

"You confuse me with someone else.... Someone with competence. Someone I never met."  
- Gregory Maguire, 'Son of a Witch'

Dear Readers,

Tues. 12-12-23

9:33 A

Happy Holidays! The bitch is back! I am sitting at my (tiny) desk in my cell at FCI-Marianna - the prison I most didn't want to end up at 'cause I'd heard so many bad things about it. (Mainly regarding the staff).

But... before we get to all that, let's take a ride in the "Ways-Back Machine" to where we last left our anti-hero, in the Hole at Marion.

I thought I'd describe the conditions in the Hole there some more. I believe I mentioned that there's no central air, and it's cooled just by windows and fans. I was told that in the summer the heat is oppressive. Well, while I was there it started to get really cold. I was also told that during the winter it gets so cold in there that you can see your breath.

For a while there I was sleeping on the plastic mattress so I could cover myself with the one sheet and blanket I had. I later bribed one of the

(2)

orderlies for another sheet with some of the coffee packets we got for breakfast on the weekends. Also, my dreamy cellie Dave had an extra pair of socks with the toes cut out to use as "sleeves" since our jumpsuits had short sleeves.

I was on the bottom bunk which was concrete, and the top bunk was metal. My mattress was about 1 1/2 inch thick by itself, which squished down to about an inch with my weight on it. Between that and not having any lotion, I got a rough spot on my hip bone from sleeping on my side.

The O's did a round every half hour, but there was no "emergency button" as in most cells, so if you had a bad issue with your cellie, you were screwed until they made another round. For the record, there's also no emergency button in my current cell and the O's don't walk every half hour here.

I later found out that my ex, Ken, is not at Marion, so I'm having a hard time believing I had a "separatee" there and am inclined to believe that they were just fucking with me. I'm pretty sure that my leaving there was just "diesel therapy."

Being in the SHU at Marion was awful. I think I mentioned that we just had bars on the outside wall and the blacks - who were mainly from the

(3)

"Camp" next door - would yell at each other for HOURS about the stupidest shit (e.g. they once started arguing about fashion, "NOBODY WEARS V-NECKS ANYMORE!!"). It could really get on your nerves.

On Oct. 30, the O's started doing showers, but then stopped to "deal with something" and never started back again. As a result, most of us had to go without showers for five days (this is against BOP policy).

Needless to say, I had a really shitty Samhain/Halloween.

I was supposed to leave Marion on Nov. 1, but for some reason the compound was locked down and they canceled the bus.

On Nov. 2<sup>nd</sup>, they violated policy again by letting out the backlog of guys in the SHU who had already served their sanction time and filling up the third bunks in the cells in the units. This included my cellie at the time, Dave, whom I was not sorry to see go. He told me himself that he was schizophrenic (sp?) so it's not just me.

I had one night all to myself, and on the 3<sup>rd</sup> they moved everyone who was upstairs to the cells downstairs. I was put in the same cell they had

④

previously moved me from, cell 18 on the very end.

I also got another cellie, a very young fake-ass tranny who went by "Sunshine." <burp? He oozed drama out of his pores.

This is why I keep calling most of these dudes "fake-ass trannies." Sunshine said he wanted to take hormones just long enough until he got "A" or "B" ups, then he wanted to stop so he could still use his penis to have sex with. How the hell can you claim to be a "woman" when you still want to have sex with your penis? He wants boobs for one thing only: attention.

Fri. 12/15/23 8:14p

Yes, it's Friday Night in Club 112 in lovely Marianna, FL, and Lepsi chore has blessed us with "Hot Stuff" by Donna Summer, and although some toes are tapping, so far the dancefloor hasn't gotten poppin' yet!

I'm in here with my new cellie, "Horns," who's from Wyoming. He's in his bunk, the middle of three bunks (they don't use the third bunk here). He moved in on Wed., the 13<sup>th</sup>.

He's a bit of a "House Mouse," which doesn't

(5)

mix well with my own House House tendencies.

He's straight and his wife killed herself last year (I believe). In recent years, at least. It's a shame.

I had a little over a week of "alone time" since my previous cellie, Maddy - a tranny who's considered a bit of a quack. ~~She~~ She looks like Karen Carpenter about six months before she died.

Maddy got put in here from the SHU the same day I did, but moved out on Mon., the 1<sup>st</sup>, 'cause we both have bottom bunk passes (I was told today that it was taken off upon arriving here, but hope to get it reinstated once I see Medical.)

