

You Made Me This Way Chapter 3

Chapter 3

Dragged out by the guards, I was then beaten half to death before being thrown into solitary confinement. In this cramped and small space, not only did I not feel fear, I even felt an inexplicable sense of peace. That was because, in this metal box of a space, nobody could hurt me, and the light that shone from the hole above me was akin to the warmth given to me by the pretty girl. 'There's nothing that won't pass.' I would also remember those words, believing that light also existed in the dark and that I would find the meaning of living if I continued to travel along with the light. From that point onward, I loved the feeling of being in solitary confinement, as I felt separated from the world and nothing could disturb my thoughts. In there, I would always think about the pretty girl and it became one of the few rare happy moments in my life. That was why I would bite anyone who would bully me while I was in prison! Once I got ahold of them, I would not stop before tearing a piece of their flesh off. This was because the hatred inside me made me treat all the people that bullied me as my family. I vented my anger on all of them! So what if I got beaten black and blue? So what if the prison guards abused me with their batons? Only knowing that I would get thrown into confinement once I bit someone, I could then revel in the rare blissful moments in prison. As time went on, the inmates did not dare to tick me off, as they even thought that I was insane, due to me being the only one who could keep their sanity and did not fear being in solitary confinement. There was a time when my temper was unusually bad, as rage had overcome me. This was because I hated my own family and could not get over this. It was my brother that committed the crime, and it was I who passed the entrance exam, but just because of my parents' bias, I became a prisoner. As for my incompetent brother, he instead used my name to attend the university that I was supposed to go to. The thing that I feared the most was that the pretty girl was in the same university too. What if she mistook my brother for me? As my brother was a lecher with a glib tongue, he knew how to make people happy. I was very scared that the pretty girl would get together with him and do what all couples would do... Even though I was a coward and a timid honest man, I would be capable of just about anything when forced! The thing I thought most about was how I would deal with my parents and that b*stard of a brother once I got out. With my bloodlust practically leaking at all times, the inmates all went another way even when they saw me from afar. Even one of the fiercer inmates on my top bunk did not even dare to relieve himself at night with a full bladder, as he was afraid that I might bite his privates off if I got woken up by him. Suddenly, I became a living nightmare in prison, as nobody would dare to get close to me. After a year, the grudge in my heart lessened with time. But, this was not because I believed that imprisonment would reform a person. Instead, it was because I still kept the pretty girl's words to heart—"There's nothing that would not pass'. Her words were like rain that fell onto my arid heart, slowly healing the cracks and crevices in it. In an effort to help prisoners ease back into the real world, cultural campaigns were held yearly for inmates to participate. This year, the city planned to create and publish a newspaper called 'Prison Times'. To help motivate the convicted to submit articles, those who submitted good stories would get their written work published while also having higher chances of getting a lesser sentence. Being cultured and knowledgeable, how could I give this chance up? Also, I needed to get out of here early and find the girl to tell her that the person at university was not me. Instead, he was my b*stard of a brother, and that she must not be deceived by him... That was why I holed myself in the prison library whenever I had the chance. After a week, I had accumulated around 2000 words, with the article's name being 'There's nothing that wouldn't pass.' I could not remember the details now, but I could still recall the general meaning. 'There's nothing that wouldn't pass, as light would still find us in complete darkness.' 'There's nothing that would not pass, as kindness would still find us in a world of misunderstandings.' 'There's nothing that would not pass, as we cannot give up on ourselves and the people that helped us before even if life was cruel.' While writing, my tears would not stop flowing as I concentrated on conveying all my thoughts in words about my own personal experiences. Every word I wrote was filled with meaning, depicting my blood, sweat, and literal tears of my past, but I still did not give up because 'there's nothing that would not pass.' My article was in the headline of the first edition of the newspaper. At that moment, all the prisons in the city were deeply moved by my piece. Suddenly, the guards treated me better, while the inmates feared and respected me at the same time. I even felt a bit of accomplishment at this point, as this meant that people acknowledged me, proving my worth in existing. It was after half a month that I mysteriously got transferred to another prison under the jurisdiction of Milch. It was a prison housing all sorts of political and economical criminals here. In this place, the inmates all had higher levels of education, as the environment was much better than in a normal jail. With all jail cells housing two inmates, it was here that I came to know the 'Master Campbell' that would change my life. Being a man over 40 years old, he had black hair with white sideburns, and his gaze was very piercing, making him look very imposing. "What are you in here for?" "This was the first thing he asked upon seeing me. "I was framed." Not much of a talker, I just blurted this out honestly. "Hmph, all the people here say that they are all framed. If so, isn't prison just a place housing innocent folk then?" Jokingly, he looked at me, and that was the start of our friendship. After conversing, I then found out that not only was 'Prison Times' his brainchild, but he was also the head writer for it. It was only because my article moved him deeply that I got the exception to get transferred to this 'luxurious' prison. His aim was to make me work on the newspaper with him. Life after transferring here was akin to ascending from hell to heaven in one shot since there were no big bad inmates and no boring laborious work to be done here. This place served more as a retirement place for the rich, as they were all well provided for, except for freedom of course. Master Campbell was a bigshot here, and the inmates and guards all called him 'leader' out of respect. As for whether it was because he was the head writer for the newspaper or because he was a great leader in the past, I did not know since there was an unwritten rule in prison—never to ask about a person's past. Of course, even if one did, the information they got was often fake anyway. Treating me kindly, not only did he tutor me in writing, he even taught me a lot about the ways of living. Every day, he would discuss politics, economics, philosophy, and humanities in the library with fellow political and economical offenders, helping me learn a lot through their conversations. Because of rheumatism in his left leg, Master Campbell would be in such pain that he could not walk, so I would often cover him with my blanket as a means of repaying him. Sometimes, I would even use my body temperature to warm him up before going to sleep. After some time, he really came to believe that I was framed. Who would think that such a kind kid who knew to repay his gratitude would commit a crime? Listening to my family and past experiences with teary eyes, he sighed at how cold and cruel humans could be. "Annon, do you want to succeed in life?" That same night, Master Campbell sat in front of the bed cross-legged, asking me earnestly.