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Recipe for an Egg Salad Sandwich by doctorstork

2- hard boiled eggs

3- packets of tartar sauce

1/2- packet of Goya Seasoning

2 TBS- chopped green onion

Salt & pepper to taste

Steps: 1. Crack shell, peel, then chop up hard boiled egg. 2. Add tartar sauce 3. add Goya seasoning. 4. Add chopped green onion. 5. Salt & Pepper to taste

Sounds simple, but, how do you accomplish that while in prison, no access to a market, no sharp kitchen utensils, no refrigeration and under the watchful eye of under qualified guards who would have trouble being a ~~greater~~ greeter at Wal-mart?

First, the eggs. How do you get the eggs without a grocery store? Like everything else in prison, you smuggle them out of food service. For breakfast today, ~~at~~ we were served bland bran flakes and stale sugary frosted flakes cereal, an overly expred

(2)
plastic wrapped sweet roll filled with some sort of
fruity berry goop covered by a fine threads of
icing. Then there was the coveted, once a week,
unripe green banana. I say coveted because
our other choice is a frozen orange out of a
box that is labeled "NOT FIT FOR HUMAN
CONSUMPTION", really meant for the inmates
of the local farm. Now if you did not take
the offer of a banana, the food service workers
would take them all, to sell later to you for
a 50¢ USPS stamp. They literally steal it from
my mouth to sell it back to me later in the day.
Lastly, you can get 2 small cartons of fat free
milk in the type of carton we used to get with
our elementary school lunch that cost us
"baby boomers" a mere 25¢.

Now if you are crafty, and most ~~inmates~~ need
to be crafty to survive, you can smuggle all
of your groceries out of food service in a hole
you have cut in the lining of your wintercoat.
Even in the summer, you still wear your wintercoat
because, of course, there is that hole in the
lining that serves ~~as~~ just like Santa's sack,
over filled with Xmas. goodies.

(3)

BTW, you saved the tartar sauce packets from Friday's fish luncheon and bought the Goya, with the money you earned washing trays, for 14¢ an hour, at the commissary. And the green onion... that's only a dream. They never serve green onion.

all of this began at around 6 AM on a Sunday morning in a camp in Kentucky (NOT Big Sandy).

It's back to sleep until 9:50 AM because the real meal of the day is brunch.

"Standing Count" is announced over the compound PA system by someone with a Southern Kentucky accent.

I have become accustomed, only just recently, of the 6 months, to being able to recognize what the heck they are trying to say with a huge wad of "dip" in their mouths; women included. I recognized the androgynous weekend guard. The one whose back of its head is so flat, it merges smoothly with its fat neck. In fact, the other guards look very similar with no necks, backward sloping forehead, wire rimmed glasses, shaven heads, long scraggly beards and having a hard time counting beyond the number 10 by 2's.

BTW, a perfect example of not how to live your own life.

Don't you dare mess up their count. It will cost you a week in "The Hole"; the Special Housing Unit. This morning, ~~in fact~~ in fact, 2 guys were still asleep during the count. Because the guard did not want to do any paperwork, ~~the~~ ^{their} unit was designated to go lost to brunch.

Now that I think about it, I am better off staying in my cell and eating that egg salad sandwich, minus the green onion.

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Thank you