

THIRD-EYE SAUSAGE

"S-o-n-n-of-a-B-I-T-C-H!" Prisoner -63 groans to
the other two at his table: Prisoner -33 and
Prisoner -97.

"What?" -33 says.

-63 gets up, sits in a new seat, still
at the same table, but facing a different direction.
He had no food in his cell. No money on the ConnectNetwork.com
S.C. prisoner account and the "Sausage Jambalaya" is all he has.
"What?" -97 asks, a little less worried than -33.
But, it's not another gang fight, there aren't any *sharp*
objects out, poised for action. Only blunt.

It's a sausage.

And it has an eye!

It's looking at -63's cellie: the "preacher"
he's mad as fucking HELL!
It's not blinking. Just staring rudely, holding its'
breath.

The officer is standing there, she's posing,
and sausage-boy has a buddy sitting on the table
with his ass in his face. Double the stimulation?
Who fucking knows how a spider monkey thinks?
Who fucking cares? He's playing prison parkour,
no care that it's a cafeteria. "Look,"

Someone yells. "It's a sausage. And it's choking!"

Then: "Someone go get -93, he knows Heimlich."