I had an appointment with Medical the week I got out of the SHU here, but it was canceled, and I'm sure it'll be rescheduled, so there's no point in ~~my~~ signing up for Sick Call, which I am loathe to do.

Unfortunately, by this time it's almost 9p (too much thinking and "chair dancing.")

I should also check on my "phone guy" - whom I sell minutes to.

6

Thurs. 12/21/23 11:49A

Happy Yule! I'm back in Club 112 as Gemelia sings "Superstar" on CSPO.

This is the third Thursday in a row that we're being locked in the unit. Deeny!

OK, well... I was gonna try to get some writing done, but my buddy, Gade, came by to chat, and now lunch is making me sleepy. So... I'm gonna put this aside (again) and get back to it later.

6:40p

I had a nice nap. Now I'm bored and need a break from playing Andor's Trail on Tabitha (my tablet).

Gade is my new BFF here at Marianna. She's a 29-year-old transie who's pretty cool. I don't think she's trans just for attention like most of them in prison, and she's not a user. She calls herself the "Transinator" (like Terminator) 'cause she's a tough one. She's done most of her time so far in hardcore USPs - I think this is her first "medium." She said she has a journal at Prisoner Express, so perhaps you can look

(7)

it up.

Gade dragged me to the Christmas Cantata last Sunday night at the Chapel. I think that's the first time in all these years I've gone to a Christmas event. It's hard to feel like celebrating in prison.

To catch up where I left off in my previous narrative, I was in the Hole at Marion for five weeks and finally left on Nov. 8. We were let out of our cells around 9A, got to the airport at around 1p, and I made it to the unit in Oklahoma City around 6:30p - back to the transfer center.

For the record, when you transfer it could be freezing cold and snowing and you'll be stuck shackled and handcuffed standing on the tarmac wearing only a t-shirt and "bus pants" (khaki pants with an elastic waist), shivering your ass off. It's miserable.

By the way, the lieutenant who came with us to the airport said all the planes are 737's (I guessed 727's last time).

I ended up in the same exact unit in Oklahoma that I had left in October. Somehow, I also got two left-foot shower slippers again -

(8)

just like before (the same ones?), and was able to find the book I wasn't able to finish when I left, "Hania," by Richard Adams, and was able to finish it this time.

One thing that's annoying about OKC is that when you "turn off the light," one of the bulbs always stays on. It's bright enough that I could read by it. Not great for sleeping.

It seemed to me that things there and in Atlanta were more "political" in previous years - unless I was previously oblivious. One example is the phones. There are four phones in the units at the transfer center. Previously, you stood in line and took whatever phone was free first. This year, the two phones on the left were for the blacks only, and the two on the right were for everyone else.

It's now 7:18p and they're locking us down AGAIN. WTF? What is crazy here. I'm stopping for now since my crackhead cellie is back.

Fri. 12/22/23 7:48A

Hi again. I'm in the Library this morning and it's unusually quiet 'cause Tanny - someone I



(9)

knew from P-burg whom I didn't even know was transferred - isn't here. (Danny's a bit talkative and loud).

Another guy from P-burg who left years ago (but whom I don't remember - he remembered me) is sitting next to me.

After all these years locked up, you tend to run into the same people. There are several people from P-burg here and even a couple I knew from Butner, which I left in 2014.

Speaking of... when I went through OKC this second time, there were two guys from Butner in my unit - one I didn't remember and one I did.

Another thing that was changed at OKC from previous years is that they took out two of the TV's. I think I mentioned last time that there were three, but in years past there were five. There's no telling why they took out two of them, but it doesn't make sense to me as things were just more crowded.

Also while I was in OKC, I was called "Old School" more than once. Ugh. When did I become fucking "Old School?" (Perhaps some time after I turned 50?) Fucking ugh.

When I got there I was put in a cell with a Native guy in his 40's, who hung out with other Native guys there. In order to establish some camaraderie

(10)

with them, I mentioned that my Mom was Oneida. I think they misunderstood and thought she was more Oneida than she was (she was '18, making me '16), but that was unintentional on my part. I was just trying to get along with no hassles.

My ellie, Hale, was headed to Sheridan, OK, and there were guys there who'd been waiting to go there for six weeks. With the holidays it's very likely he's still there.

To show you how isolated I'd been, I didn't find out that Matthew Perry had died until Nov. 14<sup>th</sup> - a month later.

