

Date: 3/11/2019 13:07 AM

WHAT IT'S LIKE TO LOSE YOUR MIND IN PRISON (cont. of #6)

OFFICER: Where's your I.D. , inmate?

ME: I don't know, sir. I usually keep it right here at the corner of my bunk.

OFFICER: When was the last time you remember seeing it?

ME: I'm not sure.

OFFICER: Have you seen it since you came back from having that seizure?

ME: Oh shit! No, I haven't.

Please understand, in the state that I'm serving time in, your I.D. card also acts as your ATM (automated teller machine) card. So if your card gets stolen by some hijacking jackass who is good friends with an inmate who works in canteen. . . Well, let's just say farewell finance.

OFFICER: It may already be too late. Just the same, you want me to call it in and have it shut off -- in case they didn't use it yet?

ME: Yeah. I appreciate that. Thanks.

It's been two days since the disappearance of my I.D. card. Throughout this time I've had to tolerate every other officer asking me why I didn't have it with me, the inconvenience of not being able to purchase any canteen and the anxiety brought about by that haunting question: Did I get my I.D. turned off in time?

Thankfully, though, today is Thursday, the day to get I.D. replacements.

The sergeant in charge hands me my new I.D., and everything appears to look okay. However, the question regarding my primary obstacle is still yet to be determined.

Me: I don't suppose you could possibly check my account balance real quick, could you?

Sergeant: Give me your card.

He takes my I.D. back, turns to the computer on his desk and types in the correct digits. I guess he doesn't have the heart to tell me, because he's turning the computer screen for me to read it myself. SON-OF-A-BITCH! Instead of showing that I've got about \$46 in my account, it shows that I only have three cents. COME ON, MAN! Couldn't that idiot at least have left me \$5.00 as a parting gift?

Three days have passed and I've asked everyone I can think of who might know if there is anything I can do to get my money back. No, seems to be the only answer I'm receiving. Remember the seizure I had that ignited this whole ordeal? Well, because of the fact that it was just a mild incident and I didn't remain in the infirmary overnight the nurses never even logged the event. If they had just logged that two hours I spent in there it would have shown how my account was drained when I was in medical. So as we see, this form of white-collar robbery is not only easier in the obtaining of goods at another man's cost, it's also easier to get away with it.

(MORE TO COME)