"A Great little BOOK!"
(The intro Ditty)

A Great little BOOK is not very long.
It's stories and poems turned into songs.
They'll make you laugh and cry... you'll root and dance!
You'll need to get clean shirts or underwear.

I know you'll have fun enjoying each bit.
Its comical humor where jokes don't quit.

Then when your All done, do something that's right!
Write me a letter send folks to this site,
where A Great little BOOK has many ways,
to get a good laugh and to give-God-praise!

(Just the beginning!)

S.A.M. Umholtz, The Liberty Poet.

At:

Rev. Doc. Steven C. Umholtz, Sr S.A.M. Umholtz
P.O. Box 1551 Marianna, Florida 32447

or:

Columbia Correctional Institution Annex
216 Correctional Way, Lake City, Florida 32025
A Great little Book!

1. Please Write... (a poem)
2. Great Poetry! (a poem)
3. THE Pen. (a song)
4. The Great Poets. (a poem)
5. Prisons' Poet... (a poem)
6. Praisin' the Lord... (a song)
7. Prisons' Divine, WHERE? (a song)
8. The WORD of a Bird... (a song)
9. Mamas' May Day... (a song)
10. My New Horizon... (a song)
11. New Discovery Bible School... (a poem)
12. IF... (a song)
13. A True Reflection... (a song)
14. I wanna be like David... (a song)
15. God don't listen to Country... (a song)
16. A Broken Hold... (a song)
17. S. A. M.'s True Love & Stealing Things... (a song)
18. Life's LEMONS & CRAB... (a song)
19. GATOR STYIE... (a song)
20. WORTHLESS CA$H... (a song)
21. The Pledge of Allegiance TO 'MONEY'... (Poetic TRUTH)
22. Humble Pie... (a song)
23. Rubber Baby - Peter Piper... (a humble Tongue Twister)
24. JOHN... (a Nonfiction Story)
25. Life's RACE... (a poem) & Mustard up your 'Fait'... (a song)
26. Great People... (a Call to Action)
27. Gods Poet... (a song)
28. The Great Kenney Dean: Kehütz (a poem) & The Brain... (a poem)
29. The Teachers Voice... (a poetic letter & a poem)

All by [Steven Adams Miguel Unholts] [11-13081]

The Table of Contents for "A Great Little Book! Within a book, 'Prison Events!"

33 & 1. THE Big D.O.C. (a musical play)
37 & 5. A little White Whopper! (a song)
38 & 6. Nobody CARES! (a song)
39 & 7. The Marty Mouse D.R.C.L.U.B. Song! (a song)
40 & 8. Confinements Cry Baby Grievance Man! (a song)
41 & 9. THE TRUTH & D.O.C. D.R. Court (a rap)
42 & 10. THE TYRANT! (a poem)
43 & 11. Prisons Jail House Runaround! (a song)
44 & 12. "DE-PENS" "The Chief in the BOX!" (a song)
45 & 13. The Underwear Bandits (a True Poetic Story)
46 & 14. "Korkie Gore, Just the Crooked old Clown!" (Poetic Justice)
47 & 15. The Polk County Pumpkin Patch (a song)
48 & 16. Bad News Crews (a very long song)
51 & 17. The FOOLS! (a song)
52 & 18. $10 Tyranny $ (Truth in a Song)

all by [Signature: Adam Miguel Umholtz] [11-13-81]

S.A.M. Umholtz, The Editor, D.O.C. Dept. 075, 6-21-1320
"Please Write." (a poem)

Dear readers, please pick up a pen & write me a letter.
Just say my works good, OK, or I could do it much better!
Anything to give me a clue as to what you all think.
Is this poetry great, or does it all really stink?

I give no apology writing this Anthology.
For the work I draft in fun, is all meant to be a pun.
Last—my question here at hand, penned a writer who was grand.
Am I—to be, or not to be, respond to by you?

Please do write to end this stress, will you make the answer "yes"!?
I've tried, truly to gain your grace, put a smile on your face;
whether I'm sure to get a sneeze, once you truly read my work.
Humbly I present these metaphoric stories, composed for you with glory.

Read & enjoy; go tell a friend, "use that ink, chain letters away!"
Now I thank you for your time, well spent, please help these poems
Pay my rent! (and end).

— Please Write —

S. A. M. Umholtz, The Liberty Post 5-20-2015
"Great Poetry!" (a poem)

What are the Poets without any Pens?
Makers of greatness that never begins.
On theatrical issues they write what they think.
So all poets need paper and plenty of ink.

Some gain the skills of great poets to be,
When they learn to write from a soul that's free!!
What they write, with their minds, as they speak to your heart;
They gained through pure wisdom that's infinitely smart.

The poets come, and the poets they go,
But great poems live forever... you know!
When you live to write, it shows that you write to live;
Then you'll be a poet with great poems to give.

Join the immortals who live past the end;
Don't be forgotten—keep using your pen!! (the end)

—Great Poetry—
by Steven Adair Miguel Umhoftz [26/1308]
S.A.M. Umhoftz, The Liberty Post, on 7/30/2014
"THE PEN." (a song)

My pen may be small—yet has help from the Lord.
He gives it more power—than man's mighty sword.
So I'll use mine for Justice—Not what's Abhorred.
And tell you some facts that just can’t be ignored.

Though Little My and Fatty killed hands one day.
in Japan over World War Two.
They killed more with the Pen in Row verses Wade.
Yes they could have Aborted YOU!

The Pen has No mouth—yet its words doth did sway.
in both of those tragedies "TRUE"!
The Pen is quite priceless—still it Powers Stand.
What more will this Country "DO".

The Pen can be wicked or Simply Grand.
The Pen sure is useless with the Human's Hand.
So how did The Pen win? what I sing on this Stand?
YEAH—All by itself that Pen—Jumped in my Hands.

"OH—THE Weapons All People —And The Pen Missspells Words".
That mind sets Marching—Completely Absurd.
For "WE The People" kill People—and "WE Make The Pen".
HEARD! "(The End)"

"THE PEN." (a song)

by [Steven Adam Miguel Umhalte] [U-13081]
S.A.M. Umhalte, The Liberty Post, on 7-22-2014
"The Great Poets." (a poem)

Where are the great Poets with wise minds to Avail?
In Adventurous lands or on Ships that set Sail?
Are they Out making Money in lands by the Bale?
Maybe they're Rulers and Kings whose Plans Cannot Fail.

"NO" I've found The Great Poets—Now let's give them due Hail.
Do these Great Poets get Justice—Were they given the Rail?
"ALAS" The Great Poets—Are in Prison and Locked up in Jail.
Help save the Great Poets—Send us tribute by MAIL! (the end)

---The Great Poets--- (a poem)

by Steven Adams Miguel Uminga ['91-130817]
S. A. M. Uminga ['92, The Liberty Poet, am 8-15-2014]
"Prison Poet." (a poem)

When I get to the end of this life's "Trip,"
Folks will know me by my Scripts.

Though I sit behind this Prison GATE,
I still write Poems, SEE--Their "GREAT!"

My works have TACT with a graceful Style,
& most of my limericks will make you SMILE.

The Poems are golden-like that egg from the goose,
with a fashion somewhat like the Old Dr. Seuss.

I stick with this theme it's EASY, Not Odd,
with a Focus on TRUTH as I Tell About God.

There's use of great humor through Ellegant Speech,
where I hope to spread wisdom with knowledge in Conclusions I reach.

I'll show you good Ethics, with Characters of Stories I Tell,
as they lead you to Heaven through Jesus and keep you from HELL.

Now Study THE Bible, AS it teaches God's Word,
then Apply what I've learned OUT of Prison to Stay Free as a Bird! (The END)

---Prison Poet--- (a poem)

by [Steven Adam Miguel Umholtz] U-13081
S. A. M. Umholtz, The Liberty Poet. on 4-12-2015
"Praisin' the Lord." (a song.)

(Verse 1 as optional for the Gentlemen or the Ladies.)

It's time for Church, the Sun's in the sky.

