

Date: 27 Sep 23

Subject: CHAP. #10 PG. #2

* ALL GOOD THINGS MUST COME TO AN END *

Guard: Alright. I don't see anything in here that resembles any form of a weapon.

Me: (Okay. That tells me I was found innocent, the case is closed, and Mr. Guard is going to be on his merry-little-way. Unfortunately. . .)

Guard: Turn around and put your hands behind you.

Me: Hold on! Why are you cuffing me?

Guard: Because I have to take you to confinement.

Me: Why? You didn't find anything.

Guard: Look. Obviously somebody wants you out of here pretty bad. We got a kite¹ informing us that you were threatening to kill someone. Because of that, and considering what you were arrested for, I can't go leaving you in here.

Me: (??? turning around ???)

So with at least 90% of my -- never to be seen again -- inventory out on loan, I was handcuffed and escorted to a maximum custody confinement cell. It was there that I would spend the final month of my detention in the county jail.

My new residence was much like that of my original abode back when I had first arrived. Except. . . Well, instead of the solid door with a 6"x6" window, it had bars going across the front. Then, instead of just having a blanket on the floor to sleep on, it had a bunk with a mattress. Oh, there was also more square feet of living space with which to move around. And, let's not forget the fact that this cell also included a shower in the rear corner.² Granted, it was an extremely small shower. You know, the type of shower you can't even slip and fall in. It basically resembled that of a vertical coffin. However, with as skinny as I was, I knew that everything would be just fine -- provide I didn't drop my soap or have an erection.

* FOOTNOTES *

1.) Kite: An anonymous note sent to the officers station by someone without enough backbone to handle situations on his own. I had seen the same thing happen to a guy a week or two earlier, because he snored too loud. Don't get me wrong. His snoring was extremely annoying. But certainly we didn't need to stoop so low as to use such tactics against someone such as myself.

2.) You know something? Now that I think about it, I guess those two cells weren't really that much alike after all.