

Date: 01 Oct 23

Subject: CHAP. #11 PG. #1

* IT WAS TIME FOR A SERIOUS HEALTH-CARE PLAN *

(So the whole story of my year in the county jail ends with me receiving a Natural-Life sentence that I am reminded of every month, when they pass out the gain-time / release-date sheets. For the majority of the crowd, the sheets are a computer printout that keeps the prisoners up to date as to whether their behavior the previous month was satisfactory or unsatisfactory, and how much gain-time they earned or lost on an account thereof. Then, at the very bottom, there is their present release date.

MY sheet, on the other hand, reads the same thing every month. Granted, I'm always a good boy in the behavioral sector, but it doesn't earn me any gain-time. So my release date at the bottom of the sheet always reads: 99 - 98 - 9999. It's basically DOC's\1/ computer equivalency to: "You, sir, are going to die in prison."

Of course, if you think about it. . . I'll be right back.

(5 minutes later)

Okay, here we go. After doing the necessary calculations, I have come to the conclusion that DOC's rather odd -- and seemingly impossible to accomplish -- choice of date for my release could actually be achieved. It would simply require a little bit of patience and my ability to live up to the ripe old age of 8,038. At that time I would finally be able to step out of these gates a free man -- if I'm still able to walk. Hmmm, I'll show them.

Before leaving the jail scene (and while we're on the subject of health care) I suppose I should share with you a particular incident that took place within the first month of my arrival to jail. I'm quite sure it will help you better understand some future events you'll be reading about later, and. . . well, who knows, you might actually find it interesting.

For a prisoner with my kind of mental contrast,\2/ events like this can occur on a regular basis. This particular mishap involved:

- 1.) A couple of women wanting to take some pictures of me.
- 2.) A guard finding it necessary to push me around.
- 3.) Me ending up unconscious. And. . .
- 4.) Me waking up all bloody with a knot on my head.

Imagine yourself in some kind of prison scene you've seen on T.V. You're in there, minding your own business, when suddenly you experience an uneasy sensation. It dawns on you that it's your aura, indicating that within 45 seconds you're going to go unconscious and experience an epileptic seizure. What would you do? Where would you go? Who could you trust for help?

Epileptic seizures were a bit of an inconvenience during my life as a free individual. However, after my arrest they became a lot more of an inconvenience, because they multiplied

in number. The reason for this increase was due to the fact of having to live amongst such incongruous surroundings. In case you weren't aware of it, two initial cause of epileptic seizures are stress, and irregularity in sleep. In case you weren't aware of it, two initial certainties in jail/prison life are stress, and irregularity in sleep.

* FOOTNOTES *

1.) DOC: Department of Corrections. Naturally, there are other phrases that fit quite well for this acronym: Department of Chaos, Decomposers of Character, Den of Convicts, Dwelling of Criminals. . . Etc. etc.

2.) Contrast: One that is strikingly dissimilar to another.