

Date: 23 Feb 25

Subject: ( "Putting My New Identity To The Test" ...

( "Putting My New Identity To The Test" February 24, 2025)

After the conclusion of the first year with my new identity innovator, the casual commentary, curious questions, and cautious characteristics of our fellow prisoners continued to assure us of our success at preparing me into a man who was not to be provoked. While always remembering to keep our fabrication afloat, there was also a particular trait I had to always remember to keep at a cool status -- my temper. It was important that I always maintained the same form of laid-back composure as that of my role model, Ted Bundy. Because if I were to allow the everyday unethical actions of my fellow prisoners to stress me out, there would be the chance of an occasion arising where I would have to prove my new identity by actually carrying out the actions I was thought to have performed. And naturally, I didn't want to have to do that, because it's not like I was the type of guy who would want to kill someone for getting on my nerves. . . Okay, hold on just a second here, because I do have to be honest. I guess I should just say that I didn't wish to face the consequences if I did commit another murder.

So basically, for about the next 18 months, I didn't have to confront any issues that were serious enough for me to find it necessary to proclaim the influencing capabilities of my "Power Control Killer" portrayal. However, there finally came the time when a particular situation occurred that I thought was in need of some retaliation. To let something like this just pass by would have sparked a lot of doubt in the minds of our audience, and I was not going to allow it to stain my reputation as a cold-hearted killer. Plus, I just wanted to get my property back. . . Well, why don't I just go ahead and share with you the first major test of my identity.

The circumstances that brought about the whole ordeal were as follows:

- 1.) Me having an epileptic seizure shortly after dinner.
- 2.) Me being taken to the infirmary -- where on many occasions I would stay until the next day.
- 3.) Some guys deciding to steal my property from my locker while I was gone. And of course. . .
- 4.) Me wanting my property back.

From what I was told, the epileptic seizure I experienced was a rather mild one (absence/petit mal) that only continued for approximately 10 minutes. No violent convulsions were involved, and so I hadn't done myself any physical harm. Hence, after regaining my full composure, I was ready to return to my dorm. However, the medical staff seemed set on keeping me overnight.

It's not like I have any issues regarding the medical scene. I just hate having the guards back at the dorm opening my locker, going through all my property in search for any form of contraband they can throw away, haphazardly tossing my property into some big plastic bag, not allowing themselves to be concerned as to its well being while transporting it to the infirmary, and then dropping the bag on the floor next to my bed at medical. I would rather just have them leave my stuff in my locker until I get back. I mean, certainly nobody's going to be crazy enough to go breaking into my locker and steal anything? RIGHT?

I had already spoken with the nurse in charge a number of times throughout the evening about my dismissal. However, she probably wanted to put all the paperwork involved in the hands of the nurse on the daytime shift. So by 9:00 PM I had pretty much given up on getting out, because the nighttime hours would require a guard to escort me back to my dorm. I was fully expecting a guard to walk in at any time, carrying a plastic bag containing my well-agitated property items.

Somewhere around 11:00 PM, while the nurse was checking everybody's temperature and blood pressure, a guard walked in who -- THANKFULLY -- didn't have a plastic bag in his hands. Instead, he just had a couple of questions for the nurse. As he was leaving, the nurse asked him which dorm he was heading to. His answer (not that I was listening in on their conversation) was the same dorm I was assigned to. Suddenly my nonchalant appearance of, "Nah, I'm not listening to what you two are talking about." Immediately gave way to:  
Me: Hey! That's the dorm I'm assigned to. He could escort me back to my dorm. Look, I've been fine all night.

So after a quick agreement between the two of them, I was on my way back to what I THOUGHT would be my undisturbed little abode.

As I entered the dorm, it suddenly dawned on me just how late it actually was, because the day room was empty, and the doors of all 32 two-man cells were locked shut. I walked up the stairs to the second level catwalk, and the guard in the control room flipped the switch that unlocked my door. As I approached my cell, my cellmate rolled the door open and greeted me with:

Cellmate: I had a class tonight, and got back around 8 o'clock. This is the way everything was. I haven't touched a thing.

As I entered my cell, I looked down at my footlocker with its lid wide open. Almost immediately I came to the conclusion that my cell visitor had more than just an interest in the art of picking locks. Apparently, he also had an interest in stealing what the lock was supposed to be protecting in the first place -- my property. However, at least the visitor of my poor-performing-property-protector was considerate enough to have the patience to pick my lock, rather than just warp the lid of my locker out of shape. Unfortunately, he did not know how to use the same courtesy in returning the unstolen items back into my locker and replacing the lock (sometimes these idiots can be so rude).

So the area was pretty much a strewed mess of what property the culprit didn't even find valuable enough to steal.

(More to come next week.)