

It was a tough day in the brig today. Winter is cold, outside and inside the prison. I got stabbed and almost got tazed by the prison guard outside of my small “hell-like” cell. The young man in the cell to the left of mine was a nice guy named Adam, who got blamed for a crime he never committed. I can’t believe I got myself into this mess. I mean, all I did was rob this one, little store. I had to though, to support my wife and my daughter. Man, I wish I could see them one more time. Maybe, just one more time in Florida where we shared our first kiss all those years ago.

12 Years Ago

It was a fierce stormy day with blistering winds in Gotham City. I was with my wife and daughter sitting in the living room watching TV. As I was sitting there I felt like a failure because I could not feed my daughter and wife. Without thinking, I got up, got into my car and drove to the nearest food store. I opened my glove compartment and pulled out my 9mm. I ran into the store shooting rounds and giving no mercy. I took all the food I could and turned to leave. Before I could step out the door, they were already there... The Police.

Present Day

As I walk into the cafeteria, I can already smell the metal tables and unclean inmates. The smell of prison is like the smell of a junkyard on a humid summer day. I don’t bother getting food, so I walk

to the back of the room were my regular spot is. I see my best-friend in the prison, Preston, and he is eating a Burrito. A BURRITO!!! They haven't had burritos here in prison since that one guy made a key out of his fork. The only time we are aloud to use a fork is when we are eating burritos. That's it! I'm going to make a key out of my fork and break out of prison!

As I walk through security, the prison guards do not realize I have hidden a fork in my shoe. That night, I lay in my bed waiting for the right time to try out my, homemade key. I walk over to the large metal door and use my crude key to unlock it. The best part was that the prison alarm did not go off. I run down the hall and go "BATMAN" on the guard! It was pretty beast! I then go over to him, strip him down and dress up in his clothes. I even take his car keys, I am pretty sure they will be useful. I walk casually out of this horrid metal palace that I called "IT" for 12 years, 68 days and 5 hours. Locating the prison guard's truck, I pull out of the prison parking lot and make it through the gate without any problems. I stop at the first truck stop and make a call. I call my wife and bombard her with questions. She answers them but then says that she is not in Gotham anymore... she is in Jacksonville, Florida. I tell her, "Ok, I will get there A.S.A.P."

"Wauyuo, Wauyou, Wauyou" is all I can hear. I thought I was paranoid at first, but it turns out to be a real cop car. All I said to myself was, "CRUD". I pull over, and as the cop is coming over, I stomp on the gas. I drive off as fast as I can, going over 150 M.P.H. I turn around and see the police officer staring at my dust. I do not know why he did not try to come after me, but he did not follow me, and I am thankful.

