

March 5, 2012

Prison Woes: Dorothy, is that you?

South Carolina may not be Kansas, but I do swear I seen a little wood house float by the other day with a scared little dog looking out at me. Luckily astraphobia isn't an affliction of mine, or else ... well, I don't know what I could've done. Not even a "Wizard" would know how to damage this walk-in closet I'm forced to call my quarters.

I haven't heard such tornadic gusts since I was a kid, and a tornado hit near our home. It actually took out a lot of the prison's fencing, so, now we're on "lock-down" for an undetermined time until it's all fixed. Which is fine, I have a TV, my typewriter, food stocked up in my locker, and a coffee pot that I can make coffee or cook the food with; I just wish I could get up to the Mail Room to get international postage added to some of my envelopes (They don't sell us actual stamps, in fear of guys gambling with them like money, instead we get envelopes with the standard rate printed on them. So, if they have too much weight or need to go out of the country, we have to physically take them up to the Mail Room to have the proper postage added.).

My earlier posting of "Prison Woes: The Pen Pal Cure" has good news to be added--it's going really good. And I plan to continue it for as long as I can, It's great to get letters, and especially at a time like this, when prison is at its worst.

A lock-down is quiet and I can get good study time in my books without the usual distractions. My writing does a lot for me emotionally, and now I have my new pen-pal venture to keep me busy too.

