

Date: 13 Jul 23
Subject: * WHAT ...

* WHAT A WAY TO START THE DAY *

\1/ Then, after taking another glance for any watchful guards, I take the now wrapped piece of chicken, shove it down the front of my shirt, and tuck it good and tight in my armpit -- so as to not have any bulges in my shirt when I pass the guards at the exit door.

Upon arriving at the dorm, I peel the piece of chicken from my underarm and hand it to the buyer. Or, if he's not there, I'll just stick it under his pillow. All this unsanitary handling of their food for which they pay me two soups to carry out. And these guys have the audacity to be worried if I touched the corner of their tray?

Are you beginning to see the seriousness of this? I'm not talking about some legitimate discovery regarding prison trays that was discovered, and so all the prisoners started ensuing a sanitary method for the purpose of maintaining a cleaner atmosphere. I'm talking about straightforward institutionalization. Even after questioning some old guys about it, I still haven't been able to come up with a legitimate reason for the "You-Touched-My-Tray" fixation. My best bet is this: Back some time ago there must have been a prisoner who had a serious case of OCD. This caused him to freak out anytime his tray got touched, because HE was worried about germs getting transferred. Now he knew he wasn't going to be able to get the other prisoners to understand his problem. So, he devised an ingenious scheme that would twist his germ-o-phobia into a compulsive respect propaganda. I'm quite sure that in a matter of months he had every guy in the camp saying to one another, "You touched my tray!" Now the sad part about all of this is he's probably dead by now, but the few of us who have remained mentally intact are all having to live amongst a bunch of brainwashed morons.

I'm sorry for having spent so much time on -- what I'm sure YOU consider to be -- this rather simple subject. But I figured I would really open your eyes to just ONE of the examples of an institutionalized mind. Because. . . believe it or not, there have been some serious fights over such meaningless ideologies.

So at any rate, as you can see, I had a lot going through my mind as I sat there not only eating the food I didn't want, but also watching my soon to be victim. Don't get me wrong. My retaliation wasn't going to consist of yelling or fighting. Remember, I'm non typical prison material. I would settle his in a way that involved some ingenuity. Not only for the purpose of getting my sweet revenge, but to hopefully teach this guy the senselessness of indoctrinated ideas.

* FOOTNOTES *

1.) So as to emphasize my next point, please let me inform you that at dinner time it has been approximately 23 hours since my last shower.