

SHIRLEYWORLD UPDATES  
"Let The Bullets Fly!"  
Chapter IXXXX

by Timothy J. Muise

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**- DEPUTY McCAN'T BEING SCOUTED BY AUDUBON FOR EMPLOYMENT / MUGGLES ANGRY**

Well finally the work of one of the consummate professionals here at ShirleyWorld (just threw up in my mouth!) has been recognized on a national level. Our good-ole-boy-in-the-woods himself, Deputy G. McCan't (he "McCan't" find enough ways to trust this addresses your concerns), is now being recruited for the work he has done addressing the "Bird Feeding" crisis here at ShirleyWorld. You see this man, who has hidden out here in the wilds of ShirleyWorld for far too many years, just purchased \$80.00 owl decoys to scare off the flocks of domestic pigeons (no, not the heard of IPS "Stool Pigeons") which the prisoners here at the gulag have the audacity to feed. Deputy McCan't ordered his crack maintenance staff (envision TV's Snider) to intall these flopping winged hooters (no not Lt. Urine's "party Hooters") on the corners of the cell blocks to scare off the flying rats which inhabit the hopeless paths of the gulag. One thing this Einstein of Correctional wisdom did not plan on was the fact that pigeons roost at night while owls hunt at night; meaning that these ShirleyWorld pigeons don't even know what an owl is and certainly are not afraid of one. In fact a pigeon was scene humping the owl decoy which is perched on the corner of B Block! This pigeon probably likes "larger and lovelier" women: which many Deputy Denied-Oh admirers can relate to. Ben Goosing of the Audubon Society's Avian Preservation Program faxed an application to Deputy McCan't hoping he may join the tean of fowl-ball party goers at the society. A dark cloud, possibly cast by a murder of crows, fell over ShirleyWorld when many considered the departure of this long-term public safety disserver, but the great news is that he has chosen to stay on and even issued a formal "Memorandum" warning the violent felons about the feeding of the birds. His proclamation was on par with the address at Gettysburg and the Dream speech by King at the Capital. No wonder he gets \$90,000.00 a year. Worth very penny. Just don't complain about mail issues to him as he will run to the mailroom, high five the professional layabouts there, and give them the green light to further fuck with your federally protected mail. It took him all these years here in "the wood pile" to learn those operating tricks. The only negative aspect of Deputy McCan't's "Avian Eradication Iniative" was that some of the muggles at Harry Potter's Wizard School have filed suit due to the strong resemblance the Deputy's decoys have to Harry's Hedge-Wig. "Hey, Rubber Stamp Wry-On. Harry Potter called and he wants his owl back!", is a running joke around here; as are the wardens.

**- RUBBER STAMP WRY-ON HAS BOOKED NEXT ACT FOR SHIRLEYWORLD CONCERT SERIES**

Our sources have informed us that our well manicured (this week it was a blood-red french mani) Queen of the Gulag Concert Series has secured the next act to play on the new soundstage he has built atop her Ivory Tower here at ShirleyWorld. She has booked "Leslie Gore" who will sing her smash No. 1 hit "It's My Party" at top levels from Deputy Denied-Oh's Music Program sound system. Ms. Wry-On felt the song very appropriate

as she often sings it to Deputy Denied-Oh when Denied-Oh takes the reins of this runaway sled of despair. Many have heard the lyrics. "It's my party, and I'll cry if I want to!", emanating from the Ivory Tower as Rubber Stamp learns of another incident where Deputy Denied-Oh made a command decision without running it by the warden. When the Commissioner of Corruption "invited" Ms. Wry-On to the "Party" that is running ShirleyWorld she never thought she would have to deal with her own little female Brutus. Knives protruding from her back she wails her lament with tears streaming down her fined powdered cheeks, foundation becoming muddled; kind of like a metaphor for this place. As Rubber Stamp moans her Shakespearean "Et Tu Brute?", Deputy Denied-Oh is setting her up for another viable prisoner lawsuit. As she sheds salty tears on cover-up investigative reports she "Rubber Stamps" Deputy Denied-Oh's issuance of a D-report to a man asking the governor to come and see their abuse first hand. Down the road, not too far in the grand scheme of things, this decision will come back to haunt them, trust me, but most importantly it will aid me in my personal reentry plan. We have also learned that Ms. Wry-On is attempting to book Ted Nugent to sing his hit "Stranglehold" as she likes the term as a metaphor for the grip she has on a fat 85% retirement group package. Possibly we may even get to hear the ghost of Johnny Cash sing, Ring Of Fire, which describes how the ass of public safety feels after these pariahs get through screwing it!

