

## THE NORFOLK CHRONICLES

by Timothy J. Muise

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### - DRUGS PERMEATE FACILITY / INVESTIGATORS WORRY ABOUT PRISONER BLOG

MCI WallyWorld/NorfolkWorld has turned into, by all accounts, the Amsterdam of the prison system. Synthetic Marijuana smoke emanates from all the buildings. The Probation Unit is a den of inequity all night long with the guards snoring away while the horde of future "Mattapan Corridor Trigger Men" blaze away at Black Tea joints laced with K-2, or "The Deuce" as guys are calling it. The same prisoners roam the yards selling 1/8 and 1/16 slices of suboxone strips, going in and out of solitary confinement each week undeterred. It is madness I tell you, utter madness. What is even crazier is the fact that the "crack" investigative team here, the keystone cops of the 20th Century, are more interested in "investigating" what is written on this prisoner blog. Last Thursday they placed a copy of the blog on the Warden's desk hoping he would agree my speech is not free. I am putting together another suit as we write which will address this, as well as posting old emails and such from old lawsuits to show you readers what can be gained through the legal process. Men are preparing themselves to be murderers with their WallyWorld drug use and the keystone coppers are looking to silence Muise. It is madness I tell you. Utter madness!

### - FEMALE SCREWW MUST WORK IN TOWER AS CAPTAIN IS "RESTRAINED"

Would you believe that our Candy Bar Cleptomaniac himself, Captain Big Ragu, has so stay fifty yards away from a female turnkey who he has "harrassed" and abused? Again, you can't make this shit up. I guess he is from "Stalk"ton, California, his favorite childhood tale is Jacj & The Bean"Stalk", his favorite concert was Wood"Stalk", and his favorite sport must be "Stalk" Car Racing! This is the man, who took a five-finger-discount on a Martha's Vineyard Milky Way bar, and is in charge of the day in and day out operations of the prison. I've got to get the fuck out of this madhouse. The female screw he has "stalked" (and I mean that in the kindest of ways) is relegated to a guard tower where she can see him coming for several dozen yards. He is restrained from her, can't wear his wife-beater t-shirt in Market Basket, and is barred from stepping foot in the Vineyard without sending a deposit to Mars, Inc. What's next?

### - GREEN CHICKENHEAD AND REESE THE FLEECE JOIN FORCES TO RAISE MONEY

Our Food Services Director, The Green Chickenhead, and The Bad Electrician, Reese The Fleece, have joined forces to raise money for the "Out and Proud" March in Washington. Fleece is building a "Dunk Tank" where the Head will sit while hacks toss garden zuchinni at a target hoping to dunk The Head in a vat of donated cookies and cream Ice Cream. The Head plans to rub the goo all over his hairless torso while The Fleece licks it off in counter clockwise strokes.

More To Come...

An adult male should...  
And these voices in his head  
He still follows  
Bloodied bodies, tears all say  
A person's heart should...  
And old voices in his head  
Sound so hollow

Keep up the good fight,  
Bruce A.  
SBCC

Dear Bruce:

*The Phantom has checked the records and you are in fact on our list and a copy was mailed to you. As you know, we have had some difficulty with delivery (See: Phantom Updates - This issue). We have had to mail random double issues and use alternate methods of mailing to get some pieces through but a few minor adjustments should help to reduce the likelihood of future issues getting "lost." We apologize for any inconvenience and hope our readers will hang in there. The novelty of this publication will wear off of the feeble minded in due*

*time. The Phantom has also forwarded your comments on the Norfolk Power Team to the appropriate people.*

### **DISCOUNT MAGAZINE INSERT**

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## **SLEEPING AT NIGHT IS OVERRATED**

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Timothy J. Muise

Well, we can all sleep a little easier now. The Governor's crack commission has solved the mystery of how a frail, old, defenseless prisoner was murdered by one of the very persons he had asked to be protected from. It was a "faulty door design." Thank God! I was beginning to believe it might have been the fault of those charged with caring for him. I guess that faulty door design inhibited the supervising officer, 15 feet away with a clear view of the victim's cell, from noticing that the man who had repeatedly threatened to "kill the pedophile priest" lay in wait to dole out vigilante justice. Could this faulty door design also have been why security staff had ignored the defrocked priest's many professions that his life was in danger? Possibly, I am being too harsh. Maybe they just thought he was kidding? I'd be willing to bet they don't think he was kidding anymore. Can this faulty door design truly be blamed for the acceptance by those charged with "care" of the barbaric concept of vigilante justice?

The commission proved to be the rug sweepers we all knew they would be. Status quo. The foxes investigating the killing in the chicken coop. No one at the offending institution was more than scolded. The warden still struts around with his Napoleonic swagger. His investigative team continues to conduct in depth covert "ops" to ferret out would be pen assassins who attempt to use the First Amendment to shed light on this fiasco.

I guess you can't blame them for protecting their golden egg. It's too bad the luster is wearing off the egg. The public is getting a glimpse that the goose may be laying out of the wrong orifice. The \$50K plus Barney Fifes are replacing the bullet in their pockets with an eraser in an attempt to rub out any voices that may speak of their numerous abuses.

Our Governor did accomplish one thing in all of this. He got his wish for the installation of the death penalty. It's a new-fangled version that even the courts need not be a part of. It's all left up to the almighty Department of Correction. These new Gods among men can decide if you are worthy of breathing. If you feel you are on the not worthy list, then you might be wise to check the old "faulty door design," lest one of these days you just might get Mitt's ultimate punishment.

The paper heroes who work in our prisons have a line they like to use about "walking the toughest beat in the state." If you call sleeping, card playing, sexually harassing and taking a direct role in vigilante justice the walk of a tough beat, then they may have a point. Maybe they could take courses on "Door Repair" and we all could sleep easier.