

THE ANOINTED, THE ELECT, AND THE DAMNED!
THUS SAITH THE MOST HIGH!

0467 ""I am not in need of any to serve me, nor will I mourn the everlasting passing of those who do not.

0468 ""I am of great joy of all who serve me, and their adventure into Great Mysteries shall never cease.""

CHAPTER THREE

THE PRISON ROUTINE

0469 Upon release from quarantine, Bobby was assigned to the morning kitchen detail, a dangerous job as many of the inmates are 'storekeepers' or those who supply storekeepers and/or 'con-bosses'. It is also a hard labor detail, as anyone knows who has ever pulled KP in the military.

0470 Those few who choose not to be goody-goody little boys generally are sent here, usually to the 'spud room', shoveling tons of potatoes from one room to another whether they needed it or not. It's no wonder they usually tasted like they had been stirred with a shovel from the hog barn. They more than likely had been!

0471 The 'word' was already out on Bobby. The officials wanted to drive him as low as possible. Guards conveniently looked the other way when a huge Negro, well over 200 pounds and all muscle, decided that Bobby should be his punk, or his prison 'wife'! At the first insinuation Bobby exploded in anger, tripping the man and in a flash putting a razor sharp butcher knife to his throat, drawing blood with the tip just above the Negro's Adam's apple.

0472 Bobby's voice seethed like a pit viper, "Look, Nigger, you or anyone else ever tries this on me again, and I'll cut your god-damned balls off after I slit your throat! Understand?"

0473 He understood!

0474 Since the officers 'saw nothing' they couldn't help the Negro either. The Negro was an enforcer for 'the' con-boss, so it was a long way from over. At noon chow, the episode damned near went the limit – again, with the officers 'not seeing anything'!

0475 A con-boss is usually a self-appointed operator who either buys or intimidates others to do his dirty work with profit or comfort as the prime objective. However, some are just bullies, hiding their cowardice by leading a gang and thus trying to prove their courage at the expense of someone they think might be weaker.

0476 'Con' was in the chow line and Bobby was on the end of the service row with a mop to clean up spills. Con approached, getting the attention of some of his puppets for the show. Once he caught Bobby's attention, he motioned for Bobby to come to him. Bobby ignored him. In jail, custody, politics or religion, when you give a billionth of an inch you might as well totally surrender!

0477 When con finally reached the tray rack at the beginning of the chow line, ignoring the guard who saw what was happening and walked away, said, "Look, punk, when I speak, move!"

0478 Without warning, Bobby shoved the mop handle into his right eye. Con went backwards with a scream. Bobby broke the handle over his knee and thrust the sharp end into the solar plexus of con's right-hand man. Con was down, and to make sure he stayed down, Bobby hit him a vicious kick full in the testicles. Con's bodyguard, another huge Black, was now against the wall, his eyes wide and his mouth open but not saying anything.

0479 Bobby told him, "OK, Nigger, this is twice in the same day, and it had better be the last, for today, or any other day. When, and if, this punk gets up you inform him: the next thing that happens to me that I don't like, he's dead! I come and kill him first! Then I come and kill you! Understand me, Nigger?"

0480 He too understood perfectly.

0481 Bobby had served in Japan and Korea in the military, and while there he trained in both karate and kendo. Kendo is the school of Japanese Samurai Swordsmanship! In close range a broom handle or the like is as lethal as a firearm.

0482 After that, Bobby didn't have any more trouble with inmates. He did have to intervene when one of his friends, a Negro, was in a bit of a sweat because two 'daddies' wanted him to be their punk. ("Daddy" is the prison term for whoever pays the bills to have a punk to sodomize. Punks were easily identified at Pendleton as they wore starched shirts with the collar standing up and the collar hem ironed to flare downward.) It didn't take much; Bobby just asked the 'daddies' how they liked living. They never bothered any of Bobby's friends again. The friend had been ready to fight, but that would only have taken his 'good time' and kept him in prison longer.

