

# LETTERS FROM PRISON

Letters to Young people who  
are thinking about about a life of  
crime as a career goal.

BY DAVID PERRYMAN

This book would be ideal for teachers, parents, counsellers, anyone is thinking about crime, ex-cons who are thinking about re-visiting prisons, this book has a big agenda, to reach as many troubled youths as possible, or to anyone who needs to hear it, to try and deter them from prison life.

All the letters in this book covers many things that happen in prison in my state, but its general stuff that happens in all prisons, like a hard bunk and strip searches, the stuff in this book is universal.

This book is not a solve all, and it won't work for all young people. It is another tool in<sup>g</sup> toolbox of many tools used to help anyone change there minds about a life of crime.

Another reason why I am writing this book is because I am a social worker ~~Down~~ at heart. If I were free that would

Dear Young Person

"Man!" I am so tired of this prison.  
Here I am again sitting on the ground  
on the yard. Its like 8-10 times a day  
we have to get down when they call an  
emergency over the loud speaker — "all  
inmates down", and the officers go running  
to the emergency, and we all get down  
wherever you are. If you are in a mud puddle  
oh well, get down boy. I hate it, some times  
its just a false alarm, ~~so~~ ~~ready~~ someone  
spit there coffee and accidentally pushed  
the alarm on there belt. My life is reduced  
to musical chairs. All inmates down,  
all inmates down, all inmates down. why?,  
why? why?

# Dear Young Person

SO, I am staring at my cellmate wiggle his foot off the ~~edge~~ edge of the bed as he watches television, man, I say to myself that is one ugly foot, ~~but~~ That's what I have to deal with when one has a cellmate.

Before I got arrested I had a very beautiful apartment all to myself I could roam around naked and scratch all I want. All the privacy in the world, but now I got to stare at this ugly foot.

Two men in a match box sized cell, It ain't right I tell you, its one thing to loose your freedom and another to be couped up with some<sup>one</sup> like sardines in a can. sometimes I can't breath, its like he is sucking up all the air that is ment for me. I hate it. maybe one day he will cut those toenails ON that ugly foot.

Dear Young Person

"wow!" I DON'T believe it. Did the c.o. just come into my cell and snatch the sheet down ~~down~~ I had hanging to give me some privacy while I used the bathroom and preach to me the rules.

You mean I can't take a dump in <sup>peace;</sup> ~~piece;~~ where is this place mars! He even stood there and looked at me for a few seconds waiting for a response. "what?" I'm on the toilet dude can we discuss the rules later? He just stood there and looked at me and then turned around, and slammed the door behind him.

AND as I tried to continue to use the john people would come at my cell door window and look in and says "opps"

wrong cell. I was looking for someone  
elses. ISN'T that great, now ANYONE  
can peer IN and watch me do my  
thing. Just great.

To top it all off another officer just the  
other day told me I had to much toilet paper.  
"What?" so now my toilet paper usage is  
regulated. Thats crazy.

so, you mean to tell me with the loss  
of my freedom comes the right to use the  
john in piece, on top of that we only get  
two flushes every 30 minutes, the toilet  
is on a timer so we don't flood the cell in  
revolt. This means I have to time my toilet  
use with no privacy and minimal amount  
of toilet paper. This prison life is really  
crazy.

Love You Young Person

1 Daniel

Dear Young Person,

so, this one c.o. is always on my case, and not just me but ~~at~~ a lot of other inmates as well, IN every unit there is always one c.o. who is doing extra, going beyond the call of duty to make everyone around him miserable including his co-workers.

Just the other day this c.o. saw me attempt a hook shot with some trash into the trash can and miss, and when I did not pick it up he went nuts. He put me on the wall and pat searched me and told me to go to my cell and wait till he came to give me write-up. Long story short when I was called to the Sgt.'s office he dismissed the write-up with a laugh.

Is there some different universe that  
C.O.'s like him live in. Most C.O. come in to  
just do their job punch a clock and go home.  
But C.O.'s like this always have to do the  
extra, I don't get it.

