

"You can run and run as fast and as far as you like but the truth is, wherever you run, there you are." - Cecelia Ahern, 'Love, Rosie'

Dear Readers,

09-28-15

Howdy!

OK, so I left off when I was just getting out of the "Hole." (SHU/Segregation) Well, right before you get out, the property officer here (this has never happened elsewhere) has you sign off on your property form (the inventory of your property the CO packed from your cell) + makes you write "None" on the form to indicate that none of your property is missing.

This institution will use this to deny any tort claims (claims for missing property) by claiming that you acknowledged that no property was missing - all without your ever getting to check or inventory any of your property on your own. Even when you file a tort claim + it's denied for whatever reason, an inmate has no legal recourse because the Supreme Court ruled that we don't (can't remember which case that was, but it's true).

So... your property is packed in a large, green military-style duffle bag. At every other institution,

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I've had several duffel bags of property. At El Reno though, I've only had one bag. Why? Because the CO's here will fill up one bag only, & the rest of your property they discard or give to other inmates. All of this is property which we are allowed to have & which we purchase from Commissary. So, they screw you over & intentionally prevent you from filing a tort claim.

Each time I've gone to the Hole, I've lost hundreds of dollars worth of my property. This past time I'm describing, they threw away a \$109 SPD (purchase order) alone, along with the 2nd mesh gym bag I've had to buy (these take up hardly any space), all my shampoos & lotions, typewriter ribbon & correction tape, etc., etc. Cool scam huh?

Anyway, so I'm given this huge duffel bag which probably comes up to my lower ribs & it's heavy as hell. Now, I'm skinny as a rail, 6'2" & then 162 lbs. Yet, the CO's order you to carry the duffel bag across the compound to Laundry first (to get sheets & such) & then across the compound again to your unit.

I had to get help to get the bag straps around my shoulders - which caused scratches & bruises all up my arms - and I was expected to carry this thing in 100° heat across the compound. By the way,

I'm not in the best health either. I was bent over double at the waist trying to carry this damn bag & it was killing me. Halfway back from laundry I gave up & confiscated a trash cart & used that. These sick people are sadists.

So, I finally get back to the unit after only 9 days gone only to find that "wonderful" Shay, my gay cellie, has let two guys move in so I have to find somewhere else to live. Shay tells me some lie about how they paid to move into the cell (even though they moved out the following week) a large amount.

I later discover that ghetto-trash Shay stole my mirrors and my nightlight & kept the radio that I specifically asked him to make sure got packed. The radio was all I got back & was told lies about the rest of my property. There's no telling what else he took. Fucking trash.

I ended up being put in a cell with a ~~quite~~ quiet (closet case) Mexican. He was OK except for one thing: he left his radio on blasting through his headphones ALL NIGHT LONG, WTF?? I've been locked up 11 years & not until I came to this shithole place, El Reno, did I have any cellies who were some completely disrespectful & rude that

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they insisted on blasting their radios out loud (instead of putting their damn headphones on their head). I've now had 3 cellies here who did that, Insane.

Also when I got back I learned that my first cellie, the Psycho Bitch "Ricky Bobby" was spreading the usual BS about me, e.g., that I was locked up for spreading AIDS around the compound. This Horvity is a very sick individual. His own mother won't have anything to do with him.

Needless to say, I was treated like a total pariah. I was dirt & I've never felt so uncomfortable. I kept waiting for the other shoe to drop.

To be continued

Love & Blessings,