0483 The guards who should have taken action in all these cases 'never saw a thing'. If there is any lower form of moral slime than the psychopaths in police forces and on the judicial benches, it has to be the guard staff at any prison.

0484 It is mandatory to attend one church service. The Protestant minister at Pendleton was a real quack, and queer

as a three-dollar bill. He knew as much about God as a hog does about New Year's (that's the day the pagans finished eating them in observance of Nimrod's birthday, our present Christmas!).

0485 There was also a Catholic Priest, a Father Schott, who at least had the rudiments of decency. He resigned from the prison because of the 'law', the conditions, and the hypocrisy of which he was required to be a part of. His loss was a blow to the whole place, especially the inmates, although most were never to know it.

0486 Bobby had his mandatory interview with the so-called Protestant 'minister', and they lit into each other with both barrels. Penis-sucker told Bobby that 'Jesus could do something for him', and Bobby suggested that both he and 'Jesus' were full of condensed owl shit right up to the eyebrows.

0487 And the fun was only beginning!

0488 He obviously knew better than to push Bobby very far, and when Bobby saw his Masonic ring, Bobby understood why.

0489 There were fifteen or twenty inmates present, some who worked at the place, the rest awaiting their own mandatory interview. They were all within hearing, and as idiots will, the queer called on Bobby first. It was a fatal blunder. Bobby was supposed to be able to ask any 'spiritual' question he wanted.

0490 Bobby asked him, "If your 'Jesus' had a surviving birth certificate, what name would be on it?"

0491 "Jesus Christ!" came the snide reply.

0492 Bobby said evenly, "You're a god-damned liar of the first magnitude! If you can read, even the dictionary says it would be Joshua (JOSH-YOU-WAH)! And if you translate the words 'Jesus Christ' into their original languages you'll find that 'Jesus' is pronounced hay-suse, a Latin word that means I am in the same sense as when one refers to himself (male or female) in the first person, and 'christ' is a Greek word pronounced kris-tose, which means conscious! The two words combined mean, "I Am Conscious."

0493 Bobby was right, but the minister was flabbergasted and angry! But there it was, the real truth belting him right in the mouth. Like most 'christians' he was too afraid of that which he professed to 'love' to test it for the truth.

0494 Bobby continued, "Again, if you can read, 'his name was to be called Immanuel', that being his position, or rank if you prefer. But his name, if you care to know it is pronounced YOU-HOSH-YOU-WAH ben YOU-SEPH, that being translated, Joshua, son of Joseph.

0495 "Now, I'd like for you to prove to me some of this so-called 'power' of your 'Jesus'! I've challenged 'Jesus' before, and now I challenge the both of you to either prove your power or to get the hell off, and stay the hell off, my back!"

0496 "Jesus is the Son of God; he can do anything!" Old Queermouth stammered.

0497 "Then take the challenge!" Bobby belted back. That old queer was rattled, and with the other inmates looking on, his 'superiority' required him to take the plunge. Forgetting who he was up against, his government paycheck and Masonic superiority got the better of him, he bellowed, "All right, name the test!" He had really blown it this time.

0498 "Let's go outside and choose two clouds that are reasonably together, close enough that we can't blame any results on the wind. And you can have your choice of the clouds." Bobby had really taken him in.

0499 "All right! Let's go, and take these men with us for sure witnesses!" the old queer sneered. Imagine, convicts who were to be believed! Will Masonic wonders never cease?

0500 It was a calm, cloudy day, the sky filled with small puffy clouds. It was ideal. The minister chose a pair that was acceptable, and appointing himself the smaller of the two, spoke down his nose, "Now that we have clouds, what do you propose we do with them?" As if anything was possible. He was in a great state of gloat in his superiority.

0501 "Dissolve them," Bobby said calmly.

0502 "What?" the know-it-all bellowed, not expecting this.

0503 "Dissolve them. You know, like make them disappear before they drift over the horizon." Bobby was calm as a cold cucumber. The minister was obviously shaken.

