

"Poor is the man whose pleasures depend upon
the permission of another." - Madonna

Dear Readers,

Wed. 06/26/24

8:08p

Howdy! It's a late night at the Library and I only have a few minutes before "recall," but I'm stuck on the three typing projects I've got to type (for want of information), and I'm woefully behind on writing. Since I don't have much time, this will be short. I also don't have my notes to refer to since I moved my writing paper to my typing supplies, but not my notes.

One thing I have to report is the arrival of one of my eyes last Tuesday, the 18th. I went in to Medical to drop off my yearly screening for colon cancer and the new guys off the bus were in there. One guy looked kinda cute and I was checking him out when he called me by a nickname I used to go by.

I was in a hurry, so all we established was that I had known him from Butner and I hustled out the door before I got locked in. It took me a while 'cause I tend to forget people once I - or they - leave wherever I happen to be at the time.

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Thurs. 6/27/24 9:21A

Hey again! I'm back in the Library listening to "Do Ya (Feel The Love)" by Love Inc on (3PO).

I just finished two of the three typing jobs I was working on, and am stuck here till 10:30A. I didn't go to my job in Landscaping this morning 'cause it was raining and I was told that no one goes in when it's raining. I see one of my co-workers in here so it must be OK. The boss is pretty lax about people showing up anyway as long as your job's done.

We've had no rain for weeks and the grass is brown. All that flooding in south Florida? Somewhere near here. While the guys who mow haven't had much to do, I've been hauling buckets of water 'cause my flowers are dying (32 buckets yesterday morning before it finally rained that afternoon).

Anyway, to get back to the story about my ex showing up, I thought about who that guy could be and realized it was Justin, my last ex from Butner before I left - the one who stole several books of stamps from me. Mother-fucker. That was ten years ago.

Well, at lunch that same day he came up to my table and sat down and asked if I remembered him. I replied "yes" and added, "Uh... you stole from me." "I did?" he questioned innocently.

I said "yeah," and told him the details which I will never forget.

He claimed he didn't remember and said he was "sorry." < Bwyp >

He excused himself shortly after 'cause I wasn't giving him much attention. He hasn't said anything to me since. I haven't been totally hostile - I once gave him the "chin-lift acknowledgement," but for the most part I've ignored him. At the same time, I've also let people know he steals.

I had asked him where he was coming from, and he said USP-Tucson, so obviously he did something to get his points raised to go from a "medium" to a USP. Clerk.

On the same day he arrived, my former cellie Gade got out of the Hole. I was surprised to see "her" 'cause the word was that "she" was being transferred ("she" went to the Hole for threatening a staff member).

As far as I was concerned, "she" could have gotten transferred. "He" was so damn disrespectful as a cellie that I couldn't care less. I knew that would happen if "she" moved in with me, which is exactly why I didn't want to live with "her."

Since all this happened this past 18th, I'll go on to mention that there was a fight in Adhawk-B next door. Two "solid" white guys beat up some other guy (lots of blood) and were taken to the Hole. One of these guys was in the top five of my "Top 10 Hottest Dumps on the Compound" list, so I was sorry to see

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him go. Adhawk-B was just locked down that afternoon and let out by dinner.

The next day, "Cinco de Mayo," there was a fight in our unit right when they called the Rec move after lunch. We didn't even make it past the building. The COs sprayed so much pepper spray (inside) that guys were coughing from it even outside.

They took the two guys to the Hole (a latino went after a black guy who was stealing), and they sent us back inside and locked us in our cells. There wasn't any blood, but unlike the B-side, we were locked down until the next morning. BS. Some holiday.

On other lockdowns during this period, we were locked down all day on Thurs., May 9th (as I recall, this was due to a storm? (maybe?)), and I think we were in the common area). Then we also had morning fog lockdowns on Sat/Sun, May 25-26, and Mon. June 3rd.

On other old news, they took our jackets on Mon., May 6th - just in time for hurricane season. I do not understand how they expect us to get soaking wet whenever it rains.

Until I got paid in June, I have been considered "indigent" since early February. As an indigent inmate, you're allowed to get a (limited) list of free OTC medications, and a free typewriter ribbon, etc., to use to type your own legal work.

On Sat., May 18th, Floyd - one of the Education

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stuff - refused to give me a replacement typewriter ribbon. He claimed "he heard" that I bought two ribbons - which is blatantly false. (Floyd is the biggest asshole working in Education). He did this despite the fact that I had gotten indigent meds from Medical just the day before.

I sent an email to his boss to complain - who never responded, and then forwarded that email to the Office of the Inspector General. I left it at that 'cause shortly thereafter I got a typing job and was too busy typing for this guy (using his ribbons) to make it seem legitimate (although it was).

(Later) 6:33p

I'm back in the Library and finished once again. To carry on with old news, on Mon., May 20th, I was hired by yet another "legal guy," Gon, to type for him.

I believe I mentioned last time that a "buddy" of mine cut in front of me in line and got a typewriter when I did not. This guy, C.P., was working for Gon, but got fired for pissing off a C.O. who went through Gon's legal files and confiscated "office supplies" and made a wreck of said files. This was the last straw for Gon in a long list of "wrongs" committed by C.P.

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I had been asking for any work from Gon, and now that we're in the same unit, he hired me. For the rest of May he paid me in stamps, but starting in June I got paid with money sent to my account. He used to pay C.P. at the beginning of the month, but since he paid C.P. in advance and then fired him, he now refuses to pay until the end of the month.

