

Módulo 109 is a precursor of the place where damned souls and demons will inhabit eternity. John noticed that almost everyone had a nickname in 109, but that—most commonly—men were simply called “f&#ker” (*culiado*) and “a#&hole” (*huevoón*)—names which all involved seemed content to bear. Men lived like animals, and John noticed trash heaped up three feet high in the stairwell as he walked down the stairs, still wet with rainwater that had dripped through overnight. Thievery was considered a laudable thing, and the law of the pirate ruled, even though the *machucados* engaged in a weird sort of respect and cooperation, calling each other “brothers” as they practiced mutual mooching and got high on drugs—freebase cocaine, pills, and pot mainly. Soon after lockup, the *correo* cords were thrown out into the hallway (with cash dangling in packages at the end) and, in reply, “cookies” and “toothpaste” were audibly ordered from the *mozos* then reeled in. The terrestrial hell-dwellers sported lots of sharp, pointy, prison-made knives and were also ungrateful for what John did for them. Indeed, even after doing something nice for his companions, they still became irate if the law of the pirate was not respected and their way of doing things was not championed. John had to face this reality with everyone in his cell except for Eugenio 1. Indeed, at no time in his prison experience to date did John fear more for his life than on July 16th, except for the week or two after *Bearing the Cross*, volume one (Spanish), was discovered, leading Carlos 1 (pedophile), Aníbal 1, and (indirectly) *Chuncoco* to threaten him. “There is no way to reform these men, who are so proud of being thieves and cooperative pirates, even thinking of themselves as Robin Hood characters, wherein they only strike the rich and insured companies,” mused John. He realized that his companions looked at him as nothing more than another mark.

María arrived for visitation with John’s two *encomienda* sacks and helped him separate the food into the plastic containers—those that had yet to be stolen by the *machucados* in his cell or the hell-dwellers down the filthy hallway. John was so out of shape that carrying two plastic armchairs, some plasticware in a wide plastic milk crate, a tablecloth, sheets, and most of his Bible study and Italian books to return to Pamela required him to stop and rest three times on the three-quarter-kilometer journey to the gymnasium where visitation would be held. The kiosk was closed, so John could not buy drinks or chocolate as he usually did for María. Nevertheless, Alejandro 3 (ex-cop) fulfilled his promise to come by with the three orange juices, a bottle of water, and a small shelf that John had left behind in 118. So, at least John and María had something to drink. Unfortunately, Alejandro 4 was unable to find out John’s transfer destination; he asked José 2 (Catholic), who worked as *mozo* in the statistics section, but he didn’t know. After returning to 109, cellmate José 6 turned out to be a real communist-colleague and protester-lover, rebuffing John for thinking he was innocent, even after hearing the facts about what happened in Reñaca on November 10, 2019, and watching the YouTube video about the incident done by *La Firme*. He had an opinion on everything and wanted to listen to no one other than himself and Chilean news broadcasts. He seemed to be amenable to John’s criticism of the Covid-19 vaccines, but then got up on his soapbox about gun violence in the United States. It mattered not to him that John had lived in the United States, legally carrying a concealed pistol there, or that John had traveled to seventy countries; his opinion didn’t matter because José 6 had seen a report on television. He emphatically did not want to hear what John had to say. When John mentioned that Chile was a country featuring many apes or monkeys masquerading as men, José 6 mocked John and made light of him before the others. To say the *machucado* was wise in his own opinion was a tremendous understatement. He also revealed that he was a *canero*, who has spent dozens of short (several-month) sentences in prison for theft and who was no stranger to gun violence in response to people shooting at him—unlike John who “wrongly” shot at protesters armed with bottles, sticks, and rocks. José 6 was so often in jail that early-release benefits were unavailable to him. “I have another culture and a different opinion than you,” he told John. The *Gringo* couldn’t have agreed more. Then, Michael 5 chimed in that John was bad (*fome*) to live with. The comment was surprising since John had just shared 70% of his Papa John’s pizza with his cellmates and another *machucado* from next door, and had shared his meat, rice, and home fries with them the night before. The problem was that John had organized the food so that there would be some for Sunday and Monday dinners, storing it under his bed along with some bottled drinks. For pirates, doing so was really bad, with José 6 worrying that the food would spoil. Michael 5 said if John were in another cell he would pay a high price for his actions—noting that 109 was not like 118. In effect, he hated John for being organized and planning ahead. John’s generosity could not be seen if spread out over a few days, which undoubtedly reflected the living-for-today-only attitude the *machucado* had adopted. “*Caneros* probably don’t invest in mutual funds or buy whole-life insurance,” thought John.

