

A VERY "NORFOLK" CHRISTMAS

The prisoners were all snug in their iron slabs, visions of P.E.S. consequences dancing in their head, when on the roof of Unit 7-2 came a tap, tap tap, and Santa's reindeer were braying with dread. The convicts in their 80's hoped he would bring them cyanide tablets, while those in their 70's just wanted Depends samplets.

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

