

Dear Readers,

01-07-13

What's that song by Britney Spears? Oh yeah, "Oops, I Did It Again." This past Friday I switched cells again to move in with some Mexican guy + they were the same two cells all over again - only this time I moved the opposite direction.

This guy had sent me "kites" (notes) the last time we were in the same two cells. He's actually a nice guy, + I like him a lot better than the guy with whom I moved last time. But... damn he is dumber than a box of rocks!

OK, yes, I'll admit it: I can be a bit of a snob. (bit?) But take these examples: First, we're playing Rummy to 500. My score is 455. He kept insisting that I only needed 5 more points to win. "So, I need 45." This went back + forth a few times until I wrote it out + showed him that  $455 + 5 = 460$ . I have no idea how the hell this guy sold drugs + can't add.

Example Two: OK, he can barely speak English. He had practiced signing his name several times + held it up + asked me what I thought of his "sign". I was a little confused at first + then said, "Oh! Your signature. That's called a signature." He insisted that no, that's called your sign. Again, this went back + forth for a bit until I finally said, "Look. I speak English. I was born in this country. I know how to speak English." Seriously.

OK, now what's the song by A. Morissette? (Manys? can't spell her first name). Anyway, the song "Isn't It Ironic". Let this. I placed a perpal ad in a booklet called "Brothers Behind Bars" put out by a guy involved with the Radical Faeries. The ad right before mine was from a guy at one of the other prisons next door. I thought he sounded cool + perhaps we could write three

(2)

a 3<sup>rd</sup> party (since for some stupid reason we aren't allowed to write each other). So, I send him a letter via my friend who lives near Ft. Worth, TX, just so it could end up where??  
Right across the hall.

I'm looking out the door right after I move in this cell & look at the guy's name on the door across the hall & it's the same freakin' guy!! I've had weird things - near impossible - happen like that before in my life, but how funny! So, I shoot this guy a "kite" & now we're buddies! He still hasn't gotten the first letter yet, but if my friend sends it, he may get it this week.  
Strange coincidence.

OK, I'm gonna tell the most bizarre & unlikely coincidence I ever had & I don't think I've ever told anyone. This happened in my early to mid 30's. I was at my usual guy bar in Austin, TX. I met there a guy named Max who was visiting from Houston. I was obsessed!! I only spent time with him briefly - a few hours - that night.

The following weekend, or so, I was determined to drive to Houston & find this guy. I was driven! (& driving!) Now, keep in mind that Houston is the 4<sup>th</sup> largest city in the U.S. & I had no idea where he lived or anything.

Well, I head for the main guy neighborhood, Montrose, & am driving around looking for a parking space in an area where there are several popular bars. I look up & there's a guy walking away from the bars. It's Max. The first person I saw after driving all that way in the hope of a chance meeting. The odds of that happening must be astronomical.

We did go to his place (yadda, yadda, yadda), but like all obsessions, mine was short-lived. It's a cool story anyway. I have no idea why I told it, though.

01-13-13

Well, it's going on 3 weeks + I still haven't gotten the "shot" I was told I'd get + no property. My new friend across the hall has been in 50+ days + still hasn't gotten his property.

I went to see the P.A. (medical) this past Wed. 'cause of the sore throat I had for 4 days, plus, the right side of my face by my nose to my mouth is still numb, ~~and~~ and there's a strange bump on my right eye socket, plus, I wanted to get my bottom bunk pass.

The P.A., Curry, is a stupid bitch - period. She never once looked at my throat. She said I might have nerve damage + might need an x-ray of my eye socket, but as far as I know she didn't order one. Then, I've had a bottom bunk pass all these years until I came to this screwed-up place. The best I got was an "I'll have to research it," which I'm sure won't happen.

Then whenever you go to sick call, they charge you a \$2 co-pay, even though you're in prison + even though I only make \$5.25 a month. So, I have to pay 38% of my monthly income for a "doctor" visit where some stupid bitch does NOTHING. How can that possibly be right?

Love + B  
Bisping

