even stay in a BAD MOOD! TRY as I may. Been listening to Smut Peddlars and the Transplants and Strength thru Oi lately. That always makes for a good day! I think I'm just going to enjoy it while its here 'cause you know what follows a Good Day, right? Hopefully its a few more good days. I don't want to Jinx myself! There's only one thing that could make this day better: Maybe I'll get lucky and get some mail today!