

Date: 23 Mar 25

Subject: (Beginning of: "A Few Good Men." March 2...

(Beginning of: "A Few Good Men." March 24, 2025)

After writing that last story, it dawned on me how the stories we read about in the prison system are the majority of the time portraying the actions of corruptly minded individuals, as opposed to the more civilized crowd. It almost doesn't seem fair to always be giving the bad guys all the attention. I mean, what about the other guys who fit in the category of being non-typical prison material? Remember the . . . vast minority I failed to make mention of in my preface? (Of course you don't, I didn't mention them.) Is the response of a non-typical prisoner any different than that of a typical prisoner, when he has come upon some guy in his most vulnerable condition? Let's see.

About two hours had passed since the completion of the grand mal/ tonic-clonic seizure I experienced while in my dorm. I slowly opened my eyes to find myself lying in one of the beds in the medical infirmary. It was a scene I was well familiar with, except in this case there was a man standing next to my bed looking at me, and something told me he wasn't the doctor. While still in the midst of trying to decipher who he was, I noticed him nonchalantly glance in the direction of the nurse/guard station across the hall. After seeing that the coast was clear, he suddenly produced -- what seemed like out of thin air -- a can of Coca Cola, and a Snickers candy bar. "Here, take these," he said, as he shoved them under the edge of my blanket. It was at that point that I realized who my visitor was -- he was my guardian angel. How else could he have gotten those things in here? And, how did he know, that out of all the things the canteen sells, those are the two items I crave the most after having such a disturbing seizure? (Please, let me explain.)

After a grand mal/tonic-clonic seizure, the inside of my mouth is left with a sensation that feels like a thick film of morning breath -- times ten. Probably the best way to describe it is like this: Imagine squeezing half a bottle of Elmer's Glue into your mouth, agitate it around until your mouth is completely coated, and then spit out the excess. Next, jump on your bicycle, and ride around the block while holding your mouth wide open (I also suggest you refrain from doing any swallowing). I know, you're probably wondering how I know what that feels like. Well, back in my teenage years. . . LOOK, IT WAS A STUPID BET ANYWAY! Just drop it.

"Wow. Thanks alot, man." (Yes, I know that ALOT is actually two words. Just please take into consideration that I was really messed up at the time.) I said, while fumbling to get my goodies open in my all-thumbs condition.

After about a minute of relishing on my much appreciated snacks, my consciousness began to reach its full point of clarity, and my sense of logic began to reveal to me that this wasn't some revitalizing rescue mission from my heavenly caretaker -- somethings just didn't add up. If I'm not mistaken, an angel is usually about nine feet tall, has long blond hair, and is decked out in a robe. Oh! Then of course there are the wings. In the case with my bedside visitor. . . Well, he was only about 5' 5" tall, had a buzz cut, and was wearing the same prisoner's uniform that I was. Oh! Then of course, he didn't have any wings. Then, on top of all that, when was the last time you ever saw an angel wearing glasses?

Even after coming to the conclusion that my bedside visitor wasn't my heavenly caretaker, my intuition was slowly convincing me that he had been a part of my life at some earlier point in time.

As I set my idea aside and continued with my taste bud revivers, he verified my earlier perception by asking, "Do you remember me?" With a feeling of regret, I slowly shook my head. I just couldn't picture the time or place. However, after informing me that our previous location of acquaintance had been in a county jail, along with four other guys in a six man cell, along with 22 other guys in a 24 man dorm, AND that it had taken place eight years previous to the present date. . . Well, I wasn't feeling quite so unhappy with my inability to recognize him. Well, I mean, come on. How was I supposed to remember him at a time like this? Usually, after having a seizure like the one I had just experienced, I can't even remember the numbers of my combination lock. Oh, and get this. Back in the county jail, his hair was down to the middle of his back. Yeah, he was just going to have to understand.

I'm quite sure I was making for a real boring conversationalist, because I was still not completely with it yet, and. . . Well, I'm just a rather boring individual to begin with. So he let me know he had to get going. I assured him that I would pay him back, but he let me know that it wouldn't be necessary. Then, he slipped out the door, and I haven't seen him again in over ten years.

(Be sure to read next week about the shitty mishap I experienced, butt was fortunate enough to have had one of the few good men in here to help me out.)