

"I am one who has known affliction  
under the rod of God's anger...  
Against me alone he turns his hand -  
again and again all day long."

- Lamentations 3: 1, 3

Dear Readers,

04-06-20

Howdy! I am way behind on writing. I've had a horrible time.

Once again I am in the Hole, but this time it really wasn't my fault. I'll get to that later. I don't remember where I left off last, so please bear with me.

I'm pretty sure I mentioned that I moved in with a total slimeball who goes by "Redbeard." I cannot tell you how much I hate that guy.

I may have mentioned the first time I came back from work at the Library & found my locker open & a bunch of my property had been stolen. I was hoping that it was my fault & that I had forgotten to lock my locker properly. I no longer think that.

When I went to the Hole (segregation) last December, I mentioned that all my property was stolen. That included my lock. As a result, I bought a heavy-duty lock (which normally costs \$23) from a guy in the unit 'cause he said that Redbeard is known to break open the other, smaller locks to steal. The problem was, he had let other guys in the unit use this same lock - so as a result, other guys knew the combination & I'm certain that one of those slimeballs gave the combination to Redbeard.

So, I was going somewhere with this, but I forgot another event that happened. Normally, he & I would both go to bed at about 10-10:30 pm. However, on March 15, he kept the light on and kept banging around his locker & manically scrambling around the cell.

At about midnight, I'd had enough. I'm a very light sleeper & needed to get up in the morning. So, I asked him what the hell he was doing. He said he was looking for

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some drugs he had lost & that it didn't have anything to do with me. I said that it had everything to do with me because he was keeping me up. Long story short - we ended up getting into a physical altercation 'cause I couldn't take it anymore. That ended & we went to bed (although I slept hardly at all that night).

The next morning I came back from the Library & he tells me that when he went to the Library on the 9A "move" to "print out mailing labels" (he never writes anyone or gets mail), he came back & my locker was mysteriously open, but he locked it back. I opened it to find that -

- Oh, shoot! I got my times wrong! I had gone to Commissary that morning & bought coffee & hygiene & a couple of other things & all this other stuff happened that afternoon. (He went on the 2P "move" & I came back at 3P).

Anyway, I open my locker to find that most of the stuff I bought - and a lot of other stuff - had been stolen! I was so upset. I was just starting to replace all the stuff that had been stolen last Dec. & now I keep getting that same stuff stolen again.

For the record, I had saved \$180 from when I was getting paid to type for someone in order to get into Leather Crafts & to make purses & such. Well, due to all these thefts - plus the fact that this asshole warden lowered our spending limit so you can't buy all the stuff you need, I gave up in frustration & have been spending my savings to buy what I needed. Plus, that job is over & now my money is quickly running out - especially now that I have to keep buying the same stuff over & over again.

I'd had enough. I knew it was obvious that Redbeard was stealing from me & Commissary was closed the following week for inventory so I couldn't replace the stolen property or buy another lock for 2 weeks! I could not take anymore of this!!

The following morning, March 17, I went to work as usual. At some point, the C.O. searched our cell & found a small piece of K2 in Redbeard's locker & he was sent to the SHU. This is odd because Redbeard is a drug fiend & usually smokes K2 as soon as he gets it. Read into that what you will.

When I came back from the Library that morning, not only

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was Redbeard gone, but so was everything else that he hadn't stolen from me the day before, which included all my mailing stamps + most all of my hygiene that hadn't been mostly used.

04-11-20

OK, back to the latest news ....

One thing I forgot to mention was that for a few weeks during this time period, Commissary had been out of typewriter ribbons. If I don't have a ribbon, I can't work. This was also really stressing me out 'cause while I was being robbed constantly, I couldn't buy the ribbons I needed to earn money. I even resorted to paying \$2 or \$4 in stamps to buy partially used ribbons just so I could keep working.

On March 19, the compound went under a "modified lockdown" due to the COVID-19 virus. This meant that we could stay in the open areas of our units, but we were mainly kept separate from the other buildings.

Of course, this made little sense either. I'm in unit B-South, sometimes we went to Chow with A-South + sometimes with B-North, + then they still had Union going (slave labor) for a couple days, + I think Facilities worked too. The Library was open on a limited basis, but it closed just two days later on March 21. So, I spent the week of ~~March~~ March 23 laying around and reading. That shut my income down ~~completely~~ completely.

This all went on until Tues, March 31 when I was finally able to go to Commissary again. For the record, they changed that so one tier (of two) in each unit went at a time.

