

Date: 26 Feb 26

Subject: ...

* POSTSCRIPT *

Well, I hope the reading of my previous writings has expanded your concept of prison life. If not, then you must obviously be an ex-con, who is already familiar with what I'm talking about, and are probably asking yourself why you wasted your time reading this stuff. But if it has, then I guess it wasn't a complete waste of time after all. Granted, I'm quite sure you still have a number of unanswered questions located on your list of innocent interests. However, you're just going to have to understand that our lives -- whether it be a free one like yours or an imprisoned one like mine -- are always going to have some form of unanswerable questions.

In the free world, you face such questions as: Why do we reach for our chins when pondering a thought? Why do we drive on parkways, and park on driveways? And why aren't hemorrhoids called asteroids?

In the imprisoned world, I face such questions as: Why is it I have to listen to the senseless jabber between two prisoners who find it necessary to holler back and forth across the room? Likewise, why is it I have to listen to the senseless jabber between two prisoners who find it necessary to holler just as loud as the first two I mentioned, but while standing only three feet apart? Also, whose idea was it to totally obliterate the words patience and respect from the prisoner's list of values?

Oh, here's another good question. (I'm really getting into this now.) Why can't I -- a prisoner with a natural life sentence who has no wife, no kids, and no case -- simply be put to sleep, so I can donate all my working body parts to individuals in the free world who have a life worth living?

After doing a little research, in my Almanac (Copyright 2021) I discovered there are 92,756 people in need of a kidney 12,346 in need of a liver 3,497 in need of a healthy beating heart 1,070 in need of a lung 886 in need of pancreas and 250 in need of an intestine.

I could make a serious improvement on the lives of about half a dozen individuals in the physical aspect, while at the same time make an improvement on the pockets of thousands of tax payers in the financial aspect (I'd share with you just how much you're having to pay to keep me alive if I didn't think you'd get mad and never visit my blog again).

And here's a questioned that hit me just the other night, while taking a shower in the open-bay dorm they have me in now. Two shower heads over was a man who I'm asuuuuming would rather have been a WO-man. He didn't have the breast implants like the guy I mentioned in the county jail. However, there did appear to be some form of a previous attempt at trying to make a couple of mountains out of a couple of molehills. The size was hard to call. I don't know. . . Is there such a thing as an (A-) cup? He/She kept his/her entire body shaved, and had trained his/her voice a couple of octaves higher. He/She also made a point of strutting around just right, so as to show off his/her protruding butt/ass in his/her skin tight pants. And. . . Well. . . As much as I hate to admit it, that individual would probably have made a good tutor to about 90% of the female guards, in the learning of some much needed feminine characteristics.

So after taking all those traits into consideration, and now after having crossed paths with that individual in the shower, the unanswerable question that irks me is this: Why, pray tell, did that female wannabe have a bigger dick than I do?

I'm sure my list of unanswerable questions could continue for quite some time, however, I'm also sure you're about ready for me to wrap this thing up. So let me close with just one final question that has puzzled me since I first started learning the mind-set of the individuals in my present surroundings. It's a question that -- even after all this time -- I still find necessary to ask myself out loud: "How the hell could I have ever doubted evolution? "