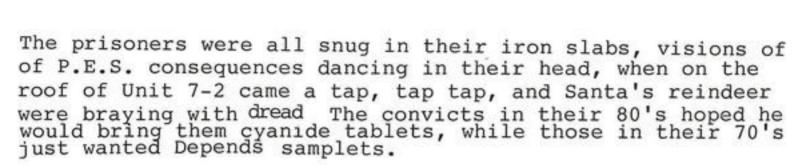


## A VERY "NORFOLK" CHRISTMAS



The sad men in their sixties just hoped for parole, and those in their fifties started digging a hole. You see no St. Nick can free them from the abuse, they all have to realize it's really no use.

Scary Sherry and Dr. Death have only one thing in store, and that is certainly not to show them the door. They will rot and suffer in the age old gulag, choking on water putrid and hard.

No showers, no picnics, no fruitcakes to eat, Just freeze-ups, poor medical care, and hard won sour treats.

No "Merry" exists here at WallyWorld, just misery personified and abuses unfurled.

A Norfolk Christmas means you must abandon all hope. Many here feel it is better to swing from a rope.

Cold turkey, harsh stuffing, and vegetables quite bland. Is all the old cons will get you must understand. No one will love them or show they care, no not at Norfolk, they would not ever dare.

Merry Christmas you turnkeys, you jackboots, you scum. Drink yourself into a stupor and beat up your hon. The convicts will pray that you all crash and burn. Believe us it's coming, you will all have your turn.

Your crimes will be exposed, as sure as the sun. We have only started, the battle will be won.

God Forgive them. They know not what they do.

FREE SPEECH CENTRAL

