

THE INSIDE SCOOP

June / July 2006

Welcome to the June/July 2006 edition of the Inside Scoop Literacy Newsletter produced by the John Howard Society of Manitoba.

I have been receiving many drawings and writings to include in the newsletter and would like to thank everyone who has contributed to this edition! The literacy program running in the Winnipeg Remand Centre is going very well and the students are making good progress. There is waiting list to get into the program, so if you have submitted a green request form, you may need to be patient while I get around to doing an intake with you. But fear not, I receive many request forms each day, I will get to you. Remember: patience is a virtue.

Shauna Fay - Literacy Coordinator 775-1514 (ext 303)

Joke: Jail Mail

A prisoner in jail receives a letter from his wife: "Dear Husband, I have decided to plant some lettuce in the back garden. When is the best time to plant them?" The prisoner, knowing that the prison guards read all mail, replied in a letter: "Dear Wife, whatever you do, do not touch the back garden. That is where I hid all the money." A week or so later, he received another letter from his wife: "Dear Husband, You wouldn't believe what happened, some men came with shovels to the house, and dug up all the back garden." The prisoner wrote another letter back: "Dear wife, now is the best time to plant the lettuce!"



In this Issue of the Inside Scoop:

- plenty of inmate written poems
- oodles of artwork
- some superstition
- quotes and jokes
- optical illusions
- support group info

Enjoy, my friends!

This one's for you!



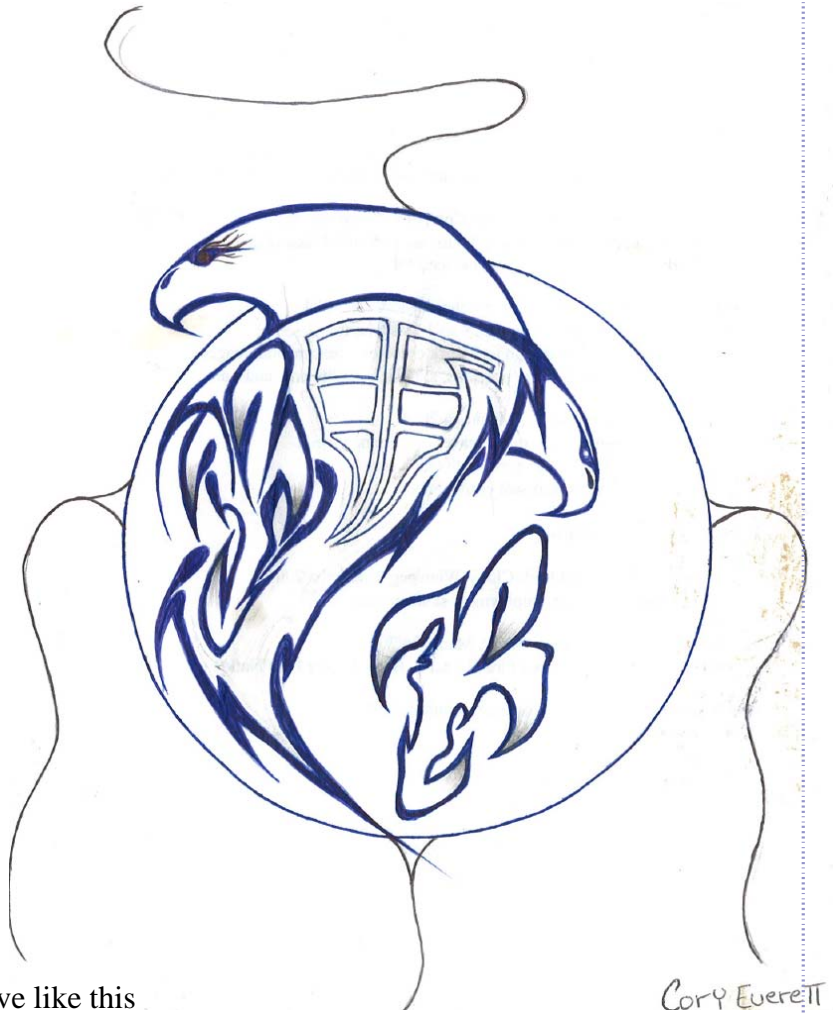
THE JOHN HOWARD SOCIETY
OF MANITOBA, INC.

