

Date: 14 Sep 25

Subject: (The entirety of: " HELLUVA HIGH PRICE...

(The entirety of: " HELLUVA HIGH PRICE TO PAY FOR A DRINK OF WATER. " Sept. 15, 2025)

The time was somewhere around 9:55 P.M., and the call to prepare for master roster count was announced over the intercom. I was standing on the catwalk outside my second floor cell, resting my arms over the top rail, and observing the crowd down stairs as they started walking toward their cells to prepare for lock down.

After a couple of minutes, my attention was drawn to a confrontation about to take place between some young guy and a middle aged gentleman, regarding an issue that occurred earlier in the afternoon.

I didn't think you would really have much of an interest in this earlier occurrence, so I didn't include it. However, with what's about to happen now, I guess I had better bring you up to date. It's regarding the fact that the older guy (on his way to the water fountain) had unknowingly walked between the youngster who was gunning down a female guard who was in the control room at least 50 ft. away. So now that it was about eight hours later, the youngster was apparently ready to show his dislike for the guy's apparent disrespectful behavior (even though the old guy probably never even knew anything of the kind had even taken place).

The next thing I knew, there was a frenzy of flying fists -- ending with the older guy flat on his back. Then, after squatting down to a seated position on top of the man's stomach, the young guy began punching the man in the face unmercifully.

While the majority of the other prisoners fled the area to watch from the doorways of their cells, there was one guy who, upon seeing the confrontation start, ran to a handicapped man's cell to get a cane. So upon returning, the merciless beating was already in progress. However, he still found it necessary to flip the cane upsidedown, adjust the curved handle next to the head of the now-unresponsive victim who -- don't forget -- was still getting his face punched by the other guy sitting on top of him. Then, with the same form as a no-good golfer, he brought the cane up, and gave a full swing to the head of the guy lying on the floor -- just like a golfer teeing off. There was no response from the victim, or hesitation from the puncher on top of him. The golfer wannabe obviously wasn't satisfied with his drive. So he brought up the cane for the second drive, and once again struck the punching bag's head.

Apparently, this was finally enough for the two beaters (it was obviously enough for the beaten). So they grabbed the unresponsive body, dragged it to one of the single-man showers, and just kinda stuffed it in there. After grabbing some nearby rags, they made a poor attempt at wiping up the puddle of blood in the middle of the floor, then made a quick dash to the inconspicuous safety of their cell, and pulled their door locked.

A minute or two later, two guards walked in to perform the master roster count -- totally unaware of what had taken place. With their focus being set on the doors of the cells, they never noticed any of the smeared blood remaining on the floor in the center of the walk area. Finally, upon arriving to the cell of the still-in-the-shower punching bag/ golfer's tee (which happened to

be the last cell to be counted), the guards realized they had a man missing. Or perhaps the guy's cellmate just told the guards what had happened, and where he was.

Upon finding the well beaten clump of human anatomy on the floor of the single-man shower, one of the guards called for medical on his radio, while the other just stood there with a look of disbelief as to what he was seeing.

After the nurse and orderly arrived, the still-unresponsive guy was placed on a gurney table, and wheeled out. Moreover, having now gotten the number of inmates they were looking for, the two guards exited the dorm as well.

As I remained peering out the window of my locked door, I was surprised that no communication was going on between friends in separate cells. Things like this usually bring about a lot of babbling.

The next 15 minutes of silence allowed my mind to dwell on what I had just witnessed, bringing about a number of questions: Would the victim snitch on the two guys after he regained consciousness? Would he regain consciousness to begin with? If not, were those guys actually going to get away with what they had just done? Of course not stupid! There's cameras all over the place! I can't believe how idiotic I can be sometimes! After awhile a number of guards came into the dorm, unlocked the door of the cell housing the culprits, bound them in cuffs, and led them out.

So what became of the well-beaten golf tee and the invisible-to-video-camera-wannabees? I honestly don't know. This is one of those subjects where you ask around later, and every other person has a different story.

So. . . what a way to end the day. Huh? However, don't forget what I told you earlier about all of these events not occurring on the same day. What I'm trying to say is this: The other 99% of the time it would have been the guards coming around to count, my cellmate and myself doing our evening formalities, getting into our bunks, and then going to sleep -- talk about boring. I just thought I would provide you with an evening that included a more theatrical -- although true -- way to end the day. While at the same time letting you know about the kinds of situations that can take place ANYtime, ANYwhere, and -- obviously -- for ANY reason.

(Starting next week my writing takes on a different point of view of the prison system. Don't worry I'll explain it all at the beginning of my next chapter [I don't have enough characters left to explain it all now]. After I explain it all I'll start my first subject regarding the different nicknames that one will come across in the prison system. See you next week.) And a big " HI ! " to italianguy and wizardmouse.