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Subject: (Conclusion of: "Odds and Ends Of A No...

(Conclusion of: "Odds and Ends Of A Non Typical Day" August 4, 2025)

"ODDS and ENDS OF A NON TYPICAL DAY"

Before I continue, let me share with you a rather interesting quirk that is practiced here in the prison system that could have very well changed the entire outcome of our three visitors. You see. It's like this. Believe it or not, there are some guys in here who do wrong things. Hence, there is always the fear of having some guard catchings them in the process of their actions. So it's for this reason that the practice of shouting out a warning anytime a guard is coming toward the door is carried out. However, WHAT is shouted out usually depends on the camp you're at, the latest thing, or what dorm you're in. It's not just a thing of where each person just says what they want. I mean, naturally somebody such as myself would simply say, "Excuse me, gentlemen. If I'm not mistaken there's a guard from DOC who is heading in the direction of our door. And I would be willing to bet that he is probably going to be entering our dorm very shortly. So I suggest you hide any form of contraband you may have in an inconspicuous place, and refrain from continuing any type of illegal activities that you may be involved in at the moment. You're welcome." Whereas, I've noticed that my fellow prisoners would rather use the more reduced, low-end form of statements. Such as:

- 1.) One time
- 2.) Fire in the hole
- 3.) Hot water
- 4.) Troll
- 5.) Five-0 (short for the cop series)
- 6.) Your mama's coming (for when it's a female)
- 7.) Red light (then they yell "GREEN LIGHT" when the guard walks out)

Now I'll admit, I can see the logical reasoning behind condensing their messages. Because if you think about it, by the time I've said the words "You're welcome" the guard would probably already have a guy in cuffs, and leading him out the door.

So what did all this talk about the use of euphemistic prison jargon have anything to do with two guards and a sniff dog racing into the dorm you ask? Well, had there been somebody out in the day room, to give an earlier warning as to what was about to take place, the guy who is about to be arrested may have had a chance to flush whatever it was he had before the guards reached his cell.

At any rate, with as fast as everything happened, these guys had obviously been informed of who had what, and where. The dog was already barking up a storm before I even got my book closed. And by the time I got to the door of my cell, to see what was going on, they were already leading the obviously-been-ratted-on occupant of the cell down the stairs in cuffs.

I watched with an attitude of indifference. It wasn't like I had anything to worry about. Right? Wrong. Within 10 minutes of the departure of DOC's version of an eight legged DEA vacuum cleaner, I received a visit from a couple of guys of whom I had never spoken to.

Them: Yeah. Don't go thinkin we dient see ya in the capin's office this moanin.

Me: (This is what I meant earlier when I said, ". . . significant consequences later.")

Them: When we find out you ratted on our friend. . .

Me: Whoa! Hold on right there fellas! Let me show you something. (All being said as I was jumping to my feet and opening my locker, so as to get the two papers I received from the captain.) This is what I was in the captain's office about. (Me now holding the unfolded papers in front of their faces.) I had nothing to do with what just happened over there. In fact, I'm not even sure what it was all about.

Them: Yeah. Well, we gonna be checken stuff out.

Me: You do that. I'm sure you'll see I am in no way involved. You got to understand 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.

Okay. I realize I used the same line as with the guys back in the shave shop, and I'm sure I'll use it countless other times. But in all honesty, it seems to have been an effective tool throughout my years in the prison system. Although I will admit, the response I received at the shave shop was much more supportive, because the only reaction I got from the two guys at my door was them turning around and walking away.

By the way, they never came back.