

The Bomb

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Sometimes events take place in prison which could be harmful, even deadly in their consequences, but which are, in retrospect, quite humorous.

To add variety to our repetitive diet we occasionally cook cheese sandwiches. Not very special for most, but a meal fit for a King to us. To heat the metal tray slot in a cell we'd normally roll toilet paper into a circle around our hand, tuck in the ends, and set it on fire. This is called a "bomb" and is used to cook our sandwiches.

One afternoon a guy nicknamed "Mouse" volunteered to do the cooking for a group of us. I asked him if he knew what to do? He snorted with disdain and said, "You know Chef Boyardee? I taught him everything he knows about cooking!"

So we let him cook.

About two hours later an acrid smoke began floating down the tiers and into our cells. Before long everyone was having problems breathing. Searching out the source of the smoke I arrived a Mouse's cell only to notice that his entire face had been blackened by smoke and his eyebrows and hair were singed almost totally off.

"What the hell happened?" I asked.

He responded, "I'm trying to cook these sandwiches but I can't keep the bomb on fire."

I looked closer at the three bombs he had smoldering beside his tray slot and said; "Of course you can't keep them on fire you're suppose to use toilet paper not blankets! Burning the blankets creates a toxic smoke you idiot!"

Smoke swirled around his cell. His white eyes and teeth peered out from behind a blackened face as he said, "Really?"

We never let Mouse cook again.