

11-27-12

"Even innocents carry within them their own guilt in their own way.
No one makes it through life without paying, in one fashion or another."
- Brian Herbert + Kevin G. Anderson, "Dune: House Atreides"

Dear Readers,

Well, I read a couple of books that were fluff and/or garbage, & a book on Kabbalah, then read "The Lovely Bones" by Alice Sebold. The movie was OK, but before I read the book I didn't feel impressed. Then I read it. Wow. It is a very touching book, quite excellent.

As I was reading last night, I started to cry. I started thinking about it & realized that I was crying more for myself than anything else; for a life lost, a life thrown away, for a life completely wasted. For the things that I know I can never have now, including love.

If I got out today, my life is still over. I'd be better off dead. I will never be able to make it in society now. I will forever, thanks to this fucked-up country, be forced to wear this scarlett letter for the rest of my life. I'll never, ever be able to get a decent job again. I will never be accepted by society again. No matter what I do, I will never be able to redeem myself. I'd be better off on death row.

Although it won't happen, I wish the world would end on Dec. 21. I'd be better off. I just don't care anymore. And as for love? Are you fucking kidding me? Who wants to get saddled with a complete train wreck?

The only chance I have for a livable future is to leave the country forever. But guess what? The fucked-up U.S., land of the free, home of the brave (not) won't let me leave. They want to force me to stay here & live out my life in misery & with no hope for the future whatsoever.

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In other news... I asked the SHU Lt. to find out what the hell is going on with me. She came by today & said her partner/wife said that she signed off on me 3 weeks ago. THREE WEEKS AGO. "Well, why am I still here then?" The Lt. said she'd send me back to the FC1 on the next transfer, which will hopefully be tomorrow or Thurs. Whether this means I'll be on the compound or sit in the Annex SHU until the Warden signs off, I don't know. We'll see.

Meanwhile, Charlene the Clown saw S.I.S. today after only about a week total in the SHU between here & the Annex. I spent 3 weeks in here before anyone spoke to me, & now another 3 for no reason after I've already supposedly been signed off on.

Keep track of this for those of you who don't believe I've been cursed.

12-06-12

Well, I'm finally out. I got out a week ago, the 29th or so. You might think that things are now so much better for me. I'm not so sure.

OK, first they put me in a cell with an older white guy & I think I'm lucky. Now I don't think so. This guy can be a total asshole. He works from early in the morning until 1:30 p. Well, I'm used to taking a nap in the afternoons I always have. Well this guy doesn't want me in the cell at all from when he gets off till 4 p. Even if he's only taking a nap, he doesn't want me to take a nap too. I have never heard of that. He has serious issues.

Then, some of you may remember the prick who's the reason I stopped going to the Vicar/Pagan circle. He stole my job teaching the crochet class even though he has another job. When I went to speak to the staff member (my boss) about it, I specifically said, "Would you please consider giving me my job back?" This guy was new to the job this quarter & I had to remind him that I was teaching the crochet

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class & the guy who was my assistant took the job. Well, he, Calhoun, & another staff member, Tusko, just blew up at that & said I had an attitude & that I had demanded my job back & kicked me out of the office.

How "would you please consider" became "demanding" I have no idea. Now I don't even want to talk to the guy & have no idea what I'll do now. If I don't find something myself, the staff will force me to take another job whether I want it or not & despite the fact that I was on disability in the Real World.

Also, that ghetto-trash AW now has some new bullshit demands. We can now only have 1 uniform, 1 coat, & 1 bag of clothes hung up outside our locker. If there's anything else, they'll tear up your cell, go thru your locker, etc. Well, everyone naturally hangs up their dirty clothes, but my locker is packed full & my clean clothes will not fit. Period. I've hung up my bag behind my locker so it's hidden, but if they come in & see it I'm screwed. Don't forbid you should have a calendar or any decoration of any kind. And really, we get 3 uniforms. What fucking difference does it really make if there are 3 uniforms or 1 book?

Also, the Captain thinks he's at a USP. All the flexible plastic knives are now gone from the Chow Hall. So cutting your meat or spreading butter. One guy told me he's been here 7 years & there was only 1 stabbing & it sure as hell wasn't with a flexible plastic knife.

These people have ZERO common sense.

The one good thing that's happened is that I got my fan back - not without a lot of drama, though.

In more news, this past Monday some guy came up to talk to me & has now decided that we're a couple. Now, please forgive me, but I do not find him attractive at all. He's a skinny white guy, which is OK, but he has very sallow skin & dark circles under his eyes, similar to someone

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who's sick. His teeth are literally rotten & he has a big wart on the inside corner of one eye. Then he tells me he's a serial killer. (He said they were contracts).

This guy has drawn me a picture on a handkerchief for Christmas, and given me a ring. He meets me for every meal & wants to move from his unit to mine so we could be cellies. It's getting very intense very fast, which I don't want or like. Then, a friend of mine warned me that he is serious trouble. This guy has "claimed" me & the gossip spread over the whole compound in only a couple days.

I have never been able to get out of bad situations like this without a problem. This is worrying me & I don't know what to do.

Love & Blessings,