So, I guess it's my fate to be on this  
guys radar, for the life of me and a lot  
of inmates talk about this guy we just don't  
know what makes him tick. It's really strange.  
but this is my life.

LOVE YOU YOUNG PERSON

 Daniel



# Dear Young Person

Can you believe it? You <sup>can</sup> go to jail while in jail, its called the hole. Yea, I got into a fight and off to the hole I went.

24 hours locked in a cell with NO physical contact, man, is it nosy, every one trying to talk to one another at the same time, its crazy. How can anyone understand each other. The guards here ~~are~~ have a real lack of understanding goons. The way they talk to you, its like if you are in the hole you are less than human and they treat <sup>you</sup> such.

We get to shower three times a week, and yard for three hours, three time a week in little walk alone cages like animals in a pet facility. we get law-library once a wet for two hours and they have a



Dear Young Person

So, the c.o. searched my cell and found my extra mattress. Now I got one mattress and have feel the hard steel, man, do I miss my bed at home.

This hard bunk thing symbolizes one of the core harshnesses of prison life. No ~~soft~~ more soft big bed with soft comfortable pillows, man just thinking about it makes me mad. This steel is making me have a back problem, and I am tired of tossing and turning because the bed is to hard. I hate it,

They got this thing that punishment has to <sup>be</sup> free from being cruel and UNUSAL. It some kinda constitutional right.

I believe that a steel bunk with a flimsy mattress is cruel and usual but who is going to challenge that in Federal court; You'd get laughed right out of court.

I am one tough dude but this mattress thing is a comfort thing so really missed. You know what<sup>it</sup> is? After doing a full days activity all you want to do is lay down in a soft bed. Its double punishment. Your in prison while awake and have to ~~feel~~ feel that steel while sleep, man it just aren't right. Young persons enjoy that bed you got. Please,

LOVE YOUNG PERSONS

1 *and*

Dear Young person

STANDING IN LINE waiting to take a shower, ~~to~~ four shower heads and twenty people crowded in a little room, why is this dude SINGING IN the shower, if this dude bumps into me one more time, we ONLY got 30 minutes IN this shower, This IS CRAZY. IS that guy washing that other guys back? How is it that the shower room smells so bad, and this water ON the floor is murky brown. They tell me this Prison shower system is better than other Prison, "Really?" man, I can't wait till my release date.

Love You Young Person

David

Dear Young person

I just don't believe it. I'm sitting  
 in my cell and a C.O. comes to my cell  
 and tells me to roll it up <sup>you</sup> going to another  
 prison. No warning just move.

so, I am sitting in this new prison  
 with my property waiting to get into  
 my ~~cell~~ new cell, and I am wondering  
 how did get here. Its like being kidnaped  
 by a country and brought to <sup>another</sup> ~~the~~ country.  
 This happens all the time, it's happened to  
 me at least three times, and I can't  
 count all the times I've been told to move  
 to another cell out the blue.

**IF** your in prison you have to always  
 be ready to move in a moments notice.  
 The prison system has its reason for

this INCONVENIENCE, INMATES Need to moved  
for emergency reasons, for bed space,  
and for any reason the prison deems  
Necessary.

MAN, I am so tired of all this moving  
around, could You imagine what it would  
be like if You living at Your home  
ON the streets and the government came  
to Your house and told you You had to  
move and keep doing it ever so often,  
It would be maddening.

You never really get use to it, even  
though you tell your self man-up this  
is prison life. Young person I tell  
you you don't want to get use to this.  
stay free — "this aint cool!"

Love You Young Person

1 Daniel

Dear Young Person

Man, I could write a book about the food in prison. The food isn't bad enough to raise a human rights violation, but is it close. The food itself is not the total problem but other things are.

I miss certain foods. I will never see a steak or lobster or food cooked close to my mother's cooking. The variety isn't wide. We ~~can~~ see the same food cooked the exact same way on certain days of the week. That's a drag. No garlic slowly cooked with delicious seasonings. Why can't I have beef sauges with ~~cheese~~ cheese cooked in my spaghetti. Man would that be something. I am so tired of bland beans, ~~bean~~ and spaghetti dishes. It's a real drag.



