

WHAT IT'S LIKE TO LOSE YOUR MIND IN PRISON (cont. of #1)

When the whole process of taking pictures and dressing my wounds was completed, an officer was called for and I was escorted back to my dorm. During our little trip, my mind was focused mainly on the fact of how the worst event of this whole incident was still yet to come. Now I was going to have to return to my old cellmates, and listen to the humiliating details of how I, while holding my pants out in front of me, (Yes, that's right, I never had the chance to put those things on.) walked through the drape and tripped into the rim of the shower. Then, while lying half-in/half-out of the shower, started convulsing, which included the grinding of my face into the coarse shower mat.

Then again, if by chance I was taken to a different dorm, I could just tell the new guys that I had just had it out with 3 officers who all needed to be taken to the hospital. No such luck.

Years later, after I had received my sentence and had the opportunity to really get to know the demeanor of my new neighbors, that nurses original reaction would take on a more plausible value. Granted, in her case it would have been tough for all the other 23 guys in my dorm to have come up with the same story regarding what occurred while I was unconscious. However, now that I was in prison, approximately 10 hours of my 24 hour day was spent locked up in a 2 man cell. So now, regaining consciousness from a seizure would immediately spark some debatable uncertainties, depending upon my whereabouts and my physical well-being.

A good example of this occurred one day when I experienced a mild seizure while we were locked in our cells during count time. When I regained consciousness, about 15 minutes later, I was sitting on the floor and my bunkie was, not crouched down next to me like a concerned neighbor, but rather, lying back on his bunk with a look of self-satisfaction. As I got up to look at myself in the mirror, he mentioned that I had suddenly sat up, and then fell forward on the floor. Okay, that explains the knot on my forehead. However, I can't ever remember an incident that left me with a black eye. Could it possibly have been a case where my bunkie took advantage of the situation and got his revenge for the smart-ass remark I made the other day?

(Hmmm.)

Another good example that immediately brought about the idea of being taken advantage of was an incident that, once again, involved my shower time. Just like before, I had just lathered my face when suddenly my aura kicked in. So we have the same scene of me frantically rinsing my face, reaching for my pants, and . . . Yeah, believe it or not, going unconscious before I had the opportunity to put them on. However, because of the fact that this was only a mild seizure, the outcome would turn out to be much different. After the time of unawareness had passed, I woke up in a rather peculiar and suspicious setting. Okay, yeah, I was sitting on my own bunk, in the safety of my own cell. However, upon fully recollecting myself, I realized all I was wearing was a towel around my waist. Then the question of my safety came into perspective, because the next thing I noticed was the two guys (Neither of whom I was readily familiar with.) sitting on either side of me. At least in this case I can say they didn't have a look of self-satisfaction on their faces. The fact that I was regaining my awareness seemed evident to them, because I was suddenly flooded with questions: "You alright now?", "Can you tell me your name?", "Can you hear me?". . . After a few nods of my head and a weak, "Ya.", they immediately burst into laughter while sharing with me the obviously hilarious exhibition I had just carried out. Apparently in this case, I must have stepped OVER the rim of the shower, instead of tripping INTO it, because the primary event of their story was, "Man, you walked out of that shower wearing nothing but bubbles!" *

(*) Let me just throw in a little detail here, to better clarify the scene. The shower I had been using was maybe a little more than 10 feet from the side of the rows of benches where everyone sat to watch T.V. This wasn't in some back corner, out of sight from the crowds eyes.

As they continued on with the details, my mind began to race with, what I thought to be, the most obvious questions for such a situation: How long have I been alone in this room with you guys?, What is your gentlemen's philosophy regarding homosexual behavior?, and of course, WHERE THE HELL ARE MY PANTS !?!

Instead of taking the chance at offending my present caretakers with my PROBING questions regarding our previous activities, I decided to use a simpler, less accusing method to discover the answer to my compulsive suspicion. I began to nonchalantly perform contractions of the lower end of my alimentary canal. . . Or, in layman's terms, I started flexing my asshole. By conducting this exercise, I presumed I would be able to notice any inflammation that had recently . . . I don't know, snuck up behind me somehow? After a few seconds of performing this trial without the results of any pain, a wide grin spread across my face. To my caretakers, this was probably being interpreted as a reaction to their supposedly humorous story of my recent exhibition. However, I knew the true reason for my delight was the coming to the realization that I still hadn't lost my virginity. * (Whew!)

(*) The term virginity, in the prison system, is in reference to the unused, untried and untouched condition of the rectum by means of not engaging in sexual intercourse via the asshole. This is to include not only the use of the penis, but also the use of a finger, a thumb, a tongue, a banana and a broomstick handle.

(MORE TO COME)