

"Edward's! pack ya stuff ya on tha TDC chain," said the soft spoken boss lady then pointed at me. Her voice echoed through-out the Parl making other inmates look around in hopes it was or wasn't their name being called. Reality already set in my mind from the moment that I signed for my time at the Harris County Court House. Now 34 days later my name was being called OVER the intercom for me to catch chain to my new place of residence. From my utter appearance you couldn't tell if I was scared or nervous as my stomach had mad butterflies while my mind started running like a 500 Indie Car race. I tried my best to finish my dinner tray that we call "chow." Before my name was called for the TDC chain, the stale wheat bread and hard cooked fish with some cold peas & Carrots tasted pretty good until I gulped down the warm milk that tasted spoil. Since my incarceration I had no-one to call nor write, plus I never made Commissary and I had no visitors except from my Court appointed lawyer who desperately wanted me to sign my life away just so he could move onto his next case and collect his 2 or 3 hundred dollars. Just those things alone would drive a sane man crazy, especially knowing you don't

have my family support and it seemed nobody pg 2
cared. Before leaving out the Pod, we all held a
prayer Circle to pray for me. Now that was cool
and all, but during the praying my mind drifted
off thinking about my kids, my mom, where I'm going
to go, Parole etc... The sound of hand-claps interrupted
my thoughts as the Boss lady yelled over the Pod intercom.
"Come on Edwards!, they're waiting for you down stairs!"

One would think by the way they rushed us out the
Pod, I would be leaving right then and there. Walking
out the Pod I was then given my travel Card along
with a hall pass that allowed me to walk the hall
to my destination. My first and last name appeared
on my travel Card along with two mug-shots of me
plus what I'm charged with. Walking down the hallway
I checked out my travel Card and I noticed the cameras
that was mounted around watching my every step.

The sound of clanging doors and yelling echoed through
the hallway as the trustee janitors swept and
mopped the floors of the jail. It had to be the cleanest
place through-out the whole County jail. Making it
to the 5th floor main hallway picket, I handed the
bossman my travel Card and hall-pass. "Go sit in
there," stated the bossman while pointing in the
direction of the Small Holding Cell as he held onto
the telephone with his other hand. Walking into
the Small room that was already packed with

~~of the~~ inmates, I tried to find me a spot to sit.
"Hey, 'a on the chain or ATW?," asked a inmate as
the other inmates awaited for my answer. "I'm on
the chain" I replied then decided to take a leak in
the toilet that's called a "shitter." The shitter was
filled with old urine, feces and toilet paper, plus the
small room had a lingering smell of both that
made me hold my breath as I frowned while taking
a leak, I wasn't even able to wash my hands because
the sink didn't work. The lil room with all our bodies
in it, made the place feel warm as we were all packed
inside like a can of sardines. I wasn't much of a
talker, but I listened to the conversations of inmates
who talked about sports, mollies, officers, where they
were from etc. etc. etc, when the voices got too loud
the bossman came on the intercom for us to hold the
noise down. Eventually their voices arose again making
the bossman step out his picket. "Hold the fuckin noise
down! If I have to come back in here again ima
come put my boot in somebody's mouth!" He shouted at
us as if we were all his lil kids. About a hour
later we were all moved down stairs. Some went home
as the rest of us went into a larger tank that was
already filled depict the over-crowding. Inside the
tank there was only three ~~shitters~~ ^{steel} shitters, and
believe me, if you had to go number 2, you'd
rather hold it than use the nasty looking

shitters that looked unsanitized and very unclean. Urine was all around the sitting part, with wet toilet paper on the floor and shitter, ~~even~~ one of the shitters had old feces still inside of it with a bunch of toilet paper. The steel sink that's connected to the shitter water pressure was low or it didn't work at all. Don't get it twisted, some inmates didn't care, so they took care of their business, making other inmates frown or shake their head at them.

Around 3^o clock A.M trustee's brought us all breakfast Johnny sacks that was filled with 2 peanut butter sandwiches and a bag of raisins, along with a 1/2 pint of ~~milk~~ warm milk that still tasted spoil. While the trustees passed out the Johnny sacks, the boss lady explained to us what's about to take place once the TDC officers arrive. Some inmates asked questions repeatedly that agitated the boss lady which made her catch a early morning attitude. When 6^o clock AM came, we were all gathered and shuffled out like a ~~pack~~ ^{herd} of cow's. Each TDC officer called out our last name then gave us a pair of ~~white~~ ^{hollie,} raggedy TDC jumpsuits that looked like a onezy. Then we were hand-cuffed to another inmate before being transferred to a white school-bus that was called "The Blue Bird." Being treated like a herd of cow's that's hand-cuffed together, it was kind of hard to walk and hold onto

your property at the same time, especially if the person your hand-cuffed with has a bunch of property or has a disability. Walking on the Blue Bird, immediately the heat and the stench from the shitter that was mounted on the opposite side of the driver smelled through-out the bus. It's kind of hard to walk-up the stairs being hand-cuffed with a partner, but the TDC officers didn't care, they just wanted us to hurry up and get on the bus. As we each entered the bus, a officer gave row-call before we were able to find a seat. The plastic hard seats had very little space in between each other ~~which~~ ^{and} looked very uncomfortable for the one's who were either very tall, fat or had any leg problems, plus to mention you had to hold onto your own property bag. As I took my seat, the first thing I did was let down the window ~~which~~ ^{that} was hard to do because of the metal plate that was welded over the window, so the person i was hand-cuffed with had to help me let it down, and it became a much easier task for the one's who wanted to let down ~~their~~ ^{their} window. Before our journey started, one of the officers grabbed his 18 shot pump-shotgun then climbed in the very back of the bus. Again my started running like Hossane Bolt running a 100 meter race, because i was thinking, what if he's having a bad day and decides to shoot us all, what if we have a bad wreck and flip over into some

Water, what if i needed to use the bathroom
 what if... what if... Not only were we hand-cuffed
 together, but the door behind the driver was secured
 and locked-down with a very big Master lock that
 need a key. Pulling out the Harris County garage
 I finally saw daylight for the first time in 2 1/2
 years, Wow was it a beautiful sight to see as
 i over heard the other inmates talk about family,
 where we might be headed, Cars, buildings,
 their Case, girlfriends, kids etc etc etc... Some
 even played Bingo as we passed up cars on
 the Freeway. At times, to me it seemed the bus
 swerved in and out of it's lane while speeding
 pass traffic, ^{as} plus the driver of the bus talked
 on his Cell-phone. Crazy thought continued to enter
 my head as inmates chatted amongst one-another, ~~as~~
 some lost their manners making the humid-air
 unbearable to breath. The long 2 1/2 hour drive was
 very uncomfortable, especially since i had to hold
 my bladder because i refuse to walk to the nasty
 looking ~~toilet~~ ^{shitter} that smelled like old stale Urine.
 Arriving at Garza West we were nozzled off the bus.
 "Get off the damn head-running!" yelled a guard
 while looking at every inmate up and down. Though
 some guards were cool some guards were being
 stright A-holes, and talked to us like we were
 the Scum of the earth. (To Be continued!) pt2 The Process