

Date: 15 Jun 25

Subject: (Beginning of: "What It's Like To Have A...

(Beginning of: "What It's Like To Have A Raisin Super Glued To Your Anus." June 16, 2025)

The time was somewhere around 8:00 A.M. when I stepped out of my dorm with a horde of other prisoners all heading for our wide variety of morning call outs -- mine of which happened to be to the medical department. After converging at the main crosswalk with hundreds of other call-out-bound prisoners from other dorms, I spent the next 30 minutes wishing it didn't take that long to wait for the sergeant to yell out for the medical call outs, step through the metal detector at the center gate, and walk the remaining sixty feet to the medical department with the other forty guys who had medical issues as well. After entering the waiting room, I checked in with the guard in the control room, and had a seat on one of the few empty spaces available among the eight benches.

(20 minutes later)

While I'm waiting, I suppose I should clue you in as to why I'm here in the first place. I mean, I can see how the title of this chapter MAY have probably left you in a state of puzzlement. It's a particular maneuver that I find very effective at keeping my readers curious of what the chapter could possibly be about -- to keep them captivated.

Three nights ago, I had been enjoying the relaxation of an evening shower in one of the six single-man showers (I was presently in a close custody dorm, not an open bay). Upon reaching my sitting apparatus with my washcloth and thrusting the soapy utensil in between the two hemispheres of my buttocks, I felt an unfamiliar object at the edge of my anus. My initial thought -- as much as I hate to admit it -- was, "Man, I must not have wiped very well the last time I took a dump." So to make up for my previous lack of wiping power, I scrubbed the spot again with my washcloth, butt to no avail. Obviously it was going to take a little more than a soapy washcloth and water to get this persistent little lump successfully detached. So after hanging my washcloth over my shoulder and rinsing the soap from my hands, I set forth to reach back and pull the undesirable wad that had embedded itself on holey ground.

By the way, I only weigh about 155 pounds. So the accomplishing of my goal did not include the difficulty of any flab factors. Hence, the unavailable access to a wedge or a crowbar was not a concern.

After taking a quick look around, (Talk about paranoia. I was in a single-man shower for Christ's sake.) I reached back with my left hand, pulled my left buttock apart from my right one, reached back with my right hand, seized the anus-hitchhiker-wannabe, and pulled. (Results: Hitchhiker still had a ride, and carrier was now in a state of perplexity.) In the short amount of time I spent attempting to yank the intruder off, my mind had time to envision this thing as something to the effect of having a raisin super glued to my anus. (Ooh! What a surprise.) Due to my loss of ideas as to what I should do, I decided to continue cleaning the remainder of my body, then get dried off, and then go to my cell. Upon reaching my cell, I thanked God that my

cellmate was somewhere else, pulled the door closed, and put a piece of cardboard in the window of the door to prevent any chance of an audience.

The next five minutes was spent squeezing and tugging the foreign matter between my buns, in hopes of figuring out what it was. My inability to see exactly what I was dealing with was a major annoyance. Because I figured if I could get a good look at it, I might be able to come up with an answer to my question. Butt how?

After evaluating the situation, I came to the conclusion as to what three items would be necessary in achieving my objective. However, I realized that things would start to look a little suspicious if I came out of my room, asked around for two mirrors, and then returned to my cell with the cardboard still up in the window. And besides, where was I going to find someone who I could trust to hold my butt cheeks apart while I held the mirrors?

By now, I had come to the conclusion that this thing was actually part of me -- it wasn't just connected to me. As my survey of possibilities continued, the word Hemorrhoid (a swollen mass of dilated veins at or just within the anus) came to mind. However, I had only heard the word used in plural form -- like they were some kind of a rash. Also, I had always heard about them being very painful. So the fact that this single-swelling-side-show was painless and had no buddies, I was at a loss as to what it could possibly be. Please forgive my ignorance, but I'll be the first to admit that hemorrhoids were not a typical subject at the family dinner table while growing up. So the idea of that being a prospect was erased from my mind. So with this being an issue I had never experienced before, AND not even being sure of what it was I was experiencing, I decided it was time to just set my pride aside, and start asking someone some real embarrassing questions. Butt who? Two logical answers came to mind: A doctor at the medical department, or a fellow prisoner who had already experienced the same condition (if I could find one). The only negative factor I could see in going to the doctor was the \$5.00 copay fee I would be charged. Whereas the consulting of a fellow prisoner regarding such a subject. . . Well, I could see how it could turn into a sticky situation. It just didn't seem like a wise idea to walk up to some guy, pull my pants down, turn around, spread my butt cheeks apart, and ask, "Hey! Do you know what to do with something like this?" I mean, I'm quite sure you can see where the whole scene could have easily been. . . " Miss Con Screwed." So I filled out a Medical Sick Call form, put it in a box at the center gate labeled "Medical," and kept my eyes open for my name on the daily call-out sheet.

(Check back next week for the continuation.)