

“There was a hollowness in the pit of his stomach, which he told himself was simply a fear of going back to the world on the outside.”

--Neil Gaiman, 'American Gods' (10<sup>th</sup> Ann. Edition)

November 2, 2024

Dear Readers,

Howdy! I hope things with all of you are going well.

As usual, it's been a while and I have a lot of news for you. This may be my last posting, and I wanted all of you to know what has happened.

As I previously let you know, I had been put in for a transfer. On Friday, August 23<sup>rd</sup>, I saw my case manager as I was leaving the Chow Hall after lunch, and decided to ask if he had heard anything. He told me that he did have news for me, but hadn't seen me to let me know. He said I had been “designated,” and that I should get my stuff together as I would be leaving soon! Yikes! He wouldn't tell me where I had been designated (staff policy), but he did say it was to Texas, which is what I wanted.

Then, at work on Monday, the 26<sup>th</sup>, a staff member came up to me and told me that I needed to go to R&D (Receiving and Discharge)! That meant I was being packed out! I had hoped that I would have another week to get myself together, both physically and mentally, but no such luck. I went back to the unit and packed all my stuff and took it to R&D, where I had 3 boxes packed. At the time, I was happy with the staff member at R&D 'cause he let me take some extra stuff, but my feelings have since changed, which I'll explain later. The guy in R&D also wouldn't tell me where I was going, but did tell me it was one of the three places that I told him I wanted to go, and I saw that he put “FTW” on the boxes, so I knew I was going to Ft. Worth—not my first choice, but it was my second.

Once you're packed out, that means you're leaving soon, and since it was Monday, and the bus goes on Wednesday, that meant I was headed out in just a couple days!

As I'm sure I've mentioned before, every single time I'd been transferred it had been from the Hole (except for the move from Butner 1 to Butner 2, which doesn't really count since it was right next door), so this would be my first time in all these years to go through a normal transfer.

That Wednesday morning, they got us up at 3 AM (ugh!). We went through being out-processed and then walked out to the bus (there were 6 to 8 of us being transferred). When we got to the bus, it was filled with guys from FDC-Tallahassee who were going to the camp in Pensacola, FL, a couple of hours east of Marianna, which was our first stop. We dropped off the guys going to the camp, then headed back west and stopped at the Santa Rosa County Jail, and then headed back west—passing the exit to Marianna sometime around noon (why the fuck did we have to get up at 3-freakin' AM when we passed Marianna over nine hours later?!), and finally got to the transfer center at FDC-Tallahassee, where we were let out.

As I may have mentioned the last time I went through Tallahassee, I was only there overnight and left early the next morning, so I was hoping this would be the case again. No such luck. Instead of locking us in our cells (which would have let us know we were leaving in the morning), they didn't lock us in after all. Damn!

Tallahassee was a complete shithole! There were beds for about 78 guys in our unit, with only two TVs (one controlled by the blacks and the other was Spanish), three tables with four seats each and very few complete books (many of them were torn up). They would unlock the doors at 6:30 AM, Mon-Fri, then lock us down from 8-10 AM so the orderlies could "clean," then unlock us again. As I recall, we were locked down at night around 9 PM (or was it even earlier?). On Aug. 31<sup>st</sup> we were locked down during the day, which I believe was due to a staff shortage.

I was put in a cell with a "Christian" hater asshole, who was homophobic. Wonderful. They didn't give us any shower shoes, so I had to use the one pair of shower shoes that he had, and we only had one chair, which was "his." Even though I had a bottom bunk pass and was several years older, I was stuck on the top bunk 'cause he already had the bottom bunk and sure as hell wasn't giving it up.

On Tues., September 3<sup>rd</sup>, they added one more table to sit at—which was filled by the blacks, and the next day they added one more TV which was also commandeered by the blacks. There was about an equal number of blacks and whites (with another third being latin), and one of the white guys tried to talk to the blacks about letting the white guys control the new TV, but of course that went nowhere.

Also, when you're transferred, the prison you leave provides one week's worth of medications, and then the new prison is supposed to renew your prescriptions after that. Now, I have a chronic illness, which requires me to take medications every day, plus I get psyche meds (one of which helps me sleep). I ran out of those meds after a week, on Tues., the 3<sup>rd</sup>. I had talked to one of the medical staff who brought around meds for those who were on "pill line," and he told me that they wouldn't refill your medications until you saw a doctor there, which could take several weeks. I heard about one guy who was out of his medications for 2 ½ weeks before they refilled them! Oh, hell no!

