

In the Slammer

I've been in the slammer for 8 months now. I did not think that my infractions were that bad. I was mostly just trying to be friendly. My first encounter with the law was when I was out for a walk in the neighborhood and had to pee. I went by a bush and sprayed the leaves so as not to concentrate too much in one spot. Some lady saw me and called the cops. The police officer who caught up to me on the path was pretty nice about it. He said that he understood and asked the next time I really had to go, would I please try to conceal myself better and remember to zip my fly? Well, it happened again. The cop said that he was going to have to write me up. Now I was in danger of becoming a serial offender of the law against public urination.

Then I did something much more serious. I could not help it; I just had to take a crap. I squatted down and let it go, right there on the lawn. In the spirit of defunding the police, a social worker was called and drove me down to a homeless shelter. I protested that I had a home and only pooped because I had to go bad and could not hold it any longer. "I'm sorry but I have to follow protocol." The guys down there gave me some tips on how to do it without getting caught, out in the woods and if possible, only at night. I should always bring a plastic baggy and try to pick up the poo and place it in one of the receptacles scattered throughout the neighborhood. It seemed that I was not the only offender.

I was arraigned in court the next day and the judge let me go, saying that I may need diapers and, in the meantime, try to keep my nose to the ground. Around that time, I must have been having episodes of IBS because I did it again. I was well concealed but the odor gave me away and the court gave me a suspended sentence.

Now that I am in prison the psychiatrist here says that to deal with my 'issues,' I need to confront them. The best way to do that is to write them down. So, this is my story. My next transgression was not my fault. Some wacko guy out on the street tried to caress me while I was sitting on a bench minding my own business. I growled for him to stop. But he didn't. I admit that it was an overreaction on my part but I instinctively turned my head and bit him on the offending hand.

What got me jail time was not the occasion when a lady was inviting me to be affectionate – I could see it in her eyes. For some reason, I did not kiss her. I licked her all over the face. All that happened was that she slapped me and walked away muttering about my offensive 'dog's breath.' I resolved to use breath mints.

What put me in the slammer was the time that I smelled a powerful odor. Kind of like a perfume masking over, I don't rightly know, something fetid and sanguine, like it was dying. Ever since I had Covid my sense of smell has been acute. I was next to this woman and out of curiosity, mind you, solely out of curiosity, I kneeled down and started sniffing her hindquarters. The judge had been right when she told me to keep my nose to the ground. With my criminal record, I got a one-to-two-year sentence pending a psychiatric evaluation. The exam was to determine if I was a sexual offender. That is why I am cooperating by writing it all down.

My cellmate has been in prison for a long time. Some long-timers help other prisoners by filing legal briefs. This fellow was the prisoner psychologist. He asked if anyone considered me their best friend. When I said, "No, I don't think so." He said, "That's it, you just need a master who will protect you." You see, I've been leading a dog's life. At worst, I belong in the pound.