



# Daily Journal

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October 22-25, 2012

Monday October 22, 2012 6:35am Last night we had a sorry criminal sgt. working. The one that threw my mail away and assaulted me on May 27, 2012 so I didn't send any of my mail out last night. I'll have to send it out tonight. This sorry a\*\* sgt. has assaulted three men that I personally know of, yet they leave his punk coward a\*\* in this building, and I say coward, cause anyone who jumps on anyone who can't defend themselves is a coward. I hear Bruno is in the ICU, struggling to breath. I hope he's going to be alright, but it doesn't look good. Not sure what I'll do today, my cell is cleaned and in compliance. I need to shave and then figure out what to do next.

4:31PM just got word that Micheal Bruno has lost his battle with cancer. He passed away about three hours ago. I've known him for about 20 years. I knew it had to be serious with them taking him out in an ambulance on Sunday. At least he no longer has to deal with this cage, and this sorry existence here on death row.

\* Tuesday October 23, 2012 6:36am Another day. Whoopie! I'd gladly trade places with Bruno. I just made my bunk, cleaned the cell, washed cloths which is currently drying. Last night I went to sleep about 9:15 was woke up around 9:30 for mail call, I got two letters, one from a girl in Kentucky in prison. We're not allowed to write people in prison, but they let the letter in, so I'm going to write her back. Then at 9:47 they did master count and I went back to sleep. I was back up at 4:40am. The guys on this wing will probably go to recreation

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this morning. sure wish I could go out. Last week someone on the other side had yelled over here to Bruno and asked when he was going to rec. He said, as soon as he came back early enough from the chemo he'd go out. you never know how long your going to last in this life. Here one day, gone the next. I got to figure out what to do today.  
5:48 PM I spent the day working on a card, it came out really nice. I wrote this woman in prison that wrote me. I hate to see women in prison. breaks my heart. I was sitting back watching TV, and they had a show on husbands beating their wives, I turned that crap OFF. no matter what a woman does — even if she's stupid enough to put her hands on a man, a man should never beat a woman. Never! And if he can't control his self or her, then he should leave. we got canteen today. They didn't call recreation, so the guys will go out in the morning. Right now I'm listening to my music to block out the giggle boxes down the hall who are watching something on TV. they find funny. I'm fixing to lay back watch the news and pretty much call it a day. someone moved into Bruno's cell this morning. He wasn't dead 24 hours before they put someone in there. I've thought about Bruno a lot today. He was a great artist, much better than me, and a great tattoo artist.

✱ Wednesday October 24, 2012 6:38 am Last night at master count this Sgt. we have down here, stood in front of my cell for about 40 seconds screaming "master count!!!" I'd give him my number and he'd scream it again, and did this between a half dozen and a dozen times. I don't know if he was just getting off on playing, or attempting to set

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me up with a Fraudulent D.R. staff play back here too much and act like children. Which is something I just hate. No professionalizm. That's not the case for all staff, this shift that's on right now, our sgt. and the two officers act and represent the professionalizm that all FDOC staff should have. Unfortunately they don't. Well I got three letters in last night. one from my Dad, so I'll write them this morning. Then I'll do some painting. I'm working on one that I'm going to place on my blog. We got some bad information on the news about Ferguson, they had him scheduled for last night and he got a last minute stay. They are really toying with him. That's some sick shit!" Kill him, or don't, but don't sit there and play with him scheduling and rescheduling him.

3:08 PM I'm sitting here waiting for this painting to dry before I can do any more work on it. I'm almost through with it. I just washed my T-shirt so I don't have to do it in the morning. I wrote a couple of letters this morning. Everyone went to rec from 7:30 till 10:30 am. Right now I'm listening to some Metallica ... And justice for all. Just trying to figure out what to do to pass some time. I could start another card. But really I'm just waiting on dinner, shower, mail call and survivor and bed. What I'd really like to be doing is sitting on a 1300 Suzuki with a woman's arms around me as we ride down the coast feeling the air flowing over us and smelling the salt air. Stopping to take our shoes off and walk down the beach, holding hands as we talk and I listen to her sweet feminine voice. Oh well, at least I can think about it. Although it'll never happen. I need a dictionary. They stole my dictionary

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back in May, I was suppose to have a new one sent in, but it's missing. Got a bunch of Crooks working here. I'm going to go start another card.

\* Thursday October 25, 2012 6:22am I feel like shit this morning, just want to slap death in the mouth and say bitch bring it on! I'm just so tired of this crap. one continuous struggle, just trying to find some reason or purpose to help you get through another day. It's the same crap day in and day out. For going on 23 years. I would welcome cancer at this stage of life. It would give me an easy ticket to cash in. I'm going to have to go get back on prozac. well I got up at 4:30 and did my normal routine cleaning the cell making the bunk, watching the news. which is very depressing, that was a 17 year old kid, who killed the 10 year old girl in Colorado, screwed up world. well I'm going to try to find something to do to pass some time. I did get one letter in last night. which wasn't from the person I wanted to hear from, which is my mom, maybe tonight.

12:51 PM just been working on a card, it's drying right now. plus I'm tired and need a break. I'd like to go to sleep. I can't seem to snap out of this low that I'm in. In fact I'm fixing to lay down.

4:16 PM just sitting here waiting on dinner. I finished up another card. I haven't done this much art work in a long time, but I'm not filing any grievances, so that gives me a lot more free time. survivor sucked, they keep voting the women off, I want the men gone. I wish they had an all female survivor. that would be a good show. The captain and assistant warden came through about 10 minutes ago. I didn't say anything. I'm trying not to draw any attention to me.

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Not yet any ways. But I'm going to give them a couple of more weeks, if I'm not off Heightened security by then, then I'm going to try talking to the Captain. Cause the only reason I'm on this, is cause Warden Barry v. Reddish is a low life no good unethical SOB. an F-ing low life criminal. "scum bucket." And I hope he reads this. Cause I'm never going to be satisfied until he's out of the FDOC

5:52PM I'm fixing to call it a day, lay back watch the news, The Big Bang theory, Two and a Half men and then go to sleep. I hope the follower's of my blog enjoy the painting that I'm going to share. just another day on Florida's Death Row.



W. C. H. 2012