

SHIRLEYWORLD UPDATES  
"Let The Bullets Fly!"  
Chapter LXVI

by Timothy J. Muise

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**- NO "SOUP"ERTENDENT FOR YOU! 31 YEARS - DEPUTY Denied-oh (See Ya!)**

After 31 years of pissing off her subordinates, many of them rising to positions of power in the department of corruption, Deputy Denied-Oh thought - in her arrogance - that she was reporting to the Main Office of Corruption in Milford for "reassignment to a superintendent's post", but much to her dismay, and much to our pleasure here at Free Speech Central, our well cushioned lady-tyrant was told "No Soup(erintendent) for You! 31 Years!", by our own Seinfeld like "Sup Nazi" Carol Wiggins-Oh-Cryin. Our plumped poserioered Deputy of "Assifivation" and "Deprogramming" was told to pack her carpet-bag and head off to the not so greener pastures of "GardnerWorld" where she will once again be the subordinate of Al "I Have a Dream" Note-Ass and I am pleased to report that those two get along like oil and water. Deputy Denied-Oh has been treating folks like shit for decades, not just cons but the oxygen wasters she works with, and she just can't seem to grab that brass ring she has sought for so long; the position of "Warden". She is always second fiddle at the gulag (or third fiddle really) and can never find that Endless Summer of beach shoe wearing Monarchy. We are all anxious to hear the Rock Band "Steam" play there smash sports arena anthem "Na na na na, Hey hey hey, Goodbye!" for deputy Denied-Oh, and don't let the gulag gate hit you in that double-pumpkin Halloween seat on the way out! You can start Haunting GardnerWorld when you get back from your October vacation in Hades. This is great news for us here at ShirleyWorld, but horrible news for the sick old cons at GardnerWorld. We have heard that Deputy Denied-Oh has already ordered an 18 Wheel Oil Tanker of Stckholm Syndrome Kool Aid and a Ten Wheel Dump Truck of Pixie Dust for use on the prisoners over at GardnerWorld. Many of them will undoubtedly drink her kool aid and snort her pixie dust just to get a guitar or a fresh tomato, but we here at Free Speech Central also know there are a few cons over there who will resist her evil ways and send us reports on her activities there. We will keep all the readers posted as we can't afford to lose the "corruptional fodder" that is Deputy Denied-Oh. Possibly at GardnerWorld our finely padded female femme fatale' will be able to dust the moth balls off her Mooseknuckle capris and Camel-Toe Khakis that she used to "sport" here at ShirleyWorld. She can also bust out her junior high jelly shoes and parade around the compound looking like the "most likely to fill with self-hatred" candidate from the school yearbook. I heard she may have played the flute at band camp, but that is a story for another time. We won't miss you Deputy Denied-Oh, but you can rest assured that we will never stop telling the story of how you abused men here. Your secrets are not safe. Oh yea, one last thing: **No "Sup" for you!**

**- THE "HOLE IN THE WALL GANG" TAKES A HIT / NO MORE HIDING OUT IN THE WOODS**

The Sundance Kid of our "Hole in the wall" hideout gang out here in the woods of Shirley, just met his Brazilian Militia and took a bullet directly to his kool aid pumping heart. Deputy G. McCan't (he "McCan't" find enough years to hide out until pension time) took a .44-70 rifle round right to the chest from Judge Roy Bean wannabe, Commissioner of

