

located for washing the mops and brush their teeth in there.(?) Finally, there is the last 5% of guys who aren't going to allow themselves to be institutionalized. Take a guess where I brush mine.

I'm sorry, but I just don't understand the sanitation part of spitting that stuff in the toilet, having it splash up on to the seat and then smearing it all over the seat with some toilet paper to wipe it off. Remember, someone's going to be sitting on that later, butt I have never heard of anyone sitting in a sink.

At 8:12 a.m. they finally called for education and let five other guys and myself out of the quad. We all made our way out to the main cross walk of the yard where a line of other inmates from other dorms going to their assigned tasks all waited to be patted down and searched by one of the officers. It was a quick little pat down from collar to socks and I proceeded down the sidewalk to come up on the end of a new line waiting to go through a gate. While standing there, I noticed the two guys in front of me giggling and pointing as they looked back at the crosswalk we had all just been searched at. My curiosity finally won over, so I nonchalantly turned around to see what was attracting their attention. It was one of the search officers that was about as wide as she was tall with breasts so big that when she reached from behind a guy to check him out they rubbed up and down against his back. This really seemed to turn them on by some of the statements they were making. I rolled my eyes as I turned my head forward again just in time to see each of them wiping the sides of their mouths.

After the line made it through the gates, I headed straight for the GED room in the education building. Once inside I took a look at the day's lesson that I was to teach and then wrote on the board the time the class was to start.

As far as teaching goes, I always teach for about an hour on different areas concerning mathematics that the students will need to be familiar with to pass the GED. This day was no different.

After finishing, I had an hour to spare before going back to my cell. So I sat down at one of the computers and dabbled around for a while and also answered any questions any students had while working at theirs.

The hands reached 11:00 a.m. on the clock and we all went through our maze of walkways back to our cells for our 11:30 count. The count time can vary from 45 minutes to one hour and 15 minutes, depending on how many times it takes these morons to count us correctly. It's a time I usually like to get in a nap,

but just as I'm about to doze off the officers come in with their order to sit up. So I might get in about ten minutes of escape.

The doors opened again, startling me to awake. I got up rather slow, because I was already dressed and we weren't going to be called out for lunch for about a half hour. While waiting, I worked on a crossword puzzle and also stood out in front of my cell (2nd story) to see the guys who watch soap operas all stare at the T.V. in a trance.

Tough ass criminals watching soap operas you ask? Yes, it's true. Don't get me wrong; I think it's darling. I guess it just never crossed my mind. I guess I now know what these guys who call home every night have to talk about.

Our turn to eat finally came and after a trip through the sally port, maze of sidewalks and movement gate I found myself waiting in line along side of the chow hall. The line seemed to have a steady pace of about 2 feet per minute, with a length of 30 feet, nothing really to complain about. Then I couldn't help but to notice the guy in front of me finding it necessary to spit every so often. After a few minutes I became aware he did it about every 45 seconds.

"YES! I TIMED HIM! OKAY?"

I see guys like this all the time and can't help but to think to myself, "What the hell is he doing in chow line if he can't even swallow?"

Upon entering the chow hall, everything basically looked the same as before at breakfast, except that the officer who stands at the serving window had been called away for a couple of minutes. I didn't give it a second thought, because I figured he was just there to watch the general area of any problems. Well, I learned something new that day, if that officer isn't there you have a bunch of immature idiots that can't be trusted and will take 2 or 3 trays of food. It's amazing how these are the same guys who complain how they should be released and trusted out on the streets.

When I finished my meal (or shall I say when my time ran out) I headed out toward education, but not without first being stopped by the officer at the exit door. He pat me down real quick and informed me to pull up my pant legs so he could see if I had tucked any food in my socks. I thought to myself, "Yeah, right. Like I'm going to try and sneak any of this food out of here."