(Gentlemen) I've got on my suit, now I'll put on my tie!
(Ladies) I've got on my dress with my pretty bow tied!

I try my best to sing like a bird.
I pray real hard & study God's word.
Because praisin' the Lord is what I like to do...

Praisin' the Lord, praisin' the Lord, praisin' the Lord with you!

I like sittin' up front in the very first Pew.
I'm glad to be sittin' there next to you.
Just praisin' the Lord, praisin' the Lord, praisin' the Lord with you.

I listen to the preacher, then I sing with the Choir.
A little off key but my heart's on fire.
Still praisin' the Lord, praisin' the Lord, praisin' the Lord with you.

Praise the Lord Hallelujah.
I really don't care what the devils gonna do.
Cuz I'm praisin' the Lord, praisin' the Lord, praisin' the Lord with you.

Now goin' to Church is like Heaven to me.
It's where I learned about Jesus, how He set me free.
So I'm praisin' the Lord, praisin' the Lord, praisin' the Lord with you.

Now goin' to Church is like Heaven to me.

Praisin' the Lord— (a song.)

"Prisons Divine, WHERE?"  (a song)

While in prison don't set a burn, work hard and write of what you learn.

Then pass it on before you go.
Bless other folks with what you know.

Your time spent there's never a loss,
when you find Jesus at the Cross.

Now show God's gift to folks with glee,
They too will want redemption Free!

This journey's Not All woe and Strife,
Let Jesus change and lead your life.

In prison you'll gain peace of mind,
then some day cross life's finish line.

We'll be in Heaven, that's Sublime,
Here's WHERE prison became Divine! (The End)

- Prisons Divine, WHERE? -

by Steven Adam Miguel Umhoftz [113081]
S.A.M. Umhoftz, The Liberty Post, on 2-4-2014
"The WORD of A Bird." (a song)

My friend said "A wise old OWL once sat in AN OAK.
The more he saw, the LESS he spoke.
The LESS he spoke the more he heard.
Why can't we be more like that wise old bird?

So I replied "Unlike that bird in the top of that tree,
here the Truth is NOT Safe & it's wisoms NOT Free.
True our governments Crooked & it's Agents are CRUEL.
That's a FACT I've been learning since I was in School,
where they said "From the MONKIES our Ancestors SWUNG"!!
But I saw through that lie, YES it smelled just like Dung.

That day was quite Shocking I knew things were odd,
when they kicked Out the Bible & lied About God.
First I told them then I said what was Pissed,
said "That MONKEYS Stole Stupid but ThisTold the List?"

Then Dad took some debate in their Housewive-inspired.
He called my Public School Student & said "What's your EiRED!"
"These Aptides Are Going without God your a " F**K!
My Kids deserve better so we're STARTING HOME SCHOOL!"

"There Dad taught me. Wisdomless Knowledge is Worthless you see,
and folks without God Are much Dumber than MONKIES in Trees.
You can throw me in prison & toss out the key,
but God's Words in my heart so I'll Always be Free!!

What I heard from that OWL in one word twice he Spoke,
was "WHO" is for God? & "WHO" is a JOKE? (The END)

"The WORD of A Bird." (a song)

by [Steven Adam Miguel Ummoltiz] [U-132081] S.A.M.Ummoltiz The Liberty Park 06/5/2015
"MAMAS MAY DAY." (a song)

There once was a lady red haired and fine.
The world's greatest mother—OH Yes—She was Mine!
When I was a baby she cleaned up my pants.
She taught me to talk, to walk and to dance.

She'd teach me all day and stay up late at night,
till I learned how to spell, then to read, now I write!
Many things this great mother—OH Yes she did teach—
when she took me to Church where my Dad was the Preach.

Mom showed me the meaning of life to The END.
She led me to Jesus now he's my best Friend!
Mom played percussion round the world she was heard.
Out TV—For the Choir she'd Drum like a bird.

Because of my Mother I've had a great Life...
Made ten little Kids with only one wife!
There's one other thing I should add to this story.
May 5th was the day the man beat me to glory!

So I know, she's in heaven with Jesus my King,
where Mom plays the drums—& I'm sure that she Sings!
Here I study my Bible & do as Mom said—
Then some day I'll greet her—when this Ol' bodies dead.

At LAST with this song there's one thing I declair...
"Get right with the Lord & you'll meet us up there!" (The END)

— MAMAS MAY DAY—

by [Steven Adam Miguel umboltz, 115081]
S.A.M Umboltz, The Liberty Post on 5-5-2015
"My New Horizon." (a song)

God gave My life a new horizon,
when I found his word it's all surprizin'.
From sin he set me free,
when Christ died on Calvaree.
He paid my price-Thats Out of sight-way out of sight!

God gave my life a new horizon, with a new life that's
fun & so surprisin'.
Now Old Satans on the run,
Because Im workin' for Gods son.
No more for that evil He aint right-
"No He aint Right."

God gave my life a new horizon, on Earth lifes
short I know,
But to Heaven I will go
When Jesus splits the clouds & beckons me...

I'll live with him on High Eternally.
I'll live with him on High ETERNALLY... (THE END)

-- My New Horizon --

[Signature]
S. A. M. Umhoftz, The Liberty Pub. on 4-10-2015
"New Discovery Bible School." (a rem.)

With my New Discovery Bible School,
The great things I study are really cool!

I read God's word with the Holy Spirit,
When I pray, He talks, I love to hear it!

With New Discovery, I can't go wrong.
Reading God's word gives my heart a new song.

I feel like a kid with a brand new toy,
When God's word gives real hope & so much "joy!"

I learn how Jesus Christ is Lord and King,
It makes me want to jump and laugh and sing!

With New Discovery, my heart is merry.
I have this great coach, her name is Carrie!!

She grades all my tests so I'm never bored,
Then sends me "new stuff" that points to the Lord!

These courses are fun, so give them a try.
Reading God's word, leads to heaven on high.

I love their studies with joy I confess...
Join New Discovery... Here's their address (the end)

New Discovery Bible School Inc.
21090 Dawn Hill East Rd.
Gentry, AR 72734

bby Stevens Adam Miguel Unkelutz [4-1-2008]
S. A. Unkelutz, The Liberty Post, on 4-1-2015
"IF..." (a song)

IF I only knew then what I know right now.
IF I'd listened when Mom or Dad told me how,
Then I wouldn't be here where I am—just now.

IF I'd only applied all the things I'd heard,
And paid more attention when hearing God's word.
IF I hadn't been so foolish as I blindly ignored,
I should have been spending more time with the Lord.

IF I had accepted the Lord's saving grace,
I wouldn't have fallen anywhere flat on my face.
IF there's one thing I've learned (you really must hear it),
Spend more time in God's Word with the Holy Spirit.

IF you'll do this each day you'll avoid despair,
It's your ticket to heaven when you join us up there.

IF you wait it will be just a little too late,
When the rest of us are walking through those
"Pearly Gates." (The end)

--- IF ---

by [Steven Adam Migli, Lympoth, Jr.] [21-3081]
C.A. M. Lympoth, The Liberty Post, on 6-5-2013
"A True Reflection!" (a song)

Look real deep in the mirror and what do you see?
A spirit in bondage or a soul truly free...

As you gaze in your eyes is there joy from God's grace?
or a cold-hearted outlook through a bitter old face.

Is your image on-life deeds and debts with pure loss?
Gladly God paid your price when Christ died on the cross.

When you realize what Christ did was humble and true,
The look on your face will be joyful and new.

Now you know where to go to get this new start,
Guess it's quite simple, let Christ in your heart.

This gift that he gave us is awesome and "great"!
And it comes with the keys to these big, scary gates.

To use them you follow the rules in God's book,
Then go back to that mirror, take another good look.

Amazingly sees his complexion it's true...
With Christ in your life, he's reflected in you! (mean)

— A True Reflection! —

by [Steven Adam Miguel Umhoftz] [2-1308]
"I wanna be like David."

Oh I wanna be like David who used to be a King!
I really wanna be like David and praise the Lord and "Sing!"

Now I wanna be like David in life and do my part.
Yes I wanna be like David that man after God's own heart.

