

Date: 10 Aug 25

Subject: (Beginning of: "How I Made A Difference ...

(Beginning of: "How I Made A Difference In The Prison System" Aug. 11, 2025)

The time was somewhere around 1:30 P.M. when -- once again -- my attention was distracted from my book. Unfortunately, it wasn't just another issue regarding someone else. Rather, the focus of attention was on me. Or at least that's what I assumed when I started hearing my name being called over the intercom system.

After I reached the trap door window to the controls room, the guard informed me that I had to report to the property department. I was at a loss for any kind of logical reason for having to face one of the meanest little bit. . . (Oops!) women, I had ever come across in prison. And previous experience told me the guard wasn't going to know either, so I didn't ask. I then went back up to my cell, got dressed in Class-A, and headed out to discover the purpose of the request (otherwise known as a "verbal order").

From what I had been told, when a prisoner reported to the property department, he stood in line with the other guys by the delivery/pickup window, conducted whatever business with the property sergeant, and went on his way. I had seen lines of guys at the window before, so imagine my confusion when I walked up and found nobody else there, and the window was shut. I approached the window, gave it a couple of light taps with my knuckles, and waited -- no response. I could barely hear a couple of voices from inside, so I tried again -- still no response. I walked around to the other side of the little building where the door was located. As I approached, my eyes were attracted to a piece of paper that was taped to the door. On the paper, written in a rather sloppy manner, were the words: " Knock at your own risk. D.R. ACTION ! "

(D.R.: Disciplinary Report - It's basically like getting a ticket that sends you to jail while you're already in prison. In my twenty years of being in prison I've only received one D.R., and it was for having an epileptic seizure {they thought I was twacking out}. I wound up spending a month in confinement.)

Now, I don't know about you, but my interpretation of such a statement would mean something to the effect of: "I strongly advise that you NOT knock on this door. Because if you do, I'm going to write you up a D.R., and will have you taken to confinement in cuffs for disobeying a written order." Now I realize being the perfectionist that I am, I tend to take things too literally. And as you will soon see, that can cause some real problems in a place like prison.

So after giving the whole ordeal a little more thought, and checking the window again, I surmised that since SHE called for ME to come to her office in the first place, she obviously wanted me in her office. So why would I need to knock in the first place? After realizing how obvious the whole situation was, I grabbed the doorknob, opened the door, and walked right in. (This would have been a good time to have a set of earplugs.)

Her: WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING !?! JUST WALKING IN WITHOUT KNOCKING !?!
YOU CAN'T JUST COME WALKING IN HERE LIKE THAT !!

Me: (While stepping back to hold the door open.) Ma'am, are you aware you have a sign on your door that states, "Knock at your own risk. D.R. action!" ? I'm not going to knock on that thing.

Her: THAT'S NOT WHAT THAT MEANS !! (Apparently she had been having some problems with guys -- of whom she had not called for -- stopping to ask her questions when they were just walking by. But how was I supposed to know that?)

I'm sorry, but at this point things started getting a little fuzzy. My first thought was that perhaps I came in on her and her orderly. . . Well, . . . you know. But when I took a quick glance at him, he was completely dressed. So I'm thinking, What's her problem? Then there was the issue regarding her eyes. Have you ever seen these people who have eyes that look real big, because almost half of the eyeball is protruding out of the socket? You'd swear if they held in a sneeze their eyes would pop right out. Well, that was a particulate physical feature this woman possessed.

So as she continued screaming at me about the actual meaning of her sign, it seemed the majority of my attention was focused on those eyes. ("CHATTER, CHATTER, CHATTER": The sound of a really mad woman yelling all kinds of things at me, while I'm concentrating on watching her eyes pop out.) I realize I should have been listening to what she was saying, "CHATTER, CHATTER, CHATTER!!" But I was too busy watching her eyes bulging from their sockets. "CHATTER, CHATTER, CHATTER!!" I was afraid if I blinked, I'd miss seeing them pop out of her head. "CHATTER, CHATTER, CHATTER!!" So once again, I'm sorry I wasn't able to be more specific as to what all she had to say. But between her bulging eyes, and the fact that this event took place years before I came up with the crazy idea to write a book, things just aren't all that clear. Of course, if you think about it, even if I had already started writing this book, there's no way I could have absorbed everything she said with as fast as her mouth was moving. Also, I think it would have been rather rude of me to be standing there yelling, "Whoa! Slow down, so I can write all this down for my book."

(Be sure to come back next week for the conclusion of this chapter. I'll be sharing with you just what exactly the. . . "DIFFERENCE" was that I made at that camp, and the differences I'll hopefully be making at others.)