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Subject: ( Conclusion of: "Putting My New Identi...

( Conclusion of: "Putting My New Identity To The Test" March 17, 2025)

So now my original appearance of a confused individual with a carefree attitude had to be changed to that of a disappointed revenge seeker, no longer having a justifiable reason to carry out his original plan. I'm not sure if I was able to get all of that on one face. However, with the way things turned out, I would say I was able to get the right message across.

Without taking my eyes off him, I stepped forward, reached down in his locker, and picked up my sweatshirt. I continued to stare at him as I backed toward the doorway, stopped, and then said, "Alright."

Okay. I realize that wasn't much of a response, considering the circumstances. However, with the tone of voice I used, the speed I said it, and the look I gave with it, my still-very-worried-one-man audience could have easily elaborated it to mean any number of different things. A few of which I was hoping for were:

- 1.) I'll let you off this time.
- 2.) You are one lucky guy.
- 3.) You better be glad you gave this back.
- 4.) Better not mess with ME again. (And of course. . .)
- 5.) I was on to you the whole time.

Any of those would have been just fine with me.

I stepped out of his cell, and walked along the catwalk to put my sweatshirt in my cell. Before entering my cell, I took one last mean-looking glance down in the day room -- just in case there was someone who was aware of what was taking place. I then entered my cell, pulling the door closed to an almost locked position. Then, after tossing my sweatshirt on my bunk, I. . . (Just a second. How did I describe that last time? Oh, yeah.) stepped in front of my mirror with a big grin across my face to enjoy another short span of egotistical reveling. However, this time the span was a bit longer, because my cellmate wasn't there to interrupt me.

I just want to be sure you have completely grasped the full concept of what took place -- in the returning of my property. There have been too many times for me to remember where I have been there to see a guy discover that his locker had been broken into, to which I would sit back and watch to see how he handled the situation. However, never once have I ever seen a prisoner have his property returned. Also, throughout the eighteen years since this occurrence took place, I have asked numerous prisoners if they have ever witnessed such an incident. Of all those guys, only two or three were able to tell me that they had. When I asked why they thought the return had been made, they said it was because the culprits later discovered that what they had taken belonged to a truly dangerous individual -- one who had a lot of friends in the right places to find things out.

Now, I'm not going to say that my. . . ruse of a reputation has made prison life easy for me. However, I do believe it has made things a bit less difficult.

(Come back next Monday for the start of my story entitled: "A Few Good Men.")