

TRULINCS 23513111 - FISCHMAN, ARNOLD - Unit: TRM-B-A

*Terminal Island FC*

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FROM: 23513111  
TO:  
SUBJECT: DD  
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Duck Dynasty

No one ever called him anything else. Of all the contemptuous guards, his reptilian stare was the most psychopathic. The other guards avoided him. He dressed for maximum impact, wearing his uniform pants tucked into high leather storm trooper boots and the brim of his cap turned up. Big beard. He made a habit of cursing "the fucking chomos" to the other guards within earshot of prisoners. Duck Dynasty was the one cop who made us all shiver.

One day at lunch, there was a dispute between two prisoners over saving a seat at the table where kitchen workers sit while taking a break. The kitchen worker took a swing at my friend K, who went passive. Duck Dynasty was all over it in a heartbeat, with a flying tackle bringing K to the floor and into a choke hold. As he went down flailing, K's legs slammed against the hot bar, upending it and sending over-boiled carrots flying. Per standard procedure, both K and the kitchen worker who threw the punch were handcuffed and marched off to the hole.

The next day, Duck Dynasty was staffing the North Yard metal detector gate. A prisoner passing through may have made an impolite gesture. Duck Dynasty took him down and began hauling away insanely with fists and boots to head and body. Other cops came running and pulled him off.

Duck Dynasty was never seen again.

K had to pay for the spilled carrots.