

"To succeed in life, you need three things: a wishbone, a backbone, and a funnybone." - Rita McEntire

Dear Readers,

10-11-18

8:01 p

I sit here at my desk as the remnants from Hurricane Michael (which hit Florida) travel thru Virginia. "Heaven Knows," by Donna Summer ends and "Dance With Me" by Peter Brown begins. Both old disco greats.

I got a new cddie off the bus yesterday. His name is Chris.

8:16 p.

OK. So, Lee came in as I was writing. ~~That~~ Kevin just walked in.

8:29 p

Kevin's here. I just made him a soup. It's "Q Like It" by Enrique Iglesias + Pitbull. (I'm not all "old disco.")

So... Kevin was a dick this past Fri. + Sat. On Sunday he ~~wasn't~~ wasn't as bad + by Monday he was actually nice + we hung out all day.

8:49 p

The soup is gone + so is Kevin. Anyway, his

(2)

"primary benefactor," "A hawk," ^{and} he "are currently on the outs" & he's been hanging out more than ever.

The other day I went over to another unit (against the rules) & "got some work done" (WIK) on my arm (also against the rules), by some very hot guys ("Country").

After I got back, Kevin asked me in a hangdog manner what Country & I did after he finished. (Nothing unfortunately). But anyway, he actually acted jealous! He keeps saying that "I'm his bitch," but I just roll my eyes. He's such a hustler. And for some reason I still love him to death.

So, when Lee come by he paid me a compliment. He had said that he didn't know how to react to me at first, but he was surprised to learn that I was a very genuine & "real" person! That was really nice.

Anyway, back to the new cellie, Chris. He seems really nice & quiet. And I didn't hear a sound out of him last nite (no snoring!!), which is great. He's just here on a violation & gets out on Feb. 28 next year. I think he'll be easy to live with for a few months.

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10/15/18

8:42 p

OK... so I recently finished a book called "The Tulip (The Story of a Flower that has Made Men Mad)". It was a ~~bit~~ little dry - I suppose you'd really have to like tulips - but it was interesting.

As one of my reader's knows (+ friend!), I love tulips (hi Rita!). I would have to say that white roses are my very favorite flower, 'cause they're so elegant + express pure love, but after that I really love tulips of all kinds. When Ken + I lived in Chicago I planted a lot of tulip bulbs + they were beautiful in the spring.

My dear friend Rita, who is from Belgium, has often sent me cards + clippings with tulips + I very much enjoy them. In the mail today I got a package of clippings that had a postcard from Holland with a field of different-colored tulips. Beautiful!

I had a bad day today dealing with "Robocop." Oh my god, this guy is such a fucking idiot. He's really big on saying "Sir! Yes Sir!" and "Affirmative," even though he's never been in the military. He's very robotic, hence the name.

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This guy has literally assaulted one inmate & even one staff member. I have NO IDEA how or why they possibly keep this guy around. For real, he's usually assigned to jobs like watching the cameras or driving the perimeter trucks. He should not have any contact with inmates.

Anyway, I got caught trying to take a couple of apples out of Chow at lunch. BFD. It's only a couple of apples (one was on my tray). I really shouldn't have even tried.

He made a huge deal out of this - the ridiculous idiosyncrasy went on and on - and even threatened to write me a "shot" for stealing - which could have sent me to the Hole.

I had to wait by the Compound Office after even the compound "closed" after lunch (he told me to wait there & chatted with staff at the Chow Hall (outside)) - he was taking his time to show up.

Then, he had us wait inside & outside the office, then sent us (another guy was sent there for not having a belt on) back to our units & told us to come back on the next "move", which would have been the 12:40p "Work Call" - when I normally go to the Library.

So, I came back at 12:40 - waited until that "move" ended for him to show up, then dealt

(5)

with more of his ridiculous behavior & threats. This guy is such an idiot. He sent the aforementioned "Country" to the Compound Office at the 12:40 move 'cause he told Country to take the pen out from behind his ear (an ink pen), & Country replied that "It's not behind my ear, it's in my hair" (he has a long ponytail) & he handed the pen to Robocop. So, Robocop sends him to the Compound Office just to play tough & chew him out.

This guy really needs a mental evaluation.

He ended up taking my wallet - a hobby craft item which most everyone has, 'cause it's "contraband" - just like my jewelry.

I would love for this guy to be transferred to USP Big Sandy. He would not get away with acting the way he does at a USP. They'd literally kill him. He only gets away with it here 'cause this is a "soft" yard.

10/18/18

8:30p

OK, so I started an "Improv. for Business" class tonight. It's disguised as a business class, but when it comes down to it, it's really an Improv class. It was a lot of fun! The class lasts for 8 weeks or so & it promises to

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be really enjoyable.

For the record, "Done for Me" by Charlie Puth feat. Kehlani is playing. I do have some current songs, but there are decades worth of great songs.

Yesterday + today they had an outside yoga instructor come in + she taught a yoga class. That was also great. There's talk of trying to have a yoga certification/instructor's class. (Fingers crossed).

Mason has pooped out on me where yoga is concerned. He said it wears him out too much. That may be true, but I wouldn't be surprised if he quit 'cause he was being teased.

He still meets me at Rec on some nights + we walk laps. He's such a hottie + a nice guy - even though he has some bad ideas (in my opinion). He thinks he should be able to take whatever he wants from anyone (he's stolen a lot on the streets). I try to dissuade him from these thoughts to little success.

I suggested that he should get ^{the} Anarchic Black Cross newsletter. He said that he's against Anarchy 'cause it's too conformist! Yes.

(7)

Levin's been driving me crazy as usual. He's so funny. I know I mention him a lot, but he's just so ... hard to give a picture of. He's so rotten, but in a charming way. And when he wants something he's indomitable. He's such a spoiled brat!

He keeps expecting me to take care of him because "you're supposed to!" I keep pointing out that we're not actually "together" & he promptly corrects me that "Yes, we are!"

"Only when you want something," I reply. I'm sure we'll get in another fight soon, but I've enjoyed the past few weeks that we've hung out. Part of me would like him to move in & we could be cellies, but the rational part of me knows that he would run all over me, take everything I had & we'd end up fighting.

Oh, they fixed the AP3 cords on 2 of the computers either yesterday or the day before. Luckily, my AP3 didn't "expire" but other guys' did. I hope these assholes don't screw things up for us again.

Until next time...

Love & Blessings,

