

SHIRLEYWORLD UPDATES  
"Let The Bullets Fly!"  
Chapter XXXVII

by Timothy J. Muise

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- BILL COSBY & RUBBER STAMP WRY-ON HAVE MUCH IN COMMON / PUDDING CONNECTION

Our Fearfull Leader, The Queen of the Ivory Tower, Her High Priestess of being "one of the boys", Ms. Kelly Rubber Stamp Wry-On has quite a bit in common with a man who has been in the news as of late, that being one Bill Cosby. Let's make the comparisons. First, Old Bill has been accused of violating the rights of the weak and powerless. Well we all know that we can put a check mark in that "box" for good ole Rubber Stamp. She signs off on the "terror squads" which have been roaming the camp as of late. Each night a team of the most abusive guards in the system, many with arrest records (remember Bear Killer Bird's Eye?), led by the super coward of corrections, Lt. Shameless Peckerwood, terrorize a block tearing up cells and verbally abusing prisoners. There is absolutely no professionalism. These lazy shitbags are pissed because the governor took away their overtime, so as always they take it out on the convicts. Old men are tortured by the Shameless coward and these assholes leave the cells of men who were just doing their time in full disarray; laughing about how they "tore up that rat's cell real good.", as they leave the unit. Our Queen, our fallen Angel, signs off on it all. Hitler was not at Dachau when they burned up the Polish, but he signed the orders. Think Rubber Stamp with her pink lady pen. Next, Mr. Cosby has been accused of "drugging" women to get them to comply. Well another check in that box for her majesty as she helps to drug the men with plentiful suboxone here at the camp and I can report to you that many are in full compliance with the madness. Snort a little orange "Wry-On" powder and your reentry worries go out the window. No one can get at her to ask her why as there is a huge mote around her alabaster colored Ivory Tower. She sits back on her bejeweled throne, culinary arts fried shrimp in her hand (paid for by your tax dollars) and watches as men do the suboxone shuffle across her walkways. "Let them eat neurotin!" she bellows! Finally, Bill Cosby has been accused by scores of women of raping them. Sad to say but another big check mark for Ms. Wry-On. She is raping the public's safety. She is defiling the virgin prisoner ensuring his return to prison. She is assaulting the naked truth and fondles a perverse staff. If she was to star in a "porno flick" her name would be Dusty Beaver and the movie title would be "Shirley You Jest." or "My Name's Not Shirley." or "Kelly Does Milford." The sad fact is that in the end the prisoners are not the only ones getting fucked; the public gets screwed dry! **The proof is in the pudding!** Did't Bill like that?

- ROVING SQUAD OF IDIOTS SEIZE WATER BOTTLES & BLANKETS / SUICIDES COMING

With new lieutenants being hired by the DOC, at great cost to you, this facility has assembled a new "Task Force" led by that "balls balanced on chin" Guinness Book record holder Lt. Shameless Peckerwood. This task force of angry alcoholic, previously arrested, multiple divorced, closeted GID patients, are picking an cellblock each night to terrorize. Thus far they have found zero suboxone, zero weapons, and zero escape attempts, but have managed to amass the worlds largest collection of empty soda bottles and peanut butter jars. Sure they also found some blankets and a few swapped TV's, but their real purpose is just to terrorize. They get revenge for all the beatings they took in elementary and high school. They are the scum of the earth, assembled on one squad, and you cannot know where this is headed

