

13-17 (cont)

p.8: Damn! Am I really only on my eighth page of this journal through time? It seems to me that we posted much more material here than a mere eight pages. Is there a repository on this site which stores everything we posted, I wonder? Would someone out there post me a "comment" on this site to let me know just how many pages (and news articles) I have deposited thus far? It would be especially nice to receive a complete copy downloaded and sent snail mail, if someone would be so kind — but if that is too much to ask then a short "comment" on the site will do, and that "comment" will be forwarded to me within a fortnight I'm told. In my several months of posting on this web log, I have yet to receive any "comments" — but I still believe this is how it works.

Before I resume writing my anecdotes of yore, perhaps there is an interest in how the black Moslem ordeal went which I wrote about in my previous blog.

Well, it's not that my 6'3", 220lb frame is too awfully formidable — tho my utter lack of fear may be confounding them so much more. In any case, the rumors regarding me have been ominous... but rumors just the same.

Never the less, at such times it is prudent to don the old "mean" mask while bestial imaginations foment vicious plots of ruination. This stratagem usually serves to dissuade the lone torpedo who might be willing to take one for the team. But then there are those attentive few who know the power of speech — and how to use tools to serve their purpose.

Evidently the latter was the case this time, as a couple days ago such a "tool" or two applied a pretty typical litmus test of attitudes, and after being assigned to my particular tomb for more than a couple years now I was told to pack up all of my property at 8:30 p.m., as I was being re-assigned to a different building — where I had to be at in 30 minutes.

This was such a lame-typo type attempt to abuse authority that it was sort of a sporting event to pack-up all of my property in slow-motion while the whole building watched

apprehensively much the same as commuters slow down to view a wreck on the road. The thing is tho, I am a catch and release bass fisherman from way back ~ so while I took about an hour to lug my property away to my new tomb, I took several trips down to the "tool" room to bicker about this unjustified move ~ for the sport of it. I'd bicker just long enough to watch the "tools" smug attitude of under-handed accomplishment turn into a disposition of an agitated tyrant. ☺ This of course was my cue to go and resume the packing and grumbling until my next trip down to repeat the process of making sport of a retarded "tool".

Granted, this is a dangerous sport ... kinda like dancing on a razors edge. But the joy of skillfully stringing along a Marionette bully is ... well, it is ^{wreck}entertaining to everybody expecting to view a haphazard occure.

As it turned out though, a 9:30pm move is unheard of without some "emergency" incident making the Administration aware. So when the chain of command became aware of such a ruckus that night, there was cause for an accountability established and consequently I was re-assigned back to my original tomb first thing the next morning.

Now the inept "tools" of discord are objects of ridicule amongst their own peers here, while the prisoner population finally feel avenged in the humiliation of these discourteous under-handed despots. So all in all, it is what it is and we will all go on from here. This is my life for the rest of my life, I'm sad to say.