I Dear Young Person

So where am I suppose hang my towel. Every prison I been to there is no where to hang your towel. This is ~~a big is~~ a little problem that can turn into a big problem real quick. You see young one if I hang it in the window the guard will get on me about blocking the window. If I make a line the guard will tear it down. So, that ~~it~~ leaves no where where it will dry right, I remember in the county jail some deputies would go out of their way to see where inmates were hanging their towel just to irritate them. This prison life is crazy.

~~Love~~

Stay Free Young Person

I Deeeed

Dear Young Person,

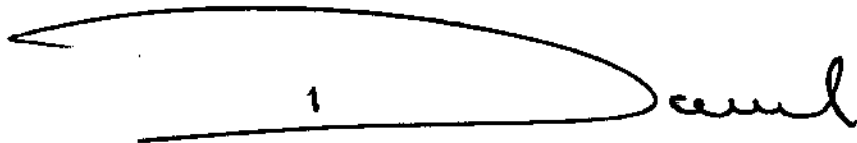
You know how you got a key to your front door at home; well, no more if you come to prison.

The c.o.'s have to let you in and out. I can no longer come and go as I please any more, I have to stand by my door until the c.o. lets me in, and if I am in my cell I will have to wait till the officer lets me out.

I remember when I was free I had my own key ring to so many different locks, key to my house, my garage, to my car, to my mail box, my tool box and others. I remember when I use to come home and throw my keys in a bowl, man that's a real cool feeling.

Yea, Young Person I really miss my  
KEYS. standing somewhere and ~~holding~~ <sup>jingling</sup>  
them in my pocket, or twirling them on  
ON finger, MY KEYS where part of my  
world. They where <sup>a</sup> symbol of my freedom.  
The ability to open locks to my world.  
AND NOW I have to wait till the guard  
comes to let me out of my cell. I really  
do miss my KEYS.

STAY free Young Person

 and

Dear Young Person!

They got what they call here "politics," AND that's the gangs. They are very hard not to be a part of, because if you want to have you back watched because it is a very hostile ~~the~~ ENVIRONMENT you might have to join a gang.

The prison will tell you gangs are bad, but what is an army or police force? They exist to protect the country, if a group of individuals are moving to come and do you some harm you better team up to protect your self. You will do what you have to protect your self. It is God given right to do so.

Now, I am not advocating for gangs but under some situations they have their place. At the same time there are so many negatives, like beating another human close to death just for belonging to another gang, killing the wrong person based on a rumor, jump a person in, following the shot callers rules, getting an assignment to stab another inmate without knowing why, associating with non-gang member, posting up being somewhere to observe, putting a weapon up your ass, not being to fight the person you want to without permission, ~~st~~ having your family member sneak drugs in, and much more. This is politics.



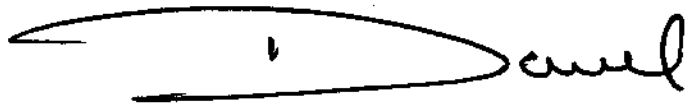
Dear Young Person

So we got Gun tower<sup>s</sup>. A guard sitting in this tower over looking the Yard with a mini-sub machine gun in his hand. That guard tower with that dude is always there looming over my existence in this hell hole. That dude with his mini-sub machine gun is talking to my soul every time I walk the Yard telling<sup>ing</sup> me that I am trapped in the world of steal and locks and he won't hesitate to <sup>put</sup> a bullet in me if I make one wrong move. I stand in the middle of the Yard looking up at this dude with the

sun shining thru the tower, and his  
badge reflects the sun, and hate raises  
in my vein. I hate this place I whisper,  
That guy is put there to keep me in  
this, so I don't escape, so I don't escape,  
so I don't escape...

I am here.

STAY FREE YOUNG PERSON

 Daniel





Dear Young Person

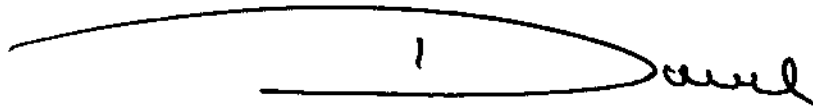
ONCE AGAIN ITS STANDING COUNT TIME. WE ARE THE WHOLE PRISON IS LOCKED IN THERE CELLS TO BE COUNTED SO TO ASSURE NO ONE HAS GOTTEN AWAY.

