

SHIRLEYWORLD UPDATES  
"Let The Bullets Fly!"  
Chapter XIII

by Timothy J. Muise

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- MIGHTY MIDGET TEAMS UP WITH FRENCH SUPERVISOR FOR "BLOG PATROL"

In another display of just how much of a "no life" guards here at ShirleyWorld our "Mighty Midget", Sgt. Young-Un, was overheard telling Lt. Pepe LaDouche, "This guy Muise has a blog where he writes all about us here at Shirley." Lt. LaDouche looked fairly unimpressed (he might have something better to do than read prisoner blogs, but I doubt it) and Sgt. Young-Un seemed disappointed that his "passive/aggressive" attempt to place a con in harm's way may have failed. Hey Sgt. Young-Un, Napoleon called and he wants his syndrome back! Stick to manipulating policy and seizing clothelines. Sgt. Young-Un stands upon his soap box (and is still not eye-to-eye with you) and describes a non-existent policy which says your ID must be worn on your chest. He knows it says in the handbook to wear it between your waist and shoulders somewhere, but he uses policy manipulation to abuse prisoners and feed his Napoleon Syndrome. He comes in the vets group and "mean mugs" people in white t-shirts. Don't you know you have to actually win a few fights before you are a tough guy Mighty Mouse? No wonder other branches of law enforcement hate prison guards; they know these guys are ID patrolman, clothesline cops, and water bottle detectives! Get a life munchkin man!

- FEMALE SIGMUND FREUD PONDER'S "MAKING THE BLOG"

One of our highly trained and deeply compassionate mental health workers here (I think I just threw up a little in my mouth) relayed the story as to how "one of the deputies" (I don't know if it was McCan't or Denied-Oh) told her "she made the blog". She was blessed with this esteemed honor due to her handling of the Bob D. abuse case. She saw Bob in the "hole" and asked if he was alright. Bob said "no" as he had no pen and paper and could not contact his lawyer. This female Sigmund Freud told Bob, "I'll look into it.", which she did: and did NOTHING! If you witness abuse and say nothing you are an abuser! All it takes for evil to prevail is for good people to do nothing against evil. Hey Carla Jung you are as bad as Deputy Denied-Oh who ordered that the sick and dying old man have his property taken away. You should just stick to helping the IPS take away medications from prisoners who give dirty urines, no matter how much they need those meds. Scott Rose will haunt your dreams Ms. Freud; his ghost your constant companion. In for a penny, in for a pound, as far as being a "team player" is concerned. The Devil's Cauldron that is your red hair does not mesmerize all. There were no innocent workers at Auschwitz, nor are there at ShirleyWorld. In for a penny, in for a pound...

- OLDEST PRISONER IN MASSACHUSETTS UNDER DENIED-OH'S RULE

It has been confirmed that the oldest prisoner is DOC custody, an 88 year old man, is squarely under the rule of the Sniff Queen Deputy Denied-Oh. Our Queen of mean ensures that this octogenarian adheres to all rules and policies, and we are certain that she has tried to sign him up for Beezulbub's team, but with strength of character this strong old man walks himself to the Catholic Mass here at ShirleyWorld each week; only God can overpower the evil that is the incarceration

of the elderly. Deputy Denied-Oh places here tan suit of clothes on this old man so that she can keep track of him just in case he decides to "make a break for the wire." I'm sure his cat-like 88 year old speed would be enough to ellude Sgt. Bitch as he naps in the strip search area. His 88 year old intellect would be far more than enough to outwit Lt. Peckerhead, and his octogenarian fight record is probably more impressive than Lt. McHardly's one against handcuffed cons. I wonder if the public realizes there are 88 year old men in prison? Deputy Denied-Oh keeps this old timer in here "ADL" Unit. We call it the "All Die Longbeforetheyshould" Unit. Our hopes are that this 88 year old con takes his geritol and does indeed head for the wire, leaving Deputy Denied-Oh behind with her companion sycophants to make up his empty bed!

