

March 7, 2013

"It puts the lotion on its skin or else it gets the hose again." --The Silence of the Lambs

Dear Readers:

Well, what a week. OK, first of all, there's my job. Now, I don't want a job at all, but at this place they force you to work or else they'll throw you in the Hole. And, it doesn't matter if you were previously on Disability or anything--they don't care. I have no interest whatsoever in slave labor and I sure as hell am not interested in 12 cents an hour (I make \$5.25 per month, which does come out to more than 12 cents per hour, but 12 cents is the minimum).

Anyway, after my crochet job was stolen (grumble, grumble), the Rec dude in charge of hiring put me working the weekends in the afternoons picking up trash on the Rec yard. I figured that that was the easiest job I could get without being stuck in the Kitchen and having to get up at 4 a.m. every day again, so I took it. Everything was fine. I'd come in at 12:30 p.m. and wave at the guy that I was here and he'd leave me alone. Well, that all changed when the quarter changed recently. That guy got moved somewhere else (a different compound I think), and they moved some new people in. OK, the first problem was last weekend when my new boss, some [REDACTED] named [REDACTED] was working. I showed up at 12:17 p.m., 13 whole minutes early, and went to check in at the office. She told me to wait until 12:30. (Really??) OK, fine. 12:30 comes and there's a "Move" and she's standing by the rec gate so I wait until the move's over. She goes to the office and I follow and tell her my name and that I'm here again to check in. She gives me this look like I just dropped a turd on her floor (crude, but appropriate) and tells me she's busy. "So...do you want me to come back later to check in?" She tells me I can come back later. 20 minutes later I come back and attempt for the 3rd time to check in with this stupid bitch and her shitty attitude. FINALLY, I am able to check in, and I think it's only because some "homies" were flirting with her right before I stepped up.

Which brings us to this week. She and the complete idiot officer, [REDACTED], completely change everything. I had heard that a bunch of guys have already quit last week due to their bullshit. She has a meeting to inform us that now we must wear our uniforms to report to work picking up trash on the rec yard, which has never happened before. I am shortly after assigned a particular area which is my area to clean by [REDACTED] and I am told that not only do I have to work that afternoon, but I also must come in after "chow" and work in the evenings until recall now. OK, that's bad enough, but I come in that evening and then I find out that they've completely changed my days as well so now I am off Sun., Mon., and Wed., so I now have to work 4 days a week (and therefore must wear the pointless uniform 3 days). They've upped my hours by 18 more hours and added 2 extra days and I have no desire to work for these people at all. I am so pissed and seriously need to find another job. However, with everyone jumping ship due to all this BS, it's gonna be tough. Now I really wish the job at Education had worked out.

On another front, the other [REDACTED] the unit manager, was raising hell all week. She put out another memo about how we had "amnesty" to shove everything in our lockers to her specifications until Friday. That includes no added shelves and no "locker buddies" (these are items you hang off the inside door of your locker made of cloth or mesh or whatever, and they have different storage pockets for you to store things, mainly hygiene items). Both of these items give you extra storage space and cause to harm whatsoever. Well, first off, even though we had "amnesty" until Friday, they have a "shakedown" in Clemson unit next door on Thursday. Friday should mean Friday. Everyone knew they our unit was next and things were very tense for Friday. Before that could happen though, they brought a lot of officers including SIS (investigative staff) and the Captain and A.W. on Thursday before the 4 p.m. "count." We all got locked in our wings and they went thru and started handcuffing certain people up who were corralled in the common area and later taken off to the Hole. No one knows why, but at first it seemed very random (e.g., it was said that one guy was taken 'cause his door was closed when they

came to his wing and in that same wing they said "We need one more guy," and randomly picked Dawn's cellie. However, it was later surmised that they suspected or knew that these guys complained about Gregory, the unit mgr.

OK, so here we are on Friday morning waiting for the shit storm. It doesn't come. I was later told that according to Inmate.com (the rumor mill) that [REDACTED] and the case manager got into a physical argument the day before and had to be separated. Then, [REDACTED] comes in way early for her on Friday (around 7 a.m.) wearing her jeans and tennis shoes (her "shakedown" clothes) and that shortly thereafter she storms out. Someone said that they were told that the senior staff was tired of the problems she is causing and are reining her in. All of this is according to Inmate.com and is therefore unreliable. I am hoping and praying that it is true.

With all the empty beds, I am trying to get in a cell. I asked Dawn about moving in with her, and that [REDACTED] said she's saving it for her cellie with whom it was my understanding she only semi got along with. Needless to say I am not happy. We're still friends, but that [REDACTED] is on restriction (whether she knows it or not). I am therefore hoping to get in one of the empty cells and out of the damn cubicles. Wish me luck.

Other than that I feel crappy and am hoarse. I'm hoping it's just allergies, but there is a cold going around. Yuck. At least the weather has finally gotten nice.

Love & Blessings,

kelly