

"Old age is woman's hell." - Simon de L'Enclos

Dear Readers,

10/05/18
9:12 p

And which I'll title...
"The Aftermath"

Somewhere I hear aloysius Morrisette (sp?)
singing "Isn't It Ironic?"

So... it's my freakin' birthday. Some 12 hours
earlier I'm writing about my jewelry & how it had
previously been confiscated.

Earlier this evening I was given a pretty
turquoise-looking necklace. It was really nice.
I had my rhinestones on too.

Right at the 8 p "move," a friend of mine
came out to Rec as I was leaving & gave me a
really nice card & a bracelet with charms on it.
We exit Rec & the asshole, douchebag CO who
was working stops me as I'm leaving Rec. &
confiscates all my jewelry. I didn't have the
bracelet even 5 minutes.

Then, to top it all off, he searches my bag
& confiscates a "splitter" I had (so 2 people

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can use earphones in one device). Luckily, they actually sold those at a place I was previously & I have the receipt for it. Assholes.

I had to find my receipt (which was a pain in the ass) & at first I couldn't find it & was trying to do a "search" of my account on the computer from - geez - 10 years ago.

I couldn't find it in the time allotted, but was luckily able to find the actual receipt after a more thorough search.

So... I have to go to the Lt's office at "Recall" (8:30 p-ish). I gave the Lt. my receipt & got the splitter back, but even an "it's my birthday" appeal wouldn't get any of the jewelry back. He was just being a total asshole for no reason. The Lt. who took my pearl necklace in 2017 was in there & had to put his 2 cents in.

Seriously, is all? Are you that petty & have nothing better to do here at laid-back Petersburg?

But wait, there's more...

So, I mention about the guy who offered to get pizza for my dinner? Well, as we discussed, I went out on the "Rec move" -

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(just after the 4p "count" & before dinner) - & I'm waiting for him to show. He doesn't. I wait in case he just missed getting out of his unit & is coming when his unit is called for "Chow."
Still no show.

I'm fucking starving. I've missed dinner. I hope that another friend, Zach, brings something to eat as he said he would. Nope.

At some point I'm given a package of Natty Bars & slam it down gratefully as I'm walking with Mason.

After I get back at 8p, Kevin is in here & is still being a fucked-up mess. I'm already stressing over all the bullshit with the receipt & dealing with petty assholes. He just tops the evening by slurring "Fuckin' Bitch," repeatedly at me or other colorful phrases.

Thank you so much.

Happy Motherfucking Birthday to me.

Oh, for the record, Pizya Day came out at the 7p "love" & said that he was sick & wanted to postpone until Sat. (I'm invited to a "Going Away Party"), so now perhaps we will on Sun.
9:50 pm & I've had a shitty evening &

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I'm starving. I do have some peanut butter & bread. It's time to eat!!!

10/06/18 9:01 p

OK... so earlier this afternoon, Kevin was over & was looking out my window & said, "Hey look, there's a beaver." I looked, & I don't think it was a beaver 'cause its tail wasn't flat, I think it was a hedgehog.

Anyway, it was right out the window. There are ~~skunks~~ skunks around here that are fairly tame. They take food from people & I briefly touched one at one time (that was all that I dared!).

OK... so Dakota was with me when I left Rec last night. (more on him later) And I was having "brunch" (on the weekend, lunch is called "brunch") with Dakota's collie, Hoover. Hoover mentioned that Dakota said that that whole thing last nite over the jewelry was weird & that it seemed like they were "watching me."

Now, I thought the same thing for many reasons, but didn't want to sound paranoid. I'm open to scepticism, but here's what I observed:

So... Dakota is a friend of mine, in his 30's, straight, nice guy who's recently left his "bad boy" ways to be a good Catholic. Not as much

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fun in my books, but good for him.

Anyway, Dakota comes out to Rec on the 8 p "move" just as I'm leaving. He meets me inside the gate & gives me a really nice homemade card & a bracelet, which he puts on my wrist.

We walk the few yards to the gate & right when I step outside the gate, the asshole CO asks about my jewelry (2 thin bracelets, 2 necklaces under my shirt (so you could hardly see them) & 3 rings - including the big one.

The Lt. walks over directly to the CO across the grass from the Lt.'s office. A asshole CO turns his palm toward A asshole Lt. & hands him my jewelry without a word. He then searches my bag, but he never bothers with my pockets (& they almost always search your pockets).

So, all that makes me suspect that they were watching me & specifically told to go after my jewelry. Just for that. There are cameras inside (monitors) the Lt.'s office & it "just so happens" that the first asshole Lt. who took my pearl necklace was there.

I heard they were both assholes, but still.

Seriously? They have nothing better to do than to take some old Fug's jewelry on his birthday? Are you fucking kidding me??

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On an "up" note, I will say that I got some money unexpectedly from a friend (B! You are AWESOME!! xoxo!), I got a few nice cards from friends (none in the mail), & a bunch of people wished me Happy Birthday at lunch (which was partly payback 'cause I always make a big deal out of wishing people "H.B." & trying to embarrass them (yeah, I'm an ass)).

Tonight there was a Going Away Party for Youkis. He gets out of prison this coming Friday. He is gorgeous! Reddish hair, big muscles, totally hot. He's also very smart & business-minded.

He has articles in 'Prison Legal News' (magazine) & others. I think he has a blog also & has written several prisoner/legal-related books.

He's a super nice guy & we're happy for him, but we'll also miss him (& his sexy bod!). I hope to work with him in some capacity in the future, & that is possible.

10/08/18 9:25p

Happy Columbus Day, a/k/a Happy KID An Indigenous Culture Day!

Had a holiday meal for lunch & a box for dinner. The big lunch wasn't a big deal. Pizza guy brought out the b-day pizzas tonight which worked out well.

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So, anyway... this morning I woke to find that some asshole cut all the cords that hook up the MP3's to the computers. As a result, we can't check or download music, or, even more importantly, we can't revalidate our MP3's.

As a "security" feature, you have to sign on to the computer (using your thumbprint) & revalidate your MP3 at least once every 14 days. Luckily, I did it yesterday. However, if someone hadn't done it in 12 or 13 days, they're screwed.

Some prick did that purely out of spite & it screws over all of us. The staff member in charge of having those cords replaced would have every reason to put it off in order to punish us.

Further, a bunch of cords at the changer station were also cut. I hate these people. The worst thing about prison is the people you're forced to be around.

10/11/18

7:54 p

OK, just wanted to note that I got some cards in the mail after my birthday. It's always tough to judge when to mail something. Thanks so much to those of you who sent them!!

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Until next time, I wish you...

Love & Blessings,