Gon works with a law firm in a suburb of New Orleans. He's a COMPLETE ASSHOLE and an idiot who claims to know more than he does and insists on a lot of stupid things. For example, he insists that everything he underlines in a motion has to be in bold type (in addition to being underlined). But, I'm supposed to use a separate "flipped" ribbon (a used typewriter ribbon that has been rewound to use again) for the bold type.

The problem is, he scatters "bold" stuff throughout most every paragraph, so I am constantly stopping to change ribbons - often for just one word! It's ridiculous and a huge waste of time. Since I'm using a pre-used ribbon, there's not much difference at all between the "bold" type and the regular. But he insists that "judges want it that way." I've worked in offices for 40 years and have never done things the way he insists they have to be done.

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Wed. 07/03/24 7:00p

Hey again! I'm back in the Library after a long day of typing.

We had another fog lockdown this morning, so I didn't go to my job in Landscaping. We had yet another storm lockdown this past Mon. after dinner - which was "grab and go," and there was hardly any rain at all. Then yesterday they had a "recall" at 3p due to a "storm" (the normal recall is at 3:30p), and all it did was sprinkle a little and the sun was out shortly after.

This place is ridiculous when it comes to these lockdowns!

Back to bitching about Gon. I was mentioning the "bold" type. I counted one page I typed today, and there were 12 places just on that one page that "had" to be bold. So I had to change ribbons and change back 12 times just on that one page. Stupid!

He also screwed me over when he paid me this past month. He told me that he wanted to send me an extra \$100 to lower his account balance due to the restitution he owes (fines).

I assumed he was just going ahead and paying me in advance. He insists, (and his cellie confirmed), that he told me he was sending that to buy commissary for him. I missed that. So after he sent me the money, he gave me a list for the whole \$100 to buy

in commissary.

There were two problems with that.

First, as I believe I've explained in the past, when someone puts money on your account to shop for them, you're supposed to get a percentage of that for yourself (usually 10-20%). But no, this greedy fucker expected me to do this for nothing. His cellie later told me that he thinks you should do it 'cause he pays you (me) for typing. But, I agreed to type for him, I didn't agree to be his servant.

The second problem is the lawsuit I filed. Since I filed "in forma pauperis" (i.e., indigent - I couldn't pay the filing fees upfront), the court takes 20% out of any deposits into my account to pay the filing fees.

So... out of his \$100, \$20 of that was taken out of my funds, so I got shorted on my pay for typing for him. Not cool.

Sun. 07-07-24 6:45p

Howdy! I'm in Club 207 listening to "Keep On Walkin' (Special Extended Mix)" by CeCe Peniston on C3PO.

I'm bored out of my mind. On the 4th, I felt a little tickle in my throat and instead of taking it easy I did my yoga routine. The next day I had a full-fledged cold and have been staying in

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my cell and drinking lots of water to get over it.

Since I was bitching about Con, I will say that this past week he gave me a typewriter ribbon to make some extra money with. Since they cost \$10¹⁰, that did make up for half of what I was shorted this month.

In other news ... on May 29th I have my first "Team" with my new case manager (basically a progress meeting done every six months). At this meeting, I found out that after all these years, I am now ~~down~~ down to having "low" points again!

My case manager told me that if I don't get a "shot" for a couple more months, he'll put me in for - another - transfer to a "low" in Texas, where I hope to be released!

Since then I stopped selling my phone minutes (I already almost got a "shot" for that), and have been trying to be on my best behavior. I'd really like to end up near Ft. Worth and maybe my friend Pam will visit me.

There's a slight chance that all that could be moot. There were changes to the Sentencing Guidelines several months ago, and after I moved here to Mohawk I was finally able to verify that one of the changes applies to me. I filed a motion a couple weeks ago for a sentence reduction, which I qualify for as a result.

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However... my judge is a complete piece of shit who totally fucked me over when I filed a "2255" (motion to throw out your conviction) many years ago. I'm not holding my breath. After 20 years that cocksucker is still fucking people over. We shall see... Since I'm down to two years left, I could qualify to have the rest of that time done away with (i.e., immediate release). I just don't trust that bastard of a judge.

Tues. 07/16/24 6:32p

Hey y'all! I'm in Club 207 listening to Lizzo sing "About Damn Time" on C3PO. Fortunately Jon didn't have any work for me tonight.

So... I had a surprising encounter a week ago. On Mon. the 8th I was coming back from the Library and my case manager was standing outside the unit. He asked me to wait a minute, then he informed me that he "hadn't heard back yet" about my designation from the transfer center.

Huh?!

Instead of waiting a couple months as he originally told me, he went ahead and put me in for (yet another) transfer! That means it's very likely I will be out of here some time in August! What the heck?!

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That was quite a surprise to hear! He said he put me in for the "lows" in Texas where I want to go.

I'm a little blown away by all this. I just got settled in here and now I'll have to go through another transfer and then get used to a whole new place!

Wish me luck....

In other old news, I definitely want to mention the "food poisoning incident." On Mon., June 3, we had chicken for lunch. Some people got the warning ahead of time, but I was not one of those people.

Apparently, when the inmates got the chicken out, they noticed it was spoiled. They reported this to staff, and instead of throwing it out like they should have, staff members told the kitchen workers to soak the spoiled chicken in vinegar - to hide the smell - and then go ahead and cook it and serve it to us!

Not knowing this ahead of time, I went ahead and ate it. I was okay until the next day when the food poisoning set in. I was really sick for three days and didn't start to feel normal until that Friday - and even then I was still a bit run down for a few days more.

These people should be sent to jail for this crap!

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Until next time, I wish you ...

Love & Blessings,

