

Date: 24 Aug 25

Subject: (The entirety of: " A CHEAP PRICE FOR...

(The entirety of: " A CHEAP PRICE FOR A SWEET REVENGE. " August 25, 2025)

The time was somewhere around 4:45 PM when I was awakened by the sound of the cell doors unlocking. My sign language study time had ended back when 4:00 PM count was called, and I had convinced myself into taking a nap. After preparing myself for dinner, I strolled down to the benches in front of the T.V. and waited until the announcement was made for us to leave.

Obviously, you're already familiar with the whole process of reaching the chow hall. So let's just omit that trip, and continue once I'm there.

Okay, I'm there.

Upon walking in, I glanced around at the already present crowd, busily inhaling DOC's sorry excuse for. . .

WELL! WELL! WELL! Who have we here? If it isn't my good buddy, "Mr. Institutionalized." The very guy who -- just this morning -- tried to convince me that it was unorthodox to eat anything off a tray that had been touched by someone else. Guess which table I'm going to sit at? Don't get me wrong. I'm not out to cause any kind of problems. I just want to make amends. Or, would the correct term be, "Get Even?" Actually, I've just got a point to prove.

As I walked over to the drink dispenser, I considered the present circumstances, and came to the conclusion that I would not let an opportunity like this pass me by. I mean, the coincidences I was in need of had all just seemed to fall into place. First, our dinner included a luscious piece of chocolate cake with vanilla icing on it. Next, the four man table he was sitting at was only occupied by him and the guy he was with in the breakfast line earlier this morning. And lastly, I was going to make it to one of those vacant seats on either side of him before anybody else was.

I nonchalantly made my way over to the four man table where Mr. Institutionalized and my soon-to-be friend were both seated across from one another. As I sat down there was no indication that he or his friend recognized me from our earlier encounter, however, it didn't really matter. My whole focus was on showing this guy just how ridiculous this Don't-Touch-My-Tray ideology really was.

The rate at which I consumed my meal was a rather rapid one indeed. This was due to the fact that I had to finish before both of my table neighbors completed their meals. The ploy (a tactic intended to embarrass or frustrate an opponent) I had in mind required the extra person, so I could present my offer and counteroffer (just go with me on this).

After a few minutes, we all seemed to be about even with the completion of our meals. (Everything was falling into place perfectly.) With nothing on my tray other than my piece of cake, I gave a gesture of discontent, and whatever gesture says, "I'm just really not in the mood." Then, I picked up my tray, turned toward Mr. Institutionalized, and said, "I don't really want this. Do you want this piece of cake?" Without ANY hesitation to the fact that I had carried my tray to the table, eaten over top of it, drank over top of it, wiped my mouth with my napkin over top of it, and was now holding it in my hands again, he reached forward while

simultaneously saying, "Hell yeah!" However. . . HOWEVER, when his hand came within inches of the cake I quickly jerked the tray back out of his reach, and said, "Oh! Wait a minute! You wouldn't want THIS piece of cake. I touched this tray." As his mouth and eyes remained fixed in an open position, I quickly turned to the guy across from him, extended my tray HIS direction and asked, "Here. You want my cake?" With a big grin spreading across his face, he took no time at scooping the cake from my tray, placing it on his tray, and then thanking me.

The way his grin remained so purposeful, while he chewed his free dessert, made it seem as though he knew exactly what I was doing. I was wishing I could join him with a hardy smile of my own, but I was also concerned about what was going through the mind of my victim. However, it was a tough call for me to make, because his face was still frozen in the original position I left it when I yanked my tray from his reach.

While taking my last gulp of drink, and keeping the action of my recently established enemy in my peripheral vision, I decided it was time for me to move on. I was quite sure I had gotten my message across. And besides that, I didn't have any dessert to eat. However, I figured it went to a very good cause.

While walking toward the dump window to dispose of my tray, I wanted -- SO BAD -- to turn back and look to see how my victim was taking the whole ordeal. Unfortunately, I knew there was no way I could have held a straight face while doing so. And, naturally, I didn't wish to do anything that would provoke any hard feelings. I mean after all, we were even now. So the matter had been dropped, right? I'm quite sure that's how HE was interpreting it (said in a sarcastic tone of voice).

After stepping out of the chow hall, I let out an exhaust of relief. I knew without a doubt I had taken quite a risk at pulling a stunt like that. Ten or twenty years ago I probably would have gotten my @\$\$ kicked for doing such a thing. The rest of my walk back to my dorm was mostly spent with me gloating over one of my prime egotistical exaltation experiences. I was just really impressed with the way everything had gone so smooth back at the chow hall. Then again, it doesn't take a lot to amuse me.

(Rather short chapter I'll admit, but there was no way I wasn't going to include that story. It was truly an enjoyable experience to watch that guy just sit there totally dumbfounded. See ya next week.)