STUDENT ART

This Life

Lookin' out these windows everyday
Thinkin' about why I'm here
Wonderin' if what I did was worth this
Thinkin' of my family and friends
Wonderin' if they think of me
Lookin' at my loved ones I left for this
Almost made my children orphans cause of this
Having dreams that have no meaning
Kinda reminds me of this
Wonderin' if my bro's consider this home
So many bro's think about this
How long will this be my home
Should this be the way for us
Our values don't look up to this
Native Teachings don't direct us to this
Our behaviour and wrongful doings lead us to this
Yet we weren't raised to be like this
And it's a damn shame the bro's and I choose to live like this
I know we can make something better than this
Even our lady friends ask us why baby,
 why
 this?

Faron Ross a.k.a. Funboy



The John Howard Society of Manitoba has a new support group for you!

Thursdays from 1:00 pm to 3:00 pm at 583 Ellice Avenue

Glenn hosts the “**Living in the Community Support Group**” for men who have been incarcerated in W.R.C. or H.C.C. and feel at-risk to re-offend or are having difficulties in their life and wish to change how they live. Questions? Call 775-1514

POETRY

Today is the Day

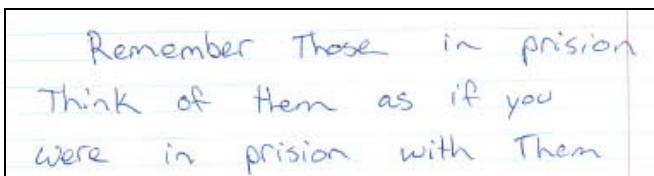
By Colin Chornenki

Traced In Lace

Sun-bleached souls, aged to taste
We're all gonna go, memories remain
All worn, none are plain, none
 Thrown away, they're saved
Count to a hundred, your push gives
 way
To see all that are traced in silken
 white lace
All, but the face, god damn this place
Come take me away, take me someday
Distance, I hear thunder, in the distance
 I see flames
I hear winds, they scowl, and mock
 my name.
 But they don't slap my face
Tomorrow, I'll deal me some souls
Tomorrow, will be a better day
Tomorrow, times gonna flow
Tomorrow, I'll dismiss all thoughts, and
 dis-taste
Hopefully, hoping you'll come take me
 Away
'Till I fall in a deep sleep of exhaustion,
 They're all traced in
 lace

By: F. Sinclair

© Diszonant Muzik 04.04



Remember Those in prison
Think of them as if you
were in prison with them

- Anonymous W.R.C.

Today is the day
that I found out something new
something I really thought about
and hoped it would come tru.

But I wish what I heard
was not at all true
for now I am hurt inside
and unsure of what to do.

So as I sit here
shedding a lot of tears
I am also left
with a lot of fears.

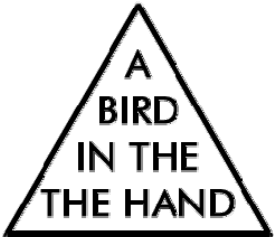
Like what am I to do
knowing I will not see you
I hope you are happy
maybe one day I will be too.

The pain hurts every day
I wish it would go away
if only you were here
to wipe away my tear.

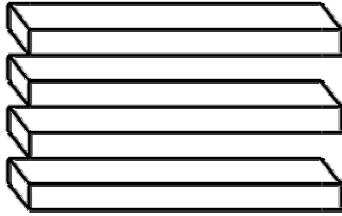
If I could only see you
at least one more time
that is where I would tell you
my final I love you and Goodbye.

