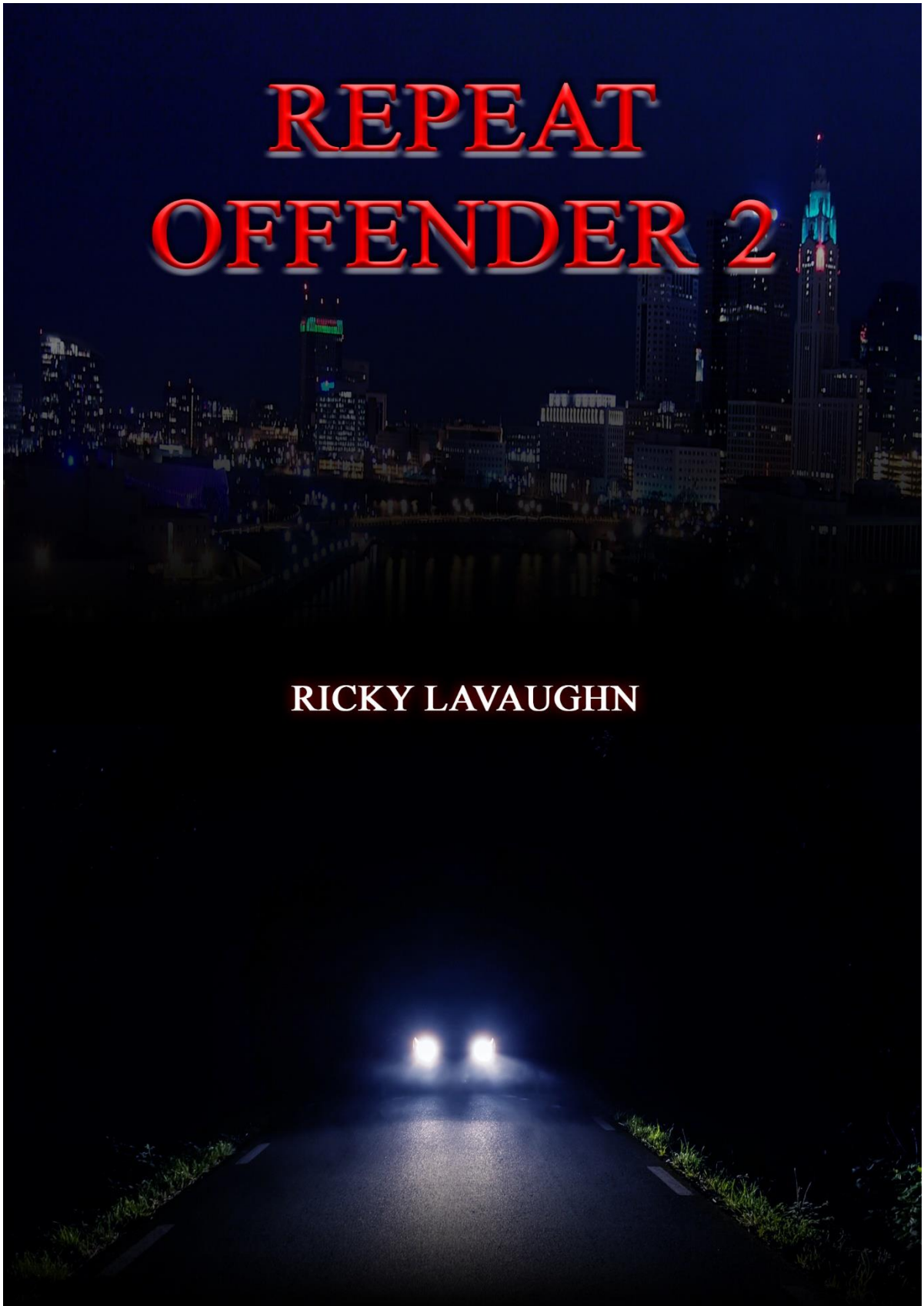


REPEAT OFFENDER 2

RICKY LAVAUGHN



Repeat Offender 2: 10 am – partial chapter

REPEAT OFFENDER 2

Ricky LaVaughn

Sequel to Repeat Offender

10 am

Partial Chapter

For more information on this book visit: <https://lavauri.com/repeatoffender2/freepreview.html>

