

## THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

Follow me for a few days of holiday Inferno....



DECEMBER 19, 2014

Busy week:

Even though it's prison--Christmas spirit still buzzes about. Everyone crowding the mail room with cards to family & friends. Prisoners send them out, in hopes of getting one sent to them in return; they (we, I guess I should say) want to remind people we're here, and to please ... not forget us. I sent out over 30 cards; so far, I've gotten 5. And that's alright; it's much better than none.

I may be labeled as some fractious outcast worth forgetting ...  
... but I'm not.

Today was our Character Awards Banquet: The prison awards certificates of recognition to inmates that have exhibited good character, either through their work, or general daily living. The banquet comprised of prisoners that were nominated by their work supervisors, or dorm lieutenant; along with the graduates of the Character Awareness Program, CAP; and the 3 recent poetry contest winners. (All of which; I'm in charge of by the way.)

Out of--the 1200 or so prisoners here at BRCI--there are 6 of us chosen by the warden(s) to sit with them, and staff, on what's called the Character Council. I never asked to be put on the council, but was instead invited to join after the prison discovered my academic achievements, and my desire to begin a creative writing class here since 2009! That class now dubbed quite adequately: The Correctional Writer's Initiative, CWI. The council has many more ambitious projects tabled for 2015 discussion ... and more classes--perhaps even an honor/character dorm--will come to fruition. (An honor-dorm, or a Character Based Unit, CBU; is a dorm in which only prisoners without recent disciplinary charges may stay--these individuals are usually 3 years charge free, and exhibit a moralistic character--the dorm acquires some extra amenities, along with a generally more laid-back, and safe environment. A win-win for both staff, and prisoner alike!

So, it's been a busy.

The work of keeping all of the Character Council business in order, (my share of it at least) compounded by my teaching duties in the Education Department for the GED and Work Keys students--along with--the time consuming (but enjoyable) responsibilities of being the CWI founder and instructor: Leaves little time for my mind to dwell upon the past. It all keeps me moving

forward in a positive and productive manner. And I still have my own writing projects to complete! Somehow.

Busy? Yes. And I am not without opposition. I'm surrounded by discord, ill will wished upon me by those that wish to revel in immoral filth. Any prisoner that acts in good character incites hostility and rivalry from those in which his good deeds hinder them from executing their plans of criminality. Such animosity, however, is to be expected; I brush it off and move on. Besides, wasn't it Freud, that said of anxiety, it is: "The essence of conscience."

One inmate, an old con that's "institutionalized" as they say—his mind *completely* diluted with inveterate immorality—was having a hissy fit like that of a 12-year-old girl today. Irate that his delusions weren't meeting up with reality; something—I believe—he'll have difficulty with for the rest of his life (incarcerated or not). I've written a poem "Snake 'n Grass" and a short story "Conspicuously Con" to express further my thoughts on the ... incident and person of no good character. Though words will never adequately convey the stony expression, or his face flushing with indignation, as his thieving and conniving went unhidden. I do still have some empathy for the guy—I can't bring myself to call him a man—he did come to prison as a kid, and suffers from arrested development. He's openly homosexual, and shares a cell with another open homosexual, which makes his prison experience a hell of its own; such are exploited by sexual predators, and shunned by those religious (pretending or not). STDs spread among them as well. Many reach a point of depravity that there is little chance of return to any sense of normalcy. I'm just glad I'm not some institutionalized, irascible pantywaist, enslaved by his own virulence. Robert Ingersoll called such anger: "A wind which blows out the lamp of the mind." And this guy's lamp went cold a decade or so ago ... but, his ways will catch up to him in time. You give a fool enough rope; and eventually they'll hang themselves. I can see he's already starting to choke a little; he floats from job to job, cell to cell, dorm to dorm, prison to prison—I won't have to work with him too much longer, I'm sure, before his immorality pushes him on once again to somewhere else.

My ranting knows no bounds—I know.

It doesn't help it's the 19th --a very special day.

The banquet helped; I had a CWI class also to keep my mind engaged. I was able to place an order for a new 13 inch HDTV (LCD), through Property Control--can't wait to get that! The dorm has a digital antennae on its roof that runs by coax into all the cells, allowing us a decent local line-up. The antennae, cables, and boosters, were paid for by the prisoners via the Inmate Representative Committee, IRC, funds (The IRC collects up money from prisoners to purchase amenities such as microwaves, TVs (mounted in our main dorm areas for general viewing--4 in each dorm, on each side), tables, benches inside and outside, etc.) It's all payed for by prisoners. The TVs we buy for ourselves, to keep in our cell, like the one I just ordered; get a good picture. Great for watching CW's reruns of my new favorite show: "The Walking Dead"!

As I type this--a scattering of Christmas cards still traverse the globe with my return address--and who knows, maybe one or two more will cross paths with another in transit to my hand? Remembering.

DECEMBER 24, 2014

We're "locked down"--began as soon as the last feeding at about 6 p.m., and we're said to be coming off tomorrow sometime around 2 p.m.--effectively keeping us within our cells through Christmas Eve, and the first half of Christmas Day. I'll use the time constructively!

