



#125

Meet My Peanut Gallery

by Nate A. Lindell, 24 Feb. 2013

I was in prison when I saw Things to Do in Denver When You're Dead, awesomely directed by Terentino (apologies if misspelled). The movie had me laughing + crying at how true it depicted the incompetent nature of a mob of wanna-be organized criminals. All of the crime crews I've known had the same type of bizarre + dissimilar characters like Critical Bill + the guy with leprosy in the movie: something is drastically off about each person, thus they pursue crime as their career. Boy, do I have stories.

And here I am now, at W.C.I. (f.y.i. my warden's name is William Pollard, not Michael Thurmer, as I wrongly stated in post #118), surrounded by some of the most diversely ^{weird} characters that chance could manage to pack into W.C.I.'s seg unit. It's enough to make me feel uncomfortably normal....

Let's go in numerical order. Cell A-101 contained Maurice Childs. Now the cell's sealed with crime-scene tape, as Maurice (a mid-20s black guy with about 3 years left on his sentence) hung himself on 21 Feb. 2013 at around 10 P.M. He tried to hang himself a couple days before, only to be cut down + laughed at by C.O.# Beahm. Maurice was the boringest of our bunch.

Cell A-104 held/holds Richard Smitheran - yes, "Smitheran", and he's built like a young Harry Potter too! This guy says he's got Multiple-Personality Disorder (now called Dissociative Identity Disorder), congenital damage to his left frontal lobe, Bi-Polar Disorder, + too many other mental problems to list (more than 12). This strange jail bird recently swallowed 10 and ate/chewed 6 of the keys on our non-working law computer. One of his personalities is a wigger (not wigger) who offends the Blacks by claiming to be from the "hood" (none of them know him from the hood) + spitting pretty good ebonics, including referring to them as "niggas" 3 or 4 times in one sentence. Is he crazy? He weighs maybe 120 pounds + is about 5'2", picked a fight with a 5'11" 330+ pound guard with wrists twice the size of my wrists, got nice + fucked up, and still talked shit; he spends most of time in obs. or control status, without clothing, property, nor a mattress, and he gets out in a year. He's nuts.

Hop + skip down to cell A-107 + you'll find a character right out of Things to Do in Denver...., a 50-some year old Black guy with epilepsy in for a triple homicide, who claims to have mob ties + dropped some legit names,

* This guy, Robert Kidd, suggests that if he killed anyone, he was having a seizure & thus wasn't responsible. From what he said, each of his victims was shot twice in the head. Right now he's doing a year in seg for having another seizure, which left 3 guards injured. He claims to be retired from the Air Force, after having a seizure during the Gulf War, but doesn't recall what he actually did nor where he was stationed. Dude's a proud crackhead, and so sloppy at muling contraband it's ridiculous - stuff'll be dropping out of his pants as he's walking & he'll claim it ain't his. He laughs at the slightest joke, so hard we think he's slipping into a seizure; & one time during a laughing fit banged his head in front of me, almost knocking himself out.

Cell A-108 has Jimmy "Dean", a short, scruffy, chubby white guy who looks like a stereotypical Aqualung pedophile and a snitch. Rumor is he was revoked for not registering as a sex offender for tampering with little boys, and the fact is he's a jailhouse rat who tried to hand a guard a snitch note, to which the guard loudly replied, "What's that Jimmy - a snitch note?" causing Jimmy to ridiculously make a "Shh" sound, loud enough for everyone on our tier to hear. I looked his case up on our law computer: he was revoked, but it doesn't say what he was on paper for in the first place; while in jail he lived in a special-needs cell, naked, with a piss-saturated floor & thrice threw urine at staff. When others are talking, he'll jump out in their conversation like the bag-lady on "The Simpsons", but instead of throwing cats he throws senseless accusations, such as "You're always on my doorstep, aren't you?" as he jumps on their doorstep. We've re-christened him "Jimmy-the-Rat."

Next to Jimmy the Rat is Fred, a very white looking Black guy, whom was trying the classic good-gangster hustle to try & get Jimmy's aunt's address. She, according to Jimmy the Rat, was once a nun, now a widow with five children. Fred told Jimmy that he wanted the woman to be his religious sponsor, teach Fred about getting baptized & saved. One look at Fred & you'd realize how futile such a mentorship would be: he's pure grimey. When Jimmy eventually told Fred he wouldn't get the woman's address, Fred acted shocked, as if his agenda wasn't obvious. Jimmy called Fred a "leech" & cussed Fred out. Fred got pissed at his homie, Al, when I asked Al, "How many mack points does Fred lose for that?" & Al replied, "Man, he's gotta start from scratch."

Then there's me, in cell A-110. You already know.... I'm on vacatron....

* The next super-comical criminal is Davin Rollins in cell A-116. This last Valentines Day, he got more action than any of us - guys he'd snitched on and repeatedly disrespected repeatedly spit on and threw piss on him while he was

out in the recreation bunkers at the end of our hallway (it consists of one small room divided by 1/4" steel bar mesh into 6 cages. He has a real loud mouth, always talking himself into an ass whooping, claims to be a Conservative Vice Lord (C.V.L.), gets off on disrespecting White people, bragged about pressing charges on a White convict down the hall who pissed on Davin at rec. previous to the St. Valentine's Day golden shower. He says he's Bi-Polar & I believe him. The most hilarious thing I've seen this "pimp" do (besides claiming he's a pimp, calling himself by "Cassanova," when he's convicted of 2nd degree Child Enticement for having sex with a 16-yr. old runaway — another "pimp"/sex offender upstairs goes by "Pretty Boy"...) is, while at rec. & disrespecting some Gangster Disciples (long-time rivals/opposition of Vice Lords), Davin threw some 1-2 punches, so slow I'd be able to laugh & then dodge them, while bragging about how cold he was with his hands.

Next to Davin is a Black guy wearing nothing but shower shoes and a thin, yellow, tissue-paper gown who goes by "Boston." Boston had a laughing fit when another guy on his side, Rodriguez (who goes by "Toot-a-loo"), last night, said that Jimmy the Snitch threatened to hold Toot-a-loo (who's short & young & illiterate) down and "touch my penis." He laughed too long for comfort.


A little further down is Toot-a-loo, who's on more restrictions than anyone else on the tier, other than Mr. Smitheran (Rich). Like Rich, Toot likes to injure himself & tell the rest of us how cool his lacerations are ("I can see my meat!"). There's little more annoying than listening to Rich & Davin's nearly-nude neighbor trying to teach Toot how to spell a list of words that a six year old would breeze through. But, it was hilarious when Me-wee, one of Toot's fellow Racine-Wisconsinites, around the same age & size, was helping Toot spell some words & then told Toot:

"You lied about having a nine year old daughter! That's impossible! You're 23!"

"I know!" Toot replied, "I said I had her when I was 14!"

"That's impossible! Do the math!"

Me-wee can't count & Toot-a-loo can't read or write. Together they're almost smart.

Man, I miss the few "supercriminals" I left behind at Boscobel.  The staff here are more impressive, & they're ruthless too.

As funny as my neighbors are, I've met some with an aspect of sense whom I associate with, some of whom I've written lawsuits for, others whom I'm helping with legal matters. But none of these guys ^{are} either classy nor ^{highly} intelligent. None are balls-to-the-walls warriors either.