The past decade has been hellacious in the Chillicothe Correctional facility. Not the entire past ten years were spent in prison. After the accident, I spent a lot of time either on house arrest or in jail. Still, being in prison is dreadful and horrendous. Those two expressions and a lot more denigrating words are the best way to describe the internment. At the facility, the guards aren't terrible. Well, most aren't. I know who to stay away from. A few punches in the stomach and a literal kick in the butt informs a person with action in whom to avoid. As with all prisons, there are factions and gangs. Chillicothe Correctional had the same thing. The facility did their best to ensure safety, so those with a life sentence weren't in the same realm as those serving less than a year. Still, there's always a plethora of ways to hurt someone if need be. I learn to have friends or at least try not to make enemies with too many people backing them. Doing so could mean a beating, getting shanked, or something else not worth mentioning.

Sure, some would say at least you have shelter. I really don't count prison as shelter. More like a holding spot for whom society deems incompetent to live amongst them. Some prisoners come out of prison a changed person. They're willing to do better. That's my goal. I don't want to reenter society the same way I came in. That means I didn't learn anything, and what's the point in that. Some prisoners become better at their criminal activities and pick up contacts and associates to expand their unlawful behavior. It is not in my mindset to develop friends in the arena of illicit deeds. Besides, I have other thoughts running through my mind.

Freedom is coming. I feel like I have served my sentence and paid the price. It was costly, the drunk driving mistake I made ten years ago. If I had gotten off with a mild hand slap, then I might not have learned anything. But a person died. A person is no longer walking, driving, talking with his family, or a part of the community because of a terrible mistake that I made. It's unreal to think the results of addiction can cost the life of a person who was on his way to save my, well, former wife's life. Plus, I shot my best friend. Man, that was a crazy night.

Those events happened on the same evening within hours of each other. Literally the lowest point of my life. So much pain and trouble, all because of a secret that I couldn't let go. The only means to satisfy that curiosity was at the bottom of a bottle. Or a mug. Or a shot glass, or anything that could hold the addictive essence of alcohol. The great thing about being in the Chill, as I call it, was the incredibly hard access to strong drink. Not impossible, but hard. Much too hard for me, so over time in prison, I beat drinking. Talmai, my best friend here, warns me to be careful, but a person knows when they've overcome something. December 31st is the last day of 2019 and the start for me to do something better. I have learned from my mistake and cannot wait to taste freedom around noon today. Being a better person is something I can control.

Nevertheless, what a person doesn't have control over, are crazy dreams and nightmares. It's been years since I thought about Adam Weis. The Prison Shrink or psychologist is probably what I should call them, worked hard to help me overcome the issues with that night. It was never my intention to hurt anyone might alone kill an innocent person. The entire time, the night was hazy like a constant fog, a self-induced alcohol-driven nightmare of pain and destruction. This led to being distracted and a horrendous car accident with Adam. The psychologist was terrific and did a fantastic job helping me cope with that night and subsequent nights. The one thing they suggested, and I took to heart, was making amends to all those I hurt that evening. Some of the people will be easy to find and make recompenses. However, others might take a little work.

Still, that was a crazy dream. Adam and my friends coming out of the car like an evil dance troop. Their jerky movements and harrowing vocals gave me the creeps long after I woke up. Strangeness. I guess the dream only came about because I would be free, and those in that dream are the same to make amends.

