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## Nate's News 5 April 2015

by Nate A. Lindell, created 1 May 2015

It was around four in the morning when they came & told me, "Get ready. They'll be here & get ya." About 30 minutes later I was cuffed, grinning, saying good-riddance to the proud junkies, fake tough guys, etc. I'd been living by for the last five months.

Me & three other guys were put in a holding cell.

Let the acting begin!

It was Coleman 2 & one of those guys was an ex-Texas Syndicate (T.S.) member, while I was/am an ex-A.C. member. A third guy was a check-in & a rat, while the fourth smoothly claimed to not be "fucked up," just a leftover from when the joint flipped to an "inactive" yard, a place where ex-gang members, government informants, etc. could safely live. The fourth guy's acting might keep him from getting stabbed when he arrived at Canaan USP (my spelling may be off - it's a pen in Pennsylvania), an active pen, where he'd be expected to have smashed someone at Coleman 2. (Both the Whites & the Mexicans expect so of their people.)

We'd be getting on a bus with active convicts who'd be expected to assault us as severely as possible on sight.

We had BBQ potato chips for breakfast as we paced & chatted.

Before we went on the bus that'd drive us to Tampa Bay's airport, staff thoughtfully packed it with active convicts from Coleman 1 USP & the F.C.I. And a sadistic Cuban guard, with pants so tight we could see the Nike swoosh on the socks he appeared to have stuffed in his

underwear (nobody wants to see that ~~in~~<sup>xx</sup>, put black boxes over our cuffs. Not only would we stick out like sore thumbs, but sore thumbs in Chinese finger traps.

Before you doubt my claim about the potential for violence, consider that even at Coleman 2, a "soft" yard, two guys in the SHU with me were there in the SHU for killing prisoners... at Coleman 2, a "soft" yard.

When I got on the bus, the guys towards the front just looked too wretched for me to sit by. So I kept walking, not wanting to sit by active White gang members, nor wanting to sit by....

I settled for a tanky guy who looked too fried out from ... something to see any holes in my cover story.

"Alright if I sit here?" I asked, trying to make sense of the mathematical sign for inequality  $\neq$  that was boldly tattooed on the right side of his neck.

"Yeah," he replied, looking at me, the "144" tattooed on the left side of my head. (Prisoners in the fed's commonly tattoo the area code from where they're from on themselves.)

I stared ahead intently, silently, not open for conversation, as I let my senses inform me of who  $\neq$  was around & thus how to play things.

About 20 minutes into the ride my seat-mate finally asked, "Where you from?"

"Wisconsin. I'm a state system kick out," I told him honestly, omitting that I was an ex-A.C. member, which — if any active A.C. members were nearby — would have led to a fight, or, probably, me no longer being welcome

in that seat.

"So what's that '144' mean?"

It's the square of 12, the #, in thousands of people who'd help Jesus rule the New Earth from heaven. So, the question was good, particularly since I never heard of such an area code. ☺

"My full-scale I.Q., according to a prison psychologist, using the WAIS-III."

He turned enough for me to see the symbol for Mensa tattooed on the left side of his neck + smiled; then we began an amazingly deep, worthwhile conversation about himself (his name's Leo Oladimu + I recommend any readers who are interested in racism in America check out his e-book, which is titled Beige, subtitled something like, An Unlikely Journey Through America's Obsession with Race), spiritualism vs. materialism (I mean beliefs in spirits or only matter), + the nature of consciousness.

In front of us sat a silent white convict who'd let slip that he was heading to the SMI. He one of the grotesque scars that are too common in USPs, + he was partially crippled. The scar down the right side of his skull, destroyed the symmetry of his face, making him look angry + dangerous. He was respectful towards me, likely due to the picture I'd painted, claiming to have been kicked out of Coleman 2 because I'd beat someone there with a lock. (I had, but he started it + it was his lock....)

Thus, in Leo's + Scarface's eyes, I was a solid convict, thus safe for the ride.

But I f'd up + let slip that I was going to Terre Haute

U.S.P., which all cons knew was being flipped to a special needs pen, like Coleman 2. Thus I had to claim that I was going to smash one of the cho-mos or other "fucked up" dudes I'd encounter.