This poem is dedicated to anyone that has a family member that they never met, and will never meet them because they have passed away. Tru is spelled that way because to me it is stronger than the original spelling(true). Tru is saying that this is how I feel and I'll never change the way I feel no matter what goes on or happens.

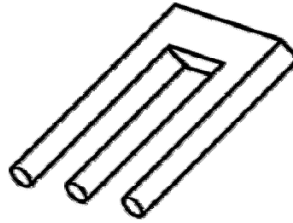
JUST 4 FUN



What is wrong with this saying?



How many shelves can you see?



Impossible prongs?



What is this a picture of?

X E A N I B I D X Q V U I V J J F Z Z T U L M P E T K T K G O J O X I
 D F M U L N U R G Y W T A Q V E V D R F X V F B C Z R Z K Z C X Q U M
 K M M N M V V G F O R G S E E O R A Y V I N K Y R S H A L N T C Y Z O
 F O J A V E K E F W K M T G M P S H M Z Q R D V R X I T T H W K D P V
 A I T U X J G F S W N P B A U A J J U M D Y L T A T B B R X I H L X X
 C E S T O D I E R T P O A N B R Y N K P P X N C T U R I I H R A G T A
 S F I H W C C E E A I P I G D D D Z R V W S H Y Y C O D M M Q N W X D
 Z Y R O E U A V G C E G X S I I N A S N U A E B B Z Q Q N J I G Z D V
 U M M R R L C I U T Y S A X S Z U R K L N P L Q P Z D I H Q C R R N Q
 S E C I V R E S L A N O I T C E R R O C R H H W R O Y W E N Q B X U A
 R W T Z P M T U A E R D U O I P S E E N V R K Y B O C D V S R K K E A
 O Y Q E L O A B T H E R M S P O C S R M U Z Z X N T B V L Z P W S I L
 X E W D D S D A I J B M E J L H N T O C O B E H K X I Y O R R H S X L
 F B Q Y S E E N O A I N G C I B A D M P Y R F A O V M N G Q V S J E T
 R O O A Y R C O N T R A B A N D E L I A J T S V V E K G Q S B T C Q O
 M S I V H M Q C S I B T I N A E S T D I V B K E I A C U H Q Y F M B Y
 M I S T A K E S O I Y L D Z R H F O I N V P I G M P S E Z R Y H K F G
 Z D P F V Y E E L R X T M F Y K K F O H M W D U L Y K X U B U T N H X
 A U L H W L G I Q E E O D I B G F X O H C H V B H M H A S P Z A N T W
 J W C A K V Z O T O G H Z U B Y A T F N G G F F L D I Q B D H G W W X
 F X H C E C P G K I E E B L E J B X N E E B P Q E H N G G M A D X R A
 I X E F C I O S Q X F P Q I C V L M G Y Z P T Z F A L H P I L X D P H
 U R M Z F U F R Q H R U Y S T W K R X G P C W E W P X P Z H B S G S A
 K X A Q C I L P X B Y F X S G Q S H A G H O I G C B F O J X X A R E U
 S V H Z Q V A Y R I F O M D H F E B O J W Z G D K F G H S A N M F N P

ABUSIVE
 ACT
 ARREST
 ASSAULT
 BRIBE
 CHANCES
 COMMIT
 CONTRABAND
 COPS
 CORRECTIONAL-SERVICES
 SERVICES
 CUSTODY
 DISOBEY
 DISTURBANCE
 DRUGS
 FISH
 FREEDOM
 INVESTIGATION
 JEOPARDIZE
 POSSESSION
 REGULATION
 RECKLESS
 THREATENS
 UNAUTHORIZED
 HOPES
 INMATES
 JAILED
 MISTAKES
 OFFENCE
 OFFICER
 PAIN
 REMORSE
 SECURITY

**WORD SEARCH CREATED BY
 RYAN SZEWCZYK**

A relationship is a bond or connection between two people, whether it's co-workers, friends, family or your boy/girlfriend (partner). Spending time in jail may take a major turn in that bond or connection. The person in the other half is left with a decision whether they will wait or not. Let's just say your partner said s/he will "hold it down" for you and be the one you go to when you get out. There are many things that you and your partner can do until you both reach that day.

