

THE NORFOLK CHRONICLES

"You Can't Believe This Shit!"

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- RESEARCH CHEMICALS ALL THE RAGE AT NORFOLKWORLD / SHOWERS ARE THE SCURGE

Now I had been away from Norfolk for a little over five (5) years. I missed many of my close friends (sad to say many of them are serving life), but I did not miss the NorfolkWorld insanity that manifests in many interesting ways. Each and everyday I roam the yards here and am overwhelmed with the smell of burning K2 - otherwise known as synthetic marijuana. Since the DEA/FDA keep changing the laws on this drug it is almost always some kind of research chemical just a few molecules off what the last batch was. This means no one knows the side-effects and they could be pretty severe longterm. Men here at NorfolkWorld have the "green light" from the guards to smoke and this angers me. You see I am a recovering drug addict with many years clean who does not appreciate being forced to live in an environment much like the Burning Man Festival. You cannot deny the "green light" they guards have given as I witness their actions. Men are mere yards away, the burning tea/K2 is overwhelmingly pungent, but the guards just stick their ostrich head in the sand. Why you might ask? Well NorfolkWorld has a huge gang problem right now and they are not equipped to handle it so they let the men smoke the new "opium of the people" hoping the gang-bangers will stay satiated by these research chemicals. Fucking sad situation. They will still take a cheesecake from some old man on the quad or seize milk and butter out of someones' refrigerator box, but bust some bloods or gangster disciples smoking the "deuce": not a chance! This is modern corrections at it's finest and expect these gang-bangers back in your community ready to rock-n-roll with a TEC-9 Semi-Automatic pistol and head full of some research chemical. God save us! You'll get locked up at NorfolkWorld if you take a shower in the morning but if you burn a few bones of the Deuce under one of the gangster awnings your shit is legit! Welcome to NorfolkWorld!! (Where is Charlie Fillis when you need him? Oh yea, P-Town!)

- OLDEST PRISONER IN THE SYSTEM HELD AT NORFOLKWORLD / SIGH OF RELIEF

Well the public can breath a sigh of relief as the oldest prisoner in the commonwealth is held in our H.S.U., locked up tighter than a drum! They do not have to worry about him wheeling his rickety old prison wheelchair down Main Street in Norfolk after robbing the Wells Fargo coach, which he thinks is still operating as he is 93 years old! They can also rest safe knowing that another long-term prisoner is also held in our H.S.U., albeit missing his feet. Yes a man who committed his crime in the early seventies (1970's) is still held here even though he had over 200 furloughs. They cut both of his feet off due to diabetes but still fear he may run to Costa Rica if they let him out. We also have a fully blind man with 20 years in prison in our H.S.U. as well as a man with full blown dementia. Fucking crazy. This is "Public Safety Protection?" God save us!

FREE SPEECH CENTRAL

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MCI-NORFOLK's BIG DIG

The largest, most expensive project in the history of Norfolk is underway- the rewiring of a 17 room schoolhouse, or the O.I.C. One could only imagine that such a project could be completed at minimal costs given the abundance of available inmate labor earning upwards of \$3.00 per day. But unfortunately the project is being spearheaded by noneother than, the DOC's laziest, responsibility shirking, money grubbing . . . electrician;

"Reece-the-Fleece." Fleece, as a DOC electrician, is also an instructor with the responsibility of employing and teaching/training inmates. After all it is part of the mission statement of the DOC to rehabilitate the errant offenders they incarcerate and to provide them with skills and knowledge to prevent recidivism, and consequently relieve taxpayers the burden of footing the bill of an overpopulated prison system. Well, it looks like another opportunity to give men a taste of what is involved with working in the trades, while saving money which is being wasted on overblown estimates- due to overtime. A large part of wiring an old building, devoid of insulation, is pulling and stripping wire. This is a task which is the basics of any electrician apprenticeship- and not a task that a master electrician should be getting overtime pay for. In fact Fleece is working from 7:50 AM to 7:00 PM with overtime costs reaching proportions of the Big Dig Project. Here is a solution. Through the Institutional Assignment Officer vet a number of inmates and seek clearance to assist the rewiring project. Pay these men a whopping \$.45 per day, which is time and a half for someone earning \$3.00 per day- hell, make it \$5.00 per day. This is not unprecedented as the canteen building was built by inmates in the late 80's for a fraction of the cost of outside estimates. The problem with this road to saving alot of money while training inmates is a roadblock called Fleece. Fleece has made it very clear he does not want to work with inmates and does not want the responsibility. Case in point is the inmate, who under Fleece's watch was injured while standing on the very top of a ladder and drilling, over his head, into a wall filled with rebar, the result; the inmate fell over 6 feet landing on his head followed by an 8lb drill which broke the inmate's face. Fleece uses this as an example of why he should not have to supervise inmates... OSHA !!! In order for this solution to succeed two things need to happen. First, someone needs to get a clear idea of how long this black hole of a project will really take. With the canteen building, a number of outside estimates were obtained. Also, someone needs to instruct Fleece on the way things are going to be. Second, Fleece has to play ball, that means fixing his make-up, straightening his slip and do his very overpaid job without exerting what brain matter he does have trying to scam taxpayers to benefit himself. Or on the otherhand, maybe it is just cheaper to just pay Fleece money and not have to listen to him whine. How about a promotion and a transfer and replace him with someone who would be happy to play ball.