

Date: 26 Jan 25

Subject: (Continuation from January 20, 2025. "A ...

(Continuation from January 20, 2025. "A Much Needed Identity Crisis.")

Director: Ah, yes. You scored quite high.

Me: Thinking to myself, I did?

Director: (After turning toward me.) So, how about it? Would you like to start teaching math for us?

Me: (Said in a hesitant, and uncertain tone of voice.) Uh. . . Yeah, sure.

After our return to the library, I was assured by the orderly that I was really going to like my new job. His ability to pull off that situation hinted to me that perhaps he had the potential for pulling off others. So I decided to see if he had a knack for . . . Well, perhaps helping in the area of getting me moved out of my "Bug Infested" cell. Hence, I shifted the subject of conversation to the ordinary events of my previous day. So as to have a purpose for mentioning the two OUT-OF-THE-ORDINARY events, without appearing to be a tattletale. Before I could even finish, with the details, he let me know that I needed to get moved out of that dorm. Fortunately, I was able to withhold my initial reaction of yelling, "DUH!" I guess the last thing I unwanted to do was offend him in any kind of way. And it's a good thing I didn't, because he knew of a bunk that was available in another dorm. He also let me know that my new cellmate would be a real nice guy. It all sounded too good to be true, until he informed me that the available bunk he was speaking of was the bottom bunk in his cell. He let me know he would take care of the situation, and that I would need to return to the library after lunch.

Due to the high anticipation of my soon departure, the 11:30 A.M. count time in my bug infested cell seemed to. . . Fly by? (ahem). Look, all I know is I was really feeling good, knowing this wasn't to be my permanent residence. And sure enough, when I walked into the library after eating lunch, the first words I heard were those of who I decided would be my. . . omnipotent mentor (A trusted guide or counselor that has unlimited or universal power.)

Orderly: Pack up your stuff man, you're moving in with me.

So once again this soon-to-be cellmate of mine had come through for me. This time by using his clever and versatile gift of persuasion to convince the sergeant of his dorm to make the right calls and complete the proper paperwork to change my housing location. It didn't take too much common sense on my part to realize that this guy was going to come in real handy. Also, another interesting concept that I was quick to learn was that you can pretty much get anything you want in prison if you qualify for one of the three categories:

- 1.) Being Buddy-Buddy with the officers.
- 2.) Having access to a significant amount of money. Or. . .
- 3.) Being friends with someone who is either of the above.

Considering the way things were going for me, it appeared that I qualified for category number three.

Probably the most amusing part of getting my stuff together and moving out was the confused look on the face of the guy who had tried to rape me the previous day. (Please refer

to previous chapter: "Another Interesting First Day - No Doubt.") Like. . . he couldn't understand why I would want to get the hell out of there.

By the time I had gotten myself settled in my new location, I had a hunch that things were going to start getting a bit more easy for me. Not only did this dorm not include an overanxious individual from the Welcoming Committee, whose main interest was relying on me to help with his HARD times. It also did not include a bug in my cell, whose main interest was making things HARD for himself.

When my new cellmate returned from his job at the library later that day, the evidence of my having moved in was obviously noticeable. He was glad to see that everything had gone smooth, while I was just glad to see that the HARD times I had experienced the previous day would no longer be of a concern. It appeared -- to THIS ignorant inmate anyway -- that all the essential matters regarding the preparative to the prison way of life had been rectified:

- 1.) I now had a decent job.
- 2.) I was assigned to a cell in a preferable location within this. . . gated community. And. . .
- 3.) I had a cellmate who was not only knowledgeable and beneficial, but who also had a liking for females -- not males.

So now it was time to just start the process of living the rest of my life happily-ever-after. (Please take into consideration, this was only my second day in prison. And, believe it or not, I had never served a natural life sentence before.)

Unfortunately, after only about a week or two of hearing my mindset, regarding certain issues, and observing my characteristics, my cellmate decided it was time for a change. I suppose the best way for you to understand his reasoning is to take you back to the original conversation that initiated the much needed change. (This conversation took place one evening in the privacy of our two man cell.)