

"I'm trying to make some sense out of the phrase 'Everything happens for a reason,' and I think I've figured out what the reason is - to piss me off."  
- Cecelia Ahern, 'Love, Rosie'

Dear Readers,

10/05/16

Happy Birthday to me. And no one to even acknowledge it. No one gives a damn when you're in prison. Maybe I'll get one late card this week, but I'm not holding my breath. 11 birthdays in prison so far.

Well, I last left off having moved into a new cell with a very rude cellie & being a virtual pariah ~~that~~ thanks to Psycho Bitch Horwity.

So, we were there for a couple weeks & Daniel, my cellie, moved to another cell. Alone at last!! I hadn't been alone in well over a year. Unfortunately, much worse things were to come.

On Aug. 20<sup>th</sup> two days after Daniel moved & only 2 weeks after I had last gotten out of the Hole, some Native (Indian) guy brought over another Indian who had just moved to our unit & they asked if the new guy could move in. I said that it was fine just as long as he didn't have a problem that I'm gay. He said he didn't have a problem with it &



2

so he moved in.

Everything was going fine. In fact, this guy, Black Owl, even suggested "hooking up" & wanted a massage. Yet... the next day at 1 pm he went to play pool (or whatever). He came back at 3 pm & walked in the door & told me I had to get out of the cell. Huh?? He said that he was in a gang & so he couldn't live with me. I reminded him that he asked me to move in & he knew I was gay when he did. He didn't care & kept wanting to fight. Fucking trash.

To shorten this as much as possible, I spoke with the counselor twice & let him know what was going on. He spoke with Black Owl & told him that since he was the one with the problem & had just moved in, then he needed to move. Plus, being gay, there was no way I could easily move to another cell. "B.O." replied that if he moved then he would look like a "punk." WTF? I also spoke with 3 different CO's (officers) & let them know what was going on (we had a shift change).

Well, as I predicted, I was assaulted. There was blood all over the unit. I was first taken to a local hospital, then by ambulance to another hospital in Oklahoma City to their Trauma Center. I ended up



with a broken nose, a broken eye socket (again, with the sunken cheekbone), & a crushed sinus cavity.

To top it off, these idiots wrote me a "shot" (incident report) for "fighting." Typical. Fortunately, when I had my hearing two weeks later, the hearing officer has a brain & I was found "not guilty." And only then because the whole thing was on camera.

I also went to see two different doctors the same week as my hearing & they said that it appears that my eyesight is OK (at first I was seeing double), so they're not gonna do any surgery. Unfortunately, they also said that the damage to my face is "cosmetic", so they're not gonna do anything. Lovely.

So, now I sit here in the Hole waiting to be transferred. They didn't give a specific reason for the transfer, but I've been miserable here & very much want to go.

Have you ever heard the saying, "Be careful what you wish for?"

To be continued....

Love & Blessings,