On Thurs., September 5<sup>th</sup>, I called Pam and practically begged her to call the Warden and complain about my being out of my medications, which—shockingly--she actually did. I got them the next day—Friday--from the same staff member who told me I couldn't get them before seeing a doctor. Prison staff will not do anything for you unless someone calls from outside—they HATE that! The fact that staff at Tallahassee are withholding medications from inmates is completely illegal, but they're getting away with it.

My piece-of-shit "Christian" cellie also left that Thurs. the 5<sup>th</sup>, and took the shower shoes which I was using and gave "his" chair away to someone else! Some "Christian"! What an asshole!

So, here I am, still in horrible Tallahassee, only an hour or so from Marianna, and wondering why the hell I can't get out of Florida!

Finally, on Mon., September 9<sup>th</sup>, those of us headed to Oklahoma City and Texas were woken up at 3 AM and taken to R&D to be out-processed. We then got on a bus to be driven to Jacksonville, Florida—on the other side of the state—to meet the plane. Now, there is an airport at Tallahassee, so why the hell couldn't the plane meet us there instead of having us drive for hours to Jacksonville? And before you mention inmates from Georgia, a bus came to Tallahassee to pick up inmates going to the prison in Jesup, Georgia, so that's not it.

I'm going to stop and back up a bit. When I left south Florida in 2005, the plane went to Miami and we got on the plane there. In recent years, they've cut back on where the planes land by a lot, and are using buses much more. I'm told that now a bus drives from the detention center in Miami, stops at the prison complex in Coleman, Florida (about mid-state), and then drives up to the detention center in Tallahassee and leaves them there for awhile to then drive them to Jacksonville to get on the plane.

Now, when we finally got on the plane, I was seated next to a guy from one of the prisons in Coleman who got on the bus and was driven to Tallahassee. The first stop the plane made after leaving Jacksonville was at the airport in Tampa, Florida, where we met a bus from the nearest prison—Coleman. So, this guy sitting next to me was picked up by a bus at Coleman, driven several hours to Tallahassee where he sat for a couple of weeks, then was driven several hours to Jacksonville, where he then got on a plane which landed in Tampa to pick up inmates from Coleman--only a short distance



from Tampa. This is how the BOP works. We then took off from Tampa and flew to the central transfer center in Oklahoma City.

If you recall, I was put in the same unit twice last year when I went through OKC, which was OK (no pun intended). This time I was put in a different unit, 3B. Compared to the other unit, this one was awful! The bookcart was practically empty, and there were no chairs in my cell. I called it the “Unit of Misfit Toys.” It just seemed much crappier.

I may have been in a higher security unit before, and now put in a lower security unit (at least for the most part), but I did hear there were some guys going to USPs in my current unit. One good thing was that there weren't “black” and “white” phones—anyone could use whichever phone was open next.

Again, I was put in a cell with an asshole—some young dude who was going to Seagoville (so I knew we were going on the same bus). When I arrived, he was laying on the bottom bunk, and I pointed out that I had a bottom bunk pass (it's really hard to get on the top bunks in OKC 'cause the bunks don't have ladders), and he insisted on seeing it before he would move, even though he was in his 20's or lower 30's and I'm obviously older. I also wasn't given any shower shoes like I had been in the previous unit, and he didn't want to share. Fortunately, I met a couple of gay guys in the unit and one of them found me some shower shoes.

The guys I met were named Spencer and Tyler. Spencer had left the “low” in Thompson (which I've heard nothing but bad things about), and was headed to another low (maybe Milan, MI—I can't remember). Anyway, he told me that Seth from Petersburg was now in Thompson and had pretended to be Muslim for awhile until he was caught “with” another Muslim. He's now whoring himself out to some other black guy. WTF!

I knew I would only be in OKC for only a short time 'cause it's so close to Ft. Worth, and I felt sure that a bus did the route once a week. I may have mentioned my cellie from Seagoville when I was in OKC last year, and he told me that a bus did a round trip from Ft. Worth, to Seagoville, and then did an overnight in Texarkana, Texas, and on to Oklahoma City. So this is what I was expecting, and once in OKC, I heard the bus doing that route left on Thursday, so I wasn't surprised to be woken up early that Thursday morning. However...instead of heading south on I-35, we headed east on some smaller highway to Texarkana. Huh?

Ft. Worth is only a short drive (3 ½ hours or so) straight down I-35 from OKC. What the hell was going on? Well, some CO said that the staff at Texarkana kept complaining about having to house guys in the SHU (Hole) overnight 'cause it got so full, so they reversed the trip and made Texarkana the first stop.

“Well,” I thought, “that sucks, but at least I'll still be able to get to Ft. Worth before the 4 PM 'count' and get on the compound.”

No such luck.