So get ready for a long entry. :)

I'm reading the December issue of Discover, and I'm at page 22: "Ticket to Ride: After decades of government dominance, private companies are poised to lead the next phase of space exploration" by Corey S. Powell. It goes into detail about the ambitions and goals of Mars One, and similar companies.

I believe that both a Mars colony, and a moon colony (many moons are possible candidates) are needed for society! Orbiting stations around each (and one between Earth and Mars) would ease trips. The stations could be fully automated refueling and supply docks, with the ability to house humans for short emergency stays when needed. I've always wondered, why not down a large ship (or many small ships) on the surface of Mars, near the edge of a large hill; then, after some repair and rebuilding, bury the ship(s) as part of the hill with only the entrance exposed. Like a futuristic Hobbit Hole. Even raw materials could be purposely dropped to the surface, or mined from Mars itself to be used in the construction. All those missiles we humans have could be disarmed and modified to crashland on Mars to be put together all funky-Lego-like.

Purposely divert an asteroid containing needed elements to crash upon the surface, maybe lots of them, to begin the first small steps of a terraforming?

Relying on the government to handle space exploration is about as smart as handing them full control of our car companies--expecting cars like the Corvette, Viper, Eagle Talon Tsi AWD, 3000GT VR4, or the Skyline GTR R34 or R35, to come into existence. We have these cars because of private industry working in response to public want. Could you imagine the price of just a single tire, if the government ran Goodyear?

Private industry is our only hope at colonizing the solar system, and beyond. The government must answer to taxpayers with more heavenly-but-Earth-bound ambitions; that are more worried about either keeping their money, or using it to blow up their neighbors because they read a different scroll or eat a differently named bread! Private industry takes up all the money of like minds and uses it to reach quite literally into the heavens for tangible results that could potentially seed humans across the galaxy. Thus, allowing our species to outlive our own planet--simply because we chose to! The government is limited--private industry is not. Last year over a billion dollars were spent on romance books (this includes erotic): the cost of 2.5 NASA priced Mars landers; or one-sixth of the Mars One budget for cargo vessels and passenger flights to Mars! The money is here, the know-how is all around us, the industry is rising to the challenge--and soon, we'll be out there, wondering why we waited sooooo long.

The sci-fi industry (the comic and gaming, etc.), should help: Take 1 percent from every book, every game, every comic, every movie, everything connected to science period. All those profits would rack up to an insane amount to give to--I'll dub it--the Space Exploration and Colonization Crowd Fund, SECCUND, (like second Earth?), to be dispersed grant-like to companies like Mars One for the forward advancement of the human race in space. Someone please create this as a nonprofit, societally owned entity!

Nominate me for the one way trip off this pale blue dot!

Darlow Smithson Productions can loan me a camera and I'll record the whole event—for ratings I'll even put a diamond-tipped sawblade on a Colony Scout Rover, CSR, and let it go all bot-war-ballistic on the old NASA landers scattered about, and any other nation's—or government funded landers! I'm sure there's no jurisdictional laws there to protect them. Who's jurisdiction would it be anyways? It's an international zone, is it not? Unclaimed. I would think that areas could be claimed by any nation with the smarts to go put a foot on the ground and plant a flag! That way that nation has claim to that area, or whole planet technically since there's no body of water that divides it. I should think Earth's moon should belong the America, not to be any less protected than, say, Alaska. That way, when a nation puts in the money and work to colonize Mars, ownership of the planet is part of the reward.

How about this, someone takes the bot-war scene to a new ... world? teams launch in a group, then after being dropped off at different designated areas—each unknown to the other, but equally distant from one another—must meet back up and fight in the designated arena zone. All televised of course! With all profits going to [iSECCUNDthat.com](http://iSECCUNDthat.com) (Like that? You see what I did there right? Someone really should form SECCUND.), to be used towards the colony. This change of venue in the bot-war could open choices in weapons, allowing even tank-like turrets.



I personally would design a massive bot that moves slow, and appears vulnerable; but due to lots of armor impervious to your scans and distant shots, you're forced into... close combat: Where the bot would then break up into several smaller bots that would quickly flank and surround you. Before you realize one has leaped onto your bot's back, and is set to self-destruct while his buddies watch ... who then reassemble in wait of the next meal. Bot-war scraps being metal sustenance for the local colony—they'll use what parts are Frankensteinaible, and smelt scraps into new, needed parts. Every bolt, every nut, every circuit, would come to serve a purpose; and this would have to be kept in mind while designing bots; to die as a usable hulk. Even if that means your bot's gun turret, the one you and your friends spent a week machining, gets smelted into a set of replacement hinges for the colony lavatory!

Crap like that'll happen.

We need to add to the human vocabulary the ability to tell family we won't be here this Christmas because we'll be off-world, or hey, Amy's ship gets in on Christmas Eve--she's been off-world for two whole months!

