

Personal Journal

Page(1)

9/4/2020

I didn't get any painting done yesterday: what: I had an excuse: I was getting my hair cut before clayroom when they called me for transport. I went back to Stockton for more electrode therapy, masochistic S.O.B. and I didn't get back until late after noon and I was burnt out. The guard were two A-hole but I didn't mind as on the way back we took the scenic roads. To pad their time loop the guards like to take the long way around. We headed out south to get north a lot of beautiful ~~farm~~ farm country. I came back through the little town name Langford. Most of these downtown building were built around 1900 at least before the 1930's. I feel good this morning, stiff, but good: As of the end of July there were 57 deaths due to the Covid virus - only one here at Mule Creek. Old Folsom is having an outbreak right. I would hate to be there - the tiny cells; open bars; no where to hide. We'll just ride out the new normal. They said they are going to let some old people go home to make room for distancing: I'm already home now, I need a home to go to.

9/5/2020

It is not unlike me not to remember dates, half the time I can't remember what day of the year it is and my friends can tell when I'm lost I get that far away ~~stare~~ blank stare and it's not like going off into a day dream

Personal Journal

Page 2

9/5/2020

I don't remember how I got to some places. I'm sitting here with no hair today. I started cutting it around the sides + back next thing I knew it was all gone. It'll grow back in a few weeks. Will the darkness ever disappear? This month of September is a slow mover. With all the things I been doing. I've been out of the cell everyday off grounds for treatment twice. Yesterday yard in the A.M., work in the P.M., dayroom at night. The 6th of next month is Mel's birthday. Happy Birthday my dear Friend, my sister.

9/8/2020

Sometimes I just want to lie in bed and daydream but when I do it gets to where I can't stop and I know how quickly a little day dream can turn into depression. My celly was in the cell all week-end so I didn't get anything done. Feeling good this morning - no real pain in my bones - hands are numb but not to where they're hurting so much. We have yard this morning. canteen open - someone's going to buy me an ice cream. Everyone that knows me thinks I'm getting way to thin - I agree - my weight has been holding between 175 + 180 but when I was getting ready for bed last night I noticed how much skinnier my legs are looking if I can I need to get in to weight myself today. They've been hard to get into since the Covid outbreak. Another thing

Personal Journal

Page 3

I'm noticing this morning it is my butt is sore from sitting on the hard medel bark I ain't got much meat on my bottom end no more :)

9/10/2020
Thursday

I couldn't write at all yesterday, my hands were hurting too much. I went out for another treatment on my throat Tuesday - caught one of those A-hole guards. We have to wear these box cuff were you can't move your hands, arm, or shoulders and you always get pain from them that last a couple of days. Some people refuse medical because they can't stand the pain. The guard who put them on for the ride there left room for my wrist. But the throat doctor had them take them off my hands and A-hole who put them back on made them too tight and I told him so, so he acted like he was loosening them up and made them tighter. Now my wrists are both black & blue and swollen even my fingers are hurting. I might have to go back out today - the doctor want to give me the shock treatment twice a week - I need it but I'm not going if that guards there. The smokes so thick I can't see anything outside my window. All of California seem to be on fire. I can taste it in my mouth. I want to get this out today so I'm going to stop. I want to tell you how bad the food is but I don't eat it :). I get messages on the blog. Thanks everyone, I'll answer it tomorrow ^{over} the next week :)