**- LT. McHARDLY WINS AWARD FOR "USE OF FORCE" TECHNIQUES (IRAQ HUMBLLED)**

The Center Uniting NewWorld Torture (C.U.N.T.) has bestowed its 2015 Saddam Hussein "Use Of Force" award on our own Lt. Dicky McHardly (he McHardly ever beats a handcuffed con when sober). When the Center learned of how Lt. McHardly gassed innocent bystanders in the chowhall last week here at ShirleyWorld, purposely aiming the gas can at men not involved in the fracas, they knew he was their guy for this years award. The Center learned that Dicky's devilish grin rivaled even that of the Awards inspiration Saddam Hussein. The award itself was conceived after the Center, comprised mostly of Nazi war criminals hiding in Argentina and Chile, saw how Saddam lobbed canisters of serin gas into crowds of Iraqi citizens with reckless abandon. The pleasure on Saddam's face as he pushed the launch button on the gas carrying scud missiles was emulated by Lt. McHardly when he pulled the trigger of the gas can in the chowhall he had packed to dangerous overcrowding conditions. Scud missiles were notorious for their misdirection, as is Lt. McHardly. It makes me think of the Three Stooges episode where they are firing a cannon in the civil war. Curly hits the fuse, the cannon roars, and then he says, "I don't know where that one went but I hope it didn't hit the poolroom!" Lt. McHardly launches his tear gas and shouts, "I don't know where that one went but I hope it didn't hit the computer solitaire game in my school building nap-cave!"

Too many similarities between our Three Stooges here; McHardly, Peckerwood and Captain Stupid, and the real Fine/Howard brothers. The Center had considered Lt. Shameless Peckerwood for the award but felt that he was far too stupid in his use of force techniques as he actually gassed his own guards when he pushed the button. CO Bud-In-Him not only looks like an Iraqi Republican Guard but got to taste the gas at the hand of Lt. Peckerwood. We are certain that Lt. Peckerwood will not be too disappointed as The Federation of Associated Girlymen (F.A.G.) is considering him for their Man Of The Year award and it is reported that he is the top runner, which surprised us as we heard from the Fitchburg/Leominster Gossip Rag that he was a "bottom".

**- SGT. BITCH'S MEDICAL CONDITION WORSENS / BUT CURE IS FOUND!!!**

Many here at ShirleyWorld have been concerned about the ever worsening medical condition of Sgt. Bitch (NOT!). As you know he can barely lift his legs when he shuffles about the gulag looking for ways to abuse cons who are just minding their own business. We have great news though as a cure has been found for Sgt. Bitch's medical condition which is latin is "lazyhatefullscumaphobia". The cure is "lugging someone". Everyone watched in awe as Sgt. Bitch had such spring in his step when he was walking this poor mentally challenged con up the walkway in handcuffs. He looked as if he had just won the Provincetown-Glory Hole lottery again! He was skipping down our Yellow Brick Road like Judy Garland's Dorothy. He pranced down the highway to hell with his soft lady hands firmly gripped on the mental health patients arm. He was "Walking The Toughest Beat In The State" on that day and all his medical woes went away! It was a miracle!! Like the leper on the mat that Jesus commanded to "get up and walk", the Dark Prince commanded Sgt. Bitch to "get up and lug.", and boy did he carry out his duties that day. Even Captain Cant-Find-Away, the coiner of the "Toughest Beat" phrase, could not help but be proud of the Bitch Boy that day. We are happy to learn that folks from the Dr. Karvourkian Institute for a Cure are willing to treat Sgt. Bitch for free. Dr. Will Injectem said, "We feel Sgt. Bitch is a prime candidate for our 'Do Society A Favor' program, and we would be happy to accommodated him!

More To Come...

F R E E     S P E E C H ! ! !