

THE NORFOLK CHRONICLES

by Timothy J. Muise

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- BOOZE AND PILLS AND POWDERS; YOU'VE GOT TO CHOOSE YOUR MEDICINE

I have always been a big fan of the Rolling Stones. I like the songs sung by Keith Richards as much as I like the ones sung by Mick. Keith sings a great song called "Before They Make Me Run" in which there is a line, "Booze and pills and powders, you've got to choose your medicine..." Now this line reminds of the current day WallyWorld/NorfolkWorld campus as on any given day you can by a couple of bottles of homebrew, or a few pieces of a suboxone strip, or a square or two of K-2 synthetic marijuana, or now you can obtain a bit of the halucinogenic drug salvia if you have the books of stamps. NorfolkWorld has become the drug capital of the corrections department and it is the polar opposite of the "Programs Camp" they claim it to be. WallyWorld is the breeding ground for future murderers and no one here who wears the tarnished badge seems to care; in fact they laugh about it all. Men literally sit right below the high guard tower and smoke K-2: mere feet away. The cellblocks smell like an Amsterdam coffee shop while the pig sleeps, feet up, in the back office. The "drug treatment block" (the "CRAP" Program) has an active gang of thieves who rob cells when men are out. They literally break into locked lockers by prying the doors open; this with WallyWorld "security staff" supposedly making rounds on the unit. You have demented pigs searching cells and seizing extra sneakers and t-shirts, but they can't find a suboxone strip if it was left on their desk. The bottom line is that they have lost the prison here, it is no longer in their (the gulag Nazi's) control and in order to satiate the masses they have to allow them to smoke the dope and snort the pills; it keeps them from rioting over the lack of hope or reentry services. In Keith Richard's song he goes on to say, "I wasn't looking too good but I was feeling real well...", and I may not be looking too good (I've been in for 17 years), but at least it is not due to drug addiction behind bars, and I won't be feeling real well until I can walk out the front door of this failed gulag. It could not come soon enough! "You can't always get what you want, but if you try sometimes, you just might find, you get what you need!"

- THE GREENCHICKENHEAD MEETS THE "GOOD" ELECTICIAN "W.T.F."

Our Food Services Director, The Green ChickenHead, has returned to following the state food menu. It appears that he is under the microscope for the moronic way he handles his "business" (the business of sucking off the state teet). One major problem he has been facing is his quickly approaching old age and retirement from the state dole. Many days he cannot wake up from his "nap" in his office. For a quick fix the "Good" electrician here (not The Fleece, the "evil" electrician) has offered to hook up an old electronic cattle prod from Concord Farm to the seat of the ChickenHead's chair with a 20 minute timer on it to rouse him from his dreams about the Chippendale's All Male Review, but them thouht better as The ChickenHead may make the baton "disappear"! Good lookin though!

More To Come...