

Date: 06 Apr 25

Subject: (Continuation of: "A Few Good Men." Apri...

(Continuation of: "A Few Good Men." April 7, 2025)

Okay. This last example is a bit different, due to the fact that it involves a couple of "Good Men" who qualified for the title because of what they. . . DIDN'T DO.

Once again, the whole plot stems from me experiencing one of my epileptic seizures. However, unlike the previous two, this seizure was only a petit mal/absence seizure. This means I wasn't experiencing any form of violent spasms or convulsions. I was just walking around aimlessly, staring into space, talking funny, and perhaps experiencing some mild twitching of the muscles. Hence, the medical department was never called. The scene started with me in the shower, washing my face. Unfortunately, I only had time to rinse my face free of any soap before going unconscious. Sound familiar?

When I regained consciousness, I was sitting on my bunk in my two man cell. Sounds safe enough, right? However, also sitting on my bunk -- on either side of me -- were two rather large guys of whom I was not readily familiar with. I mean, we may have said hey a couple of times while crossing paths in the dorm, but that was about it. And now I was sitting between them, wearing nothing but a towel around my waist?

Somehow, they were able to decipher that I was regaining my perceptibility. Them: You awright now? You awake? Ha, Ha, Ha! Man, you walked outta dat shower wearin nuttin but bubbles! Ha, Ha, Ha!

Naturally, their remarks, and the condition I found myself in, made cause for me to have some questions of my own. A few that come to memory are:

- 1.) Just how long have I been in here with you two?
- 2.) Where are my clothes? And of course. . .
- 3.) What is your gentlemen's opinion regarding homosexual behavior in the prison system?

However, I didn't think the voicing of my questions would be very wise. It just didn't seem like a good time to get on anyone's bad side, considering the vulnerability of my backside. Hence, I decided to answer my most crucial question on my own.

While they continued with their silly questions to test my mental capabilities, I began testing a particular PHYSICAL capability. I wanted to see if I could flex my anus without experiencing any pain -- perhaps caused by any form of. . . unwanted imposition. The test came back negative. (Meaning there was NO pain. Just thought I would clarify that.)

The smile that spread across my face, along with the exhaling sigh of relief, must have given my two sidekicks the impression that I was feeling better. Oh yeah. I was feeling way better now. As they stood up to leave, I thanked them profusely. Although, I seriously doubt they knew the real reason for which I was so appreciative. They just waved it off like it was no problem, and walked out.

Now I realize I must appear to be quite a jerk, always jumping to the wrong conclusions about someone just wanting to be of some help. But under these circumstances, you've got to understand. I mean, how many times have you ever read in a prisoners biography that he -- while in his most vulnerable condition -- was taken to a two man cell by a couple of large guys, (How

did he say that again? Oh, yeah. ". . . wearing nuttin but bubbles.") where they wrapped a towel around his waist, sat him down on his bunk, sat down on either side of him, waited until he regained consciousness, explained what had occurred, and then just walked out -- allowing him to keep his virginity?

I'll admit, my reasoning for those two guys to be added to the list of " A Few Good Men" may not correlate quite well with the usual standards. However, when you take into consideration the possibilities of what could have taken place in that cell. . . Well, I guess to fully appreciate the situation, you would have had to have been in my shoes. . . Or towel.

(Join me again next week as I attempt to take you through one of the boring days of prison, from beginning to end. Don't worry though. If it gets too boring all you'll have to do is let me know, and I'll do what I can to spice things up for you.)