- **FRESH MEAT IN THE SHIRLEYWORLD CHOWHALL / MCHARDLY CHOWS DOWN**

There was "fresh meat" in the ShirleyWorld chowhall last week, and we ain't talkin about the food they fed the cons (or the swill they fed the swine in culinary). The "Fresh Meat" was in the form of a female sergeant. Sgt. Wild-One actually thought that Lt. McHardly was going to show her how to call units to the chowhall, she must be used to professionalism which is as rare as bigfoot here in ShirleyWorld. Lt. McHardly could not wait to "chow down" on this fresh meat and he had her call too many units to chow, overcrowding the chowhall, just like he has done and like he has recently been chewed out for. The week before highly trained IPS investigators (I just threw up in my mouth again) had to be posted in the chowhall to monitor if Lt. McHardly, Lt. Peckerwood, or Sgt. Hatred were purposely overcrowding the chowhall to create a climate issue; they want prisoners to fight over seats so they can claim "understaffing" and ensure job security. Lt. McHardly led this new to ShirleyWorld female sergeant like the lamb lured into the wolves grasp. He used her as his pawn like he has been used as the devil's. We have men keeping records about the overcrowding and delayed movements, and when it all goes south, which is McHardly and Peckerwood's plan, the records will be turned over to investigators. If you want some "fresh meat" you'll have to wake Lt. McHardly up over in the School Building and ask him where you can find it!

- **\*\*\*BREAKING NEWS\*\*\*    \*\*\*BREAKING NEWS\*\*\*    \*\*\*BREAKING NEWS\*\*\***

**DEATH OF PRISONER JOHN EARLY SUSPICIOUS / INVESTIGATION THWARTED**

On Thursday night, August 28, 2014, long held prisoner John Early was found dead in his cell. No humor can be found in this. The powers that be here immediately violated all standard investigatory policies and procedures by allowing men to leave the cellblock before a proper investigation could be conducted. If men had evidence in their cells,

and if there was any foul play, those men were allowed to leave the unit in the morning and dispose of any/all evidence. This is an egregious violation of investigation protocol. When there is any type of suspicious death they are supposed to lock down the entire unit (if not the entire prison) and interview each and everyman on that unit to determine what happened. When they ignore policy like they did here it points to a "cover up" and that a crime was committed and the cops who failed to do their jobs don't want to take the heat. In light of the recent findings in the death of Joshua Messier while in DOC custody we must let public officials know that the DOC again dropped the ball in a prison death; trust and believe that process has already begun. John Early spoke to a lot of guards, a waste of time in my opinion, but the fact is that those same guards who he spoke to were making jokes about his death before his body was even cold; they are the scum of the earth and the dregs of humanity, as Samuel Clemons once said. I hope men here learn from this. Don't speak to these oxygen wasters, validating their existence, let them languish in their world of alcoholism, domestic abuse, and suicide. Remember John Early.

"If you want to see the scum of the earth  
and the dregs of humanity, go down to  
your local prison and watch the changing  
of the guard."

Samuel Clemons  
(Mark Twain)

**- OUR FEARLESS LEADER VACATIONS ON FRENCH RIVIERA - BEAT GOES ON**

Our beacon of rehabilitative hope, Superintendent Rubber Stamp Wry-On, is currently vacationing at the Nellcote Mansion on the French Riviera. This is same Mansion where the Rolling Stones recorded their "Exile On Main Street" album and sources report that Rubber Stamp has been blasting "Lovin Cup" and "Sympathy for the Devil" at high volumes while soaking up the South-of-France sun. The Bordeaux and Merlot have been flowing like the falls at Niagara and hardly a tan line can be found on our fearless leader. Our hopes are that with batteries recharged she can march back into the Normandy beach head that is ShirleyWorld and cry "Viva la revolucion!", as far as bringing the good ole boy, backwoods guards into compliance with her orders. The days of goose liver pate' are gone and the brie and Gitano cigarettes will have to wait for her next tour of the world. My hopes are that she can arrange for a transfer for Lt. Peckerwood and Sgt. Bitch to the French Foreign Legion. Golden tanned gams need to be used to kick the ass of these lazy, layabout screws. Sil vous plait! (-;

More To Come...