The democratization of space by the rise of private space industry, opens more doors for mankind than most will ever realize--once enough have been opened, an interstellar exodus will begin. Various types of societies will thrive all on their own, as colony after colony structures itself accordingly. Mars may one day claim its independence from Earth, no longer willing to export their precious metals; China might take a whole moon under martial law; North Korea may take an asteroid and hollow it out into a traveling fortress; some new society--not yet named--may come to power; or, there's always my favorite, that all of (or at least most) the human race will combine under one order like that of Star Trek's Federation--do away with money, and unite all factions in a common goal (use space exploration and colonization to drive economy; instead of war).

Think of Columbus and other early explorers, they had a hard time getting funding for their ventures with religion and politics standing in their way--it's the same thing all over again: The only difference being that the New World, is literally a new world ... and not just one, but many of them. Colonization--just as before--is a matter not of technology or know-how, but money, and how much will this make us. Unlike their earlier counterparts, at least modern explorers wouldn't have to worry about falling off the edge of a few thousand-year-old pancake! The stars--they know--keep on going!

Humans should consider a population cap for Earth (Even if it's 10 or 15 billion), and build colonies in every cosmic direction for its overflow--that way Earth can flourish for what time this sun allows it. Offworlders can always come to the beauty of Earth on vacations. As colony life improves, the Earth Population Cap, EPC, can be reduced even further: a Nature friendly number. We're upon an ecological tipping point, and survival may be possible because NASA looked the other way while a Darlow Smithson Production's camera, televised the horrid dismantling of a vintage rover by a metal-thirsty bot named Bob.

Bob the Rebuilder.

Bob the Explorer.

*DECEMBER 25, 2014*

I'll be glad when January 5th gets here, and I get to go back to work--all this sitting around in the dorm is for losers. I don't see how these guys can do it, those that just sit around in their cells 24/7. They should be trying to get a high school education--but many consider that of no consequence. It's said that our behavior is the mirror in which our true self reflects!

They think they're fooling everyone; they're fooling nobody.

Christmas. You'd think they'd calm down--but no--they're all wound up like my kids used to get on a sugar rush: The female guard working this dorm's side, along with the other side's CO (Correctional Officer), are allowing--against policy--the middle doors to "swing" as they call it. We have about twenty or so guys from the other side, over here--and therein is where a lot of problems occur. That's the same CO that allowed the triple stabbing earlier this month with that same swinging door! When the gangbanger wannabes are given free run, going side-to-side at will--(or worse) dorm-to-dorm--they start thinking they can get away with stuff. Robberies, rapes, and stab-bings ensue--of which the prison officials learn of about half, maybe. It's

all a result of drinking "buck" ( a makeshift wine), smoking tobacco, weed, or this nasty chemically produced stuff they're calling "K2" (80 percent of the contraband I see prisoners procure is through female guards that smuggle it in ... well, you know where they put it. Prisoners call putting contraband inside the body cavity "suitcasing" it! Years back, a nurse got a pistol in like that at a prison—not this one—and a prisoner used it to shoot a rival wannabe gangbanger.). The prisoners have all the usual vices, except we have the addition of a—multitude—of homosexuals, child molesters, and general sex predators. I recently saw a statistical chart showing that almost 70 percent of black males and 40 percent of white males incarcerated engage in homosexual activities—I can confirm that study with what I see all around me. And the fact that some 200 plus black males have offered themselves to me as sexual servants, as apposed to 2 white males offering the same. All of which I quickly declined! My point in telling you this is that most of those guy/gals have wives, girlfriends, or fiances—and keep their activities secret (or so they think): STDs spread among them! So, if you are a female with a lover incarcerated; you'd better get him tested upon his release before you so much as kiss him! Chances of his temporary homosexuality are better than 50/50—more between 40/100 and 70/100—no matter which prison he's at, and the chances of an STD increase even for the straight guys that trade \$50 Green Dots to female guards for quickies. The females do work in all prisons, at all levels, and most of the time alone, around guys showering and ... etc., so get your guys tested girls, trust me.

Why females work inside men's dorms, alone, where we shower and everything—is beyond me. I understand it's Christmas and all; this female's chosen to work for double-pay, she's here instead of with family, and want's to be nice to the guys; but the swinging door is extremely unwise.

I'm sure men don't work at the women's prison where they shower. And besides, what kind of a woman chooses to work at a men's prison? Isn't it the same kind of man that would want to work at a women's prison? I can assure you they wouldn't want me working at a women's prison! There'd be waddling women all over the place, with more little Mahaffeys baking.

Why not. If a warden was naive enough to put me in there....

They're calling visits.

My dad would usually have come, but my recent \$215.00 (plus a \$15.00 freeze) for a new 13 inch HD LCD TV, along with a \$200.00 Christmas care package, and my usual \$100.00/per month expenditures have taken a toll this month—not leaving much gas money to drive all the way here to Columbia, South Carolina.

There's always hope of Jennifer.  
She could come; if she wanted.

*Batman: The Dark Knight Rises* comes on tonight; I've seen it a few times, but I'll watch it again. Wish I had the new TV for it—for that, and to watch CW's reruns of *The Walking Dead* on Wednesdays.  
Soon.

