

NORFOLK CHRONICLES

Sad days indeed at Norfolk Medical...

Imagine if you will, looking in the mirror and seeing one of your eyeballs (half) filled with blood- looking back at you. Enough to make you stand up and panic? Yes. So in your panicked state you ask someone their opinion, which their lay opinion inquires if you have issues with blood pressure? Your reply "yes, but..." It is strongly suggested that you seek medical attention. But when you show-up at medical at 9:00 on a Friday night, you are told that they, a nurse, does not know what the problem is and that you should make an appointment by filling out a "sick-slip"- giving a description of your ailment. In your haste you explain that you have blood pressure issues and insist that they take your blood pressure. You told that your blood pressure is through the roof, 107/177. To add insult to injury you have to make a stand and insist that you are given something to lower your blood pressure, because you do not want to stroke out. You are told that you will see your provider soon... This starts Friday night and come Monday night you have still not seen a provider even though you have a persisting head ache. It is fair to say that this course of treatment does not stand up to what one would receive in the community. Isn't there a hypocritical oath or something- there is at Norfolk. But in a civil action filed out of Norfolk, in the matter of JOHN SULLIVAN, it was determined by the Courts that an inmate was to receive the community standard of health care, which is the same as in the Community. Sadly, this is not happening at MCI-NORFOLK. In the coming weeks/months some sad stories will be published showing the treatment. One might be of the opinion that these are just inmates, but 90% of these inmates will be released, and potentially become dependent on tax payers to continue to foot the bill for ailments such as diabetes, high blood pressure, heart conditions, and cancers. Penny wise, pound foolish.

When things in medical appear to be going smooth something always disrupts things. Recently a nurse, Big Beth, was escorted from the property, her infraction was a clerical error. This is in the wake of 6-7 other medical staff being fired for infractions from stealing opiates to being under the influence of opiates. One just last week, for substituting 'crushed' pain meds with 'crushed' aspirin. Beth's error was miscounting the aspirin and signing off on the mess. Then there are those who like to kvetch, and he just added to Beth's plight.

The talk about the camp does not focus on the abundance of drugs that find their way into the camp, in larger quantities than could manage their way in through the mail or a visitor- How are the drugs getting in through the front doors? Nobody seems to know, or wants to know. Anyway, the talk is of Beth, especially with the older crowd. There are stories of how Beth saved lives, and how she would travel from Norfolk to Baystate back in the day to check on a patient, and who in her second opinions saved more than a few lives. Beth worked here for over 25 years and was one of the rare persons who cared about more than a meager paycheck. If Beth had been working the night the man with the bloody eyeball showed up, it is certain he would not have had to insist on his vitals being taken, or getting something to lower his blood-pressure.

For what it is worth- thank you Beth you will be missed.

More To Come...

NORFOLK CHRONICLES

Slow days here at MCI-NORFOLK, in Maintenance, anyway...

Slow days here at MCI-Norfolk, as far as Maintenance goes. It would appear that the nefarious con hater a/k/a REIS-THE-FLEECE is out of the picture and now there are 3 head electricians. It is hard to tell which one is the best, but the bar has not been set too high by Fleece. But what of Fleece? Well the word around the water cooler is, that while counting his ill gotten monies he got a paper cut and contracted MRSA (this is not what he is claiming to workman's comp...). Nevertheless, it is a safe bet that Fleece will milk this for all it is worth while catching up on some of his scheduled spring time side jobs. After his leave he is being transferred to the western part of the state to another facility, where the cost of living is less, and as he often says, the people are not as smart. Now if the antenna in 2-3 could only be fixed. Fleece did adjust it before leaving, or going on leave, but, surprise- it is worse. Thanks Bob, we will miss . . . all the fodder that you provide. Get well soon. . . somewhere else.

- JANEY'S GOT A GUN TO HOLD SILVER SNEAKER CLASSES IN GYM

Our Long Serving Recreation Coach, Janey's Got A Gun, has announced that he will hold what he is calling "Silver Sneakers" aerobic classes for all the elderly and aging prisoners here at Wally. Good ole Mike will have them doing the Charlie Fillis Head Bob, the Tommy Ficco Penguin Trot, and the Mugsy McGovern Hamburger Pass Out, exercised all in memory of some truly detestible former tarnished badge wearers. He may even recruit Zena The Warrior Princess to lead men in the "That must be jam cause jelly don't shake like that" pilates course or Scary Sherry to do the alternating hand rubber stamp denial curl. The classes will be held from 1:00 pm to 2:00 pm in the gym on M-W-F, which will leave open the "Rec Coach Nap Time Period" of 3:30 pm to 6:15 pm, for The Athletic Supporters in Red Shirts to dream about what could have been if they only ate their Wheaties. Button up your shirt Mike, your heart is falling out. Oh by the way sign me up for the pilates course.

- TO HELL WITH THE FIRE HAZZARD / SOUTH YARD B.B.Q.

Our Warden here, Mr. Burns from the Simpsons, is allowing The Green ChickenHead to hold a "Pig Roast" over in the South Yard Housing Unit. A "Waiver" has been issued concerning the exposed gas line that runs underneath the building and the corpse of recently deceased swine Charlie Fillis will be rosted on a spit for all to pick at and chew on. Finally, at this late stage in life, the DOC found a purpose for Checkpoint Charlie.

More To Come...

Well I must close. I am scheduled for release soon, and plan on spending time on the Cape and Florida, but with my hypertension, pre-diabetes and heart ailments I am scheduled for a number of operations. Medical often asks me how close I am to release, and confide in me that I would get better care if I wait til I hit the streets..,It is funny I did not have any of these ailments prior to incarceration, but I have thus far outlived my pappy by one year. Maybe once I am right we can hit the Clam Shack for some real fried food, then maybe you can take a long walk off a short pier.

Keep up the good work, and thanks for the memories.

Sincerely,

Free Speech Central

- EIGHT BLOCK TO BE DRUG INTERDICTION UNIT / PFIZER TO SPONSOR

Well they started to blame it on the "sugar" sold in canteen, then it was the fault of the "visitors", but in any event the K2, Suboxone, and Home Brew problem will be "solved" or "cured" through the new Interdiction Unit the Brain Trust here at NorfolkWorld has come up with. They plan on turning Unit 8-2 into an even more restrictive unit than it already is. They will take men with a disease, the disease of addiction, and instead of offering them independent 12 Step Recovery Programs and licensed counseling they will lock them deeper into the cage and make them angrier than ever. That will surely solve their addiction problems, NOT!

Scary Sherry, our own corruptional Medusa, suggested that we should just give the men 10 bags of heroin, a Glock 19, a ski mask, and drop them off at Shawmut Bank in Boston; it would save time and get them back in the system quicker as that is ultimately what will happen with their plan. Great work Medusa.

- STREAMING LIVE FROM NORFOLK WORLD / GOING TO THE DOGS

One of the Overly Friendly pigs here who wears the tarnished DOC badge informed Free Speech Central that a prisoner was "Streaming Live" over the internet from inside the wall of MCI Norfolk. Now how could this man get a cellphone? Oh maybe it was smuggled in by a vistor and he concealed it in a body cavity,.. Maybe pigs will fly as well. You know how he got it, a badge wearing pig brought it in. Three days later the oinkers came in with "Phone Sniffing Dogs" to try to find the cell, but to no avail. Place is going to the dogs!

More To Come...