

"Life goes one way only and whatever opinions you hold about the past have nothing to do with anything but your own damn weakness. Nothing changes what already happened. It will have always happened. You either let it break you down or you don't." - Charles Frasier, 'Lightwoods'

Dear Readers,

Fri. 08-26-24

8:12A

Howdy! I'm back in the Library and just finished a quick typing job and now, unfortunately, have nothing to do.

We didn't have our usual Thursday inspection yesterday, so I can only assume they'll do it today. When I go back at 9A, I'll have to make sure the cell looks okay for inspection.

9:33A

Yay! Someone I had spoken to about work saw that I wasn't busy and gave me some stuff to type! I'm leaving at 10A to meet him so I don't have much time. (To give him the stuff I typed).

Another thing that's different about Marianna is their inspections. At P-burg we rarely knew when someone (usually one staff member) would come

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through. There, the staff member would walk through the unit at some random time with a clipboard and mark down anything wrong they saw while all the inmates carried on watching TV, reading in bed, or whatever.

Here, it is a big production. < involuntary eye roll > Usually it's on Thurs. morning, and about five staff members walk through. Every inmate is required to be standing by their open door with the lights on in their cell and remain quiet until staff leave. It's ridiculous.

Results of the inspection determine the meal rotation for the week (usually starting Fri.) and often the top unit gets a treat (e.g. slushies) one night at Rec. My unit is usually in the top three, which can be good or bad. It's bad 'cause the last units usually get more food at the end of meals 'cause there's stuff leftover.

Wed. 01/31/24 8:32A

Howdy! I had a quick motion to type for a guy in my unit who was served papers yesterday for child support. The Library is closing at 9A for a First Step Act class which

doesn't apply to me.

They finally got the TVs in the unit working last night. They've been off since Jan. 6, so it's been pretty boring for guys in the unit (I don't watch much TV in here). The Captain had a "town hall" on the 12<sup>th</sup> to address the TV issue and say that they were supposed to be fixed by the following Fri., the 19<sup>th</sup>, but obviously that didn't happen (no surprise).

The week before the TVs went out, they switched services. I'm not sure, but I think it changed from cable to ~~the~~ satellite. Then it all died 'cause they needed new equipment or something.

Again I've been in a news blackout and had no idea what's been going on in the world.

As I mentioned before, I got here on Nov. 22, spent a week in the Hole, and got out on the compound on Nov. 29. I finally got my property on Dec. 5<sup>th</sup>.

The in-between time after you arrive at a new place, but before you get your property, is always a pain in the butt. Until you have your shorts and sweats, your MP3 and/or tablet, you're just kinda twiddling your thumbs and keep thinking about all the stuff you need but don't have.

I'm not sure if I already mentioned this, but

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I got my clothes and most of my paperwork, but didn't get any hygiene, commissary (my bowls), or the most important legal work (e.g. - my lawsuit).

The 5<sup>th</sup> was a busy day. I also had my first unit team meeting with my then-case manager (she switched to Education and now I have someone else). Apparently, my unit team is not in Navajo, it's in Creek. This means I could be moved from Navajo to Creek like the guys who were moved to Mohawk. I'd rather this happen sooner instead of later.

Prior to the 5<sup>th</sup>, the unit orderlies decorated the unit for Christmas. They put up a tree with fake presents, and put strands of tinsel around the bulletin boards to make it nice for us.

That all ended on the 5<sup>th</sup>.

The Captain here, Mr. Black, decreed that he didn't want any decorations up, so they all had to come down. What a total asshole! He's one of those sadistic psychos who thinks it's his job to punish us.

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Fri. 02/02/24 8:13A

Happy Imbolc everyone! This is the pagan holiday to celebrate the return of the sun and longer days (among other things) after the cold days of winter.

I'm back in the Library, and unfortunately have nothing to do. I came up here last night and was introduced to a legal guy whom one of my typing rivals work for. The "rival" was nice enough to introduce me since he has plenty of work and I don't. I'm still handing out my "business cards" and stuff is slowly trickling in.

On Thurs., Dec. 7<sup>th</sup>, we had our first shakedown. Those always stress me out - you never know what you're gonna walk back into when you return. Fortunately, I wasn't a target and all they took was those awful bus shoes that hurt my feet. I was hoping to keep them as an excuse to get medical shoes whenever they see me (they still haven't), but that didn't work out.

I didn't write this down, but I think it was that following weekend that I finally went to Rec for the first time. I didn't want to go out there without music or shorts or anything, so I finally went on the first really nice day after I got my

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property.

Since I'm not working, I've been going out to Rec here more than I did at P-burg. I was in lousy shape after spending four months locked in a cell, but I'm starting to get better. I've been doing my yoga routine every few days or walking laps.

On Mon. the 11<sup>th</sup>, I finally had A+O (Orientation). You go through A+O every time you get to a new place, so I've done it a lot. All the staff department heads (or their flunkies) get up and explain how things work at that compound. Normally you have to go through A+O before you can get a job. A direct quote from the Captain at A+O is, "Fight. Fuck. And get off my compound."

I also went to Laundry during lunch that day and begged for a jacket. As I mentioned, it does get cold here and when all you have is a t-shirt, it can be miserable. The unit has been really cold too. I believe they kept the A/C on - even with temps near freezing - until Jan. 18<sup>th</sup> when someone complained during the inspection. I think that was the same week we had the hard freeze which killed all the plants outside my window - and yet the A/C was still on!

