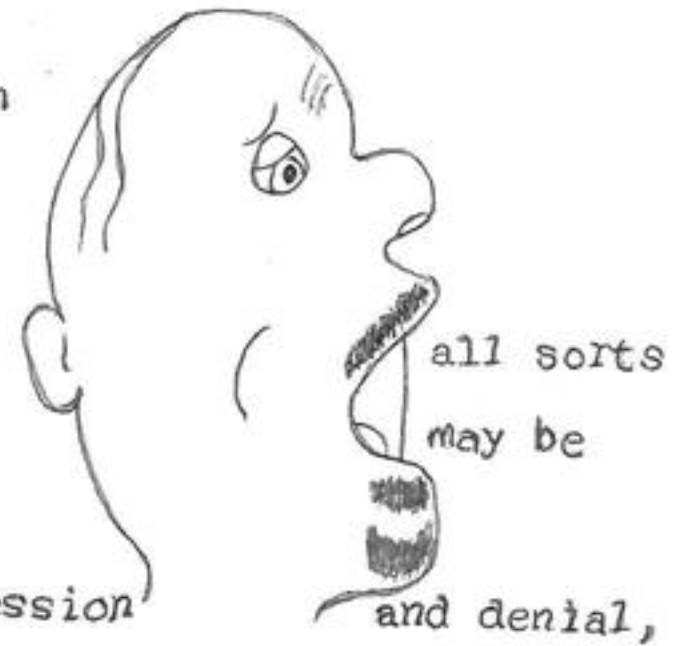


Prison Chronicles:
The Pleasant Breakdown
Part II

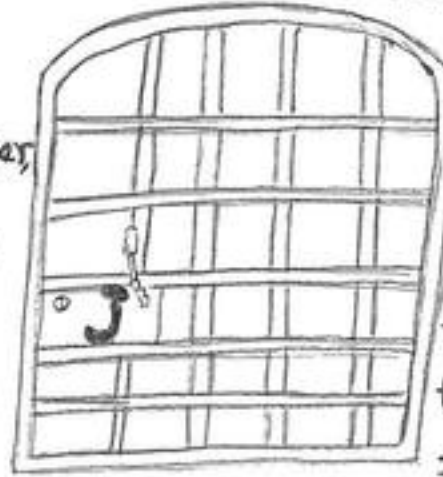


When we initially get locked up, we go through of emotions, series by series. Hate because we unaware that we hate

