



JOHNNY MAHAFFEY SAYS:
"Worst Father's Day Ever, Almost"

06.15.14

Here I am today, of all days, depressed by the emotionally draining events of the previous few days. In worry, unable to focus on the work I should be sitting here typing; unsure if I have a job still, or if I've been fired due to an unreliable, and biased source.

I work in education to teach, to do a good thing, and help others: that need it, want it, and humble themselves enough to accept it. Unfortunately, however, there are those that go to education--as student, or teacher assistant--with ulterior motives (i.e., to flirt with female staff in hopes of acquiring contraband, or worse, sexual favor, to smell the females, or anything they've touched, to "accidentally" bump into them). It's disgusting! These sad individuals sick with frotteurism (paraphilia) and masterbatory exhibition/voyeurs, are extremely annoying. On a rare occasion, there will come along some staff member either of questionable character, or just naive, that will facilitate the offenders. Burgeoning the problem, because when the abnormals hear of one that "likes the game," they flock to her like a bread crumb thrown into a duck pond. (Even if it's just a rumor, and untrue--they'll try it, and hurt anyone that gets in their way.

I have daughters, a mother, and grandmother, a sister too; and the thought of these types of people even existing pisses me off. Knowing they're not just in here, waiting to get out, but out there in the world: for each I see here, there's probably ten out there, unknown to those around them. I realize now how sick some men around town were, who'd look at my kids, or my girl--knowing what I know now (and how to recognize the signs), if I were Marty McFly, I'd go back and punch them in the mouth, and kick them in the nads for good measure.

At work, the warden cleaned up a dirty house, and with good cause since its dirt was spilling over onto the prison yard. The decisions were based on actual documented, observable things; not rumors or conjecture, or witness of any inmate, but testified by staff. The school has begun to improve, resembling a school. Even the students themselves have expressed gratitude in the changes that have occurred (I'm meeting with two later this evening for personal one-on-one tutoring for their English).

Today's thoughts stem from an inmate (Thursday) slithering through the grass up to one of my bosses to whisper an allegation

that I had repeated one of the circling rumors: Rumors travel the prison profusely, dozens about education are usually in the mix at any given time; and after the house cleaning, those numbers rose exponentially, and not just inmates, but by staff. EVERYONE speculating who might be next: themself, or so-and-so.

Rumor made it to me that my boss was in the office preparing my termination! I was taken off guard, I had not even been confronted, and to hear that! I arranged an arbitrated meeting, and brought the issue as I would do with transgressing employees in my past managerial life (except with me as defendant; and no accuser or evidence present). The fake claim was exposed, and clarified--seemingly. I just hate that we had to even deal with such idiocy, and that what was hissed had hurt my boss emotionally.

I went to education to help teach. The drama bothered me from day one, all the dirt hidden away thinking it was out of sight--so when the warden cleaned house, I was glad! I agreed with the changes. I failed, however, to realize there would be an attempt at retaliation, the recently terminated (and his buddies, employed there, and/or attending as students) blaming me for his unwanted to adapt to the ameliorating changes that occurred shortly after my arrival. Some also fear my moral presence may hinder their attempts to ingratiate themselves with staff (trying to follow up on some of those rumors they'd heard, expecting results). I wasn't aware of the retaliation until after leaving work, when I'd surreptitiously overheard one of the most unconscientious things I could've imagined, but, yet should've expected: a co-worker/inmate actually DEBRIEFED the disgruntled terminated inmate of EVERYTHING that had transpired. Fist bumps, and big ear-to-smug-ear grins were exchanged as they then toasted themselves to my demise.

I'm just hurt, and ... I don't know, confused, mad I have to put up with this, that I'm in here dealing with this when I could be out there with my kids: maybe even getting another one of those hand-made father's day shirts, like the one that year one of my not-yet-ex wives helped Shy, my youngest daughter (and her step-daughter) make, that caused me to cry when I seen it. Instead of--that same now-ex--sending me a father's day letter in want of my death in ironic tribute to the holiday, in order to terminate my parental rights for our son. I mean, seriously, what kind of cold-hearted B---- does that?

(Broad, you know I meant to type cold-hearted broad?)

I just hate this whole thing.

I hate criminals, and this prison mindset.

I hate white supremacist, and black supremacist!

I hate typing this, and not something better.

I hate that it's father's day.

I hate finding out a friend is not a fiend.

I hate that each day, pain starts all over again.

I hate that Buffy the Vampire Slayer isn't on TV anymore.

What I don't hate, is you, for listening.

I hate that when things seem to go right, they go all wrong. (M)