

DEAR READER,

4-14-19

HEY. I HOPE YOU ARE DOING WELL!
IMPACT WEST. (FIRST TIME FELON BOOT CAMP)

AFTER SERVING IN JAIL FOR 10 MONTHS I WAS SENTENCED TO 15-18 MONTHS SUSPENDED TO IMPACT WEST AND 2 YEARS SUPERVISED PROBATION. FIRST 6 MONTHS OF THAT PROBATION IS INTENSIVE PROBATION, WHICH MEANS BETWEEN 6PM-6AM I'M IN THE HOUSE.

MY FIRST DAY IN BOOT CAMP... SUCKED! PERIOD. NO BETTER WAY TO PUT SO. I GOT SCREAMED AT AND SPED ON AND AFTER I PUNCH A SGT IN THE FACE FOR SPEERING IN MINE, I GOT SLAMMED... HARD, I KNOCKED THE BREATH OUT OF ME. HA! HA! I QURO, QURO... THEY WOULD'N' LET ME QURO. I HAD "NO" DISCIPLINE AFTER BEING REFUSED MY ATTEMPT TO QURO 3 DAYS IN A ROW, SO WAS EXPLAINED TO ME THAT THE EXTREME HARSH TREATMENT WAS TO TEACH ME SELF CONTROL. IT WASN'T PERSONAL. I ACCEPTED THAT AND GOT INTO THE PROGRAM.

5:30AM THE REVELRY SOUNDED OFF, DRUMS BLARING THROUGH THE PLATOON BAY, AND I HAD 'TILL IT WAS OVER (30 SECONDS) TO BE ON LINE, I-JUST TOUCHED INTO MY BOVERS, SOLES PULLED UP, STANDING AS ATTENTION. THE SGT-OR OFFICER WOULD SCREAM "FALL OUT!" AND I HAD 2 MINUTES TO FLEP, ROSSAGE & MAKE MY BED QUARER TIGHT (QUARER TIGHT IS WHEN A QUARER IS DROPPED ON THE BED AND SO BOUNCES)

BE FULLY DRESSED FOR MORNING P.T. (PHYSICAL TRAINING) AND READY FOR INSPECTION AND BACK ON LINE. FROM THERE WE MARCHED TO THE P.T. AREA IN FRONT OF THE COMPOUND AT THE FLAG POLE. WE MARCHED OUT FOR 30 MINUTES & RAN 1 1/2 MILES. (2ND PHASE WAS 2 MILES AND 3RD PHASE WAS 3 MILES.) A FEW OF US IN MY PLATOON (ALPHA 1) SET A 3RD PHASE RECORD BY RUNNING 12 MILES ON UNEVEN TERRAIN ONE MORNING. I WONDER IF IT STILL HOLDS....

AFTER P.T. I ATE BREAKFAST & THEN SO WAS OFF TO WORK. AT WORK, I RAN WHILE GOING EVERYWHERE UNLESS I HAD A TOOL IN MY HANDS. THEY SNAPPED ME INTO SHAPE QUICK AND RELENTLESSLY. BEFORE I WENT I COULD BARELY RUN A MILE, AND WAS DOGGED OUT WHEN I GOT THERE, UNLESS I WAS BEING CHASED BY THE POLICE/SHERIFFS. PUSH-UPS & SGO UPS... HA! I HAD NO TIME FOR THAT!...!! AFTER BOOTCAMP I COULD BREEZE THROUGH A HUNDRED PUSH UPS AND 200 SGO UPS. THIS IS BECAUSE WHEN YOU MAKE MESSAGES AS IMPACT WEST, YOU PAY FOR SO BY BEATING YOUR FACE. (SLANG FOR DOING PUSH UPS)

NO TALKING AT ALL WITHOUT PERMISSION. SO WAS TOUGH. BEDDING WAS AT 9:30 PM. THOUGH ON MANY OCCASIONS I HAD TO DO EXTRA DUTY WHICH WAS AN HOUR AT NIGHT OF CHOPPING AND SANDING AND STACING WOOD.

