

"NO GOOD DEED GOES UNPUNISHED"

My last time in prison, I was up at a little transfer facility in Bonham Texas. It's a dormitory style unit, (MINIMUM SECURITY) which means we're not locked up in individual cells. Well, not unless we do something stupid and get in trouble.

Ever since the infamous TEXAS 7 escaped a few years ago, security conducts more frequent count times so they make sure nobody goes missing. My job was a dorm janitor during graveyard shift (11-7). I liked it because of the peace and quiet. I could read my books, write my letters, get a little exercise, and pretty much just stay out of the way.

A lot of our guards are older folks who have already retired from one job. But the state has good insurance and an excellent pension plan for them. It's relatively easy work, and it's not like they put them in harm's way with a bunch of dangerous killers.

One of my favorite guards comes through a little after midnight. He's white as a sheet and sweating like a whore at church. I asked him, "you alright buddy? You don't look too good." He told me he was fixin' to go on break and get something to eat. His sugar was low. Well, he don't even make it back to the pod door before he drops his clipboard and slides down the wall as his knees buckle.

He's shaking a little bit, so I run to my lockers and grab a Dr. pepper and a snickers. We manage to get about half a can in him without spilling too much. I tear open the snickers and he can barely chew it. He can't really

focus his eyes or speak yet. So I grab the radio and hit the button and say "OFFICER DOWN - D WING!"

This is one of them real live conundrum situations you always hear about. But I aint about to just sit there and watch this guy flop, and not try to help. I dont care WHAT THE RULES SAY!

In less than a minute, doors pop and about a dozen other guards come rushing in. "GET THE FUCK AWAY FROM HIM! GET ON THE GOD DAMNED GROUND!" I'm trying to explain to them that I'm the one that called for him! They aint trying to hear it. They drag me out in the sally port and start beating the shit out of me. I'm already in cuffs and I know the only reason they aint gassed me yet is because we're in a confined area and they'd have to breathe it in too!

I'd already taken several kicks to the ribs and been stomped real good. Lucky for me a sergeant stops them before they go too far. "GET THE FUCK OUT OF HERE!" he screams at them. They leave and he takes the cuffs off as he helps me to my feet. I look up just in time to see the old guard mouth the words thank you as they wheel him out.

Sarge asks, "you okay?" "HELL NO I AINT OKAY!" But I'm sort of hurting and laughing at the same time. "How is OLD SCHOOL?" Sarge says, "oh... he'll be okay - but we're all fixin' to be in a world-o-shit!" I sort of shake my head and tell him, "look, I never touched the radio - and your guards never touched me. How about that?" All he could say was, "I owe you. BIG TIME."

submitted by Brian Fuller

