

WHAT I MISS MOST LIVING UNDER LOCK AND KEY

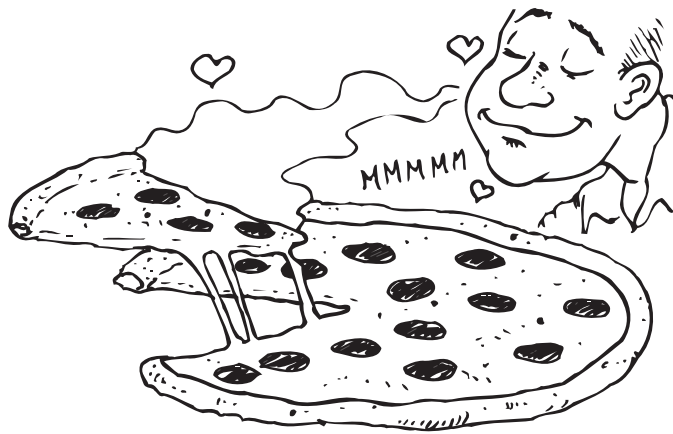
Forget about your own space — privacy.
I don't get it in the bathroom, my cell, or any place
behind these walls. The prison version of privacy is solitary
confinement.



My family. Yeah, they come around, but not a lot.



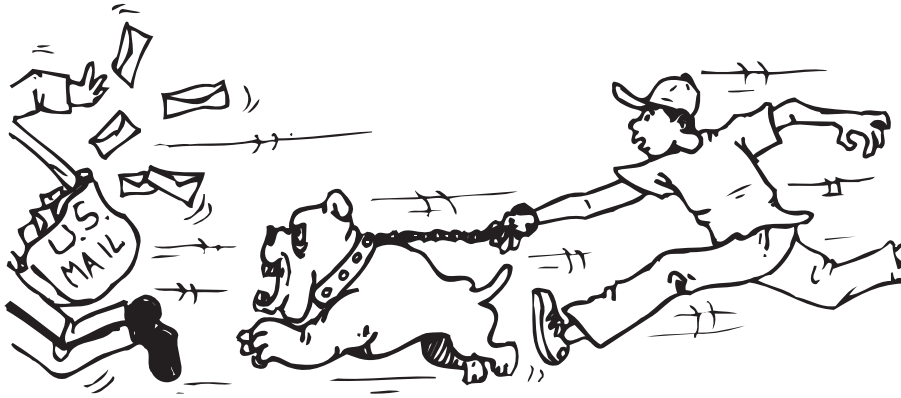
Ordering real pizza with all the gooey stuff I like on it. Don't get me started on what I think of the "food" in the prison cafeteria.



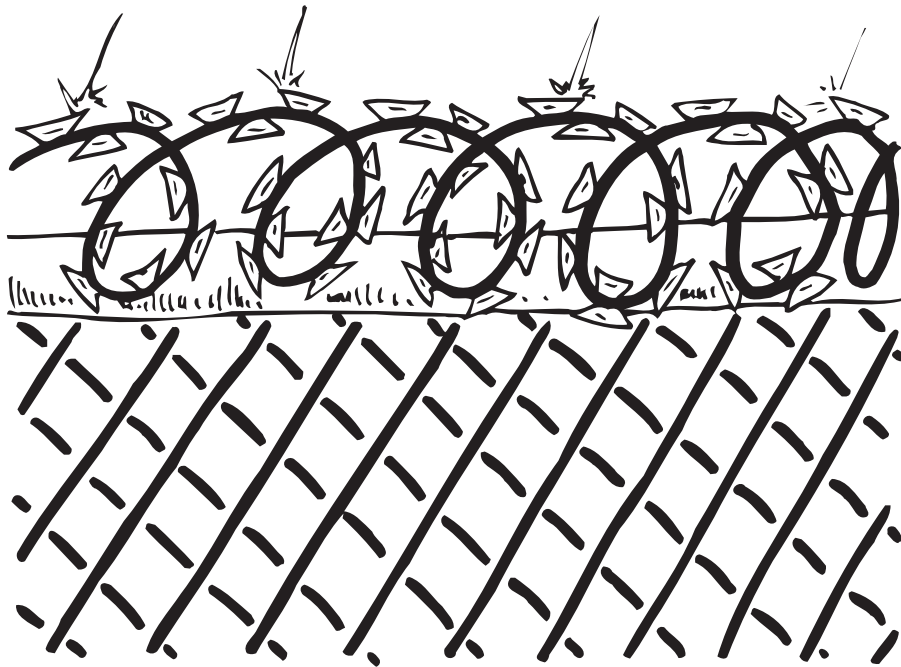
Forget about going out to clubs, dancing, and partying.



Forget about walking the dog or looking for that check in the mail.



Forget about wide open spaces. Your new view will be sky high walls or razor wire curling around the tops of chain link fences.



