

Date: 20 Jul 25

Subject: Author's note: Okay, I'll admit, I did ...

Author's note: Okay, I'll admit, I did go a little overboard on last weeks closing notes, regarding how this story was going to end. However, I just wanted to be sure you came back to read how everything turned out. To some people -- me included -- it's truly unbelievable.

(Conclusion of: "Mind Over Matter" July 21, 2025)

* MIND OVER MATTER *

Him: Hey, look man. We're good and everything, right? I mean, what happened over there. . . That's squashed, right? (To squash something means. . . Well, let's just say it's an unrefined term for having forgiven and forgotten.) Sorry for any kind of mix up over there.

Me: (Now it was time for MY chin to hit the floor.) Huh? Ah. . . Yeah. Sure. I ain't got no problems with any of that. (Me feigning a brushing off gesture, so as to appear the whole incident had already slipped my mind.) Dude, that kinda stuff ain't nothing man. Don't worry about it.

Much like the first one, this conversation between my. . . "New Found Friend" (NOT written in a sarcastic tone of voice this time.) and myself had caught the attention of everybody. So once again, the clippers were off, the talking had stopped, and all eyes were focused on us. I quickly deciphered that perhaps this psychological warfare stuff did in fact possess more influential capabilities than I had originally derived. I decided to use the opportunity to attempt one last closing statement that would leave me in good standing with everybody. I stepped back one or two steps, looked around at everybody, and then. . .

Me: Let me explain something here guys. I have to spend the remainder of my natural life behind these bars. Now I'll admit, I might not have many friends, but I'll be damned if I'm gonna have any enemies.

Everybody: (laughing and clapping)

Me: (Smiling real big, while not believing the reaction of the crowd.)

New Found Friend: (laughing) Don't I know that's right (then stepping aside to let me pass while patting my shoulder).

I proceeded out the doorway in total disbelief as to what had just happened, and headed toward my dorm.

Me: Holy cow!! I can't believe that!!

Myself: Oh my God!! Whew!!

Me: How did I just pull that off ?

Myself: I don't know, but you did good.

Me: Didn't I though?

Myself: I still can't believe it.

Please understand, "I" doesn't usually make a habit of walking around having conversations with "Me" and "Myself." However, in this case "We" was the only one around who could truly understand the full gravity of the situation.

So had I grasped the full knowledge of the possible effects of this thing called "Psychological Warfare ?" No, not yet. There was still some more positive results I would come to learn in my following visits to the shave shop. To put it simply, from that point on any time the guy running the shave shop noticed me waiting in line, he would step out and signal for me to come ahead of everyone. Then, after letting me in, he would tell me to wait against the wall for the next available set of clippers. It's amazing what a little bit of self-reproach can get you in this place.

(Well, that does it for this chapter. Be sure to check back next week for my chapter entitled "Odds And Ends Of A Non-typical Day In Prison."