

by Timothy J. Muise

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**- JORDAN'S FURNITURE DONATES BEDS TO SHIRLEYWORLD SCHOOL BUILDING**

In a great stroke of philanthropy, Elliott, from Jordan's Furniture, realizing that the Red Sox chances of winning the World Series this year were about as bright as Deputy Denied-Oh's chances of winning the Nobel Peace Prize, has donated several trundle beds to the ShirleyWorld School building. When reached for comment the pony-tailed Robin Hood of furniture festivities said, "I heard how Lt. McHardly likes to sleep one off over there at \$40.00 an hour and how sometimes Principal Ho-Hum likes to use his "Masters in Education" like a "Masters & Johnson" karma sutra position expose with lucious Lt. Urine. They could use some comfy Serta Perfect Sleepers to dream of beating handcuffed cons and play hide the ruler and/or dance the horizontal mambo. Principal Ho-Hum responded (after blocking a prisoner's enrollment in the Computer Class), "Sometimes I hear a tune emanating from the Ivory Tower Concert Series and Kim's bloomers seem to just fall off." Deputy Denied-Oh has also proposed a new program to be run by the legend himself, Sgt. Big-Chew Charlestown. She plans to do away with the Health Awareness Program and start the "Be Aware Now Guys" (BANG) program in which Sgt. Charlestown will actually demonstrate the proper ways to have "safe sex". Lesson One will be entitled "What to do after you give her the \$20.00"; Lesson Two will be called "Strip Joint Etiquite and Escort Protocols." Our fine cushioned deputy realizes that when her reentry program sends these men here to "Bench 3, Boston Common" as their reentry plan that there is a strong possibility that they will encounter some "ladies of the evening" (for lack of a better term), and the deputy has a real affinity for those troubled souls as she knows if the good ole DOC had not come along some 30 years ago she could be "strolling the ho-stro' on Boylston Street and holding down the whole Theater District." You can put lipstick on the pig, but guess what?, the cutlets are still pork! Lt. McHardly has asked if Mr. Jordon could also supply some drool bibs as when he is out-like-a-light in the School Building he often gets saliva all over his pig suit. Maybe Rubber Stamp Wry-On could get the Rock band Cream to play their hit "Sleepy Time Time" from the Alabaster Deck of the Ivory Tower, or maybe Clapton could belt out "Lay Down Sally" for Brian and Kim?

**- "YOUR GARDEN IS SUSPENDED! and OFF TO BED WITHOUT SUPPER!"**

This past week has been the "Public Safety Audit" here at ShirleyWorld. What an oxymornic term: "Public Safety?" - "ShirleyWorld?", there could not be two more polar opposities than those terms. If you want to see just how big of bitches these layabout sergeants are here you should see them run at Deputy Denied-oh's beckon call: "Go collect empty water bottles!" "Seize all watered down cleaning chemicals!" "Tear down family photos from the prisoner bulletin boards!" All in the name of public safety - are you shittin me? I am happy to report that I did not participate in their stupid fuckin audit; I ain't drinkin the kool aide or being mesmerized by Denied-Oh's "Pixie Dust". Now I guess some guys in the "Lifer's Block", or the Deputy's Death Chamber as I like to call it, were not participating in the audit