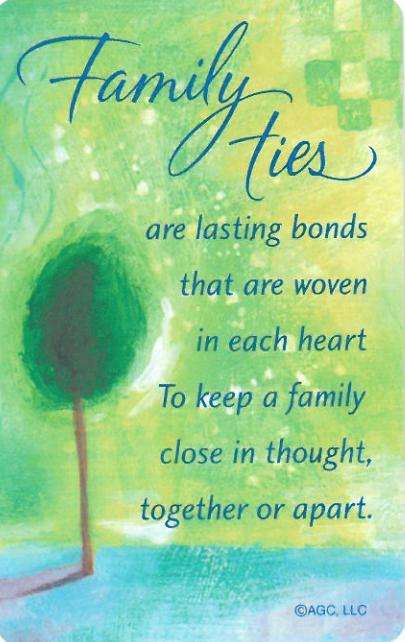
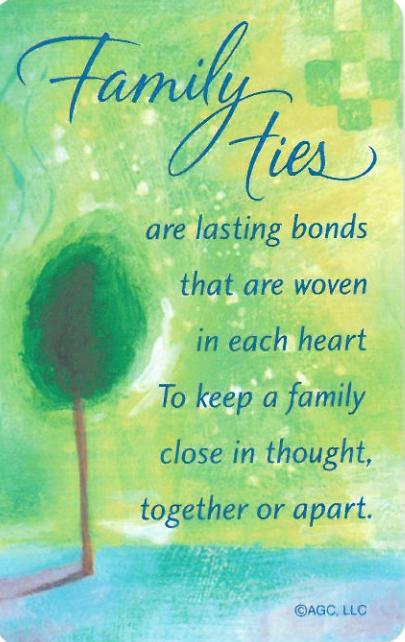
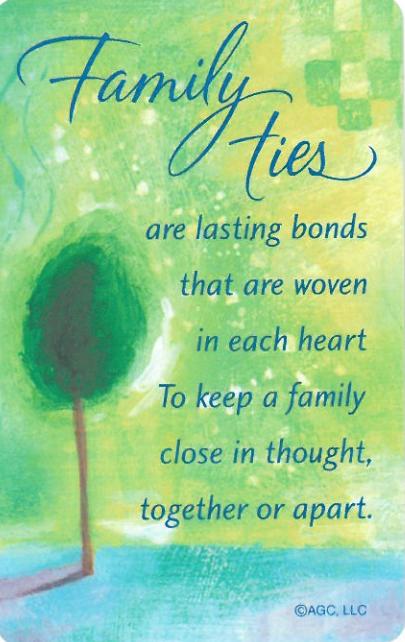
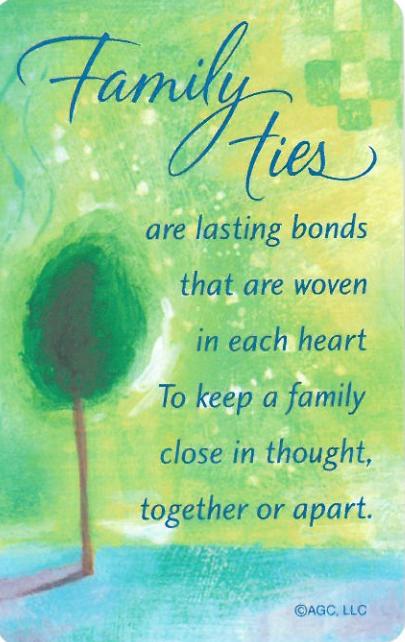
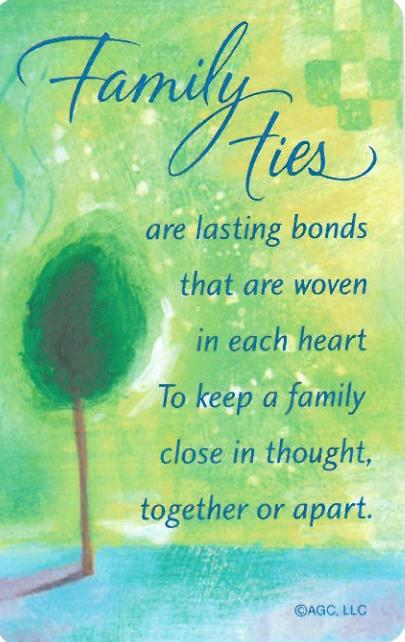
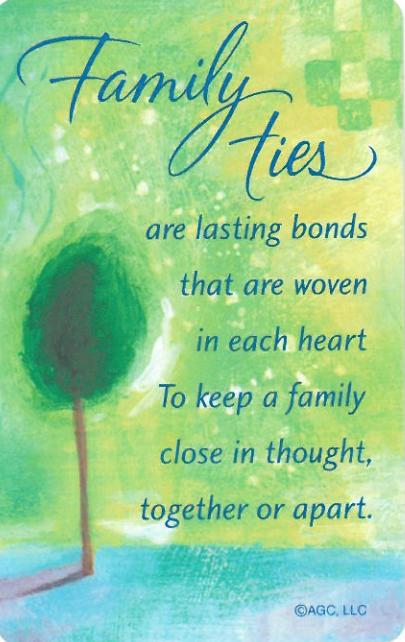
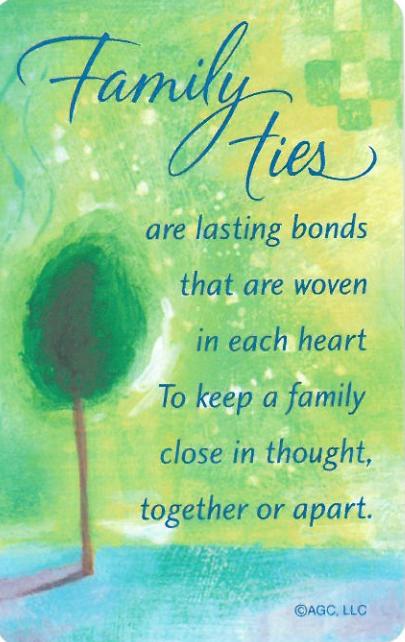
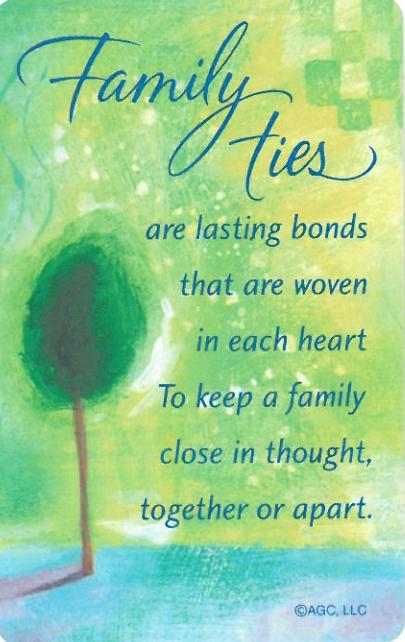
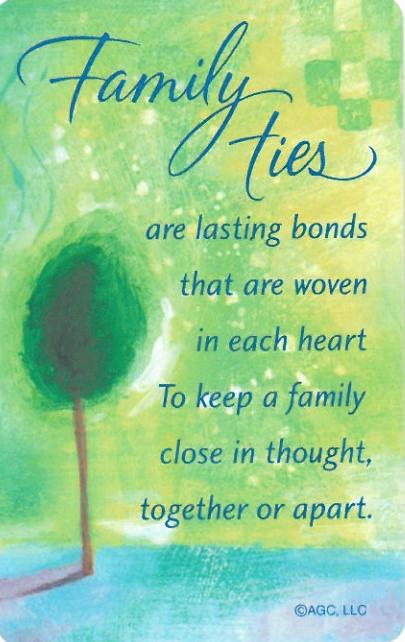
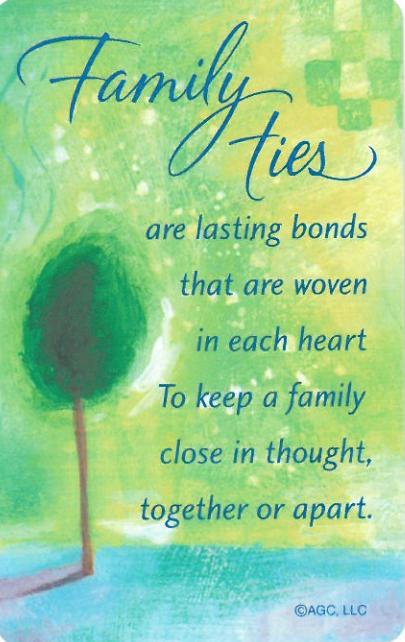
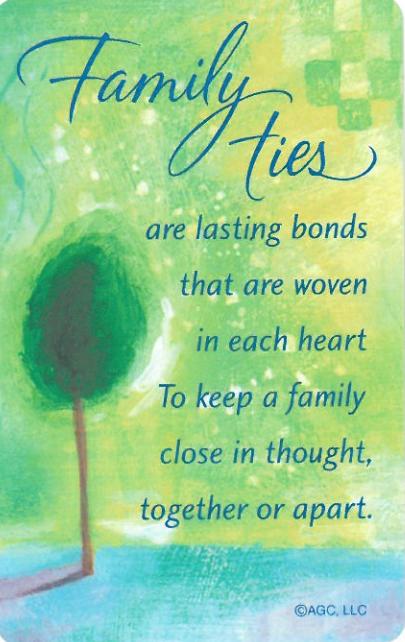
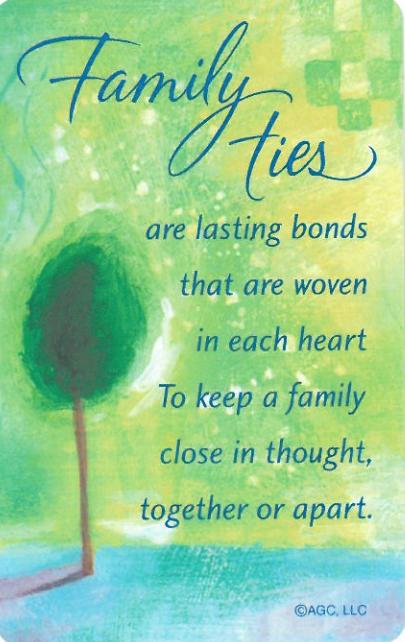
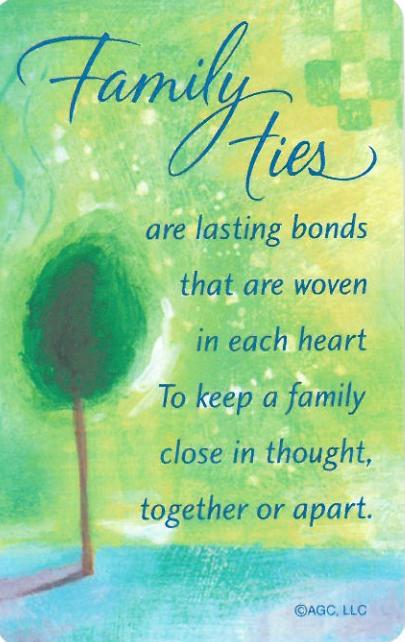
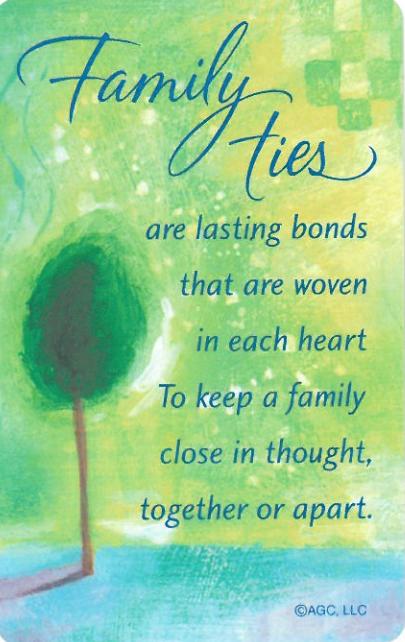
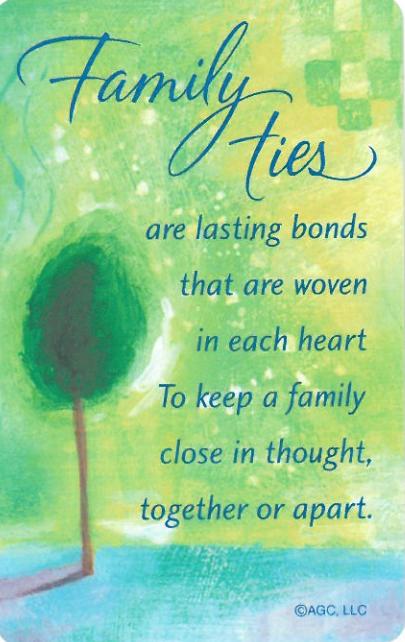
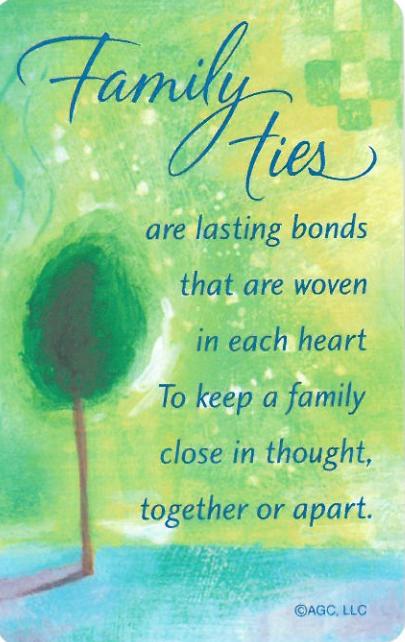
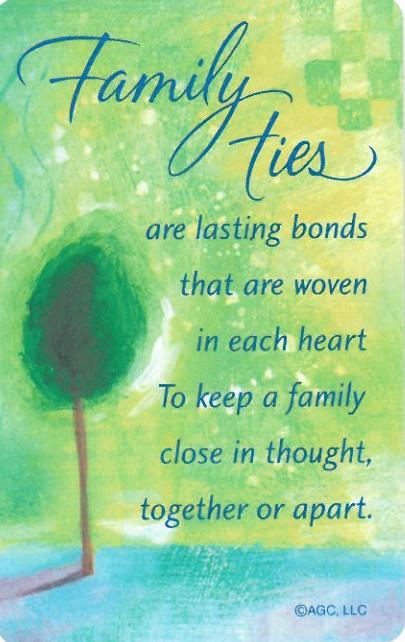
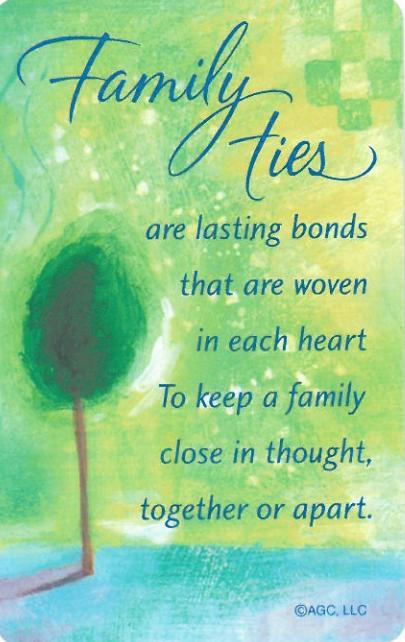
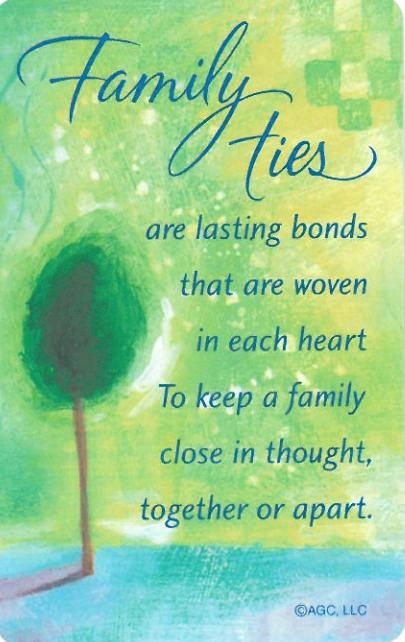
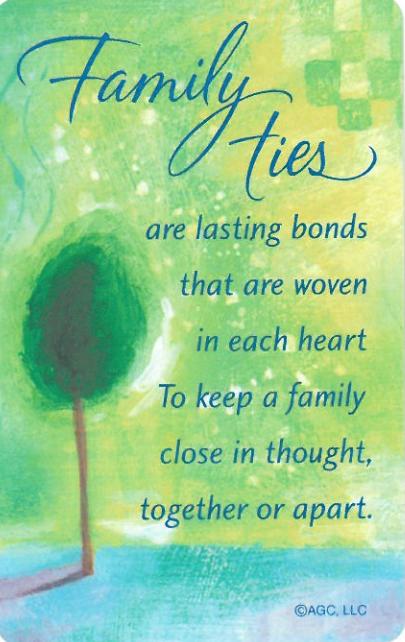
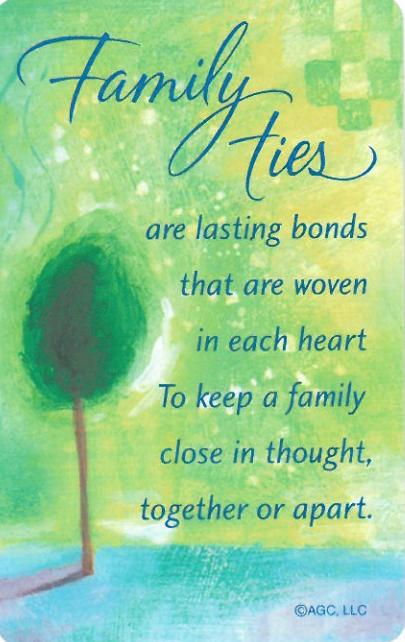
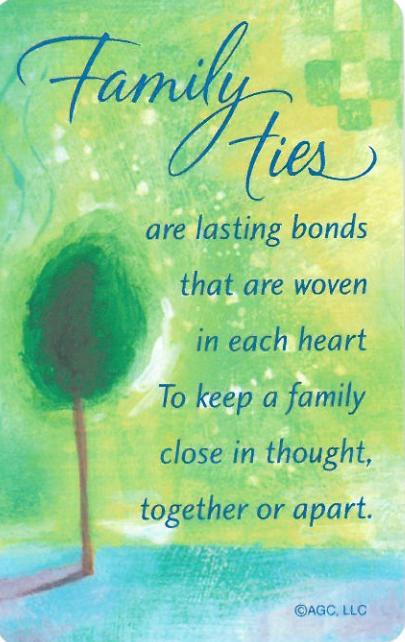
