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#1. * FLUSH IT !! *

The next notable event that took place on my first day with my new neighbors is a rather personal one indeed. I'm sure it's for this reason you don't have many writers -- regarding prison life -- opening up to you about it. But remember, I'm not a " Typical Prisoner. " And taking into consideration the importance of everything I learned during this event, I consider it remarkable enough to. . . make a few remarks about it.

We've all heard prison stories regarding the certain. . . PRESSURES an average size white guy must endure on his first day behind the bars. And -- unfortunately -- my rear end was no different from anyone else's.

For those of you who haven't caught on to the obvious subject with which I'm talking \1/ about, I'm referring to the subject of using the CAN \2/ while you're in the CAN. \3/

I'm sure there are a number of you wondering how using the restroom could be some kind of book worthy event. Well, if I was going to use a RESTROOM, then it probably wouldn't. However, I was crammed in a cell with four other guys, and all we had was a stainless steel sink against the back wall with a toilet bowl protruding from down in front of it. Are you beginning to see the possibilities NOW ?

My immediate problem was not knowing whether to just sit down and have at it, or to say something to everyone with the expectation that they would get up and clear the cell. I mean, it would have been rather embarrassing for me if I had said, " Excuse me gentlemen. I don't wish to be of an inconvenience, but I have to take a \$#!+. " To which they would reply in a state of perplexity, " Ya? So? There's the can right there. "

It was time for me to have a talk with my good buddy Howa. . . (OOPS !) John, and explain to him the pickle I was in. Or, actually, the one I was longing to get out.

I've got to admit, it turned out to be a much easier procedure than what I had expected. All John had to do was simply let the guys know what my soon to be intentions were, and I'll be damned if those guys didn't get right up and hightail it out of there. Then, just before stepping out, John showed me how to take one of my bed sheets, and tie a corner to either end of the bars going across the front of the cell. Basically, making a temporary drape, so as to obtain a little bit of privacy.

I was enjoying the bliss and tranquility that only a movement like this could bring about, when my ecstasy was suddenly interrupted by a guy yelling out,
" FLUSH IT ! " (So much for privacy.)

Unfortunately, my sense of logic didn't rationalize the reason behind this 1% request / 99% demand of a statement. So I simply yelled back, " But I'm not done yet. " I immediately hear again, but this time in group form, "FLUSH IT!" It then dawned on me what the actual reason was for their demand. However, the gymnastic configuration I would have had to perform to push that button on the wall above the sink, two feet behind my head, while sitting with my pants around my ankles, seemed impossible to accomplish.

* FOOTNOTES *

1. For those of you who are not aware of this, one of the definitions for the word " talking " is: To express one's thoughts in writing.
2. A toilet or restroom.
3. A jail or prison.

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#2. * FLUSH IT !! * (cont.)

Unfortunately, the thought of asking everybody to just hold their breath for the next five minutes seemed just as futile. So I yelled back, "But I can't reach the button !" Much to my dismay, even that excuse was not convincing enough to cool the demeanor of those nostril hair curling maniacs, who -- don't forget -- I would be locked in this cell with overnight. Once again, they made their demand known, " FLUSH IT ! " \1/

A quick analysis of the situation ended with my eyes focused on the mixture of yesterday's meals down between my legs. It was at that point that something else came into focus, and I was enlightened to the fact that my dilemma was no longer limited to how I was going to push that button. Now there was the factor of what was going to happen to ME if I was successful. This had become a . . . private(s) \2/ matter, shall we say. I say this because earlier, when I had taken a piss, I had the opportunity to see -- from a distance -- just what kind of maelstrom \3/ that toilet generated when I pushed that button. And now I was supposed to push it while sitting on the seat ?

ME : " OH HELL NO ! This two gallon piranha's gonna eat me alive ! "

GUYS : " FLUSH IT ! " \4/

Needless to say, they finally talked me into it, and I started figuring a way to grant their request / demand. After a couple of attempts, I was successful at placing my right thumb on the detonator / button. Then, after reaching with my left hand and pulling my privates up to a safer place, I pressed the button. WHOOSH ! \5/

Results :

1. Me, still in one piece.
2. Me, still dry.
3. No more \$#!+ to speak of. And. . .
4. One happy group of guys outside my cell.

So as we see, this was a book worthy event after all, because it taught me five important aspects that have continued to be helpful to this day :

1.) Don't be afraid to bring up the request. Because when it comes right down to it, nobody wants to be around just as much as you don't want them to be around.

2.) A bed sheet makes for a very effective privacy tool.

3.) Rats are extremely helpful individuals.

4.) Since you have to push that button EVERYTIME something exits your body, there is no such thing as being water conservative in prison.

5.) And of course, the lesson that had the most breathtaking effect on me. . . learning that my \$#!+ does really stink after all.

* FOOTNOTES *

1. If I remember correctly, this time the output of their demand included a number of threats, new possible titles for my identity, and even step by step instructions on how to accomplish the task. So I thought it would be wise of me to figure out a way to carry out their order.

2. The external organs of sex and excretion.

3. A violent or turbulent whirlpool of extraordinary violence. (Sorry I couldn't find a more common word, but this was the only one that even came close to describing the hydro-rampage that toilet could produce.)

4. It's a shame I couldn't include the volume and tone of their voices for that one.

5. Except a lot louder.