



If you do the crime, you do the time. . . .

Description

What's wrong with performing your ablutions in a bucket and in front of your cell mate? What's wrong with emptying your own waste each morning?

"Slop out, slop out", cried the screw in the corridor as he opened up the foul smelling cell to allow us to empty the offending mulch into the bog at the end of said corridor. Is this Victorian England? No, the prison is indeed Victorian, but the year is 1980 and this was the start to every day.

I was doing my time for my crimes, and there it ends; if you can't do the time, don't do the crime.

CATEGORY

1. Penile Reform

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