

A Mean Joke
 (or, Hey man, that's not very nice!)

Just outside the door to this cage is another door. It's made of thick steel bars and leads to a second door of solid steel. That door leads to "the yard," which itself is just a larger, roofless, razor-wire topped cage. From there, another gate leads to other parts of the prison, such as "central control" and "central medical," then still more gates and doors — all tightly locked and monitored — lead to yet other parts of the prison. Pass through enough of these fortified gates, doors, and checkpoints, and eventually you'll reach the dual 20 ft. tall barriers that sandwich an electrified fence between them. If these are opened for you by their armed operators, you may then pass through to the real world.

That said, it's kind of funny, in a ~~callous~~^{callous} misanthropic sort of way, that just above that first door I mentioned, the one I can see from the cage I must sleep in, is a sign. The sign glows all night and day with big red letters reading: "EXIT".

Exit. Haha. Some of these evil little monkeys may have a sense of humor after all. Good for them.

* Note - I just heard from an old friend, a long-lost friend in a way, who told me she found this site on her own, without me directing her to it. That was REALLY exciting news for me. I've always assumed this site was pretty obscure, unlikely to be found by any but those who knew what they were looking for. My friend's experience gives me hope that maybe I'm not just screaming into a void after all.

THANK YOU to all who take the time to transcribe or leave a little comment. YOU are the reason we keep reaching up and out from these cesspools. You give us meaning. (or me, anyway. I can really only speak for myself.)