

Date: 01 Jun 25

Subject: (Beginning of "Chapter Between 19 and ...

(Beginning of "Chapter Between 19 and 21" June 2, 2025)

The time was somewhere around 6:00 A.M. While chewing my last mouthful of breakfast, I exited the chow hall with a horde of other dorm-bound guys in blue, and proceeded in a single file line down the right side of the walkway. While passing through the center gate, the thought of what I was going to do when I returned to my cell occupied my mind. One of the first things on my list was brush my teeth.

When it comes to the food we are served in the prison system, I'll give em this much, I've noticed it to be a lot better for my teeth than the food I ate while out on the streets. Naturally, this isn't the result of some kind of a healthier menu that keeps my teeth glowing white. It's simply the fact that after eating this stuff, I immediately want to brush my teeth to get the taste of the food I just ate out of my mouth.

After a bit farther down the sidewalk, I glanced up ahead at the captain's office, and notice the lights were on. It then dawned on me that the captaining would be a the person to go to for the answer to a question I had. I took a quick look at the street lights above us, and realized they were off -- which meant we were no longer in controlled movement. So when I reached the sidewalk that lead to his office, I made a right hand turn and headed for the door.

Me: Knock, knock, knock. (Me knocking on the door.)

Captain: Come in.

Me: Good morning, sir. I was wondering if I might be allowed to trouble you with a question?

Captain: What's up?

Me: I want to purchase a book through the mail. What are the steps necessary in doing that?

Captain: Well, that would require what is known as a money withdrawal.

He then reached back to the shelf behind him to grab a specific form, and then picked up a blank piece of paper from his desk. Next, he began to write down each step as he explained it all verbally as well. After handing the two sheets to me, I took a glance at the form and the more-important-than-I-thought list of steps he had written, thanked him for his help, and headed out the door.

Don't worry. I'm not going to start including boring conversations with captains throughout the rest of my book. It's just that THIS one has some significant consequences later.

After rejoining the line of prisoners heading toward the dorm, I made my way back to my cell, and put the paperwork in my locker. Getting myself situated for a quick nap before count time went undisturbed, because I didn't have my annoying cellmate under foot. You see, my

captain's-office detour had allowed my cellmate the time he needed to get himself squared away without having HIS annoying cellmate under foot. So he was already up on his bunk investigating the inside of his eyelids when I pulled the door into the locked position, and sat down on my bunk. I already knew my nap would be cut short, because the sergeant in charge that day didn't allow the prisoners to sleep through count time.

You would think that at least the procedure of counting the prisoners would be something that was always carried out in a similar fashion -- if not throughout the state, at least within a single camp. However, prison life isn't as monotonous as most people think it is. I mean, something as simple as count time has quite a number of variables during our waking hours. Some of the variables vary in accordance to the time of day, the characteristics of who's on duty, what kind of mood who's on duty is in, and a number of other factors. However, from my own personal experience, LOCATION seems to be the main factor. I've been able to discern this due to the fact that I have spent time in TEN different prison camps -- all in the state of Florida. Up in the northern district, count time procedure is carried out in the strictest manner possible. However, the farther south you go the more lenient things become. In another words, if a prisoner is located up in the panhandle he has to be dressed in Class-A uniform (The distinctive prison attire consisting of: boxers, socks, T-shirt, blue shirt, blue pants, boots, and an I.D. card.), and sitting sidesaddle on his bunk throughout the ENTIRE time they are in count -- which usually ranges from 15 minutes to one hour. Whereas, down in Miami a prisoner can be totally crashed, and wearing nothing more than a pair of boxers as the guards walk by. So think of all the variables between those two examples.

Naturally, sleep isn't the only thing to do during count time. It's also a good time for reading, meditation, practicing sign language, or even writing downright ludicrous books -- hoping somebody will be crazy enough to read them. So let's continue.

(Ooppss! Looks like you'll have to wait until next week. Later on.)