One of the local stations, the ION Network, has been playing some Christ-



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mas originals to ION Life--one starring Kristy Swanson, the original, and adorable *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* for those (one or two) people in the world that didn't know. She's a few years older than me, but still lust over her. She's cute: then; and now. They've played a slew of chic-flick tear-jerkers, I can enjoy them at times: Little windows into lives blessed with the atomic family unit, and lots of love. Some of them cause me emotional turmoil--but I endure them regardless, they remind me this place hasn't yet (and hopefully never will) manage to rot me inside. Many of the prisoners are dead inside. Some can still be saved; others are beyond it.

I like to think I'm rescue material.

I could still have a good life and contribute to society.

Who knows; maybe even remarry one day.

DECEMBER 26, 2014

*Time for me to take the Christmas cards down--I had them hanging on the wall at the foot of my bunk....* I even received two more cards, late last night, as a guard brought them to my cell; apparently the cards had went to the wrong side of this dorm, or another dorm entirely, and took an extra day (or three) to find me.

Odd thing is that these two cards are from old business partners, each the head of major screen-printing companies that I used to purchase transfers from; I haven't heard from either of them ... in years. I found it peculiar: Here I am with my case on the verge of being overturned finally as a higher (and more prestigious) court examines the jury tampering that occurred (The jury tampering itself is undeniable--the argument anderson county level officials, from the 2006-07 regime, has had, has been that the jury tampering does not warrant a new trial. Of course, they have a vested interest!). I'm sure, if jury tampering had been used to exonerate me--instead of illegally convicting me--they'd have sung a different tune; declaring an immediate mistrial on the spot. But, of course, since the tampering was done on the side of the prosecution, and in their favor for a conviction--they've denied a retrial and never pursued criminal charges against those responsible; since charges would only further justify the illegality of the tampering. So, the county so far up to this point has belittled the tampering as insignificant. I have faith in the higher courts. Jury tampering is not allowed, under no circumstances whatsoever! South Carolinians are getting tired of all the corruption! In less than a decade, the past nine years to be exact, nine South Carolina sheriff's have been ARRESTED FOR CORRUPTION! County level authorities have been running their own little microcosmic societies; but as I've said many times before: New technology is making it harder and harder for them (or anyone really) to hide transgressions. The truth is everywhere, just like the truth of my innocence in this murder allegation, and the mis-handling of my case (from investigation to trial), will come to light!

I love seeing corruption exposed.

It shows South Carolina is getting wise to political greed; and the good-ole-boy-buddy-buddy system that's run the Southern cops/solicitors/judges/pocket-held public defenders/etc. is finally seeing it's last days. And a new regime of better, more morale people can step up to create a legal system the state can be proud of, that reduces crime and prison numbers!

I just spoke of this with my family, how I'll open a pizzeria once freed from prison--seriously, the investors are in order and the finances there --within a month of my reinstated freedom, I'll purchase an oven, walk-in

cooler, makeline, computer system, etc.; I'll shop around for the right locale and hire about 30 to 35 employees to get those delivery cars rolling. The pizza industry is child's play for me--I still keep up with it all today through trade journals, and all the business publications, plus direct contact (via snail-mail) with suppliers I and my past employers did business with. I know the building codes and business requirements of the town(s) in which I plan to open, and connections there to help. I will keep all of this up, and current, never giving up--waiting for the day I'm set free.

They can toss me out into society, and I'll land right on my feet!  
A pizza in one hand; a box of uniforms in the other.

It's a double edged knife: You can't have a future without hope. It's an essential ingredient to prisoner suffering, as long as a prisoner has hope to be crushed--he will be pained; but the alternative (without it), is much worse.

I could even return to Rally racing; or sponsor a driver (one of my own kids perhaps? If they wanted.), build a car painted up to represent the pizzeria. Who knows? The cards that made their way to me in the night invoke memories and dreams of graphic designing and printing!

All of it rests on this higher court.

A court that may finally hand down a decision that sets an example for county solicitors the state over: That they too, must follow the Constitution! A county cannot subvert State or Federal laws. And finally I'll get that Constitutionally adherent trial, without a tampered ("influenced") jury, that will examine facts over conjectures and ipinions, to make the first unswayed verdict since my arrest. My Christmas wish; and New Year Resolution? A new trial!

And:



1. Ipinions: The opinions of an idiot (i.e., crooked cop and/or lawyer).



In the November/December issue of Psychology Today, on page 22, there is a small article that discusses "How Corruption Hurts," and it goes into a recent study in "Social Psychological and Personality Science" that examined "perceptions of corruption in 150 countries over half a decade." They might have done good to come to some of the counties in South Carolina that lost their sheriff's to criminal charges recently. "The evidence suggests that corruption weighs on the average person, in part by damaging national income and reducing faith in institutions." The study even revealed that in our Western society, the corruption on denizens' satisfaction is apparently more pronounced. We have a higher expectation--than our non-Western counterparts--of being treated equally under the law. (The article's author is Jessie Mooney)

There's another article on page 73 of the same issue, worthy of a quote:

"The more people care about power and winning, and the more they feel threatened by competition, the faster their values fall to the wayside."

