

Date: 12 Jul 23

Subject: ...

* WHAT A WAY TO START THE DAY *

Me: GULP!

Him: Are you okay over there?

Me: Yeah. I just squeezed some toothpaste into my mouth on the way out of my cell.

Him: Man, you can't be doing that. It says if you swallow that stuff you gotta call the doctor.

Me: No. It says if you accidentally swallow it to seek professional help.

Him: That what I'm saying.

Me: Well, I didn't swallow it ACCIDENTALLY, I swallowed it INTENTIONALLY.

For some strange reason he didn't find my comment amusing, and turned to look at the door. I will admit I've been known to be a rather ironic and self-assertive individual. Although, here in prison it's known as being an anus. However, these guys usually don't pronounce it that way.

While MY conversation didn't go so well, it seemed everyone else's was important snout to be shouted, even though the guys were less than two feet away from each other. The subjects ranged from last night's game, to some growth a guy had noticed on his sac.^{1/} Considering the subject at hand, I had the intention to remain silent. However, I didn't have the ability. There was no way I was going to let an opportunity like this pass by. So with the most seriously concerned tone of voice I could fabricate, I said, "It's called a penis." Just then, the guard in the control room was notified to let us out, so he pushed the button that unlocked the main door of the sally port.

After squeezing through the doorway to get outside,^{2/} we worked ourselves into a straight line, and followed the maze of walkways to the chow hall. It was still dark, so many of the corners were occupied by a guard, so as to maintain what is known as "Controlled Movement."^{3/} Once the line of guys reached the end-of-the-already-there-at-the-chow-hall line of guys, we came to a stop and began to slowly trickle in. After entering the chow hall, the single line separated into two lines -- one for the regularly scheduled meal, and one for the alternate meal. Unfortunately, both meals were served from the same slot in the wall, and in random order. This made for a hectic disarray if you weren't quick ENOUGH, or if you were TOO quick. (Please, let me explain.)

* FOOTNOTES *

- 1.) Scrotum: The external sac of skin enclosing the testes in most mammals.
- 2.) For some reason it's as though these guys have to push their way through any form of doorway. I'd love to see them getting on or off a public elevator.
- 3.) Controlled Movement: The act of guzzling down half a bottle of Pepto-bismol, so as to solidify. . . OOPS! (Wrong dictionary.) To exercise restraining or directing influence over the act or process of moving.