

Aloha.

This witt is my first submission to the A.P.W.A. project. I haven't actually earned any professional degree or anything like that yet. However I have had some of my works published in various locations and have even received State and National Recognition. I have had a fair amount of formal and informal study, training and actual experience in various communications fields. So you may say I have achieved the level of Amateur or Freelancer. But enough about me. Let's get down to business.

I stepped out the cell to use the plumbing in the day-area since my bunky was napping and I am such a thoughtful and all around great guy.

I'm standing there with my back to the day-area "pissin' away" when I hear the distinct sound of the inner-workings/mechanisms of a combination lock; ~~clunking~~ "clunk!" If you've ever heard that sound, and I'm sure you have, then you know without looking what it is, especially being in a place where that sound is common.

"KTCH! KTCH! KTCH!" ;)

Yeah, so I ~~turn~~ toward look toward the commotion and while I finish up my business I watch it all unfold.

A Little Guy about 5'6" 135 Lbs. soakin' wet with a full head of Luxuriantly flowing Locks about tits length is Knocking a Big O' Bastard of a man on the head with the old lock-in-a-sock.

Little Guy is so furious, serious, determined as he steps in and out to get some good whacks in. He's making faces, displaying his teeth, making jaw prominent, flaring nostrils, intent penetrating, fixed, crazed beady little eyes, ~~looki~~ glaring at Big Guy like a vicious little Rhesus Monkey ensuring all who are watching will conclude he had no fear and all that necessary and reputable status type stuff so vital in prison.

I finish my business, putting my equipment back in the secure storage location, and securing the zipper of my brand new blues, I turn to watch the show.

I'm watching as Big Guy, who is about 6'5" and probably a solid 260 Lbs. is being pummelled with the lock bonkin' off his head and with each ricochet little pieces of flesh and gobules of blood are sent flying off or out of his head with each "KTCH!" of the lock.

Big Guy is obviously caught off guard and is now dazed and after about five to 10 seconds he responds with defensive maneuvers. Big Guy probably took the lock to his head about three or four times before "raising shields" according to "Star Fleet S.O.P."

Big Guy is obviously just keeping Little Guy at bay by kicking at Little Guy to keep him out of lock-to-head range. Big Guy could obviously rush and overpower Little Guy but is content with keeping him from scoring direct hits.

Little Guy continues his attempts at putting the lock to Big Guy's head but cannot get past the ~~kick~~ defensive kicks. Big Guy launches a powerful kick putting the bottom of the boot to Little Guy's chest and pushes off sending Little Guy to the floor on his back.

Lying on his back still holding the sock in a firm grip which, if the sock were a cold tall can of a Fine German Pilsner, not one drop would have spilled. (Bravo!)

Big Guy is standing, watching anticipating his attacker's next move. If I hadn't seen it with mine own eyes I would not believe it to be humanly possible.

In one swift fluid motion Little Guy's hands twisted backward on axis and with palms to the floor and feet gripping the floor he sprang into a standing offensive attack position complete with swinging lock-in-a-sock, and a mean-mug, with squinty-eyes.

WTF? I shit-you Not. It was as though The Amazing Spider-Man himself was here before me in real life but out-of-costume. Have you ever seen an image of Spidey facing out into the City while clinging to the side of a Sky Skcraper back-to-building crab-crawl style? It was like that cept horizontal. It must be very apparent how shocked and impressed I was by how many words I've devoted to the description of the acrobatic ninja moves.

Big Guy was just as dumbfounded and impressed as me. Little Guy continued as though defying the Laws of Nature is normal, as though making Bruce Lee and Jackie Chan seem ^{as} clumsy oafs is no big deal. (is the correct plural of oaf - oafs? I.O.K.) ~~Anyway~~ Anyway Biggy White resumes his giant-foot Kicking Defense. Boot to chest level then stomp. Repent. Little Guy cannot advance and grows more frustrated.

Suddenly the lock flies out a hole in the sock(s). Little Guy is without weapon, but still intent like a dog wanting a bigger dog or even a bears meal. Not wanting his head knocked off but not wanting to miss any oppor

"Trucha! The Goon-Squad enters, screaming orders with voices too confused and hesitant, lacking experience and authority, "Stop!" "Get down on the ground!" "Cell-up!" "Everyone cell-up now!"

Well, you know, people don't usually get let into prison on account of following police orders. And some of us, believe it or don't, we don't start ~~doing~~ following police orders just because we got sent on an extended "vacarceration". The exception being; when outdoors the towers do have long-guns and they are more than happy to squeeze off a few or more rounds while enjoying "Qualified Immunity." If the porrecito who was shot happens to live he is charged for each round of ammunition "wasted" on his arse. ~~So it's good they usually don't have 50 cts~~
So \$5.00 per bullet * 2 hot ones to stop one means offender owes \$10.00 + everything else.

So The Goons surround Biggy, battle-sticks ~~and~~ drawn and tasers set to stun, O.C. spray ready for action. "Down!" Big Guy starts to explain but is not allowed such a privilege in heat of moment.

The Goons are completely oblivious to Little Guy as he is ~~acting~~ menacing at Big Guy between the shoulders of The Goons. Goons commence to take down Big Guy according to S.O.B.-S.O.P. while Little Guy is attempting a scratch-face-retreat-repent-attacks.

Goons then turn attention to Little Guy and order him to "Fall back," "Get Down." While most of the Goons are "re-programming" Big Guy one cop asks Little Guy if he's all right, and advises him to stay clear for safety.

Then ~~the~~ Goons determine that Little Guy is actually ~~the~~ equally involved and not an innocent victim of "bullying." They then take Little Guy into custody and put him to The Hole. Then Big Guy suffers same fate and is taken to The Hole.

I heard Little Guy was sent to Max and I believe Big Guy was cleared of all charges after an investigation of about 4-8 weeks conducted while he was in The Hole. He even got his old job back but was reassigned to a different cell up on an upper tier and on ~~on~~ a top bunk, complete with a brand-new celly. And I think he topped-out a 17 year sentence ~~the~~

Later the next year, And a few of us lived Happily-Ever-After. I Love America.

'Nobody (5)