--Jena Pincott

"Are These Rules Worth Breaking?"

Lunch today--intended for me by the "kitchen"--was a mixture of poultry grease poured over rice; needless to say, I did not attend my dorm's "chow" call!

Two Ramen soups (Cajun chicken flavor) are on my menu. The prison allows us to purchase "hot pots": Plastic pitchers that have an eye at their base like that of a stove, and heats a few cups worth of water; that we can use for "canteen" (prison store) purchased goods (e.g., instant coffee, soups, canned goods like like roast beef, tuna, etc.), we can put the food in an empty coffee bag, place the bag in the pot, and let the laws of physics do the rest. Don't you just love thermodynamics?

DECEMBER 28, 2014

10:06 a.m., waiting for breakfast!

We're not given a "breakfast" on weekends--they call it "brunch". It's a way for the South Carolina Department of Corrections, SCDC, to save a little money. Less on food, leaves more of the budget for paychecks, or double-dipping retirees! The removal of one tray per inmate--for two days--about 50,000 meals (some 25,000 each day) saves about \$20,000.00 state wide each weekend. But is that moral? Because I can say from experience--we go hungry those days, especially Sunday. On Saturday, extra is given to make it a brunch; on Sunday the tray is unchanged virtually from a breakfast tray--effectively removing a meal entirely. When the brunch meal was first introduced, a few years back, we were given extra on both days; but as years progressed, the amount has shrank.



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I speak of food because I'm out of oatmeal; my usual breakfast that I keep a stock of usually in my locker. The prison store was closed for Christmas--though it opens tomorrow, and I do have money on my account still. But, that doesn't help me today, I'm starving to a point that I feel as if I could black out. This is, unfortunately, a familiar feeling for me: I grew up with hunger. I knew all too well what it was like to go to school hungry, and the embarrassment of not having lunch money; how every now and then I'd procure 0.50¢ for a drink. I'd come up with the needed dollar on pizza day, but never enough for the craved second piece.

My family--severed from my father's side--always fell into an odd category, not quite poor enough for help, but not quite self-sustaining. My mother floated from job to job, a month here, three months there, a month or two in between; and the school always required paperwork updates. I'd get a month or so every now and then of free school lunches--but the school bus system, especially the bus I rode #19, never made it to school in time for breakfast, we were lucky as it was to make the first class on time! Trying to do school work and hide the growling of your stomach, is a task only learned by experience, and never is it mastered.

Didn't know about the Ramen soup-snack trick back then.

We knew about water though....

Last night I watched "On the Line" (2001) and "Uptown Girls" (2003)--two more tear-jerkers to remind me of the love that's not in my life. I can't exactly go "sniping" (posting ads on public structures without permission) around Chicago, or buy some girl's deceased father's guitars for her ... but it's still nice to dream.

I have a feeling I'm gonna be alive for a very long time, life itself (in or out of prison) being my torment. I've endured before my arrest, more pain and loss than this state's lowliest of 2006-07 solicitors or corrupt county cops could ever dream. Their efforts upon me futile, punishing only my family and society by my removal--and selling part of their own moral compass in my false conviction. But none of it is of any consequence because--most likely--as my ex-wife Jaime once so aptly put it, "Nobody cares." I used to want to think that someone cared, that people were inherently good, but I'm not always sure. It feels at times just as it always has since I was a child: me against the world.

People would come and go, pretending.

In such cases, however, the world wins every time.

I say I'd "be alive for a very long time," but really--in here--there's always that chance in each day that it could be my last! I'm not like other prisoners, and they sense it. My moral compass points correctly; while their's points only at themselves. The prison's made a huge dip in safety, a recent shuffling of prison yards and dorms has reunited gang-members and brought enemy blades close together--some have to share cells! More and more emulative gang initiations take place in this camera-less environment, and something is building to a crescendo that some won't survive. Some authorities see it too, and try to intervene; but some take a more cruel view and would prefer to just let them fight it out ... kill each other and save the state money.

In 2007 the sheriff deputy employee assigned to take the lead on my case, Reeves, said a similar comment to me about county inmates (who had not yet even been to court to determine guilt or innocence) that it was a good idea to put the [alleged] murderers together so they'll kill each other. And if it were up to him, he'd, "toss a grenade in the room." This is a

common mentality programmed into police academy graduates, almost like that of a cult member--they blindly draw out a line dividing black & white, ignoring the gray (or even its possibility). Thinking themselves to be not servants to society; but in reign above it. The U.S. holds a whopping 25 percent of the entire world's prisoner population--America, a country that itself only takes up a minute 5 percent of Earth's population, has--I reiterate--25% of Earth's prison population. ("Time" magazine, Sept.8/Sept.15, 2014). There's a reason for that, many in fact, and none of them good. It doesn't reflect positively on America--because we do not have a high crime rate to justify such a prison industry. Which is exactly what it's become: Prisons are the new cotton fields of the South, and the rest of the country just jumped in on the prison profit-budget-sharing-double-dip-retirement-insurance bandwagon. Prisonworld not only employs a multitude of prison staff, but is only one cog in a much bigger county-driven machine. The war on drugs, morphed into the war on crime--it all starts at the street cop level (the ones now shooting unarmed children in the face--what happened to tazing?), then the ego ladder goes to pretend detectives, solicitors, judges, and so on. They're all part of a sad machine draining the humility from the legal theory. Some are fighting to fix it.

