

SHIRLEYWORLD UPDATES
"Let The Bullets Fly!"
Chapter LXXIX

by Timothy J. Muise

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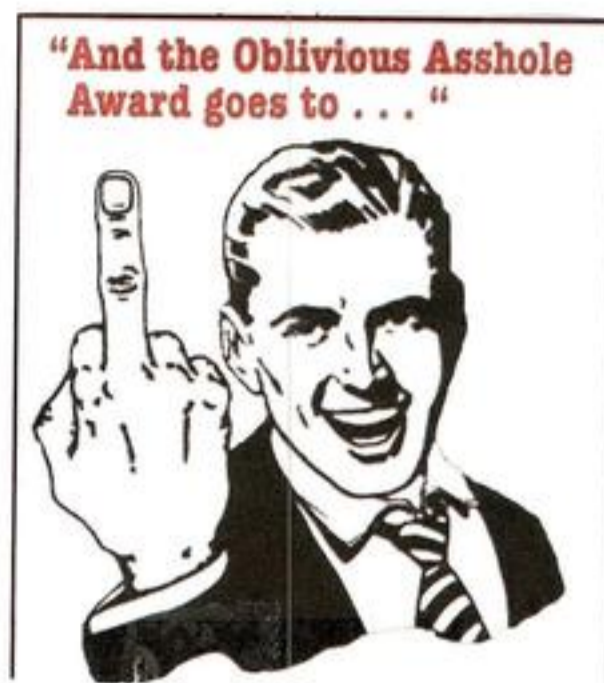
- THE BULLETS ALLEGED TO HAVE FLOWN AT SHIRLEYWORLD / LIE DETECTOR TESTS

On Christmas Eve here at ShirleyWorld one of the ingenuis layabouts came up with a great plan to get Holiday Overtime for himself and his "boys" who wear the badge of dishonor. One of Lt. Shameless Peckerhead's Elite Squash Head Squad up at ShirleyWorld Light reported that they heard a "gunshot" and saw a large ape like mammal fleeing the area. This "more stories than Walt Disney" oxygen waster reported these "ghost" gunshots to his Reefer Headed Supervisor who determined there was a strong possibility that Big Foot, a/k/a "The Yeti" has wandered onto the property of the prison, discharged a primitive firearm, and then stealthily retreated back into the wilds of the Greater Shirley Region. Lt. Shameless Peckerhead and his Band of way too "Merry Men" decided to call in the State Police (to whom Lt. Shameless once provided a dirty pee-pee) and have the Air Wing come in, along with the DOC Fugative Task Force and Lesbian Carpet Cleaning Team, and see if they could locate this Pistol Packing Sasquach. Now this resulted in the prison being placed on "lock down" on Christmas Eve so that no prisoners could call their children, aging mothers, or families, but that is not important when there is a Simeon Six Gun Shooter on the loose. Public Safety comes first and the DOC lackies could not allow an Outlaw Orangutang to be at large in the Tall Pines of Northern Shirley. Now many men at the prison were hoping that the alleged gunshot was Lt. Peckerhead finally putting himself out of his misery, eating the old hollow-point sandwich as they say, but that would be too good to be true. Shameless's pipe-dreams of being a "real cop", kind of like Pinocchio wanting to be a "real boy", were almost magically realized when he got to try to "look important" in front of the Staties that showed up, but as can be expected they all saw just how much of an idiot this reject is and another level of disdain for guards was added to the layers that already exist. Our Fine Feathered Leader, Rubber Stamp Wry-On, was out having her Pimp Hand repaired and was pretty pissed off when she learned that it was pretty much an Essop's Fable generated by an angry turnkey who was stuck working on Christmas Eve. Rubber Stamp immediately called Dr. Phil of the Dr. Phil show and asked how she could contact his lie detector test agent as she plans on having Former FBI Secret Agent Jack Tramarco administer tests to the "Sky Is Falling - Chicken Little" of a guard as well as to Lt. Shameless about his real "sexuality". I can just hear the echos of "The Results are in!" and in Maury Povich fashion they would say "In the case of 250 year old Six Gun Sasquatch: You ARE the liar!" Now in the case of Lt. Peckerhead's proclivities: "You are the swordswallower!" Gepetto called Shameless and he is sad to report that you are still not a Real Cop, but maybe someday you can play one on TV! Long Live Big Foot!

- FREE SPEECH CENTRAL NAMES "OBVIOUS ASSHOLE" OF 2015 / TOUGH CHOICE

The ballots are in. Free Speech Central has polled the masses here at the prison and we are Happy to report that we have a clear winner for the Obvious Asshole of 2015 Award. It was a really tough choice as there

were many stellar candidates. We can tell you that Sgt. Bitch, toilet paper thief extraordinaire, scored very highly. You also had Coach Woodhead, or as the other guards here are now calling him: Deputy Woodhead (and not in a kind way), as well as Lt. McHardly, but we believe that the quintessential Asshole of ShirleyWorld was properly chosen by the readers of The Free Speech Central Blog. So without further ado, we here at Free Speech Central announce the winner of the 2015 **Obvious Asshole**:



LT. SHAMELESS PECKERHEAD!

This true fool has the opposite of the Midas Touch. Why don't we call it the Rectum Touch as everything he touches seems to turn to shit. He had the soft touch Supervising Lieutenant's spot at ShirleyWorld and committed so many fuck-ups that Rubber Stamp Wry-On assigned him to work up at ShirleyWorld Light where time drags like Shameless's hemroids drag behind him. You start your career by giving a dirty urine to the State Police, a true stroke of brilliance if I do say so myself, get bitch checked in the Parking Lot on at least three occasions, have Sgt. Messy-Her slap the taste out of your mouth and sunglasses off your melon in front of 100 convicts - do nothing about - then dry snitch him to anyone who will listen. You have your Barney Fife single bullet in your pocket, bitch button at your side, and now you can carry you "**Obvious Asshole**" Trophy around with you: A Gold Plated Suppository! Congratulations Shaemless. Well deserved!! The Celebratory Party Will be held at The Purple Helmet in Provincetown, Massachusetts with music by the Queen tribute band, "Freddy Mercury's Condom."