I'm still gonna be like David kill life's giants with a stone.
Give all the glory just to God in Heaven on his throne.

I will NOT worship money or use drugs or be a Boozer.
God says that's all an idol makes you fake & just a Loser!

So I'll be like humble David in all I say and do.
Thank God give him the story as I share his love with you!

I'll try hard to live like David so you don't end up lost.
I'll teach and show you why Christ died upon the Cross.

You too should be like David. You just join us in this song.
Give all your heart to Jesus then we'll praise him all day long!

You'll be glad to be like David in Heaven what a blast.
Let's join that party way up there forever it will last!

I know that Christ is coming soon to greet us in that sky.
With lots of folks like you where God said we'll never die.

We'll all get Crowns like David it's so awesome you should try.
So now's your chance to join his dance please don't pass it by.

"Yeah Come On!" (the end)

—I wanna be like David—

by [Steven Adam Miguel Umhoft] [1985] S.A.M. Umhoft, The Liberty Post on 8-10-2014
E "God don't listen to Country." (a song)

God don't listen to Country and he don't like whining while you sing.
If it doesn't praise his name then your music's a shame and it won't be played for the King.

God don't listen to Country when it doesn't have a Heavenly ring.
It's wicked and bad that makes God sad then it's not what his angels sing.

Now if All your music that's Country is not praising God the King,
you better change your story to give him the glory Start living for God with All you sing!

God don't listen to Country Cuz that's just NOT his Style...
for the music they play will cause more boats of Country by a Country mile.

Now God don't listen to Country and he don't where a Cowboy Hat.
He where's a Crown it's The King while his angels sing and their music's MUCH better than that.

God don't listen to Country and he don't where Cowboy Boots.
He goes bear-footed down his Always selected and those angels play Harps and Floor.

Since God don't listen to Country then that's NOT what I'll sing--
I'll sing the Music He loves to Praise the Lord Above,
give All the glory to God my KING! "YEAH"!(THE END)

----- God don't listen to Country-----

by [Steven Adam Miguel Umholtz] [U-13081]
S.A.M. Umholtz, The Liberty Post on 8-16-2012

Page 15
"A Broken Hold." (a song)

It felt like I didn't have a brain in my head—like all the gray matter was
gone and dead when Satan had a hold on me. He had an evil hold on me.
I was floating through life without a real goal—like an empty shell
without any soul—something was missing. I was just NOT whole—when
Satan had his hold on ME.

I'd lost all hope, my will to live and learn. I just didn't care in Hell.
I'd burn for all eternity, while Satan had a hold on me, a really
evil hold on ME.

Then I heard about a man who died for me a long time ago on Calvary.
As he paid the price, I couldn't pay, so I got on my knees and I
started to pray.
I cried dear Lord, PLEASE save me. Now I wanna go to Heaven but
I don't know how.

I'm an unworthy sinner with a broken heart. So I've come to you.
Now I'm willing to START getting Satan's evil hold off me!
Get that devil's evil hold off me!

Then someone said, "Now listen to me. As I tell you about that man on
Calvary, He's the one who died for you and me. Going to Hell in
our place. He gave us, الساعة grace. And for those who aren't
Heaven yet, all you've got to do is repent!"

So I gave my heart to God, to my lord—now the Lord, my
Saviour and my best friend but the things I love the most—
he tells me through the Holy Ghost.
Now I got a peace the whole world's demanding,
A peace that passes all their understanding.
Jesus gave to me—As he broke Hells hold on ME
That DAY on CALVAREES TREE!! (the end)

--- A Broken Hold ---

by [Steven Adam Miguel Umhalto] [5/1-308]

S.A.M. Umhalto, The Liberty Post on 1-30-2013
"S.A.M's True Love & Sinking Ships!" (a song)

I was but seven twice in life-not a lass who became my wife. To summer Camp we both did go-our hearts ever bright there did show. Her blue-eyed beauty I adore-THAT stole my heart in Eighty-four!! For several years we were best-friends-and promised to be till life ends. I moved away, she went to School-and fell in love with some Strange Fool.

My heart was broke with our loves end-I felt I'd lost my life's best friend. I saved cash for Adventure Trip—with plans to bye myself a Ship. With Full intentions, Cash in hands-She showed up and Changed my Plans!

She dumped that dying Fool, lie-back to my arms YES she did FLY.

Once her did pass, we married Soon—there was First night at half past Noon. We had Toddles and then She Guit-She heard a Life-gave up and SPIT!

She ran to Folks who Called to us-Stale-did all they could destroy our life. With All their lies she Chained us there-Then forced her into our divorce? An wicked Folks she did resign. And went Home to be my friend.

She was a loving carrier of the New Ship's bitter and full of Strife. This love like fire through side and Ship should have taught that Sailing Ship!

Still hope I wear in Good Brooked—after my wife and once True Friend!

I'd love to walk and hold her hand—Yes they this story will be grand. With God these things shall-not to Late-I'll wait for her at Heaven's Gate (she said).

—S.A.M's True Love & Sinking Ships!— (A NewAuthor Says)

by [Steven Adam Miguel Umholte] [9-1-1708]

C.A.M. Umholte The Liberty Post on 3-27-2015
"Lemons & CRAP." (A song.)

There once was an old man who served lemons and dumped a Big Crap sandwich right smack in his lap.
No he didn't get bitter because he didn't suck lemons or eat that sandwich of CRAP.

The old man sat and pondered for a while, got a twinkle in his eyes with a great Big Smile — for he was just thinking Outside "THE BOX"! When He Started a Worm Farm and built something grand Then he went to life Beach & set in the sand At "RAPP's HAPPY LEONBURG LEMONADE & BAIT SHOP STAND."

So he made a few friends and went fishing each day, didn't keep a single fish but sat on the beach with sand at his feet as he'd say to folks by sea meet "I just had to add worms Jack & Sugar Now isn't Life SWEET!"

Yes the lemons & sandwich, please Better and Ripe
So the old man lived happier as he just didn't Gripe.
He sure made the Best out of All, that he had —

Then he was Real HAPPY Now and his glad —
The Old Man on the beach had a map on his life's MAP
Was He showed what to thought YOUR Life — "LEMONS & CRAP!"
It's true you can't go fishing without any "BAIT" And the Old Man knew his life was Better than "GREAT" (The end)

— Lyrics "LEMONS & CRAP" —

by [Steven Adam Miguel Umboltz] [U-13008]
S.A.M Umboltz, The Liberty Pub. 04.2.19-2014
"Gator Style!"  (a song)

Down in Florida - Back in the Swamp
We play good Football and we do the CHOMP!

We have the GATORS and lots of Fun -
So everybody knows we're Number ONE!

Even though there's GATOR haters - Yes that's True -
LOOK at who's Crying when the GATORS are Through!

The GATORS Love Competitors in a Big Pack,
Just to have A Season with a Healthy SMACK!

We Meet up and we beat you as we Stomp on in the Ground,
Then we do the GATOR CHOMP - what a great SOUND!

Here come the GATORS - you better WATCH "OUT".
We're going to put our Tail on their NO "ROUT"!

SHOUT for the GATORS - NOW you know what we "DO".
We'll be the Champs when the Season is Through!

True GATORS come from Florida with it's Fires and Damp;
YOU ROOT for the GATORS cuz we're the "CHAMPS"!

-- GATOR STYLE --

by Steven Adam Miguel Umholtz [7th-8th]
S.A.M. Umholtz - The Liberty Pelt on 1-20-2014
"WORTHLESS CASH!" (a song)

I keep my poems Raw 'cause they entertain Most Folks!
Their intertwined with Stories Now that Sound somewhat like Jokes
THE TRUTH is my main Element—It makes my Stories FLY...
For I love exposing Government with All Its Crooked LIES!

That Independence—Declaration—Once "Did" set US Free?
Got Trashed by USA & HOME LAND—We've LOST our "Liberty"!
Our Constitutions "WORTHLESS" Now—it really has No Bite...
For in 33 we ALL got Dropped when THEY Took our Civil Rights.

