

Day One

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It's been awhile since I've shared my very first day here at USP Tucson. I figured this would be a good time to share with you my description of my very first day here at USP Tucson, after I was processed into the Federal Bureau of Prisons.

Now, at the time I am writing this, it has been over 5 years. I actually got here on December 7th, 2012. Today, as I type this, is June 23rd, 2019. Considering all I have written, which is well over 2000 pages by now, it seemed good to go back to the first day.

If you're new to my writings, I try to share what I go through in hopes to "humanize" some of us. Prosecutions for the government always claim that we are "monsters". And while that may fit on some people, it does not apply to everyone. Please understand, the Federal courts are not there to do justice; it is there only to facilitate a conviction, whether a person is actually innocent or not. I could write volumes on what really goes on in those courtrooms, and in fact I have some essays out there; take a look at those if you can find them, or simply write me.

Anyway, we're talking about my first day, or "Day One". I remember bringing my khakis and towels as we left the mainbuilding of the prison here, headed to my new location, B2. That was the name of my unit. Now, I'll be honest, I was nervous, who wouldn't be? What was I walking into. Sure, I believed God would be with me; I saw that and believed that, from the day I left Raleigh, North Carolina. So, I had some faith, but as I walked down the sidewalk toward B2, I couldn't help but be a little nervous.

About 12 of us came off that bus that day, but of those, only 2 of us was going to B2. The prison has 6 dorms, actually 12. Each dorm was in halves, for example, B Unit was actually B-1 and B-2. At any rate, I was going to B2 with another guy that came off the bus with me, both of us unsure of what to expect.

I remember stepping into the dorm, nervous as over 100 inmates looked at the "new blood". Maybe it would have been different if a dozen of us came in together; less guys to look at me. But with only two of us, EVERYBODY was looking at us.

...you know how it is, when you go to school, a new school, and everybody is eyeballing you? Yeah, that's how it felt...

I had to draw on my lessons in acting, which I did in high school, college and beyond. Treat every situation like a scene in a play or movie... just act the part. So, as I looked about the huge dorm, with 2 levels, one guy called down to me, "Hey! Where you from"? I answered, "North Carolina".

I looked for my cell, 219. I was upstairs, while the other guy I came with was downstairs. I got my mattress, and looked for my cell. It would be here that I would begin my sentence... but moreso, it was here I would begin something much greater. I would

begin my plan, but I had to get my bearings; I had to get a feel of the world I was now in. I had to get over being nervous. As one of the 12 newest faces out of 1500+, I would most certainly draw a LOT of attention by others.

My first cellie was "DC Dave"... a character that was both an ally and a thorn... moreso a thorn. Some called him, "Jackhammer".

... uh, I'll leave it at that. I don't think you want me to explain why they call him that...

Anyway, Dave would be my cellie for about a week, when I would eventually move to another cell. But for the time being, this was my "home".

My first day in prison was, no doubt, stressful. I was in a prison environment and I did not look like the typical inmate. No tattos, no gang affiliation, no violent nature, and I looked like a college grad... because I am actually a college graduate. Some guys said I should get on Tagged, because I would get a lot of people writing or emailing me... others said that I was "cute" or "handsome", so that might help me get letters from the outside. But for the moment, I had to adjust to prison; I had a plan, but it required me to figure out what to do once I understood the world I now lived.

Hundreds of days later, here I am, remembering the first day I got here. Much, SO much more, has happened since then, and as I continue to journal my life here, I hope to unfold the "plan" I had... and how it is making some impact on those who live here, and those outside the prison.

It might sound vague, but if you've been reading my works over the last 5 years, you might be catching on to what I am doing. The plan is simple, yet incredibly difficult because I have to deal with how prisons are fighting tooth and nail against any inmate trying to create a value of themselves. Yet, it is getting through; people are reading how we are still people, and still have value. People are reading how not to give up on people, and family members are supporting their loved ones.

Folks, I have just touched the tip of what this is about, but it took me being here to see it with clarity. I ask you, please let me continue to share my writings, the ups and downs, so that you will know that every person is worth something.

Don't give up on your loved ones in prison.

Anyway, that's all for now, lots more to come...