

"Some things cannot be solved.... Drink makes those things much more tolerable."

- Robin Hobb, 'Royal Assassin'

Dear Readers,

Sun. 04-21-24

Howdy y'all! I'm currently locked in Club 220 listening to "Don't Kill the Light (Extended Vocal Mix)" by Dove & Hatchick featuring Rhett Fisher on C3PO. 1:17p

We've been locked down since this past Thursday, the 18th, shortly after dinner. According to Inmate.com, former MS13 gang members (there are only gang dropouts on this yard) supposedly stabbed - or at least assaulted - some guy who had stolen from another former gang member. This happened in the Chow Hall after I'd already made it back to the unit. You could hear everyone warning the others that we were about to get locked down 'cause they either knew it was coming or surmised it from all the staff running to the Chow Hall.

While everyone was scrambling around making last minute preparations, I was laying in bed playing "Andor's Trail" on Labitha. It's not like I had anything to do to prepare.

On Friday they pulled out a few guys - mostly

(2)

just Hispanics - to be interviewed, but not everyone. We also got a snotty memo from the new warden (apparently we now have a new warden - news to me) letting us know our cooperation was expected (like we have a choice).

They let the lower tier(s) shower yesterday and are working on the upper tier(s) today. It's really stupid-shocker - how they're doing the showers. The CO is only letting one cell (two guys) shower at a time when there are eight showers in the unit. So obviously it's taking FOREVER.

I am hoping this crap ends tomorrow. As often as I've been stolen from, I can only say the guys got what he deserved. I hate thieves!

As usual, there have been a number of lockdowns here. On Sun., March 17th, they didn't serve us dinner until around 7p - after they fed the Ramadan guys - because of a storm. This "storm" was really just a bit of rain, nothing more.

We were locked down again on Sat., 4/6, from about 8:30a - 4:30p supposedly 'cause the cameras were out in our unit. All the other units went about their normal day - it was just us in Savajo who were locked down.

We were locked down for the eclipse on Mon., 4/8 also. A once-in-a-generation event (I heard it'll be 20 years before there's another one in the U.S.) and of

(3)

course we have to miss it.

Two days after the eclipse lockdown, we were again locked down at 2:30p on Wed. till 8:30A on Thurs. 'cause they forecast a storm. Again, we had some rain for a while and that's it. I have never been anywhere where they locked you down 'cause it's raining. The sun was shining at 6:30A on Thurs. morning and they still left us locked in till 8:30A.

Then we had another fog lockdown this past Tues., the 16th which ended around 9:30-10A that morning.

This place is nuts about locking us down! Don't make any plans here 'cause it might rain and you're sure to get locked down!

I don't know if it was 'cause of the "storm" on March 17th or what, but for some reason that day the hot water in our unit went out. Keep in mind that this place was "repaired" just a few years ago 'cause of the hurricane.

The hot water was out until Fri., the 22nd, at which time (it is my understanding), they took parts (or something) from Creek unit to fix our hot water while Creek then went without for a time.

That was a rough week. I cannot stand cold showers, so after a few days I settled for a "bird bath" in the sink.

For some reason the hot water went out again on Sun., April 7th, but was back on the next day,

(4)

(apps) plus it was out on Wed., March 27th, but was fixed the following day (I almost missed that day in my notes).

Mon. 04-29-24 12:52 p

Hey y'all! I'm at the Library and I am so fuckin' pissed! I didn't have hardly any typing in a week and today when I finally have something to do, I get up here and all the typewriters are taken! And... my "buddy" IP cut in front of me and got one when I was in line ahead of him! This is such bullshit!

<Pause>

OK... it appears my friend saw the error of his ways, and let me use his typewriter to finish what I needed to do. I'll have to continue this another time.

Tues. 05-07-24 9:34 A

It's officially another time! I'm currently in Club 207 (what? Yes, another new location) listening to "The Veil" (feat. Chris James) [8 Minute Edit] by Deadman 5 on C3PO.

We just were let out from yet another fog lockdown. Yesterday, I was told there was fog at 5:30 A, but by 6:30 A it was gone. Nevertheless, we still had breakfast as "grab and go" in styrofoam clamshells and stayed

(5)

locked in the unit till well after lunch. I was told they had yet another "Staff Appreciation Day" at our expense - probably literally and figuratively.