The bus stopped in Texarkana and did the usual transfer BS which took a couple hours of us just sitting there, and then headed west to Seagoville, where we arrived around 11:00 AM. Ft. Worth is only an hour and a half (or so) from Seagoville, so one would think we would just keep going. Nope! They had all of us get off the bus—one group which was staying there in Seagoville (including a couple of guys from Marianna whom I had traveled the whole way with (although we went to separate units in OKC)), and the rest of us who were put in cells in the detention center there to stay overnight! WHAT. THE. FUCK.

I was put in a cell with some dude who had come from Pollack, LA—one of the tough prisons in the country, who was half black (he looked Latino, but acted like one of the usual black guys)--with no book except a Bible which my cellie took, but didn't read of course, and no medications—again. It was also filthy, but even though we were leaving early the next morning, my institutionalized cellie insisted on cleaning it.

They woke us up early the next morning (around 5 AM) and out-processed us and we got on the

bus for the very short drive to Ft. Worth. By the way, this was Friday the 13<sup>th</sup>. < Cue spooky music >

Ft. Worth is a medical center, but I was going to be on the work cadre (the inmates who work there so the sick inmates don't have to). The group of guys I was going with seemed to all be from hard-ass places like Pollack or Beaumont, TX, and the like. They kept talking shit about SO's and gays and all this, and I was thinking, "WTF have I gotten myself into?? Why are these guys going to a 'soft' yard like Ft. Worth??" We got to Ft. Worth and were put in cells in R&D to be processed (which as usual took several hours), and I just kept to myself and stayed quiet.

There were 14 total of us (I think), and when the first seven of us were finished being processed, we were taken to Laundry to get our clothes. I was completely shocked 'cause they actually gave us pillows at Laundry!! After YEARS of having to make our own contraband pillows, this was amazing to me!

At about 12:30 PM, we were let out of Laundry and allowed to go to our units. I was the only one to go to "Dallas" unit. Shortly after I walked in, I was met by a couple of the orderlies who asked me what "group" (of prisoners) I hung with, and took me to a bunk. I was put in a bunk in a dark hallway to wait till a bunk opened up in a cell—which could take a month or more. I was told that certain inmates had certain TV rooms and certain cells, which was something I hadn't had to deal with before in all these years. I was introduced to my groups "shot caller" (WTF!) who said to go to him with any issues.

By this time it was nearly 1:00 PM and my first thought was "Get me to the freakin' Library so I can at least have a book to occupy my time until my property arrives!" So I left on the 1 PM "move" and followed one of the guys I met to the Library to pick out a book. I was stuck there till the next move, at 2:00 PM.

I left the Library at 2 PM and headed back to my bunk, where I saw that someone had thoughtfully left me a Commissary list. I still hadn't even made my bed, but sat down to check out the Commissary list to see what I needed to get.

Suddenly, the two orderlies I had met came up and told me that the case manager had been looking for me. "What for?" I asked. One guy said, "He said you got an immediate release!"

Huh?? Surely not. I figured he was screwing with me. However, the day before I left Marianna, I had filed my response to the government's objection to my sentence reduction, and it was a possibility.

Pause. Background: I don't remember if I mentioned this, and don't have my notes handy, but this past February there were some changes made to the Sentencing Guidelines—one of which related to me. This change allowed me to file for a sentence reduction which would reduce my "sentencing points" by 2, and thus lower my "guideline range" by some 30 months or so. I sent a motion to the court, but didn't expect anything 'cause my judge was a piece of shit and totally screwed me over (I had expected to get 10 years and got 25 instead). The government had filed their objection—which was garbage, and as I said, I mailed in my response on August 27<sup>th</sup>. Since my release date was November of 2026, a 30-month reduction would get me an immediate release. I wasn't holding my breath.

However, when the orderlies took me to see my case manager, he told me they had been looking for me and that I had been given an immediate release! Sure enough!

"HOLY SHIT!" I thought. I had only been on the compound for about an hour and a half! My case manager told me they had to get me off the compound before the 4:00 PM "count," and it was just after 2 PM!

Needless to say, I was in a bit of a shock. I had asked to be sent to Ft. Worth 'cause my friend Pam lived in a suburb of Ft. Worth and she had said I could live with her when I got out, so it would be close to her and I could finally get a visit from someone. The case mgr. let me use his phone to call Pam since I couldn't use the prison phone yet or get on the computer to get any of my phone numbers or addresses (when you arrive at a new place, you can't use the phone or computer until the next morning). No answer.



Oh shit! What am I gonna do?! My case manager volunteered to drive me to her house since it wasn't too far and he wanted the overtime. There was a lot of paperwork to fill out and sign and we went through that for the next couple of hours. I kept trying to call Pam and finally was able to get through to her.

