

03-13-12

Howdy!

Where should I start? I think I'll start with something positive for a change.

Well, this is turning out to be a lovely Spring here in N.C. (Yes, I know it's not officially Spring). I arrived here last April, so it's been almost a year, but I wasn't here at this time last year.

One good thing about this place is that it actually has trees & some flowers! Tak! Many, I'd say most, prisons have no trees at all - nothing but grass. Here at Butner they have planted a bunch of ornamental pears (I think). They're all regular-sized large trees, not like most fruit trees I've seen, & they are covered in white flowers. They are absolutely gorgeous. There's also a small ornamental plum with pink flowers. The weather has been great & it's beautiful. I broke off the end of a branch of one of the pears & I put it in water on the shelf by my bunk. It's so pretty & brings me some cheer. Now, guess what - if they came by & inspected, I would be told to throw that away or I'd get in trouble.

I love flowers. In the Real World I always had a ton of potted plants. If I could, I would buy a lot of plants & put in flowerbeds here & landscape this place like crazy. There's nothing wrong with adding beauty to a prison & it seems to me that it would help the inmates in a positive way.

OK, now for the crap. Yesterday was a total pain in the ass. I was woken up just before 6 AM after only 4 1/2 hours of sleep, & told that I was going to the FHC (Federal Medical Center).

A little background: Here at Butner there are 5-count in, 5-

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federal prisons all together (yet separate). There's the FHC, the medium-high security (called the FCI-2, or commonly the "Deuce"), the medium-low, where I am (FCI-1, the "One"), a low security + a camp (minimal security). Someone told me that there are also state institutions here in Butner, but I don't know. Prisons are big business + nothing more. And Butner gets credit for our population + the money that comes with that.

Anyway... so I'm dragged out of bed to report to R+D at this ungodly hour. I was supposed to be there by 6:30 AM (oh, R+D is Receiving + Discharge). So I'm there + eventually 3 other guys show up, 3 of us for the FHC + 1 for count. Now, we don't leave until 8 or 8:30 AM, but we're supposed to be there at freakin' 6:30 AM so we can sit in a holding cell. Before we go they put leg shackles on us + a chain around our waists attached to handcuffs so we can get on a bus to the prison right next door. Fun.

We go thru R+D at the FHC (another holding cell) + at least the chains come off + we go upstairs to see the doctor. It is truly a ridiculous pain in the ass just to go see a doctor. I + another guy were going to see a Dermatologist. There were also a bunch of guys from the Deuce or the Low there to see him or another doctor. Why they can't just have the dermatologist just come next door to this prison one day per month + save us all this BS, I have no idea.

After we were done we had to go thru the same process all over again in reverse to get back. Luckily, we were able to get back by 2 pm. I'm told that if there's a lot of guys, you

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may not get back until 6:30 pm or so.

Now more bad luck: OK... I have been completely broke for a couple years now. I last got \$100 in April, 2010, & since then got \$5.25 in June, 2011, & then another \$5.25 in both Feb. & March this year. So, I hadn't been to commissary since 2010 & not once here.

Well, my friend sent me \$100 at the end of Feb. this year (I was owed - this wasn't a gift). But... the BOP puts a hold on the money for 2 weeks even though it was a cashier's check (this is a total scam & I'm sure they're collecting \$ on the interest). So, this money didn't clear until 3/11, Sunday, which means that yesterday was the first time in 2 years that I could shop & I just so happened to sign up for the afternoon since they never tell you if you're going anywhere (i.e., the FOL or court), so I freakin' missed it!! Agh! I was finally able to go as the last person on the evening shopping time, thank God/dess! But still, it freakin' figures.

I mainly just bought stuff I needed only & very few luxury items, & only have \$35 left. It's ridiculous. They pay guys only cents - literally - to work as slave labor. You can work basically full time & get only \$5.25 per month. Then, they screw you over on commissary. I bought 3 candy bars, a Hershey's, a Nestle crunch, & a Reese's Cup. The Hershey's cost 80¢ & the other two were 95¢ each. Are candy bars really 95¢ out there now?? I doubt it.

Some other BS happened this weekend between 2 inmates & I was involved. Yuck. OK, so we're at pill line (getting my psyche meds that they won't let me self-carry). The line is out the door &

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I'm near the back, but inside the door. They tell the people outside the door to shove inside so they can lock the door & let the Maryland unit (the post-sentence sex offenders who the EOP is forcing to ~~stay~~ stay in prison) out.

Well, one of the guys who comes in is Hewlett, a friend of mine who has a walker. Hewlett asks if he can get in line ahead of me & I let him. No big deal. Well, this POS (piece of s---) behind me, Peck, starts bitching non-stop 'cause I let Hewie in front of me. He calls both of us names & threatens us the entire time. Now, this prick is in a wheelchair. He claims to be this bigwig who was caught up in a case with a former governor of Louisiana. The entire time he's calling both of us "sissies" & other names which I find ironic since he begged me several times to suck his 2 inch cheese-covered dick & whipped it out once (which is how I know the previous).

So, Hewie & I ignore him for the 15-20 minutes we're in line. At some point some animal stands up right before we get to the window & says that he was behind Hewie & says he needs to go ahead of me then. I tell him it doesn't work that way & he starts acting like a typical monkey & Peck urges him on & tells him he should get ahead of me.

Well, Hewie finishes at the window & is leaving as I'm there & this trash Peck stops him & is chewing him out & Hewie tells him to mind his own business & Peck starts in again & takes a swing & they get in a fight (Peck can stand, he's just in a wheelchair for long walking). It's awful & they both end up being taken to the Hole (segregation). I don't give a damn about Peck - good riddance - but I feel awful for Hewie.

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