

"We are all in the gutter, but some of us are looking at the stars." - Oscar Wilde

Dear Readers,

09-13-15

Howdy! Once again I have been remiss at keeping up with this blog. Part of it is due to being lazy, part is due to lack of motivation, and part is due to lack of the address, which will later be explained.

I believe I last left off with that piece-of-shit cliche who assaulted me for no reason. I don't have my notes, so if I repeat myself, please forgive.

Shortly after the assault by that fat-ass Brandon, I noticed that things started to be missing from my locker. This included my brand-new radio, stamps, + food. I don't think I left my locker unlocked, + it had to be someone who knew where I kept my stamps. The obvious suspect in everyone's mind was Fat Ass Brandon. I had to get out of that cell.

Fortunately, a new gay guy came to the unit, "Shay." Shay was put in with a muslim which was not a good thing for someone gay. So, we were both in a bad situation. Fortunately, some cells opened up due to a stabbing, + Shay + I were able to move to an open cell together. Unfortunately, although Shay wasn't

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abusive, Shay was also a piece of crap. For the record, Shay is black, totally ghetto & extremely institutionalized. Shay hated it 'cause I brushed my teeth & spit in the sink - like a normal person - instead of spitting in the toilet like someone who's spent most of their adult life in prison (Shay).

Also, Shay was really nasty because I preferred to spend my day in the cell & read. At night I'd watch TV, but during the day there's nothing I wanted to watch, I enjoy spending time by myself away from these assholes in prison, & I really enjoy spending my time reading which (figuratively) helps me to escape from this place in my mind.

Well, it's not like Shay wanted the cell to himself, Shay just didn't want me to be in the cell. Huh?? How typical. I knew it wouldn't last for long, & it didn't. But not by choice, unfortunately.

To be continued....

Love & Blessings,

Shay