

THE CONSUMMATE PROFESSIONALS

by Timothy J. Muise

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Boy oh boy am I fortunate that I ended up being transferred to the bastion of rehabilitation MCI Shirley (Help! Can someone please help me pry my tongue out of my cheek!!). Being able to drink in the aroma of opportunity (I love the smell of opportunity in the morning - it smells like: fried soy burgers!) that rides on the currents of stagnant air here has given me a whole new perception of the world. Failure as an operating procedure, ineptitude as a job requirement, and vicious malevolence never seemed to whet my appetite as it has since I have become subjected to the consummate professionals at ShirleyWorld. Let me give you one recent example.

The federal government has recognized that we have a real problem raising its ugly head in the form of the aging prisoner population. The tough on crime life without parole sentences of the 1980's (which were even imposed on juvenile offenders) are creating a population of geriatric prisoners with their own set of complicated needs and demands. Our capitalistic rulers did what they always do and decided to throw money (your money) at the problem rather than look for compassionate and fiscally responsible alternatives to leaving prison in a body bag. These elected fat cats made available funds for the states to slurp off the troth of repression to be used toward creating cell blocks designed for this aging population of living ghosts. The Massachusetts Commissioner of Corruption (a long-time troth slurper) jumped on the chance to get this funding like Vince Wilfork would jump on a Super Bowl fumble.

Here at ShirleyWorld they charged the top consummate professional, Karen "The Italian Scallion" DiNardo, with assembling a "Long-Termers Unit" where men could wait in perpetuity for their eventual toe tag of release. Fieldmarshall DiNardo called a special meeting of lifers and long-termers and informed everyone of how she was going to throw them a bone in the form of a special block with privileges. It reminded me of the old adage, "I'm from the IRS and I'm here to help you with your finances." She went on to tell men who make \$1.00 per day that they could spend an extra \$10.00 per week. No one pointed out to her that they don't even make \$10.00 per week. One time the owner of the pool room I hung out in as a kid told me that he gave us the chalk for the cues for free. I was not buying the hustle then and I ain't buying it from Minister of Propaganda DiNardo now. She sold her carpet baggers bill of fare to the masses and moved on to Phase II of the project: figuring out who would be housed in this death chamber.

Men received letters informing them of what tomb they would be afforded in this morgue. You have to remember that some of the fine men who meet her criteria are my best friends in the world. It pains me to know that the jackbooted wardens of the system want to see them die in some unit together, and I will undoubtedly be their zealous advocate toward ending the madness, but as they all know I must speak my mind on the issue. They have been herded up to die without a fight and evil Desert Fox DiNardo is smiling all the way to the bank, her wheelbarrow overflowing with ill gotten gain. The tombs were set, her wallet was fat (matching her cheek pocket) and now it was time to watch the consummate professional in action. (The circus truly came to town)

They day of the big move, you see they had to open up a whole prison block to do this - relocating about 200 prisoners between two (2) entire blocks, they had over \$1,000,000.00 in salary on hand to oversee their madness. You had Crazy Crash Crowley, "I Have a Dream" Alvin Notice, Satan's Siren Kim Irwin, Shiela "King Size" Kelley, and whole host of psychopaths, morons, and mental defectives, who slurp heartily off the overflowing troth of taxpayer nector, here to see it all go oh so wrong. You see this ship of fools did not even know how the blocks are set up in their own prison. They moved two men to cells with only one bed. They assigned four men to one two-man cell. They had 107 prisoners in a block which only holds 93! (Men were sitting on tables during the security count) If you could have witnessed this debauche it may have reminded you of the ThreeStooges as plumbers. Water was directed through electrical conduits here at MCI Shirley and when we got thirsty they screamed: "Turn on anything you'll get it!"

One thing they did not mess up, as it is their true forte, was to retaliate against the men who do their best to run their failures up the flag pole. I was one of them, but this story is not about me. I would be remiss in not stating that they (The Devil's Rejects described afore) attempted to force me to give in to their madness. They afforded me the worst possible housing assignment, tried to strip me of my hard earned seniority, and hoped that I would just go to the hole rather than fight em'. They don't know me very well do they? They have to know that I have been tortured by professionals and their weak game is ineffective on me as you have to be suffering from the Stockholm Syndrome for it to be effective. They tried to get me, TC, RY, and some others who reject the Italian Scallion's Guyana kool aid, but we are stronger than they could ever figure. They still have not corrected all the housing mistakes they made and you can bet not one of these fools will be disciplined for making a mockery out of the effort. You pay \$517,000,000.00 per year for this!

My dearest friends sit in this unit waiting to die. I will not let them forget they have the "right" to get out of prison. They have done their time, atoned for their sins, and deserve to be united with their families. Not all that long ago everyone who made real efforts toward change got out of prison. Men had their life sentences commuted. Men were successfully paroled. We know these men. My friends here deserve the same. It is their right in Massachusetts. The criminal conspiracy that exists between the three branches of our government toward injecting the propaganda that men and women deserve to rot in prison can only be overcome by our unified voices shouting to society to see that the human condition can only be advanced through compassion. It is time to charge the real criminals, the consumate professionals, with their crimes against humanity. Lock them away in Fieldmarshall DiNardo's block and let them spend that extra \$10.00 per week. Their toe tags are waiting!

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