

Ronald W. Clark Jr.
October 1, 2012

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Monday October 1, 2012 5:20am one more day to go... then I'll see what their going to do with me. I've been up since 4:00am. Breakfast came at 4:50. Need to figure out what I'm going to do today. Read, write, try to pass the day. I'm not doing all that well - I should be feeling good, but instead... I'm thinking about my execution, suicide and dying. I probably should go out see the Doctor and get back on Prozac. Last night I was thinking about my legal case (Death Penalty) I got into the Court (Federal Court) in 2009. And here I am three years later and no closer to a decision. In the end I'll probably wind up with an Evidentiary Hearing and back in the state Court. Which means another 5-10 years worth of this crap... and I may wind up with a life sentence!! There's no good ending to my situation... other than dying in my sleep one of these nights. Unfortunately I'm not that lucky. This is crap I've been thinking about each night as I'm going to sleep. Well I need to make my bunk clean the floor and then figure out what to do next.

8:59am I wrote a blog "Life without Parole", and before that I read a short story, and wrote a letter to Dina. Guess I'm going to do some more reading. We got a nasty lunch and dinner. Then damn processed patties. They'd be okay if they cooked them. Those inmates that work in the kitchen are sorry! But what do you expect. It's slave labor, and inmates who are forced into slave labor, are focusing on, what can I steal to sell and earn some money so I can buy some good food from the commissary. That's their primary goal. They don't care about cooking food or washing food trays or anything else. Last year an inmate was cooking grilled cheese sandwiches to sell, one inmate tried to take one, a fight broke out and the guy died over a 50¢ or 75¢ grilled cheese sandwich. If you're out there and you have no friends or family to support you financially

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then your only option is to steal. And we pay for that back here. Because Food that is suppose to be on our trays winds up getting sold. Well I'm going to do some reading.
5:30 PM Well I'm just waiting on showers mail call and sleep. About 20 minutes ago an officer come down the hall cussing Randy out about having his hands outside the cell bars. And threatened to put him on strip cell. The CO. that done it has mental problems. CO's that have mental problems like this should not be working in a maximum security prison. It puts everyone at risk. I'm reading The Three Musketeers. I gave up on them Tom Clancy Novels. Those are not my cup of tea. Warden Reddish is still here. But it is confirmed that he, one of the Assistant Wardens, the Colonel, two Captains and some others are being transferred. Suppose to happen in the next couple of weeks. soon as it does - I'll write in to get OFF this heightened security. Well I'm going to go back to my book until showers start up.

* Tuesday October 2, 2012 6:05 am Well this is my last day. I've been on D.C. for 150 days now. Hope to get up out of here in the morning, and not see D.C. aka the hole for a long time. And with Barry R. Reddish and his hench men leaving that's possible. For no longer will I have to deal with their criminal conduct. I've already cleaned my cell and was reading some of this book. Mail didn't come until 10:30 PM. I got one letter, so I'll write that today. but mainly I'll spend the day reading. Dookie Washer is up down there in his toilet. I want to scream "Get the Hell out of the toilet it's not for washing cloths and playing in." "It's for body waste!" Damn I'll be glad to get away from here. Well I'm going to do some reading.

11:09 am Power went OFF around 9 till 10:30 am. I had gotten several orders from the First District Court of Appeals and

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was working on an Emergency motion when the power went off. I just finished the motion up. I've got to find a way to work around these people and their denying me access to the Law Library. so that's what this motion is about. I'm going to have my mother make copies of a notice of Appeal and serve it. That's the only thing that I know to do for now. They wouldn't give me a regular Commissary slip this morning, although I told them I'm off D.C. tomorrow, and we don't turn the slips in until Thursday. so this has me paranoid that they know something that I don't. Like they possibly keeping me on D.C. I'll find out for sure tomorrow. Well now I've got enough to keep me busy today. I need to write up a new Notice of Appeal. which I'll do after lunch. It's raining outside. I can smell it and hear it. Need to read over some of this legal stuff.

2:07 PM Got the motion done, the docket material filled out, an Amended Notice of Appeal done. and a request going out tonight for my six month bank statement and an Affidavit of indigency. In order to comply with the Court's orders. so all that's done. I do have one more notice that I need to write up. I'll do that later. I'm either going to return to writing a letter, or go back to this novel. Probably the novel since I'm not mailing the letter until tomorrow. I also got me a Canteen Commissary slip to turn in on Thursday.