The *Gringo* felt that they might do something to harm him, which worried Pamela, Álvaro, Valentín, Criss, Cecilia, David, Matthew, Iván, Bob, and a few other supporters, but John trusted in God’s Providence for all things. He asked his cellmates not to eat his prized can of refried beans or use the barbecue sauce willy-nilly or whatever suited their fancy at the moment, because he planned to cook for them

and use those ingredients to make really good food. The *machucados* were nonplussed. Nevertheless, a few hours later, they were clamoring for him to make his famous American sandwiches, and the atmosphere in the cell had improved somewhat. However, Michael 5 also asked John to chip in more cash to support his cellmates' vices like cigarettes, drugs, and their *mate* hot drink, but he refused, saying he did not support other people's vices, which generated a small argument. John recalled that there were millions of stupid people in the United States, too, but pondered that if there were a very large number like his cellmates in Chile, there would be no hope for the country, other than a civil war or military intervention that would annihilate copious quantities of them. Their anti-private-property and chaotic Worldview was simply outrageous, ignorant, and unredeemable; it could never produce a civil society. Their ideology, lifestyle, and values were, quite simply, the stepping stones descending into terrestrial hell, misery, poverty, and death. Fortunately, after eating John's stellar sandwiches, which they gloated about for ten minutes as being better than what could be had in a restaurant, they got a new perspective and were happy as clams. Eugenio 1 and Oso 1 (Rogelio 1) were lying beside each other, enjoying reading *Bearing the Cross* (Spanish), and Eugenio 1 read some of it out loud to the other *machucados*, further deflating concerns they might have had. God had answered prayers. John was safe for the moment.

The *machucados* kept a bunch of Christmas lights blinking in the window all night, for reasons unknown other than that they might hide cell phone glow. During lockup, John only emerged from his short, uncomfortable bunk to use the toilet, cook for the crowd, or try to bathe. Otherwise, if he lay in his crypt as a worm-worried cadaver in Hades, watching with dull, reflective eyes as the monkeys toked freebase cocaine and cigarettes while listening to Michael Jackson loudly sing "Beat it" and other songs on their radio. For added entertainment, Oso 1 (Rogelio 1) grabbed Michael 5's legs behind the knees and lifted him to practice some dry humping, revealing some perverted, pent-up sexual desires. The *machucados* also admitted drug dealer Francisco 3 (36) to the cell on July 17th, fixing his bunk up high and piling John's bags that were occupying that space into a corner above his black duffel. Francisco 3 had been living alone without lights in the cell next door and the *canero* was invited to move in. (The cooperative pirates knew how important socialization was for a prisoner.) Now the cell was more crowded and John's food supply would run out even faster, including the excellent *burrito* with mashed avocado mixed with garlic and onion he made for each *machucado*. Nonetheless, it wasn't the greatest atmosphere for the Historic Baptists Sunday evening worship service or for John to teach. With all the background noise and loud talking, along with the second-hand freebase cocaine and cigarette smoke, John could hear little, and his fellow congregants could hardly make out what he was saying. At least the Pentecostals had shown up earlier, and John sat and listened to brother Francisco's Arminian preaching and tried to sing along with the Pentecostal songs. He had a very nice chat with visiting Pastor Raúl afterwards, who initially thought he was newly seeking Christ before realizing his veteran status, wherein John recounted aspects of the ministry in 118 and the discipleship of Leonardo 1. Pastor Raúl sent John off with a prayer, believing God had a special purpose in sending him to prison, also looking at his copy of *Bearing the Cross* (Spanish), volume one, and making note of John's contact information. John later started rereading his 64th book, *The Road to Serfdom* (1944) by Friedrich A. Hayek. He only wished he could stretch out on his bed while reading or sleeping; his bed would surely make him a cripple if he had to sleep in it more than a few months. At least the shelf above the pooping hole that Oso 1 (Rogelio 1) installed held John's warm water "shower" bucket, allowing John to bathe while avoiding contact with the nasty, wide-funnel-shaped hole. John passed his laundry to Evangelical Jorge 4, who had helped carry back his *encomienda* sacks. After the Historic Baptists service, the *machucados* mellowed out and quieted down somewhat as the effect of the drugs they consumed set in. It had been another exhausting day, and John coped physically by using more eye drops than prescribed, and spiritually by trying to pray and sing amidst the ambient confusion in the zoo he lived in.