

Date: 18 May 25

Subject: (Continuation of: "What A Way To Start T...

(Continuation of: "What A Way To Start The Day" May 19, 2025)

For some strange reason, he didn't find my comment amusing. Then, while turning to set his attention elsewhere, he said, "Why don't you just go fuck yourself!" To which I replied, "Well at least I'll be doing it with somebody who loves me."

I will admit, I've been known to be a rather ironic and self-assertive individual. Although, here in prison it's known as being an anus. However, these guys usually don't pronounce it that way.

While MY conversation didn't go so well, it seemed that everyone else's was important enough to be shouted, even though the guys were less than two feet away from each other. The subjects ranged from last night's game, to some growth a guy had noticed on his sac. (Scrotum: The external sac of skin enclosing the testes in most mammals.) Considering the subject at hand, I had the intention to remain silent. . . but I didn't have the ability. There was no way I was going to let an opportunity like this pass by. So with the most serious tone of voice I could fabricate, I said, "It's called a penis."

Just then the guard in the control room was notified to let us out, so he pushed the button that unlocked the main door to the sally port. After SQUEEZING through the doorway to the outside, (For some reason it's as though these guys have to push their way through any form of a doorway. I'd love to see them getting on and off a public elevator.) we worked ourselves into a straight line, and followed the maze of walkways to the chow hall. It was still dark, so many of the corners were occupied by a guard so as to maintain what is known as "Controlled Movement." (The act of guzzling down half a bottle of Pepto-bismol so as to solidify. . . OOPS!! Wrong dictionary. Okay. To exercise restraining or directing influence over the act or process of moving.)

Once our line of guys reached the end of the already-there-at-the-chow-hall line of guys, we came to a stop and began to slowly trickle in. After entering the chow hall, the single line separated into two lines -- one for the regular scheduled meal, and one for the alternative meal. Unfortunately, both meals were served from the same 18" across X 6" high slot in the wall -- in random order. This made for a hectic disarray if you weren't quick ENOUGH, or if you were TOO quick. (Please, let me explain.)

Before I admit to doing this. . . this. . . what's considered a horrific infraction amongst your more institutionalized prisoners, let me just layout the scene for you. As a tray was push to the edge of the opening the two guys at the heads of the two lines had to -- in a fraction of a second -- decipher if it was a regular meal or an alternate, and then grab the tray or remain still. If the next person in line had time to blink their eyes before someone grabbed the tray, there was going to be some complaining about how long it was taking. Under these circumstances, I'm not a very quick minded individual, and can easily lose my sense of discernment.

Six regular trays had come out, and I was now standing at the slot, ready to grab -- what I had hoped to be -- the seventh regular tray at lightening speed. The next tray came into sight. Unfortunately, I didn't allow my brain enough time to register whether it was a regular or

alternate tray before snatching it by the corner and pulling it out. It was at THAT point that it registered that I had grabbed an alternate tray before the guy in the alternate line had time to even move.

Me: (Kinda handing the tray his direction, hoping to God he wasn't institutionalized.) Oh, hey. I'm sorry.

Him: (Looking at me in an unhappy manner for even suggesting that he would have taken the now-contaminated tray.) I don't want that tray. You touched it.

So now I was stuck between a rock and a hard place. Because not only could I not get anybody to take this tray I DIDN'T want, I was also not going to be able to have the tray that I DID want. Or, you could just say I was encompassed about by a bunch of institutionalized morons who weren't about to admit in front of one another that in all honesty they couldn't have cared less, and just took the tray so I could grab the next regular one. So I got a good look at the guy, took the tray to a seat at an empty table, and spent my time eating/sulking.

(Sorry to cut this a bit short, but I would like to have the whole section where I go into a chaotic turbulence on this subject of institutionalization to be on the same page as the closing of the chapter. So don't forget to visit next week.)