Before I get to the latest news, I thought I'd start with a little gossip. (You know I love gossip!) Remember when my former cellie, Crackhead Chris, moved out to live with Raddie and stuck me with Gade (who is still in the Hole, BTW)? Well, shortly after I moved in with Andrew, I noticed that I hadn't seen Chris around. So... one day I surreptitiously slid by Raddie's cell and saw that Chris' bunk was empty.

I have no doubt that Chris checked in to the Hole again to avoid paying debts. He later turned up in Mohawk-B - the unit he was in before when he last checked-in to avoid paying debts which is how we became cellies in the Hole when I first got here. Such a loser!

Well, I have been busy as crap lately and my schedule has completely changed. A lot of changes happened on Wed. April 24th.

First of all, I started my new job that morning! I got a job in Landscaping working on the flowerbeds! Yay! I may have mentioned before that I wasn't sure about getting a job there 'cause I heard I could end up pushing one of those non-motorized lawnmowers. {Dag!} So not pretty.

(6)

And it's true that I would have been assigned mowing or if they really need help they could ask me to help snow (which did happen one day, but I got out of it 'cause I didn't have boots at the time, and when someone loaned me a pair 10 minutes later they already had another guy), but a guy left who was assigned flowerbeds so I took over his spot.

I was first assigned two small, raised, rectangular beds on two sides of the Chow Hall, and one long bed by the side of the Chapel. I have since taken over a small bed by the entrance to the Chow Hall (which had nothing in it) and another long bed by the Facilities building, plus I'm playing around with the two long beds in front of Alhawk A and B, which don't have much of anything.

I'm supposed to work mornings and afternoons (some guys are only mornings), but I told my boss that I'm working on my case and need some afternoons in the Library so I can still type. We're off on Friday afternoon, so my plan is to go to work on Tues. and Thurs., and hit the Library (or Rec) on Mon., Wed., and Fri.

Since we were locked down the past two mornings, no one went in, and it's my understanding that the staff doesn't bother coming in the afternoon if we're locked down in the morning (he hasn't so far).

Speaking of which, we also had fog lockdowns on Fri, April 26th, Wed. May 1st (which was Beltaine

(7)

so I wanted a holiday anyway), and Thurs. May 2nd. That's a lot of days in the past couple weeks. It's flooding in Houston, but none of that rain has come east to Florida and my plants are shriveling!

Wed. 05-08-21 2:00p

Another day and another lockdown. The rumor is that this is yet another staff party - the second this week! Again, I would bet anything that they are using funds that are supposed to go to inmate-related improvements to pay for their parties. I wish someone would audit them.

Since the 1st of May, I have only gone in to work one time - which serves the lazy side of me - but the plants that I moved this past Fri. are really looking poorly because they need water. It's really bugging me.

As I started to mention, I had a lot of changes on the 24th. I started my new job that morning and I switched units that afternoon! I am now in Mohawk-A - the main unit I wanted to move to!

I was first put in cell 122 by myself, but the counselor is another one like Gones in Savajo who is obsessed about putting inmates together. I was told to find a cellie by the next day or he would find

(8)

someone to put me with.

I already had some friends and acquaintances in this unit, so I asked around. I was told that "Stretch" in 207 was unhappy with his cellie. At the time Stretch was in with "Yolanda", a black transie who is straight trash. She is always yelling - usually to herself - to draw attention to herself. (Read: Attention whore)

The next day Stretch had had enough: Yolanda had to go. We got it worked out with the counselor and before lunch he told me to move, and Yolanda was supposed to move elsewhere (214, I think).

Well, that was a Thursday - one of the days I picked to go to work in the afternoon. Fortunately we get off at 2 p, so I figured that gave Yolanda plenty of time to get her stuff out and I'd get started when I got back at 2, giving me plenty of time before lockdown at 3:30 p.

So... I come back at 2 p to find Yolanda laying in what is now supposed to be my bunk with nothing moved. Hmmm.... "What happened to your moving?" I ask Yolanda.

"Oh, the cop said we're not moving."

