

Date: 31 Aug 25

Subject: (Beginning of: " Some Guys Actually Pref...

(Beginning of: " Some Guys Actually Prefer Regular To Unleaded " Sept. 1, 2025)

The time was somewhere around 5:30 PM when I returned to my dorm from the chow hall. After entering my cell, I took off my boots, socks, blue shirt, T-shirt, and got together the things I would need to take a shower. (Please notice I did not take off my pants. Remember chapter three? I sure do.) Thanks to daylight savings time, there was a shower readily available since a good number of guys had decided to go to after-dinner rec. If not for the large crowd going out to rec, the waiting time to get into one of the single-man showers can be rather lengthy. Some of the guys spend such a long time in the shower that I sometimes wonder what the heck they're doing in there. Then, after a few of the possibilities cross my mind, I wish I hadn't been so curious. Granted, they could just be shaving, or hand washing some shorts. However, if I let my mind wander and then see them step out of the shower I'm about to use, it can sometimes cause me to wish I had a hefty set of waders rather than just a measly pair of flip-flops on my feet.

With my shower completed, I spent the first half of my evening over in the single-man handicapped cell, with a wheelchair bound old coot who liked to do crossword puzzles. Between the two of us -- and my crossword puzzle dictionary -- we were able to complete a puzzle just before 7:30 count. Hence, giving us the impression that we had accomplished something in life (It doesn't take a lot to amuse HIM either).

The forty-five minute detain in our cells consisted of not much more than enjoying a good book. Fortunately, my cellmate was not in a talkative mood, because I was not in a listening one. I had already endured that extreme while working on that crossword puzzle with that old coot in the last paragraph.

As soon as the doors clicked open the vast majoring of the guys made their way out of their cells, with at least half of them heading for the benches in front of the T.V. The only problem was the choice of what was decided to be. . . entertaining?

I don't know. I guess I'm just more of an individual who enjoys comedy. You may not believe this, but I actually have a sense of humor. Plus, in a place like prison, I believe it's very important to have a reason to laugh. Or one could really find themselves turning into a bug.

After aimlessly wandering around the upper catwalk and downstairs day room, I finally came to a stop in the open area of the day room about 15 feet behind the benches. Due to certain. . . pressures, I was in much need of some privacy. And since my cellmate was NOT one of the vast majority I spoke of earlier, I decided this was the only vacant area I had left. Unfortunately, my original plan of remaining in a void atmosphere for a while was soon interrupted by some foreign guy, of whom I was not readily familiar with. He came to a stop about 3 feet from my side, and set his sights on the T.V. Then, after a couple of minutes, I farted and. . .

YOU SEE !?! You can't just go rushing into certain matters. Sometimes you have to take the time, and do some explaining. So if you have some kind of issues with me going around the block to get across the street when I'm telling my stories. . . Well, that's you're problem. I'll have you know, the practicing of passing gas takes a lot of practice. Because as you can see, this

particular necessity of nature is not an easy task to accomplish when you're living in tight quarters like prison. I mean, here I am in the middle of the most wide open area of the dorm, and this guy's gotta walk up within three feet of me. So what am I supposed to do now?

After realizing I was still in the safest place with which to conduct my discharge, I decided that it might be wise of me to simply do it in a much quieter fashion than what I had originally planned.

The expelling of the first 95% of the gas went without any realization of my one man audience. However, . . . it was that last little 5% that, for some reason, couldn't slip out quietly.

(Due to the size of the chapter, and amount of characters that will fit in my message for one stamp, I'm going to have to cut it short here this week and give the other half of the chapter next week. Sorry.)

Date: 07 Sep 25

Subject: (The conclusion of: " Some Guys Actual...

(The conclusion of: " Some Guys Actually Prefer Regular To Unleaded " Sept. 8, 2025)

It was just an innocent little "toot," butt I guess it doesn't seem so innocent when you take into consideration where it just came from. And just where exactly does that final toot come from? Is it the anus kind of throwing on a period at the end of your sentence? Or is it you're buttocks flapping just right so as to get some of the credit for having kept its mouth shut through the whole ordeal?

(?????) Okay. Where was I originally going with this? Oh yeah. Remember how earlier I mentioned that the guy next to me was a foreigner? Well, I did. Okay? At any rate, I was just wanting to give you a good example of how individuals in here can be remarkably different.

I immediately turned toward my NOW-REALIZING neighbor, and feigned a look of surprise, and vocabulary of apology.

ME: (Said with my fingers crossed.) Oh. Hey. I'm real sorry, man. That just slipped out. (Then much to my surprise.)

HIM: Hey, relax. Where I'm from you're taught not to go holding that stuff in. It's not good for you. You gotta let it out.

ME: Ah. . ? Yeah. . ? Right. . . (I thought I may had just found a new best friend. Until it dawned on me. . . he had a butt too.)

Now before you go thinking our foreign friend is fantastic, because he's fart friendly, get this. A number of days later, he and I were in the same general area, when suddenly I needed to burp. Now I'm not talking about some extravagant belch lasting 15 seconds -- like back in my teenage years. I'm talking about a harmless little 2 second burp. Then, after remembering my neighbor's reaction to me passing gas, I thought certainly he isn't going to have any issue with me letting out a little burp. Right?

ME: "BURP!" (Oh, wait. I said a little one.) "burp."

HIM: (Looking at me as though I had committed a horrific crime) What are you doing?

ME: What? (Not because I couldn't hear him. I was simply confused to his reaction.)

HIM: You can't just be doing stuff like that! That's rude!

ME: Hold on a second! I can stand here and blow gas out my butt hole with no problem, but I can't let out a simple little burp?

HIM: It's not the same. (Then, he appeared to get flustered by my logical question and walking away.)

So as we see, one can really come across a wide variety of individuals here in the prison system. Each with their own beliefs, ways of doing things, and opinions. So it's not like you really ever grow accustomed to this life with its never ending variations.

(Well, next week I'll be telling you about the rather rough conclusion of the day I've been taking you through. Then, after that, the subject of my stories will start becoming looked upon from a different point of view -- I'll explain it all later.)