



Prison Chronicles:
The Pleasant Breakdown
Part I
"Buffoon"

The Breakdown is not based on theory, assumptions, second or third-hand knowledge or outside looking in scenarios.

Every twinkling eye of the breakdown is based on true knowledge and personal, first hand knowledge, observations and issues that i have witnessed and some that i have personally gone through myself, during my stay in the state prison system.

There are no rewards, let alone that of grandeur of fulfillment, when one is belittling himself to the tune of animated buffoonery for one cause or the other. Being fallible does not suggest we continue a futile attempt at not achieving; no matter the achievement we are attempting to reach, unless we are attempting to attain that staunch level of buffoonery.

To question our integrity is in no way disrespectful to us; but to yourself if you do not.

On the flip side, when everything is taken away from you and you are handed a small bar of soap, a single razor and a single roll of toilet paper...for a week, as your supplies, and your daily meals, your main course, is served from a six inch spoon, how much dignity would you expect to have thereafter?

There are multiple levels, layers and depth we will sink to to make ourselves look bad, without even trying. Some of us do it without giving a damn whether we offend our mothers and fathers. Truth is, they'll never know, because that is the one part of our integrity we will never speak to them about when it comes to speaking about our incarceration. We would never tell them just how degrading we were.

^{Sam, 1977}
This is an unspoken amongst the incarcerated: "My mind is strong like steel. My will, unbending. I fully control my own thoughts and laughter" This one is from society: "They can take away my freedom; never my dignity or integrity."

Both sayings are...false!!!

Simply put, we are all fallible. Some of us succumb to acts of buffoonery so easily that it simply is degrading to the natural cosmos of our all natural being. And is so shameful to our family and friends that we should be ashamed ourselves, but we are not.

These acts and mannerism, hidden in plain sight, can only be described by one word...aucourant because, those who so willingly indulge in these animated acts are already informed of this low level of self-ignorance, through their very own full conscious of this knowledge yet, they move forward and continue to belittle themselves on the grandest scale and shame their families good name and for what benefit?

None other than the full arousing pleasure and comfort of those who, through their repugnant laughter, gainfully and repeatedly call the act a buffoon over and over. These so-called secrets may be discovered, not by family, but by a damn good anthropologist who may stumble upon these acts of buffoonery.

I have personally witnessed these so-called thugs, gangmembers, hardcore con's, Hulk's, Tarzan's, and Supermen, with their strong hold on their convictions, blatant disregard for themselves, others, and especially authority, without being requested to do so, break all the way down to their lowest skinning and grinning level, with no regard or gaurd for their own dignity and proceed to act childlike in the form of a huge buffoon. These acts do not in no way change a persons life for the better.

Quote: Everyone has the ability to disappoint someone else...why continue to disappoint yourself?



By reading "the breakdown", this will more than likely be as close as you'll ever get to learning just how much of a buffoon your loved one was in prison, and how he/she lost her/his morals, dignity and integrity; real names withheld, of course.

Case in point: Porter Pete stumbles over his own dignity; defeating his very integrity; skinning and grinning along the way, to come to the aide of any CO who summons an inmate for labor.

Whenever a trash can needs emptying, a floor needs mopped, window needs cleaning or boots need a shining, Porter Pete flies to the rescue. Quite frankly, there are many Porter Pete's throughout the prison system and they do not mind brownnosing.

But, this time, Porter Pete, temporarily lost his scruples, fundled himself in front of a female medical staff member and thought, because he is Porter Pete, that he would escape persecution but, it was not ment to be and Porter Pete found himself escorted to the hole, by the very CO's he was making a fool of himself for, and the dirtiest thing was, they did not mind at all hauling Porter Pete off to the hole. The craziest thing was, Porter Pete was the only one surprised those officers was doing thier job by taking his ass off where he belonged in the first place. The argument could be had that Porter Pete got what he deserved. Simply, because, some would argue that Porter Pete did not have any business being a boot licker. Some may have wanted Po Porter Pete out of their way so they could step in and take over and be the next Porter Pete. And still, some just may say, fuck Porter Pete. The important thing is, what would all of the Porter Pete's family think of what they do, how they degrade



themselves and receive nothing in return; most times, not even a smile from the ones the Porter Pete's are trying to please; something they rarely achieve?

If you think about it for a minute second, it's like a double edged sword with the Porter Pete's, in the dull sense of the word.

On one hand, you see a guy running behind another guy; waiting on him like Tide getting the word out about its master.; washing and ironing his master's clothes, cleaning his bed area, carrying his canteen bag; simply catering to his master's every whim, etc, etc.

A hardcore convict would look at this Porter Pete with disgust and shame; thinking of him as a mole of a weakling; an ass kissing donkey butt wipe, dick-wad, smack piece of shit.

On the other side of the sword, if you came from Porter Pete's way of life; nothing, and the only way you could get and have anything, to survive, is to kiss ass and wash other peoples underwear, or you'll have nothing, you would not only see a guy helping out but also trying to keep his head above water; a guy who doesn't mind hustling to eat.

For Porter Pete did things that served no purpose; didn't feed him or anything of the sort.

Instead, Porter Pete went off to the hole; an isolated cell away from the rest of the general population; a place where you are mostly alone with your thoughts; not a real hole in the ground, but a cell with a bunk bed to sleep on; sit on.

There was no possible way Porter Pete was helping himself or the female he fondled himself in front of, or there would never have been a report submitted in the first place.

But, as outlandish as the situation of embarrassment was, perhaps being in the hole will help Porter Pete re-adjust his outlook on how he should carry himself from here on out. And not be a jackass forever.

