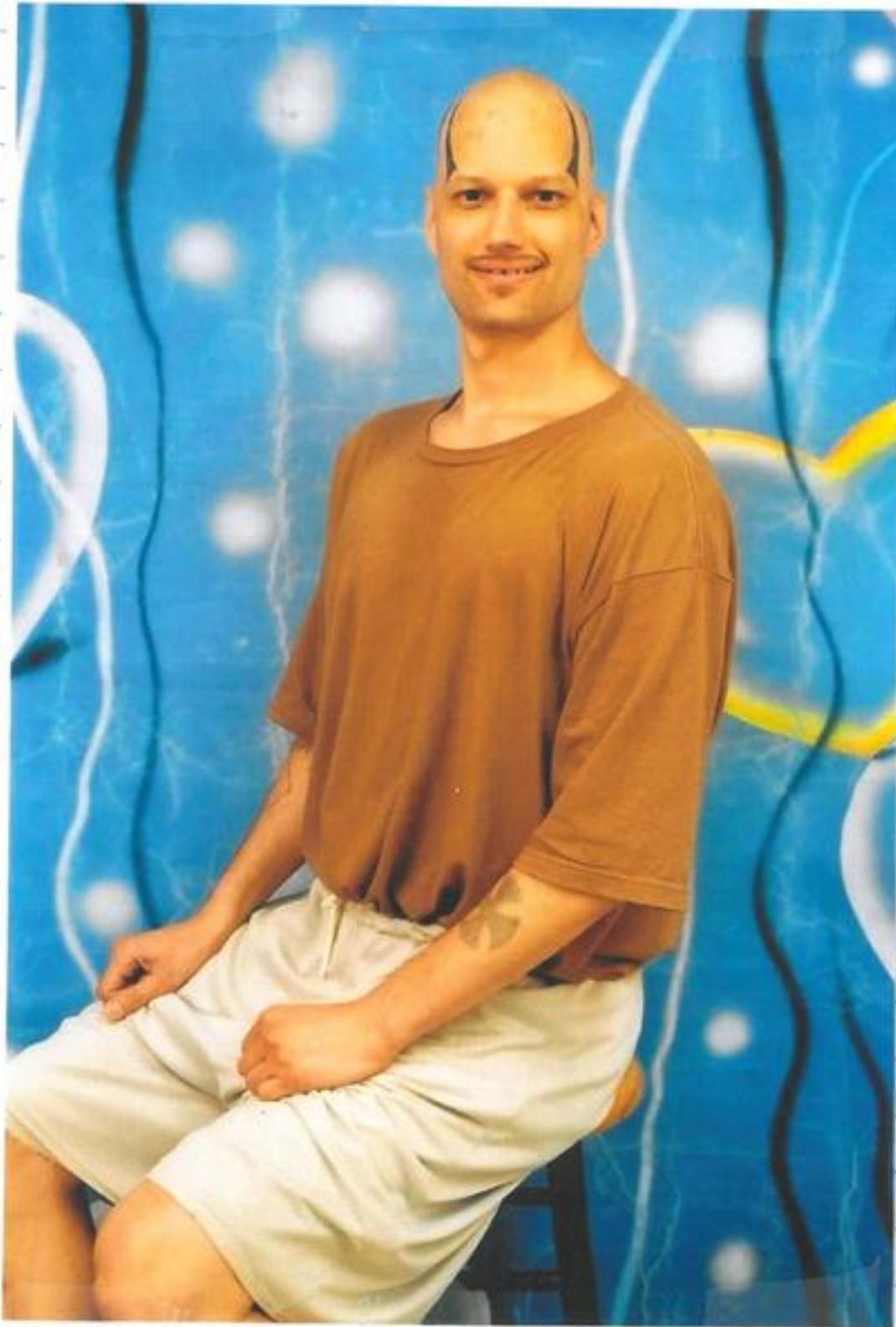


Nate's News 29 August 2014

Well, it seems that the freak show will never end for me. I thought I left the über bugs back in WI's prison system, only to find that they flourish in the federal prison system too. I'll get into the dirty details in a moment.

For now, here's some good news. Last check I weighed 200 lbs and was 6'4", which is 30 lbs. and one inch more than I was in WI's prison system. I feel profoundly healthier too, and have a tan, see the attached photo, taken a month ago.



So, here's what I've been doing with my time, besides side-stepping crank staff + bug inmates:

- 1) Volunteer tutoring for prisoners in GED classes, from 7:30 - 10:30 AM;
- 2) Vocational Training from 12:30 - 2:30 P.M., Typing classes;
- 3) 3-4 evenings a week, I pick up trash on my side of the prison (the South side);
- 4) often, I take a 1-3 hour siesta-style nap in the afternoon, a habit left over from doing over a decade in solitary confinement;

- 5) Depending on the schedule, I'll spend some time on the yard or in the library;
- 6) If I got some mail, I'll work on a reply around 8 PM, before 9:30 lock in.

