

So many MORONS, so little patience...

11/3/12

Gee Willikers, Moron-Man! It's time to share the latest and greatest events for your all's enjoyment.

And, as always; The names have been changed to protect the critically stupid...

This person I work with has to be the gloomiest drama queen in the universe. If there was ever a candidate for Zolaft or Ambien (etc) this guy would be the poster-child. His name for this article will be 'GRUMPY.' Other players in the drama are a no-social-skills-whatsoever-clown we'll call 'DINGUS', a burnt-out-as-hell lifer we'll call 'DOPEY' (he's a lifetime heroin user) and of course - me.

The scene: Prison Kitchen; Dock-at-walk-in-reefer staging area.

Time: 5 AM

Dopey and I are having our usual good time getting the pre-load carts ready for delivery to the cell-feeds, hole guests, orientations, et al. We are bantering about using one's time in prison wisely and learning/growing as a person. We are discussing college courses, obscure reading scores (Nietzsche, Bey, Bukowski, Camus, etc), Math... You get the idea. We are in a good mood. It's mid-week. In walks...

- GRUMPY: Hey, dipshits what're ya doin'?
- Dopey & I: (rolling our eyes at the same time): Were doing our job.
- GRUMPY: No you fuckin idiots - I mean what are you talking about?!
- DOPEY: Hey, Honey, we're talking about bettering ourselves while in prison. Ya know; the 3 r's and stuff like that?
- GRUMPY: Oh. Fuck that GED shit. I'm already better.

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- Me: We're not talking GED. We're talking college & the arts.
- GRUMPY: Yeah? Well I'm not some lazy-ass like you guys. I don't need that shit.
- DOPEY: You don't have a diploma or GED?!?
- GRUMPY: No, fuck no! I can't be bothered with all that. I took the TABE Test Ca<sup>NOTE:</sup> CALIFORNIA TAXPAYER-RIP-OFF SCAM THE CDCR EMPLOYEES) and I passed it OK, so I told the education bitch to Fuck off, I wanna work a job.
- DOPEY: So you don't take courses, or do Voc, or go to library?
- GRUMPY: Fuck no! Dude; I already said - I ain't fuckin' lazy like you guys. I play basketball!
- ME: You're telling me that your WHOLE rehabilitation plan is to play basketball?!?
- GRUMPY: YEAH! I could hardly shoot or block when I got to prison (<sup>NOTE:</sup> 19 years ago) and now I'm ruthless on the court! Everyone wants me on their team! I don't have time for all your stupid stuff!

DOPEY: So you don't know how to read or write?!?

GRUMPY: Yeah - I can. I gotta read the sports scores - I got serious money on my fantasy football! Flacco is makin me lots of goodies this year.

ME: So don't you have a plan on parole? Work or school or something? Where will you work?

GRUMPY: OH, Fuck if I know! Ha Ha. I gotta plan tho! Yeah! But you guys and all your stupid plays and algebra? Cmon - you gotta be joking right? WHEN do you use algebra or ANY history stuff in the real world?!? Cmon? You're fuckin lazy and stupid!

DOPEY: Oh, man! You have got to be kidding me right? WE'RE the stupid ones? You're 40 - you're what, 5'10"?! Do you expect the (Sacramento) Kings to draft you?!?

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- at this point, Dingus walks up... -

DINGUS: What's up? What's Grumpy bitching about now?

GRUMPY: I aint bitching, you fucking dumb-ass. These guys are saying they do all the class stuff an' my basketball games ain't important.

DINGUS: Dude, you are so fucked up! Ha Ha Ha! Do you think you're really gonna make it out there? You fucking idiot. You're a MORON! <sup>NOTE:</sup> (DINGUS SAID IT! NOT ME!)

GRUMPY: Fuck you. I play basketball all day! What do you do? Sleep? Fuckin' watch TV? What? You're lazy too! I got game. I'll show you anytime.

DOPEY: Have all the game you want, homie. You're a fool.

DINGUS: Um, yeah - at least I got my GED, Voc-Welding and I'm doing classes for parenting and therapy groups.

ME: Really?

DINGUS: Yeah! Education is TOTALLY important, I'm definitely going to Junior College once I get out. (NOTE: same time as me)

GRUMPY: Ha! I won't do no classes! You couldn't force me! I'm a room with a bunch of lamer whining about a book of their sentence? Duh! Why would any one but a lazy dumb-ass go?

DOPEY: OK, homie; you need to just go. I can't take your stupidity so early in the day.

DINGUS: Yeah - why don't you get back to work? You just bring everyone down.

ME: You need to be on psych meds, Grumpy. Really you do.

GRUMPY: Fuck all of you cats. I gotta go anyway, I need more coffee, Fuck! Fuckin' losers! Ha Ha Ha. See you on the court.

~ SIGH ~ This Guy IS FOR Real! Parolling in 6 years...  
- HAPPY THOUGHTS! - ANDY -