

Upon arriving at the education building I reached into my folder and pulled out my chocolate cookie, so I could enjoy it and not have to inhale it. When I finished, I basically did the same as earlier that morning, but the only difference was I had a different group of students to teach.

Four o'clock finally arrived, so we all got the computers shut off, lights out and made our ways back to our cells for 4:30 count. During the 4:30 count, I untied my laundry bag, got my whites all folded and placed them all in my locker. The rest of the time was spent playing some cards.

When the doors reopened I figured it was going to be a wait pretty much like the wait for lunch. Unfortunately, someone came up with the idea to play dominoes. So four guys sat down at the metal table in the corner of our quad and began playing.

Now, let me explain just exactly what this involves and why it is so #*%@!\$& annoying.

First, this is once again a time that prisoners find it necessary to yell back and forth at each other while only sitting three feet apart. Second, for some strange reason they find it necessary to slam the dominos on the table rather than just put them down. (Ex. Eric takes domino and slams it against desk. After waiting for class to get fingers out of ears he does it again.) I checked the directions and nowhere did I read that you have to slam them. I asked someone about it back when I first came to prison and they explained that it was a form of an intimidating thing. I was like, "Oh of course. That makes all the sense in the world." (Said in a sarcastic tone)

So while guys are trying to watch T.V. (SLAM), read a book (SLAM), write a letter (SLAM), take a nap (SLAM), or just keep their sanity (SLAM), these dumb asses find it necessary to annoy everyone else in the quad. Remember, we're in a room that has concrete floors and walls, so the noise echoes throughout. I'm hoping I'll get used to it within about twenty years, but I can't help but to think how these are the same guys that complain because they're not treated with respect.

Our turn for dinner finally arrived and I headed out for chow when the officer let us out of the quad. As I was reaching the chow hall I glanced over at the pill line and to my dismay saw a line that I knew would take me an hour to get through.

Nothing too exciting about dinner: it's the meal I hate the most. Sometimes I don't even like the smell of the room at dinner and I didn't get to enjoy any tray robbers or spitters.

When I finished, I walked out to the pill line, waited in it for about an hour and twenty minutes, took my medication and headed back to my quad. It was only around 6 o'clock p.m., but the thought of my day being over was already going through my mind, because I wouldn't be getting outside again until tomorrow, except on Wednesday nights when I go to this class called Respect Class. It's a class for disturbed students who need counseling help from prisoners like us. I'm just glad I can do my part to help them.

I had about two hours before the master count at 8:00 p.m., so I decided to take my shower and do some reading. Fortunately there was a shower available, so it wasn't a night of trying to get into a shower and hearing guys say, "Hold up man, I already called that shower" and wondering in the back of my mind if he was just lying to my face.

Just to clarify things here a little, the master count is a count where not only do we have to sit up and look pretty for the officers, but we also have to say our name and DC number.

Upon completion of my shower I grabbed my cellmates magazine, hopped into my bunk and tried to let my mind go off into the realm of civilization. Unfortunately, those dominoes keep reminding me of where I am. (**Slam**)

After about 45 minutes of reading I got up to walk around and stretch. I came across a couple of guys that I knew and tried to look interested in talking to them, but fortunately I didn't succeed. Then after pacing around a little, I went over to a pole to lean against and watched about five minutes of T.V.

Notice I said watch.

This is because unless there is a show on that has somehow caught everybody's interest, there is going to be too much noise between loud talking and domino slamming to hear enough of the show to appreciate it. For this reason, I only watch T.V. if it is a movie I've seen about five times, or if it is on channel 6, because I can get that channel on an A.M. station on my Walkman radio.

When 8 o'clock arrived the officer said over the intercom, "**Count time!**" and once again I went to my cell and pulled the door locked behind me.