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Jihad Me At Hello

By Thomas Shulick

"Biggie is a rather menacing Israeli ogre. Six foot five, approximately 270 lbs, with hands that could pop a bowling ball. A touch of scoliosis and a Cro-Magnon brow protruding over deep-set stoic eyes complete the image of a creature barfed up by Middle Earth. He looks like a 1970's Bond villain, and according to ROY1, he has an origin story to match his appearance.

It's pretty much impossible to determine the veracity of any inmate's criminal reputation beyond the facts presented in their PSI's. Most prisoners lie, exaggerate, and either avoid or add details so often and so needlessly that truth, rumor, and legend become indistinguishable. But, because a good story is better (or at least better received) than a true one, no one seems to care.

In the present case, Biggie is a local celebrity. He is reputed to have killed and maimed several people at random, with a knife that would make Michael Myers blush. Moreover, he chose his victims solely based on their physical resemblance to the person who had visited similar violence upon one of his family members. Apparently, Biggie had gone on a stabbing spree in a crowded area, enacting bloody vengeance against anyone who looked like they might find Tyler Perry funny. So, after indiscriminately slaughtering several African Americans, Biggie earned himself a lifelong vacation in a place that juuuuust so happens to be chock full of black folks.

Now meet Smalls-X. He's short, bald, and as indicated by his Malcolmian moniker, a member of the Nation Of Islam (NOI), which is a religion to which only those of African descent may apply (because melanin is next to godliness). He is also a textbook sexual predator with a clear affinity for young, naive, fresh-faced white guys. His sexual predilections are a source of dismay for his brethren, because the NOI does not condone open homosexuality. Or white people. Therefore, Smalls-X has to keep his illicit liaisons a secret, and the best way to do that is to skulk down to his boy toy's cell in the dead of night, presumably while any potential witnesses are sleeping, and summon the young catamite to the bathroom or shower for a private midnight freak fest. Unfortunately (or serendipitously, depending on whom you consider to be the hero of this story), Boytoy's bunkie just happens to be our resident racist, homicidal golem.

Prisoners live by a unique code of conduct. There are several acts, which, to normal people, would be little more than mildly irritating, but which inmates consider to be supremely disrespectful. Acts that, when perpetrated, warrant swift, violent retribution. Never touch another man without his permission, never call him a bitch or insult his mother, never tell the officers anything they don't already know, and never wake someone up, unless it's an emergency (or if that person has a visit, or you reeeeeeeally need a spades partner.) Let sleeping dogs—or in this case, Leviathan—lie.

According to Freud, man is a slave to his sexual desires. This was especially true of Smalls-X, who was most assuredly not going to let a little thing like prison etiquette impede his midnight trysts. He was a man on a man-on-man mission, and could not be bothered with paltry trifles like respecting another man's boundaries, no matter how enormous and dangerous that man happened to be. So he knocked on Boytoy's door, and awoke Biggie in the process, night after night, until the ogre had finally decided that he'd had enough. Like a FOX News anchor, Biggie simply didn't want to be woke.

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