I REMEMBER ONE NIGHT I AWOK, HEARING MY BULLHEAD
 MAGES SNICKERING. I LOOKED UP AND THEY HAD HUGE SMILES
 ON THEIR FACES AND WERE BARELY ABLE TO CONTAIN
 THEIR LAUGHTER. THEY POINTED IN THE DIRECTION OF
 OUR 4# MAGE. (STEPHEN - MY CO-DEFENDANT^{??}) AND HE
 WAS GOING TO DOWN, HUMPING HIS MAGES
 LIKE A JACKRABBIT! I LAUGHED OUT LOUD BY
 ACCIDENT & THE NIGHT PLATOON OFFICER CAME BACK.
 I TRIED TO COVER MY FACE WITH MY BLANKET
 & STOP LAUGHING (EDSON'S FEEL LIKE DOING PUSH UPS)
 BUT A RECOURE OF WHAT I JUST SAW FLASHED IN
 MY MIND AND I BUSTED OUT LAUGHING AGAIN...
 SO I HAD TO BEAT MY FACE. THE OFFICER WISHED STEPHENS
 GUNS AND STEPHEN SNAPPED HIS HEAD UP AND SAID, "HVV,
 HVV, HVV...?" HA! HA! SO WAS SO FUNNY. THE OTHER 2
 AND I FELL BACK ASLEEP SNICKERING.

STEPHEN WAS GOING TO DOWN ON THE MAGES THOUGH! HA! HA!
 WHILE AT BOOTCAMP I LEARNED HOW TO DEESCAPE
 MYSELF TO GREAT ACHIEVEMENTS. MOTIVATION AND
 MORE THAN ANYTHING, DISCIPLINE. IF ONLY I'D HAVE
 MAINTAINED THOSE QUALITIES WHEN I GOT OUT. . . .

GRADUATION DAY. WE COME MARCHING AROUND THE
 BEND TO RECEIVE OUR DIPLOMAS. EVERYONES FAMILIES SEEDING
 ON THE SIDE OF THE FLAG POLE AREA WATCHING US MARCHING
 ALL FANCY IN OUR DRESSED UP UNIFORMS... EXCEPT FOR MY
 FAMILY. I WROTE MY MOM ONCE A WEEK FOR 3 MONTHS.
 NEVER GOT A LETTER FROM HER AND ONCE AGAIN, NO ONE

SHOWED UP. MY PROBATION OFFICER DROVE ME HOME.
 I WAS DOING GOOD. FOUND ME A JOB WORKING FOR
 THE COY, HAD A GIRLFRIEND, CHANGED JOBS & BECAME
 A CARPENTER FOR A CONSTRUCTION COMPANY, AND MOVED
 IN WITH MY GIRLFRIEND AND HER PARENTS. I WAS
 GOING WELL FOR A COUPLE MONTHS. AND THEN MY JOBSITE
 MOVED TO A COUNTY OVER SO I WAS FAILING TO MAISE
 MY AFTERCARE PROGRAM CLASSES. I MISSED A FEW AND
 I GOT A CALL FROM MY PROBATION OFFICER TO COME
 IN... THAT MEANS I'D BE LOCKED UP. SO I DON'T SHOW UP.
 AND KNEW THAT WHEN HE CAUGHT UP WITH ME I WAS
 GOING TO PRISON.

TURNS OUT, MY GIRLFRIENDS STEP DAD THOUGHT I
 WAS SLEEPING WITH HIS WIFE AND HE HAD TURNED ME
 IN... I'm IN JAIL FOR ANOTHER 10 MONTHS. MY P.O. FOUND
 OUT I MISSED MY CLASSES BECAUSE OF GRAVEL AND AGREED TO LET ME OUT
 ON 6 MONTHS OF WEEKEND JAIL TIME. BUT WHEN I GOT TO COURT HE
 RENEGED ON THE OFFER BECAUSE MY MOM AND SISTER CURSED HIM
 OUT FOR VIOLATING ME WHEN I WAS DOING GOOD. CAN YOU BELIEVE
 IT! MY MOM & SES CAME TO BAIL FOR ME. BUT SO'S WHAT SCREWED
 ME... A SWEET AND SOUR MOMENT.

THE JUDGE ACCRATED MY PRISON SENTENCE. AND DID
 NOT GIVE ME THAT 10 MONTHS OR THE PREVIOUS 10 MONTHS TIME
 SERVED. SO I DID 38 MONTHS ON A MAX 18 MONTH SENTENCE.
 NEXT BLOG, FIRST TIME IN PRISON.

UNTILL NEXT TIME.

Yours Truly,
 DOUG