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

(Conclusion of: "How I Made A Difference In The Prison System" Aug. 18, 2025)

So anyway, after she had caught her breath and simmered down a bit, she informed me of the reason for which I had been called (I realize it's not all that important to someone like you, but I just want to make this chapter a little longer).

A few days prior to this. . . ENCOUNTER! (Encounter: an often violent meeting. A clash.) {Clash: a conflict, as between opposing or irreconcilable idea.} [Irreconcilable: a person who will not compromise, submit, or adjust.] Oh there was going to be some adjustments made. I can tell you that right now.

Our dorm had experienced a raid that consisted of at least half a dozen guards searching all of the lockers. However, since I wasn't there to open my locker for them, and since they didn't have a master key with them to open the locks, they just took a big pair of bolt cutters and cut my lock off. Well, I don't know about you, but I was not going to pay \$8.44 for a new combination lock from canteen, just because those dimwits couldn't find their keys. So I wrote up the legal malarkey on it all, and demanded they replace my lock. So I was just there to get the lock they owed me.

After receiving my Master Lock, I stepped out to return to my dorm. After I had taken a couple of steps, I turned around and took one last look at the sign on the door. I knew without a doubt there would be a different sign there within a few days. So I memorized the present sign, and made plans to write down what the future sign read. I was quite sure that after what had just happened the new sign was going to be a BIT more specific.

For the next three days I kept a piece of paper and pen in my pocket, and made a point to pass the property department whenever it was convenient. On the third day I was glad to see that once again my intuition proved itself capable, because the difference I had made displayed itself proudly on the door. Not only was the new sign boldly typed in computer printout, it was also laminated. And of course, the words to get the CORRECT point across were much more carefully selected and planned: "DO NOT knock at this door or be in this area unless called for by the property sergeant. UNAUTHORIZED AREA"

WOW!! Now that's getting specific. I grabbed my pen and paper, and jotted down the mandate that now properly explained the message she was trying to get across to WHOMEVER approached her door.

I was then arrested for being in an unauthorized area. . . No! I'm just joking.

Now I realize that MY perception of making a difference may not have correlated with the image you had envisioned. However, please understand my abilities are obviously a bit limited here in prison. So I've learned to really appreciate ANY kind of improvements I can make. Plus, it was just a lot of fun to watch her explode like that, while knowing matter-of-factly I hadn't done anything wrong.

(Sorry so short, but not all my stories can be of the same length. Be sure to visit next week so you can read how I got my revenge on that guy back a few chapters ago who wouldn't take the breakfast tray because I TOUCHED it.)