



Prison Chronicles: Weakness  
The Pleasant Breakdown  
VI

Deceit goes much deeper than Art not laughing and admitting his crime. And, sometime, it carries a stiff penalty in prison, an ugly one. Deceit can be on a minor or large scale. Either way, it is a long term psychological trip.

For the sake of argument, the story below may seem very minute in its truest form to those on the outside, but in prison, it is huge and ongoing.

Whether it be by your game face, mask or simply, your true luck, some put on their prettiest smile and perceive to deceive other people, or manipulate the small corners of a persons mind and these little things that seem so small and trivial, dark and ugly, they are like gold and platinum to those who carryout such slithery acts of deception, with that opaque smile of theirs.

Gerald would not have anything a full grown man all, because



alternative. If not, he'll try to convince, trick or otherwise manipulate Bobby into giving him something.

go up to Bobby and convince him that he did to eat; the state meals are not enough to sustain through the night, when the food is eatable at sometimes it is not and a man must have an

alternative. If not, he'll try to convince, trick or otherwise manipulate Bobby

First, Gerald will ask Bobby if he has anything sweet to eat; a guys favorite line to get a guy to tell him exactly what he has in his locker. When Bobby, naively tell Gerald what he does have, or opens his locker for Gerald to see, and yes, there are plenty of naive men in prison who will just open up and show what they have without being the wiser, the game begins.

Once Gerald sees all that Bobby has in his locker, his prior small request of a single sweet then turns into a full blown meal, and more, sometimes.

Gerald gets Bobby to prepare a meal. Bobby wants to impress Gerald because he wants to fit in(yes, grown men want to fit in somewhere, too), not knowing all the goods will come out of his locker, he will be preparing food for about three to four other people as well as himself and Gerald.



The thing is, Bobby will be the one who'll end up receiving the least amount of food when it's said and done. But he is pleased because he gets to hang with the fellas.

Though, this was a short and, perhaps, small scenario to you, the reader, but these scenarios are rampant and this is just one of the ways advantage is taken of those who do not realize what takes place in front of their own eyes, but there are some who do see but brushes *it* under the rug; believing this is how they need to conduct themselves to get along, be liked and accepted by others.

The weakness of one half of our mind is always in a continuous and contrasting battle with the strength of the other half. We seem to move so fast that we do not always stop to think.

My answer, after carefully thinking it over, and being one who used to move too fast, is, we do not have to move so fast. There is no reason at all to do so.

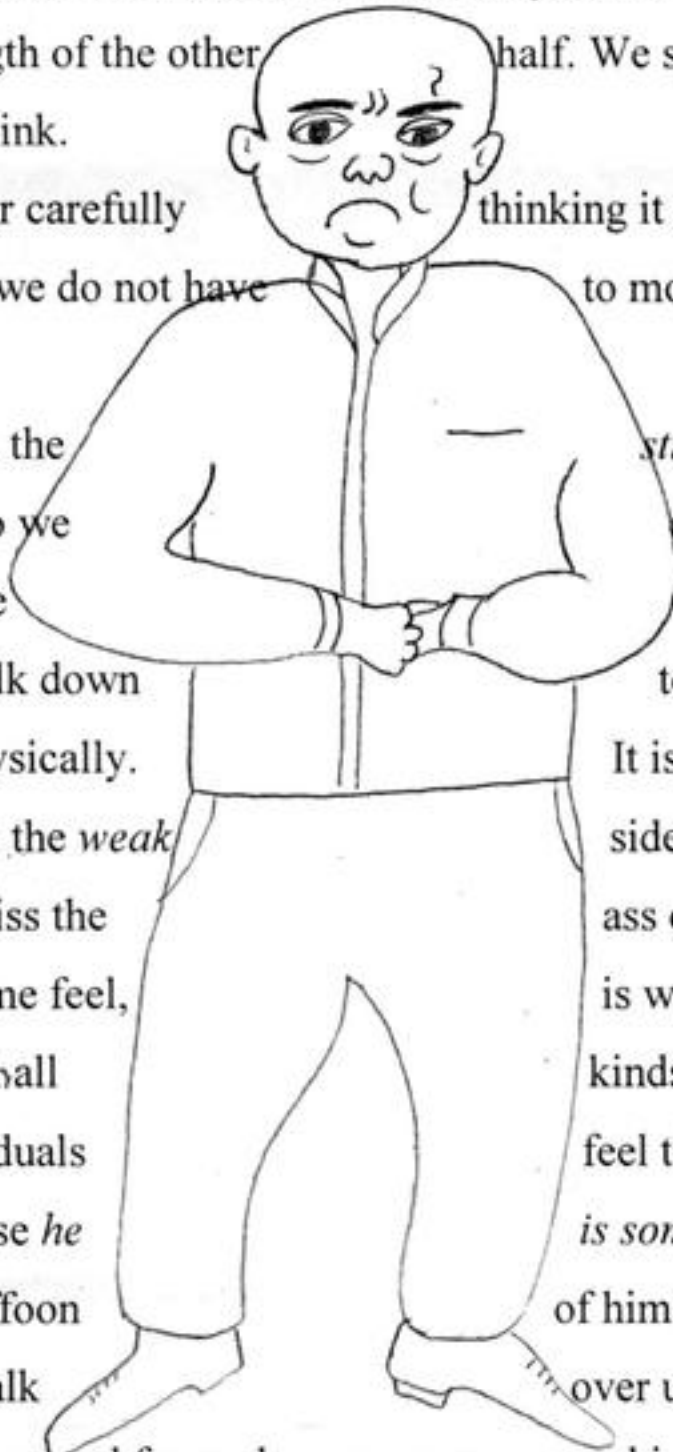
Needless to say, the strength of our mind will force us to punk one guy who we deem weak, unfit and a doofus; those we can deceive and manipulate, treat like a total piece of shit, talk down to and basically spit in their face, though, not physically. It is all the same.

