

SHIRLEYWORLD UPDATES
"Let The Bullets Fly!"
Chapter LI

by Timothy J. Muise

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- KING OF WALKS AND GROUNDS RECEIVES "MR. GREEN JEANS" AWARD

The Natural Urban Terrain Society (N.U.T.S.) has awarded our own King of Walks and Grounds its "Mr. Green Jeans" Award for his work with the prisoner garden program here at ShirleyWorld. NUTS has recognized the sacrifice The King had to make in order to abandon his "They get nothing" prisoner hating mantra to get on his knees and kiss the superintendent's ring while she knighted him with her scepter "Sir Squash", as he crumbled like a rotten butternut. NUTS has presented this knight/King with a "bust" of Mr. Green Jeans from the Captain Kangaroo show which the King attempted for decades to be in the audience. The King was quoted as saying, "Sometimes dreams do come true. Mr. Green Jeans, along with the Johnny Walker Red man, were some of my childhood heroes." MCOFU Spokesman Sgt. Ben Sleeping opposed the award by making this statement, "We have worked so hard to deny these miserable convicts any form of rehabilitation and now this self-important dolt crushes our efforts with one fell swoop of his garden hoe (and I don't mean Lt. Urine)." Deputy Denied-Oh and The King are in discussions as to where they will keep the bust, but early reports indicate that they will place it in the office of our own Captain Kangaroo wannabe: Captain Stupid. The oxygen wasting guards around the camp are all coming up with clever names for The King: Farmer Brown Nose, Mary, Mary, quite contrary, Jerk and The Bean Stalk, and Lord of the lettuce are a few of the front-runners, but us here at Free Speech Central really like Commander Cucumber: very fitting. We can just see him stopping a con who is feeding the pigeons and saying, "Do you know who I am? I'm Commander Cucumber!" or "Never fear Lord Lettuce is here." Captain Shebert and Captain Can't-Find-A-Way are working with Deputy Denied-oh to see if they can get the old meat grinder machines from the defunct DOC butchery so they can grind up the rapidly dying old men in the HSU as fertilizer for their little farm. All the prisoners in Death Chamber D-1 were forced to sign "contracts" if they wanted to participate in the "Garden Program" (you can't make this shit up) and the fine print read, "I agree to dispell any hope of freedom and reside in Stockholm until I become worm food." These are indeed tragic times we live in here at ShirleyWorld: trade your life for a tomato.

- BIG RED MADE HEAD OF SHRINKS / JUNG AND FREUD ROLL IN GRAVES

One of the big fans of this Free Speech Blog, Beth "Big Red" Headshrink, recently received a well deserved promotion here at ShirleyWorld. She will now supervise the "Security Staff Involvement In Treatment Program" which has proven so successful here at the gulag. Big Red will be responsible to "look the other way" when the IPS order that the psychiatrist take a man off of his psyche meds as he had a dirty urine. She will also be responsible for "peer reviewing" the "evaluation" reports of clinicians who are softer-than-a-sneaker-full-of-shit. These reports go to the parole board and cost men their freedom so they require a rapid rubber-stamping and rousing cheer of support. Lower level headshrinkers will use Wonder Woman's Golden Lasso to rope a few more men into sharing intimate

details about their lives, not to be used to develop effective treatment plans, but to be twisted into reports of "sociopathic ideologies" and "narcissistic delusions" for the parole board to salivate over. When reached for comment from the afterlife, Carl Gustav Jung said, "I would have dashed my work on introvert/extrovert personalities if I had seen the fine 'take away their meds' approach developed by Big Red and her cohorts." Sigmund Freud was also contacted from the afterlife and he retorted, "In Austria we called these folks 'Nazis' as their sadism and unconscious neurotic behavior made them true deviants." Both Jung and Freud were left spinning like a Vegas roulette wheel in their respective graves. While they were there our Afterlife Channeler's also found former ShirleyWorld prisoner Scott Rose who said, "I'd like to thank Big Red and her former Road Dog Jerri Walk-Her for taking me off my meds and forcing me to commit suicide. I am in a better place now. It was a little rough when I was hanging from that cord up in the SMU, but I got over it. Thanks Red." I'm glad Scott is so forgiving as we here at Free Speech Central are not. When this new "cookoo crew" screws up, and we all know they will, we will be here to report to all authorities there crimes. Rubber Stamp Wry-On has agreed to the use of the Inmate Benefit Fund to buy blinders for Big Red and her subordinates. This way they can ignore the security staff involvement in treatment decisions better and can be shielded from the glare of the red eyed drunken guards they break bread with over in the break room. An old friend of mine used to hire strippers to stand outside his tattoo parlor as a way of luring in customers. Their bikini clad curves were a great marketing tool. Possibly Beth and the other Maidens of Mental Health could stand outside the Programs Building in Blood Red two-pieces as a way to draw in more customers. Possibly they could hand out free nooses or free parole denials to expedite the process. Or they could offer sample suboxone strips as a way to satiate the masses and conduct research experiments. At any rate congrats on the bump up, now you just have to figure out who you are going to bump off?