THE GUARD GOES BY WITH A PEN AND PAD PEERING IN THE CELL WINDOW LOOKING AT THE TWO OF US AND MARKING IT DOWN ON HIS PAD. SOMETIMES THEY GET IT WRONG AND HAVE TO START OVER, THIS MEANS WE WILL HAVE TO BE IN OUR CELLS LONGER, WHAT A DRAG.

IT NEVER FAILS THERE IS ALWAYS SOMEONE WHO LAYING DOWN AND WE HAVE STAND AND <sup>hear</sup> ~~here~~ THE GUARD GIVE THE GUY A SPEECH. I JUST DON'T GET IT. YOU KNOW ITS STANDING COUNT TIME, BUT YET THIS GUY WANTS TO LAY DOWN. ITS NOTS

All I am is a number on a count sheet. Its dehumanizing every time I have to do this standing count. why do I have to be counted when to them I don't count. I hate count time.

STAY FREE YOUNG PERSONS

1 

Dear Young Person

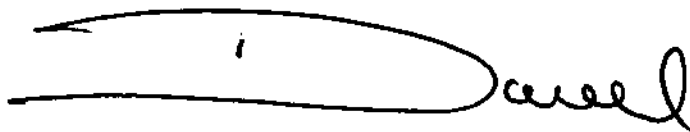
Dude, I am getting so tired of this laundry situation, we are ONLY allowed to have three underware, three t-shirts, two state over shirts and three pants. so if I put my bag in on laundry day I can ONLY put in what ~~do not~~ <sup>I DON'T</sup> have on, so how do get those clean. O.K. doesn't take a chemistry major. I wait till the clean close come back and then wash the ones I got on, simple right? There a rule against washing your own clothing and having a clothing line. <sup>I'll</sup> get back to you when I figure that one out.

How about this one. what do you do if your laundry bag gets lost and doesn't come back. situation number 22. so I

get  
have to a new laundry slip and wait  
the next day to replace the ones that  
got lost, and you get laundry that is  
worse than the ones you had. Also, if  
you they don't have your size you have  
to keep coming back til they do. To  
turning your laundry in to be cleaned  
is a gamble.

so, I can't wash my own clothing,  
and turning in my laundry is game  
of chance. so, what do I do? man, I  
don't know. I write back when I  
figure it out

STAY FREE YOUNG PERSON

 Daniel

Dear Young person,

They did it when I first arrived to prison, every time I was transferred to another prison, coming from a family visit, every time I returned from a hospital, and every time they deem it necessary. I am talking about the full body strip search.

First, they take all your clothing and search it. Then they tell you to open your mouth, behind your ears, roam your fingers through your hair, lift your arm pits, lift your private area, and then turn around and bend over and cough. That last one really isn't cool. The reason they do is because inmates hide all kinds of things up there. Things like drugs, money, knives, I even heard a guy hide a cellular phone chip up there.

To have another man look up your anus, and sometimes with a flashlight,



Dear Young Person

Remember when you were a little kid and your parents would tell its bed time at around 8:00pm. Well, thats what happens in prison, your day is over at 8:30pm, yard recall, time to lock in for the night.

Man, I am a grown dang man, but I have to go my room<sup>at</sup> 8:30. That aint no way to treat a grown man. It just aint right I tell'a. Man, when I was free person when<sup>the</sup> sun went down I would kick it with friends, go to a movie, party, be on the phone, or simply sit on the porch and enjoy the night. It just aint right.

Stay Free Youngster

Daniel



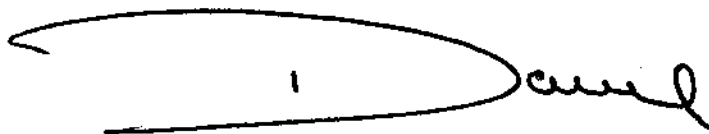
Dear Young Person.

