

inside out - 4.16.06



Written by juan



Well the shit is hitting the fan here. It's Monday night at about 10:30 and I am waiting for me or my cellie to get moved again. It was going to happen bro. We butted heads in front of the whole pod. This stupid ass cellie is a joke man, trying to get me to throw the first punch. You just don't know how bad I want to do it, but I can't. I am getting tested man. He just yelled at me in front of the entire pod, telling everyone why I am here. Man, I had to chill out. This shit is getting stupid. I got to live with this guy Bubba. I've got 9 more months to go. The only way I get out is if I stay in the trustee pod. I can't lose this good time, but you also have to

man up in here. You can't back down. I'm not afraid. You know me – I've got that temper and it has been boiling rally bad. It's not like I can just go for a walk or ignore it. I have to live with this asshole. I do the best I can and just try to be myself. I refuse to be fake or try to hide why I am in here. I won't run from it. I'm going to be running from it forever. It is so hard not to throw a punch or fucking head butt him right in his big nose. I'm lucky, I have B.S. looking out for me and trying to get us moved.

Bro this place sucks. It's really starting to get to me. My mom and dad are the only ones that come to visit me. My brother and sister can't. Jen never did. Kellie is busy with kids and working. I can't get ahold of anyone. I just need to talk to people some days – some days more than others. I wish you were here. I know you would come to see me. Don't mean to bring this all on you. I'm just so mad right now. I just want to grab him and choke him.

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