

September 4, 2012

---

### Prison Woes: The so called "Cell-mate"

The person you have to do your time with really makes a big difference in, well, everything.

This guy I've got in the cell now is a very sick dude, and racist as hell to boot (he's African-American and he hates whites--blaming them for all of his shortcomings). Now, me, I'm not racist. In fact, I'd marry outside my race with no problem--my first wife was biracial with a father from Mexico and an Irish mother. I've got nothing against blacks; but it doesn't seem to matter here because for many inmates race is the line divider of their little clicks and gangs.

It seems to me though that many of them put it up as a front, a defense mechanism if you will, to fit in with others and feel safe. It just so happens that the race division seems to happen at an almost subconscious level.

Maybe it's nobodies fault.

Maybe it's everyones.

But me personally I'm not part of any click, or any "gang" of any kind. I prefer to stay away from all of that. I'd much rather read a good book.

Which is something my 42-year-old cell-mate can't do by the way--read a good book, or anything for that matter. Oh he can read a little, but not enough really to function correctly in society ... and he gets out in like twenty months.... In here for shoplifting. Which is another complaint of his, that SCDC has put him, a level-1 custody inmate, in the cell with me, a level-3 custody inmate--something that's not suppose to be done. And I think there lies the heart of my problem with him: he's purposely attempting to provoke me into smashing in his already messed up face, so he can sue the state. But I'm not the violent person Anderson has made me out to be in their uneducated allegations, nor am I stupid enough to fall for this guys tricks. He'll get not one penny from SC on my behalf.

Fist thing he bragged about when he came in is how he got a monthly check from the state for being, as he put it in his thick accent, "retarded". Says he has an IQ of 64.

"I got 200, maybe 300 thou in the bank," he said.

"Then why didn't you get a lawyer?" I asked.

"State gave me one fo free!" he bragged.

"Well, then, why were you stealin' shirts from the mall?" I asked, sorta purposely being a smartass.

Thing is, the guy smells like a week-old boiled egg freshly peeled. Seriously, he wears the same uniform every day, and has not showered, washed his hands, or brushed his teeth since I've met him. He's a true self-pronounced crack-head from the street. Like the ones that play chicken with cars in Anderson at about three in the morning (when crack-heads are pretty much the only thing out).

Maybe that's where his smell comes from?