

mi86

chellex6

Between the Bars just mailed me a copy of the question you posted which you were wanting to know what my "day to day life is like." Besides respond though, I'd like to first say thanks, not just for taking the time to read what I've written, but also for taking the time to ask me a question.

As far as wanting to know what my "day to day life in here is like" that depends, in large part, on a number of factors. First, no two days here are alike. For example, we might wake up at 6 in the morning to find it's foggy outside. One day, the prison might run as "normal" (whatever that means), but another day, they might decide to do an emergency count, though they just finished a count right before the 6 a.m. shift-change. Another day, they might choose to count everyone in their cells, the next day they might allow the "critical workers" to report to their job assignment, come to work there. There's simply no method to their madness, and, as a result, there's no set routine to life in here.

Still, regardless of what time the day gets started, or how it gets started, my days have a fairly predictable routine. I go to my job assignment in the California Prison Industry Authority's (CALPIA, or PIA) Knitting Shop where they manufacture the socks and the material used to manufacture t-shirts for the entire State of California's prison population. I function as both the Parts Clerk, and the electronics technician, and my days at work are filled with a variety of tasks related to managing about a million dollars worth of inventory and trouble shooting whatever electrical issues we come across to have.

Although I'm considered to be a computer wizard by my peers, Microsoft Access is a program that, until a few months ago, I'd never used. I didn't have any experience in the electronics field, so when I'm not at work, I'm reading anything and everything I can get my hands on, trying to improve upon the skills I'm rapidly acquiring.

Besides working and studying, I do a lot of handicraft work, I make jewelry out of beads. In fact, if you'd like, some of my stuff was posted on my blog a little while ago, or you can send me an email at [shawnlperrot@hotmail.com](mailto:shawnlperrot@hotmail.com) and a friend of mine will send you some pictures (I don't have Internet access, but I do have a trusted friend who monitors for me.)

To read what I wrote, life behind bars might seem pretty boring, I assure you that's not the case. This, however, isn't meant to imply that in prison is exciting, because nothing could be further from the truth. Things can happen which changes up the daily routine, but that doesn't necessarily mean that what's happening is fun or exciting.

I remember one time, we were woken up early in the morning by a shout from the officer to evacuate the building because of a "gas leak." Not knowing any better, we all did as we were told, after which time the officers started coming around and closing all of the cell windows.

I might not be any sort of expert in the gas field, but closing windows to keep the gas in makes absolutely no sense to me at all. Closing windows in doesn't just mean that the gas can't escape, it also means that the gas fumes continue to build up, making any chance for an accidental explosion all but inevitable. As a few of us were sitting around, discussing speculations, they made the announcement to prone out.

No explanation was given, but most of the guys were foolishly thinking that a fire truck was about to come on the yard, presumably to shut off the gas, but I knew better. I didn't yet know what they were up to, but by that time, I knew that it didn't have anything to do with a gas leak. Sure enough, a few minutes later, police officers from the streets started walking on the yard with their canine companions, dogs that were used to search each and every cell.

Personally speaking, I'd much rather have the dogs up in my cell than see an officer rummaging through everything I own. Not only are the dogs fast and out with amazing quickness, but if you don't have anything in there for them to smell in the first place, then you don't have anything to worry about.

Still, to search an entire prison yard is going to take several hours and it was only a matter of time before people needed to use the bathroom either because they genuinely had to go, or because they were hoping to find their contraband. At first, the officers refused to allow anyone to move, no matter how bad they wanted to go, but not everyone was willing to take no for an answer. Sure enough, after an hour or so, one of the guys couldn't hold it any longer, and when he asked, he too was told "no." Rather than accept their answer though, he chose to turn over on his side, whip it out and drop it onto the ground next to him.

They didn't even wait for this poor guy to finish. As soon as they saw what he was up to, they came right over and sprayed him with a dose of pepper spray. Everyone started screaming and yelling, and for a minute, I thought there was going to be a riot or something, but they cuffed him and dragged him off to the hole with his pants still around his ankles.

No sooner did he leave the yard then they decided what maybe they start letting us use the bathroom.

The day was far from complete though. A few minutes after that, started stripping us all out on the yard, right in front of God and ever As you might imagine, it was only a matter of time before someone refus strip out in front of the women who had all suddenly appeared from now and before you knew it, he was in a fight to defend his honor, such as it

Believe it or not, this sort of thing, the completely unexpecte plain out unusual, happen on a regular basis inhere, which is why it's ha describe a typical day. Simply put, there's no such thing as a typical Everything changes from one moment to the next. You just never know wh expect, and this can make things extremely tense, and that's puttin mildly. And when you have a tense environment full of tense guys, well, t can go South at the drop of a hat.

The example I just gave might sound extreme, like a once in a lif event, but I assure you that it's not, but now you can see what I mean w say that life in here, although far from exciting, isn't exactly bc Boring implies a daily routine, no deviation, and a predictable routine i one thing we **never** have in here.

Another reason for the variety in day to day life behind bars if be of a person's programming choice. For example, someone such as myself chooses to spend his days trying to prepare for his impending releas going to have less problems than someone who's involved in gang acti selling drugs or getting high. Those are the guys who like to go a thinking that they actually own a piece of prison real estate, and who there's some sort of pride to be found in fighting to defend it.

If you've got any more questions, or want to hear anything else, p feel free to ask. I wasn't sure just how detailed you wanted me to get, refrained, for the time being, from discussing all of the senseless ac violence that take place in prison on a daily basis, why they take plac why certain inmate groups have the rules they have. Likewise, if yo anyone else for that matter, happens to be interested in making a f through the mail, I'm more than ready, willing and able.

Shawn L. Perrot CDCR# V-42461  
CMC-East Cell# 6326  
P.O. Box 8101  
San Luis Obispo, CA 93409-8101

[shawnlperrot@hotmail.com](mailto:shawnlperrot@hotmail.com)