

SHIRLEYWORLD UPDATES  
"Let The Bullets Fly!"  
Chapter LXII

by Timothy J. Muise

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- BACK BY POPULAR DEMAND = "AUDIT MADNESS" / MURDER IN THE CITY

Once again these Corruptional Fools here at ShirleyWorld are on their campaign of "Audit Madness" which is just another name for a license to abuse the prisoners in their charge. The new Unit Team Captain, old I mace you, you beat me, is going block to block with new foolish made up rules as a way to "control" the masses and get out his anger. Last year, or maybe it was two years ago now as time flies when you are having fun, my friend Darin Bufalino and I spoke with one of the ACA auditors for almost a half hour. This long standing prison employee from the Texas Department of Correction, informed us that cell "decorum", as they like to call it here, has absolutely nothing to do with the audit process. They basically concern themselves with security and safety systems and the auditor informed us that due to the fact that the state "pays" for the audit that it is a "slam dunk" that you will pass. The "accreditation" the ACA (American Correctional Association) offers is a gaff; just like all of "corruptions" is - a true gaff perpetrated upon the taxpayers. No one here at the facility seems to care that the recidivism rate is 50% and that angry prisoners leaving MCI Shirley are influencing the young men in the Mattapan Corridor who are committing these murders that are all over the news as of late. This has been happening each and every summer, but public safety officials care little about these murders, they are more concerned with folders on the floors of ShirleyWorld cells and extra socks and underwear. Madness, pure madness. The "reentry" plan for so many men leaving MCI ShirleyWorld is a trip to the Pine Street Inn. After weeks of a "reentry" course, which proposes some of the most unrealistic and truly ineffective premises you could imagine, men are told, "Well we could not find you a bed at a program so you will just have to go to the Pine Street Inn until one opens up." This is the DOC reentry program. This is the madness of ShirleyWorld. When you focus on taking a prisoner's "extra water bottle", you place a crack pipe in his hand. When you "recycle" a man for an unmade bed you stick a needle of heroin in his vein. When you lug a man for covering his cell window while defecating you place a knife in his hand upon release, and when you daily harass and annoy men who have already been beaten down you place that murderer's pistol in their hand and pull the trigger for them. No one cares that there is no job training or that the drug treatment program is a joke. No one gives a shit that rehabilitation volunteers are treated like criminals themselves by the likes of Lt. Urine and Sgt. Bitch. This "audit madness" gaff must stop and the focus placed upon building men up, not tearing them down. The Captain and his Unit Team are responsible for the murders in the city. They are the real criminals. \$550,000,000.00 for a 50% recidivism rate. You do the math!

- EX CON/CRA GRADUATE ASSAULTS PIGS - CRA PROGRAM THROWS A PARTY

When the "all eggs in one basket" joke of a drug prgram here, the Corruptional Recovery Academy, learned that one of its recent grauduates had assaulted seven police officers in Revere, Massachusetts, they knew

just whet to do; they threw a huge party! That's right your tax dollars paid for the CRA to celebrate their failure here at the prison by eating cake and cookies over in the prison Chapel. CRA "counselors", with tight fitting yoga pants and English Bowler hats, praised the men they have brainwashed into believing that a "Therapeutic Community Treatment" model can be employed in a prison setting. This bullshit program has no success tracking rates and uses a philosophy which can only work in an isolated, never leave the community, setting. It can never work in the prison setting where those who are being "programmed" are sent out into the prison general population each day. The "conflict" they encounter, between "programming ideals" and "prison rhetoric" destroy any hope of the TC treatment being effective. A TC (Therapeutic Community) is designed to be a little like Marine Corp boot camp. You tear a subjects belief system down and then rebuild it with the "corp's" system. In a TC you break down unhealthy life ideals and attempt to replace them with new ones, ones conducive to recovery. This can never happen in the prison setting and it can certainly never happen with entry level "counselors" (and I do use the term loosely) who do not even know how to dress professionally. Imagine some superior would have to tell a female CRA staffer that it is not a good idea to wear skin tight clothing in the prison setting??? These wet behind the ears girls are working with the most complicated treatment demographic in our society and they have almost no experience in the field. It is an equation that destines the program to failure. They are so out of touch that after one of their graduates beats up Revere pigs and then salutes the camera in his mug shot, the wise CRA counselors decide it is a good time to throw a party and pat themselves on the back for all the great work they have done. Typical DOC madness. Typical ShirleyWorld madness. The Jim Jone's kool aid flows like Niagra and the bullets fly on the streets of Boston. Welcome to ShirleyWorld! Welcome to my (temporary) world!!