First of all you must keep in touch and keep the communication lines open. Phone calls and letters are a good way to keep in touch. Those phone calls can include reporting of daily facts or events. This could be talking about the sports you watched, the weather or about how bad the traffic was on his/her ride home from work or school. If you're in a more intimate relationship, letters and phone calls' topic of conversation could be a little more risqué, depending on your situation, it'll give you something to think about when you've got "time on your hands". Sharing feelings goes a little deeper and can bring the relationship a little closer. As time goes by many couples can understand each other very well and can sense their partner's feelings and moods.

Pictures are also a good way to keep in touch. Whether your partner is handsome or beautiful or you just love them because you love them. Letters with pictures are always fun and exciting to receive. Cards with mushy love messages are also always great.

Thanks J.R., for your opinions (and for your consistent sense of humour)! If anyone has any comments or advice on other topics that they would like to see in the Inside Scoop – please send it to Shauna Fay at the John Howard Society: 583 Ellice Avenue, Winnipeg, MB R3B 1Z7.

Chapter 1

It was a night like any other Friday night in Winnipeg's West End.

Friday nights in the West End often include fights on every street corner, kids running around because their parents are either drinking or at the bar, or families just chillin' in their front yards. Some of the noises heard at night were people laughing, screaming, arguing, and yelling around.

Tyrone always thought it smelled like good and bad on these Friday summer nights. The smells were really like aromas coming off of restaurants or the alcohol coming from broken bottles, or women walking around heavily doused with perfume. Interrupting his thought, Tyrone's cell phone went off.

"What the hell do you want, Larry?"

"What the hell do you think. I need you to get your butt down to Maryland and Wellington. We have a possible drive-by gang related shooting involving narcotics."

"I'm on my way."

This is just the beginning of a very intriguing story

written by a W.R.C. student. I invite you to finish it yourself!

Artwork by M. Sinclair H.C.C.



Ruffer

They call me a ruffer
Cause I'm always on the phone,
but what can I say
I'm just a small minnow
in a big fish pond.
I always find myself fighting
over that stupid telephone
'cause I jones to hear her voice.
Some guys stick up for me
'cause they know what it's like.
So tough guys,
step aside so minnows like me
don't have to hide.
Somedays I don't eat 'cause
I'm always selling my food,
To get on that phone.
So I ask,
Please don't make fun of me
'cause I think I'm in love.
Deep down inside you guys
aren't much different than me.
So take it easy on minnows,
like me!

Anonymous W.R.C



Artwork by A. Jama

Untitled

Thoughts of a mad man trapped
in the system visits behind
glass. What you been missing
while you're locked in this
prison thought of realism.
While you're stuck in this hit
and miss system denied bail
because of fragile details. What
does your future entail? While
you hope one day to prevail.
The truth lies right beneath the
surface because everyone in this
world has a purpose from
doctors to nurses from
crackheads to junkies, you
won't always be flunkies.

Anonymous W.R.C.

Love

My love is like the wind. It
flows but you can't see it and
it's there you can feel it moving
through your body. It's a warm
feeling like the warm waters in
the spring flowing through your
body. The things we did
together and the love you gave
me will always be there and
when you're not around you put
a smile on my face and light up
my life. Some things are meant
to be and you make my dreams
come true.

Anonymous W.R.C.



