

DEAR A\$\$HOLE
Wednesday
April 19, 2017

FAIR WARNING: While my entries don't usually contain foul language, this one does, so if you find such language offensive, then you might not want to continue, even if it is pretty funny.

Dear Asshole,

This is a letter I've struggled with for some time now, and for a number of reasons. For example, as an inmate, I don't exactly have many constitutional rights, and people aren't exactly lining up to protect the usage of those I still (allegedly) have left. With that said, had I addressed a letter directly to you describing how I felt, and why, well, I suppose we all know what would have happened afterwards, now don't we? Suffice it to say, it wouldn't have been pretty. So, addressing the letter directly to you was definitely out of the question. In fact, not only should I probably not address my letter to you, I should also refrain from detailing things which might reveal your identity, let alone sending you an actual copy of whatever I might happen to come up with. Still, I felt the need to write, to "get it off my chest," as it were, but simply writing the letter and doing nothing with it doesn't exactly "do it" for me, so in the end, I decided to upload it to my blog, but that still leaves me with the issue of exactly how to go about addressing my letter, or rather, who to address it to.

Coming up with the introduction wasn't exactly easy. You see, as a man, my first choice when it came to insulting someone used to be to call them a "bitch," but then a woman, whom I loved very deeply, and is, sadly, no longer a part of my life, showed me how demeaning the term was, not only to the person I'd addressed it to, but to all the women who happened to be in earshot, or heard about it later on down the road. In fact, she didn't even like it when people used the term "affectionately," and while it took me awhile to understand her position, I eventually did, so out of respect to women, and female dogs, everywhere, I won't refer to you as a "bitch." But what to call you that, in but a word, both shouts to the world what kind of person you are, while at the same time, giving you a clue as to exactly who it is I'm talking about, but not so much a clue that I'm punished for exercising my constitutional right to express myself?

Perhaps the word "cunt?" Without a doubt, it's one of the most despicable words I can think of when it comes to hurling general insults, but again, while this word aptly describes what kind of person you are, it doesn't do so in a manner that's not offensive to others, in particular, women, who absolutely hate the use of this word. Besides, in addition to being used as an extremely offensive insult, this word also happens to be a synonym for a woman's sexual organ, and if it's all the same to you, I'd much rather not have any future associations between someone as offensive as you and something as treasured as that.

Maybe "asshole" is the best word to describe who and what you are. Sure, it lacks some of the sting of the previously contemplated words, but at the same time, if I was trying to describe exactly who you were to the world using only a single word, well, I can think of nothing more descriptive.

Think about it for a moment... Short or tall, fat or thin, young or old, we all have asses, and with those asses come assholes, so we're all familiar with their characteristics. For instance, no matter how often you clean them - or how thoroughly you clean them - it's still an area filled with all sorts of bacteria, organisms and viruses, some of which pose relatively little risk, while others are potentially lethal in even the most microscopic quantities. In fact, the asshole is so filthy that many places will, rightfully so, fire you for failing to wash your hands after even being near that particular area, and so far, we're just talking about the area immediately around the outside the asshole. When you take a look inside, it gets even worse. I mean, every time the asshole opens its mouth, just look at the shit pouring forth! Seriously, if that doesn't describe you, then I don't know what does, and like you, that shit takes on so many different personalities. On some days, it's hard and unyielding, causing so much pain as it comes forth, while at other times, it comes out so swiftly and softly that you don't even notice it at all, until you realize it's going to take a half a roll of toilet paper to clean yourself up.

Like the asshole dealing with you is a crapshoot, as I never know what to expect. One day I'm liable to sit down and conclude my business with barely a hint of disturbance in the air, while on others, my neighbors are just as apt to call in the bomb squad on suspicions that chemical weapons have been deployed. Either way, odorous or not, it's always filth that spews forth from the asshole's mouth, and it's always toxic. The only difference is just how deceiving it happens to be in any given day, and in this, you're no exception. Either way, just as I can't touch my asshole, no matter how gently, without coming away with shit on the paper, I can't deal with you without walking away feeling ripped and dirty, worthless and waiting to be flushed down the toilet, never to be seen or heard from again.

