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To : ben m turk, CustomerID: 7449707
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Ben (3/3),
The adventure continues.
Freedom,
Sean.

The fascists would have to surrender and allow me on video. In so doing, they'd implicitly be admitting that they were harassing my communication for no good reason in the first place-- while getting sued for harassing my communication. So, Thursday, Day 4 of my med strike, Gestapo Gary, Trainwreck Trevor, and Sherlock Paulie SuperGenius had a game of naked Twister in the conference room. They wiped off the baby oil and sent Investigator Wylie to my cell. Trainwreck went back to his office so agitated, he ripped the heads off of 3 unsuspecting puppies beyond his normal daily quota.

Investigator Wylie (not to be confused with the coyote of the same name who chases the roadrunner, though there is an uncanny physical resemblance) told me I had to get my blood pressure checked at the A-block nurse's station or else I would be admitted to medical. I had no problem allowing an assessment anyway-- with my secret stash of blood pressure pills, I could keep my blood pressure below the "admission" threshold forever.

Wylie told me the warden had been ordered to send him to get me but would say nothing further for fear I may quote him. He then returned to the task of assembling a ridiculous, giant mousetrap that came in an ACME box.

No idea what that's about.

Nurse Practitioner Nicole Carter took my blood pressure under the scrutiny of Investigator Wylie, a deputy warden, and a whole entourage of desk-monkeys who were forced to pretend they cared about my medical status, when really they hoped for an excuse to toss me in the dungeon.

My blood pressure was 150 over 82, below the 160-over-90 threshold for medical admission. Nurse Carter said that so long as I submitted to 2 assessments per day and I stayed below the threshold, I was fine and administrators could do nothing to end my med strike.

That night, I participated in a live radio interview with a very cool radio show in Montreal. Then, I emailed Ben a 30 second short video, heckling Sherlock Paulie SuperGenius, the fascist banning my video access.

Given their reaction, I can only guess that the Gestapo High Command did not share my sense of irony.

Part III: "...One More Pile of Swirling Hamster Chunks in His Blender..."

Friday morning, nobody asked to take my blood pressure. Something was amiss. Late in the morning, a male nurse asked if I would be admitted into medical. My answer was an emphatic NO, that I refused medical care. An hour later a guard told me medical called for me to be admitted. I declined.

My blood pressure, supposedly their medical concern, was climbing.

An hour later, a lieutenant told me I had to go and get admitted in medical whether I wanted to or not. I told him that, legally, they cannot override my medical decisions and coerce me to accept "care" that I refuse. After that argument, my blood pressure was really thumping.

Not that fuckweasels ever follow their own laws, but I have a right to refuse meds whether James Kline likes it or not, for whatever reason I refuse, whether James Kline likes it or not. Nobody had any legal authority to override my medical decision, take me hostage, and hold me until I stop my med-strike.

Lieutenant King came to my door at about 4:00 on Friday, after courts are closed and the warden had gone home, telling me I would be admitted to medical (i.e., dragged to the dungeon and held indefinitely without phone, email, or snailmail). I was being disappeared like a Chilean leftist labor organizer under the Pinochet regime.

While Lt. King stood there, I yelled to the prisoners who could hear that I was being taken hostage and isolated from prisoner witnesses, that the only conceivable motive was to hold me where they could deny my meds even after I agreed to start taking them again; that isolating me was part of a plan to kill me.

Lt. King left.

By this time, my blood pressure, supposedly their principle concern, was soaring. I don't know if they intended to kill me, but they were doing a damn good job of it. If not for the meds I had squirreled away...

I took one last pill and prepared to get dragged away-- maybe to die... But for my own good, of course. A hostile stand-off was brewing, possibly a repeat of the close-quarters blind-fighting recounted in "Days of Tear Gas, Blood, and Vomit," and I could use the same tactics again since we all know fuckweasels can't read. This time it would be seven-on-one. But I would be wearing a pair of hi-top black Chucks, which makes it seem almost unfair.

Lucky for them, the nurse came to talk to me. She asked me to let her take my blood pressure at the A-block nurse's station. I agreed. Out of the cell, Lt. King and his fuckweasel sidekicks walked me out to the hallway. As I turned, I saw fuckweasels circling around behind, others at strategic points. The whole prison was on lockdown and the entirety of available security staff was there.

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