RACIST SLAVERS Polices once really Struck A Nerve...
Now WHO cares that WE're "ALL SLAVES" owned by The Feds Reserve!!

So here's the JOKE—Tell 'em it TOLD 'cause it's "NOT TOO FUNNY..."
"THEY" Stole the GOLD in WE got SOLD For Their WORTHLESS CASH..." (same song)

—WORTHLESS CASH!—

---

by Steven Adam Moeck, Hip Hop, [24/1308/1]
"THE Pledge of Allegiance to $MONEY$" (poetic truth)

For the love of $MONEY$, you pledge Allegiance to your Job & all the Cash you MAKE.

To your Car, A house, The Land with friends, but for God you have NO time to TAKE.

So servitude and servitude now dictate our courts Intentions.

Within them our Constitutions gone, True Liberty & Justice are no longer anywhere to Mention.

Even though they once stood Firm 4 times like this when they Truly meant Prevention.

Aid to deny Allegiance to the British Tag that identically TIMES 'America' by THE FEDERAL RESERVE as which it Stands-Over our Nation.

Under Governmental servitude imprisoned by servitude with

Regress for US ALL! (the end)

— "THE Pledge of Allegiance to $MONEY$" —

by [Stevens, Adam, Michael Webber] [2-1309]  
S. A. M. Webber The Liberty Report 5-6-2015
"Humble Pie."  (a song)

Humble Pie never taste good especially when thrown in your face!

It goes much better when served by a friend with love, compassion and grace.

So don't be smug—give someone a hug and show them how to be a true friend.

Then as you get older you'll have a shoulder or a buddy you can depend.

Or if times get rough you'll have the right stuff, you'll make it through. The end? (my end)

—Humble Pie—

by [Steve Adams, Hughie Umboltz]  [11-13-08]
Rubber Baby, Peter Piper?

A humble tongue twister

Rubber baby buggy bumper bumper buggy baby rubber
picked a peck of Peter Pipers pickled peppers.

If rubber baby buggy bumper bumper buggy baby rubber
picked a peck of Peter Pipers pickled peppers, where's
the peck of Peter Pipers pickled peppers? Rubber baby

buggy bumper bumper buggy baby rubber picked?

(The End)

"Rubber Baby, Peter Piper?"

By Steven C. Honhotis

St. Mary School, 8th Grade, 1985
When I was a boy my great grandfather Peter Andrew Shawley, or Granddad Shawley as we called him, was a Master Plumber in New York City's Manhattan district. Granddad Shawley had an Italian business partner for as long as I can remember, Mr. Mike. I knew him this family because when we would go visit, we went to their house for a real Italian spaghetti dinner. Something that was an all day ordeal, and a lot of fun.

Over the years I learned with my family how to make real all home made Italian spaghetti sauce that was the best ever. I've loved helping in the kitchen all my life, and I love great food, so I was the official taster & disposal for all the left overs or scraps in the kitchen. Nothing went to waste with me in the kitchen.

I met my nick name S.A.M at that time of my life & everyone knew S.A.M loved to eat.

It was the year 1985 & I was 7. We lived in Altoona, PA. That year granddad died, so everyone in the family went to New York for his funeral. We all stayed at granddads Apartment in Manhattan. One day Mr. Mike came by with two other business associates of his & granddad. It was early in the morning after breakfast & before lunch, it's time for what's called brunch, one of the meals the Italians eat in their culture. Brunch, brunch, lunch, supper & supper. I thought I had died & went to heaven.

They told my dad they were going to have brunch with a man named John who had known my granddad & they wanted to take me too go meet him. Could I go? Dad said "ok what ever you guys have fun stay out of trouble. Then he told me to mind my manners. I said "yes sir" & the four of us left & went to a little Italian restaurant in downtown Manhattan.

When we got there we went in & sat down at a large table in the middle of the room. They were preparing lunch so the place smelled outstanding. The aroma of garlic, meat & cheese was wafting so strong you could almost taste it as you came in the front door. We all ordered toast, eggs, bacon & coffee.

by [Steven Adam Miguel Umbaltz]] 7-13-2014 S.A.M Umbaltz The Bloody Paw 7-29-2014
About ten minutes later or so, a linicous black car pulled up one step right at the front door.
Mr. Mike says, "Oh, John is here!" So we all got up to go meet him at the door.
Three men in black suits with dark sunglasses got out. First, one got out of the
front passenger side & came back to open the back door, where he stood the whole
time. Two other men in black suits got out of the back of the limo with a man in
a silvery gray sharkskin suit. This was the sharpest looking suit I had ever seen
in my life.
As aachts son, I had seen a lot of nice suits in my short fifteen years, but this one,
yelled Big Mervy as soon as you saw it.
The three men came inside. The driver stayed in the limo with it running, & the
other man in black stood by the door waiting.
As they came in, Mr. Mike said, "Hey, how have you done?" The man in the
Sharkskin suit said, "Real good, Mike," as they shook hands. Then he shook
hands with the other two men. He wore a suit & said, "Hey guys, glad to see
you!" Then Mr. Mike said, "This is Pete's great-grandson. He shook my
hand & said, "Hey kid, glad to meet you." I said, "Glad to meet you too, sir."
I had a Navy cut crew on hair cut there so he ran his hand across my
head & said, "Blah your hair for real long kid," he smiled. I got this a lot growing
top with that haircut. I smiled back at him & we all sat down at the table,
except for the two men behind with dark glasses still on. They stood at each end
of the table.
I knew this Mr. John must of been somebody important because both men,
like the ones at the limo, had guns inside their suit jacket, rather large ones
too, like 9mm or .357 magnums. I could not see them well enough to tell.
I thought they must be under-cover cops or something & I just
couldn't see their badges, because their suits covered them.

Grandaad had told me he had worked for the New York City Mayor on
some real big jobs, so I figured this Mr. John could be just about anybody!

[Signature: Adam Miguel Umbeltz] [3-13-01] San Umbeltz, The Bronx, October 7, 2014

Page 25
Mr. John sat across the table right in front of me so he could see his limo & the door or anyone coming in he might know. At least this is how it looked to me.

The food arrived shortly & boy, didn't look & smell good. Mr. Mike ask Mr. John if he would like anything at all. He said "No thank you he could not stay long." Then as I ate with the other men they all spoke in some foreign tongue that was all "Greek" to me. About 15 minutes later just as we all finished our food, Mr. John says in English "Well boys it was nice visiting with you but I got to get going." At this we all got up & walked to the door with him & the other two silent men in black. Mr. John shook hands with Mr. Mike & the other two men with us, then he shook my hand & said "Hey kid it was good meeting you. Stay out of Trouble you know OK." I said "Yes sir," & smiled. Then he told the other men he would see them later as he got in his limo, said good bye & off they left.

As the time was drawing down Mr. Mike said to me; "Hey SAM, do you know who that was?" I said "No sir, who was it?" He said "As if it was the President of the United States! "Why THAT was Mr. John Gotti E!" I said "As if I didn't have a clue who Mr. John Gotti was from Adams house car & I didn't at the time. Who is John Gotti?" All three men laughed as if I had told a really funny joke. I just smiled & looked kind of puzzled. They said "Don't worry about it kid." Then we all sat back down. Finished our coffee. Mr. Mike paid the bill & left a $5 dollar tip on the table & we left.

I thanked them for taking me to brunch with them as they dropped me off back at granddad's. They said it was their pleasure & I was welcome! & they left.

As I walked into the apartment Dad said "OH hey bud your back-did you have a good time & behave yourself?" I said "Yes Sir, hey Dad who is John Gotti?"

by [Steven Adam Miguel Umberto] [12-30-87] in Umberto's The Holy Pies on 7-29-2014
Dad said "OH Nobody!" (as if he were Joe Blow or John Doe.) I said
"OH OK!" 
& at the time thought nothing more of it, he was just some old
guy I'd met that had known my great-grandad when he was alive. As far
as I could figure, & life for me as a kid went on.