"Hmph." I respond as I shut the door and turn to search for Stretch.

Not surprisingly, Stretch knows nothing of this. Also not surprisingly, neither does the C.O. (I

(9)

told you Yolanda was trash.)

Cell 207 is above where my old cell, 112, was in Savajo. It's tucked in a small hall across from the showers and fairly inconspicuous. (Read: Convenient for Prysts) Yolanda wanted to keep the cell for that reason and force Stretch to move.

Stretch then did some scrambling and found Yolanda another cell (the guy in 214 didn't want her - no surprise). She finally got the hell out and I was left to rush to move before lockdown.

Just before lockdown, a guy I knew from Butner offered to help me. At about that time, the C.O. yelled "Lockdown!" I had most of my stuff moved, but still had my mattress and some odds and ends left over. This guy - "Loco" - grabbed my mattress and I threw a few things into one of the big, green, "pack-out" bags I got from the C.O., and left the rest to get after "Count."

After Count, and after I get the new C.O. on her shift to unlock the door to cell 122 (cause, yeah, all that property scattered about means "I'm not done yet"), I get in the old cell to discover that in that short time before the cell was locked for Count, some asshole went in there and stole some of my property! On my second fucking day in the unit! What! The! Fuck!

It took a couple days to figure out everything

10

that was taken (I noticed when I was looking for stuff I needed), but it appears that the thief took: a pair of shorts; my Luna Press lunar calendar; my Dalilee Books calendar (both of which are probably the only ones on the compound, and the year is almost half over); a bottle of lotion; a pack of razors (9 out of 10 were left); a magnet; and a roll of toilet paper.

Another fucker!!

The stuff that costs money to replace can't be replaced. I've had 7¢ in my account since the end of February. These assholes look at me and think I have money 'cause I'm a clean-cut, older, white guy, so OBVIOUSLY I must have money! Think again.

But wait... it gets better! This all happened on Thursday. On the following Tuesday, we wash our personal clothes at Laundry (i.e., send them out to be washed).

I put in my Laundry bag most of my socks (we can only use laundry loops on Mon. + Thurs., and they don't hold socks worth a damn), my only other pair of shorts, and two new "wife-beater" tank tops I got since coming here for a typing job.

When I got off work at 2 p., I come back to find my laundry bag gone! Are you fucking kidding me?! I yelled about "check your bag!" in the unit, but no one said anything.

Fortunately, Stretch and a guy called "Huero" came to my rescue and gave me a couple pairs of

shorts, another gray t-shirt, and a couple of "wife-beaters." Over time I paid them back with massages.

This story isn't over yet, though. My laundry bag had "Gones" written on it, and I knew there was another "Gones" in this unit - and... he's even a "K. Gones."

The following morning when we were locked down for fog, I went to this guy's cell. He wasn't there, but his cellie was. I asked if they happened to pick up a laundry bag with "Gones" on it. The cellie looks around and picks up my bag from off the floor under a chair. Again, WTF?! You know if a bag belongs to you and when it doesn't. Why the fuck didn't they return it when they (he) saw it wasn't his??

Again, not surprisingly, these guys were black. Black guys in prison complain more about lack of respect than anyone, and show the least respect to anyone.

Also that same week, on Mon. April 29th, someone left or went to the Hole or whatever from cell 231. The guy in 231 who was left alone didn't have a bottom bunk pass and neither does stretch, my cellie. I do.

Well, in the complete lack of common sense that all BOP employees possess (or don't possess?), the counselor decided that the guy in 231 couldn't stay

(12)

by himself for two days until Wed., when either a bus would come in or someone would get out of the Hole.

So... he moved Stretch to 231 - but promised he could move back on Wed. when he could move someone else into 231 and Stretch could move back to 207. This, obviously, would leave me alone for two days.

In his thinking, a person with a bottom bunk pass can be alone temporarily, but someone without one can't.

Makes sense, right? So.

Stretch ended up getting moved back on Tues. instead of Wed. He believes this is because the counselor overheard Stretch telling other guys how stupid all this was - which indeed, it was.

And these are the people who have authority over every aspect of our lives.

Until next time, I wish you...

Love & Blessings,
