

Date: 10 Mar 25

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

("Putting My New Identity To The Test" March 10, 2025)

As the two thieves approached my cell, I continued to lean against the rail, and look down into the day room area with a look of indifference. I figured the best way for this scene to continue going this smooth would be to just let them put my stuff on my bunk, and keep my mouth shut (besides that, there was TWO of them and only one of me).

After the two guys exited my cell, I went in to investigate. There, lying on my bunk, was all my property. (Or, at least that's what I thought. This story isn't finished yet.) Obviously the task of putting my property back in my locker immediately came to mind. However, I needed to have a real important talk with someone first. I took a couple of steps back to the front of my cell, pulled the door to an almost locked position, and took a look at the reflection of myself in the mirror above the sink. A big grin spread across my face as my mind fully digested the incredible feat I had just achieved. My grin was followed by a number of under-the-breath shouts:
Me: YES!! YES!! You are so bad, man! Everybody in the dorm saw that! Nobody's ever going to mess with you again! (Etc. etc.)

I realize I MAY have gone a little overboard with my reaction to the situation. However, when you take into consideration that I'm just a 5' 11", 150 lb. white guy in the prison system. . . Well, I'm sorry, but I was feeling especially good about myself.

After my short span of egotistical reveling, my self-esteem was once again brought down to my normal level of conceitedness when my now-awake cellmate sat up on his bunk and asked, "Are you okay over there?" As an answer to his question, I thanked him again for coming up with the crazy idea of transforming me into a serial killer, and then began replacing my property.

For the next couple of hours I was on cloud nine, relishing in the belief that ALL my property had been returned, and that my new identity had proven itself truly effective.

Later that morning, my enthusiasm had me feeling more energetic than usual, and so I decided to do some exercises. Unknowingly to me, my routine of pushups at one end of the catwalk, and pull ups at the other end resulted in the appearance of me pacing back and forth in front of a particular cell -- a cell occupied by a now very worried individual.

After doing enough sets to barely work up a sweat, a guy -- of whom I THOUGHT to be an okay guy -- asked me to stop, and come into his cell. As I stepped in he stepped back the full ten and a half feet to the rear of his cell.

Him: Hey, man. I just want to let you know, I had absolutely nothing to do with BREAKING INTO your locker.

Understand now, at this point I was still somewhere around cloud seven, and had no idea that anything was missing from my property. So, happy-go-lucky me was standing there -- probably with a silly grin on my face -- in a total state of confusion as to the purpose of this unnecessary confession.

Me: Yeah? Okay?

Him: I was just walking by your cell when those guys were taking your stuff. So I stepped in and grabbed something.

He then stepped forward a couple of feet, reached down to pull the lid of his floor locker up, and stepped back while pointing to his now-open locker. There, lying on top of everything, was my gray sweatshirt.

Him: That's all I took, man. I swear.

After seeing my sweatshirt, and the look on his face, all my confusion was replaced with logic, and the reasons for this confession appeared obvious. First, there was the announcement I made the previous night. Next, there was the disclosure carried out by the two guys returning my property. Then, there was the assumption that I had talked with my two informants -- who supposedly watched my room while I was gone. And finally, this guy sees me pacing back and forth outside of his cell -- something I rarely ever did. So he probably had the idea that I was getting myself loosened up, so as to prepare to take the life of my fourteenth victim for stealing my sweatshirt that I -- in all honesty -- probably wouldn't have even realized was missing until mid November.

(More to come next week.)