Several years later after we had moved to Winter Springs Florida, where
we owned & ran a lawn care & tree service company called "Sunsirve
Services." we also delivered wood shavings to horse stables with a
big International cabover garbage truck we owned that had the top cut
out for top loading. I'd相伴 out of the back end & big doors
put on so it was more like a big dump truck.

Dad was out on a shavings delivery run with the big truck (as we called
it) one day & I was out by myself doing that day's haying jobs.

Dad got home before me that evening & we were watching the News on TV in
the living room. I parked the other truck & lice trailer in the big barn & came in & sat
down to watch TV. Just as I did the walked in I said "Hi dad." he said "Hey bud,
how did it go today?" I said "Pretty well, I finished things done for today." As we were
talking I saw the opening of the story on the news. I recognized the name it
was about as the guy was from New York City years before. The news reporter said "The notorious Mobster John Gotte
was indicted today on Tax Evasion Charges." I pointed to the TV & said
"Dad that's the same guy I had brunch with in New York City at granddads funeral." Dad said "Ow! a Holy Cow so you really did have brunch with
John Gotte!" I said "Dad still didn't you tell me I'd had brunch with one of the
biggest Mobsters in American History?" & I said "I'm just felt the guys were
very nice. I didn't think there were any. Right?" I said "You Dad that guy it
was for real all right." (as I pointed to THE A. John Gotte on TV, the same way
I had gone to brunch with in New York City in 1985.) Dad said "WOW!"

And that's how I met THE infamously Mobster Mr. John Gotte when
I was just a kid & life went on. (THE END)

by [Steven Adam Miguel Umbrella] [11-13-91] 5AMumbrella, The Short Post on 7-22-2014

Page 27
"Life's RACE." (a poem)

In the human race, NO it's NOT where you START that really matters the MOST.

It's where you FINISH & what you ran for the FATHER, SON & HOLY GHOST! (The end)

"Life's RACE."

by [Steven Adam Miguel Umboltz] [6-1-2015]

"Mustard up your Faith!" (a song) on 6-22-2015

I'm like a little mustard seed, I rest my faith in God.
Then he meets my every need, I never find that odd.

Try being like a mustard seed put ALL your faith in Him.
The Lord will give you what you need, but NOT your sinful whims!

Prayer with faith like mustard seeds can move a mighty mountain.
Its blessings are from God above, they rain down like a fountain!

(Not faith just like a mustard seed. Pray-then trust the Lord.
He'll always take good care of you-Heaven's your reward! (The end)

— Mustard up your Faith! —
"Great People." (A Call to Action)

Great People stand up against Corruption Against All the odds in order to set the Right Standards for others to follow.

Most often we must first Stand Alone in order to set those right Standards.

People who don't take a stand to become a part of the Solution, remain seated as part of the problem that causes the growth and continuation of the Corruption.

There are three types of people in life.

1. Those who make things happen! By taking Action... in the right direction.

2. Those who watch things happen! As a result of their choice of a lack of action!

3. Those who wonder WHAT HAPPENED? After it's too LATE to fix the problem.

Which one are you?

Now Will you take a stand with us Today to HELP STOP CORRUPTION for everyone's best interest?

-- Great People --

by Steven Adam Miguel Umhalto [July 13, 2012]
S.A.M Umhalto The Liberty Post in 11-14-2012
"Gods Poet." 

When they read that Big book of grand Poets of Old,
yes I know my names up there, it's Chiseled in GOLD.
My pens Always smoking, what a sight to be hold,
As I write hard each day & stay up really Late.
So when Alls said I done- The Lord knows- I did Great!

When this pen is laid down for my final big Rest,
I'll go where Gods Poets only Stride with the Rest!

Just to be with King David and Jesus my Lord,
We'll be Singing & Chalking our Pen just like Swords.

I'll be up in Heaven with a solid gold Pen,
At that river of ink where great writings begin!
I'll be writing for God at his mighty Old Throne,
With my family of writers I won't be Alone...

There are writers for God, YES it's great, there's no doubt,
And in Heaven with God there must Never- go OUT!

Now I Thank God each day as I lay down at Night,
Then I'll dream of that day with his Angels in Flight--
As I leave this Oz World and Step Way out of Sight...

Till then please excuse me, I've got Poems to Write, (the end)

Good Night.

"Gods Poet."

"The Great Dean Koontz!" (a poem)

Dean Koontz is an Author of great books, we all know it!
His works are outstanding with the Style of A Poet.
His Stories are glorious, inspiring and Grand.
When you start reading Koontz Books, they just can't leave your hand.

Watch how the Folks in his Stories will All touch your heart.
Once you read a Koontz Book you'll say "Wow Dean sure is SMART!"
All of Koontz Books have their Physique with Unique Appeal.
You'll be kept on the brink as you think, "This Stories REAL!"

His heroes are living mysteries, few end up dead.
I read Koontz every day, and All night propped up in my bed.
"If it's more reading or sleep, I get but a mere wink,
I'll read in the Bathroom while making a stink!"

When it comes to reading Koontz work I'm really no slouch.
Now give me Dean's books on a chair by my good old COUCH! (the end)

——The Great Dean Koontz!——

by [Steven Adam Miguel Umhoft] [21-30-01] S.A.U. Umhoft or 92-2014

"The Brain." (a poem)

Grow in what you know!

—— The Brain.——

by [Steven Adam Miguel Umhoft] [21-30-01] S.A.U. Umhoft or 5-6-2015
“THE Teachers Voice!”  

(Letter to Teacher)

Now as far as "THE APPLE and THE TREE,
my fathers A post-Wow- Look at me!
It was my teacher so here's what I'll do...
I'm writing This poem All About YOU!
Apples for Teachers are still a good Choice,
but "Poems" last longer, like a Rolls Royce,
So here's my poem called "THE Teachers Voice"!

(The Poem) "THE Teachers Voice!"
The Teachers Voice is clear and loud,
Tell facts, bring wisdom to my ears,
This guides my life for many years,
Resolves my problems and my Strife.
The Teachers Voice. He's got me Dad.

May this help don't go with the plot,
Apply yourself out of your Jib,
Then you'll have a called house,
The Teachers Voice may help your Spouse!
If you have Kids they need you, Dear-
For them - the teachers voice is Here!
It helps teach where to laugh and Cry,
Now WHO's the APRIL of your Eye? (The end)

--- THE Teachers Voice ---

"THE Big D.O.C.!!" (a musical play!)

Act I Part I THE SCORE! Page 14

Setting: In a Prison Command center, three officers are sitting in chairs watching security monitors. It's about 5:30 PM just before shift change. Cop says All hips.

C.D. Frank

[SPEAKS] Hey Bill, why I was just thinking. [Starts Singing] Are we loyal & Free with the Big D.O.C. or all slaves to the Beast you can't see? Did you say "What the Heck" just give me the CHECK. [Holds hand up rubbing thumb & fingers like he's got money]
That OLD OATH [holds right hand in air like he's taking an OATH] Don't mean Nothing to ME! [Flicks right hand in a who cares motion]

C.O. Bob

[SPEAKS] Frank, [SINGING] So there any surprise when we're told to tell lies too be a TRAITOR with those most dear. So the'll all have your back when you part of their "FRANK" with the Big D.O.C. what the Heck who needs MORE! [Points to the Badge on his shirt.]

C.D. Frank

[SPEAKS] Bob, thank you. [Starts Singing] As he pretend to march] We Don't Walk Alone we have buddies like strangers who are loyal like us To the Core [Salutes] and with Climax it's like it's just for all the Blue Eyes. IF you were there all supposed be SURE [Barred Arm] So just to trap those Crooks [Starts to act like in a high motion] we use our secret books & make an [BLUE SCREEN] [Flicks arms up in air in a spectacular motion] Then it's so grand their stuck in DR [DR] [Points right hand over shoulder] stuck behind bars they where we keep them All behind A Locked Door!

C.O. Frank

[In a high pitch, almost vocally, From this First Officer's totally done out.] Wow this Job is a DRAIN like a Big Ball & CHAIN!

