

Chapter One

April 25, 2018

While I was in prison, Sarah was pretty firmly stuck in my thoughts. Prison doesn't give you a lot to think about - I think that's the point - and my frustration and confusion was like a hangnail that you can't stop picking at even though it hurts and isn't doing any good. If she had dumped me for a lacrosse player, or if she was mad because she thought I flirted with her sister (I don't think she had a sister) that would have been better, because I would have known. But I didn't know and I couldn't ask and I couldn't stop thinking about it.

By the time I was released, she was still stuck in my head. I'd be able to call her soon. I'd be sent back to prison if I called her, because I wasn't allowed to talk to my victim, but that didn't stop me from thinking about it during the long bus ride from Kalinaw State Prison back to Folsom.

I'd had an optimistic view about how long it would take the bus to get me to Folsom, so I didn't eat the breakfast provided by the prison. It was called a Denver Omelette, made by putting the cheapest jarred salsa available and frozen processed shredded cheese food on powdered eggs. It's every bit as disgusting as it sounds, unless you're starving or you've been