



Daily Journal

January 28-31, 2013

Monday January 28, 2013 5:48 am

I've been up since 3am just finished cleaning the cell. My little

Friend the Cricket is still under the locker. In fact I better sprinkle some water under there. Okay, that's done. He's been under there about 5 days now. I guess he/she feels safe there. It's just a baby. Any body know what crickets eat? Well I'm going to try to get some writing done this morning. I may break out the art supplies and do something. Just have to see how I feel later on and what's going on. I couldn't see the moon this morning.

7:43am I've been unable to get started. This depression and stress is getting the best of me. When I woke up this morning, I layed there just thinking of how nice it would have been to die in my sleep. I was sitting here on the locker awhile thinking about suicide, and if my mom could deal with it. This is not living. It's existing day after day, which I've done for 23 years. Half my life. This is a rough existance. People dying daily, by the hour, hell by the minute, and here I am living, breathing - Damn!

12:07PM Well I got out of that funk that I was in. I was feeling really bad there for several hours. That's not a good place to be in. In fact it's dangerous, when I get like that I'm right there on the end. This place is a bitch to deal with. Some "hours" are more difficult than others. Being locked in a 9x7, 63 square foot cage, 24 hours a day, 7 days a week, it's no joke. It'll tamper with the most sane person's mind. This is a living breathing hell!" Any ways I got a couple of cards written and I've been working on a piece of art which I

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need to get back to. Pass some time.

4:05 PM, was just sitting here listening to music and writing a couple of penpat org's seeking out some one to write. After I eat I'm going to do some more work on this picture, and then lay back watch some news get my shower and go to sleep. Wish I could sell some of my art work. Oh well. I'm going to get back to it.

Tuesday January 29, 2013 5:51 am. I got up at 4 am watched market warriors which is one of my new favorite TV shows. I then ate breakfast. Cleaned the cell up read my mail. I got 3 letters in. so I'll be doing some writing today and working on this picture (I'll probably see the doctor and get my prozac started back up. Right now I need to shave and then start a letter.

9:36 am. I wrote a letter, then went back to this picture, just stopped to eat a soup. I'm fixing to write another letter. My poor little cricket died. I moved the locker back it was dead. missing a leg and half its head. Life is just unfair. death cheats us all. That was just a tiny baby cricket. well on to this letter.

11:29 am finished eating lunch. I wrote another letter did some more work on this piece of art. I'm fixing to write up a blog.

2:38 PM I wrote a blog essay and the guys went to Rec. The rec Sgt stopped here at 1:58 PM and was talking about he would testify to warden Reddish's unethical conduct falsifying state documents ect. when I showed him the letter where Anne has offered to pay for a polygraph exam so I can support Reddish is nothing more than an unethical scumbag ass criminal, and I said to the Sgt. you'll tell all this to the warden. He then went to back stepping. He doesn't want the

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Warden or staff on his ass cause he's put in for Lt. and should be getting promoted to Lt here soon. I have written the warden about this polygraph test. I'm fixing to write Anne to see if she can contact the warden about it as well. There's something wrong with my left shoulder. It's been hurting for 2 days.

4:58 PM just finished eating. Fixing to wash clothes bath and lay down and call it a day.

Wednesday January 30, 2013 4:34 AM. I got up at 3:30 cleaned up. Now I'm just sitting here listening to music in one ear and the news in the other. I'm fixing to get up clean the floor, sink, toilet, then eat breakfast and write my mom. That's the only letter I got last night. Canteen should come today, so got that to look forward to.

I hope our regular Sgt. is back. Time to get to it 6:07 AM yet our Sgt. is back. I was sure glad to see him come through this back door.

I'm just sitting here writing my mom.

3:02 PM canteen just left I didn't get all I ordered. I'm having real problems with the shoulder. It's hurting so bad. I'm fixing to lay back down. Damn this is painful!

4:49 PM I took a bunch of tylenol and it's eased the pain up. I don't know what I've done or how I done it. But this pain in this shoulder has screwed up my whole day. Cause I just haven't been able to do anything. I've got to be handcuffed behind the back to go to the shower. I don't know how that's going to work. Right now I need to finish a letter.

5:33 PM I got my mom's letter ready to go out. This damn shoulder is hurting. I remember when I was 7 or 8 years old, my Dad come into my bedroom, two bullet hole's in his left shoulder. He shot his self cause he was hurting.

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But he should have never come in my bedroom
waking me up introducing me to his insanity.
But that's the way it was. I'm fixing to
wash cloths and get ready for the shower.

THURSDAY JANUARY 31, 2013 8:32am. Just finished
scrubbing the floor. I've been up since 3:30 I've writ-
ten 3 letters. I got one letter in last night, the
person told me nothings been posted in awhile,
so I'm fixing to try to go out and find some
one who will help me run my first blog.
www.thedeathrowpoet.blogspot.com.

And my main focus is to find some one
to operate that blog. I'll be keeping
a daily journal, but I won't be send-
ing any more to be posted until I
find out what's going on at Between
the bars. I've got several other orgs
that I need to write. Time to get busy
5:25pm. Well I've been working all day on letters
to orgs to get on their web site to try to find
some one to run my blog. I hate the fact that
this is coming to an end with BTB. I really
enjoyed it. But one thing's for sure, nothing
last for ever. I guess this will be my last
post unless something changes. I will continue
to keep a daily journal in hopes that it'll be
posted if not here, then on another blog. I
did write another blog post up that I hope gets
posted. where I'm seeking help running another
blog. Well time to wash cloths, bath and call it
a day.