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## **Behind The Grey Rhino**

**Hopefully I don't gain that much weight off this new medication. Anything I could do on good terms to get out and reintegrate into the community would be an asset. Almost all of this transition is a feeling of being a guinea pig of mental health. A judge mentioned my personal stability as well as medication compliency before when I went to court.**

**How to explain well my situation is what I would like to preform. Not necesarilly having to use the jargon that the doctors use but talking for understanding. Before I would have jumbled speech is why I was diagnosed with schizophrenia or one of the characteristics of mental illness. The drug habit of smoking pot did not help at all but there was an increase in paranoia and grandiose delusions.**

**Transporting a literature spacecraft back to the Crestwood Manor I would do little articles for the facility newsletter. Writing about such things as the S.F. Giants to stuff about Veterans' Day. I have an uncle and a grandfather in the Armed Services which is an honor to many of us. Also I would do my**

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**own studies from documentaries about Yoga and Asian martial arts.**

**80% of the population smoked cigarettes and I was one of them. Camel Crush was what I wanted that would turn menthol with the press of a button. I realized cigarettes were not for me as I had the fever one winter and I was coughing up flem. Also over the years of childhood, asthma I was able to outgrow the condition, but developed a different one called sleep apnea. But I hope that I'll be cigarette and joint free, for the near future.**

### **HAIL DIVERSITY**

**It was more than a melting pot it is the world population, in a manner of thought here in the mental hospital. There is a representative of almost every nationality where we are mixed in a hold or transition. Seeming like the beginning there were more altercations in the admissions units than any other unit in the hospital. This bald Russian looking man would hit people at random. He was finally wrestled to the ground by another patient. The isolation room seemed a fit place for him, but sometimes staff was even asalted**



**A guy from the Fillmore district of San Francisco, wound up beating up a guard and many deputies came one after another to detain the guy. I believe it was due to the amount of drugs that existed that made people lose control.**

**My attorney wanted me closer to Redwood City so I went to San Jose to an L-facility. I was so happy to escape the madness of Napa. There I met a lot of Asians, some from Laos, Vietnam, and Thailand. I had a social worker that did business with me, where I would give cash and she would use a credit card for an item of the same amount. Bunking with a guy from China we would practice martial arts. He knew Jeet Kune Do; I knew Shuai Chiao (chinese wrestling). There was an escape lock I showed him about being grabbed from behind. We used to flow in the yard and he gave me a silver zarconia earring or what may be called a blingum. A Japanese friend who also used to flow had a kick match which won with some roundhouses.**

**Prefixing my stay at Napa State Hospital I think it was brotherhood, determination, and caution that got me by on Q7&8. I remember a couple of fruit**

trees:one was apricot,and one was grapefruit;and it really grew wild.Tasting of it made me think of my girlfriend,she was a soft flower I met on Saturdays. Right now all I want for Christmas is her,and Mariah Carey is one of her favorite artists.There was a guy named William that knew many of the names of the trees and its healing properties and smell.Later I learned of a cork tree that they really use to fill the wine bottles with.

This girl I saw at the Saturday movies looked like she was a fox straight out of a Chiapas river. She was just like a valley girl named Hillary from a movie called Wierd Science.She told me to stop buying budweiser and I said I would.Alot of the latinas at the fort had a face of resilience and that may have been their ticket on getting out.

Before during my stay at the hospital some little contraptions were allowed called MP3 players and I myself had a SanDisk. Whole CDs could be stored all on the little chip.If you press a button the screen would light up and the artist would appear.After a while the MP3's were banned because somebody in Coalinga was smuggling in pornography on the contraptions.We had to