

Chronicles of February
(Manga, Jeopardy, & Friends)

Frederick Mason #55487-056 USP Tucson PO Box 24550 Tucson, AZ 85734

I wanted to share with you an entry from 2015, which, at the time of this writing is like 3 years ago (Today is April 8th, 2018). It features a variety of issues, some of which I listed in the title.

Many of you have read many of my writings on blogs or letters, so you kinda know my style. If you're new, I try to share a unique perspective of prison, to try to "humanize" those that are here. Not everybody is some "monster" as the prosecutors claim. I know there are guys that need to be here, but not everyone is like what you see on tv.

Anyway, let's get started. As I always do in my entries, I will "pause" in some parts to try to color in some details. Ok? Let's get started:

February 4th, 2015: 10:28pm on a Wednesday night as I listen to Sade's "Sweetest Taboo" on my MP3, while munching on Frutie Loops... or whatever it's called. I read Russell's manga book, "Deathnote", which was ok. I've read better. I'm done with book one; I won't rush to get book 2.

("PAUSE: I love jazz music, and Sade is as close to R&B mixed with jazz that I know. Her name is pronounced "Shar-day", and she is as beautiful as I saw her 20 years ago. Love her music!

I also mentioned my MP3; yes, in federal prisons we are allowed to purchase one... GROSSLY OVERPRICED at \$90 for one, with the exact same kind at Wal-Mart for \$20. They're fleecing us simply because nobody cares about the inmates... or their families.

And although I LOVE manga, I just wasn't into "Deathnote". I actually have experience writing manga, and had a series that I wrote online (before my arrest in 2010) that was at least 70 chapters, minimum 10 pages each. For a time, I was one of the most popular writers in many manga groups, with a 700-page story that I loved sharing. Inmates here can get manga, but as you may know, prisons make it very difficult to get such books.

That said, we still have many books, there are MANY manga fans here, thank goodness. Russell was one of those fanatics, but USP Tucson harassed him constantly, stealing his property, not letting him get his magazines or mail, until Russell had to file a lawsuit against the prison... to which the cowards shipped him to another prison... that's called retaliation, and it's illegal. Oh well, more on another essay. Let's continue...")

Today has been a challenge. With a headache, I had to go to the Jeopardy Tournament, which was almost botched. Tom's unit, A2, was there, against another unit, and because of mechanical failures, they walked out, accusing us of "fixing the game". I thought that rather tasteless of Tom to imply that we'd do that

we'd do that, to insult our integrity, so much as to write a BP on it. Really? Over a GAME?? Idiots!!

("PAUSE: At the time, I was the secretary of the Black History Month Committee, a position I held for 3 years. Each February, we put on a series of events for the entire month. I won't go too much in detail over that, you can always request my essays on it. But one of the events was a Jeopardy tournament, using the actual Jeopardy console game. It was a LOT of fun for everyone... well, apparently NOT everyone, as some of they guys were sore losers, and complain foul when they can't win... ugh! Ok, let's continue...)

Meanwhile, in the other room, only one person shows up for the E1 vs F2 Jeopardy Game... ONE PERSON!! He wins by default, and we end up playing for fun. But after it was over, we had to have an emergency meeting; me, G, Shelby, Fraction and DL, to decide what to do with A2. We decided to give them another chance, which I believe was the best course of action. We bit the bullet and give them another chance, to see if they can redeem their loss. So they have a make-up day. I'll try to talk to Tom about it tomorrow- he can be rather impossible at times.

Meanwhile, I have a headache, trying to get through the day. Abe gets bad news and needed me to be around, so I was there for him, but I have not seen Tino today- and not looking for him. Next time he sees me, he's gonna ask for coffee or money- or both. I'm not going to look for him anymore- real friends ought to act like it, and I've not been able to click with him as I thought. So, am I giving up on him? No, not really, but there's nothing I can do. He now has to WANT the friendship. I did all I could do. The ball's in his court, I'm not serving anymore. I will pray for him, but I don't know what else to do. (end of entry)

Guys, I can't tell you how valuable a friendship can be in prison. When nobody writes you anymore, and family turns away, all you have are the guys you live with. And not every inmate is some monster; there's decent guys that made a mistake. Society has no idea how much humanity is still in the prisons.

That said, it can be very hard to maintain a friendship. I had several friends, like brothers, that I enjoyed being around. Tino was like 23, and we were pretty close, but he didn't like coming out, so there'd be stretches of me not seeing him. It strained our relationship, but all I could do was continue to pray for the little guy. Even in my frustrations, I just could not give up on my friends. In prison, when family walks away, it's kinda all you have left... at least that's what I thought.

Oh well, that's all for now, write to me if you want more of my journals. Until next time...