

Dear Readers,

10-15-12

Howdy!

Yes, I'm still in the Hole.

Well, shall we continue with current events? This past Friday, I finally was able to go thru my property & get a few things that I'm allowed. It was really ridiculous the way they did it. Usually, I'm in a room with the property officer & he tells me not to do anything stupid, & he takes off the handcuffs & lets me go thru my property.

Not this time. This time I was left cuffed around my waist, with a chain around my waist like they do when they transfer you. So, I'm struggling trying to go thru 6 duffle bags of property while handcuffed to a chain around my waist. It was fucking ridiculous. I bruised the tops of my forearms trying to reach & straining to take stuff out & put it back in these large duffle bags. I even asked if I could be put in a holding cell alone to do that & was told "no".

Whatever. At least I have what I need.

The following day, Saturday, I got a new cellie. Paul had gotten out the previous Wed. & I had a couple of nice days alone.

Then "Charlene" came. (nee Elmer) "Charlene" is one of the "girls" I may have mentioned before. He's from Honduras & has tattooed eyebrows which have faded to a blue shade & look horrible.

Charlene was caught with Gore, some 27-yr.-old from another unit who used to be my friend until he ripped me off for 1/2 books (stamps). Gore was in her cell & they weren't caught "doing it," but he was "out of bounds".

NOTE: References to "she," "girl," etc., & the taking of girls' names is common among gay men. It's a family thing. My real name is Kelly - I was fated to be a fag.

(2)

In any case, there's another "girl" here in the SHU by the name of "Jessica," who has been in here for many months for no reason (yes, really). On Sat., Jessica, who has never met Charlene, sent her toothpaste, deodorant, lotion, a bag of coffee, + a bar of soap. Today she sent her several books of stamps (at least 4-5), more toothpaste, deodorant, apricot scrub, Q-tips, + a couple other things.

I got a note saying "hello" + asking for gossip, plus a later reply.

Now, I may end up sounding really petty. I knew Jessica before she got locked up. We were friendly. I have no support, none. Guys buy Charlene stuff 'cause that's how she works. I don't do that, it's not really my style. Jessica, my "friend," hasn't sent me jack shit.

Why do people constantly treat me as if I don't matter when they treat a stranger as if she was long lost family? It may sound petty, but it's also hurtful. I love being a fucking doormat.

10-21-12

Still here. When I saw SIS last Thurs. (the 11th) he told me he'd see me again at the end of this week (Wed.-Fri.), but he didn't show. I'm sending another "copout" (Request to Staff) to ask what's going on. I also added that it appears that if I want to get someone off the compound, all I have to do is accuse them of anything with SIS + they'll go to the Hole + I won't suffer any consequences - right?

This past Thurs. (the 18th), I had been in the same cell for 3 weeks. That means it was time to move. The BOP has a rule that you have to switch cells every 3 weeks. Some SHUs are so big + full that they rotate all cells so everyone moves one cell clock-or-counterclockwise on a certain day every 3 weeks.

Fortunately, they left Charlene + just moved me. Charlene is not

3

someone I want to be around. I was moved to an entirely different range (from "D" Range to "A" Range) + they put me in with a semi-cute guy from the "Low". I thought that was unusual that they'd put a "Low" + a "Medium" security guy together.

Anyway, this guy's a good cellie. He got a bullshit "shot" + should be out this coming week. He's a bit "ATD" + is driving me a little nuts stressing out about his "shot." He's not used to spending much time in the Hole (I'm an old pro). But still, he's a good cellie in spite of a couple of quirks + I've been teaching him how to play Casino (card game).

A few other quirks about life in the Hole: No pencils. You get a pen about 5 inches long in a soft, flexible plastic holder (not hard plastic). The toothbrushes are about as long as my middle finger. The razors are shorter than my pinky + you only get them twice a week + they collect them back after that. I've had much worse. Most all the hygiene supplies are motel-sized.

I really hope I get out of here this week.

Love + Blessings,