I'm not mad that they've commercialized the law.

Why not, in the past few decades: Everything's been commercialized!

I'm not mad; I'm disappointed.

This is not the country our ancestors intended to build. George Washington and his kind, I assure you, would've rolled over in their graves had they witnessed the kangaroo trial that put me in prison. I'm only able to talk of it now--and some don't like that, they'd like to tear up the Constitution, my right to free speech and an untampered with trial! If I could get out, I'd help improve this mess--of that I can assure you. We may be led to think nobody cares, but I'd show that people do care: Or else these words would not exist, I would not type them, MIT would not scan and transcribe my "excessive" posts, and you would not log on to read them! If nobody cared, we would all truly be lost.

There are honest cops, lawyers, and judges in S.C.; but they fight a hard battle against all the corruption. There are signs of change, charges are now being brought regularly against the corrupt--making examples of them, and the need for change. I can only hope that one day--soon I hope--that I can get a real trial. One free of self-serving county corruption. It's a different world from 2006-07, and a lot of improvements have occurred.

DECEMBER 30, 2014

Made it to the prison store yesterday: I only spent \$13.00; a quick restock in hygiene items (e.d., Irish Spring soap, shaving razors, etc.), and a box of strawberry Pop Tarts in lieu of oatmeal (they were still out). So this morning's a little better.

Two of my writing students are here in this dorm, on the same side even, and they've turned in the Christmas assignments I handed out. One gave a short story of 3,370 words! Says it's the start of his book. That's what I hope for, to make a positive impact by showing these guys they can write. That some of them—should—write, and that society will want to hear what they have to say, the stories they have to share. For any of them to take a simple short story assignment and develop it into a novel, is extremely constructive. It shows that the pose of disposition taken by lower ranking authorities, has not, by attrition over time—worn away the ambition of these fellow humans. Some prisoners still have a realistic chance at contributing positively to society; they are not all like the protagonist in my short story (forthcoming) "Conspicuously Con": institutionalized beyond all hope. Instead, these guys can go out into the world upon release with a life skill much better than useless crap like how to hide green dot numbers, or suitcase a phone! They'll be writers! They don't concern themselves with the juvenile idiocy of criminality.

Even if the writing doesn't profit them financially, the therapeutic benefits are unquestionably life changing. I can attest to that in my everyday activities. Due to writing; my life will never be the same.

Last year was a good year: My kids wrote, I was published several times, CWI came into fruition, my poetry collection "No Air" came out; I'm close to finishing my diploma in art, and more. My goals were even more ambitious. I didn't quite finish it all, "Zombie Island" didn't make the 2014 cut, but should be completed by April, 2015!

DECEMBER 31, 2014

Actually did something I usually don't do: I did the Ramen soup-snack trick. :(

I've always seen prisoners do it: The noodles smashed up into little pieces in the pack, without damaging the package, then, one end of the package opened to empty the season packet onto the contents; all uncooked. A poor man's snack. I was waiting for chow call, and my stomach was hurting, so, I tried it. It works.

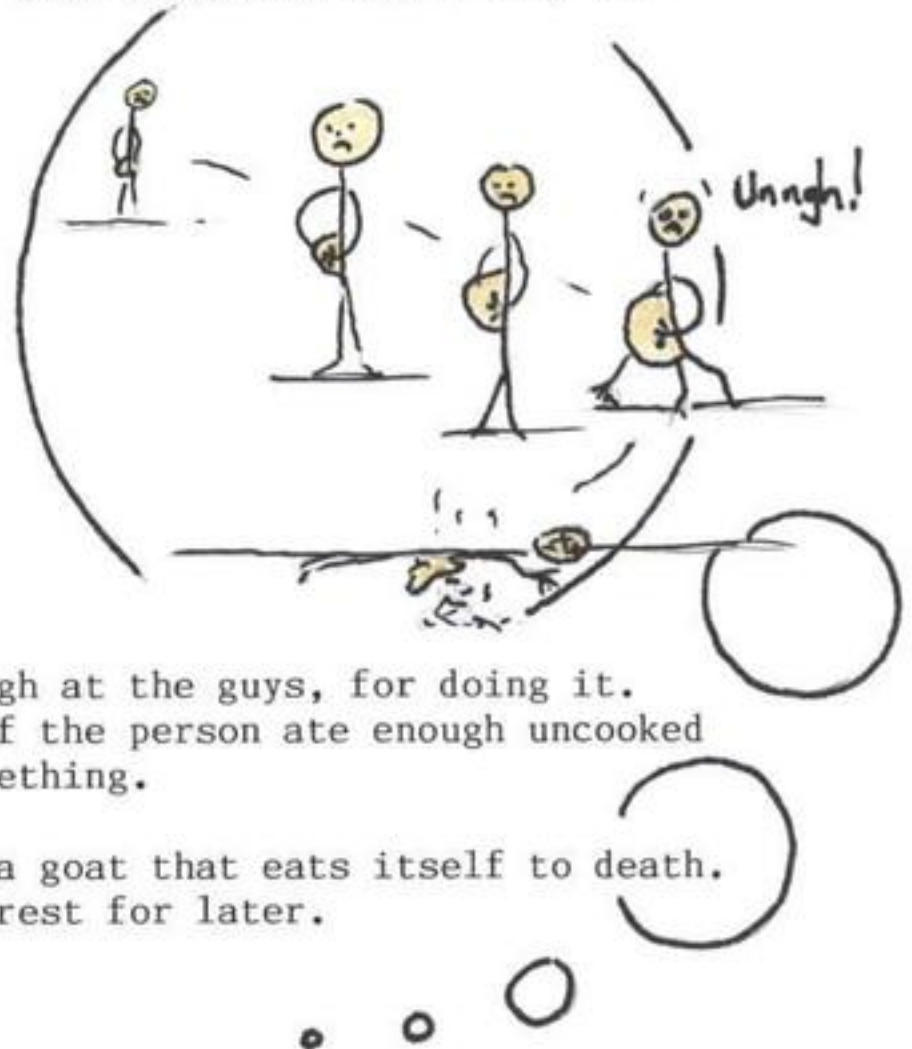
Watching this done, I would inwardly laugh at the guys, for doing it. Thinking of a bird eating alka seltzers; as if the person ate enough uncooked Ramen noodles they'd swell up, explode, or something.

