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(CHAP. #3 PG. #1)

* WHEN TOILET PAPER JUST REALLY ISN'T NECESSARY *

About two hours after my. . . toilet training, the arrival of a new guy caught everybody's attention as he made his way in and decided to make the last empty bunk in our cell his new place of residence.

After a few, " Yo, dudes. " and chopping it up \1/ with some friends, he wasted no time at informing everybody that he had to do a number two real bad, and was already tying a sheet corner around one of the bars as the last couple of us walked out. (Let me guess, he's been in jail before.)

* 5 minutes pass by *

While he's taking his dump, let me explain something here. The soul purpose of sharing with you this particular bathroom/can scene is not just for the laugh I'm sure you'll enjoy when you get to the end. I'm also wanting to enlighten you to an often overlooked reality regarding prisoners. And I'm talking about the typical ones here -- the very ones I described back in my preface. Naturally, it isn't something that is obvious to notice. Hell, it took me years of living amongst these individuals before I finally grasped this whole concept myself. It's something I've been forced to admit every time I'm blown-away at a game of Scrabble by some hoodlum who didn't even graduate from highschool. Or, when I'm outwitted at a game of chess by some deadbeat who doesn't even know the times table up to ten. It's the fact that probably about a good 15% of these guys actually have the energy and willpower, along with the ingenuity and intellect necessary to devise and accomplish some amazing things. Unfortunately, they were taught to use these assets in all the wrong directions. As you will soon see, because he's taking the sheet down right now.

A couple of minutes after the removal of the sheet, a number of us headed back to our bunks. As I was about to sit down, my attention was drawn to the desk in the back corner. The new guy was busily unwrapping some cellophane from around a large hunk of tobacco, the size and shape of a huge cigar. The whole scene left me. . . well, a little confused. Because when I was brought in and strip-searched, \2/ I specifically remember hearing that no tobacco products were permitted in there. So I'm thinking to myself : How did he get that past the officers ? Then. . . (BING !) it dawned on me what else it was the size and shape of. OH MY GOD ! No wonder he had to do a number two so bad.

So now the whole scene had me VERY confused. Naturally, I can understand some spy having to use a procedure of that manner, for the purpose of sneaking a microchip past security personnel. But to get some tobacco into the county jail ? Oh, I think not. Just the thought of

subjecting my body to that kind of trauma.\3/ I mean, you should have seen that thing. (I'm referring to the tobacco, not his rectum.)

And just how far will one of these guys decide to . . . push himself ? I would imagine there's probably some kind of value/size ratio. Like, a certain amount of dollars per cubic inch. I suppose the more money or enjoyment a particular item can produce, the more anguish they would be willing to put their @\$sholes through. Maybe even chance a couple of hemorrhoids if the price is right.

* FOOTNOTES *

1. One of the latest synonyms for the term : Small talk. (God I hate change.)
2. To search (a person) for illegal articles, such as drugs or weapons, by first requiring the removal of all clothing.
3. Trauma : A serious injury or shock to the body. (Yeah. I could see the shock his body must have been going through with something like that heading through his rectum in the wrong direction.)

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(CHAP. #3 PG. #2)

* WHEN TOILET PAPER JUST REALLY ISN'T NECESSARY * (cont.)

Are you beginning to see what I meant when I mentioned earlier about willpower and intellect. \1/ It all doesn't sound very practical to me. And I sure as hell don't see how I could enjoy a cigarette, knowing it had just come from the depths of ANY being.

It's times like these when I wish I was a bit more easy going, and could be more easily satisfied, like my fellow prisoners. Because I can't honestly say that I would never attempt such an antic, in the obtaining of something I would REALLY like to have. Unfortunately, I don't think the chances of me being able to cram a large pepperoni pan pizza, and a pitcher of Mountain Dew up my rectum are probable.

* FOOTNOTES *

1. Intellect : The ability to think abstractly \2/ or profoundly. \3/
2. Abstractly : Not applied or practical, difficult to understand.
3. Profoundly : Coming as if from the depths of one's being.