So... I'm there in Commissary + had just gotten my order (I'm still not sure if they put in the new lock I needed), when they called my name up to one of the windows. The lady there told me to meet her at the spit + when she let me out, she told me to go to the Lieutenant's office. WTF?

At first I wasn't too worried 'cause I figured that I was just gonna have my monthly pee test 'cause I'm on the "Hot List" to be tested for drugs. However, when I got there the Lt. told me I

was going to the SHU (Hole)! Huh?? What for?

Let this: in the brief time I was at Commissary, the CO searched my cell + found a "shank" (knife) behind the sink!! Double

WTF!! I've never even touched a shank in prison much less wanted one.

When my cellie went to the Hole, some black guys kept pestering me that night & telling me that my cellie was supposed to be hiding a shank for him & he wanted it back. I sure as hell didn't want a shank around & I looked through all the garbage he left & didn't find anything.

Now, I would bet any amount of money that my old cellie told staff that "I had a shank behind the sink" in order to save himself and/or get at me. Mother. Fucker.

On the day after I got back here, on April 1, they passed out a memo that the entire compound was then going on a full lockdown for two weeks, with an evaluation of the situation at that time. According to the memo, inmates are being let out of their cells for only 1 1/2 hours on Mon, Wed, & Fri. to shower, email, & make calls. So the one advantage I have is that I can shower every day. But, if the C had waited just one day, I might not have been searched at all & ended up here (only if it were a random search, which I doubt).

This past Mon, the 6<sup>th</sup>, they handed out surgical masks to everyone. All the staff wear them & it's my understanding that we're supposed to wear them if we leave the cell (which I haven't yet).

To top it off, they put me back on B Range where I was last time that has the three bunks. So far I've only had one cellie at a time, but that could change. Plus... I'm on the same damn range as Redbeard & Mike Simmons - one of the guys who was helping to sell my property last Dec. (he came back here about a week before I got out last time & I was told by guys in the unit that he sold my crocheted giraffe & frog & probably other things).

The only other good news is that I got my property much earlier than last time, on April 8, after just 8 days in here. Although not as much was stolen, my property sheets said "locker unsecured" which means that someone else got into my locker that morning.

I don't know how much more of this I can take.

04-12-20

Happy Easter! (I may not be Christian, but I still love holidays or any excuse to celebrate).

No... I already went over how bad things are in the Hole now last Jan. so I won't repeat myself. There have been a few improvements on this Range, such as they brought the book cart last week (but not yesterday like they were supposed to); they also passed out laundry bags on this range & have managed to wash our clothes & sheets like they're supposed to.

Something else I forgot to mention about the lockdown: we get box meals for breakfast & dinner & lunch (in styrofoam) is the only hot meal we get.

When I first got here they put me in with a white guy from the "Low" named Dale. He was pretty cool & we got along great. He was released last Mon. & they brought in a black guy from the "Medium" who goes by "Bruiser." They rarely mix whites & blacks in the Hole & to be honest I wish they hadn't this time. They just fuck me over 'cause I don't cause problems - go figure.

Bruiser has some nasty habits. At first he wanted to pile all the trash in the sink & keep it off the floor 'cause he likes things "clean and orderly." What sense does that make? And do you realize how much trash can accumulate when you get boxes & styrofoam & the CO's can be lazy & not pick up trash after every meal?

To top it all off, he has a habit of blowing snot in the sink. DIS-GUS-TING. And that's clean and orderly to you??

He's also a Muslim (ugh), but since he sleeps all day, I've seen him do one prayer & then 15 minutes later do another one. I'm definitely not Muslim, but I'm pretty sure that's not how it works.

So, ~~here~~ here I am once again and my fate is up to the Hearing Officer & whether she believes me or not. There's no telling how that will go, but I am hopeful.

I'll all, I have had a terrible, horrible year. I have lost hundreds of dollars of property thru theft, I feel like I have no friends on this compound (and few outside), & now I'm in the Hole - again - for something I didn't even do (this time).

I've had a horrible life & I cannot wait for it to end. I have had enough. If anyone out there cares at all, I would be very

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grateful for any prayers or good energies. And if I have any  
Lican readers, please send me a "protection" and a "prosperity"  
spell. Please.

Until next time, I wish you...

Love + Blessings,

A stylized, cursive handwritten signature consisting of several overlapping loops and a long horizontal tail.