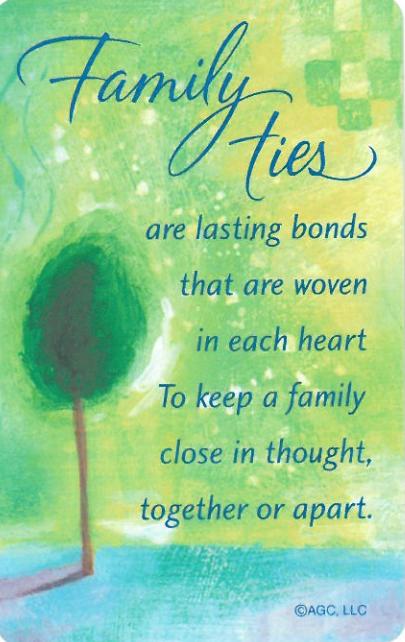
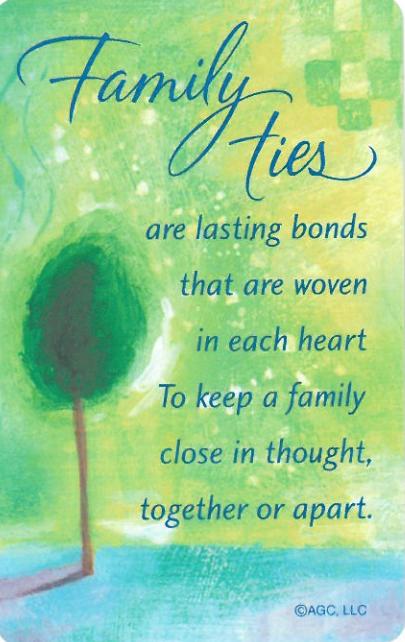
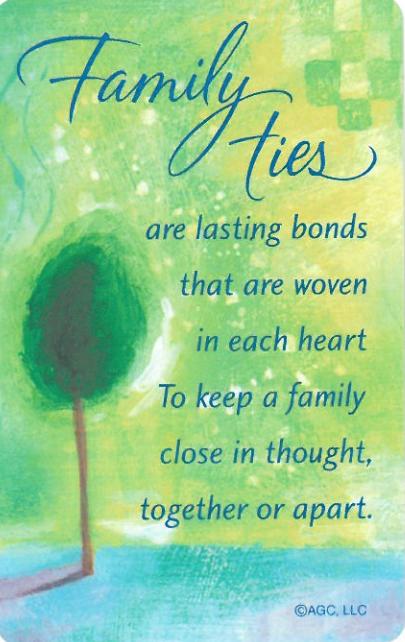
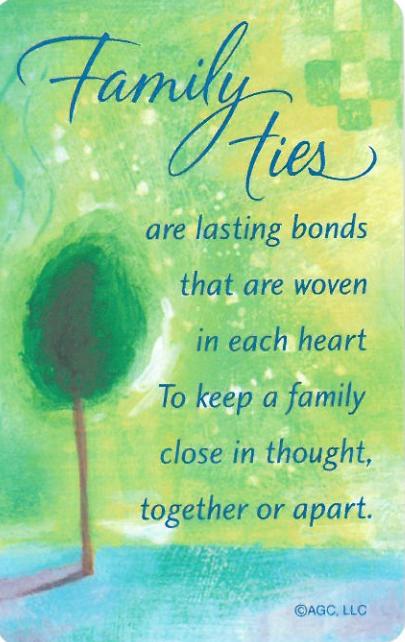
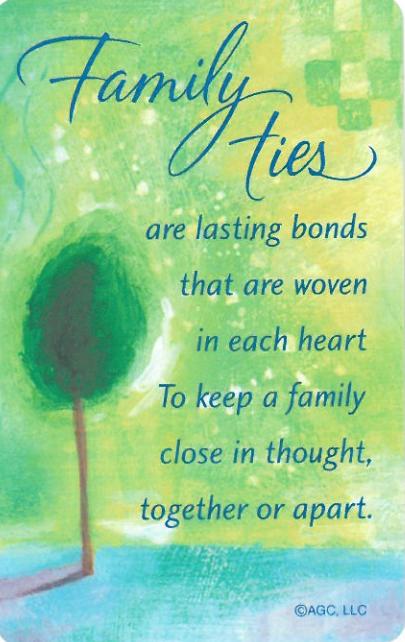
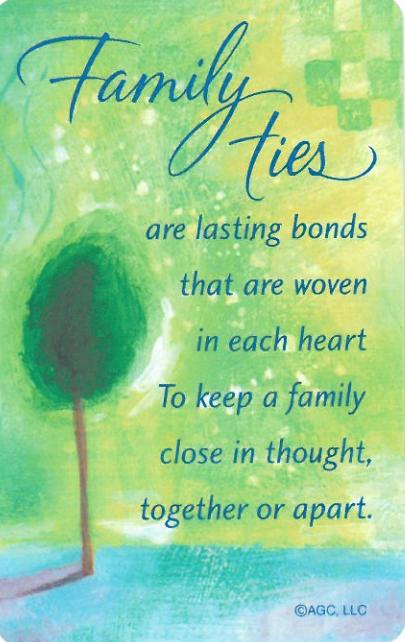
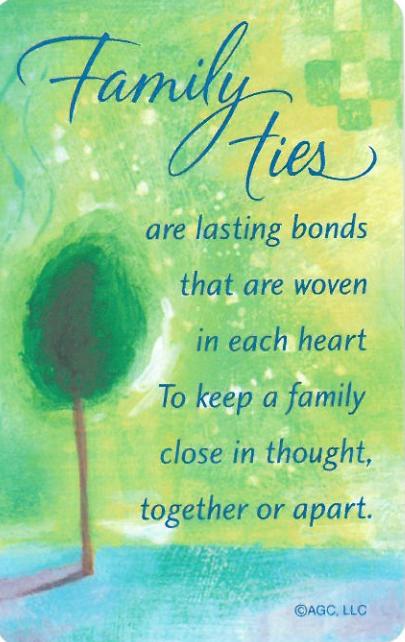
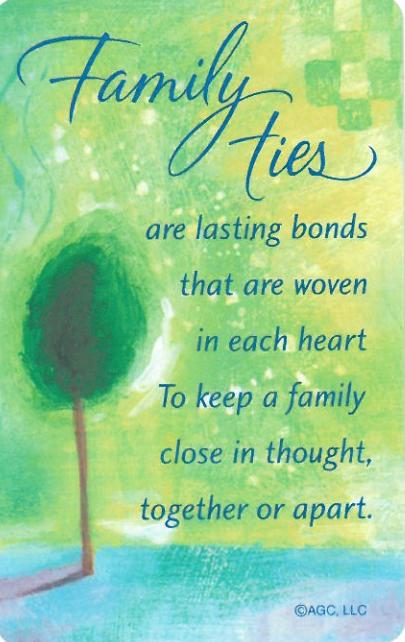
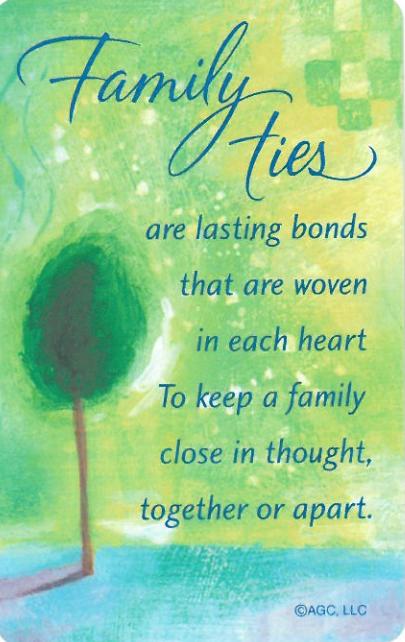
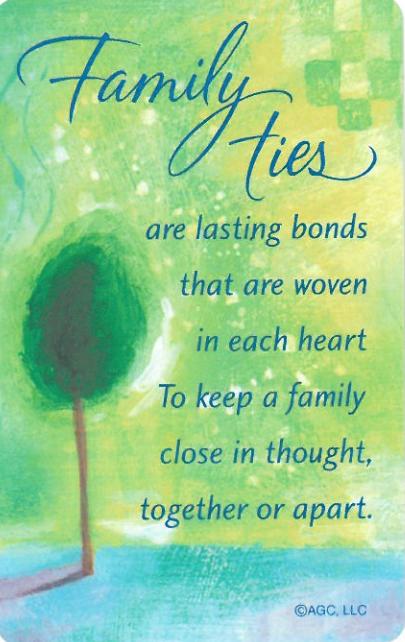
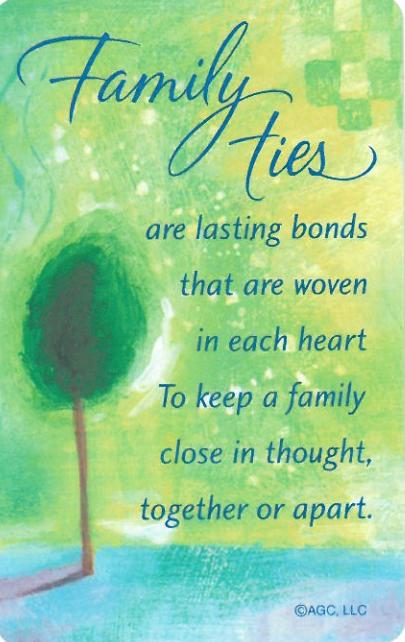
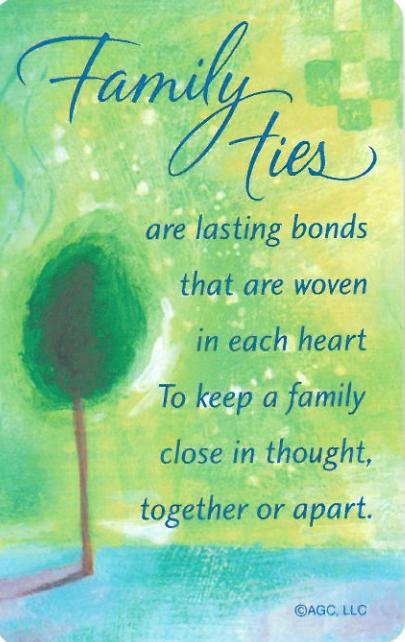
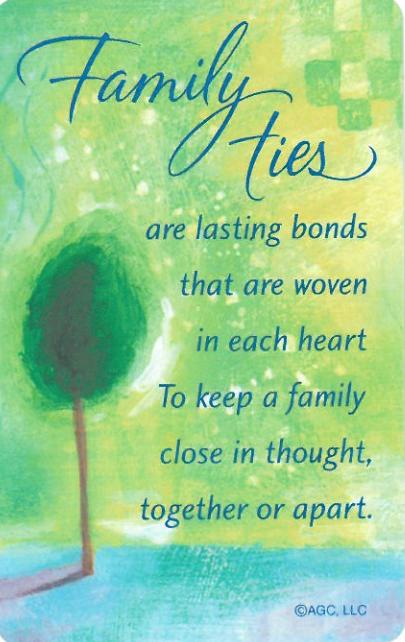
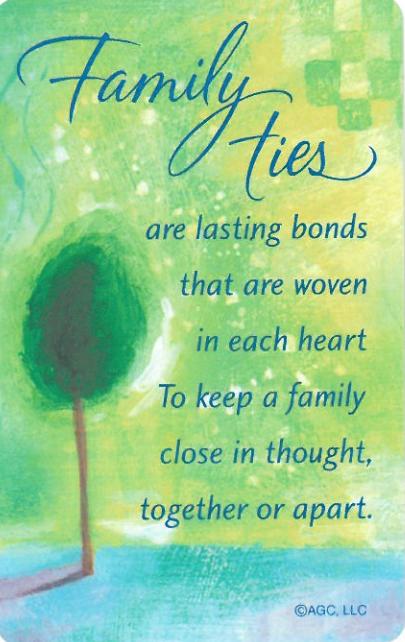
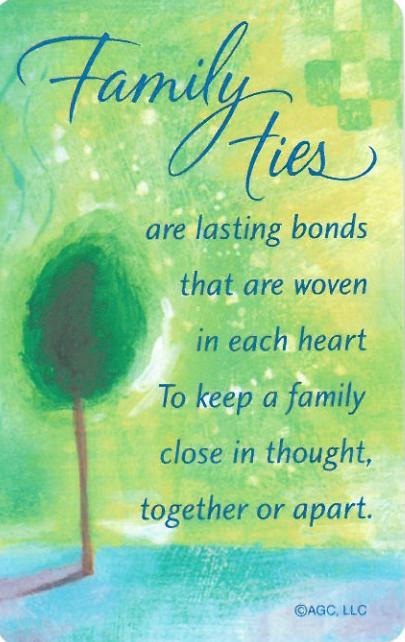
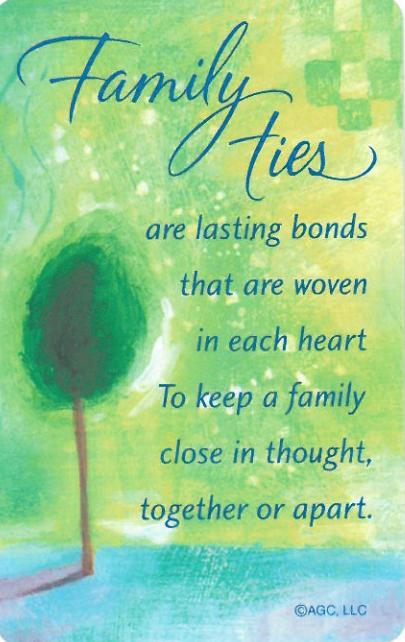
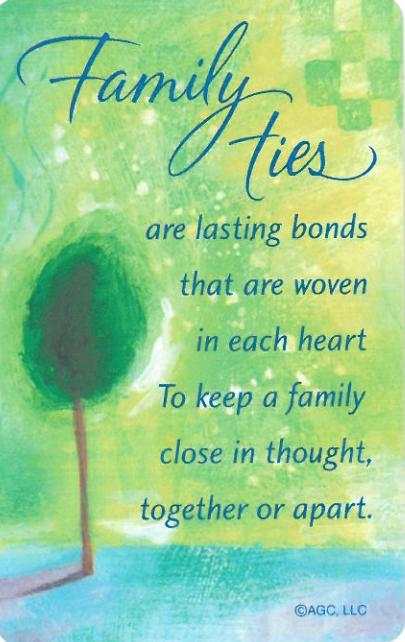
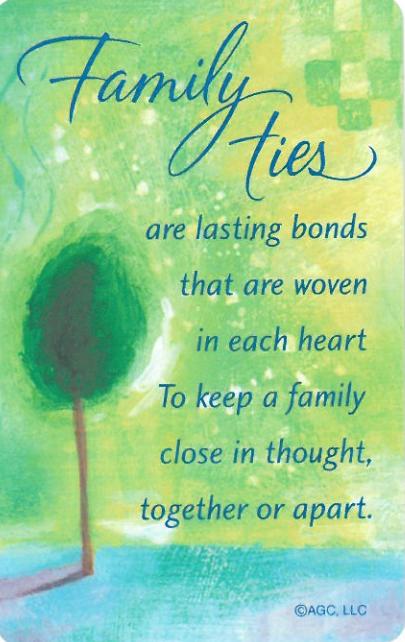
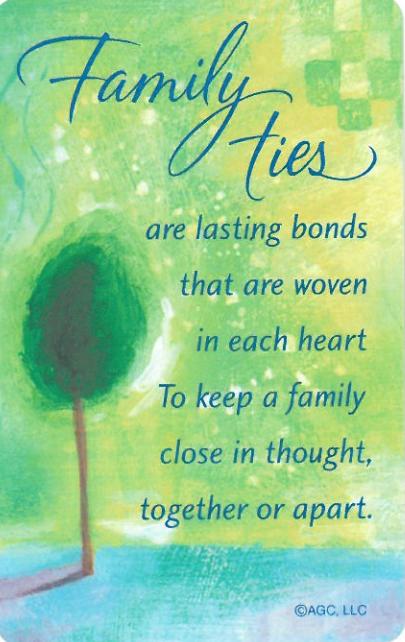
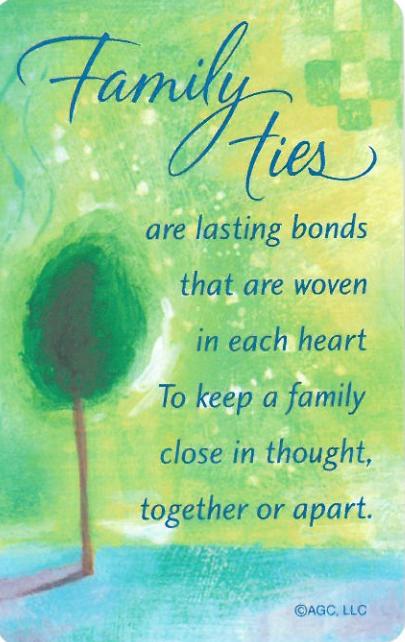
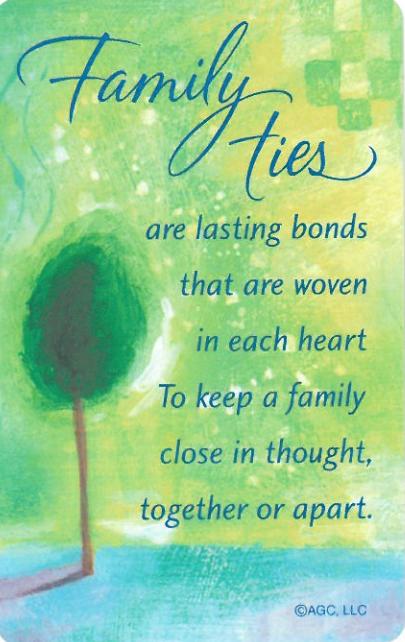
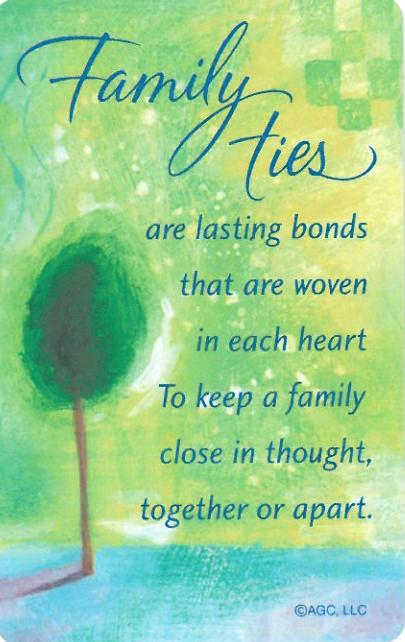
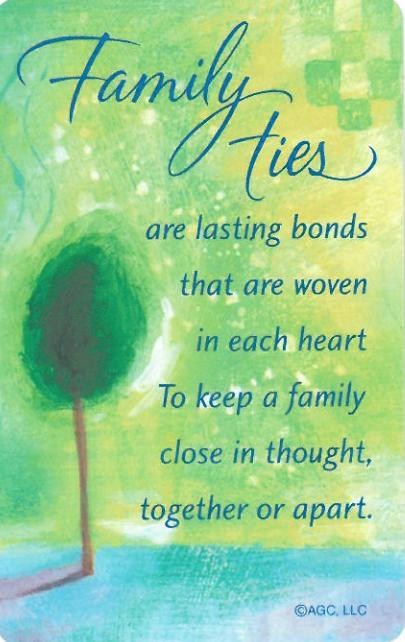
