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

(Conclusion of: "What A Way To Start The Day" May 26, 2025)

It's not like I have a problem admitting when I make a mistake. Okay? But when the whole problem can be solved by simply setting aside some irrational beliefs, or stupid. . . I mean, think about it. First of all, the trays here in prison -- I can guarantee you -- are not getting any kind of sterilization job that my finger tips could counterbalance, hence, bringing about some form of disease harmful to my fellow prisoner's. Next, think about the workers back in the kitchen who not only prepare the trays, but prepare the food as well. I wanted to tell that guy right then and there about how a cellmate of mine -- who use to work in the kitchen -- had been locked up in confinement for. . . Are you ready for this? Gunning down the female worker in charge of the kitchen. And, no, I'm not referring to shooting her with a gun (Remember what gunning means?). Also, any one of these guys would gladly accept a cellmate-prepared goulash from anyone else in the dorm, without even knowing what procedures were carried out in the preparing of it, or when the last time the guy who cooked it had last washed his hands. Oh, and how about this one? These very same Don't-Touch-My-Trayers will more than gladly buy my piece of chicken on the night they serve chicken in the chow hall. You're probably thinking it's some kind of sterilized procedure of them coming over to me and taking the piece off my tray that I was so careful not to breath on, or touch with more than four fingers on the outer edge. HA!! Get this. Most of these guys want to eat the chicken later in a goulash back in the dorm, hence, they pay me not only for the chicken, but to bring it back to the dorm as well. ((Remember we're dealing with guys who will get mad at someone if he touches his tray. So, before I continue I wish to emphasize a certain point regarding the cleanliness of this whole ordeal of me bringing back their chicken. The point being this: My regular scheduled day falls into a certain order of doing things, and the time at which I take my shower usually occurs about an hour AFTER dinner. {a few seconds go by} I'm sure that by now it has dawned on you that this would mean that when I go to dinner it has been approximately 23 hours since my last shower. Please continue.))

So here's the basic procedure I follow in making this delivery. First I carry -- Yes, that means I TOUCHED IT -- the tray to a table. Then, after shoving the chicken aside, I go ahead and eat the rest of the food. So now I've not only touched the chicken, I've also eaten the rest of my meal over top of it. Then, after checking to see if any guards are watching, I pick up the piece of chicken with my bare hand, and wrap it up in a piece of cellophane I've usually obtained from some guy in the dorm who had previously used it to transfer a peanut butter sandwich. Then, after another glance for any watchful guards, I take the now wrapped piece of chicken, shove it down the front of my shirt, and tuck it good and tight in my armpit (23 hours). That way there won't be any bulges in my shirt when I pass the guards at the exit door.

Upon arriving at the dorm, I peel the piece of chicken from my armpit and hand it to the buyer. Or if he's not there, I'll just stick it under his pillow.

All this unsanitary handling of their food, for which they pay me two soups to carry out. And these guys have the audacity to be worried if I touched the corner of their tray? Are you

beginning to see the seriousness of this? I'm not talking about some legitimate discovery regarding prison trays that was found out, and so all the prisoners started ensuing a sanitary method for the purpose of maintaining a cleaner atmosphere. I'm talking about straightforward institutionalization. Even after questioning some old guys about it, I still haven't been able to come up with a legitimate reason for the "You-Touched-My-Tray" fixation. My best bet is this: Back some time ago, there must have been a prisoner who had a seriousness case of OCD (obsessive compulsive disorder). This caused him to freak out anytime his tray got touched, because HE was worried about germs getting transferred. Now he knew he wasn't going to be able to get the other prisoners to understand his problem. So he devised an ingenious scheme that would twist his germ-o-phobia into a **COMPULSIVE RESPECT PROPAGANDA**. I'm quite sure that in a matter of weeks he had every guy in the camp sayings to one another, "You touched my tray!" Now the sad part about all of this is he's probably dead by now, but the few who have remained mentally in tact are all having to live amongst a bunch of brainwashed morons.

I'm sorry for having spent so much time on -- what I'm sure YOU consider to be -- this rather simple subject. But I figured I would really open your eyes to just ONE of the examples of an institutionalized mind. Because. . . believe it or not, there have been some serious fights, and even deaths, in here over such meaningless ideologies.

So at any rate, as you can see, I had a lot going through my mind as I sat there not only eating the food I didn't want, but also watching my soon-to-be victim. Don't get me wrong. My retaliation wasn't going to consist of yelling or fighting. Remember, I'm Non-typical prison material. I would settle this in a way that involved some ingenuity. Not only for the purpose of getting my sweet revenge, but to hopefully teach this guy the senselessness of indoctrinated ideas.

(Be sure to check back next week for the next chapter that I never came up with a good name for. So I just entitled it, "Chapter Between 19 and 21.")