

Wednesday, 01:28 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 2013 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 1/13/14, I surrendered to MCC, a horrible federal human warehouse on 150 Park Row where I stayed for 321 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 or an education. With a rare exception, I got all alone in a room full of people.

But all was not total misery. I had 8 bunkies (bunkies with whom I shared 50 square feet - which included a sink and toilet). One was a bank robber, one a child ***** (he stabbed his high school students), one a drug dealer who shot his competitor in the stomach, and one a guy named **PAUL MANAFORT!** (Yes, you read that right. Paulie was my only fix-a-mess).

And as Inmate Complaint Coordinator, I scheduled and spent countless hours (actually over 500) working outside watch, many of which were in the one on one company of **JEFFREY EPSTEIN**. Tomorrow, I will be doing with an executive from the **DAILY MAIL**, concerning telling my story (or stories - though they appear to be much more interested in Epstein than Manafort). 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 *Life of the Rich and Famous*. But I intend to turn lemons 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. It's on the record on Paulie's bunkie. And the parole search job required that we keep log books and write down everything that happened every 15 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 worst thing about prison was not the quarts - or sitting in front of a stranger - or the food. It was the inmates hanging out with inmates with names like Louie, Sam, Cecil, Squat and Life 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 60. After that I just mopped floors in the kitchen, ran the suicide program and counted the days.

And finally - through a clerical error I did an additional 28 days at Rikers Island in a unit with "Trinksters!" 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 currently so I won't give the url. I've only been out for four days and am putting 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.

Last edited by prisoner of love; Wednesday at 01:45 PM

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