

ANOTHER DAY IN THE LIFE OF ME

I'm really looking forward to this "iZombie" coming up this Tuesday, with its protagonist Liv (Rose McIver), and her "relatively normal appearance" that allows her to remain among the living. It looks like the creators took the whole Buffy formula and applied it to zombies--not the first to do so; there's always that hilarious "Shawn of the Dead" movie! This Liv character seems to be an original--or at least first--spin of its kind.

I don't know; I don't exactly get out much.

At all for that matter.

I can relate to the characters in "The Last Man on Earth," though I'm without Kristen Schaal to ... work comic relief upon my unfortunate situation. Kristen's character on "The Last Man on Earth" is no, rotting hottie--just a funny funny girl. Like she's doing an SNL skit or something. I crack up at everything she does--even on "Bob's Burgers," the voice she does for one of the characters, makes the show! And I can't remember what movie she was in that she played a waitress in a restaurant that had the whole, dating in the dark thing going on, and she had on these night-vision goggles (that looked military grade) going around messing with the customers: touching them, moving stuff on the table, and pulling chairs out in their way, etc. It was classic, or, legendary, whichever you prefer.

TV gives prisoners a window to the outside world. Allowing us to, at least for the moment, be normal by enjoying a good show. That, and a good book, are priceless in here. I feel sorry for the prisoners that can't read, or the 15,000 or so that read at (or under) a fifth grade level. My work in the Education Dept. helps those that admit they need help, and bother actually coming to school. Something like 67% of SCDC's 25,000 prisoners are not only without a high school education, but are below seventh grade level--somewhere around fifth grade for many. It's sad. More seem to be taking an interest in education lately, and hopefully things will improve. The school has a descent system in place; and for the first time in years, it has a descent work crew that's not corrupted or racially biased. Many departments, end up--at some point--with black supremacist individuals running them, but nine times out of ten, they end up running themselves out of a job due to their own lack of ethics that catch up to them.

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I'm back. Of course--you never knew I left; but still, here I am. They made the call for "chow" and I had to take off: cramming all of my things into my locker as fast as I could--including this typewriter--so that I could go eat, and still return to my cell without everything being taken. There's a whole culture of "gangbangers" in here that take pride in being the scum that they are. They steal even from each other, thinking it's all a game.

I hate having to stop typing in the middle of a page, but I'm not about to leave my typewriter out. It sucks having to realign the page! The very first thing I had to do, however, was to brush my teeth--removing the after-taste of that horrid food. It's unfortunate to have to consume carcinogenic material at such a rate--the fake "NOT MEANT FOR HUMAN CONSUMPTION" labeled meat, that now makes up Johnny Mahaffey. I used to be made of Wendy's spicey

chicken sandwiches (with cheese added), and deep dish pepperoni pizzas.....:(
Now, I'm made of atoms taken from chicken eyeballs, guts, necks, and parts
of cattle that--I don't think--even have names, or if they do, nobody would
really want to know. That's the life of a prisoner.

I have a piece of vanilla cake (no icing on it) that I'll eat with a
cup of coffee in a little while--that'll hopefully get my mood up. An episode
of "The Last Man on Earth," will come on too in a little while. Right now
it's not but 5:43 p.m. so I'll do a little drawing until then. I've got a
work I'm doing for Jennifer Joel of ICM Partners; she just did an interview
for the Agents & Editors column of "Poets & Writers" magazine, and she's
a brilliant woman (very beautiful too) that had a hand in the publishing
of "The Rule of Four," by Ian Caldwell--when I read that, I knew I wanted
to do an artwork of her. Sometimes, it's hard to explain, but I'll see some-
thing, or someone, sometimes that catches my artist's eye--and I have to
draw (or paint) them. It could be an obviously nice picture, or, an odd one
that--to me--has a peculiar lighting effect, or color.

I don't know who Johnny Mahaffey is anymore--every day I discover new
things of myself. In this accumulating wisdom that comes with age, I evolve
in mental ways that are both unavoidable, and wonderful.

Soon; the world will see this in my books as I share what is me.
Retasked chicken eyeball molecules, and all.

I'M GRATEFUL FOR IT.
— PAIN — IT
... HELPED ME.