4:38 PM I finished eating. That was a good meal. Hot dogs, slaw, potatoes, beans, and cake. I wrote and then went back to reading. which I guess I'll do until mail call, or I go to sleep. And hopefully I will get some mail tonight.

* Wednesday October 3, 2012 6:05 am I've been up since 3am. you would think I'd be excited about getting off D.C. today. Instead I've been depressed and thinking about dying. I hate feeling like this. I need to get back on my Prozac. The cell lights

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haven't come on yet, so I'm sitting here on the edge of my bunk writing by the hall light that's shining through the small window. I've already made my bed. Can't read cause the lights, so I'm going to lay back and relax.

8:42am They just turned the cell lights on. I told the sgt. at 8:10am that I get OFF D.C. today. He didn't even know it. Well I got 3 letters in last night, so that'll keep me busy until they move me. I got that Emergency motion mailed out of here to the First District Court of Appeals. They have Doctor Clinic down here this morning, so they won't move me until later. That's if they don't give me the run around, or try to keep me down here more days, as they did last year. Held me down here four extra days. As long as I get my canteen, some food I'll be alright. Well let me get to writing.

10:08am The Officer came down about 30 minutes ago and said I was getting OFF D.C. and would be moved today. So he must have heard the Lt. and sgt. talking. I just packed up most of my stuff in a laundry bag so I don't have to do it later. I just hope to get my property today. Once I get to a cell, I'll spend a couple of hours just cleaning it up. Guys normally leave these cells filthy. Well back to writing.

11:46am Finished eating. All my property is ready. I just need them to come get me. I've been told I'm going to cell P-5114 or 6115. I don't really care which cell I get. Both are back cells next to the door, so you constantly have to deal with that door opening and closing, ... and slamming. After awhile you get use to it. I probably won't get moved until about 1PM. I finished a couple of letters. I think I'm going to read for awhile and just pass some time till they come get me.

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1:52 PM I was moved at 1:15 PM to cell T-6/15. I've cleaned the Floor, bars and now I've got to hit the walls. This cell wasn't that bad. A lot of spider webs. It's not looking good as for me getting my property today, or canteen. Well I'm going to finish cleaning this cell.

4:54 PM Well got the cell cleaned up, just finished eating. Didn't get my property or canteen, maybe tomorrow. All the guys got to go to recreation. I'm still waiting to get a locker. It's out in the hall. They'll put it in here at shower's tonight. Sure hope this last and these people don't do anything criminal. Sgt. Ivey came by making sly comments, so that's not good. I hope they get him out of here. Well I'm just going to read until shower, mail call, count time and then bed time.

* Thursday October 4, 2012 5:12 am. I've been up since 3:30 I woke up and couldn't get back to sleep, so I got up at 4:30 cleaned up made my bunk washed the floor and now waiting on breakfast, which is coming right now.

5:24 am just finished eating. Wasn't much there. Hopefully I'll get canteen this morning. I'm fixing to write my mom and then I'll write one or two other letters to pay the day, or maybe write a blog. Hope to get my property. Didn't get a single letter last night.

10:03 am. I started a letter to my mom. I've just been sitting here talking with my neighbor for the last couple of hours hoping either canteen or property will show up. Which it's not looking good that either one will show before lunch. Which I'm ready for. I'm hungry. I've also been looking out the window, that's in the hall. I can see the chapel and other buildings. People walking around. There's a nice view over here. Just hope I can stay here. I found out we're getting a

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Female warden and I heard the warden's coming from Landie as well as the new Col. The Col here is going to Columbia Corr. Inst. which is where my Dad is, he's going to hate that. Well I'm going to lay down for a while.

11:50 am just finished eating. Canteen will not be here today. Their cutting all the power off for a couple of hours in the whole prison. so everyone is going on lock down. And for my property. I've been told, you'll get it when you get it. which is straight Bullshit!" They don't want to work. There's no work to their job, yet they don't want to do what little bit they suppose to do. If they had to wear personalized audio and video cameras they wouldn't sit on their butts all day doing nothing like they do.

5:34 PM just finished eating. Dinner came really late. Cause the power was off and on. No property no canteen. I'm fixing to wash up, lay back do some reading hope to get some mail tonight. just going to call it a day. Tell you what these guys over here are loud, talk a lot and talk about nothing! Not so sure I like it over here. well that's a wrap.