0504 "You're crazy!" he attempted.

0505 "If you and Jesus can't stand the heat, get out of the kitchen. Mine will be gone in a minute," Bobby calmly replied to the glee of the watching inmates. And it was!

0506 In about ninety seconds according to one inmate's watch, the other cloud remained, but where Bobby's cloud had been there was what pilots call 'a hole in the sky'.

0507 The preacher headed for the front office at full tilt; Bobby and the other inmates went back into the church. Bobby helped himself and the inmates to the minister's coffee and waited. In about half an hour an inmate who worked at the Warden's office came in and told them to go back to their work assignments. All in all it had been a profitable day. Bobby always suspected the bastards had slept little that night, and The Holy Scriptures of All The Heavens and All The Earths prove him correct.

0508 There's no trick to dissolving a cloud, nor creating one, but the operator must take full responsibility for anything they do with the process since it's not limited to making or getting rid of clouds.

0509 Following the invocation by Moshe, Bobby had, and still has, both the Righteous Power and Holy Authority to kill without being circumstantially involved with murder! He could put a Curse on someone by thought alone, and the victim would die or get killed elsewhere which would appear 'normal' or accidental. Bobby couldn't be blamed, even by those evidence-manufacturing bastards who knew what he was doing, for at the time he was safely locked away in one of their own prisons! However, invoking Curses aloud was another matter!

0510 Bobby was soon given a gravy job – teaching electronics in the Vocational Training Center – and even more freedom when put on the inmate Cadet Staff. With the combination of his job and cadet assignment, he was given a twenty-four hour unlimited access pass. He could go anywhere, at anytime he pleased!

0511 His duties as a cadet only required calling cadence for a line of men moving from the ranges to any other destination, primarily the chow hall. Once his line was inside, he could cut the line anywhere he wanted, so he usually ate with some of his students or friends. His fame among the inmate population, especially the strange powers he possessed, always afforded him an audience. Everybody wanted to get in on the secrets of his abilities though most of them wouldn't open their minds to the whole truth!

0512 Even so, winters are cold in Indiana, and after spending a night in an iron and concrete cell, then standing outside in a freezing wind before dawn it can be downright brutal, especially in thin prison clothing. It was the practice of one Jack Stage to halt the line every morning to, "Pair it off there!" As if anybody could see, or gave a god-damn in the first place.

0513 Jack Stage and another guard, an officer, had stolen the inmate's prison fund. The crime was covered up in its entirety. Instead of being given a number and a cell, and because his partner was a member of the Masonic Lodge, he was reduced to the grade of Sergeant. Neither of the bastards ever went to trial, let alone the back room of a police station!

0514 Being a cadet, Bobby didn't have to stand in line, but he was outside in that cold too while this idiot 'paired off' everybody. Jack Stage did it to every line, every morning. It was his chance to play god, and he never missed an opportunity. The son-of-a-bitch should have been given an academy award for consistency in the part.

0515 The stage was set. Now it was only a matter of time.

0516 About a week of this nonsense, and what little patience Bobby had for the corrupt element, gave out. The morning was colder than a cast iron commode, the wind carrying powdered snow on its knifelike edge. Nitwit was at it again. And this time Bobby was in no mood for his bull.

0517 "Pair it off there!" Jack shouted above the wind, "Cadet, stop that line till they pair it off there!"

0518 "Kiss my ass, you rotten son-of-a-bitch!" Bobby bellowed back through the blizzard. He has a voice like a drill-Sergeant, needing no amplification! The line halted of its own accord as none of the inmates wanted to miss the fun.

0519 Jack crossed the walkway to Bobby's side of the line.

0520 "Who said that?" Jack was near hysteria with anger. Bobby's fury wasn't much behind.

0521 "I did! Now, god-damn you, I've had all your bullshit I'm going to take! Tomorrow, when or rather if, you get to work you'll know what I mean!" Bobby wasn't bluffing. For some reason people don't pay close attention when Bobby speaks, and that is the worst mistake anyone can make.