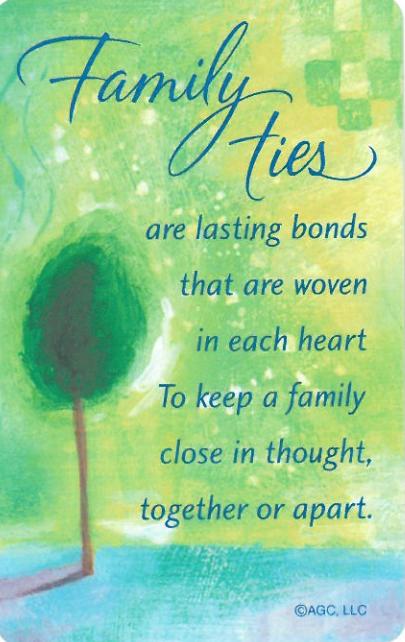
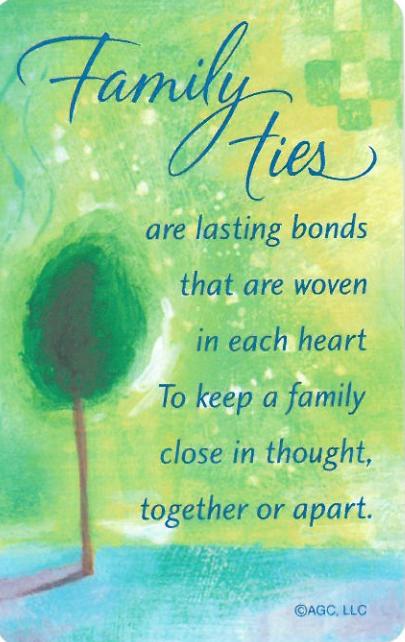
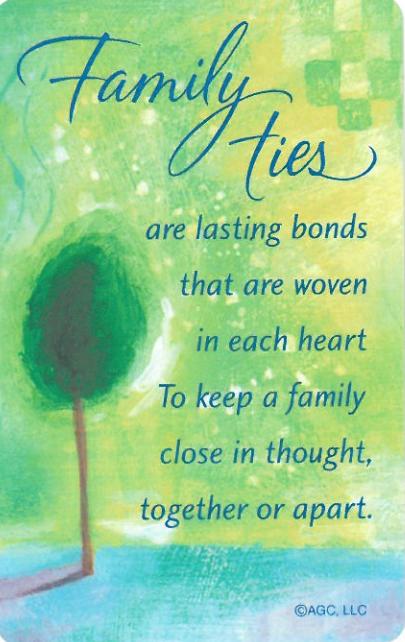
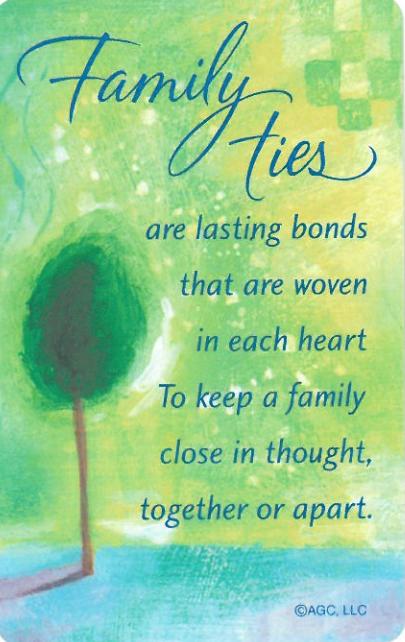
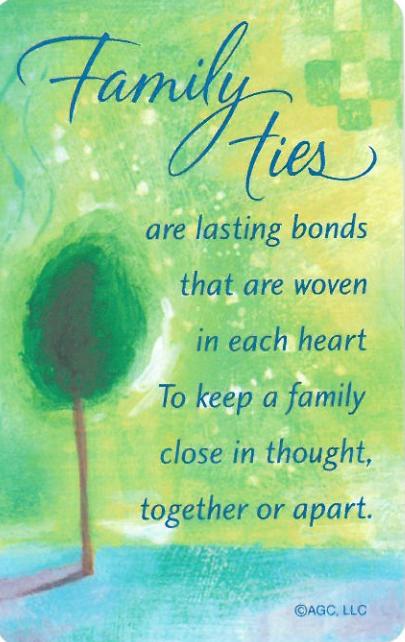
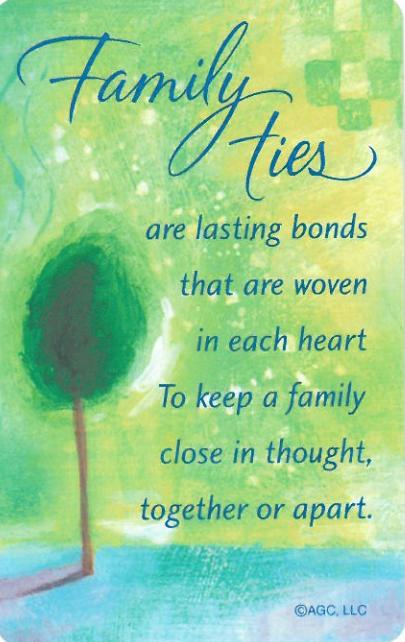
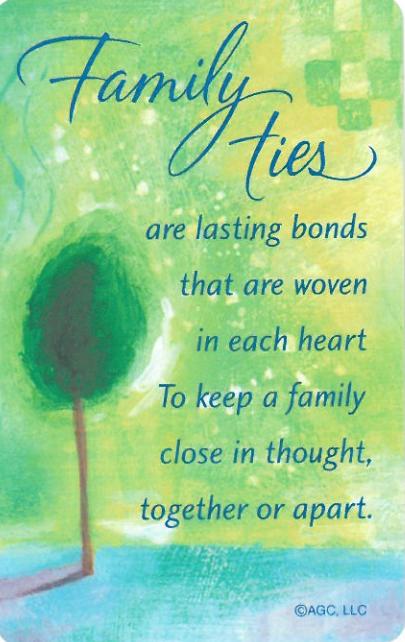
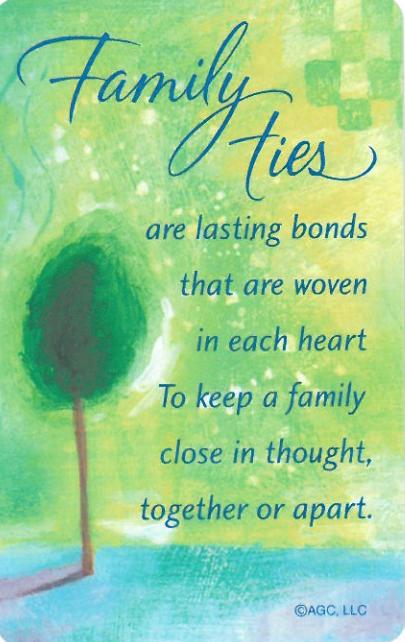
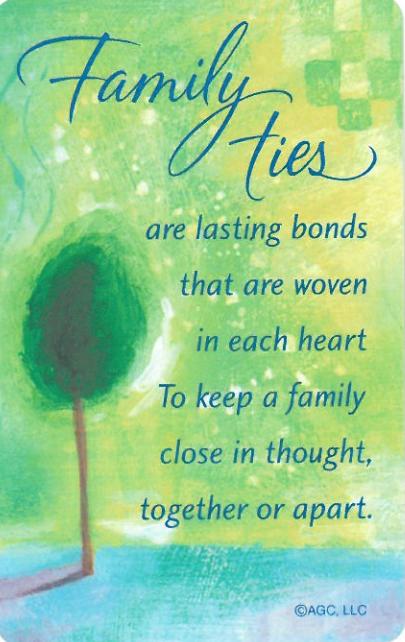
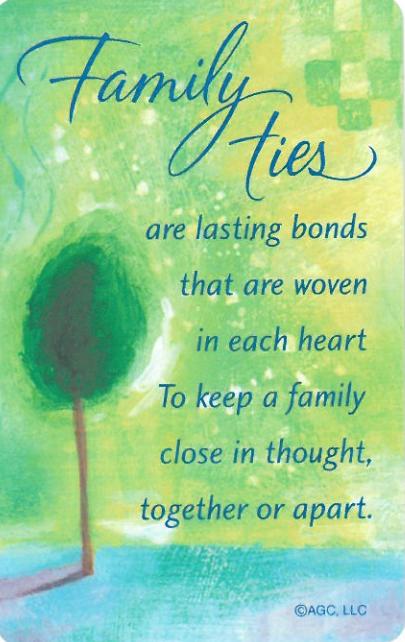
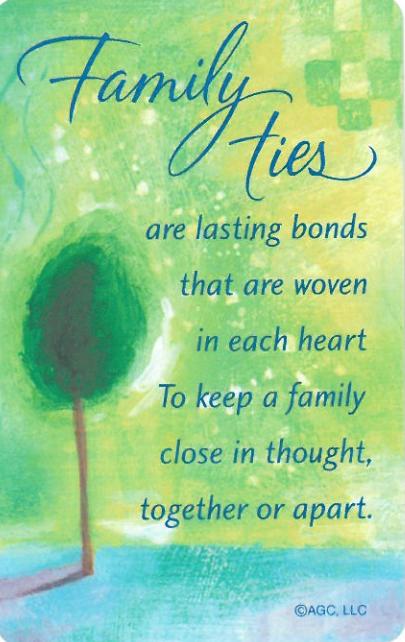
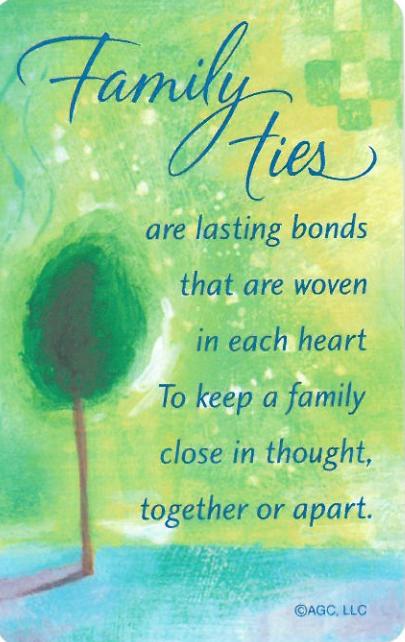
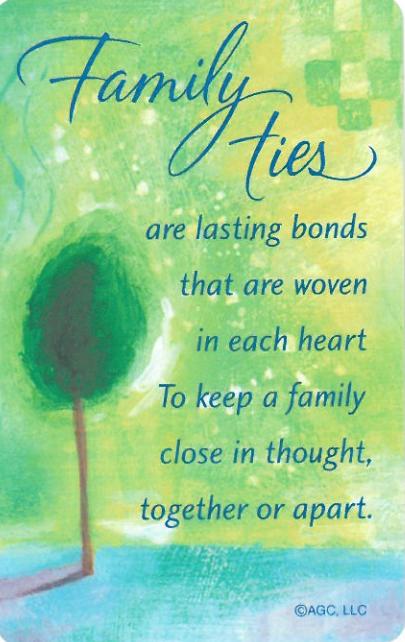
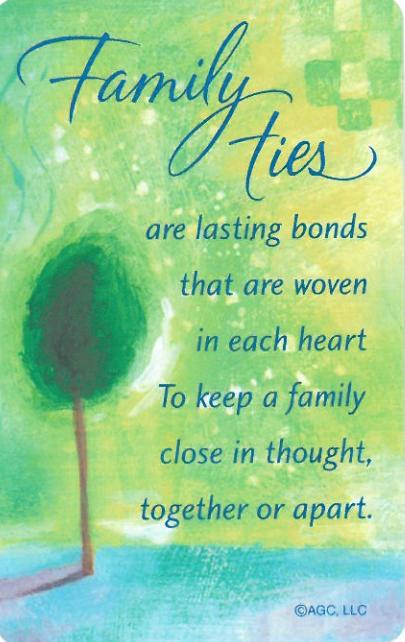
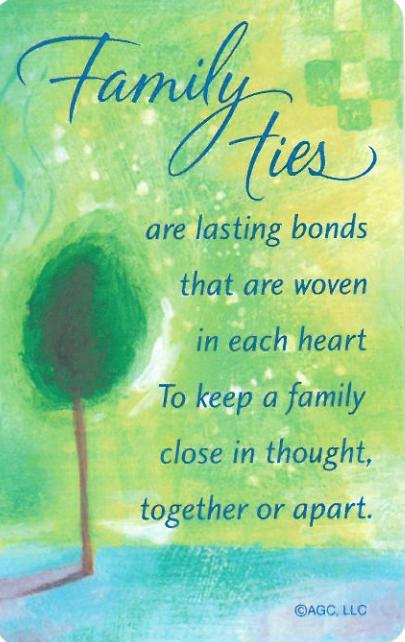
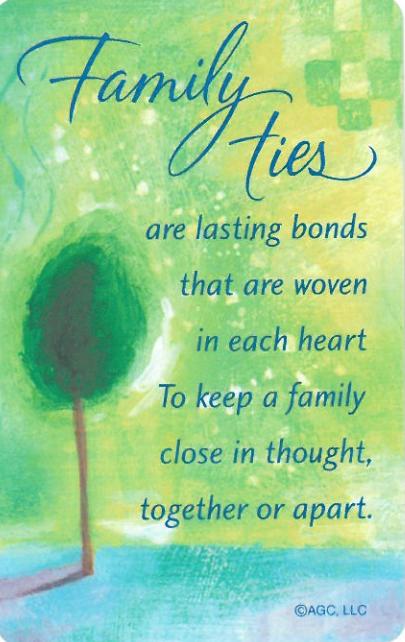
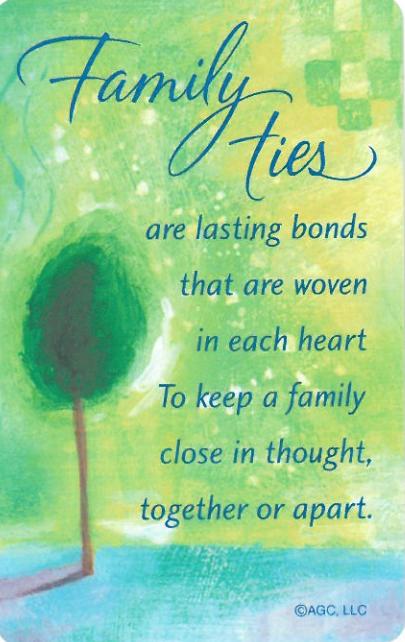
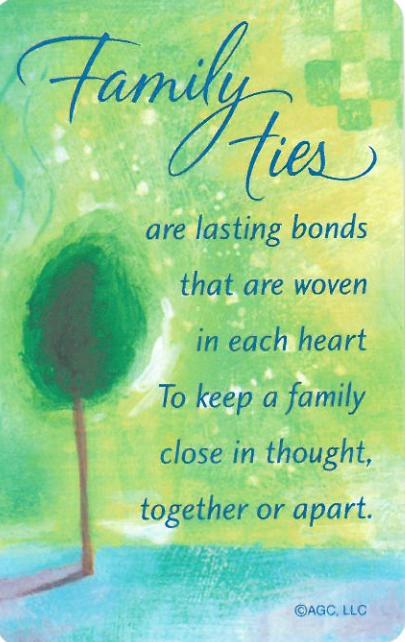
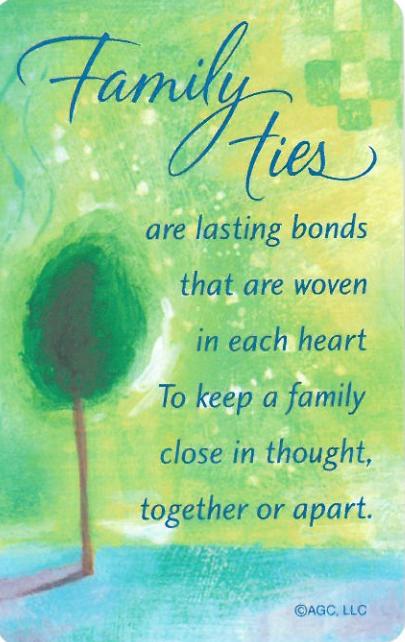
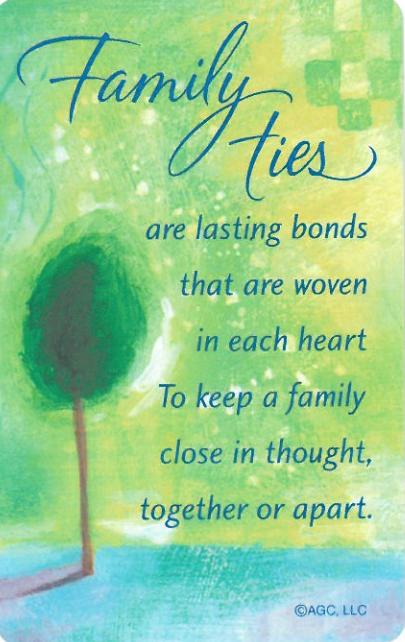
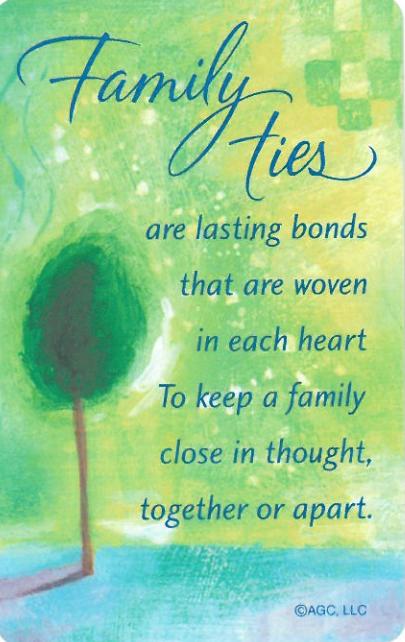
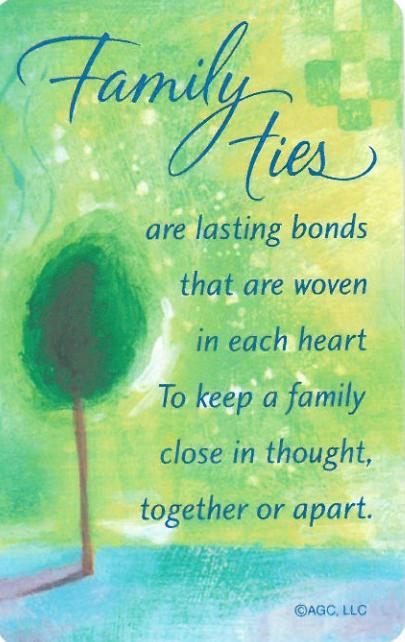