On Nov. 15<sup>th</sup>, Hale decided to move out and in a moment of weakness I asked Tony, a black guy who said he was a tranny, to move in. Tony was one of those "undercover transies" going from one USP to another. He did his hair in a fairly feminine style, but had to act tough to get along with the other USP thugs.

Asking Tony to move in was a bit of a mistake on my part. He was nasty. I don't think he took a shower the entire time he was there - he only took "birdbaths" in the sink. Plus he mentioned that he only washed his hair twice a year and when he did wash it the water turned brown. <BAFF>

(11)

This is the guy who kept wanting to have sex with me and couldn't understand why I wasn't interested. The cell was starting to smell by the time he left.

Despite his nasty personal habits, Tony insisted on wiping down the floor every single day 'cause "the cell needs to be clean." However, he was also one of these black guys who uses fucking toilet water to "clean" the floor! Dis-gust-ing. I should've learned my lesson from the last black tranny I had as a cellie in El Reno.

Wed. 12/27/23 6:49p

Hey y'all! I'm taking a break from playing "Andor's Trail" on Tabitha - which has taken up most of my free time - and am currently jamming to "Thriller" by Michael Jackson on C3PO.

This is 11 pages so far and I still haven't even gotten to Marianna in my narrative. I need to get my ass in gear.

Back in OKC in the transfer center... on Nov. 16<sup>th</sup> we were locked down in our cells twice 'cause the officer either found wicks burning or smelled smoke. Some of them didn't care, or told guys

12

to keep it confined to the open-air "Rec" area, but this was obviously not one of those O's.

On Nov. 20<sup>th</sup>, Tony was shipped out. I didn't miss him. I was wondering what I should do about a cellie, and Germaine - a short, timid, gay black guy who I believe had a form of autism, asked me if he could move in. With nothing better going on, I agreed.

My time with Germaine was short-lived 'cause I was woken up some time around 3:30 A on the 21<sup>st</sup> to fly out again. I'm pretty sure I saw Germaine in the hall leaving with the second morning flight going elsewhere.

We flew directly to Atlanta, and I was really worried that I'd get stuck there for Thanksgiving. Fortunately... I was in the first group to get off and we were ushered over to a bus by ourselves. Everyone was going to the same place - Marianna. Even though we were first off, we had to sit there for hours until the entire plane was unloaded (and probably loaded again - I wasn't watching) and took off.

We then had a long bus ride across Georgia, and instead of going directly to Marianna, they took us to the transfer/pre-trial

(13)

holding center in Tallahassee, FL. We got there around dinner time, were processed, then all of us were locked in cells in one of the pre-trial units, then those guys were let out of their cells for the evening. I was put in a cell with a guy in my present unit, who told me all about what they went through when the hurricane hit here in 2018(?), which I plan on relating another time. I was so tired that night that I soon fell asleep.

As I recall, we were woken up around 9 or 10A to get back on the bus to drive maybe one more hour to Marianna. When asked why they even bothered taking us to Tallahassee, an officer stated that they get money for our staying there.

One guy from the holding center joined our group, so a total of 16 of us arrived in Marianna, FL, on the day before Thanksgiving just before lunch. I couldn't help being a little anxious after what had happened in Marion, but I was determined to stay positive. Surely, I wouldn't go through ending up in the Hole again!

Because they weren't very organized, processing the 16 of us took all afternoon until just before the 4p Count. And of the 16 of us, I

14


was singled out and placed in the Hole. "Are you fucking kidding me with this shit!!"  
(my thoughts exactly)

This time their reason was because they "didn't have my paperwork" (i.e., file), even though I've been locked up 19 years and they could find me on the computer system.

I had another surprise when I was brought to the Hole. I was put in with Chris, a guy I knew from Petersburg, who had left a year (or less) before.

So, I spent my Thanksgiving in the Hole at Marianna. I was in there for a week (not sure why it took a week for my "paperwork" to be verified), and I finally was let out onto an actual compound on Nov. 29<sup>th</sup>, after being locked up in the SHU on Aug. 3<sup>rd</sup>.

Stay tuned for the details on Marianna!  
Until next time, I wish you... Happy New Year!!

Love & Blessings,  


NEW ADDRESS:

5835-004 ↔  
Kelly Jones  
#55835-004  
F C I - Marianna  
P. O. Box 7007  
Marianna, FL 32447