

Hello to Everyone out there in Journal land,

I would like to thank those that have written to me.
It means very much to us to receive your letters.

I'm sorry to say there was one letter a while back
that I could not read at all. Maybe one word in three.

Must be a Future Doctor.

I use this Forum to vent a lot about prison life.
When I was on the outside, I really believed in the
Justice system. Now not so much.

Being sent to prison, removed from society is the
punishment for our crimes. The things that happen
once we are here, really sometimes are stupid.

So it's the penal system that's wrong not the Justice.

Back in January early, two gangs from the same
race went at each other. Many went to the hospital.
Many more were shipped off to different prisons.

Of course the whole yard got locked down.

When we had a riot, years ago, we were locked
down for a week, then back to normal.

When a guy escaped, we were locked down for 3
days.

This administration still has not gone back to normal
operations.

No gym time, very limited time allowed outdoors.
3 hours a week, for level 1.

Level 3 gets less.

When the decision was first made to put 2 men into a one man cell, no one was locked into them for days on end.

The powers that be can't figure out why there are still more fights going on.

Let a guy go to the gym, or at least outside, to work out some energy and/or frustrations.

For a few weeks we were fed in our cells. Then for a while we went to the chow hall and picked up take out trays back to our cells. Finally last week we were allowed as a unit to go sit down and eat.

All I could think about was the thousands upon thousands of styrafoam trays used and tossed during this time. Two thousand people, two trays a day, one plastic bag for lunch. Four thousand trays a day for every day we didn't eat in the chow hall.

It saddens my heart.

When they turned these into 2 man cells, they installed ~~shelvs~~ shelves in the cell. Four of them, two per man.

Now the powers that be have decided inmates have too much stuff. It has been decided after all these years, to remove 2 shelves out of each cell.

We are all ready told how much clothing we

can have. How many blankets, sheets, socks, underwear, pants, everything.

I can see it now. Once the shelves are gone and we have no room to keep anything, they will tell us we can only have one pair of underwear.

That is the way those people think.

I do consider myself blessed, or lucky if you prefer.

I have a job that keeps me out of the cell 5 days a week, 6 to 8 hours a day. After 12 years many of the guards know me and don't screw with me too much.

There used to be patches of grass here. I would sneak off my shoes and feel the grass in between my toes.

Not anymore.

Being happy, being miserable, those are choices that we make every day.

I'll always choose to be happy and find the humor in any situation.

I have two children, I speak to them every couple of weeks. They each have one child. I'm a Grandpa twice over!

So the amusing part is - my kids are probably older than those reading my journal entries.

I talk to them every couple of weeks. They know all about the things that happen here.

Any one who has read my entries knows about the escape and the riot. Those happen a while back.

I think I'll call it now. Thanks again for writing!

Mark Franta 1086506 PoBox 8 Soc Indian Springs NV 89070