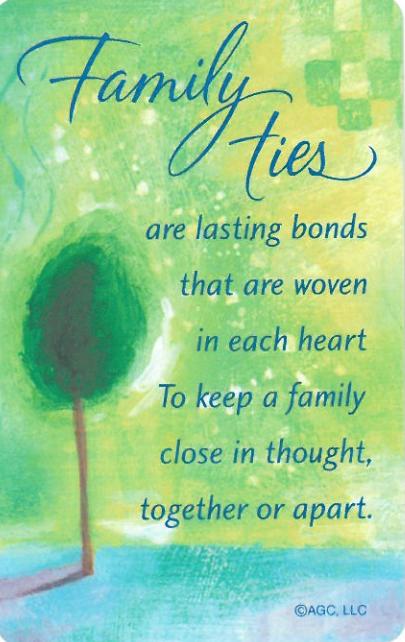
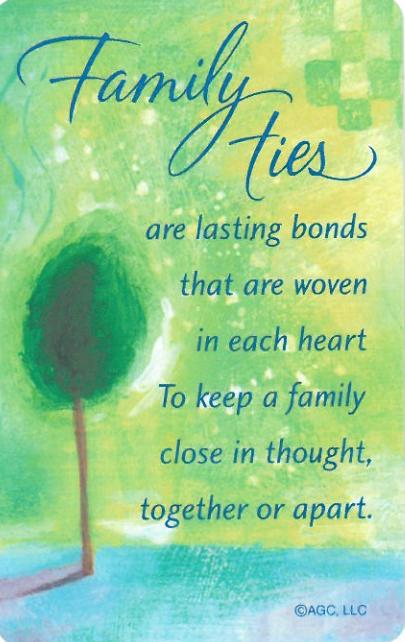
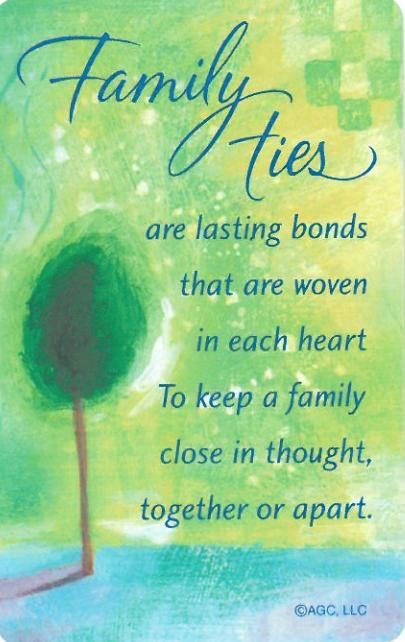
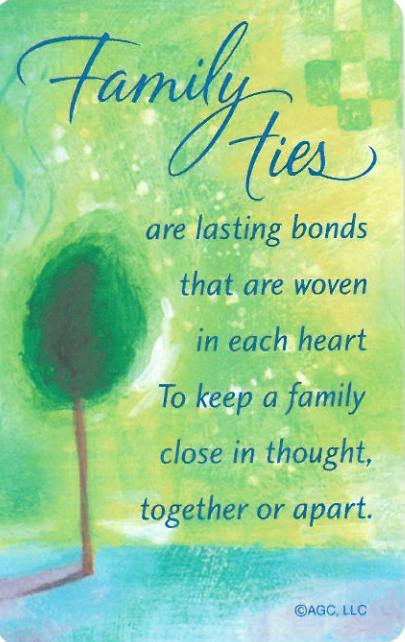
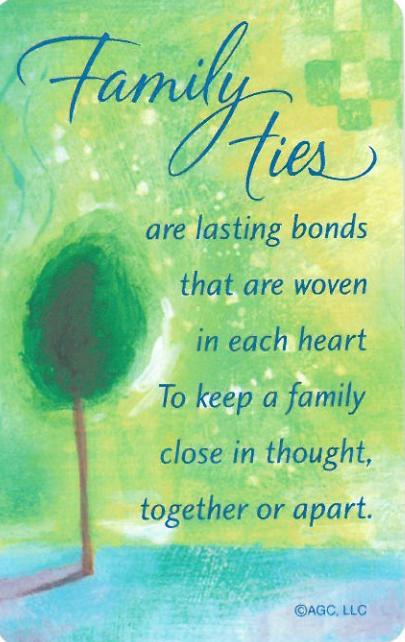
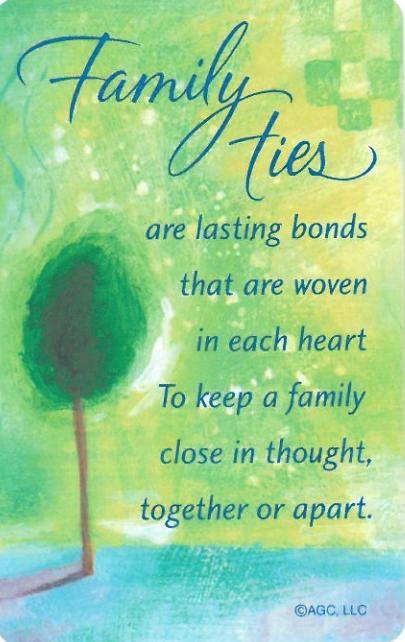
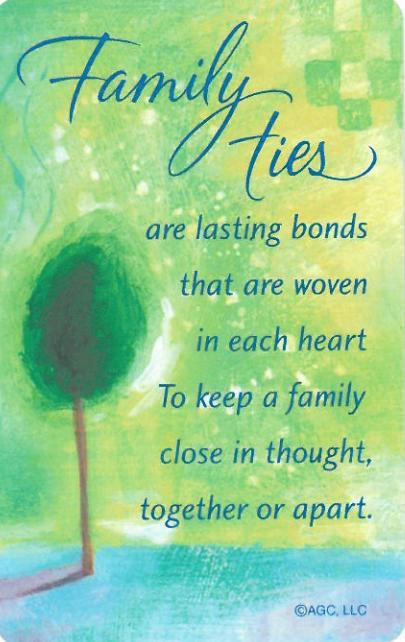
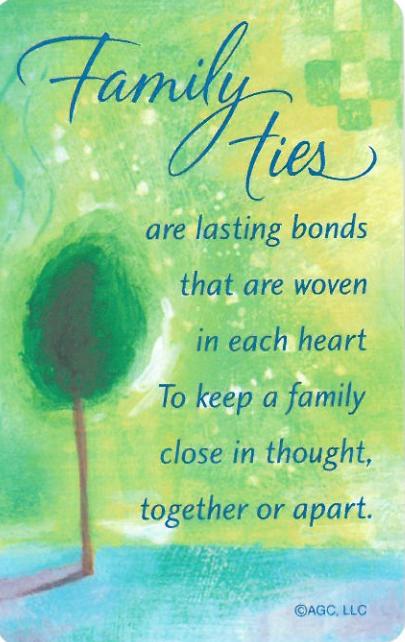
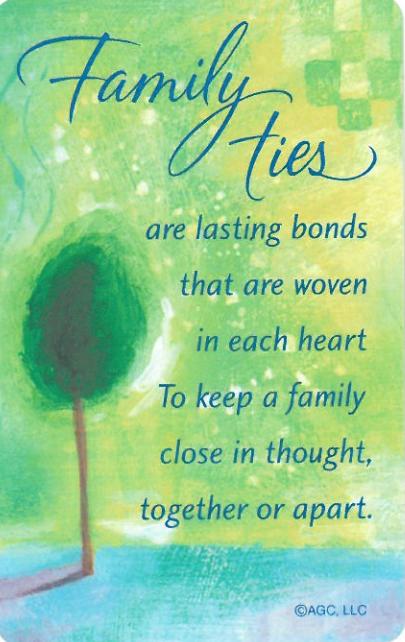
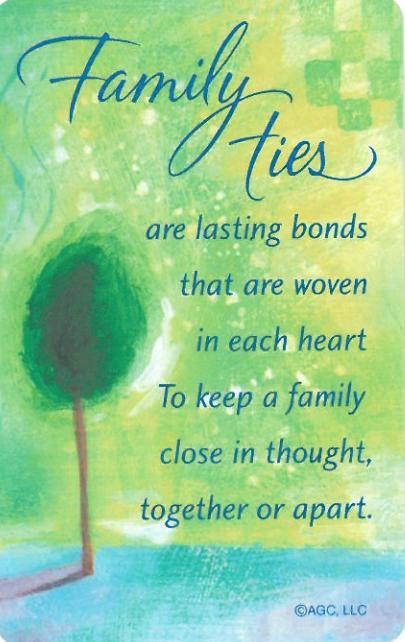
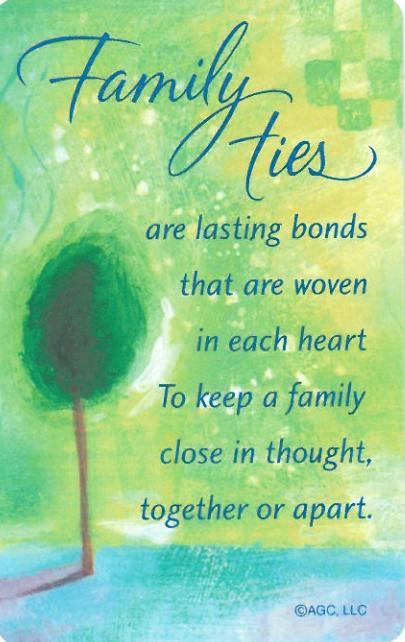
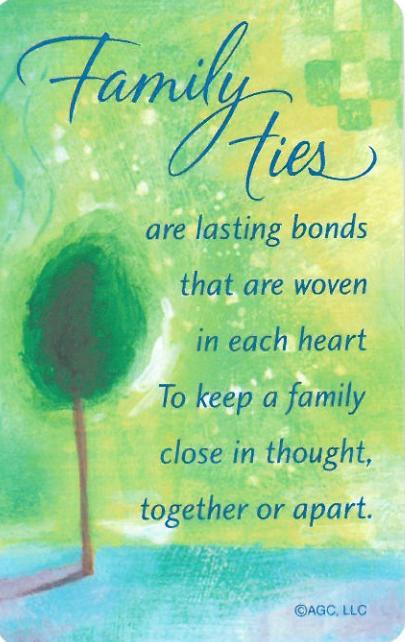
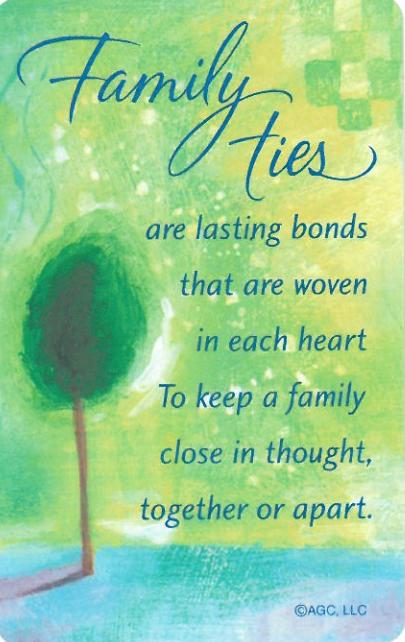
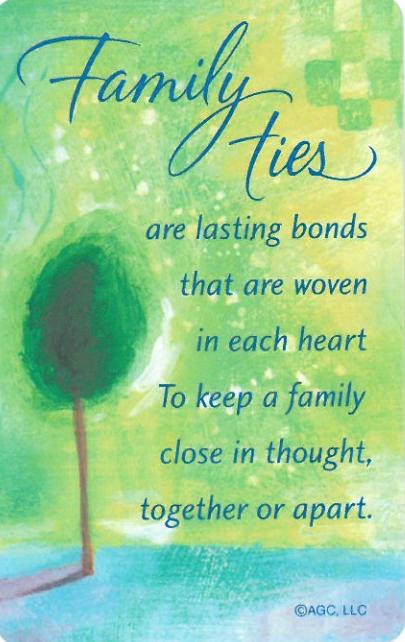
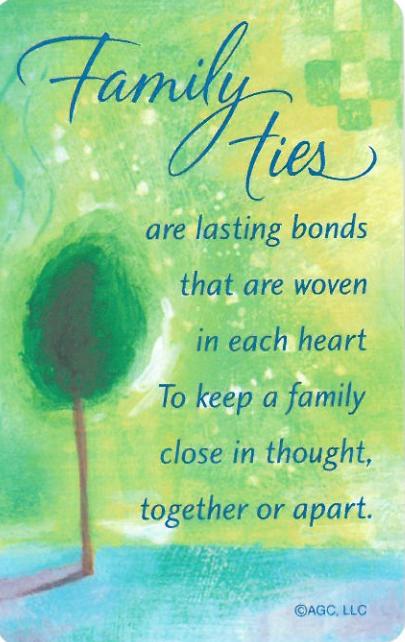
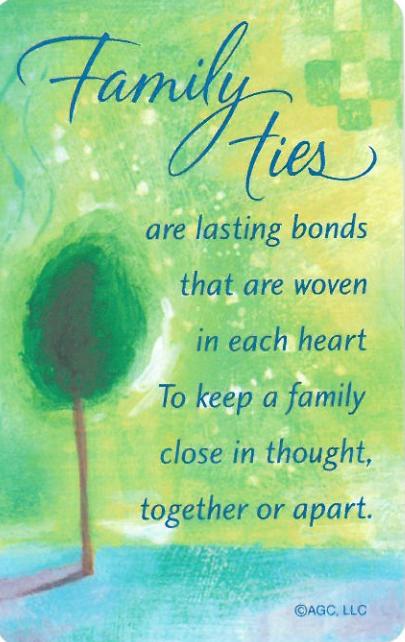
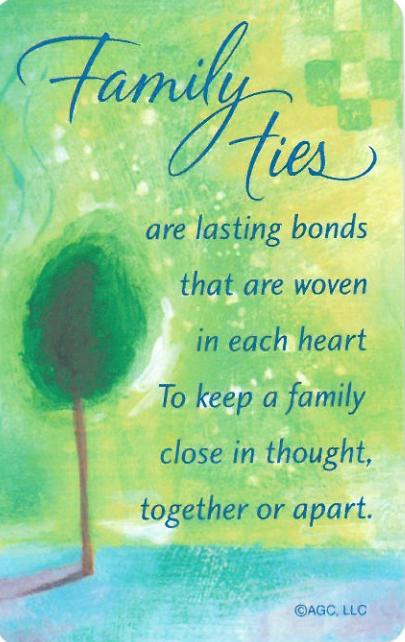
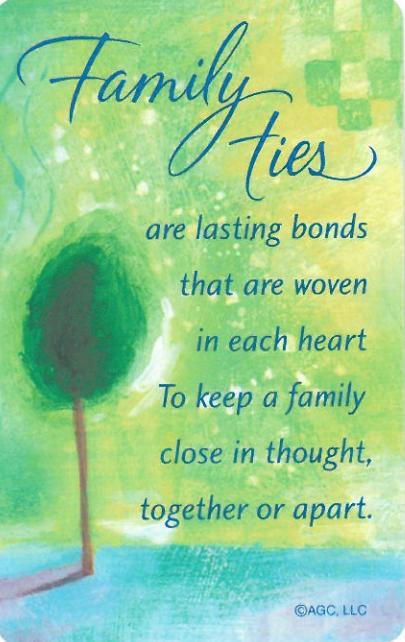
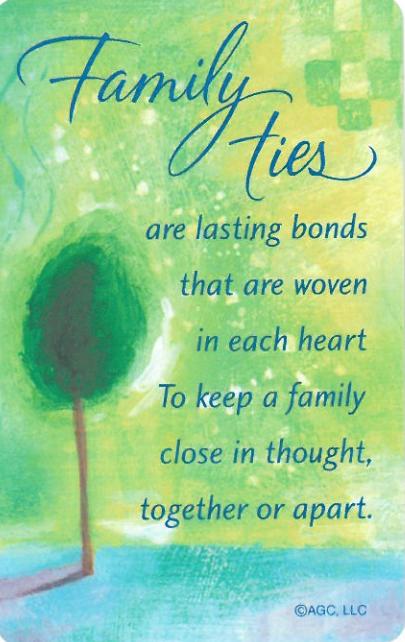
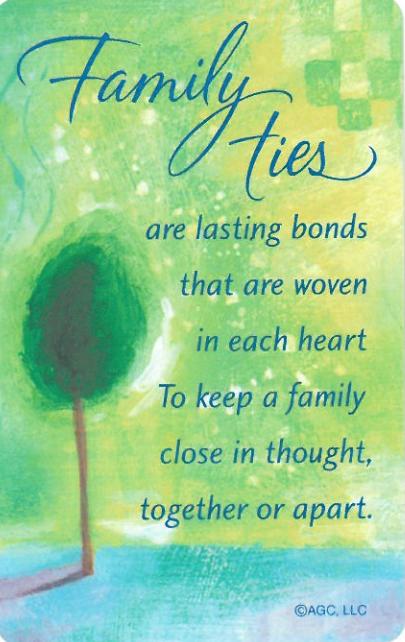
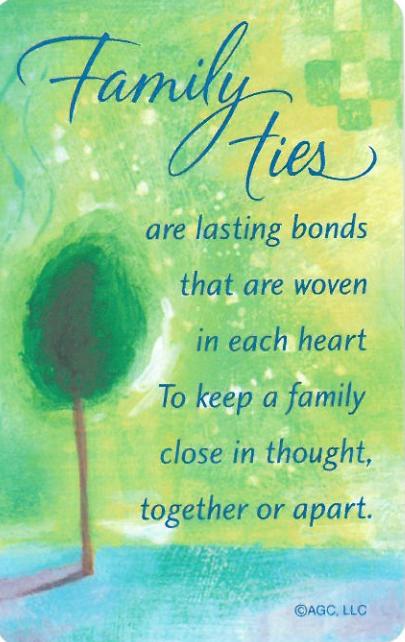
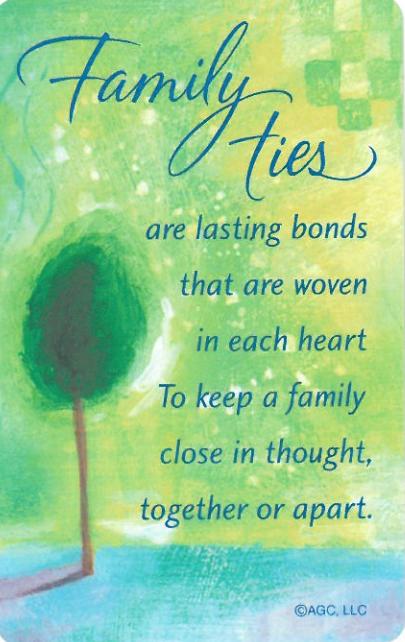
