

I know this next story is going to be very hard to believe but I assure it is absolutely true. A guard on the walkway here noticed that a window in a cell on unit E-2 was broken, actually it was cracked. The guard called on the radio to two IPS (our crack sluths here). The two IPS examined the window closely and got on their radio. The next thing you know a sergeant and captain show up. While they are examining the window a lieutenant shows up. They all look at the window, call over the guard on the walkway, and then get back on the radio. They walk off and about 5 minutes later the director of security and the superintendent show up and personally inspect the window. Now you have to remember you can't get this superintendent, The Boot, to show up at special events, programs or religious services but she will come down to look at a broken window. Now let me break this down for you; 3 guards at \$60,000.00 per year. Four IPS at \$60,000.00 per year. A Captain at \$90,000.00 a year, a lieutenant at \$80,000.00 per year, and the super at \$105,000.00 a year. There was \$695,000.00 a year worth of staff out to look at a broken window. Men are committing suicide in the minimum, dying in the hospital, leaving the prison with no place to go, and the joint is turning low level drug offenders into future murderers and they care more about a cracked window than they do about you getting shot by an unprepared ex-offender. These clowns have their priorities so mixed up that the only way to solve the problem is to have a clean sweep of these draconian layouts. The window task force must go!

Lt. Moe-Do-Less-Ki stopped me on the walkway and said, "Hey Muise, I heard you write stuff on the internet about this place. Have you ever written anything about me?" I immediately told him that I was not answering that question and I went on my way. I then went to my cell, broke out my typewriter, and wrote Moe-Do-Less-Ki up. I wrote The Boot and told her that I do not want to be questioned about my personal life and First Amendment protected free speech. I also filed an institutional grievance. I asked my sister to email the commissioner as well as the boot and inquire why Moe-Do-Less-Ki feels he can violate the boundaries policy by asking me about my personal life. Trust me that I never ask this guy for shit, professional or personal, and I don't want him talking to me. These bastards think this shit is a joke, but to me it ain't. I'm not on their team and if they approach me I am going to handle it my way. I write! The fact is that the layouts read the blog and it angers them because it is true. They can fire back, they can blog themselves, or leave comments, but I would then ask that the attorney general's electronic communication task force look into their internet footprint to find who is releasing confidential information or behaving in an unethical manner. I am not bound by any employment or state policy. There are no rules for me: I can engage in free speech with no consequences. I can shout their failures from the rooftops, but if they make a mistake, leave a footprint, it may put their jobs in jeopardy. Just food for thought.

Deputy Denied just approved the "Family Reunification Day" program.

The problem is she is not allowing families to attend; it is ludicrous. Its like having a clam bake without clams, a fish fry without fish, or a keg party without a keg. The deputy is doing this on purpose. You see we shouted their failure to provide us with a family reunification program so loud, to everyone/anyone who would listen, that they had to offer something. The deputy is so angry and afraid of families seeing the failures of her facility that she dare not let them in. She also does not want us to have anything: she literally hates us-she hates prisoners. Why would she work in a prison? Because she loves to hate. We all know she hates herself (she hates her life) but we cannot afford to give her a pass just because we understand her devil inside. More to come on how we handle this.

I went to chow the other morning. They had some temporary sandwich trays which they expected us to eat cereal off of. These trays are flat, they have no spot for any liquid (like the milk for cereal) to go. I ask, "How in the F#*& am I supposed to eat cereal off of this tray?" This fool of a female guard, lets call her CO Would-Head, says, "Don't worry about it!" Now it is her job to feed us: we are wards of the state, but she don't give a shit. She wants us to eat cereal off of a plate like we are less than human, but the fact is that she is the one who is less than human. She was making out with her boyfriend in the parking lot-the problem is that one of her husbands good friends (another layabout guard) saw her mugging it up with this oxygen waster, and called her husband. I guess she took a bit of an ass-whooping when she got home, and he booted her out for a couple of weeks (she probably slept in her expensive SUV paid for with your tax dollars). Now this wonderful human being also gets a little too close with some cons in the back of the kitchen here (it appears that she likes latino brothers) but she cannot be bothered to give me a bowl to eat my cereal out of. She may think I am less than human, and she is entitled to her opinion, but that does not mean that I have to keep quiet about what she did to me or who she really is. I want what I got coming, nothing more, and it may not be important to her that I ge a meal but it is important to me.

More To Come....