Stuff is all over the place. I just got my cell searched by the man. Cell searches are just part of prison life.

There are kinds of cell searches. You got the simple routine random searches where the officer just comes in and looks around and leaves. Then you got looking for certain items like to many clothing, toilet paper, pictures on walls, etc, etc. Some times they messes cells up, but not to much. Then you got the two big ones first, looking for drugs and cell phone. They rip the cell upside down but its manageable. The big one is when they lock everybody up and do a total building search. We have to do a strip search, then go to a holding

area, while they search my cell. They do this cell to cell. When there done the room looks like a tornado hit it. When I underwent my first major cell search I got so mad I wanted to fight the officer who did it. But they are smart. They use many officers to do a whole building so you never know who did your cell, so you stay angry til you ~~can~~ calm down, but you never get over that. Every time it happens you get ~~angrier~~ madder and madder. I don't <sup>know</sup> what it is about cell searches that makes us so mad.

STAY FREE YOUNGSTER



Dear Young Person

MAN, I am tired of these lockdowns  
a lockdown is when the whole prison are  
ordered back to there cell and we stay in  
our cell until the lockdown is over, some  
~~lock day~~ lockdowns last a day and some  
can last months. It depends on the  
situation.

The last lock down only lasted a  
few hours. They were looking for someone  
who decided not to report to his name being  
called over the loud speaker. That's the type  
of stupidity of another inmate affecting  
everyone that just ruins your day. It happens  
all the time.

The longest ~~long~~ lock down I

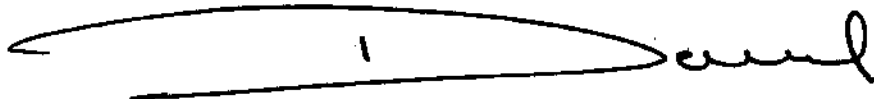


Dear Young Person

I got a visit today, and it felt good and bad. It felt good during the visit, laughing, playing, and telling stories. It was real cool. It was <sup>so</sup> bad because once they left I had to go back to prison. Man, that's a drag.

I remember when I was a kid ~~and~~ me and my family would visit ~~at~~ my uncle in prison, and I didn't understand how he could be so full of life during the visit and his whole attitude ~~was~~ would change when the visit was over. I understand it now.

Stay Free Youngster

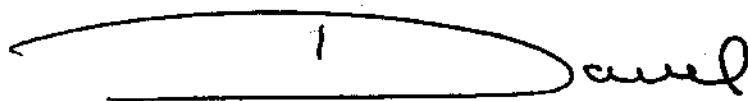


Dear Young Person

You know how you're at home, and in your home have many plug in the wall appliances. There's the oven, the refrigerator, the microwave, the T.V., etc, etc. Well in the prison I'm in you can only have two.

We got a package catalogue where your family can buy package items for you. So, choose well. Is it the TV and fan, fan and hot pot, radios and T.V. whatever you do choose well. Boy, do I mess my apartment.

Stay free Youngster

 and



Dear Young Person

So, I woke this morning and when they unlocked the door I went to look for my homeboy so we <sup>can</sup> do I our morning ritual of going to the chow hall together. He's cellmate told me he was rolled-up in the middle of the night, just like that, gone and the police won't tell you what happened to him.

It's kidnapping, just gone in the middle of the night, it happens all the time, we here the <sup>stories</sup> ~~stories~~ all the time, this or that inmate got snatched up <sup>by</sup> the officer and sent to who's no where. It takes some getting use <sup>to</sup>, to have people you associate <sup>with</sup> just disappear.



Week to week your friend base changes because people disappear. Its like the movie INVASION of the body snatchers. You really have to get a tough SKIN to ~~handle~~ <sup>handle</sup> this one. They do <sup>it</sup> for all kinds of reasons. Bed space, gang activities, rumors, etc, etc. could you imagine being at home and your family members and friends just disappeared and it kept happening and replaced with new people. This prison world is an upside place. I wonder who will get snatched this week.