On the flip side; the weak side of our mind, we fall on our knees, cherish and kiss the ass of a guy we think <sup>we</sup> respect.

This person, some feel, is worthy of their loyalty and they will shower him with all kinds of unworthy accolades, all because these individuals feel this person deserves this treatment just because *he* *is somebody*, all the while the admirer makes a buffoon of himself. Especially when we allow another person to walk over us the way the weaker guy was walked all over, the reward for such kind loyalty-nothing.

The mistake formidable and awe inspiring people make; they believe what works for one will work for the other.

This is a false statement in its truest form. If this



statement were to attempt to go to work on my behalf I would immediately feel at strong odds behind just why such an ugly scenario chose to play tricks on me, without my express permission. A truer statement would be what works for one seldom works for another, if at all. No battle in my mind about that. That's for the weak minded souls.

Sadly, some bow down so low to another man but then will turn around and commence to calling their girlfriend or wife *my bitch*. Imagine that.

My bitch is going to put money on my books. My bitch said she sent off my package. My bitch this, my bitch that.

I got at one youngster about his use of the word, why he use it to describe a female and that he should not use such an unkind word to describe anyone, no matter who they are or where they come from.

"Well, I see nigga's calling other nigga's bitches and aint nobody said nothin' to'em so, what's the fuckin' difference?" he responded.

I couldn't argue with that because that is what goes on with some individuals but I wasn't giving up on the youngster. He needs a different kind of guidance than he has been use to.

"It's disrespectful and not cool, youngster. You just cannot be going around calling people names just because you hear other people do it," I said. I did not want to use the "if somebody jumped off a roof" scenario.

"That's my bitch, nigga," he said, flipping the script on me. "You aint fuckin' her, is you?"

I didn't want to argue that point but what the youngster failed to understand, nor did he want to understand, was, nor was he *fucking* her. He was fucking her over by calling her a bitch.

Hopefully, at some point I can change the youngsters mind but ladies, you must do your part as well. You should not allow nor accept this word; accepting being called a B. I. T. C. H; that's for the weak minded. Don't do it, do not accept it. Do not allow your mind to be so weak. It's not cute.

Back in the 70's and 80's, convicts would manipulate and deceive the people who work for the system with slickery and deception. Now-a-day, those old cons are now

inmates, softer but their precarious ways are used vicariously on other inmates; to get over and they call women bitches, to get over on their mind control.

Picture a cat stalking its prey; a small bird and envision a guy hiding behind an invisible wall, peeping at his next victim, contemplating his mode of deception and how he would get what he wants from the other guy, then you get my picture.

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