

Date: 12 Feb 25

Subject: (Continuation from February 3, 2025. "A ...

(Continuation from February 3, 2025. "A Much Needed Identity Crisis.")

So now with our knowledge "beefed-up", our book "fixed-up", and our lies "cooked-up", the undertaking of my transformation to that of an undertaker was now prepared to be undertaken.

As I think back now I realize, we must have resembled that of a couple of arsonists preparing to start a forest fire. Due to the fact that my cellmate was so well-known with practically everybody, it only made sense that he would be the one to strike the first few matches. Our audience wasn't just the fellow prisoners in our dorm, our performance was for the purpose of disturbing everybody in the camp. So it didn't matter if he was in the dorm, at a class, or even at his job in the law library, he was busily making public the first few hints of his fabricated concerns. Things such as: The inability for me to get the facts to match each time he would ask me about the murder for which I was arrested. Or, the time he asked me a question about the victim, and I ACCIDENTALLY (Written in a tone of voice that means "Oops!" on purpose.) asked him: "Which one?" Then, the kindling began to enhance as he started sharing with the easily-convincible crowd about how he was beginning to feel uneasy when he was around me, and was even having problems falling asleep when we were locked up together in our two man cell. And then, there finally came the whopper of them all that would set our fabrication ablaze. He started telling everybody how he used his -- as I made mention of earlier -- smooth talking abilities to convince me to . . . open up. Hence, I had told him about the other murders I had not been charged with. From there it was just a matter of sitting back and throwing on a log or two every few days. One particular way that we found rather amusing was that of just talking a little TOO LOUD. It goes on all the time in prison, so it didn't look out of the ordinary. However, what did look out of the ordinary was what we were talking about.

While standing in line in the chow hall:

Cellmate: How can you be so sure those other bodies are never going to be found?

Me: Believe me, there's no way anybody is going to be able to find those things.

Cellmate: You'd be surprised, man.

Me: Have you ever seen what a woodchipper can do to a human body?

Cellmate: No. I can't say that I have.

Me: Well, after it comes out the other end. . . (He and I simultaneously slowly turn our heads toward our usually one to three man audience.)

Us: Is there some kind of problem?

Them: Huh? Uh. . . No! (They turn the other way.)

Cellmate: Look, we'll talk about this later, because I really want to know how you got away with so many murders.

Me: Would you shut-up !?!

Cellmate: Man, would you relax. Probably half the guys in this camp saw you on the news.

Another example of a convincing performance we would play out every once in a while appeared to be rather creepy -- due to the usage of my double-jointed thumb. The setup was

the day room, which included about five rows of benches, and a T.V. located about eight feet high against the wall. If there was a crowd watching a movie that included a scene of someone getting strangled, I would glance around and see if my cellmate was amongst the audience. After noticing his stealthily nod, I would stand up slowly and start walking toward the T.V. without taking my eyes off it. Once I was under the T.V., I would continue to stare at it as though I was in some form of trance, while at the same time start flexing my double-jointed thumb. I was hoping that anyone watching would interpret it to mean my thumb was having spasmodic reactions to my watching of the scene. At that point my cellmate would nudge someone nearby and point to me while whispering something suggestive regarding my psychological imbalance. (Ex.: "I'm telling you, man. That dude is obsessed with killing people.)

Naturally, there were all kinds of other conversations we had to deal with in different ways. Like looking over our shoulders before answering certain questions guys would ask. Or the times I would lose my composure if a guy asked a question insinuating that I had killed more than one person.

Me: Look, man! I'm in here for just ONE account of first degree murder. They can't prove any of those other missing people on me. You can check my records. Just ONE account !

Questionnaire: Yeah! Yeah! Okay. Just take it easy. I must have misunderstood what someone's else said.

Oh ! And let us not forget the maintaining of our flame by way of -- what was now -- MY book that I mentioned earlier. My cellmate played totally ignorant as to how such a book could have even gotten into the camp. As far as he was concerned, he had never even seen it, until I had opened up to him about my other victims. As a result, it now seemed to be something that was lying around on my bunk or locker -- if I wasn't reading it. Moreover, he told our audience that during my absence he would read it, and study the meaning behind my personal notes and highlights. It wasn't long before guys who. . . just happened to be walking by would stop, striking up a conversation with me about what I was reading, and then ask if I would let them read my book. At first I would take the book, and clutch it against my chest -- much like that of a child not wanting to share his toy. However, I would then, with the appearance of reluctance, confide.

Me: Uh. . . Yeah, I guess so.

Reader wannabe: Thanks, man.

Me: Just be sure to bring it back to ME. That's a PERSONAL book, not one from the library.

Reader wannabe: Yeah, man. No problem.

Hence, the striking of yet another match.

(More to come next week.)