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PRISON - FOR A CHILD MOLESTER – by Bingo (If you are a child molester - read this.) All names, dates and places have been changed - to protect the guilty!

I'll call this low-down creature - 'Mister Blank'. He went to prison for life for raping and killing a little girl. Bot of course they don't tell the other inmates that he a child molester! If the other inmates asked him what he was in for - he would tell them that he was doing time for grand larceny or something else. But - as the old saying goes - "The truth will always come out - some day." Well, in his case the truth came out!

As you can imagine - bikers don't like child molesters - and when the 'truth' was finally told - and then proved - Mr. Blank was in for a 'little trouble'.

Mr. Blank's cell was on the third tier and of course the stairs were all steel - and 'somehow' - Mr. Blank 'slipped' and 'fell' head first down that flight of stairs - all the way to the 2nd tier! He managed to

get to his feet - but his head must have been a little 'groggy' from that fall - now don't you know that he lost his balance and he 'fell' down the next flight of stairs too! Yep! All the way down to the 1st floor! He was taken to the prison hospital on a stretcher.

When he woke up he told the captain of the guards that he remembered getting pushed - just before he fell down that first flight of stairs, but he didn't see who pushed him. I was just a few guys behind him, but - of course - I just happened to be looking the other way - so I didn't see who pushed him either. That is - IF - someone pushed him.

Mr. Blank spent about 3 weeks in the hospital and then was given a cell on the first floor. But that want' the end of his 'bad luck'. A day or so later he was rushed to the hospital again - with what he said was terrible pains in his stomach! I guess they pumped his stomach and found that he ate some of the rat poison the prison uses to kill the rats. When he was asked what he had eaten, he told the doctor that he had found a candy bar on his bunk and that he ate it.

When he got out of the hospital that time, he was put in the section of the prison they call P.C. - for 'Protective Custody' - but the inmates call it 'Punk City'.

Now you would think that he would be safer there - RIGHT? OH NO! There just happened to be a big guy there that they call Bubba! Now poor Mr. Blank 'belongs' to Bubba!

I'll leave you to imagine what THAT means!



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