

Good-but-bad-intentions

Sometimes the best intended of kind gestures are prohibited as i had to find out the hard way :(.

Being a prisoner is hard to adapt your inner soul to your surroundings, its rules that are made to be followed no matter where your heart lies.

Day one of my fatal mistake.

the senario.....I gave a few officers some cookies and candy to share amongst themselves or to do as they wished thinking they may be hungry for something it was just a gesture of kindness and nothing more. no favors or intent.

not knowing the nature of the offense of rules to have a serious outcome as being locked in a cell/lock up for something so frivolous.

at first i thought it was just all fun and games until i felt the cold iron of hand cuffs placed upon my wrist still feeling in a daze of it all seeming so unreal but real as can be i was taken to a filthy and empty cell with nothing but the clothes on my back. this happening at 9:45pm at night. note i was awoken to this whole experiance. but in a nasty cell, no mattress just a cold and very hard bunk. trying hard till about 2:00am to sleep and find comfort where none could be found! its hard enough to sleep when you are worried what is to become of you or even if you will make it out of the situation without losing what is most valued our parole for another year if a displanary is filed my trustee status which ive had for several years the job that i enjoyed doing to help the officers out being subjected to moving back into a hostile enviornment the agonizing hours i will have to sit in this cell not knowing what will happen or when i will be called out and notified.

the feeling in my gut i cant discribe, the extra beat of my heart from worry, i roll over and wake every 30 minutes pushing down the feeling. i write only so i can get it out because if i dont i cant free this all from my mind. hungry but the food is bland and when i take just one bite i cant bring myself to eat.

all of this from a simple kind gesture. rules in here are far beyond the scope of my imagination some... This whole experiance which i have not quite digested is in itself just one more learning experiance that i wish i could turn around but only grow from.

Wishing this was all just a dream instead of reality. THE NEXT 15 hours of this nightmare was spent up unto this point in a sleepy haze waking to the sound of others in lock up banging on their doors a acting like animals. (over)

continued... this whole day has been spent watching the door in expectation of the officers calling me out to question me. someone told me in medical to not worry that this is all a trial to strengthen me for a better purpose in life?? but this seems like torment.

for those of you that follow me from time to time, can identify that i am a free spirited person loving to enter act with society and not the people whom im incarcerated with simply because to better myself i feel i should be around positive influences. the job i had delt with the officers /employees that run the system and for several years of being around them i cant help but notice a change in my behaviors so i do think that experiance has been a benifical one.

although i am rambling here it is helping me to cope with my situation just by sitting here and focusing on something positive. soothing worries. the hardest transition back into this whole lifestyle of population is having to deal with some of these ingrates, the psycotic and instigators.

which i havent had to associate with in some time. but this is all part of prison life that we have to face live with and confront no matter the out come eaither we face it and resolve it then or we are faced with more confrontations. better that its resolved quickly.

as you can see ive become to ramble on with this whole situation. i will sign off and inform you of my inevitable outcome.

till then take care and i can use all of your support through this time of hardship by your letters to keep my mind occupied.

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