Chomp, chomp, chomp—unngh—boom!

Or worse, no boom! Just a slow rip. Like a goat that eats itself to death.

I only ate half the noodles, saving the rest for later.

But not out of fear, of course.



I'm worried that tonight--here in a little while--CW will play some lame New Year special up until midnight in place of *The Walking Dead*!!!!

Everyone's thinking that we'll be locked down any minute too; at 6 p.m. or so, due to any possible New Year's brawl that could occur. In previous years, that's been the case: They've put us on an institutional lock-down like the one on Christmas (and other holidays). It doesn't matter to me one way or the other. Though it does suck being confined with the cellie I currently have--the guy's ancient, with a child's mentality. A grumpy old man that's jealous, spiteful, and throws temper fits akin to the hissy fit my heterosexually-challenged co-worker throwed on the 19th when he couldn't steal any pizza from the warden. The co-worker claims he does it because: "I been a locked up so long I be doin' it to entertain myself. To be givin' my dome somet'in to do....." (This is not an exaggeration--it's how he speaks; and by "dome" he means his head/brain, more prisonspeak.). As for my cellie's excuse, I don't know.

I'm being tested is what it is--all of this is the Universe's way (or God's) of molding me into something it-she-he-they need(s). It would be nice for that to be true. But alas, "Superstition fills the gap when there's nothing you can do," says Stuart Vyse, author of *Believing in Magic: The Psychology of Superstition*. (Annabel Lau, *Psychology Today* Nov/Dec 2014 p.16 "Superstitious to the Bone")

Still, I'll stick with, "I'm being tested." It turns the situation into a challenge of my character: To rise above it all, and be the better person. I have to remember these guys weren't born this way, but are the result of their individual life's circumstance. The fact that I can step back and see a bigger picture, is my own intellectual reward; and I have no reason to convince them (or anyone) of it; I just simply endure my own life's circumstance, and move on.

I rant in unbecoming ways at times, some of my words may seem only to obfuscate the issues; this blog--or any of my writing--does not exist to cajole anyone, nor really to entertain. I'm not a writer in a commercial sense, my prose are an attempt to eviscerate the ramifications of a ruinous and blind lifestyle for all the world to see. My own life! Not for any hope of literary immortality, but for the sake of social Darwinism. I continue my metamorphose daily--Into what? I don't know.--and cannot deny my drive for documentation of the process. (If anything, as I've said many time before, to permanently cast into the sand my footprints' compilation, so that others can avoid them; and so my children (or anyone) may at least know them, if they wish. Not to absolve me, just to perhaps understand a little of the circumstance in each step.)

I'd hate to be an overcautious writer. In today's internet a whole new level of communication exists, and along with it a raw honesty that--for many--is too honest. Someone may post a comment that hurts, say, the feelings of the president by commenting of his daughters' dresses (for example); and everyone go into shock, "Oh they can't say that!" But yes. They can. When the president chose to become president, he made the choice to step into public view--bringing with him, his family, dog, etc.. The daughters must sadly, endure, along with the choices of their father--as all children do with the choices of their parents. American voices are free, not censored. You have to take the bad; with the good! Usually the comment says more about the person making it, than it does the subject of discussion....

Think about that for a moment.

My own words prime example--all this has layers upon layers.

This blog is just one big, fat, partially decayed Johnny Mahaffey onion, waiting to be peeled. Nothing today is private. The president walks in a limelight akin to that of those in Hollywood, giving away any and all rights of privacy. It's something that--not all--people realize. What you post, anywhere--Facebook especially--is not private! I don't care what you click or agree--it is not private when the world can see it. It's not even safe: Facebook recently manipulated the data of over 700,000 in a psychological test, without telling them, or asking permission!