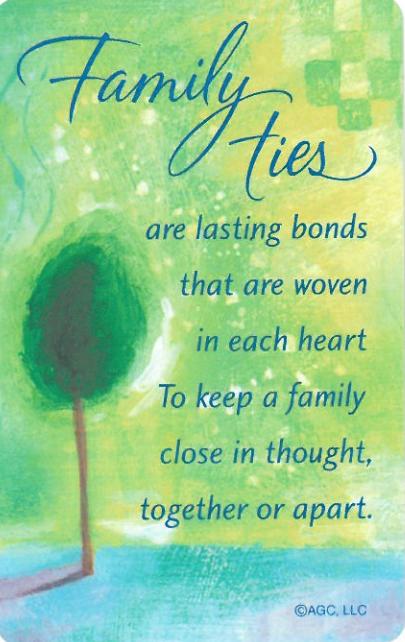
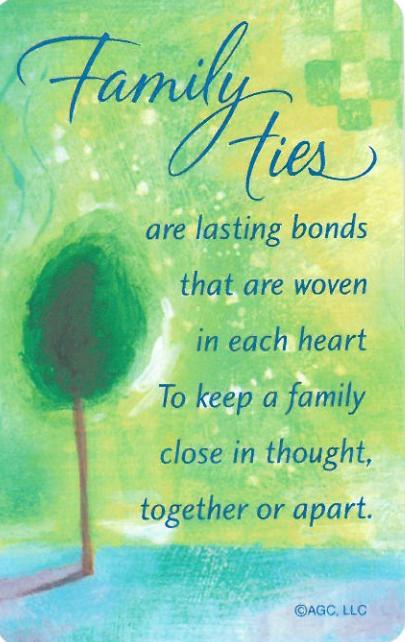
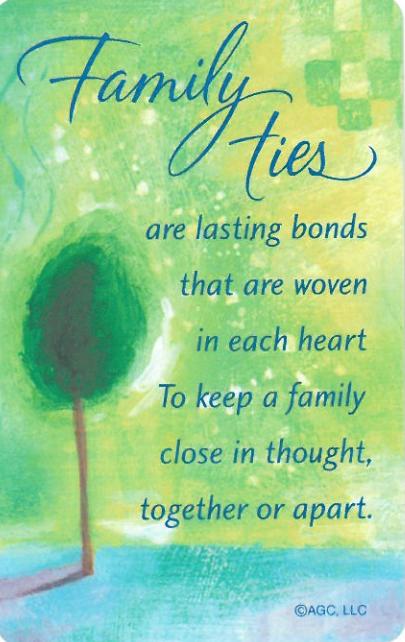
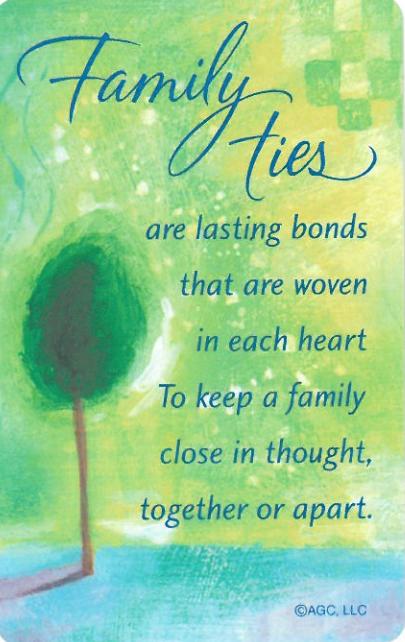
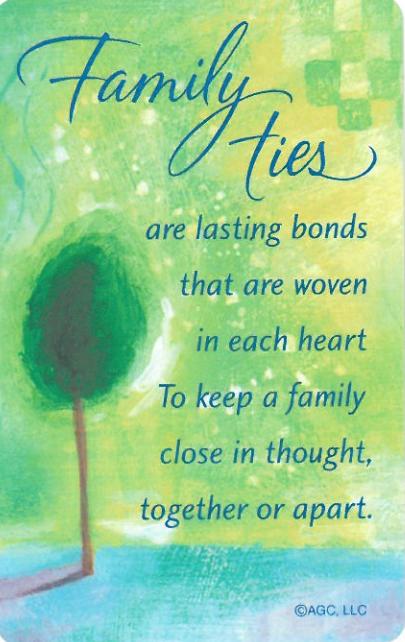
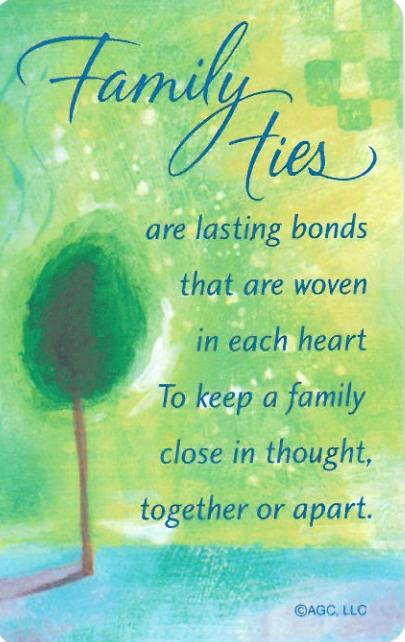
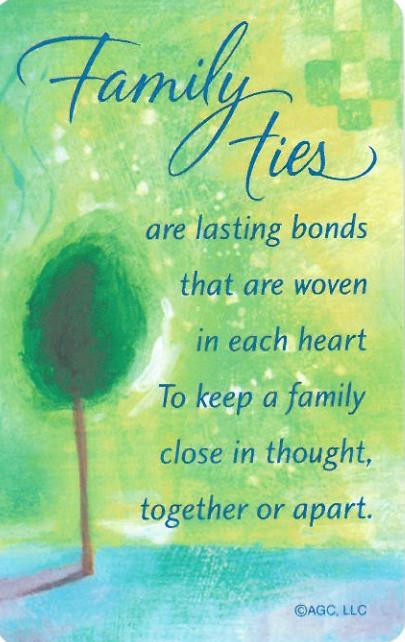
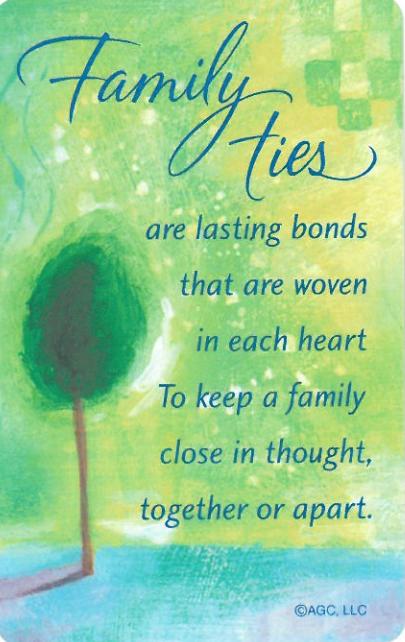
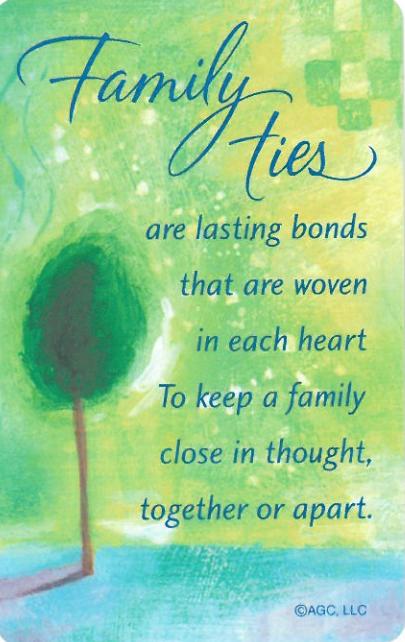
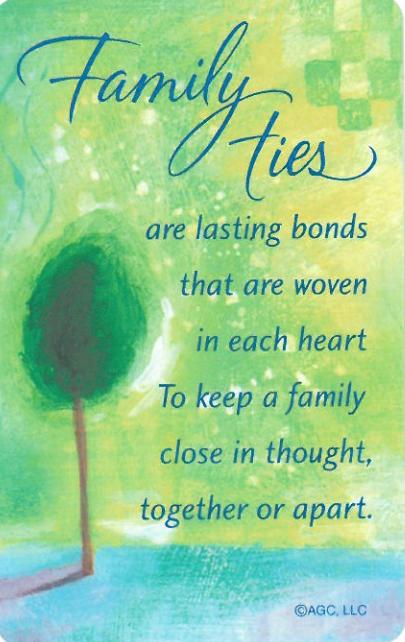
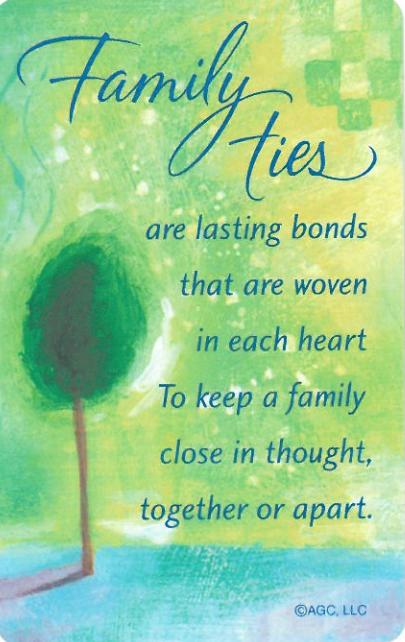
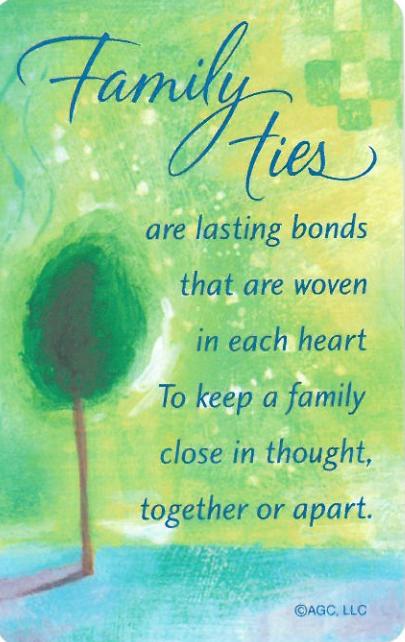
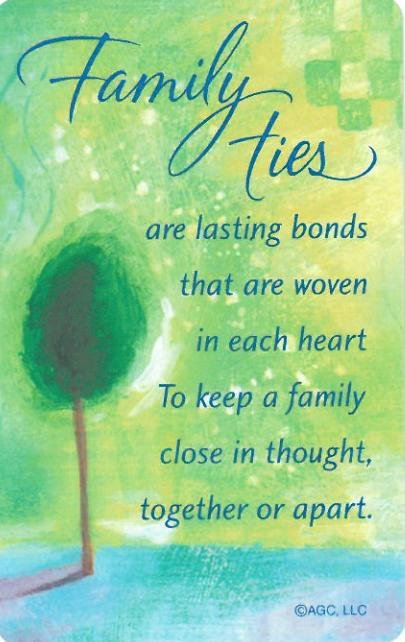
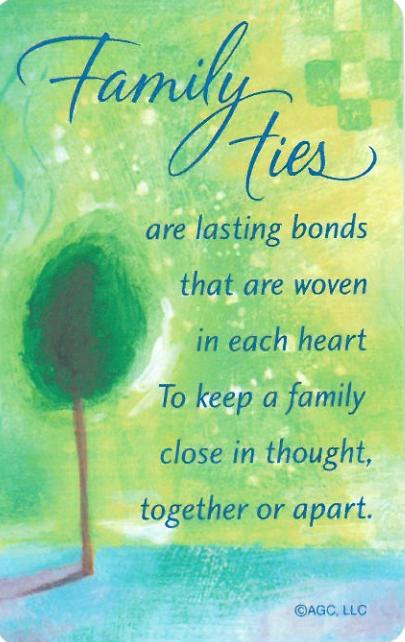
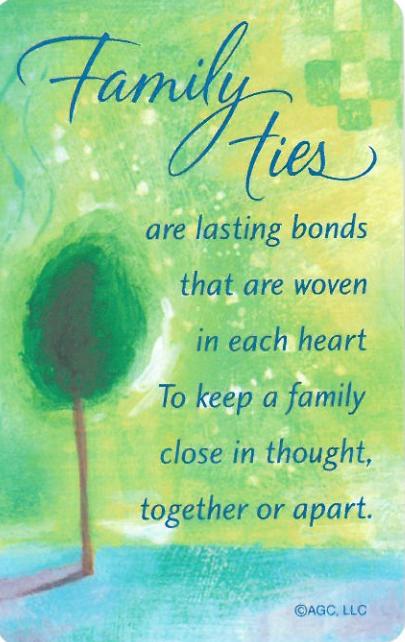
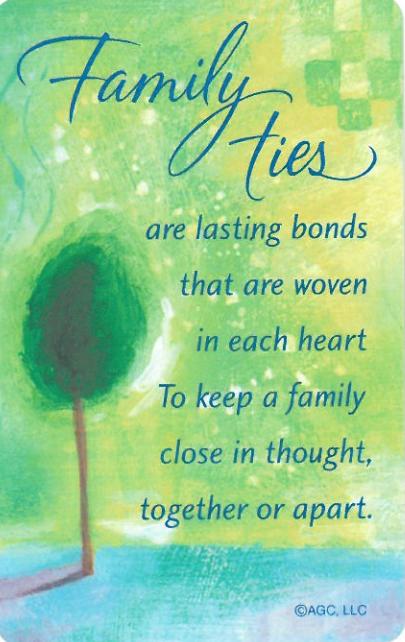
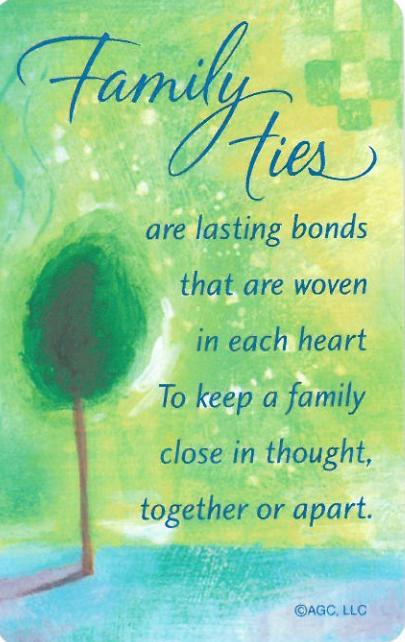
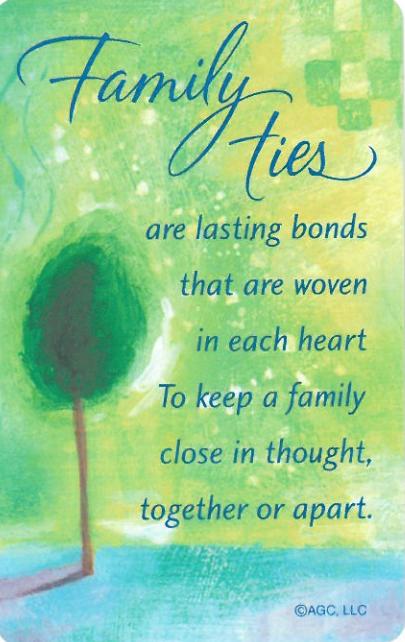
Alas, I so oft retreat into my ancient soul to review memories of this life when it was a life of wonder-ful discoveries ... and now I'm able to display it all here for you in cyber-space/time.

