

Your main commentary should be focused on *comparison*. Other topics may also be addressed

A long, dark corridor stretched out in front of the three men. Iron doors along one side of the hallway were the only features that kept the interior from resembling an enormous and very scary cave. Like the sigh of bat wings in a real cave, soft moans and mutterings filtered from under the doors and filled the corridor with a palpable sorrow.

Doug was starting to feel the pain from the beating. He was tired, and most of his body hurt. He was quickly losing the mood for a hike through the prison. Clamping his mouth shut, he forced himself to keep up with the guards.

I'll be dammed if I give these bastards an excuse to hit me again, he thought.

They haven't gotten the better of me by a long shot.

They stopped outside a door that looked like all the others in the corridor. Doug noticed faded numbers identified the door. He mentally translated the Arabic script into English.

He thought, *I'll be in cell three-twenty-seven if anyone needs me.*

The jailer opened the door with the same enormous key he had used before, and Doug was pushed unceremoniously into the cell. He stood just inside the cell as the door clanged shut behind him.

By squinting his working eye, he was able to make out the interior. It wasn't much of a change from the cage at the police station, just bigger. Doug looked around a room that he estimated must be five hundred feet square. He found himself playing the "what's the same and what's different" game he often played with Wins.

Sanitary facilities, the same. People staring at me, the same. Fewer people staring at me, that's different. The place is bigger with less people; that's different. Shelves along the wall to sleep on; that's different. A great big guy getting up and coming over here; that's very different.

"Hey man, you okay?" the giant asked in English.

"No, do I look okay?" Doug replied.

"Actually, you look like shit," the big man answered. "Come over here and sit down."

Doug did not argue. He allowed himself to be led over to a corner of the cell.

"You're an American?" Doug asked his large companion.

"You ever see an Indian that wasn't?"

"Well, actually, I'm not seeing very well at all right now," Doug answered.

"My name's Billy Hogkiller. I'm Lakota Sioux."

"I guess that would explain the cowboy boots and the trophy buckle then, wouldn't it?" Doug responded.

"For someone not seeing very well, you take in quite a bit" Billy laughed. "Here, have some water." He handed Doug a plastic bottle of water.

"Whoa, partner, take it easy. Don't drink so fast," Billy instructed as Doug choked.

"I guess I was a lot more dehydrated than I thought" Doug managed to say when he could breathe again.

"I had some water and some MREs in a bag when I got here, but the bag's still in the superintendent's office. After what I did to him, I doubt I'll get the bag back."

Billy laughed at Doug's description of the warden's squeal of pain as he tried to stand on his injured foot.

"I'm not sure that little trick is going to endear you with the AI brothers," Billy said, referring to Saudis in general. "They have long memories and short tempers when it comes to someone showing them up, but if the Super thought it was an accident and the guards were at fault, then you might just get away with it. What are you in for?"

Doug gave him a quick condensed version of the accident and the events leading to his transfer to Al-Mattar.

"Dirty chicken-shit, weasel-dick, assholes," Willy swore. "I've been in this country off and on for almost sixteen years now, and these people still surprise me by how dipshit stupid they can be."

"What are you in for?" Doug asked.