

DEAR READER,

4-18-19

HEY. I HOPE YOUR DOING WELL!

I WAS SHIPPED OFF TO MORGANTON HIGH PRISON. ALSO KNOWN AS "GLASGOW SCHOOL". AGES 16-21. SOME STAYED A LITTLE LONGER DEPENDING ON THEIR CUSTODY LEVEL. I WAS 17 OR I HAD JUST TURNED 18... I CAN QUOTE REMEMBER IF I HAD THAT BIRTHDAY IN THE COUNTY JAIL OR IN PRISON.

MY FIRST MONTH WAS IN 23 HOUR LOCKDOWN. IT'S CALLED ORIENTATION. I HAD TO LEARN THE RULES AND GET TESTED FOR TUBERCULOSIS (T.B.) AND OTHER MEDICAL SCREENINGS. AFTER I WAS CLEARED I WAS MOVED TO A POPULATION FLOOR. I COULDN'T WAIT TO GET OUT OF MY CELL AND MOVE AROUND, WORK, GO TO SCHOOL, SOMETHING OTHER THAN SITTING IN MY CELL.

LUNCH TIME - MY DOOR POPS OPEN. I PUT ON MY SHOES AND WALK OUT INTO THE HALLWAY. SUDDENLY SOMEONE YELLS, "BOOT CALL!" AND EVERYONE DROPS TO THE GROUND. EXCEPT ME... AND I GET CLOBBERED IN THE FACE BY A STEEL TOE BOGAN WORK BOOT. I LOOKED IN THE DIRECTION FROM WHICH IT CAME BUT I COULDN'T TELL. EVERYONE WAS ALREADY BACK UP AND MOVING PAST ME TO THE CHOW CARR. I LOOKED EVERYONE IN THE EYES AS THEY PASSED BY, WATCHED THEIR BODY MOVEMENT, HOPING TO BE ABLE TO TELL WHICH ONE I WAS ABOUT TO FIGHT...

But I couldn't figure it out. It turns out that happens to everyone on their first day. It's a way to gauge the persons here. If they're a fighter or someone who can be taken advantage of. I don't get my first fight till later. A short skinny kid looked at me like he wanted to fight. I thought to myself, "Come on man. My first fight is with a kid a foot shorter than me?" I barely got that thought through my mind and the next thing I realized... I was waking up on the cold, concrete floor. HA! HA! HA! The Tony Guy knocked me out and I don't even see it come. Yeah, I learned a valuable lesson that afternoon... size don't matter. Him and I fought 3 times. I bested him once. The last one. So, he was a better fighter than I was at first.

During my time in juvenile prison I was in North of 200 fights. The bulls of them was in the first 6 months. B & C always couldn't be seen by the guards so that's where we all went down. The cameras don't work either so it was rare for anyone to get caught.

I was there during one of the worst moments of American history. 9-11. I remember watching the news and seeing the horror on T.V. and I couldn't help but notice the comparison that I was currently on the 12<sup>th</sup> floor in a

BUILDING I THOUGHT WAS SHAPED THAT WAY ALSO. WE WERE ALL GLUED TO THE TELEVISION. HALF AN HOUR THAT A TERROR ATTACK HAPPENED ON AMERICAN SOIL, LET ALONE THE MAGNITUDE OF IT. WE BEGAN SPECULATING WHO DIED IT? WHY? ETC.... I WON'T EVEN GET INTO WHO'S FAVORITE WAS BECAUSE IT DOESN'T MATTER. SOMETHING LIKE THAT SHOULD HAVE NEVER HAPPENED. I LOOK AT THE SYSTEM OF OUR COUNTRY NOW AND FEAR SOMETHING LIKE THAT WILL HAPPEN AGAIN. HOW MUCH PAIN DOES SOCIETY HAVE TO GO THROUGH BEFORE THOSE IN POWER REALIZE THAT THEIR ACTIONS HAVE CONSEQUENCES? AND THAT IT'S THE ONES THAT AREN'T IN POWER THAT SUFFER THE MOST? I'LL COME BACK TO THIS ISSUE AFTER I'VE CAUGHT YOU UP ON MY LIFE.

I SERVED MY WHOLE 18 MONTHS, PLUS THE 10 MONTHS FROM THE COUNTY JAIL THAT THE JUDGE GAVE ME AND PLUS THE ORIGINAL 10 MONTHS I DESERVED. SO I SERVED ACTUAL OF 38 MONTHS ON A 15-18 MONTH SENTENCE...!! THE SYSTEM STRIKES AGAIN!

I HAD A FEW JOBS WHILE I WAS THERE. I WORKED AS A DORM JANITOR, KITCHEN WORKER, FOOT HEELS 1<sup>ST</sup> FLOOR MAINTENANCE (ADULT PRISON ACROSS THE STREET) D.O.T. (DEPT. OF TRANSPORTATION) I WORKED AT BROUGHTON HOSPITAL, (MENTAL HEALTH WARD) TOO. MY FAVORITE WAS THE BRIDGE PROGRAM. THE BRIDGE PROGRAM PUT US FORES IN THE MOUNTAINS. SOMETIMES WE'D HAVE TO BE DROPPED IN FROM A HELICOPTER AND

REPEL DOWN TO THE GROUND. I ONLY GOT TO  
 PROPOSE THIS. BUT IT WAS FUN AS ALL GET OUT.

I GOT MY G-ED. WHILE I WAS THERE TOO.  
 THE INCENTIVE WAS 30 DAYS OFF MY SENTENCE.  
 BUT I LOST IT DO TO BEGGING CAUGHT FIGHTING.  
 BETWEEN FIGHTING AND SMOKING CIGARETTES I  
 LOST ALL MY GRAY SAME.

I GOT OUT AND WAS FACED WITH ANOTHER HARSH  
 REALITY. MY FIRST DAY AT MY SQUAD TOLD ME I  
 HAD 30 DAYS TO HAVE A JOB AND CONTRIBUTE TO THE BUD  
 OR I HAD TO GET OUT. MY MOM SUPPORTED THIS. I'LL GET  
 IN TO THAT CHAPTER OF MY LIFE IN MY NEXT BLOG.

I FORGOT TO TELL YOU SOMETHING. WHEN I GOT OUT  
 OF BOOT CAMP, I WAS LEANED UP TO GO INTO THE  
 MARINES. MY RECAVIER WAS A SGT. CAMPOS. I  
 SPOKE TO HIM DURING MY LAST WEEK IN BOOT CAMP.  
 AFTER MY 6<sup>TH</sup> MONTH OF INTENSIVE WAS OVER, HE WAS  
 ENJOYING ME... BUT I WAS 2 MONTHS SHY OF THAT  
 DATE...

UNTILL NEXT SAME.

Yours Truly,

Doug