

Date: 02 Mar 25

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

("Putting My New Identity To The Test" March 3, 2025)

Naturally, at a time like this, there can be a number of different ways that a prisoner will react. He may not say a word, and accept his loss with the idea that there's nothing he can do to regain his property. However, if there is something invaluable within the victim's belongings, (ex.: special ordered glasses, sentimental picture or jewelry) he may try making a public announcement to PLEASE return that ONE item, and keep the rest with his blessing. That may seem rather reasonable, but I've never seen it work. The reaction I've witnessed the majority of the time is where the preyed-upon will go off on some rampage, screaming about how he's going to find out who did what, and how he's going to bust their @\$@ if they don't bring his stuff back. It's usually about a 45 second vocal outburst that consists of every cuss word known to man, contains no form of credibility to backup all the threats he makes, and basically results in nothing more than a few chuckles. So after having already witnessed a number of unsuccessful verbal tactics used at trying to convince a criminally minded individual to suddenly decide to return something he has stolen, I decided to put forth MY warning as an intimidating suggestion.

I stepped back out of the still-open door, rested my arms on the railing of the catwalk, and in a calm -- yet authoritative -- voice made this announcement:

Me: "I just want to share a bit of information with the gentleman who broke into my locker tonight. I have a couple of friends in here who I pay to watch my room anytime I'm away having a seizure. It's not their job to get involved, other than to watch who goes in and out of my cell while I'm gone."

That was actually just a bunch of malarkey. However, I really thought it would sound much more convincing than if I were to just say that I was GOING to find out who they were. You know, like I had already planned ahead.

Me: "Tomorrow I'm going to have a talk with those two individuals, and get the names of everyone who went in my cell with empty hands and came out with full ones."

See how much more believable that sounds?

Me: " If you are one of those gentlemen, then be rest assured you will not walk off this campus alive."

Wow! Now tell me that didn't send some chills up a spine or two. I wasn't going to waste me time kicking the culprit's butt, I was actually going to kill him. Yet, was I really a guy who could carry out such a horrific crime?

Me: "In case you weren't aware of this, I'm serving a natural life sentence for stabbing and strangling thirteen people to death."

Uh, oh. I really was a guy who could carry out such a horrific crime.

Me: I have no wife, I have no kids, I have no release date, and I couldn't care less if I died tomorrow. So another murder charge on my record ain't gonna mean \$#!+."

I threw in a little bit of jargon there, because I thought it might help to speak their own language.

Me: "Or, we could handle this in a different manner. Tomorrow morning, when these doors open, if you bring me back my property, we can just forget this whole ordeal ever even happened. The choice is yours gentlemen. Have a nice night."

I reentered my cell, locked the door behind me, and began returning what property I had left to the sa. . . Can you believe I almost said to the safety of my locker? In all honesty, the combination locks we are sold are nothing more than a 30 second hindrance to a somewhat experienced, property-heisting prisoner. However, I guess one could say the locks still do actually serve somewhat of a purpose. Especially when you take into consideration that the majority of these lazy freeloaders don't have the initiative to work at something for more than 30 seconds anyway.

At 5:00 A.M. the next morning, the routine event of the doors unlocking and rolling open woke me up for the start of a not-so routine day. I immediately threw on a pair of shorts and a T-shirt, and then stepped out of my cell to see if my previous night's foretoken had made for an effective persuasion.

Before much doubt had time to enter my mind, I observed two guys walking up the stairs with a noticeable amount of property items in their possession. The items were not only noticeable due to the large amount they were carrying, but also because. . . they were mine.

(More to come next week.)