ourselves, just to more We have rejection and being

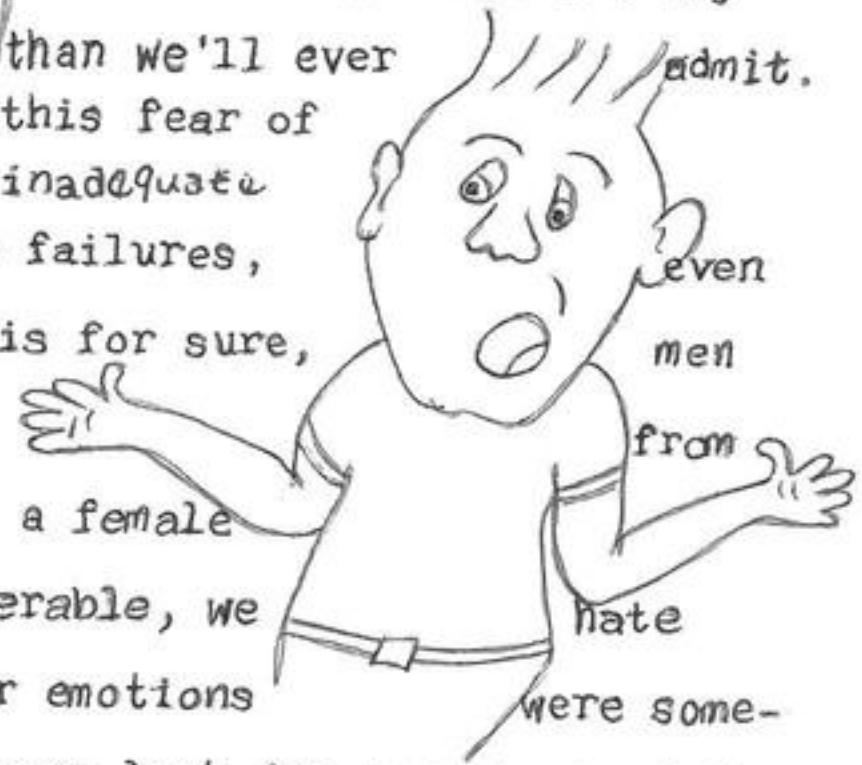


rage, anger, name a emotional always had



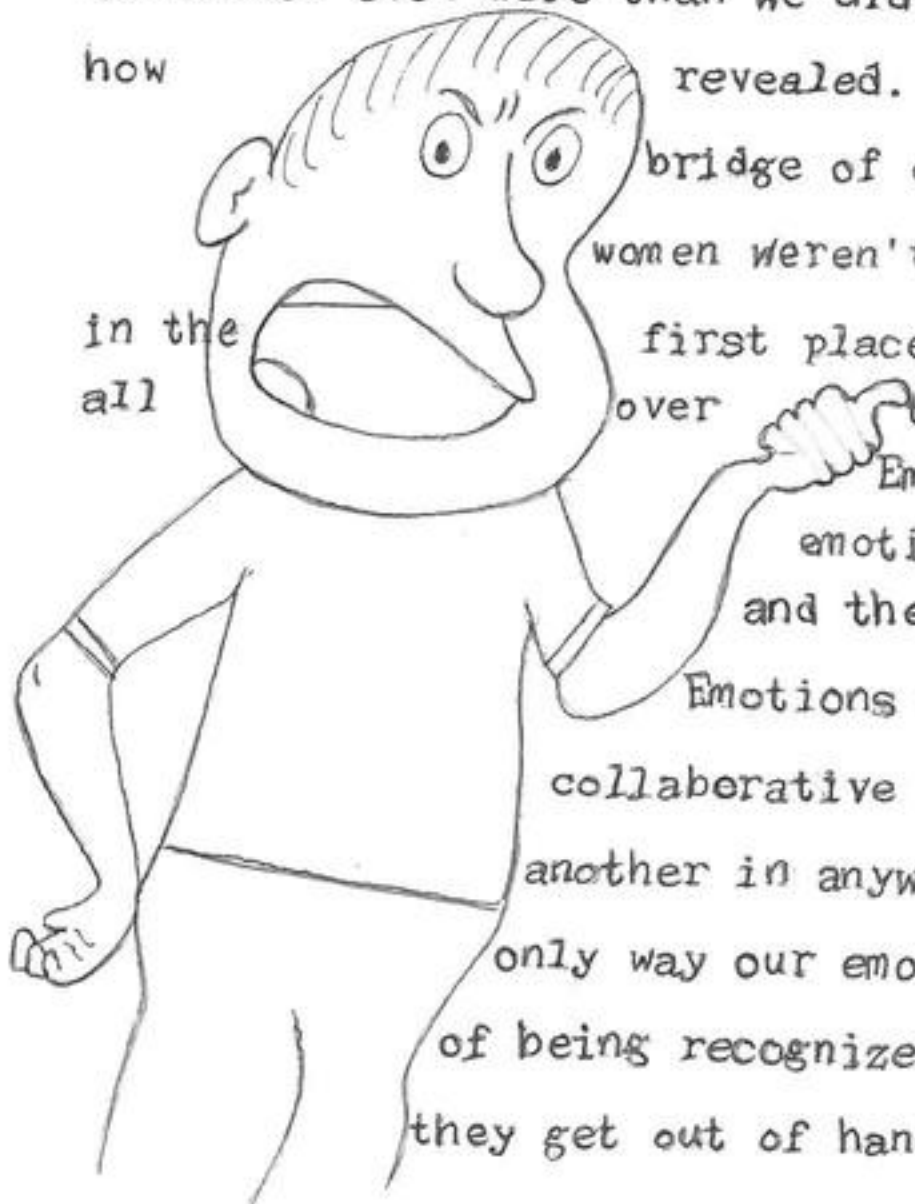
depression few, because, males are way than we'll ever this fear of inadequate