STAY FREE YOUNGSTER

Daniel

Dear Young person.

Well, they are going to kill another inmate on death row. They lock us all up for this. I have major sympathy for the men on the row.

Can you imagine what it would be like on death row. It would play on my nerves to <sup>see</sup> people killed getting ever so closer to my time. You would have to become real strong to handle that.

Young person, I don't mean to preach, but being in this crime life your chances of being on death row is greatly increased ANYTHING could happen. You could rob

a store and <sup>a</sup> gun accidentally goes off,  
 You could be in the hood <sup>and</sup> a car rolls up  
 and gun fire, you could be in prison and  
 get into a gang fight and stab a person,  
 anything could happen and there you are  
 on death. <sup>now,</sup> Young one you should really  
 think about this one. let it sink in on  
 what it be like to be on death now and  
 how if you want to <sup>be</sup> a player in the  
 game now all the situations could come  
 up and you take another's life. Think about  
 it Youngster, really go deep.

STAY FREE YOUNGSTER

Dear Young Person.

So, you can just get up and go to the store any time you like. Well, if you plan on coming here you better get on-use to it. We get to go to canteen once a month, and for a limited amount.

I miss those days when I wanted to watch a really good movie I could go the store and buy some micro-wave popcorn and a soda, or get to the store to resupply whatever I needed. Now, I have to wait till next month. Yea, I really miss that

Stay Free Youngster

Dear Youngster

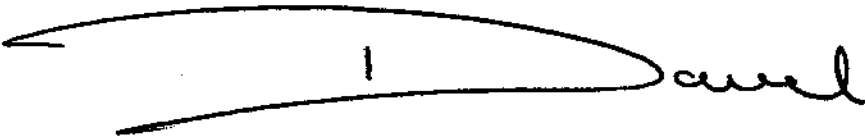
We got jobs here, they pay us slave wages from 25¢ an hour to 1.00 an hour. They could at least pay us minimum wages, it comes to about 30 to 50 dollars a month. It's criminal I tell you.

I am still not use to this one yet. How can they pay someone to work in a factory standing on his feet all day 25¢ an hour. It's modern day slavery I tell you. Where does this idea come from to pay a person slave wages, who sat around a table and said we can get away with getting cheap labor because they are only animals. Their punishment should cover

that we treat them as slaves and pay them slave wages. man, that aint right.

They have already taken away so much at least pay me an honest wage for an honest days work. I don't get it. I better stop now Youngster before I say some things I might regret. Like I said I haven't got use to this one yet.

Stay Free Youngster

 and

Dear Young Person

They got this rule book on how much of each item you can have. There is a limit on everything. You can't have all you want even if you can afford it.

There's a limit on tennis shoe, one pair only, no<sup>w</sup> imagine that, limit on clothing, food, bedding, books, appliances, magazines, etc, etc. Everything has a limit. My world is reduced to limits. I have to constantly watch ~~what~~ how much I have. If I have too much they will take it, and give to one of their snitches. Where am I that having four pair of underwear is illegal? Youngster please you don't want your world limited.

Stay free youngster.

## Dear Young Person

You know how they say there is honor among thieves. DON'T you believe it. There is so much ~~that~~ ~~very~~ ~~the~~ ~~very~~ here I can't believe it. I use to get hit all the time but I learned.

First rule, make sure you find a cellmate you can trust, this <sup>is</sup> very important. Because cellmates can set you up to be taken. DON'T tell your ~~business~~ BUSINESS, always bragging about what you got, have home boys that live near your cell so you can watch each others <sup>cell</sup> ~~back~~. DON'T let other inmates look into your cell sizing up what you got. AND above all DON'T be an easy target. TRY to move to cell that is NOT in the back, a cell where alot of people are, and put your stuff so its hard to find.



Yea, Young one a prison thief is the worst kind of thief, they get better and better all the time. I don't get hit any more, because I know how things go. But I still see other inmates getting hit all the time, I remain cold and hard to there problem. They will learn, Yea, they will learn.

Stay free youngster

Dave

Dear Young Person.