C.O. Bob

[Cut's Frank off, shrugs head & waves hands like no don't do that]
Here you wait a long time when you sing THAT song because Their used to THAT RAP it's nothing but CRAP and for those who can't HACK it we know they should "PACK IT" & GET when the TRUTH bares their Noses like "YOU KNOW" THAT'S IT! [Holds nose]

Written by [Steven Adam Minor 9/1/13]
"THE Big O.C.!

ACT 1 Part 1

THE SCORE!

Page 2 of 4

CO-Frank 4. EET Together with scrunched up faces! Looking their faces like something really stinks.

WHAT'S THAT SMELL?

Frank, Bob & Joe. Tall together in harmony with arms in air like "The Place!"
WE KNOW THIS JOB'S A REAL LOAD-LIKE A STOPED UP "COMMODE".
But—they give it A FLUSH when they "QUIT"!
[all 3 make a fist with thumb up & wave it over their shoulders like "your out"
in base ball.]

THE END of Part 1 of Act 1

[ent right into Part 2 without stopping or missing a beat.]

[Signature]

[Date: 1-22-2019]
"THE Big D.O.C.!" (a musical play)

ACT 1, PART 2: The Skit

C.O. Bob [In an irritated voice] That's it "I think I QUIT"!
[Gets up, looks at watch & heads off stage with lunch box in hand.]

C.O. Frank [In a voice of disgust] "ME-TOO! I'm OUTA here."
[Grabs lunch box & follows Bob heading off stage.]

Sgt. Luc. [Still sitting, starts to get up & speaks in a tone of concern.]
WAIT FOR ME. I QUIT TOO. I'm gonna go get a "REAL" Job Now-
[As if he just had a eureka moment of thought with an ecstatic joyful expression.]
"HOLD on! I don't feel like a "SLAVE" any more. All of a sudden I feel "FREE"!
[Stands up in Air as if he were a victory.]

C.O. Bob [In a voice of true deep concern as if they are about to change the course of the world.]
"Guys you're making a Big mistake here. How are we going to get all our classmates hiring AWAY from here!"

C.O. Frank [In a voice of true deep concern as if they are about to change the course of the world.]
"And now that Reagan is gonna come back to work A-D-O-C again TOMORROW!"

C.O. Bob [Dramatic.]
"But don't worry."

C.O. Frank [In a voice of deep concern]
"Yeah - it REALLY STINKS here at THE O'CRESS POOL!"

C.O. Bob [In a voice of deep concern]
"OH, I think now I know WHY all "OUR" uniforms are "BROWN" -
"cause that's why the inmates call us "THAT"!"

Sgt. Luc. [In a voice of deep concern]
"Well at least WE'RE not singing & wearing"

C.O. Frank [In a voice of deep concern]
"THE BLUES!"
[Both laugh & slap their thighs as if the funniest thing ever.] "HA-HA-HA-HA!"
"THE Big D.O.C.!" (a musical play)

ACT I, PART 2. THE SKIT! Page 4 of 4

C.O. Bob: Aww cut it out you two. Let's get out of here & go get a drink. I could really use one after today. Do you know how many inmates I had to Pepper Spray?

C.O. Frank: That's nothing I had to make up, so many Dr. 5 today my brain hurts. [Bubs Heads]

Stan: "WHAT Brain?"? [looks at Frank like he's nuts] It is a good thing it's quitting time anyway or we'd be in some REAL "TROUBLE!"

C.O. Bob: Speaking of Trouble... [looks around to see if anyone's watching]

Where is the Wardens anyway? I sure do hope he didn't hear us! Let's hurry up & get out of here! [all 3 look around like they the Wardens watching as they exit stage!]

"THE END of ACT 2 of THE Big D.O.C."

written by [Storey Allin and Veda Hille] [1/13/2011] at Z Umbrella on 1/22/2011
"A Little White Whopper!" (a song)

In Prison with "Superman & Old King Tut's Pop."
They hide behind Nick Names, there's the Cream of the Crop!
Yes the Stories Are Awsum, that lead to their Rap...
I know some of it's True...but a lot's Just Pure CRAP!

Oh their talents Unending, Top "singers" galore---
Their All Howling Bawling when your trying to SNORE***
They had riches & Treasures stacked up like a King,
Just for now their All broke & they don't have a thing.

But the "MONEY" is Coming--Their Ship will Dock SOON.
If you'll loan them a Buck they'll All Tell you the MOON.

They have blood lines from geniuses True King to the Queen!!
Yet it's Half bred Punks, Actors All running their SCENE.
Though it's Crazy in Prison, I have some Relief...
They don't know my real name--So they just call me "Chief!"

If you come to Prison it's a ZOO in this BARN,
You'll fit in with the Crew when you have a good YARN.
Find the World's greatest Nick Name, TELL it with Pride.
As you tell those War Stories of Girls & Hot Rides!

You Too can be Superman, King Tut or his Pop...
With Tons of True Stories where the LIES NEVER STOP!
Get to hear Mary "Whoever"—guess WHO they Just MET?
It's All True—There's NO "LIES"! Now on THAT—I want BET! (The end)

— A Little White Whopper! —

By [Steven Adam Miguel Umlholtz] [U-13081]
S.A.M. Umlholtz, The Liberty Post on 6-8-2015
Page 51 or 37
"NObody CARES!"

(a song)

In Prison where they wear the Badge & your in the Blues-you better know what to do!

Get it All right-"Just Do What you Told"-Cuz NObody Cares About You.

They'll be Yellin' & Shoutin' & Screamin' "Now getcha Butt back in LINE!"

"Strip down Turn Around Squat & Cough" "They'll grind that deep in your MIND!"

The Good ARE on the Shelf-"Its Every Man for hisSELF Now NObody CARES About YOU"

Every mornin' you rise from the Bed get your butt out of Bed as your marched like a kid in SCHOOL.

True, its never that Cool-why you've Come back a Fagg where NObody CARES About you.

There's a thousand Rules for the ol' Blue Fagg but their still grindin' on what they do.

They ALL have a Place & a LOOKOUT for the MAN!"

And NObody CARES About YOU.

He has "THE BADGE" and does it keeps him from gettin' sued- & it Protects what he like and enjoying the Ride.

Because NObody CARES About YOU.

The MAN'S been a Bitch since 1919 they had a TRASH sayin' NObody Cares About YOU! Then its a real B**y back in D.R. C.LIP Thinkin' All this sayin' is True!!

NObody CARES NObody CARES - NObody CARES About YOU!

When you get the RAP sure quit your TRAP because NObody CARES About YOU!

Get on the WALL "Their About the END" NObody CARES What they do...

Then they make it All rough as they LIE About Stuff... but everybody knows they DO, still NObody CARES, NObody CARES, NObody CARES About YOU.

WE moan & groan as WE WALK Alone, Yet Nothin' WE Do can Fly.

But the CO's are SILY - They LIE till they Die... NObody CARES About YOU...

"WELCOME TO PRISON"! (THE END)

-NObody CARES-

by [Steven Adam Miguel Umbellos] [2/13/08] s.a.m. umbellos 5-15-2015
The Morty Mouse D.R. CLUB song!

Come along & jaw the Thang where we get D.R.s for "Free"!
Meet the leader of their Klue who makes up "Lies" with "Lick".
He makes them up & files them high, & doesn't give a "Lick".
That little Prick he makes them Stick, he's Crooked as can "BE"!

Morty Mouse - OH what a HOUSE - He'll forever never tell the Truth -
He only Lies - Lies - Lies!

Morty Mouse has Lies on look - His D.R.'s are All a "CROCK!"
The guy he's got is really "RICH," He says we call him a "B" with an "ITCH"!

So watch your Self - He'll be "STICK";
Cuz Morty's D.R.'s Are "CROOKED" but they STICK! (The end)

— The Morty Mouse D.R. CLUB song! —

by [Student] on [Date]
"Confinements Cry Baby Grievance Man!"  (a song)

It's Mr. Cry Baby, Cry Baby - here to get your list.
Where you tell um All about the reasons that you Pissed.
You put um on paper - send um with the MAN.
He takes um to the Warden fast as if he RAN.
Then you'll be sitting longer really stuck in the CAN.
All a part of their game: you'll SEE...