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That Mon. (11<sup>th</sup>), was also the day that Chris-  
my cellie from P-burg in the Hole here - was released  
from the Hole himself. He ended up in my unit  
'cause he didn't want to go back to his old unit.  
At first he was put in another cell, but on Jan. 16<sup>th</sup>  
he moved in with me after my third cellie moved  
out on the 10<sup>th</sup>.

I previously mentioned my first two cellies,  
Daddy and "Horns." Daddy, the tranny, is a nut-  
case. She never shuts up and makes up these outland-  
ish stories. She told one story about how the warden  
at Marion paid for the commissary for her to make  
pizzas on her birthday, and ordered Food Service to  
let her use their ovens (not likely). She told another  
one where "Two-buck Chuck" and his cellie Jeremy  
were so high they got literally stuck while screwing  
and had to be pulled apart by the W's. < eye roll >

After Daddy moved out on Dec. 4<sup>th</sup>, I had  
several days blessedly alone until the 13<sup>th</sup> when I  
came back from the Library to find "Horns" had  
moved in my cell.

Horns dropped out of ROAP (drug program unit)  
and is a total crackhead loser. He gets money from  
his family every month, but has absolutely NOTHING -  
no tablet, no radio, no personal clothes, barely any

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hygiene - nothing. He spends every cent on drugs. He goes by "Horns" 'cause he has two "devil's" horns tattooed on either side of his forehead. < another eye roll > I can't stand that guy. He kept going in-and-out, in-and-out - of the cell constantly (good luck taking a nap when someone's doing that) in his continuous hunt for some way to get high.

For some reason he thought we were getting along great until I pointed this out, and then he decided he was gonna be some tough asshole and make threats. He's from Wyoming and said he was cellies - and friends - with the guys who killed Matthew Shepherd (no surprise). I only saw him take a shower one time while we were cellies and he never washed his hands after peeing. Total douchebag.

After making it clear that no, I don't like him, and that we weren't "cool," he finally moved out on Jan. 2<sup>nd</sup>. On the 3<sup>rd</sup>, I got my next cellie, Billy, AKA "Hillbilly."

Billy had recently gotten out of the Hole and was initially put in another unit (maybe Creek-B?), but they told him to move to my unit for some reason. Billy seemed OK, but he was really overweight and had a big, bushy beard.

At some point after he moved in, Billy gave



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me the whole "I'm not like that" speech. He started it by telling me how he used to be in my unit in the past and that Steve (a gay guy) kept trying to suck his dick. This led to the whole "I'm OK with gay guys as long as they're respectful and don't cross the lines 'cause I'm not like that" bullshit.

At the time I almost told him that he had nothing to worry about with me 'cause there was no way in hell I would go to the trouble of lifting his stomach out of the way so I could get to his dick, but since we seemed to get along I thought that might be better left unsaid. In retrospect, I should probably have found a polite way to get let him know I wasn't interested.

Because... later that night I got the second part of the "I'm not like that" speech - the part that includes a "but...."

So, it's after lockdown and Billy's high from smoking "deuce" and looking at "compound pics" of young women when I hear, "You know, I'm not really into fucking, and I'm not saying I'd be willing to do anything for you, but if you wanna suck my dick while I look at these pictures, I suppose I'd let you. I'm just not sure if I'd be willing to do anything for you...."

Oh, hell no!

My response to him was, "Well, uh, the question really is, is that something that I want to do?"

A whole! It's crazy how some of these guys think that just 'cause you're gay you're gonna be all for sucking any dick that happens to get thrown your way without any consideration that you might actually have standards!

Things were definitely "chillier" after that, and as I mentioned Billy moved out on Jan. 10<sup>th</sup> and I had almost a full week alone until Chris asked if he could move in 'cause he wasn't getting along with his cellie.

If I were to describe Chris in one word, it would be "vapid." I don't recall having a cellie who would just sit and stare - only four or five feet away from me - for hours. You might think he was deep in thought, but he's also really, really, really dumb.

Chris is another one of those crackhead losers who gets money every month, but has absolutely nothing to show for it. He also has a habit of running up debts and then checking into the Hole (which is how we became cellies in the Hole).

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Fri. 02/09/24 9:36A

I just finished typing and have a few minutes before the next "move," so I thought I'd continue.

I have a feeling that Chris is about to do one of his famous "check-in" moves 'cause people keep coming to the cell to get the stuff he was supposed to buy them at Commissary, and I suspect that didn't happen.

I will say that he's been the best of my four cellies so far, but he still has a lot of issues he needs to work on.

In early December I started writing the Books to Prisoners (BTPs) groups I know of. Unfortunately, I am losing more of them because of the transfer (because of the states they cover) than I am gaining.

So far I've gotten books from Seattle BTP, Rogue Liberation Library, and Dalilee BTP, plus last night I got a lunar calendar from Luna Press.

Oh! Happy Year of the Dragon! Dragons rule!

If you can, please support any of the BTP groups or free calendar places that I listed last year (Jan. '23?) And please tell them I said thanks for all the years they've sent books and calendars to me and other prisoners.

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Until next time, I wish you...

Love & Blessings,

