

THE NORFOLK CHRONICLES

by Timothy J. Muise

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- FLAPJACKS AND MAD RATS / THE NORFOLK WORLD WAY "W.T.F."!

Here at NorfolkWorld/WallyWorld, were a chance to abuse the prisoner is rarely passed up, they cook our pancakes - or flapjacks - two (2) days early; that's right TWO DAYS EARLY! Another "you can't make this shit up" example. Have you ever eaten a two day old flapjack? Well if not just dump some Log Cabin syrup over and smear some butter on an old chair cushion from Grandma's rocker and you'll get the point. Now if that ain't bad enough they store these flapjacks in a common area in the Main Line Kitchen that is infested with vermin! No bullshit - again, you can't make this shit up - and the vermin eat through the plastic wrap covering the pancakes, defecate all over the sheet trays, and basically lay the very real foundation for the next Black Plague. Now the Main Line Kitchen - or Kingdom Of Culinary Fantasy - is ruled by none other than our illustrious Food Services Director, The Green Chickenhead. The "Head" has a long history of serving us inedible rations of slop and he feels that it is perfectly acceptable to serve two day old flapjacks covered with "rodent sprinkles" to the wards in care of the gulag. Now we here at Free Speech Central tend to disagree with the Herman Goering of the Fricasee Fringe and have done something about it. The "Feces Flapjacks" have been reported to both the Department of Public Health as well as The Executive Office of Health and Human Services. Hopefully they also disagree with the Green Chickenhead's cuisine craziness. What's next? Boil the hot dogs one month and serve them the next? We would just have to make certain that the Green Chickenhead chews his rather than Linda Lovelacing them!

- NO LAW WEST OF THE PECOS or EAST OF THE EIGHT BLOCK

The Brain Trust here at NorfolkWorld/WallyWorld has decided to attempt to hire the ghost of Judge Roy Bean in a last ditch attempt to bring some semblance of law and order to the Wild West that is the Drug Blocks 7-1, 7-2, and 7-3 here at the gulag; otherwise known as the CRAP Program. You see as of late the Drug Units have been areas with the highest rate of cell thieves (men cannot even leave deodorant out in their cells), the largest cloud of K-2 "Synthetic Marijuana" smoke, and the largest assembly of gang members ever to roam the open spaces, last frontier that is WallyWorld. Scary Sherry, our Director of Mistreatment and one of the most incompetent staffers to ever wear the tarnished DOC badge, has been holding "seances" in attempt to raise Ghost Bean for service. As of yet she has been unsuccessful but she did manage to raise the ghosts of several prison suicides, immediately writing a report stating the "ghosts concerns in the afterlife are unfounded." She was heard mumbling, Toil, toil, caldren of trouble, reveal to me your turnkey supreme.", while chewing on a chicken's foot and sniffing powdered eye of newt. Her broom will fly her out if any trouble arises. Keep partying CRAP Program; celebrate the recidivism party like it's 1999!

More To Come...