Where did I leave off my tale last? With a screw-driver? Okay, I hung out at that mountain resort of horrors for a short time before my first fight knocked a knuckle-head off his perch and his sick sycophants became mine.

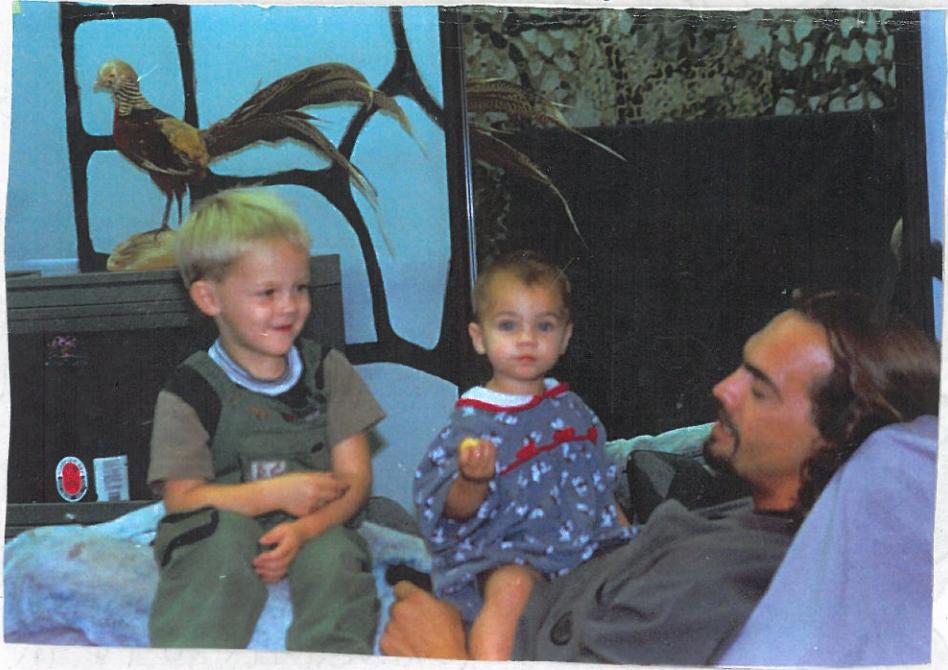
(to be continued)



