

Date: 11 May 25

Subject: (Beginning of: "What A Way To Start The...

(Beginning of: "What A Way To Start The Day" May 12, 2025)

I apologize for the sudden turn around of events here. Unfortunately, a couple of days after sending you the final section of my previous chapter, I received a message on my tablet that my JPay mail was disallowed because it. . . Are you ready for this? ADVOCATED HATRED. In case these morons were not aware of this, hatred has pretty much been a major part of the everyday life here in the prison system. So to sit there and say that my simple little story of PAST occurrences is going to have any kind of an effect on the already set minds of these individuals. . . At any rate, I'm just going to skip to the next chapter.

In the next few chapters I'm going to take you through a bona fide non-typical day. Not only because the occurrences are that of a bona fide non-typical prisoner, but also because all of these events did not actually occur on the SAME day. As you read each chapter, just picture the events taking place at some point in time during my incarceration. (Believe me, prison could never be this eventful for some monotonously minded hermit such as myself.) I've just placed them all together like this for your convenience -- and of course mine.

The time was somewhere around 5:00 AM when DOC's concept of an alarm clock was set off. The alarm clock I'm referring to is when the guard in the control room starts flipping all the switches on his panel to turn on all the bright fluorescent bulbs in our rooms, and to trigger the 32 electronic unlocking mechanisms located in metal boxes above each door.

The whole process of it all sounded like a short hailstorm on a tin roof. Then, a few seconds after that, came the sound of about 15 doors spamming back into the locked position. (Obviously, those prisoners had no interest in what was being served for breakfast.) The whole process of it all sounded like an even shorter hailstorm on a tin roof, except with bigger pellets.

So this isn't anything like awakening out of a sleep from the sound of an alarm clock that can just be shut off at the press of a button. It's more like the sensation of being startled into consciousness. The amount of time that follows after this experience to the time breakfast is called varies from 15 minutes to 90 minutes, depending on which order they call the dorms to eat -- which is subject to a whole other set of variables.

I tried to think of a justifiable reason to get myself up, and start preparing for breakfast. Unfortunately, I couldn't come up with one before I had already fallen back asleep. As for my cellmate, he was also unsuccessful and had fallen back asleep as well. This made for a hectic scene when suddenly the guard on the intercom and half the guys in the dorm started yelling, "CHOW! CHOW!" So once again I was startled into consciousness. (Just to let you know, it's pretty much a routine thing hear in prison, even if your taking a nap in the middle of the day.) However, I knew there was no time to fall back asleep again. This time I only had about three minutes before the last guy -- who so wisely got prepared in advance -- was going to be walking through the now-open door to the sally port. And once that door was shut. . . Well, let's just say I wouldn't be going to breakfast. So now my cellmate and myself -- while stumbling over each other in our two man cell -- threw our clothes on, laced up our boots, and did what we could with our hair while passing the mirror above the toilet (of which neither of us had time to use). As a

friendly gesture to my fellow prisoners, I quickly snatched my toothpaste from next to the sink, squeezed a more than usual amount in my mouth, and threw it back in the sink while exiting the cell. We then hustled down the stairs and across the day room while still tucking in our shirttails -- making it to the door with at least five seconds to spare. (This rapid process of getting ready is known in prison as "Parachuting.") So after crowding into the sally port with all the other breakfast bound guys, I stood there for a few seconds making sure to swish the well-agitated toothpaste throughout my entire mouth. A confused look appeared on the face of the guy a few feet away as he studied my involuntary impersonation of a blowfish with Tourette's syndrome. (A severe neurological disorder characterized by multiple facial and other body tics.) Then, after completing a large gulp, I had my one-man audience in an even more intensified state of perplexity.

Me: GULP!

Him: Are you okay over there?

Me: Yeah. I just squeezed some toothpaste into my mouth on the way out of my cell.

Him: Man, you can't be doing that. It says if you swallow that stuff you gotta call the doctor.

Me: No. It says if you ACCIDENTALLY swallow it to seek professional help.

Him: That's what I'm saying.

Me: Well, I didn't swallow it ACCIDENTALLY, I swallowed it INTENTIONALLY.

(More next week.)