Artwork by A. Jama

Untitled

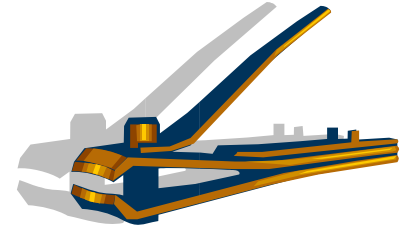
All this blood splatter will never
seem to matter! As long as the
governments move up the
political ladder. Wars will
never end, and if they ever do,
only the deep evil ones will
transcend. A sad story that will
never end in any kind of glory.
This world will never change!
Too many people not willing to
re-arrange. The stubbornness is
embedded in their brains.
When Jesus was resurrected we
were all religiously infected.
Religion has done more bad
than good, history speaks for
itself! Nothing's been
misunderstood. I am God,
because I can create my own
heaven or choose to continue
living in this Hell.

Sidney Letandre H.C.C.

DID YOU KNOW



Fingernails



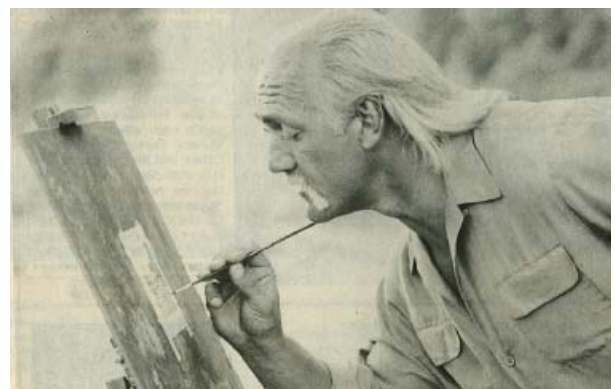
Cut your fingernails on Monday, cut them for wealth.
Cut your fingernails on Tuesday, cut them for health.
Cut your fingernails on Wednesday, cut them for news.
Cut you fingernails on Thursday, cut them for a new pair of shoes.
Cut your fingernails on Friday, cut them for woe.
Cut your fingernails on Saturday, a journey to go.
Cut your fingernails on Sunday, cut them for evil,
And be all the week, as cross as the devil.

*From the Old Farmer's Almanac
A Millenium Primer © 1990*

These are just some superstitions found in the Old Farmer's Almanac that you may want to test for yourself! Please remember though, that to protect yourself and others from contracting Hepatitis C, please do not share your nail clippers with anyone. Hepatitis C is a virus which lives in the blood and can be transferred by items that come into contact with blood, such as nail clippers, razors, earrings and needles. **Don't risk it!**

I rolled down a road filled with life's trees,
The ones you see bare without any leaves.
The sky is black, depleted of life.
The ground is bare with nothing growing everywhere,
except for the trees that blow in the cold winds.
A beast is down yonder, the sound brings me fear.
Suddenly I lift my head and notice someone is near.
I looked at the man and wondered if he wanted to fight,
both turning at the same time to make a quick flight.
Stopping I looked closer at his grey and black rages.
Looking up I see his eyes were red with great sags.
Looking closer I see he was mad as could be.
Shocked by this man, I looked harder and could see
that this man was me. -Anonymous Agassiz

Even tough guys have an artistic side!
Show yours off in the Inside Scoop! Send your poetry,
stories, jokes, quotes, drawings and advice to:
The John Howard Society
583 Ellice Ave, Winnipeg MB R3B 1Z7



Better Days Ahead

Artwork by B.G. WRC

Different shades
of hardened grays
explode me off to
better days.

Newer trends
life long friends
advancing till
the bitter end.