either, and boy did this piss off the Queen of Arse-Cushion. As a result she "suspended the "Garden Program'" and sent the 70 and 80 year old lifers off to bed without supper. Again you cannot make this shit up, The warden of a state prison "grounded" men serving life sentences for murder: the truth is often stranger than fiction. I cannot believe that no one told her to pound that frigging garden up her wide-glide. I'm just glad some men get it. Like me they did not wax anything, scrub anything, or buff anything - including the ball-bag of the jailer. Like me they hope the evil prison falls down around them. The really sad truth is that some men, one of my best friends, were targeted by this scum of the earth dreg of humanity and could pay a real cost. These bastards care little if a man has truly changed his life and does good for his community - it matters not. If your bed is not made we will "recycle" you. We will take away all of the "good behavior seniority" you have earned over the years because we pigs want to put lipstick on the pig pen. Slurping at the blood money troth they worry about improvised clothing hooks and homemade TV speakers and expect a man to defecate in front of a women without privacy. None of them care that the reentry plan for most of their charges is a bed at The Pine Street Inn or that a truly bullshit disciplinry report could cost a second degree lifer his freedom at a Parole Hearing. You are a "threat to public safety" in their eyes if you did not make your bed? They are the Devil's agants. Someday, someone, may just hold court in the streets for some of these scum, and then maybe they will think twice before they weild their sword of absurdity here at the gulag. The biggest fool in the whole audit was Captain Shebert. Boy did he fuck things up! His whole shit was out of order, what a moron, and when the auditors saw his "teenagers bedroom" office they nearly shit the bed (no not the Jordon's Furniture beds - your OK Lt. Urine). They could not fathom that the warden would allow one of her highest ranking subordinates to arrange his office like a fuckin pimple faced girl. I guess when your out in the Ivory Tower, sipping Louis XIV Cognac, you care little about such things. Let the music blare from the Alabaster Deck and ignore the fact that a good man, a con who truly changed his life, is getting fucked over by your could-not-care-less, jaded prison honed attitude. Shame on you Rubber Stamp! Shame on you Denied-Oh!! Shame on your cheap victory. True cowards pick on the "friends" of their real nemesis. The Joker went after Bat Girl, not batman. Wo Fat went after Dan Oh, not McGarret. Lex Luther went after Lois Lane, not Superman. Join the villains of the world you cowards! Buff this bitches!!

**- "PISSY LOOKS" DELIVERED AT JUNETEENTH CELEBRATION / COPS GET SORE FEET**

I was honored to be able to attend the Juneteenth Celebration here at the prison this past week. Honored because my friend, Representative Ben Swan was there (along with his aide Shayvonne), and honored because I heard a few good things, but mostly honored because I got to celebrate the history of overcoming oppression with some good friends. Our former deputy here, Alvin "I have a dream" was there and gave a speech that was tolerable until he started talikng bout how he has used his Department of

Corruption position to engage in humanitarian efforts; I nearly lost my burrito. Let's not get carried away Alvin; you ignored abuse here and at other prisons and we are not drinkin the kool aid like to Stockholmed con who invited you. There are no heroes at the concentration camp. You rode shotgun while fools like Scott Man-0-Sin ran the gulag; you are as dirty as his Rest Area prowling ass. This man who cruised the "Rail Trail" for partners had you as his road dog here at the gulag, so please put the humanitarian speech to bed (in the school building if you can find room). One of the misguided cons at the program took too much time running his ass kissing lips and denied some of the guest speakers ample time, so in a rare gesture of graciousness (really just an act in front of a state rep who she knows thinks she is the Jailer Queen - good game Kelly) allowed the event to run 15 minutes past its scheduled 3:30 p.m. wrap-up time (button up your shirt Rubber Stamp, your heart is falling out). You should have seen the pissy looks the guards were giving her (only when she was not looking as they are true cowards) because they would have to wait an extra 15 minutes before they could sit down, lay down, crack a bottle, have a felony smoke, or play computer solitaire. How dare their boss demand that they "stand up" for \$80,000.00 per year? Outrageous! Where is MCOFU when you need them? It was nice though to see all the "girls" dressed to kill; Rubber Stamp had her "Raquel Welch Collection" ensemble from Lord & Taylor, Director Lurking had her "Female Wally Cleaver" Outfit taylored by the John Flowers Sewing Circle on, Deputy Denied-Oh was wearing her "Jumped into from the second floor" Camel Toe Capris, and the newcomer to the Correctional Runway, brand new on the gulag makeover circuit, Director June-In Paris, had on a stunning J-Lo inspired, "been there, done that" excentuating knit combo. The ACAC will be seeking a stripper pole for next years event. That may boost attendence!

**- RUBBER STAMP EXPANDS IVORY TOWER CONCERT SERIES / DEPUTY JUST EXPANDS**

For next weeks planned 90 degree weather our Fine Feathered Leader has booked Martha & The Vandellas to sing their mega-hit "HeatWave" from the Alabaster Deck. She has also scheduled a date for Little Peggy March to come in and sing her hit "I will follow him" in honor of Lt. Urine's decision to stalk Principal Ho-Hum, while also honoring herself by booking the Shangri-Las to sing "Leader of the Pack" for her being the top dog, the Ayatollah of Rock-n-Rollah, here at the gulag. Deputy Denied-Oh has expanded her Sherwin Williams "paint by numbers" pants collection as well.

More To Come...