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COMPLETELY UNEDITED AND UNCENSORED STORY FROM INSIDE THE
FEDERAL PRISONS

29 JANUARY 2008

Supermodel Cop

I want everyone to know that I found him first. Bravo is only picking up my sloppy seconds. I was all over that boy in 2006.

Oh yeah, maybe I should explain myself. There is a TV show on Bravo right now called "Make me a supermodel". I first found the show one evening while looking through a copy of New York Magazine. I paused on the two-page ad for this show, thinking I would do my gay duty and examine it for cute guys. During my examination, I came across a face that jumped off the page! He looked just like this adorable 21 year old officer I used to flirt with. "It could be" I thought to myself. Then I read the caption that said "Ben, 22, Nashville" Ummm Yeah! Still, I must be wrong.

At that time the medication cart rolled up and I asked the officer on duty if "Ben" was still working here. He replied that he was, and I assumed I was wrong. Then he asked me "why?" in the tone of voice that screams "what do you know and how did you find out" Eureka! I thought "we've got a bite". I showed him the magazine ad and he verified that not only was that him, but that he had worn "only a pink thong" on the show. "What!" I said, trying to pick my chin back up off the floor. "I've got to watch this show".

The next morning I was on it. I was in the clinic and I had gathered a group of nurses laughing at me as I described the "super sexy guard" on the TV show. I told them how I used to surf reality websites with him at night. I was certain for a while he was gay, and I was out to prove it. One time I even set out a trap. I put two gay magazines and one straight magazine into the hands of another guard to place near his control desk. The setup was simple; which magazine would he read? The problem is my plot failed when he was in a pissy mood (possible gaydar alarm?) and didn't look at any of the magazines. I would have to wait until the next night to try a new tactic.

The next day I trained a large black Muslim friend who worked with him to partake in a planted conversation. The goal was to talk about "partners" without assigning gender. The idea was to see if he would say "my girlfriend" or "she", or if he would keep it gender neutral and stick to ambiguous terms. To my disappointment, he failed this test and said "girlfriend"! "Damn it" I thought, "this can't be true, he is too cute to be straight". At this point in the story, the nurse's were chuckling and the clinic had shut down. I went on to explain how I had finally cyber-stalked "Ben" and sadly run into his wife's Myspace page. "Damn it, he's just a closet case" I told them. Many of the nurses wanted to see the ad, so we made arrangements to meet at my cell.

Not twenty minutes later, the crowd of officers and nurses appeared and I approached them with the magazine. They all saw his photo, complete with shaved legs. Everyone laughed and one officer said "I'm gonna email him and tell him you're dreaming of him". I replied, "he already knows that" which caused everyone to burst into laughter.

That night, after organizing The Velvet Mafia in order to gain control of the TV from a dozen angry inmates, I watched the show. A fight almost broke

out, but we won. "Ben" was so HOT on TV, and it ends up one of the other models on the show, Ronnie, has a crush on him! (Hands off, Ronnie! I found him first!) At the end of the night he was in the bottom three. Right before the final verdict, this asshole cop turned off the TV and calls Ben a "fool". "Gah!" I thought. "That jealous bastard stopped me from knowing if he was still on the show".

The next morning I had the officer take me to the computer. We surfed BravoTV.com for a while before figuring it out. He was still a contestant. At least one more week! Thank God! He's my discovery and anyone who thinks I made this up, visit www.FreeCasey.com and download my "Girlltalk" podcast I made about him last year! Good luck Ben!

-Casey behind bars...

Also visit my website FreeCasey.com

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26 JANUARY 2008

I'll keep an eye out for you

This is no place for a gay boy to be. I'm supposed to be at a dinner party or some other fabulous event. Instead, here I sit in the mental ward at Nashville's Criminal Justice Center. They don't like to officially call it the mental ward because that would only highlight the failures of the state's mental health system. For that reason, they refer to this place as "special

needs". Its the place where they put everyone they don't want to deal with, or as I call it, the "fruits and nuts" pod. We have a collection of crazy people, child molesters, and then my group, the "homosexuals".

Its been a while now that I've considered starting this blog, but today stood out as an ideal day to start. It is a Saturday morning around 10am, and I've been waiting since 8am to take a shower. We are normally allowed to exit our cells each morning by 9am at the latest, but not today. It ends up that there was a "medical emergency" this morning. In jail house administration that translates to an "excuse to slack off all day". We probably won't be let out till much later in the day.

The "medical emergency" it turns out occurred next door. This semi-cute, yet completely insane, blond boy decided to pull his eye out of it's socket. He literally reached up into his eye, grabbed it, and pulled it out. For days he had been saying that there was a "hair behind his eye". He told everyone that he was going to have to "remove his eye" so that he could get the hair. Looks like he finally did!

It might be insensitive for me to say, but I'm glad he did. For the past several days he had been hanging around my crew and saying weird things. One of the things about jail is looks matter. You instantly break into groups of similar looking people. Since the vast majority of crazy people in here are black, he was left with no other group to hang out with but us. Sadly for us, that meant we now had a crazy white boy whether we liked it or not.

This made things very difficult for my jail house boyfriend Scottie and me. See, we have a new pet project right now and his name is Chris. He is 21, tall, thin, cute and "too sensitive for jail". They put him in the fruits and nuts pod for "his own protection". In a place like this he would have become someone's women by now. His family is fairly rich and he became a pain

pill addict. He is a real sweet heart, but has some issues to solve. Nothing major of course, but enough to land him in here.

He likes to play cards with Scottie and me, where he must endure constant sexual harassment. I've always wondered why he keeps coming back for more. Well, it ends up he had a homosexual encounter before. He has expressed an interest in reading my "gay magazines" when no one is around. I think we may have found one! He has dated lots of girls but can't seem to find happiness. He even dated the lead singer of a band on the top ten charts right now. Maybe meeting me has finally put him in touch with his true feelings. Only time will tell, but with one-eye out of the picture, we will finally be free to figure out more.

-Casey behind bars...

Also visit my website FreeCasey.com

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