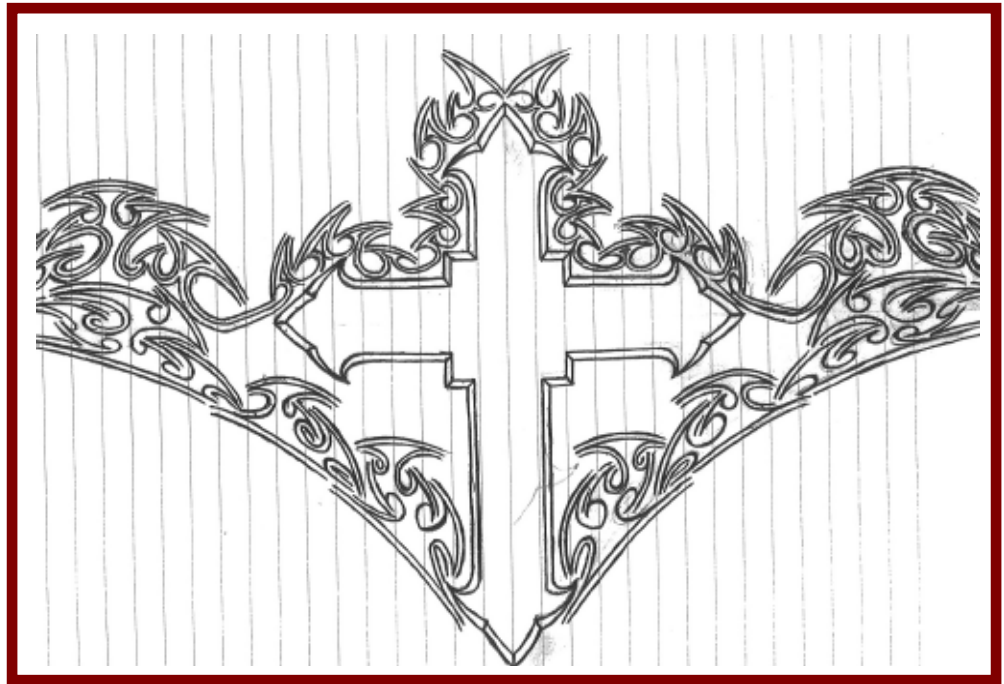
When bitters clash
with spectral rays
illuminating
better days.

Lost in thought
but not for naught
just taking stock
of what I've got.

Lover's ways
and lover's gaze
to get me off
to better days.

Dreams of blue
thoughts of you
convinced now
that me heart
is true.

Anonymous H.C.C.



If I Fail

If in my quest to achieve my goals
I stumble or crumble and lose my soul,
Those that knew me would easily cosign
There was never a life as hard as mine.

No Father – No money – No chance and no guide.

I only follow my voice inside,
If it guides me wrong and I do not win.
I'll learn from mistakes and try to achieve ...again.

*By Eric Morrissette
Inspired by tupac*

Winnipeg Remand Centre Fortune Cookie: (Yummmm!)
"It is never too late to become what you might have been."

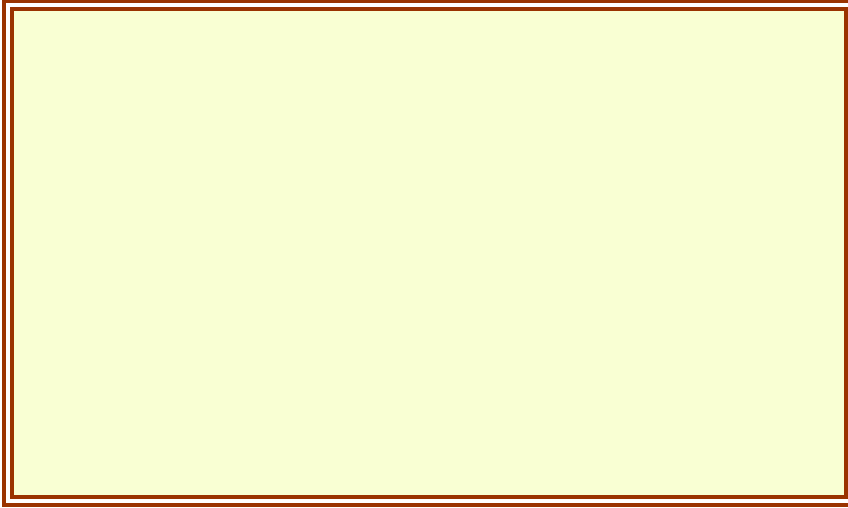


COMING
SOON



FROM THE
EDITOR

WANTED



YOU ASKED FOR IT

