



## ANOTHER PRISON WEEKEND

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I've been just ... drawing and writing. With this being National Novel Writing Month (a.k.a. NaNoWriMo), I've taken on a herculean task of a full draft by the close of November. I'm on page 316 right now!

It's hard to work under such stress. Surrounded by so much death, violence, and self-preservation. Everyone is about ME, ME, ME, and NOW, NOW, NOW. They don't think of doing what is right, honorable, or for a better future. They don't think of their kids, or their family. They just want to feed that right-now-need, no matter what. Just instant gratification to feed those junky mindsets.

Those with phones will sit around on FaceBook (everyone here just calls it "FaceFuck" since it's where the easy girls are at 2AM), or they just surf porn, craigslist, etc, where the yes-to-any-that-come girls are. Just a bunch of teenage-level games that lead to nothing but love-triangles where guys end up fighting over some skank that's so-0-0-0 not worth it. It's like middle school, in a lot of ways.

Sad really, so many 20- and 30-somethings acting like that.

Never to grow up; never to be a true adult.

Two ghetto-bangers got in a fight last week over some trashy girl that was talking to them both, making promises, lying. Playing a very dangerous game that could have led to one of them hurt very badly, or worse, for them both to just get fed up with it and pay her a visit to answer for her skankiness.

Sad really.

I just stay in my books, and keep busy with my studies and my projects. I'm an adult, so I don't have the mindset of a child. I'm not about to design my days around the manipulation of others for my own amusement. I'd kill myself before becoming something like that. Figure of speech! I just can't imagine still thinking like I did in middle school, or even high school! That's horrible to think about: people still living their life like that.

This is about to be a rough stretch of holidays.

I made it through the worst though--which for me is October.

Today, I mostly drew, and painted a little. After I finish this really-subject-less post/rant, I'll be back on my NaNoWriMo project. In a few hours, it'll be time for me to call my son, and ask how his weekend went. He's such a smart kid, and I really am blown away by how awesome he is--and I'm glad he's safe and happy. I just hope that I can stay alive in here long enough to make it home while he still needs me. There's so much I want to do for him.