like we do as we have seen it before. These actions, rogue guards allowed to do whatever they wish in any manner they wish, resulted in this fine state becoming number one in prison suicides in the nation. It cost the taxpayer millions of dollars for the "system" to try to address the suicide problem and now these true dregs of humanity feel they can bring that hopelessness all back just because they are angry about not getting overtime hours. To see these weak fuckers roam in twenty deep and torture the helpless really angers me. I practice non-violence nowadays, and never claimed to be a tough guy, but there was a time in my life when I would wade into a group of 3 or 4 fools like this and not leave a man standing. This was in the free world where men did not wear "bitch buttons" or only acted tough when they were in a group of 20. It is easy to talk shit when you know all you have to do is press that button and 50 scum calvary will come running. I hope these true cowards carry their service piece in dark alleys or when they come home late at night as someday someone who does not practice non-violence may be waiting for them. I am not sure if Lt. Peckerwood could get his Barney Fife pocket bullet out in time (as they certainly cannot allow this fool to carry a loaded gun, can they?). These dumb mother-fuckers don't give two shits about public safety or being professional. They are the quintessential examples of under achievers and there drunken, socially inept, sexually repressed twists make prison a failure. They, with supervisors who "Rubber Stamp" the madness, are the reason behind 50% recidivism rate. What is coming, and our superintendent will keep her ostrich head in the sand when it happens, is another suicide crisis. men will deteriorate, their mental fiber will be challenged, and rather than spend another day at ShirleyWorld, rather than be threatened again by another fake tough guy who has never won a fight (Shameless Peckerwood has never won a fight, from kindergarten all the way up to the shit-slapping Sgt. Messy-her gave him), they will choose peace at the end of a tightened bed sheet. Deputy Denied-Oh will ring her hands and Superintendent Wry-On will smile her wry smile as the contracted ambulance carts the body away at your cost. The ones who don't physically hang it up will have hung it up mentally. When you meet them on the street, maybe in Arlington, Brrokline or Newton, they may just take your life with your wallet. Who is to blame. The Roving Coward Goon Squad is. Kelly Rubber Stamp Wry-On is. Lt. Shameless Peckerwood, fully unfit for duty is. Any sentence in Massachusetts can become a death sentence due to these dregs.

**- SUPERINTENDENT WRY-ON TAKES TWO (2) WEEKS OFF / NO ONE NOTICES**

It has been reported that our Queen of Cole Hahn pumps, Ms. Kelly Rubber Stamp Wry-On, recently took a two (2) week hiatus from manning her Ivory Tower, but no one noticed. How could they? She never breaks the perimeter of the facility, never wades across her Tower;s moat. Not one person knew she was gone. Of course she would be missed about as much as a case of herpes would be, but nonetheless is is a pretty big statement when the top official of the prison can leave for weeks at a time and no one even knows. Possibly while she was relaxing in the South of France, possibly in the Principality of Monaco or some other white sand

retreat for the infinitely uncaring, she may have had a chance to reflect on what it means to really interact with the prisoners in your charge. You have no problem hobnobbing with Sgt. Bitch or Captain Shebert; two real fine examples of showing up late for the "brains" line. You are comfortable with Dark Forrests companionship and accept reports from good ole bouy Deputy McCan't. (McCan't find enough ways to find it all tragically satisfying). You rub elbows with Urine Tampering REC Coaches and break bread with Drunk Drivers. Why can't you come out into the fields with us migraint workers and talk to us about picking the cotton. After all you surely wear cotton undergarments when you comb the beach on vacation. Are we the modern day lepers? Do we need an Isle of banishment? Your assembly line of hatred needs supervision; you cannot leave it up to Deputy Denied-Oh. The suboxone farm needs tilling and Lt. Peckerwood broke the yoke. The poker tables must be audited and the Tattoo Parlors reviewed for cleanliness. Where art thou oh fearless leader? Why have you abandoned your charges? Two weeks in France, or Monaco, or just sitting home with a male escort, it really does not matter. When you can go "ghost" for two (2) weeks and no one knows about it or notices it truly says a lot about your position. I think the time has come to just place a cardboard cut-out of you, with an electronic voicebox, out at happy hour. It would have pre-recorded messages like "I'll look into that." or "Send me a letter about it." or maybe "I'll look closely at your appeal." That would allow you to spend each week in France, maybe rubbing elbows with Paris Hilton or Kim K., who also really don't have jobs. Be sure to thank God each day for the windfall he has allowed you to partake of (but it ain't gettin you through those pearly gates!)

More To Come...

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Viva La Revolucione!!!