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(CHAP. #6 PG. #1)

\* OKAY, MAYBE STREAKING IS PERMITTED SOMETIMES \*

The daylight hours of my first day in jail had at last infiltrated the category of past tense, and there appeared to be more of a calmness in the air with the majority of the guys relaxing in front of the television. I decided to have a seat at the rear of the day room,<sup>\1/</sup> displaying an appearance of having an interest in what was showing. But my attention was actually drawn to the actions and demeanor of my new neighbors. Granted, there wasn't a whole lot going on with which to analyze, but every once in a while something would ignite a little excitement. For instance, each time an officer came walking through the hall it would always arouse the attention of a number of guys, who in turn would run to the windows. Then, while keeping in step with him, would wave and yell about some assistance they were in need of. (ex. : request form, talk to the captain, soap, toilet paper, odd ball information) The majority of the time, all the petitioning fell on deaf ears, because rarely would the officer even do so much as look their direction.

Sometime later, the elevator door at the end of the hall rolled open and out stepped two male officers escorting a . . . male/female (???) prisoner, who was wearing nothing except a set of handcuffs and a pair of boxers.<sup>\2/</sup> My obvious uncertainty was due to the fact that this individual not only had a bulge in the front of his/her underwear, he/she also had a full size set of breasts protruding from his/her chest. My vision was suddenly blurred by the stampede of about fifteen prisoners all racing for the windows. (I seriously doubted it was the assistance of the officers they were interested in.) After reaching the extremity of their proximity, they went into a crazy frenzy of whistling, pounding, barking, drooling, and fantasizing. It didn't take too much evaluation on my part to figure out the cause for the sudden uprising. . . (Let me rephrase that.) The reason for the noticeable difference in the behavior of my fellow neighbors seemed a bit obvious. I'll admit, the display did attract my attention. But not to the point that I was going to allow my actions to resemble that of some kind of barbaric baboon.

Much to the dismay of my rather rambunctious neighbors, when the three individuals reached the door at the other side of the cellblock, their feet maintained a steady pace, and they continued on down the hall. Probably in route to some safer living arrangements.

So now with the show, or shall we say in this case FALSE FRONT, <sup>\3/</sup> out of the eyesight of the much wanted to be beholders, it seemed that everybody was able to continue with what they were originally involved in, as though nothing ever even happened. I, on the other hand, was left in a state of perplexity, due to my difficulty in accepting something I'm not accustomed to encountering. First, there was the accepting of the IDEA that a man would want to change himself to a woman. Next, there was the accepting of the NOTION that I was going to spend the remainder of my life encompassed about by a bunch of sex crazed maniacs. And last, but certainly not least, there was the accepting of the FACT that the most perfect set of C-cups I had ever seen in my life were on the chest of a GUY.

\* FOOTNOTES \*

1. You caught that too, huh? Your guess is as good as mine. And it's the same at every prison. It doesn't matter if it's daytime or nighttime, it's still called a day room.

2. That means the only clothing he/she was wearing was a pair of men's full-cut undershorts. As you continue, you'll understand why I thought it would be necessary to clarify this factor as explicitly as possible.

3. No pun intended. \4/

4. Like hell there wasn't. How did you like that one ? I couldn't believe it when I saw that in my thesaurus -- "False front." I mean, that just fit the scenario so perfectly.

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