- AVP PRACTICE PROGRAM DEVALUED / ShirleyWorld THREE STOOGES CREDITED

Do you remember the old Three Stooges episode where they are hiding in an art studio as a cop looks for them because he thinks they stole brooms? Well it is a classic which ends up in a big clay tossing fight at the end. In that episode one of the artists is trying to paint over a sun spot on the picture he is painting, not realizing it is a sun spot. The artist tells Moe the painting is entitled "Sunlight On The Brook." and then Moe tosses a bucket of black paint on the canvas, in an attempt to get the sun spot off, and tells the artist, "Now it looks like Midnight On The Ocean." This is how our well-cushioned Deputy denied-Oh fixes things as well. She has done her best to devalue the value of many programs here at the gulag, but one of her latest moves really perplexes me. You see some men here, most of whom have been convicted for taking a life, attend

an Alternatives To Violence Practice Group. The attendees of this group have all taken all the three stages of the AVP Program and have made a personal decision to keep employing those transforming power practices in their lives. To assist them in this process they attend the truly voluntary Monday Night Practice Group. This group operates on eight (8) week "topic" cycles. For years the group would offer a Certificate of Completion for anyone who completed one of these eight week cycles. Our fine humanitarian of a deputy somehow saw it in her infinite wisdom that these program certificates were a "threat to the orderly running of the institution." and has banned them like the Stones were banned from Boston. Now this may not sound like a big issue, but it is. Decisions like this are at the heart of the DOC 47% recidivism rate. Old School tyrants like Denied-Oh care not about building a man up, congratulating him for a job well done, they just care about control and job security. How can any prison authority take recognition away from a violent offender who is working hard to change his life; to become non-violent? Well trust me decisions like this are the rule, not the exception. Deputy Denied-Oh will lose not one nano-second of sleep if one of these men who leave the program due to her restrictions again commits a violent act. She will cart her wheelbarrel to the bank and pick up her blood money with glee. She will instill such fear into the Program Volunteer that they dare not argue with the decision or risk the wrath of Denied-Oh. These fine folks want to help men change but are inhibited by so many fear tactics at the heavy hand of Denied-Oh and her ilk. Her Imelda Marcos closet full of beach shoes was not earned by coddling white hats. She runs the show, to hell with Rubber Stamp. It's her way or the highway and it is too bad that highway is the one the Rock Band AC/DC sang about: "The Highway To Hell" Hey Karen, the pasture called. It says it's time to retire your bovine arse." Hang up the jackboots, lay down the mace can, and crumple up the blank D-reports, and spend your days at Walden Pond reliving the terror you injected into the hearts of civilian volunteers. Possibly you can sew together a bunch of AVP Certificates as a parisol?

- SHERWIN WILLIAMS SUES DEPUTY DENIED-OH LOUIS ARMSTRONG'S GHOST TO SING

The World Known Paint Company, Sherwin Williams, have filed a product licensing lawsuit against ShirleyWorld's Deputy Denied-Oh. It appears that the tag on Deputy Denied-Oh's Mega-Mooseknuckle Capri Pants says, "Sherwin Williams." Now there is no doubt these paisley print summer bantaloons were painted on, but Sherwin Williams says it is an obscene representation of what their products stand for. Rubber Stamp Wry-On stated, "There exists no dress code at ShirleyWorld, so if the deputy wants to come in wearing a Reservoir Dogs "gimp" suit, mouth ball and all, she has the green light." We also learned that funds from the inmate benefit account will be used to resurrect the ghost of Louis Armstrong who will sing his old favorite: "Tight Like This", from the Alabaster Stage of The Ivory Tower. Save a Moose, date a deputy!

More To Come...