Back to KANGAROO Court, you will go that's on the house for free!
Frivolous DRS their game get you some.
So you better Shut up & stick your thumb.
Get a few smarts don't be Plumb Dumb.

Go on and Cry Baby Cry Baby you'll see why.
If you ever want OUT of your tears must Dry.
So dry up Cry Baby don't say a word.
Be really Smart and don't be Absurd.

Oh you'll be quiet now and learn to Hush!
Cuz it's always better cuz your brains Aren't Mush.
Whatever you do don't show a Fit and Shout...
And then some day - you might get OUT!

Now don't be stupid with a head full of Rocks,
or you'll stay living forever in "the BOX!"
The only way OUT is really NO SURPRISE...
Just buckle your lip and dry those EYES! (the end)

"Confinements Cry Baby Grievance Man!"

by [Steven Adam Miguel Umboltz] (12-1308) 5AM Umboltz at 2-1-2014
"THE TRUTH & D.O.C. D.R. Court!" (a rap)

In D.O.C. we're Kangaroo through D.R. Court-
they make it Sweet and really Short.

You will NOT win there is NO Chance-
the Whole thing FAKE, it's Just A DANCE.

So don't be loud or Sing the Blues-
Shut your Mouth Just give Adieu.

Don't waste time with your Appeal- Deny's the biggest word... they Squeal!

Their Grandsons in their reply: We know it's All a Big FAT Lie!!

Stay Chambered, Shivers'! Take it: Yes D.R. Court is Full of #***.

Riding All in Blues + Pose + Promise That should Plenty break it Down.

"THE TRUTH just Says you in the FACE: Their whole yaga Just a Big Disgrace!!"

Our Constitution gave Rights. with Treason now They give US Grief.

History tells US what to do... its Red & White Why is it BLUE?
How do whole Nations Join the Fight... We use the Book with wisdom Write!

Tell All across this Nation and get All your Face put TRUTH to Hand.

Then D.R. courts Treason just Might Fall... We may get Justice After All.

But if you do NOT join the Fight - YOU deserve the coming Plight! (the end)

-- "THE TRUTH & D.O.C. D.R. Court!" --
by Steve, Adam, Miguel, and Tony, May 11, 2005
s.m. (waltz) a.m. - 6-2014
"THE TYRANT!" (a Poem)

It's NOT your Job to Judge & harass but merely to Serve & Protect!

For when you Judge the inmates you watch, your NO good to your CATH or duties you Neglect!

There's NO exception to the Rule When you a Threat, you a FOOL!

Dont Hide behind that little badge or Protection it might offer...

Just Do your Job Try it Nice & Don't be an Ignorant, SCOFEER! (the end)

"THE TYRANT!"

by [Signature]
S.A.N.Bell Book 12-23-2019
Prison's Jail House Runarounds! (a song)

Now I'm a really good runaround working for the men in Brown Cleaning things up so they look real GOOD!
Just doing my job-like I know I should!

I work real hard All day and Night To keep it Clean and looking Tight!
I never do things that I should NOT and if I do I don't get "Caught!"

So I'll do my thing like a smart ol' Fox and I'll NEVER end up in THE BOX!
I'll be real Slick and take you to have much just a thing or two, and I'll be likely in the songs in "BLUE"!

No I'm NOT Buying or a System this gig went without a Hitch
Cuz I'm So Smart that you can't CATCH Me-EE-EE... HEE-HEE I'm a runaround! No AND FREE-EE-EE ?

Well that was Fantastic in THE SHORT... Where I'm Shipping to M.B. Court
where they said my island was full of "ROCKS!"
So I'll go STRAIGHT to "YESS" Back To THE BOX,
Thinkin' it was so GOOD Showin' through the "Cracks!"
Till THE Kangas Coin Judge gave me THE MAX! (the end)

--- Prison's Jail House Runarounds! ---

by [Student Name] 12-30-14
"DE-Pens" 4 The Chief in "THE BOX!" (A Song)

The Chief could Yell & Scream & "SHOUT" yes they he knows he'd deal without!
Chief Hates to make a great big Stink--But "could Chief have a Pen with ink?"
Yes Chief sure got some from THE HOST! They were dead, they gave up the Ghost!
Give a desperate Soul Relief, just send DE-Pens back here for Chief.

He'd gladly bye some from "Canttear" not with a $4 & LEAN!
The Chief ain't got a thing to sell, so why must Chief keep Catching Hell?
You know what's really still King Rude! The Chief must Trade for Pens with Food!
Now Pens Are Things You should Provide. The Chief should Not be Pen-Deprived!

Please want you try to do what's Right, don't tell the Chief "go Fly a Kite."
The Chief can smell a Big One if its a Lie & don't want "FLY."
Chief ain't given you the Trouble, Chief just wants you on the "Double."
He's got poetic ways to do just to get DE-Pens From you.

Why must you CIP be Up Tight, in me All Chief does is Think & Write.
Don't have a Stinker, you won't go Bung! His Pen is Cheap & It's No "Jake."
This Pen ain't made of gold, it cost Chief four bits for this Pen to save his ASS!
No Chief What Ask for yours! Cross, His Pen is but a 12 cent Loss.
Now Please be Nice & don't be STICK, just Bring the Chief A Brand New Big "Mission."

-- "DE-Pens" 4 The Chief in "THE BOX!"--

by [Steven Adam Miguel Umboltz] [ID-1308] [email: umboltz@e2-2.com]
"The Underwear Bandits!" (true pandemic story)

Greedy Grady Judd. The main Underwear bandit struck hard one day at the heart of our pants at P.E.T.

He thought he was mighty smart to fool the tight"whities" then he bragged far and wide in the land.

He said "Don't Right I'm mean" Bye your own from "Canteen", or let the wind blow where it may."

So most started squalling and some even calling. But All went Free BELLiNG that day.

Then they Seemed and they wanted to make New Shots by hand, but they just couldn't make 'EM FIT "NEAT".

To the Underwear Taker, they asked "Stick is the Maker" & he makes 'EM Fit Right from A "HEAT"?

All those who weren't rich or just wouldn't pay Stick said "let's tie to Ol'-Stick as we say "Stick you can BET it will take them as "Credit". Then they all tied up or Ol'-Stick of his PAY.

Now Ol'-Stick who was quite gave them a surprise. "PAY up Front.

For New SHOTS" he would say!

So they ordered some more that Stick cut as the Floor and his New work turned out like it came from a STORE.

Here Ol'-Stick worked real hard making Shots by the yard, but he still couldn't get them to PAY.

He said this can't go on. Do nothing but Lie. So I think I'll Shut down the Ol'-Stick.

Let us cry, let us howl, they'll still PAY in Advance, or New Shorts, they won't get ANY MORE. (THE END)

--- The Underwear Bandits! ---

by [Missing Name] [Last Name] [Update on 3-17-2013]
"Korky G. Judd: The Crooked Old Clown!" (Pedic Justice)

Korky G. Judd: The Polk County Clown, was the wickedest Sheriff to ever be found!
As The Underwear Bandit, he sold lots of Drugs,
with his "gang" of Greedy "Bogey" Murderous Thugs!
They did a lot in their Station Keeping TRUTH from THE NATION,
that the FACTS of these CASES are Pure Fabrication!!
Now Korky loves Boasting with Pride & Grandeur,
But everyone knows Korky's Full of MANURE.

When Korky G. men killed an innocent man,
Korky came up with a COVER-UP PLAN.
He got on TV and here's what he said...
"We killed him with bullets, you bet he's dead,
And we only Stopped Shootin' Cuz we ran Out of LEAD!"

"Then he paid off the mother with lots of Hash MONEY."
"In his sick little mind, Korky thought this was FUNNY!"
"Then there's the story of the 14 year old girl,
Korky knocked up so he gave her a Twirl!"