Every day, I'm required to sit down and deal with my asshole, sometimes several times. I simply don't have a choice in the matter, and every time, my senses are assaulted, sometimes more violently than others. Each time, I cleanse myself as best I can and flush the toilet, after which time I wash my hands, thinking that this is the last time I'll ever see or hear from that particular turd, but, as with you, that's not always the case, now is it? Sometimes, you walk away, feeling clean and refreshed, thinking the worst is behind you - no pun intended - only to find that your toilet had to regurgitate it. Yes, the more I contemplate it, the more I realize that, while it certainly lacks the harsh slap of other insults, it nevertheless manages to describe you, in a single word, better than anything else I might come up with. And best of all, I won't wake up tomorrow morning with a bunch of different groups screaming for my head because I used a word so frequently used to demean them. My asshole like not like the comparison, but as shitty as he is, I doubt that anyone would really care.

While I certainly haven't resolved any of the underlying damage you've inflicted in my life, much like I do after having voided my bowels, I feel much better, even if only temporarily. I know that, at some point-in-time, I'll be dealing with you again, in a time and place of your choosing, where you'll have all the power and all I can do is sit there as you spew your shit all over me, but that's okay. I'm just trying to live my life for the moment, and in doing so, release some of the stress and pain you've unnecessarily introduced into my life. I'd like to think that you've read this, realized I was talking about you and felt shame, but I'll believe that when pigs fly. Okay, maybe that was a bad example, given the fact that we actually have "swine flu," but something tells me that my readers, all of which are far smarter than you, will nevertheless understand the sentiment, that you are who you are, and that nothing will ever change that. Even in death, you'll be an asshole, defiling everyone and everything that comes your way. I can only hope that, like a child's disposable diaper, a good soaking in bleach and water followed by a wash with strong detergent allows me to emerge fresh and clean again, without any taint from your shit.

Having started my letter off "anonymously," I first thought to end it in the same way, but that's kind of difficult to do, given how this will be posted. Besides, you torment so many inmates on a daily basis that, if I did so, you'd probably read it and laugh, thinking I was talking about someone else, completely ignorant to the fact that, not only did you know the author, but the author was actually speaking about you. Either way, like John Hancock, I'll sing my name "loud and proud," as I've nothing to hide here. I'm not the one who consistently abuses his authority over the inmates he's been put in charge of. I'm not the one who comes in to work so miserable and lonely that he feels the need to take it out on everyone wearing blue. I don't know why you come in this way, more than likely, your wife beats you, your kids refuse to respect you and your lover only cares about his satisfaction. Whatever the reason, you should really rethink how you treat people. All kidding to the side, you're dealing with people who are **in prison**, and not a single one of us was put here for singing too loudly in the church choir. One of these days, you're going to push someone to far, doing something you've no doubt done hundreds of thousands of times before, literally, and they're going to snap, and as much of an asshole as you are, and as much as you deserve to have someone "put you in your place," I have no desire to deal with the aftermath. We both know that, if and when this day comes, no matter how wrong everyone knows you to be - including your coworkers - a clear and convincing message will need to be sent to everyone else about what the prison administration will, and will not, tolerate, regardless of how much the so-called "victim" deserved it.

I know I'm probably talking to a brick wall, but perhaps it's time you checked yourself. There are literally dozens of officers who manage to come in and do their work without being an asshole, some of which are actually friendly, and not one of them has ever given off the impression that they're going to do anything other than their job when the time comes. So why the need to be such an asshole? Of course, I already know what you'll say to that: honey may catch more flies than vinegar, but shit catches even more flies than honey.

Like I said, I'm probably talking to a brick wall, but in the end, this letter wasn't written for you, it was for me. I needed to do something, anything, to regain my sanity after dealing with you and your tyrannical ways, yet again. Sadly, I know it's far from over. In just a few days, I'll be at your window yet again, where I'll once again be forced to swallow the shit you try to feed me. Who knows, though. Maybe, just maybe, you'll get hit by a car on your way home. Not really fair to the car that hits you, but hey, sometimes you've got to "take one for the team," right?

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read 'Shawn L. Perrot'. The signature is fluid and stylized, with a large, looping 'S' at the beginning and a long, sweeping tail that extends to the right.

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