

RANT TO RAVE

SEPT 2014 ENTRY (2)

A KITE TO

COUNSELOR C*IKINS

Where do all this ends or
begins I ask myself.

And what EXACTLY IS THIS-
THIS I REFER TO.

This - This is the constant
harsh physical and verbal
harassment and discrimination.

This - This I'm referring to
is the incident when I
was just clowning around
in the cell on 9.2.14 with
myself and my eye glasses
come flying off my face and
shatter into pieces.

This - This is the constant
physical, verbal, sexual
harassment and discrimina-
tion that I suffer when
seeking medical care for
the numerous of shit that's
wrong with me.

By who?
When did this incident
occur?

When did the last incident
occur?

Is the questions that
consistently popping up in my
sick head. To which I ask
myself...

The answer is, insanely
is; Ambrose, Phillips, Nieser,
Dr. Edwards, F*lian, D*ke,
etc, etc, etc... oh I and
know Aiy*ku. BOY!!
That person grievance

Responses...
sgt. Walker, C*le, Osborn
action in interfering in
my health care on 8.15.14
sure didn't help thing at all.

and I guess you could say that.
It was the combination of the
incident with walk*er, amb*rose,
and a*yeku which force me down
my current destructive path of
mental sanity.

the horrible questions for which
I'm face with is, what must I
choose?
Mental health or physical health?

But let me explain the rationality
that is behind such question. And
get to my answer and self-des-
tructive path for which I'm currently
traveling down at a dangerously
high rate with no fucking
brakes in this god forsaken
ride I'm pushing in.

But, C*IKINS. Before I get to
that as my head shrinking counselor
I ask you, is there any
fucking sanity in it?

any at all?
I need HELP!
And I know it's only up to me
to purchase it with this phony
money I have.

Most importantly, where. Oh!
God... where will it get me
in my case, most likely in the
fucking bar units...

In all true honesty...

Really!!
It was yesterday
when I tried to hand out my broken
eye glasses to nurse Filxxn and
sgt. D*kk.

It was the racist discrimination
I had to incur from them at
pill line.

I suffer from so many
physical ailments and illness that
I'm ^{constantly} ~~constantly~~ ill and in pain.

(1)

RANT TO RAVE

Sept 2014 Entry (2)

I've simply come to that self-realization. That no matter what! You are physically suffering from the medical illnesses and ailments and at this point you will have to live with it. My chest hurts, my shoulder blade area, my stomach. At times, I mean, I can actually hear the gas and God knows sounds my throat feel dry and sticky. The fucking buds move/shift around in the back roof area of my mouth.

I mean, I'll still suffer emotionally and mentally.

But I ask myself do I have to suffer the discrimination, the harassment from the medical and floor staff when seeking such treatment, when it's evident they will make it utterly difficult. Down right unfair medical procedures I will be subjected to - to possibly receive medical care for such illness, because it's no certainty I will.

I, (in the mist of my rage) throw away all my medication, down the fucking toilet.

The Ibutrophen that will treat the pain.

The Norvac that will treat my hypertension.

The Zantacs that will poorly treat the gas reflux, all in the fucking toilet.

I ask myself... How is this action anyway healthy when I know that my blood pressure will rise, that my stomach will fuck up, and I'll sit in fuckin pain, my chest hurts so much, right. Now it's crazy.

Shit, to be truthful with you it's all crazy...

But I know what that obese person feel like when he or she consume that last cupcake. Knowing their heart most likely will stop.

I smiled when I swallow down that horrible dinner today. It's most likely the smile I'll have on my fuckin face if I go out tonite... or while lying in bed in utter pain or puking my guts out due to a fuck up gutt...

But you're my counselor, my mental health counselor. Where is all the reasoning in choosing mental wellness over physical wellness, what's fuck up, is I'm the one who's face with this fuck up choice, at least until I figure something else out.

I don't have to consent to medical treatment under such condition which when I know the treatment will cause other illnesses.

I smiled a big smile when I ate tonite, was the food good? Hell NO!

In your sense of reasoning to answer this kite. Please don't consider any type of suicide notion, and if you come to the conclusion that I just may need something to read to get my mind off of things.

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SEPT. 2014 ENTRY

MY RESPONSE IS; YOU MAYBE RIGHT. BUT MY REPLY IS; WELL, SHIT!! I JUST CAME TO THE SOUND CONCLUSION THAT I NEED TO FOCUS ON MY LEGAL NOTES AND FIGURE OUT HOW TO GET MYSELF (ASS) ADEQUATE MEDICAL CARE. BUT IF YOU THINK SO. IF YOU RUN ACROSS THAT LUCKY'S LADY BY TAMITH. OR ANYONE OF HER BOOKS PLEASE SEND IT MY WAY. AND PLEASE! I'M PLEADING WITH YOU, DON'T SEND ME ANOTHER CONFUSE ASS BOOK WRITTEN BY A PERSON MORE LOST THEM ONE. LIKE THE LAST BOOK YOU SENT ME CALLED THE HOUSE OF HEALING. IT'S A DIFFERENCE WHEN A MAN CRIES OUT OF FRUSTRATION THAN MANIPULATION. IN SOME CIRCUMSTANCE IT MAY SEEM THE SAME BUT WHEN ONE ANALYZE THE CIRCUMSTANCES BEHIND OR SURROUNDING THE SITUATION ~~IT~~^{THEY'LL} SEE THEY'RE NOT. I JUST KNOW I ~~NEEDED~~^{NEEDED} TO TELL SOMEONE ABOUT MY SO SOUND DECISION IN MY SO UNSOUND REALITY. FUCK! I JUST GOT BACK ON MY MEDS. OH! BY THE WAY.. I'M SENDING THIS GOOD SHIT TO MY BLOG SITE AS WELL.

Linnell Phipps
DOC # 718276

IF YOU SEE THE WORD CONSENTLY WHERE IT DON'T MAKE ANY GOOD SENSE ITS THE WORD CONSTANTLY. SORRY. I GAVE FAIR WARNING.

(3)