So She took Korky's Baby and laid out of STATE,
with the Drug Money Korky kept on her plate.
Then Korky started a brand new thing.
He was "Screwing" the Nation with his Kiddy porn Sting.
He'd send people Emails who had a clue,
then he'd stick 'em real hard with a 40 year "SCREW!"
Corruption in Power was Korky's Bu Plan," and he used it quite well in the Ku Klux Klan!
We know Korky's Crooked & he sells lots of dope,
we'd like to see Korky swing dead,
from the Federal Rolls. Thus This would be Justice & Liberty DUE,
that would keep ol' Korky from Screwing you TOO!
Now we Do Have a CURE that's in our SELECTION...
"Kick Korky Judd OUT". Come Next re-ELECTION! (The end)

by Steve Adam: Mynd Ulbfot. [16.5.2008] can't remember our 4-3-2013
"The Polk County Pumpkin Patch." (a song)

If you come down South to Big MOUSE LAND,
Don't come near Polk or you'll join the KLAN,
where they lock you up and toss away the key.

Trapped in The Polk County Pumpkin Patch,
We're stuck in here with an itch to scratch,
We'd like to see that 'Sheriff' locked up too.

You can bet we'll all get real excited,
After Grady audits indicted,
When the Federal Boys hand Grady what he's 'Due'.

They gladly we'll all sort the story,
Tell how Grady fell face down and all of the crimes he used to do,
Like all those Grady Sticks to stick the girl knocked up, yeah, Prison's Hell.

We hope he goes to a Goo goo's Paradise, where he gets bars
And Prison later, for being a creep and a big D'Liar...
That's the place for Grady, not for me.

So, turn me loose in the Southin' Sun,
I'll grab my family and watch us run,
Right out of Polk in a place that's FREE!

STAY OUT of Polk IT'S FULL of 'TRASHY'!

---The Polk County Pumpkin Patch---

[Steven Adam Miguel Umboltz] 6-13-2013
"Bad News Crews!" (very long song) part 1/3

Ladies & gentlemen, hobos & tramps, cross-eyed flies & bowlegged ants—
pull up a chair, sit on the floor. Please pay attention as you try not
to snore, for I bring you a tale I know will amuse. Now here,
is the story of "Bad News Crews!"

He's a warden in Florida at M.A.O.C.T. where his staffs All related
and THE RULES don't apply, so they make up their own and say it will FLY—
yet when asked for the Truth—they do nothing but lie!

Now at least once a month Chris goes on inspection with his brown
Clown brigade in pretense of inspection. They go through each dorm
like a royal parade. And when a big stick like they found some
explosives were in nothing but just the stuff on wrong places—
"We knew it!" [jeers] "Nothing on their faces!"

Where you got time—M.A.O. will NOW All Your Out where your locked in "The Box"
without a doubt it's your best friend, but you do get railroaded through
"DR. Keangan Court" where they briefly see a C.O.'s testimony. That's
Nothing but a joke—All in Bologna, So with "Justice" at
M.A.O. we All got the "Crews" from the Warden, well known AS
"Bad News Crews!"

That O'Corahane Davis who drives to show us, "He Works US
To the Bone!" His captives, well, as Sergeants, grope and All the
C.O.'s grope! He's got them Swellly—He's such an out-Straight—They all confess this place a Mass, He drives them All INSANE!!
When he's at work he loves to search & hear us All complain, Yes
he's the Master—Oh, disaster—"Colonel Davis—What a Pain!"
He rots for Dallas but runs this Palace like he's a Seminole Chief.
So we're All in Stride From him we Hide it, Colonel Davis—
"OH GOOD GRIEF!"

by [Signature]

[Date: 2/22/2013]
"Bad News Crews!" (a very long song) page 2 of 3

And Captain Ship he will not slip, his duty he does fine;
So watch your step when he's aboard or he'll bust your behind.
There is no doubt he seeks a lion on the prowl,
When caught he sprayed - took on parade - he'll listen to your howl.

Yes it might be an hour, you'll get a cold shower & water like a wind blown leaf,
So next time think don't make a big stink & never give the Captain grief.
Then it's back to your cell in these - a spell with a cold gray bucket of floor.
We know it's real stuff ship takes all your stuff but he chuckles that up on his score.
Relief will come quick, when your jaws don't get stuck the rear quantum won't be hard.
Pure Silence is golden to the Imm sort of sound when Ship sends you back to the Yard.

When you see Sergeant Campbell you'll notice he's black,
Now don't let that fool you he's the head of their Pack.
We know Sergeant Campbell will do what is right,
Especially when most of his comrades are white.

There's things about Campbell you'll all find out later,
Does he like the white man or does he hate our GATORS!
Ol' Campbell's quick with a really great smile,
Just don't piss him off, he'll trash your stuff in a pile.

You'll go back to confinement with nothing to do,
Where your butt will be freezing & your face turn blue!
Oh you'll get a writing and Ol' Campbell's real slick,
So don't try to buck it, cuz the damn thing will stick!

When you see Sergeant Campbell remember one thing... Show respect to Ol' Campbell, pretend he's a king!
"Bad News Crews!"  (a very long Saga) p0n3 3d 3

When C.O. Moseley is around, he's always joking like a clown.
Now watch your mouth with him don't; stop, he'll give you a first lesson. Hating few he likes to poke, when your the butt of his big joke.
Yes, Moseley loves to be real loud & always draws a great big crowd.

He never leaves without a bang, with pride he'll laugh & let you hang.
"If you see Moseley, please don't strike, always the word, just look & smile!"
Let's beat ol' Moseley at his game, I'll shut my mouth. PLEASE do the same!

Last ol' king, he was a mean old sole of a boot up your keester was he.
He'd pass out D.R.'s like sugar. Sighs and the biggest false witness had he.
They had tell a lie, and his story would fly. For the truth we all know is that C.O. Moseley mil he is crooked as he.

So those in Congress had no assignment for all of the truth we found.
In the court they say, "Amoeba, the solution, so the crooked C.O. never don't!"

Now in Federal court, they had no report.
So they surely fessed up to their crime!
There the truth did come out: we gave guilty shout.
And they all got the maximum time -
In the Federal pen, THE END! (the end)

--- Bad News Crews! ---

by Steven Adam Miguel Umholtz [1/30/81] 5/4/42 Umholtz aw 7/22/2013
THE FOOLS!

(a song)

The Fools, the Fools and their "MONEY"...
In prison they all surely part!
Quickly their pockets are emptied.
Then they sit around like old farts!

Most of them look real pathetic.
Not one has a true smiling face.
They gripe and swear, yet no one cares,
how all of them are a "disgrace"!

End of their "pain", the best in the grave.
Each day their all riches "Tales BLOWN"!!
Put on some gloves, give them a SHOVE...
Decrepit these OLD ZOMBIES, STINK!

I thought this OLD FOOL was LAZY...
Turns out he's "Fool" for the Daisies.
He just sat there, on a dead stair...
Driving us nuts, now that's "CRAYZI"!

So, Thanks to THAT "Fool" and his "Geems"--
he'll take a "Dirt Trip" with the "WORMS" (to end next)

THE FOOLS!

by [Steven Adam Aguilles Unholtz] [11-13081]
S.A.M Unholtz on 6-11-2015
"STOP Tyranny."

Now why'd this COP get on your tail?
your thinking "CAAAAP I might get NAILED!"

His lights came on, your getting STOPed.
Now your $CREWED and you may get POPed!

You broke NO "Law" there was NO Crime!!
Why are you Jailed and waisting Time?

"That COP harassment you HATE A MUCK, for making you to make A BUCK."

Your answer said "BAD LIBEL" tight...
"Well get found, your out tonight."

So you got a "MILITARY" FEE.
"Listen the one that broke the RULES"?

"Are the Scourge, like the "MASTER"!
"A Badge,ring, Gun, DRIVER."

"The $10.00 fine are CROOKED Too."
That Court they are, R. KANGAROOOD.

IE JUSTICE worked with Liberty...
they'd get lockedup and you'd go Free!

"Here's the TRUTH and it's NOT FUNNY!!
There's NO JUSTICE!, JUST-PAY-MONEY." (please)

"STOP Tyranny."

by [Signature]