

Date: 01 Oct 23

Subject: CHAP. #11 PG. #2

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

My FIRST seizure in the county jail occurred within one month of my arrest. And, naturally, it had to take place at the most inconvenient time possible -- while I was standing stark-naked in the shower, lathering my face with soap. Due to precious experiences in this matter out in the free world, I was quickly able to convince myself that there wasn't going to be enough time to complete my shower, and that the only thing I had time to take care of was the BARE necessities.

I began to frantically rinse the soap from my eyes, while at the same time remain as calm as possible. I mean, I certainly didn't want to go working myself into a lather,\1/ because. . . well, that would have been defeating the purpose.

By the time I had the soap rinsed from my face, I had decided that it would make much more sense to omit the process of drying off, and just immediately throw my pants on. I'm sure you would agree that my chances of anybody willing to help me would be of a greater possibility even if I was wet. . . butt dressed. Rather than if I was dry. . . butt naked. Then again. . . Well, I was in jail (Hmmm). Unfortunately it didn't matter, because before I could qualify for either category I went unconscio. . . \2/

Sometime later, I regained consciousness to find myself sitting in a wheelchair that a guard was pushing down the hall en route to the medical department.\3/ After totally recollecting myself, my eyes were drawn to the splotches of blood on various peaks of my body (ex.: knuckles, elbows, toes, knees). Also included was a knot on my forehead, and a three inch laceration across my jaw that I would discover later in a mirror.\4/

As we entered the medical department, two nurses slowly walked toward me with traumatic looks of disbelief. While still a few feet away, one of the nurses began pointing back, and -- without taking her eyes off me -- said to the other nurse, "Go get the camera. We've got to get pictures of this." \5/

Now take into consideration, even as a free man I had experienced a number of episodes where a seizure had left me looking like I had just taken a swim in a gigantic food processor -- this was nothing new to me. So you can imagine my surprise when the nurse who had remained, slowly squatted down in front of me and -- with the most motherly, and reassuring tone of voice -- said, "You've got to tell me who did this to you. This isn't right."

I hated to disappoint her. I mean, not only was she prepared to treat my wounds, she was ready to help me at getting my revenge on the cruel, vicious, and inhumane culprits who could have done such a thing to a nice guy like me. However, all I could do was snicker and say, "No, no. You don't understand. I had an epileptic seizure while I was in the shower. I did this to me.\6/

Apparently my answer -- no matter how earnest -- was not enough to even leave her skeptical. She immediately started shaking her head, " No. No. No. I've seen seizures before. That's not what happened to you. Please tell me."

The next five minutes were spent with me carefully explaining previous seizures I had experienced, and describing the details previous to this one.

* FOOTNOTES *

- 1.) Lather: A condition of anxious or heated discomposure.
A foam formed when a cleaning substance is agitated in water.
- 2.) #3 of the earlier list: Me ending up unconscious.
- 3.) #2 of the earlier list: A guard finding it necessary to push me around.
- 4.) #4 of the earlier list: Me waking up all bloody with a knot on my head.
- 5.) #1 of the earlier list: A couple of women wanting to take some pictures of me.
- 6.) Before judging my choice of words, please take into consideration my brain had just experienced an electronic overload.