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(CHAP. #7 PG. #1)

* GOOD NEWS. I'M STILL A VIRGIN *

My memory fails to recall any other events that would have qualified as possessing a substantial reason to be included in this book, especially with what just happened in the previous chapter. So I suppose the 11:00 p.m. lockdown \1/ would make for an effective conclusion for my first day in the county jail.

The command to go to our cells for the remainder of the evening exited the squawk box \2/ on the wall, and everyone who wasn't already in their cells suddenly decided they were in the mood to go to bed. \3/

With everyone on their bunks, two officers entered the cellblock, rolled the doors of the four cells into the locked position, and counted the number of despondent occupants.

I'll admit, I was glad to see that when the routine procedures were completed, not ALL of the lights were turned off. It's not like I was trembling with fear at the thought of being locked up over night in an iron cage with five guys who probably considered this address their R and R getaway, but I did grow a little concerned each time I was faced with an unfamiliar situation. Fortunately, I had been successful at not doing anything to instigate any enemies. While at the same time, as strange as it may seem, I was even MORE relieved -- especially at a time like this -- that I hadn't done anything to arouse any friends.

So after getting settled down on my bunk, I laid awake with the obvious thoughts lingering through my mind : the circumstances that caused me to be here, the lessons I learned on this my first day, what the future held for me, and of course, how much toilet paper we still had left. While being smart enough to perceive that my chance of ever enjoying a life among the free world again was extremely improbable, I was -- at the same time -- foolish enough to convince myself that I would one day grow accustomed to the overall prison lifestyle.

* FOOTNOTES *

1. The confinement of prison inmates to their cells as a security measure.
2. The loud speaker of an intercom or public address system.
3. That way it wouldn't look like they were actually following orders. I've learned throughout my years in here that these guys HATE to be told what to do. So, if they can make the order look like something they wanted to do, then it doesn't bother them as much.
