"An Unnatural Situation" - Part 1

by

Brandon Boswell

My story is irrelevant, but the lessons I've learned may benefit the person who finds themselves thrust into a wilderness where all social protocols previously correct are not only invalid, but counter to one's survival.

Growing up in white, middle class suburbia I was, by all accounts, sheltered and blissfully ignorant. My needs were met without question and I came to regard my parents as many such teenagers do; Petty tyrants with no idea of what is truly important or worthwhile.

Oh, how I laugh at the thought of it. A voiceless laugh that echos my pain. Thinking crime was cool and minimizing the

effects of my injury to the extreme, I became an unremorseful kleptomaniac at a young age, stealing candy and playing cards at every opportunity. I wasn't caught until I graduated to more blatant acts as my heists became challenges to overcome with daring bravado. Then I was captured repeatedly, but not due to neglect or idiocy; I simply wanted to test how far I could go with impunity. That was the thrill I sought; Will they catch me? Will I make it around the city in my stolen car?

My thrill seeking lead me to eventually jump the cliff. Only I forgot my parachute.

Or perhaps I forgot to care. The bottom hurt but the pain gave me purpose, and I no longer have doubts or regrets.

I was born to be a prisoner...

So far I have stabbed three people in as many years. The violence progressively increases with every battle as I struggle to survive in this jungle of steel. The blood flows readily to satiate the prideful vengeance of perceived dishonor. They accost, they bellow and are silenced.

I decided long ago how I would deal with transgressions. The matter is up to the heathens

and their derelict gods. Violations are sanctioned swiftly with equitable justice. Eye for eye, and a knife for the thieves and charlatans.

Gangsterdom breeds hunters and prey; The trappers unionize and parrot the fallacies of Mother Culture. But even the dumbest of prisoners know their mentality is a product of an unnatural situation.

War creates warriors, and the Law of the jungle is merciless. I shall not only survive, but thrive in the best conditions possible. It was through years of confinement

and segregation that I taught myself how to live in this dungeon.

In six or eight or twelve month cycles we are disciplined with the castration of our humanity. Gone are the rights of men. With brief interludes of shackled leashes I step to and fro, always watched, never alone yet plagued with loneliness.

I wish there were a solitary. Maybe then I could embrace my solitude. Warehoused together, my celly and I must look at and smell each other's misery with no breaking hours of peaceful stillness. Always there, within reach, is this stranger, I wonder; Will he kill me in my

sleep?

I don't know, perhaps I should get him first. Then the cycle will repeat. Oh, the six month plan of escape, will you ever come to fruition?

Cursed be the felon who dwells in the lair of Lockup.

I smell the mace and hear cries of exertion, and we know that another has fallen. That is four souls this year, snatched out of fear that they will forever remain imprisoned in an unnatural situation....