

Wednesday, 08-20-2019

prisoner of love ->

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Re: dollar bill

Unlike some of the other threads about me that were loaded with misinformation, humor and ridiculous conjecture at least some of this is correct. I started the blog in mid November of 2019 when my patrol officer told me I he caught me on the internet again, held back up the next day. So I called Go Daddy and had them delete the site.

On 1/1/19, I surrendered to MCC, a horrible federal human warehouse on 150 Park Row where I stayed for 321 days. It is certainly no Club-Fest. It's an a administrative hellhole runnning complete from all walks of life - principally gangsters, drug dealers, and per druggies. There was but a precious few hours of anything resembling meaningful gray matter between their ears or an education. With a rare exception, I left all alone in a room full of people

But all was not total mess. I had 8 breakings [collars with whom I shared 50 square feet - which included a sink and toilet]. One was a bank robber... one a child ***(or the doltish his high school students), one a drug dealer who shot his competitor in the stomach, and one a guy named PAUL MURRAY-CHEF!!! (Yes, you read that right. Paulie was my cellie for a month!!)

And an Inmate Complaint Coordinator, I scheduled and spent countless hours (literally over 100) working suicide watch issues, which were the main reason I was accused of JEFFREY EPSTEIN! Two weeks ago I had to sit down and write an interview from the DAILY MAIL concerning telling my story [or stories - though they appear to be much more interested in Epstein than Manafort]. I happen to know definitively whether Epstein was killed or killed himself [something I'm not going to reveal until I get paid].

Anyways, I certainly had no idea that my stay at MCC would turn into a segment of Lifestyles of the Rich and Infamous. But I intend to turn lemonade into lemonade to the best of my ability. The beautiful thing is that when the Daily Mail interviewed me, they asked me if I wanted to do a video. I said "yes". They said "no". I said "yes". They said "no". And the suicide watch job required that we keep log books and write down everything that happened every 25 minutes. So there are entries along the lines of "Jeffrey and I are discussing escort services,"... or "Jeffrey wants to know how to handle prison life." I will totally check out.

The worst thing about prison was not the guards... or shitting in front of a stranger... or the food. It was the inmates. Hanging out with inmates with names like Louie, Nitro, Cane, Squat and Life just to name all that made me sick. I saw several guys get beat up by POGS (Prison On Guard). I saw one guy get beat up by NEUTRAL. I saw one guy in the room John was my savior until his exit on B&L. After that I just mopped floors in the kitchen, ran the suicide program and counted the days.

And finally, through a clinical error, I did an additional 28 days at Rikers Island in a unit with Trishanor! Fortunately, my Spanish came in handy. I was an accepted group in their model. I've started a new blog titled DOLLAR BILL'S LOOKDOWN, but there's only a few posts currently so I won't give the url. I've been writing for four days and am getting my site back together now. I don't want to give away the url. The DAILY BEAST is also interested in my writing because for them to fit either wait before I start posting stuff I could potentially sell.

Last edited by prisoner of love, Wednesday at 08:45 PM.

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