

Dear Readers

11-24-13



Hello, how is everyone? Sorry for the lack of new updates but my work has kept me away. To those reading "Happy Turkey Day!" Someone left a comment on my last update about a friend of mine who passed away. They said to write about him and I thought that to be a great idea.

We called him "Little Chris" or rather just "Chris", he was native, a Lakota and more mature than I, even though I was older by a month or so.

It happened during a lockdown, "Count" as they called it. I was watching T.V. through our cell window. Chris and my other celly, who I call Atai, were planning a prank. Chris was planning to give me a "Red Dot" to the back of my head. (A red dot is when you strike someone hard enough with either a tennis ball or a hand ball, that it leaves a red spot where it hit you. Hand balls work best.) I was unaware of the attack heading my way. As I watch my show, I had a creak in my neck, so I popped my neck, not hearing the ball hit the door. I began to hear laughing behind me. When I turned to see what was going on I saw Chris holding his face. Puzzled I asked what had happened. Apparently when I popped my neck, the timing was so perfect that the ball that Chris launched at my head had shot back at him, striking his face full force and in such a way that it hit the center of his glasses causing both lenses to fly off, out of the frame.

I told him it was his greatest shot he ever did.

Let Tell next time.