Nothing is private; privacy does not exist in this age.

Not digitally.

Another person needs only "friend" you to get enough information to write a biography on all that is you, the writer could use you in a fictitious story even, and there'd be nothing you could do--if the information was made public, by your posting of it. Because posting it--anywhere--online, you basically did the equivalent of pasting it on every billboard in New York, Atlanta, Dallas, Miami, Paris, El Paso, every major (and minor) city in the world. Even little cabins up in the mountains, or ships at sea; can access your billboard. In court suits involving defamation, the main question to determine if there is even a victim--is the availability of the information revealed, and the nature of how the revealing party got the information: If it is (or is not) commonly known knowledge already available to the public? Once something is read, or seen, online by hundreds (or in some cases many thousands upon thousands, or more, millions)--it is no longer private, it has entered the public domain, and it's content the property of no one. It's the world's information, to do with whatever they wish. However, there still must be a clarification about: fact or fiction; rumor, or from the horse's mouth. The Target kid is a prime example--his photo taken at work by a customer was spread worldwide within hours. This--for him--was positive. But, it works both ways. If, say, he'd been photographed while cheating on a girlfriend--it still could have spread worldwide, shadowing him for the rest of his life. A parent might post every detail of their child's rearing, this too, may go both ways: good; and bad. The child may grow up to despise the open childhood.

Information--especially personal--can be used as a weapon against us. In my case, authorities will continually peruse through my published works, in want of juicy information to misconstrue in court. That's just how it is--I won't let that censor me though--I have nothing to hide. As apparent by the "excessive" blogging, in which I thank MIT for putting up with. In your case, a similar situation may come by a co-worker, that perhaps takes personal information of you from the web, misconstrues it, or simply reveals it (depending on what it is) to circumvent you in a promotion at work. Something shallow for them, that could potentially ruin your life. A girl might post things from her life as teen that she thought was cool at the time, posted out of rebellion even; but it's out there: And when she grows older, those youthful posts may not be so cool anymore, standing in the way of career or romantic advancements. The public record, especially this new digital one, has a long memory.

When we die (naturally or unnaturally), our life really becomes public property--our digital footprint (much like our carbon) prevails beyond death: Surviving members of our family--with friends, frenemies, enemies, strangers, etc.--may go on speaking of us via their social connections, further adding more of us (positive or negative; true or false) to the public domain.

Lots of me exists on the web: not all of it true.

Some is true; some is misconstrued. Most of it? Unimportant.

I myself was a womanizer at times, trying to fill a void within myself with a sexual addiction. The truth is the truth, however, and there's no denying that I had an emptiness left over from childhood.... One thing we can never escape--is ourselves. We can learn to be better though, to grow emotionally, to even adapt and learn where we went wrong.

Just because a person has done bad things; they get labeled as inherently bad as an individual: But that's not always the case. I have faults--I'm judgmental; or as I'd rather call it, a constructive critic--but in lieu of faults, each can be construed as ... human elements. I like to think I'm a good person--despite my life's peculiar path. I'm not your typical person, from your typical family; so why would I have ever expected a typical life? Oh, I tried for one; and it even worked at times. But it wasn't all bad: Five of the world's most beautiful children were born from those choices I made--the ones local society frowned upon hypocritically--and the now living beauty and wisdom in those five children shine the world over. I'm proud of each one!

Instead of a housing bubble collapsing the economy, it'll be an unfathomed moral bubble of shunning: As individuals find themselves unemployable, unloved without cause, and unexcepted--due to a past reserved digitally. It's another problem of technology, and a movement towards non-humility. One group thinking it's better than the other. Each life, now has a slot for it reserved, waiting in cyberspace with a past (our ancestors) already there, waiting for our contribution to this: past reserved, waiting for our present, that will in it's way, try to control the path of our future.

Not all of the net is in a cloud; some of it's in a cavern.  
And not all caverns need exploring--we know what's in them.

Ha!

*The Walking Dead.*

### *JANUARY 1, 2015*

Ten years ago--on New Year--my then-fiance, Skyler, had brought a country dinner to my house from her parents: ham, greens, corn-bread, etc.. She'd explained how each item meant something towards the future coming year; the greens were money, the ham, all of it, had meanings. She was always teaching me things like that.

Every year, here in prison, it's that same meal!  
Ironic. But I guess it's just, deeply Southern.

I'm not chatty today. Not with the beginning of another year. These days of you following with me through my words--you've probably gotten an idea of how I occupy my mind. But it doesn't work 100 percent; depression still finds me, and I battle post traumatic stress, the symptoms threaten to impede me at times: But I make it. Somehow. Day by day.

I'll end this massive posting with a preview of the cover of my book: *Zombie Island*. I have a lot of faith in its success. Take a look at the cover, and say you don't sense it too...

# ZOMBIE

# ISLAND

A Novel



J. E. MAHAFFEY