

## THE NORFOLK CHRONICLES

by Timothy J. Muise

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### - FLEECE SEEKS DEATH PENALTY FOR WRITERS / WILL BUILD THE CHAIR

It appears that the "Bad Electrician" here, Reese The Fleece, not only still wears Garanimals matching clothes but also wears women's panties as it has been reported that his "panties are in a wad" about his infamy on This Prisoner Blog. The Fleece has authored a proposal to the Commissioner of Corruption, Little Tommy Turco, where he has detailed a plan to execute all prison writers while further offering to build an electric chair to carry out the sentence. Reese has asked for unlimited overtime, the ability to "measure twice - cut once" to avoid his usual array of fuck-ups, as well as all the milk and cookies he can get even if poor diabetics in the housing units have to provide the grub. The Fleece's proposal also has a "rider clause" seeking purple M&M's only, brown Norfolk water, and buckets of Bill Bate's Chicken Stew ala Rat Feces. I guess the Fleece ain't too hard to please.

### - SCARY SHERRY LOSES CLASSIFICATION RECORDS / FINDS PAYCHECK

It appears that the Queen Of Mean, the Corruptional Medusa herself, Scary Sherry, has "misplaced" many classification folders. The Bag Lady of Corrections will surely look to blame this major foul up on some unsuspecting CPO, and will justify her ineptness with her "I've been doing this for 30 years" bullshit, but the fact remains that she is the most incompetent employees to ever strap on the tarnished DOC badge. She has no problem finding her blood money paycheck every other week; possibly they should keep the Overclassification Records down at Santander Bank; maybe Scary Sherry will be able to find them there?

### - AARON HERNANDEZ LEFT SUICIDE NOTE FOR ZENA WARRIOR PRINCESS

It has been reported exclusively to Free Speech Central that a secret fourth suicide note was left by Aaron Hernandez. It was addressed to none other than our Super K2 Slueth here on the Insecure Perimeter Squad Zena The Warrior Princess. In the note Hernandez writes; "I'm looking for a class move to hell, or MCI Norfolk as you gals call it, and I hope to be able to get some snitch payoff K-2 from you, with a side order of suboxone, while also getting the opportunity to play handball off of your ample forehead (or "five" head, should we say?)". This would give the term "going deep" new connotations.

### - GREENCHICKENHEAD FINDS RELIGION "LETTUCE PRAY"

Rotten lettuce? No problem. Just sell it to the Green Chickenhead and he will jam it down our throats like a new religion. Let us pray, or "Lettuce Pray"?

More To Come...