Pam was in the Emergency Room in the hospital! WTF!!!! She takes blood thinners and had gotten a nosebleed the previous night which wouldn't stop, so she went to the Emergency Room to get it looked at.

I told her what had happened and she was as surprised as I was. My case mgr. was still willing to drive me (and get overtime), so since she was almost done at the hospital, she would just meet us at her house, which my case mgr. looked up online.

My case mgr. kept getting calls to "hurry up" and get the paperwork done and get me off the compound, and a short time later I was met by a lady from R&D who then took me back to R&D to get me out-processed after I had been processed just a few hours earlier. They put me in some release clothes and my case mgr. arrived and took me to one of the visitor's rooms to wait until "count" had cleared so we could leave. (Why we had to wait till the count cleared, I don't know).

Although I had been traveling for over two weeks, my property still hadn't arrived so they told me they would mail it to me once it got there, and after the count cleared my case mgr. took me to one of the prison vans and we got in and took off.

It was so surreal! Seatbelt? Oh yeah, you have to put one of those on before driving around. We were out on the road and I wasn't covered in chains! (I know I keep repeating this, but WTF!)

My case mgr. followed the directions on his phone and drove me straight to Pam's house. It felt so weird driving around. Pam was sitting on a bench on her porch when we arrived. She got up and we hugged and she started crying. My case mgr. (I'm not even sure what his name is, I was there for such a short time!) had gotten out and shook her hand and reminded her to take me to the probation office first thing Monday morning, then took off.

Pam had asked me on the phone what I wanted for my first meal and I said "pizza," which I had been missing (real pizza) for 20 years, so she had pizza waiting.

And here I am! Pam's house (and property) is structurally nice, but is a total wreck! She—and her renters—have just let stuff pile up inside and out and it looks like a (slightly) early version of that TV show "Hoarders." It's a HUGE mess.

We scheduled a date for me to get my driver's license (which is how you have to do it now to my surprise) and the earliest we could get an appointment was November 13th—and that's 30 miles away! To get one any closer we would have had to wait till February!

During this time I have been working on cleaning her house and yard (with very little help) and going to all my required appointments.

By October 21<sup>st</sup>, I still hadn't gotten my property, so I called the prison in Ft. Worth. I was told that it was still there (of course they didn't put it in the mail like they were supposed to). I asked Pam if we could just go there and get it, and she agreed, so we went there the following day.

When I got my property, I opened the boxes and started looking for my MP3 and tablet, which I had been missing (it would have been nice to have music while working). And guess what. No MP3 and no tablet—even some of my clothes were missing.

I called the CO at Ft. Worth and after some checking, he told me that they weren't there and that he had just opened the boxes right before I got there to look for the property sheets. For the record, my tablet wasn't on my property sheet like it was supposed to be, but my MP3 was. My tablet had been wrapped up in a pair of sweatpants which was also missing. This CO said that it had to be the staff at Marianna who were responsible.

So...I'm basically screwed. There's nothing I can do. I signed the property sheets at Ft. Worth assuming that everything was there, so I had no recourse. Even if I did file a tort claim, the BOP always denies tort claims and at the most just offers you stamps they confiscated in the Lieutenant's

office. I had over 900 songs on my MP3, most of which cost \$1.55, so do the math. At this time I have no income and can't buy anything to put music on even though it's my understanding that you can download music for nothing nowadays. Even still, I feel like I'd be hard pressed to get all the songs which I had.

On top of that, Pam's now-deceased piece-of-shit cocksucker husband threw away all my clothes (which I previously mentioned), along with a lot of my other property—some of which would be worth quite a bit of money by now. Between being stolen from and having this bastard throw away much of my property, I'm pretty “down” about things. I am grateful to have a place to live—which I wouldn't have without Pam—but is it really too much to ask to keep things of value? This guy threw my stuff away out of spite and he was a complete bastard as far as I'm concerned. <deep breath> I'm trying to deal with it.

So...now that I'm out, I'm assuming that this will be my last posting. I'm sad about that. I'm extremely grateful to the staff at Between the Bars and to all of my readers over the years. If I'm able to get a blog on another platform, I'll ask the staff at Between the Bars if they'll allow me to notify all of you. I will be giving my new address to the staff at BTB and if you'd like to get in touch, hopefully they will forward all mail.

I want to thank all of you for your support over the years. This blog has been one of the few pleasures I've had through this very difficult time. I wish I had had it sooner during my most difficult early years.

Many blessings to all of you!

Love & Blessings,

Kelly