0522 The threat was obvious. All sixty of the inmates in the line, the line officer and Jack Stage heard it clear and unmistakable.

0523 Jack back-peddled, stammering, "What do you intend to do?" He was no longer 'talking down' his nose in self-righteous superiority.

0524 "I don't know, how about a good-sized train wreck?" Bobby slammed back, his fury not abated one iota.

0525 Jack tried to mumble something, but instead he stepped out of Bobby's way and disappeared in the early morning darkness. Bobby took the line on to the overpriced swill Indiana called breakfast.

0526 For the rest of the day, inmates spread the word. They questioned how he could perform such a thing, and if he would take contracts! That day the guards performed their duties like a Chinese fire drill. A more incompetent blundering bunch of corrupt sons-of-bitches were never assembled.

0527 The word was out! And that was a disaster. Now all the poo-pooing by the Lodges and the churches concerning metaphysical powers was about to be blown sky-high! Inmates talked to outsiders every day. The boneheads employed as guards didn't have enough sense to come in out of the rain, let alone keep their mouths shut. A cover-up was impossible. Within an hour after breakfast every inmate in the institution, including those outside the walls, knew about Bobby's run-in with Jack Stage. Gambling is illegal in jail, as it was most everywhere else. The

odds on Bobby being able to deliver were well over the limit, but with few takers.

0528 The following morning Jack Stage was conspicuous by his absence. He had been injured and hospitalized. His car had been struck by a train!

0529 That day, and without explanation, Bobby was assigned to a ten-minutes-a-day detail at the dining hall and never carried a line again. He was assigned as a signal relay to move the next line to the dining hall and given the duty of drill instructor for the cadets. Since most were former servicemen, gossip sessions had everybody in line in about two hours!

0530 Neither Jack Stage nor any other guard or official ever stopped a line again regardless of the weather, especially to 'pair it off there'. The filthy bastards can really learn quickly when it's their own ass that's at stake!

0531 As long as a judge or politician can send someone else into the danger, or hide behind someone else's firepower, they don't give a damn how many they get killed or injured. Just as long as it isn't them! They'll show up at the hospitals and funerals, waving the blood-stained flag, and whine and moan loud and long to get publicity or re-elected, but when it's their own ass that's about to get clobbered, they can find more loopholes in the law than a cheap sieve!

0532 The Jack Stage train incident was a good lesson for the department of supposed 'corrections', but to kill the top rat instead of the mice had not yet occurred to Bobby, and it caused him a considerable amount of additional suffering.

0533 [INSERT: If you are having any kind of problem, don't mess around with underlings except to see if they can, or will, solve it and establish your effort to 'be reasonable' and 'work within the system'. And do that only once! When that fails, and it will, go to the top. All the idiots in between are as worthless as tits on a tadpole and the only purpose they serve is diversion! If you have to get rough, make the top duck on the totem pole the target. Once they understand that it's their ears that will get the cuffing, you will be amazed at the effectiveness that can be found in bureaucracies, and honesty too! Problems can be handled instantly; no red tape at all. They can do anything, but only if the top rat screams loud enough!

0534 Therefore, when you get the run-around, zero in on the biggest rat and make that rat (or ratELLA) scream their head off. Once you document the bull, don't give them any choice whatsoever in the matter. Either they straighten the problem out then and there, or you straighten it out, beginning with them! No other terms will work. Delays, like charges, accusations, suggestions that you are being 'uncooperative', or 'unreasonable', or 'your attitude' are socialist-tactic diversions to be used against you. Any concession or consideration on your part will be interpreted as weakness! If you fall or stray from this absolute line, you will lose every time, without exception!]

0535 Being The Chosen and The Anointed, Bobby held the proper Sabbath: from Friday sundown until Saturday sundown. He informed the VTC Chief, a Mr. Grossenbacker, just once and since they were both ex-Air Force men, Grossenbacker eliminated any problems about it. There was no opposition from anybody, inmate or official!