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## Chronicles of May

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Sometimes there just isn't a lot going on in prison...even as I write this, it sounds weird. I mean, everyday is an adventure here, because you're dealing with over 100 different guys every day, and no two days are the same.

Yet, having said that, somedays are just... bland. I've been here now 3½ years, and although I could write something every day, there are just some days where it's just not in me. Now, I will say this, I am STRONGLY encouraged when I get responses to my writing. When I had 6 different blogs between 2001-2010 (before my arrest), I wrote much more when I had an audience to write to. Here in prison, it takes much longer, and there are times where not a lot goes on.

Such is the case with the following entry, dated May 22nd, 2016. I'll share it with you, and as you know, I will "pause" between parts to kinda color in things you may not be aware of. Ok, let's begin.

May 22nd 2016: 1:31pm on a warm Sunday afternoon. I decided to stay in; too warm to go out, and nothing really to do in there. Guys are gambling or sweating baseball tickets. I



thought about going to the library- but not really. So, I've nothing to do.

(PAUSE: I mentioned gambling...yeah, it happens in every prison to some degree, some more than others. I could write 100 pages alone on this subject, and I realize there are raised eyebrows on this.

Consider first, this is prison; the world we live in is quite different from the world out there, and guys have to adjust to living in this environment in a way that gets them through the day. One way, whether good or bad, is to gamble. And yeah, I know that opens a Pandora's Box of troubles, but in a controlled environment, it can pass the time for many inmates. I'll GLADLY take a guy gambling to guys fighting, which results in us going on lockdown. Much more to tell on this, but another time. Let's continue...)

I'll either lay back down, or watch TV...ugh... I wanted to write an essay, but there's no way I'll finish before they call Northside recall. So this might be one of the shortest entries...ugh, can I be THAT bored?

Let's see...I weigh 158 pounds...been fluctuating between 155-160, so that's cool. I don't eat much in the cafeteria; I don't like going there. Lavant whines about me not going to the cafeteria, but he says every meal is terrible. Ingrate.



(PAUSE: I am pretty slim, as you can tell, at 155-160, which is my target weight. Lots of guys in prison are in good shape, because exercise becomes kinda a part of your life. And it's not like we can go to McDonalds daily. I don't eat a lot, but I do snack often. The meals are decent, nothing to whine about, like my cellie does often. Sometimes you just have to appreciate what you have. Anyway, let's continue...)

Shut up and eat, or go a few days without food, and learn to appreciate it. Half the time he goes, he picks at the food. Everybody at our table says he needs to eat, which is funny because nobody says that of me. When I go to chow, I eat my fill. Lavant goes and picks at it, or gives it away. Anyway, it's 1:37pm... six minutes of writing is all I can manage...what a boring day... 1:38 now...

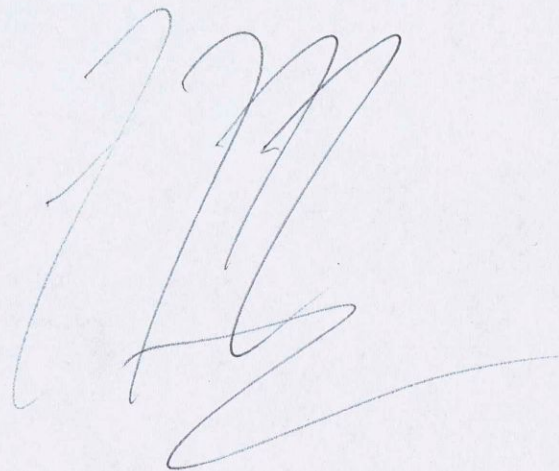
(PAUSE: Sometimes in order to really appreciate something, you have to go without it for awhile. Guys who complain about the food ought to go a day or two without eating, and see how good even the worst meals can be. I often skip meals because sometimes I'm just not hungry, or I really don't like sitting around bunch of very negative guys who curse more in 1 minutes that I have since I've been here. Sometimes I'm happier eating a ramen noodles in the cell alone, than a big meal in the cafeteria...

And on that note, as I write this, today is "Texas Juneteenth Day", a celebration of when the slaves of Texas were finally freed. In celebration, the cafeteria will serve a



special meal: Pork chops, Peach Cobbler, a slice of watermelon, a whole ear of corn on the cob, macaroni and cheese, cornbread and cabbage with turkey bacon...a feast!! But...do I want to go...I should... I am kinda hungry as of 9:09am. We'll likely eat about 12 or so. But I know it will be a madhouse too, with everybody in there whining, trying to buy other's food, and stuff like that.)

Anyway, that's it for now, maybe more next time... I'm pretty sure my next entry will be longer than this one.

A large, stylized handwritten signature in blue ink, consisting of several loops and a long horizontal stroke at the bottom.