

Wednesday, 01/10/2011 4:02 PM

**prisoner of love**

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**Re: dollar bill**

Unlike some of the other threads about me that were flooded with misinformation, rumor and ridiculous conjecture, at least some of this is correct. I posted the blog in mid-November of 2010 when my general officer told me if he caught me on the internet again, he'd lock me up the next day. So I called Go Daddy and had them delete the site.

On 1/9/11, I surrendered to MCC, a horrible federal human warehouse on 350 Park Row where I stayed for 311 days with some of the laziest, stupidest and most unappealing people I've ever had the misfortune to associate with. MCC is certainly no Club Fed. It's an administrative facility housing criminals from all walks of life - principally gangbangers, drug dealers and gun slingers. There were but a precious few inmates with anything remotely resembling grey matter between their ears as an education. With a rare exception, I sat all alone in a room full of people.

But all was not total misery. I had 8 bunkbed bunks with whom I shared 50 square feet - which included a sink and toilet. One was a bank robber, one a child \*\*\*\*\* (he dabbled his high school students), one a drug dealer who stole his competitor in the stomach, and one a gay named **PAUL MANUFCOIT!** (Yes, you read that right. Paulie was my only bar a mentor).

And as Inmate Comparison Coordinator, I scheduled and spent countless hours (actually over 500) working outside walls, many of which were in the one on one company of **JEFFREY EPSTEIN** Tennessee. I will be doing with an associate from the **DAILY MAIL** concerning telling my story (or stories - though they appear to be much more interested in Epstein than I would). I happen to know definitively whether Epstein was killed or killed himself (something I'm not going to reveal until I get paid).

Anyway, 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 lessons into lemonade to the best of my ability. The beautiful thing is that when the Daily Mail (or anybody else) fact-checks my stories, they will all be documented. I'm on the record as Paulie's buddy. 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 scariest thing about prison was not the guards - or sitting in front of a stranger - or the food. It was the inmates. Hanging out with inmates with names like Loach, Noli, Cash, Squat and L&R just wasn't all that much fun. There was one white collar guy who had a PhD in Astrophysics from Berkeley. Thus, I was NOT the smartest guy in the room. John was my favorite until he went on SH. After that I got mugged from in the kitchen, ran the suicide program and counted the days.

And finally - through a clerical error I did an additional 30 days at Rikers Island in a unit with Trinitarians! Fortunately my Spanish came in handy. I was an accepted gringo in their midst. I've started a new blog titled **DOLLAR BILL'S LOCKDOWN**, but there's only a header comment so I won't give the url. The only beam out for four days and pulling my life back together. Plus, I don't want to give away the story. The **DAILY BEAST** is also interested in my writing features for them so I'd rather wait before I start posting stuff I could potentially sell.

Learned by prisoner of love, Wednesday at 01/10/2011

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