"Henry," I hear someone say. The sound of my name snaps me out of my personal daydream. I look over to see Lloyd, one of the prison guards at the Chill. He is one of the reasonable prison guards that I befriended during the past four years. I'm not a smoker, but many of the prisoners are, and Lloyd is their contact to get cigs. Plus, Lloyd is a decent human being because he only uses blunt force if necessary. By necessary, one time, he had to use excessive force on two prisoners when they tried to murder each other

over an argument of “Murder She Wrote.” That actually happened, and Lloyd was at the right place to end the fight. Other guards prefer to use force immediately, ask questions later, and demand calm after that.

“Sorry Lloyd,” I start, “must have been daydreaming.”

“Two questions,” Lloyd says, holding up two fingers. “What are you doing in the library, and where’s your hair,” Lloyd asks.

I rub my bald head and smile. Before getting into prison, I had hair. There’s no rule against having it, but I decided to cut it close to make it easy. Then closer, then closer, then earlier that morning, I shaved it off. A few years ago, I did it once before just to see how it felt. This time, I wanted to do something different and even included my facial hair as well. Seeing the hair from my face leave melted the years away. I don’t look like I’m twenty, but no longer a solid early forty-year-old. There’s grey in my hair, so having nothing at all is much easier than trying to color the grey. After the dream, I wanted to be different. Obviously mentally and emotionally, but physically as well.

“New beginnings,” I respond to Lloyd. He nods and looks around the library. Many people don’t visit the library often. There are, of course, a few prisoners who want to better themselves. Get an education through various books and make use of registered and limited internet access. It was through that process that I was able to expand my business education and get another degree. Weird, but that’s what happens when all you have is time. It’s either lift weights and get bodybuilder big or stretch your brain and enlighten your mind.

“I work here,” I respond.

Lloyd chuckles. “I know you do. But today is your last day. No one works on their last day.” Lloyd chuckles some more. It was an uneven laugh that reminds me of a giraffe coughing on a fibrous tree leaf. “Not even out there,” Lloyd says and nods his head beyond the doors. I know what he means. Even outside of prison, people rarely worked on their last day of the job. Granted, some choose to work hard on their final day. Giving it their all until the last scheduled time. However, most put in just enough effort to say their goodbyes and do some sibilance of work, but their mind isn’t into it. People on their last day of work are like me, only thinking about starting the new phase of their lives. “You’re working,” Lloyd asks.

“No,” I respond. “I’m meeting Talmai before heading out for good.”

Lloyd smiles and nods. He didn’t do it with the thought of irony, but like a memory came is coming to him like a swarm of bees pollinating a field of fresh flowering plants. “He came by earlier,” Lloyd says. “He had something to do and says to swing by around eleven.”

“Something to do,” I say. This is a prison. It’s not like a person can make random plans whenever they want. You can’t leave your cell or cafeteria and think to visit Scioto Downs raceway and blow a hundred bucks. Getting around the Chill means it must be approved by the guards or protection from one of your friends or crews.

“That’s what he said,” Lloyd says. “Go to the cafeteria and relax. Get your last state-funded meal and swing back.”

Lloyd. He always has great ideas. He understands that we screwed up to get here in prison. That’s on us, but it doesn’t mean we have to be treated like savages and monsters. Unless you’re some people who are so appalling that they had to be left to themselves in solitary for long stretches of time. In particular, one guy was a cannibal, or at least they found human remains in his refrigerator. The assumption was that he ate some and even served it to friends when having a barbeque. I can’t imagine going to a friend’s home, tasting one of the best burgers in the city, and find out it was the plumber from down the street.

“I think I will, thanks Lloyd. What are they serving?”

“You know, the usual,” Lloyd begins, “grey matter, yellow matter, fruit, and stuff that’s supposed to pass as meat.”

He laughs, and I immediately join in. Please let him be joking about the awfulness of the food. Truth be told, the food options are meant to keep us alive and healthy. As far as taste, I didn’t believe the prison cook ever tasted his food. Or so I thought until I saw him and his staff consumed their own product with

the veracity of a well-starved raptor. There was no way he could have honestly believed his cooking was tasty, but his constant hums and crinkled smiles said otherwise.