

"When the sun comes up, I have morals again." - Elizabeth Taylor

Dear Readers,

11-09-13

Howdy! I hope all of you are well + happy.

Well... let me see... what to report? I quit my job as an ICJ pushing around Santa Claus on the 31st. It really sucked 'cause that was a religious holiday for me, but I still had to get up before 6 AM to push him to jail line + then to his job at 7:30 AM. Ugh. I was definitely over it.

When I spoke to the counselor + told him I was quitting, he was pissed. He told me to never ask him for another job. I couldn't say "OK" fast enough! When I got paid yesterday, I made \$30 for that month. That's only \$2 more than my other job which usually only takes about 5 hours a week + I'm done by 8:30 AM. Plus, Santa expected me to do his laundry + clean his cell, which I paid someone else to do (I'm a fucking Princess - I don't do my own laundry or cleaning!). As a result, I paid out 2 books of stamps (\$7 each at compound prices), so that expense left me with a profit of only \$16 for pushing Santa around every single day with no days off. Pass. Never again.

I'm hoping I can get my old job teaching the crochet class back. I started the class on this compound, + then when I went to the Hole last year, some back-stabbing ex-friend bitch took it from me, even though he already had a job + that was my only job. Well, now guess who's in the Hole? Him. I'm gonna try to get it back, but I've had some "issues" with the Rec staff member who's in charge of that

class, so it may be a problem.

I sent off a box of crocheted stuff this past week in the hope that my friend Pam will get off her ass & help me sell it. This is the same friend who hasn't emailed me since Sept. 7. Wonderful.

I sent a variety of hats, purses & a super-cool sweater with a skull & crossbones on it. That was the first time I tried that sweater & it really did turn out great. I've started another one with the leftover yarn & plan on ordering more so I can finish it.

The \$500 loan I got is gone. I blew around \$100 on books & other treats, another \$100 to pay a guy for some legal work, \$200 is going toward yarn, & the rest went to commissary. Yikes. I'm really anxious about paying off that loan & prior loans I've gotten & I am depending on my friend selling crocheted stuff to accomplish that. Wish me luck.

They recently turned a big mop closet into an extra TV room for the Hispanics - even though they aren't watching Spanish TV in there. I used to go in there, but a couple weeks ago this muscle-bound closet-case named Chaven threw a fit 'cause I went in there to watch TV. He's paranoid/delusional & acts really psycho around me 'cause I fucked him once. An hour & a half after that incident he promptly checked into the Hole & told everyone who would listen that it was because I was telling people what happened. I didn't & wasn't. He's mental.

Anyway, after the TV room incident (over a year later), I find out & was told that there are a few Hispanics (really, most are Latinos who are Latino) who don't want me in that TV room. I was hurt... and pissed. I've been nothing but nice to all those guys & I don't appreciate being treated like shit. My attitude now is FUCK THAT ALL. I was told that Chaven should be leaving this month so there's no reason I'm to act that way. FUCK THAT ALL

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Shortly after that I was really worried that I would be going to the Hole myself 'cause of trouble being started, & I saw the resident rat, Dally, typing an email report to tell on someone & he called Chavez over. Typical behavior here. Plus, as I've spent the past 3 Falls going to the Hole for one reason or another, I'm especially wary. I really want to break that cycle. I keep praying to Danesha, the Hindu God who removes obstacles for help & so far so good.

Love & Blessings