I am sitting on the Yard, watching a basketball game when this one guy is being escorted by two officers in handcuffs, I found out later they put him in the hole for ~~raping~~ raping this younger inmate.

I knew it was coming. This guy has done this before, he would treat them to ice cream and candy; playing checkers with them, and one day invite them to his cell for a game of checkers and the rest is history. It amaze me how this stuff still goes on in this day and time.

Stay free youngster



Dear Young person.

I got pepper sprayed today. This will be my third time. They don't use those little bitty can<sup>s</sup>. They got these ~~use~~ large cans that got a big handle and it unloads a lot. I'm still not use to it.

me and the officer where arguing about how many shoes I got. I am trying to tell him I only got one pair, the extra ones I got on are special shoes given by the doctor. He wasn't trying to here it; we wanted the extra pair, so, he said things and I said things and then I got sprayed. Its crazy I'm still not use to that.

Stay free Youngster

1 Daniel

Dear Young Person

This last prison situation to me is the biggest and that's being homesick. No matter how tough I become, no matter how much I can handle prison, and no matter how hard I try not to think about it I still get home sick.

I miss long walks in the park, I miss hugs from my mother, working on the car with pops, arguments with my sister, birthdays, all the babies in the family, sunsets with my nephews, watching football with homies, and most of all those sleepy Sundays sleeping on the couch with a breeze coming thru the window and listening to all the sounds of home.

I don't think it will ever go away. It's a tough thing to have to experience

IN PRISON. I DON'T WHAT TRIGGER IT,  
 COMING FROM A VISIT OR AFTER BEING ON THE  
 PHONE FOR SURE. BUT THERE ARE OTHER TIMES  
 THAT IT COMES WITHOUT WARNING. WATCHING  
 T.V., WALKING THE YARD, TALKING TO A FRIEND,  
 OR AT DINNER TIME. ITS A STRANGE THING NOW  
 IT JUST COMES ON YOU.

I TAKE A LOOK AT THE WORD IT SELF "HOMESICK".  
 IT MEANS YOU ARE <sup>SO</sup> SICK YOU MISS HOME. AND  
 AFTER I GAVE IT SOME THOUGHT YOU DO FEEL A  
 LITTLE SICK, DISORIENTATED, DREAMY, A LOST OF  
 A SENSE OF WHERE YOU ARE, A UNEASINESS IN  
 YOUR STOMIC. THE MIND AND BODY WANT TO  
 BE HOME. I GET THAT NOW. THAT FEELING  
 NEVER IS EASY IN PRISON.

STAY FOREVER FREE YOUNGSTER

David

## Putting it All Together

The point I am about to make I know will be controversial. Prison is not hard. As young people get older they will become tough soldiers able to withstand prison. That's just a fact.

What I want to say to young people about that fact is O.K.; You can handle it, but look at what you have to handle; Yard down, double cellmates, using the bathroom problems, jerk guards, the hole, hard steel bunks, showers, the food problem, the towel situation, constant cell moves, no key to cell door, gang politics, snitches, hon towers, police everywhere, count time, the laundry situation, bend over and cough, to your room early, cell searches, lock down, visiting day, limits on items, rules on how to where clothing, inmates

disappearing out of no where, death row, once a month canteen, thieves, Rape, Pepper spray, home sick feeling. That is a lot to handle because you can. what you should do Youngster is re-read the list til it sinks in, maybe write the list down and put it on your wall in bold letter so it will be a constant reminder.

Here is another point about being able to handle all that is prison. It will take you a long time to master it, it's like walking in a mind field, one wrong move and your in a situation, it takes a while to live situation free. I've been doing it a while and I still get into situations, that towel thing still gets me. Its tight rope walk.

Now to my last point which you should think about real hard. They got this word called institutionalization. I have heard many explanations for the word, but I've got my own. If you go to a zoo and a tiger who is fresh from the jungle. IN the

Cage he paces back and forth hungry to be freed. The longer he stays in the cage the more he gets use to it; that's what the word means to me. You can get so use to prison you can't function in the free world. That's what truly scares me and it should do the same to you Youngster. So Youngster, I say it again for the last time  
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