- PRICE OF SAND & SALT HAS RISEN TO A NEW INDEX / DRUNK CLASSES COVERED

The Dow Jones Index has reported that the price of basic sand and road salt has risen to a new high. The effects were certainly felt here at ShirleyWorld where CO Scumlafia's Walks and Grounds crew was ordered to lay down a layer of sand "thinner than Scumlafia's tolerance for prisoners." The results were tragic. You had 89 year old prisoner Ima Dyin fall and break his hip to which Nurse Practitioner Dirty Sanchez responded, "Take two Motrin and I'll schedule you for physical therapy." Wheelchair prisoner Roland Uphill flipped his rig and the resulting torque tossed his wheelchair pusher, Will Recidivate, out to the old bushy hedge by the walkway (No, not Lt. Urine's Bushy Hedge). Prisoner Indy Gent took a spill with his Canadian crutches and could not afford a box of band aids. Chaos ruled during this first storm of the year and Lt. Oh-Yea (Is he an idiot? Oh-Yea!) ruled that he will not pass out hats to the octogenarians as a "cold skull is a rehabilitated skull". The good news for The King of Walks and Grounds, His Royal Drunkenness CO Scumlafia, is that MCOFU has arranged for the money that the facility saved on skimping with the sand



FREE SPEECH!

and salt can be applied to CO Scumlafia's DWI drunk classes. His life has become quite "unmanagable" as they say in A.A. so managing the sand and salt here at ShirleyWorld has been a sort of a saving grace for him. He is in hot water again, and we hear Rubber Stamp has her scapel out to cut away the cancer, so the cons better look out as he always takes out his self-hatred on weak and defenseless prisoners. His pal, ShirleyWorld electrician Count of Monte-Tequilla, would not be able to drive The King in as his drivers license is suspended for driving while blind as ZZ Top would say. I guess they adhere to the old Lt. Urine adage, "LickHer in the front & poke her in the rear!", oops I mean "Liquor in the front, poker in the rear." Sorry. My bad. Rumor has it that CO Hasbeen has been deadlifting the 55 gallon drums of raod salt in preparation to lift that big chip off her shoulder from catchin that elbow in the mug. Lt. Smell-Her is no worse for wear after dragging her into the fray, but CO Hasbeen's PTSD has her considering becoming Queen of Walks and Grounds and possibly spawning the Prince of Darkness to carry on the ShirleyWorld legacy of abuse and brainwashing. If you break a hip on the ShirleyWorld walkway possibly the Six Gun Sasquatch can come a put you "down" as they say in the SNIFF. If you dump your wheelchair on Disability Ramp black ice maybe Santa will bring you a Flexible Flyer to get back-n-forth to meds and chow. One thing is for sure: no more Rubber Stamp Red Hats as the bastards even broke down her heart of compassion. If you listen closely you might hear the call of the wild Yeti: "My name is Mark and I'm an alcoholic."

- RUBBER STAMP RECOVERS / RATS PLAY WHEN CAT IS AWAY / SHIRLEYWORLD SATIRE

Our prayers go out to our Fine Feathered Leader, Kelly Rubber Stamp Wry-On, as she recovers from her hand surgery. She would be glad to know that her second in command, Deputy McCan't (McCan't find enough ways to keep his ass squarely in the hidden woods of Shirley) is doing a fine job of back-slapping, belly laughing, and injecting a general spirit of satire here at ShirleyWorld while she is gone. Great laughs were had at the expense of the Kwanza event: they gave them "Rubber Fruit" as "real" fruit is a security risk! (I told you before you can't make this shit up!) They threw out all the toys in the visiting room for the visiting shildren: now that is a real command decision. They had a real belly busting laugh when they watched little Johnny Smith look for the play house to share a moment with his Dad. Fucking Bastards these people. Crowded chowhalls (especially on Christmas Day), late counts each night, delayed movements, Sgt. Bitch naps, etc., etc., etc. Ms. Wry-On's mimions certainly do not miss her. Let us hope that a few Bitch Slaps are in order when our Queen returns from her convalescence. God Save The Queen!! (:

More To Come...

SOUL OF A MAN

by Timothy J. Muise

My soul was forged off the coast of an Island,
fair wind at my back and salt on my lips.
Forged like iron and steel, bend but never break,
willing to roll with the sea and to weather the storm.

My soul was tested behind the bars of a prison,
cruel and uncaring it wanted me to be.
That Island saved me and rose me above,
the madness that is the cage of men.

My soul is stamped "Gloucester" like grade A beef,
I can never lose it even if I choose.
Strong like my ancestors and just as brash,
no one can make the decisions for us; we are free.

Once A Sailor

by Timothy J. Muise

I once was a sailor,
it seems so long ago.
On the waters of Cape Ann,
the wind swept my heart.

Three hulls and two masts,
vast nets in between.
Young ladies as crew,
Eastern Point our playground.

Sun and breeze sweet as wine,
laughter and cheer abound.
I thought of love and life,
lobster buoys pass us by.

I once was a sailor,
it seems so long ago.
To the waters of Cape Ann,
I hope to return.

No Prison Can Hold Me

by Timothy J. Muise

No prison can hold me,
as I am not a prisoner.
I am a man; free.