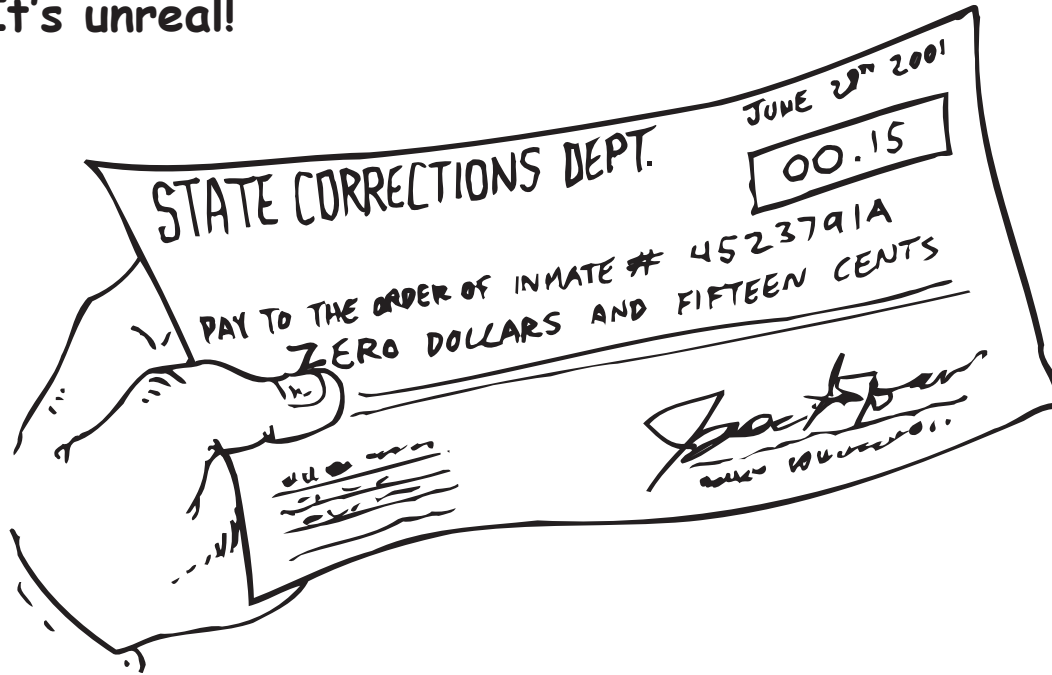
My cell phone. Now I have to wait in a long line to make a call.



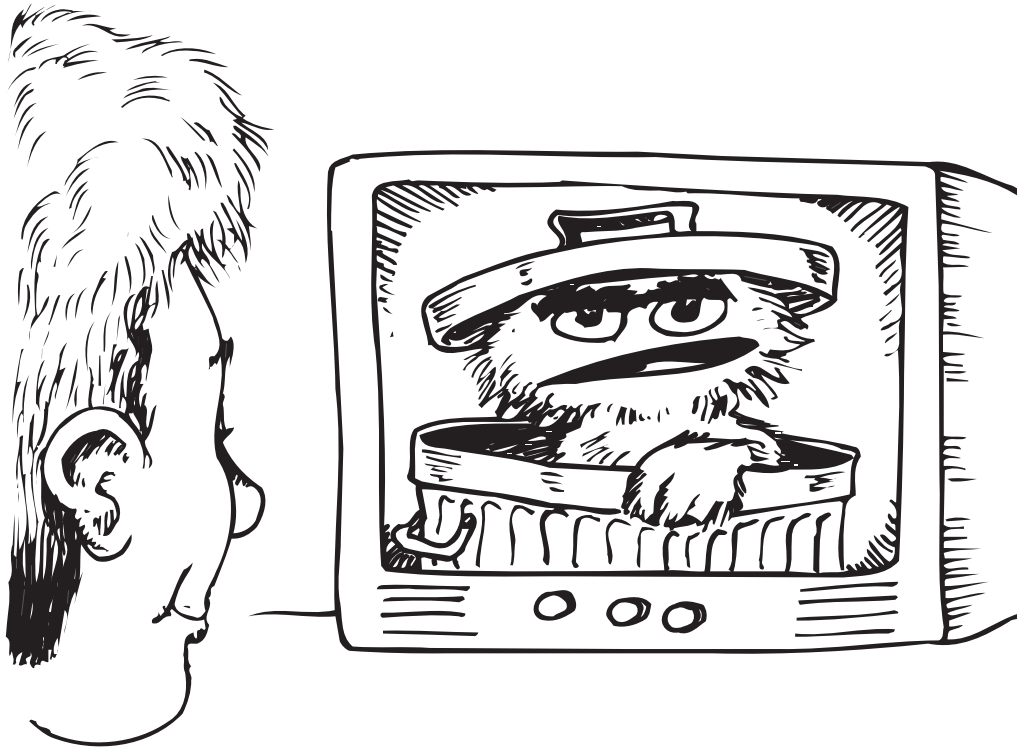
Forget about real spending money in your pocket.



Earning more than an unbelievably crummy 15 cents an hour for working my butt off. It's unreal!



Channel-surfing TV with my own remote and watching the shows I like.



Forget about eating a Big Mac loaded with mustard, ketchup, and onions.

