

# 12 Reasons to Stay Outta Jail

**12:17am:** Many prisoners have been asleep for about an hour. It is now time for the first toss & turn of the night in a futile attempt to gain comfort from a brick-like surface. Repeat this activity randomly throughout the night, three or four times until...

**6:30am:** The electric door bolt cracks open like the snap of a small caliber pistol. Thanks to Murphy's Law of Sleeping this will invariably be during your best REM slumber or a sex dream right before it gets interesting.

**6:45am:** 1980's grade intercom system blares a static laced breakfast announcement. Dragon breathed stumblers line up nuts to butts for a technically edible breakfast. It's the only time that mask wearing makes perfect sense.

**7:30am:** Med call announcement from said intercom informs those who accept experimental psychotropic pills that it is time to dose. They line up like a well trained lab rat awaiting his food pellet.

**10:00am:** The heard of lost souls wander toward their assigned cells as the first lockdown count of the day is announced with venom.

**10:30am:** The recurring bolt crack resounds, inviting knuckleheads to gather in the dayroom area. The daily competition seems to be who can be the loudest Neanderthal. There is no winner.

**11:00am:** A fight breaks out in the lunch line and the C.O.'s fire off a bear mace grenade fit for war. Trouble makers are floored and cuffed up, then drug to the hole.

Meanwhile the rest of us try to breathe thru the noxious fumes as we attempt to eat lunch without hacking or tasting the capsicum.

**2:00pm:** It's time for the second lockdown count of the day. If we're lucky, the C.O.s will count correct on their first try and not have to recount. *How many C.O.'s does it take to screw in a light-bulb?* Wait, you know they screen all outgoing mail right? So we'll say one...

**2:30pm:** The magnetic door-lock snaps open allowing us the option to mingle with other prisoners in the common room. I usually opt out to stay in the temporary office—aka cell—to read and write.

**5:30pm:** It's time to lockdown for count and shift change. When each lockdown is called, the hubbub of prisoners trying to make last minute exchanges and mating calls resounds throughout the unit. It appears some of the fellows around here think it's an adult version of Disneyland. I almost envy them.

**6:30pm:** Door clacks open for the remaining few hours of optional out of cell time. It's considered a "good night" if no emergency lockdowns are announced due to fights or other nefarious shenanigans.

**10:00pm:** Lockdown for the night is announced. Twenty guys bum-rush the only hot water pot as the C.O. yells "Lockdown now or you won't come out of your cells tomorrow!" I think to myself, well there are some writings to tackle anyhow. You gotta keep it positive in here to endure the insanity.

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