**- DEPUTY DENIED-OH TAKES OFF TWO (2) WEEKS / WORLD KEEPS SPINNING**

The fear and anxiety was like leading up to the infamous Y2K scam when folks thought that all the computers, banking systems, and world technology was going to "crash" when the digital calendar changed from 1999 to the milenium of 2000. What was the "scam" this time? Well many thought that if Deputy K. DiNardo was to take off two weeks that the entire facility would shut down. I am happy to report that the abuse went on without her. Now a few "boots" were left unpolished and the ranks of Denied-Ohites/Stockholm Syndrome sycophants were very lonely, but the volunteers continued to be abused in the trap, reentry still slated men for the Pine Street Inn, and dementia patients still had jokes played on them in the "sniff" even with the Deputy Floating around

on some reinforced floatation device in the middle of the Caribbean. The good news for those who work for her was that their anxiety level was greatly reduced for the two (2) week period. They never know if it will be a bi-polar high, a manic delusion, or a bi-polar low, deep anger exerted on her underlings. They do their best to avoid the "office" and no one dares interrupt her non-lucid diatribes at the staff meetings. Our High Priestess, Kelly Rubber Stamp Wry-On has learned to just sit back and grin as Fieldmarshall Denied-Oh rants on about some truly innocuous perceived slight. Oh such are the pitfalls of a life in the "corruption" department. One wrong move and even you, a badge wearing gulag staffer, can suffer the wrath of the Fieldmarshall. Many of her fellow employees have put forth a proposition where they would donate their vacation time to Deputy denied-Oh to just keep her out of the prison. Rumor has it that our legendary deputy was banned from Wideass Key in the U.S. Virgin Islands as she threw a real throwback temper tantrum like her youthful days of Cocaine and menthols. When they ran out of the Dark Mount Gay Rum, and only had the Platinum left, our well-cushioned traveler tossed her Rum Swizell into the face of the barman and shouted, "I am woman, hear me roar!", as she flashed her DOC badge attached to a fleshy boob. They strapped her to a jet ski, crammed a Passion Fruit in her mouth, and "lugged" her ass off to the American Airlines baggage check. It was Blue Diamond almonds and complimentary pink champagne all the way to Logan! Next year it is off to Cabo San Lucas for the Sammy Hagar "Cabo Wabo Fest"! The barmen just can't wait!

**- BIG CONCERT PLANNED FOR "NO-LABOR DAY WEEKEND" / NAPS AND YOU TUBE**

The Ivory Tower Concert Series, life from the Alabaster Deck, will be in full swing over the Labor Day Weekend, or as it is known in the Department of Corruption the "No-Labor Day" weekend as everyone knows that these layabouts do as little "labor" as possible. Our Fine Feathered Fashion Plate has booked the 1980's MTV Band Men At Work to sing their hit, "Land Down Under" as a tribute to the Australian Prison Colony of Old. Also booked is the band The Police who will belt out "Don't Stand So Close To Me" in honor of Med Line CO Desire's desire to keep cons away from her in the med line. The Cars will sing "it's All Mixed Up" to the dementia patients in Deputy Denied-Oh's "sniff", and The Kingston Trio will sing "Where have all the flowers gone" for CO Scumlafia dn his forced supervision of the Lifer's Block Garden Program. Finally, wrapping up the weekend, Helen Reddy will sing "I Am Woman" for all the G.I.D. Patients and Lt. Shameless Peckerhead!

More To Come...

## THE WALK

by Timothy J. Muise

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Soft beach sand sifts between my toes smoothly,  
warm sun browns my shoulders a deep bronze hue.  
Thoughts of better days flood my racing mind,  
your smile and brown eyes guide each light step.

Pine needle path crumples under my hard step,  
thick bows hang down from the tall majestics.  
Visions of closeness dance on the moonlight,  
your steps intricate like those of a queen.

Dark walkway surrounded by thick wire,  
soulless march across the prisons cold yard.  
your memory saves me from destruction,  
your image is all I can hold on to.

## BITTER FRUIT

by Timothy J. Muise

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Freedom melts like a bitter fruit in my mouth,  
the juice turns my stomach like acid rich bile.  
No rescue from the madness each day here brings,  
no lark or wobbler can I ever hear sing.

Life by the clock instills delusions so dire,  
sleep cannot save me from death's naked pyre.  
Bonds can be broken if only for moments,  
hearts can be filled with real meaningful contents.

## NO SKY

by Timothy J. Muise

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I look up; there is no sky,  
what is left to do?, but  
sit down and cry.