

Date: 27 Jul 25

Subject: (Beginning of: "Odds and Ends Of A Non...

(Beginning of: "Odds and Ends Of A Non Typical Day" July 28, 2025)

### "ODDS and ENDS OF A NON TYPICAL DAY"

The time was somewhere around 10:45 A.M. as I approached my dorm. Fortunately, I had completed my conversation with "Me" and "Myself." Because I'm quite sure if I had still been talking to them when I walk into the dorm it would have induced a cause for concern, or perhaps just gotten me some new friends from the more psycho type crowd.

After making my way up to my cell, I plopped down on my bunk to dwell over the details regarding my last chapter's event. Naturally, when my cellmate arrived for count time, I had to tell him about it. Except I'm sure THAT version somehow didn't portray me as being such a cowardly, gutless wimp with no backbone. I simply explained how I wasn't in the mood to bust anybody's butt that day, and wanted to do some experimenting with the latest information I had read regarding psychological warfare. So count time was spent with me talking, and my cellmate trying to look interested.

After count time was over the doors clicked open, and I began preparing myself for lunch. However, since I was already dressed, it didn't require a parachute this time. After the call for lunch, we pretty much followed the same procedure as at breakfast time -- except without the controlled movement. The line of guys made its way into the chow hall, and. . . Well, I can proudly say that this time I didn't grab the wrong tray (excuse me while I go pat myself on the back).

Oh, hey! While we're here in the chow hall again, let me give you another good example of the "You Touched My Tray Syndrome." Some guy told me about this after I let him read the example I told you about earlier.

During feeding time, a guy sitting at a table accidentally knocked his own orange off his tray. As it rolled across the floor toward the other row of tables, a guy walking by bent down and picked it up for the dropper, who was getting up to retrieve his orange. "Here you go." Said the kind gentleman who took the time out of his day with which to come to the aid of another. However, instead of showing any appreciation, the dropper replied, "I don't want that orange NOW -- you touched it."

I hope you're beginning to see the reasoning behind my emphasis on this subject. Just go with me on this. This guy hasn't worried about the fact that his orange has just rolled about five feet across the FLOOR. . . of a CHOW HALL. . . of a PRISON. . . during FEEDING TIME. His only concern was the fact that the retriever's HAND had touched the outside of the peel of the orange. Need I say more?

The trip back from the chow hall was relatively routine. Or at least I had thought it was until I entered my cell. It was at that point that I took a glance at myself in the little mirror on the wall above the sink. I then stopped abruptly, and stood there looking at the mirror. What had caught my attention was a grain of rice that I was hoping had somehow gotten stuck to my mirror. Unfortunately, I realized that I was seeing the reflection of a grain of rice that was smack-dab in

the middle of my forehead. I stood there for a few seconds, analyzing the stupidity of my appearance. Naturally, the little starchy seed of annual grass that is cooked and used for food brought about a few questions: Who else has seen this? Why didn't they tell me? And of course, HOW THE HELL DID IT GET THERE IN THE FIRST PLACE??

Well, the answer to question number one wasn't difficult to answer. I thought back on my short journey from the chow hall to my cell. Let's see: First, there was the stop at the pill window, where a nurse gave me some medication regarding my epilepsy problem. Then there was the short exchange of words with some guy I knew out on the sidewalk. And finally, the simple hello gesture from the moron down stairs.

The answers to question number two, I guess you could say, are nothing more than assumptions: First, the nurse probably just felt downright sorry for me. Then, the guy on the sidewalk was probably loving every second of it, and didn't want to ruin a good thing. And finally, the moron probably didn't even notice it.

As for question number three, I still can't even begin to figure that one out.

Before flicking the grain of rice from its undesirable dwelling, I made an oath to myself that I would always (unless I didn't like the person) let a person know -- in a discrete manner -- of any form of foreign matter that had somehow manifested itself on their body (ex.: thread on shirt that just seems to clash, fuzz ball in hair, food crumb around the mouth, bugger hanging out of the nose, and of course. . . grain of rice on the forehead). FLICK!! (Sound of writer flicking grain of rice from his forehead.)

So now with the TRAUMA (An emotional wound of shock that creates substantial, lasting damage to the psychological development of a person, often leading to neurosis. [Look, I'm sorry, but I looked pretty damn stupid in that mirror. Okay?]) of walking around a prison with a piece of rice on my forehead reaching the time period of past tense, I decided to sit down and spend some time in a really good book.

Amid the one o'clock hour passing by, there was a call over the intercom for rec yard, which pretty much emptied the dorm of all but around 15 prisoners (as opposed to the original 72). So now the place seemed quiet, and free from any kind of disturbances -- at least for now. Unfortunately, it wouldn't be long before I was reminded of my address when I heard the main door suddenly fling open, and what sounded like two guards and sniff dog running across the day room and up the flight of stairs (the reason it sounded like that is because that's what it was).

(Please return next week for the end of this rather short chapter.)