

DISCOVERED! Paris Hilton's Prison Diary

Written by Mali Perl



The following was discovered by the crackerjack blackmailers and thieves at [Industry Nexus](#)

Day 1-5: *(reported by inmates)* Hysterical sobbing, accompanying by alternating cries of “Mom!,” “Why me?” and “I’m too hot to be in prison.”

Day 6-8: *(reported by inmates)* Sniveling, looking for mirrors. Found mirror, screamed at state of hair extensions/roots/pores, rushed back to cell and hid under scratchy blanket.

Day 9: *(Paris’s own handwriting, spelling errors corrected)* Seeing Nicki, Mom and Dad calmed me down. That, and the Valium.

Day 11: There’s a library with old copies of US Weekly from last year 2006. Happier times. Also, how come we all keep dating the same boys?

Day 12: I started thinking about what I should do when I get out. I meant what I said to Barbara, I need to be a better person. This has happened to teach me a lesson about growing up, taking responsibility and owning up to who I am. Instead of using my celebrity for freebies, I should think about helping other people. Like Angelina, except with dogs instead of kids. And she ended up with Brad while Jen's with nobodies. So helping other people...oooooh, lunch. I hope it's pizza again.

Day 15: My new cornrows are so hot. I thought that it might be a little too Federline but Tisha convinced me that I need a new post-prison look, like Martha Stewart. Also, the girls taught me how to hotwire a car (so helpful!) and I told them how to make your boobs seems ten times bigger. Then, we did a rap version of "Stars are Blind." Remix!

Day 16: Today, the girls and I traded tips about self-defense because it doesn't matter whether you're from Compton or Beverly Hills, you have to know how to protect yourself from frenemies. They showed me how to cut someone with keys or a ring and I showed them how to cut a bitch down with a nasty look or mean comment about her outfit. I'm going to have them follow me like Gwen's Harajuki chicks!

Day 19: I'm almost done with the world religions thing. I thought that I would find something that really spoke to who I want to be. Judaism is way too much work. I liked the idea of being Catholic – I have lots of crosses and confession sounds like fun (those little booths are just like Hyde's VIP), but it seems like I'd be confessing every day, which would cut into "me time." Buddhism sounds really cool and chanting's kinda like singing but all that sitting...it'll wrinkle my Dolces. I think I'm going to stick with what I've got.

Day 21: I'm glad that Lindsay's out first because then everyone'll want to compare us and they'll look at that overtanned, drunk slut and me, looking all glowing and wiser, and people'll realize that jail is way harder than Promises. I mean, I had to eat Wonderbread.

Day 23: I'm going in like 10 minutes. I really think this experience has totally changed me. I

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talked to people that I usually don't even drive in their neighborhoods and I realized that they're just like me, and that even though I am a Hilton, I'm also part of the universe and I need to be more...OMG, Stavros is here! I bet he totally wants to get back together. I need to check my hair.

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She prefers not to divulge the details of how this was smuggled out except to say that rubber gloves were a necessary accessory.