But I'd no such intention, & was amazed that Leo actually believed that someone with an I.Q. of 144 would let himself be "sent off," geeked up, by someone he'd just met on a bus. Leo's full-scale I.Q. was 132. (Of course book smarts doesn't equate with wisdom... I am doing life in prison.)

As the bus approached the airport, a short, chubby white guy who'd been sitting across the aisle & one row behind me asked me, "Were you at Coleman 1?"

My jig was up.

"Yeah, for a short while," I replied, knowing he knew of me. He stood, as if stretching his legs. Maybe he was.

He said nothing as I remained seated. His waist chain would make a tolerable garrote, especially since no black box hampered his hand movements. His hands were inches from my neck.

I adjusted myself in the seat so that he was entirely behind me, hitched up my waist chain so I could more freely drive my elbow into his gut then reach up & grab his face when he doubled over, should he try me.

Thankfully he didn't.

The bus pulled into the airport parking lot. We all got off & were searched again & stood in rows, waiting to board "ConAir."

It was nothing like Con Air, the movie. The inside of the jet we boarded was brightly lit, with no guns displayed, no shotgunners in back, no cages containing Cyrus or other viruses. But plenty of those on board had killed in prison & out, no doubt.

Bon chance the short, chubby guy from the bus sat two rows behind me. He spent the whole trip talking to, not with, a Simon City Royal (S.C.R.) member — they're a White gang that's allied with Gangster Disciples — trying to convince him to flip to a racist White gang. The chubby guy let out that he was an ABT (Aryan Brotherhood of Texas) member called "Jew Killer."

Although I itched to say that the racist White gangs were possibly more of a threat to White people than the race-traitor White gangs, I said nothing. Both the SCR & the ABT regaled each other with their experiences cooking meth that was so potent it'd "make your toenails feel like fire was shooting out of them!" (My current cellie told me how he'd save his piss, let the meth settle to the bottom & then reuse it, I.V. "White Power!" indeed).

The pilot flew the plane like Poncho riding a stolen donkey. Yet somehow the wings stayed on & the brakes held up.

When we landed & pulled up to the BOP terminal, the Air Marshalls called some names, including mine. I hopped up & was the third one off. As I entered the terminal, a C.O. asked, "You still ride with the A.C.?"

"Nope! I'm a proud dropout."

He told me to keep going.

The short, chubby Jew Killer was a memory from

that moment on.

I was heading for the SHU, along with all the other ex-gang members & guys who had separation orders with gang members. Ironically, the active gang members would be watching cable TV, sending/receiving e-mails & making phone calls, while we'd be in segregation cells all day long.

However, we had girls on our range, in cells down the hall, whom we could chat with! 😊

Took but a moment for me to realize that a girl was chatting with a Black prisoner across the hall from me. Her name was Jessica, & she was a Mexican-American girl from Texas, 25 years old.

Man, she had a sexy voice!

The Black guy was shooting his shot, running his game, but Jessica's Kung Fu was so slick that she was knocking him back & he didn't even realize it.

I began talking with her, with my loud-ass mouth & indomitable sense of humor.

Hell, I forget what all I said to her (I'm writing this on 1 May 2015), but I had her laughing & asking me repeatedly, "Why are you so crazy whetto?" (Once I asked her to fish me over a dirty pair of her panties...)

"You make me crazy," I'd reply, or in some other humorously crazy way.

"I get off on making girls giggle." 😊

"You're funny," she said a couple times, which I appreciated.

She was getting out in 16 months or so, had a young

son, was single, but I knew I'd never hear her voice again & hadn't even seen her. No reason we couldn't have a good time in the meantime.

A 25 year-old Tex-Mexican named Ernesto heard Jessica & introduced myself. They took to liking each other & exchanged their family's addresses & ph.#s, so they could keep in touch. Ernesto was getting out a month or two after Jessica.

Problem was that Ernesto was farther away than I was from Jessica, so I acted as Ernesto's messenger & Jessica's too. Good thing they spoke excellent English, cause I only know enough Spanish to pick a fight or get slapped by a lady.

It was nice to be a nice guy & when I left, it felt good to have both Ernesto & Jessica thank me for helping them communicate & wishing me well. I wished them well too. (I was only there for a couple days - Cupid's got nothing on me. 😊)

Oh, to clarify, the plane in Tampa Bay flew us to the Federal Transfer Center in Oklahoma City, which is where I was in the SHU.

Thanks for Reading  
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