*Yesterday
is already a dream
and Tomorrow
is only a vision
but Today,
well lived
Makes every Yesterday
a dream of happiness
and every Tomorrow
a vision of
hope*

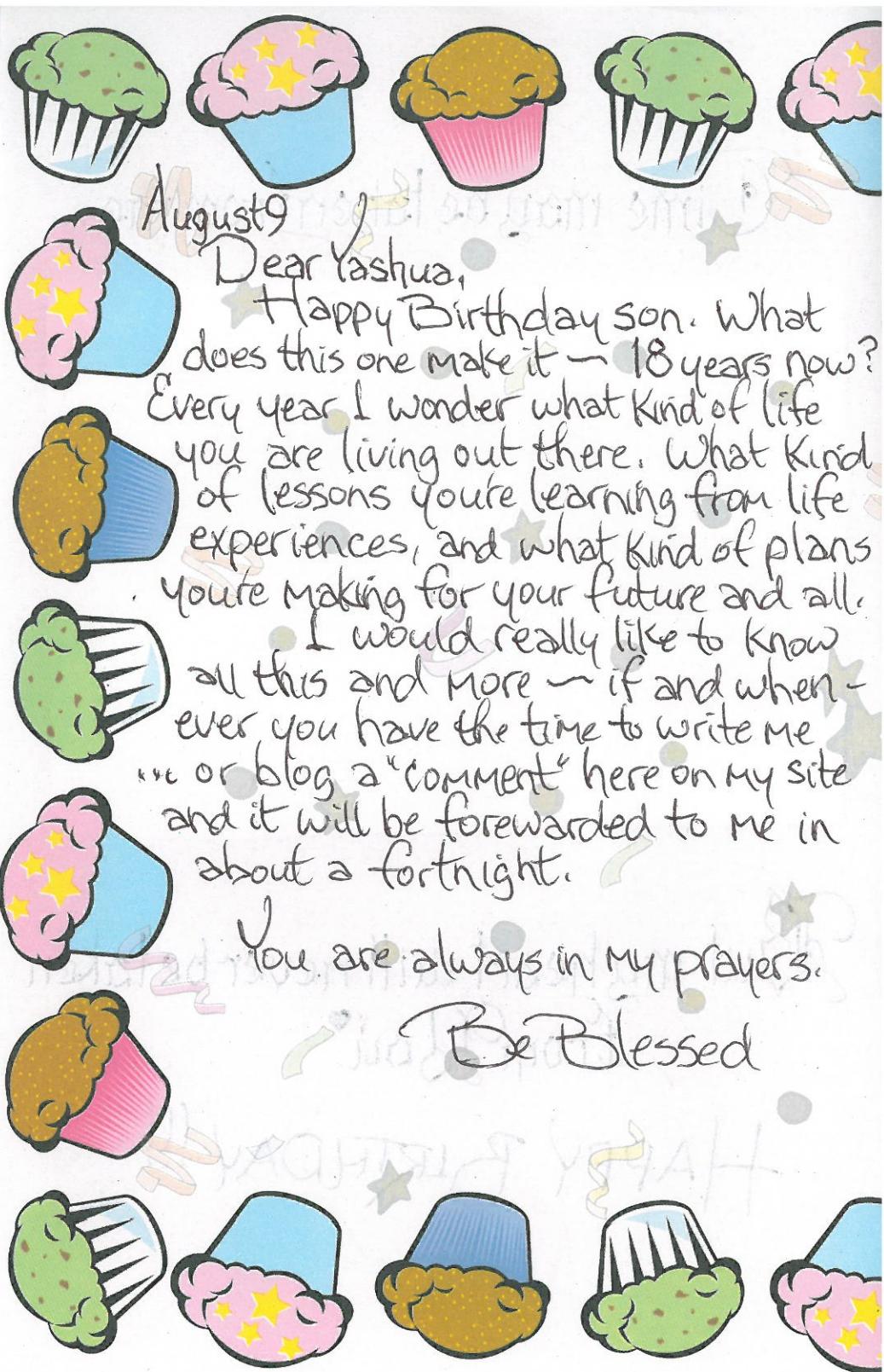


Time may be taken from me...



But my heart will never be taken
from You.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY!!!



Dear Yashua,

Happy Birthday son. What does this one make it — 18 years now? Every year I wonder what kind of life you are living out there. What kind of lessons you're learning from life experiences, and what kind of plans you're making for your future and all.

I would really like to know all this and more — if and when ever you have the time to write me or blog a "comment" here on my site and it will be forwarded to me in about a fortnight.

You are always in my prayers.

Be Blessed

August 29

Dearest Destiny

Happy Birthday baby girl.

Is this your 17th? Really?? Wow,

I've missed so much of your lives...

and I regret it so very much.

How are you sweetheart?

What's been going on in your life?

I mean it, what are you doing with it?

How is school... work... home life?

Do you have hobbies - animals or

... what? I really want to know

what do you do in life, girl? I hope

and pray that you live up to your

name Destiny Joy.

I wish you'd write to let me know

how everything is going in your life.

I wish you all the best - in every way.

Be Blessed