Corruption Carol Wiggins-Oh-Cryin, in the form of a mandated transfer to ConcordWorld Minimum where he will literally be in charge of cows like a good cowboy should be! No more hiding out here in the woods of Shirley like he has for twenty years. He will now have to work with folks who are not so used to his "go along to get along" and "we do things different here at ShirleyWorld" attitude. The good ole Commish tossed her Wonder Woman lasso around his dandruff covered shoulders and told him to grab his bootstraps and prepare to wade through the cowshit over in Concord. Henry David Thoreau would be so proud and maybe Deputy McCan't can eat his lunch of sour grapes down at Walden Pond. Our gulag Sundance will be forced to saddle up his state sanctioned nag and trot the Chisolm Trail (a/k/a Route 2) down to the Concord Rotary. His saddlebags may still be full of taxpayer dollars, but they will be filled a little slower as this transfer to a "minimum" gulag from a "maximum" gulag is definately a demotion. Our "Law West of the Pecos" (a/k/a 495 corridor) Judge Roy Bean gavel slammer Wiggins-Oh-Cryin lined up Deputy McCan't in her v-notch rear sight, placed the blade front sight between the notches and affixed it directly on the heart of our Hopalong Cassidy deputy. With a smooth squeeze of the trigger she killed any further hiding out here in the Hole-in-the-Wall that is ShirleyWorld. You may be familiar with the saying "the chickens have come home to roost", but I feel a more appropriate saying for this matter would be "the cows have come home to chew cud" as our Not so Tall in the Saddle Deputy is heading over to the Bovine graveyard of corruptional careers: ConcordWorld Minimum. They say you can run but you can't hide, but in Deputy McCan'ts case you can only hide for so long until they make you run. Maybe Our Fine Feathered, Well heeled, Queen could have the Roling Stones Tribute Band Sympathy for the Devil play the Keith Richards hit "Walk Before they Make Me Run" which features the ShirleyWorld appripo' line, "Booze and Pills and Powders; you gotta chhose your medicine." Well let's belly up to the old saloon and order a boilermaker in honor of our new cowboy Sundance Greg McCan't. Remember old cowboys never die they just get sent to the range at ConcordWorld Minimum to rope a few steers. Deputy McCan'ts first order of business there will be to arrange a cow milking contest where the contestants cannot use their hands! Happy trails Greg!

**- CONVICTS DO THE WORK - PIGS GET FED - SOUND CORRUPTIONAL LOGIC**

After weeks of "audit madness" here at the prison where cons, sycophants and Stockholmed kool aid drinkers were forced to mop ceilings and wax tables (no shit) the reward was that Rubber Stamp Wry-On gave a cookout to the pigs! That's right, convicts did all the work so that this shithole passed the ACA audit and they decided to slop the hogs in celebration. Sound corruptional logic if you ask me. If you can get convicts to wax the pigs podium in each unit, while polishing a few boots while they are at it, and then reward the computer solitaire and You Tube watching heroes of the toughest beat in the state without the cons making a peep, then you have indeed won the war. These friggin

oxygen wasting layabouts actually had a huge charcoal grill trucked down from the warehouse and put up a circus canopy under which they would kneel into the troth. You can't make this shit up and the truth is truly stranger than fiction. They had signs posted on the side of the grill warning "Be sure to chew your hot dogs" as I guess they were fearful some of the more elegant heroes may swallow their weiners whole; old habits are hard to break they say. They also had a "Dunk The Clown" tank where Coach Woodhead wore the Bozo outfit that he wears to the Central Mass Former IPS convention each year while sitting on the bench encouraging his peers to whip seized homebrew oranges at the bull's eye. The tank is filled with the chilled blood of HSU dialysis patients and as CO Hasbeen puts on a power lifting show, bottle of HGH and testosterone hanging out of her yoga pants, porkers take turns tossing Sunkist navels toward the target. CO Heapa Dung was the first to hit the bull's eye and send Coach Woodhead into the vat of blood. He popped up looking like the Correctional Carrie he truly is. The sad news for the cons who did all the work was that not only did the porkers get the reward but the cons got locked in their cells while the hogs dined on weiners and slop. Fuck em' I say as it gave me another opportunity to write about the madness that is correctiona and issue a few more "invitations" to state officials to come in and view conditions of confinement in pure defiance of Deputy Denied-oh's direct order. I got a direct order for her; roast this weiner bee-ahhch!

- LIEUTENANT OF "MINIMUM INTELLIGENCE" SENT TO "MINIMUM SECURITY"

The biggest fool on our 3-11 shift, the cotton loafered king of dirty state police urines himself, Lt. Shameless "I don't chew my weiners" Peckerhead, has been "reassigned" by our Fine Fetahered leader to work up at ShirleyWorld Light, a/k/a Shirley Minimum. As everyone knows this is a demotion and is a result of his untolled fuck-ups while on duty here. Shameless was heard crying to Director of Mistreatment C. Lurking, at the bottom of the staff enterance to the Programs Building, "I don't know why they are sending me up there?" Well I can answer that for you; YOU ARE A BITCH AND WILL DO AS YOU ARE TOLD! Take that misshapened Squash/eggplant of a head of yours, light loafer your way up the hill, and grab your ankles for the true screwing you so genuinly deserve. Possibly Sgt. Messy-Her will be able to bitch slap your sunglasses of your melon again and this time you will be high up on a hill when you dry snitch him to anyone who will listen. You and Birds-Eye can pass the time by playing hide the salami and bitch button bingo together. Gardner is sounding better and better ain't it?

More To Come...