This may not seem like a full schedule, but it's overwhelming, at times, for me; I

rarely have time to watch T.V. +, as you can tell, have far less time to create art + articles for my blog.

You people out there are, I'm sure, even busier than me, so I now appreciate much more the time readers have taken to transcribe posts or simply leave a comment.

It's curious to me how my much busier schedule has "treated" my mental health by consuming the time I'd've previously used to ponder my insanity, as well as others' insanity. I haven't got time for the pain, which is a good thing, I think.

To my dismay +, likely, the WDOC's joy, I'm too busy playing with my pet lizards + finding them bugs to eat - they are young brown anoles - to crawl up inside the WDOC's ass with my litigation. Huh, maybe those scumbags should've let me occupy my time more constructively in WI, rather than locking me in a box for years with nothing but my legal papers?

It's banal to point out the idiocy of prisoncrats' over-use of solitary confinement. Yet how can I not do so? More proof that, to paraphrase Mark Twain, stupid people run the world, or cruel pranksters.

Now, it's Friday night, close to 12 o'clock, and as proof that something exciting's always happening in my life, my fat-ass female jumping spider, whom, libertine that I am, I let live loose around my window, just fled my caresses, jumped from my hand to... somewhere in my cell. That dirty little bitch!

Watched the 1st half of Avatar before Tock in - seemed like a worthwhile movie. Now I'm up late, wondering what I forgot, what I need to do, and planning what I'll do tomorrow. I often feel groggier during the day + more alert at night, maybe because the constant chatter echoing off of + amplified by the concrete walls around this unit, which houses about 100 prisoners, irks me to weariness. It's quiet at night.

For now, I'm gonna try + find spider girl + then go to sleep - hope she doesn't bite me...

After tearing apart half my cell, I found my little princess hiding behind the tubular bar that goes from the top of my window's frame to the bottom. Good night!

Sunday... After seeing some guy's foot after a spider bit it (a brown recluse, I assume, from the fact the bite happened

in his boot + the fact that his foot was swollen + turning septic), I'm much more leery of most spiders. But not the kind that my little one is — they rarely bite + their venom only stings, doesn't rot flesh like a recluse's does.

A guy on my unit got busted for stealing pieces of a plastic mat at rec. The Black female guard who supervises indoor rec. came on our unit demanding the pieces back + had the thief put in SHU, said he's gonna be shipped to an active (gang) yard. Kinda overkill. Guys steal stuff all the time around here. I guess that's what he gets for stealing something so petty + bringing heat on the unit.

Curious fact about my tutoring job, all but one of the guys in the learning-disabled class, where I work, are Black. The one guy who is not Black is Latino/Hispanic. Both GED teachers are Black women, one of whom is leaving this week. A Black man is also, I think, a GED teacher. There are portraits of Frederick Douglass, Toni Morrison, Maya Angelou + other notable Black people decorating the walls of the education department, but I've not noticed one display of a White educationalist or writer. Three of the tutors, all of whom are liked + respected by the students, are White prisoners — me, Billy + Mike.

In the chow hall, the seating is self-designated (by us prisoners) according to race + the area we're from. Blacks all sit at their own tables on their own side of the dining room. D.C.-area Blacks have their own tables amongst the Black fables. Mexican-Americans have their own tables — those from Texas sit at a different table than those from those from California. Jews sit with Whites, even some Whites who are Nationalistic (Nazis). American Indians have their own table, next to the Whites. Asians + Islanders have their own table. Christians, of whatever race, have their own table. Cellmates are based on race + geographical origins too, although sometimes, when there's no place else for them to go, an Amer. Indian will be celled with a White, or a Latino with a White — it's almost unheard of for a Black to be celled with a White or anyone not Black, even on a temporary basis.

Despite this segregation, which some will be offended at, we all manage to get along, do business with each other, even socialize with each other. Most of us would take serious issue with

not me

some s.o.b. who doesn't even live here trying to tell us who to eat and live with.

One of my cellies, who lived with me for a couple days, was an Amer. Indian kid. I told him I didn't mind if he stayed, but he chose to leave & cell up with a Caribbean native.

The last cellie I had, who, per chance, also has horns tattooed on his head (much tinier ones than mine), was the best cellie I've ever had. He had a sharp mind, a disdain for all the b.s. that most of these White prisoners (or at least too many!) are into, and LOVES the ladies, as do I! So, I invited him to write about one of his most humorous escapades with a female, resulting in the accompanying post. (I assure you it's more funny to hear him tell it than it appears on paper).

Well, readers, friends, lovers, haters, stalkers, etc. That's all for now.

I'm feeling more settled & stable, which is allowing me to contemplate & create more articles, which I'll post in a week or two.

Thanks for reading.

Please spread the word about my blog.

Take care & don't be shy about leaving a comment or writing me directly,

Nate A. Lindell

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P.S. As always, financial donations are appreciated.

Do this by sending a money order made out to me to:

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