through the eyes of women. We feel like failures, when we're not called one. But one thing is for sure, tend to hide their emotions, especially women. When we are emotionally attacked by a female and when we found ourselves to be so vulnerable, we ourselves even more than we did before our emotions how



all sorts may be and denial, admit. even men from hate were some-

revealed. But we always look for ways to mend the bridge of our emotional wave, especially since women weren't supposed to know we are so emotional in the first place. Truth be told, mens emotions are all over the place.



Emotions considered, women are also emotional, but in a different way than men and these emotions must be recognized by men.

Emotions aside, we all have to make a collaberative effort to another in anyway we can. only way our emotions will of being recognized and they get out of hand, and, or



assist one This is the have a chance dealt with before we get out of hand.

Along with these emotions, we also go through various stages of denial; denial of just about everything one can think of. Some of us deny ourselves, family, friends and even the system in which we now reside in. Anything one can think of, there is a level of denial for it after a person has been imprisoned.

For a small percentage of us, believe it or not, prison actually saved the drug addict, gang member, homeless guy, alcoholic or the downtrodden. People set in their denial in various stages at various times. Whether they remain angry throughout their stay, fight all the time, scream, yell, gamble, slack off on their personal hygiene, exercise several hours every day, sleep all day or go on an eating binge to no end. You name it, there is a certain level of denial for it all, especially once he realizes his predicament. And no matter how long or loud one cries, there will be no one to stop those lost tears for you, even when you think about that super hero you always wanted to be, so you can bust out of, or fly out of, prison. It's not going to happen. Most times, we do not get to pick the way we choose to deal with being in prison. Sometimes it pick's us, whether we're over-time, that's just the way it is. Being locked up may become such a reality check for some of us that we even think about suicide, after a mental break down.



Mega Honey-Bun

Cookie

Peanut Butter

Top Ramen

Chips

Ibruprofen
Soon

At some point and time, all kinds of other things begin to take place; symptoms we did not know we had or could get like, Claustrophobia, where every single being of our mind, body and soul feels like we are surrounded and we begin to take medications. And even though these are generic medications, we believe they will cure us. But the medical personnel knows differently, but we become dependent on them any. Any thing to get away from it all.

We become uncaring about anything else. Everything we know becomes in doubt on the grandest scale. Our girlfriends, wife, friends, family; they have all deserted us. Even though we ask ourselves, why? over and over, still not finding the answer, we want to know, why have I been deserted? Nobody loves me, why did this happen to me?

We think of all of the good deeds we did in our life in freedom and know damn well we should never be deserted in our time of need, but we never say, "This happened to me because I did something wrong, or "she left me because I wasn't acting right when I was supposed to!" But most of all,

we never say, "SORRY!" for those we harmed and our family members we left behind to fend for themselves.

It has always been me, me, meee! Just elated to celebrate ourselves, without thought of our loved ones and friends. Imagine that.

For some, it becomes hard over time, to locate those feeling's associated with sorrow after a loved one has passed just because we, at times, feel abandoned by our family, especially when we do not receive mail when we think we should; like we deserve any.

But, where others struggle with this issue, and perhaps their relationship will improve over time, I am fairly in love with my whole family, regardless if they find time to write or not. They are very important to me and I am just as important to them. They accept me with my faults and shortcomings in tow.

I, once, only thought about me, but in my many years of growth, I grew out of that "me" way of thinking because it is definitely not healthy nor fair to people in my life. There is no one on earth that should live with that "me" syndrome because it could have an adverse affect on your life. 'Case in point; I'm not writing from home!

In any event, think of some one besides yourself and excuse my typewriter, she's not feeling well these days.

