

A Disclaimer

Sometimes when I sit down to write for The Bank Robber's Blog and for this book, I have to remember that my stories do not exist for my own gratification or therapy. Yes, I have fun writing about pretty much whatever I want to, and yes, they do sometimes have a residual effect of being therapeutic for me. But neither of these reasons are the purpose of my blue-scribbled stories. The "purpose" of The Bank Robber's Blog was always to sell books. Both mine, and my fellow writers in the Murder Slim Press stable. Writers like my friends u.v.ray and Steve Hussy. We're as poor as Church Mice singing from the Pulpit.

The blog is what's called an Author's Blog, and this book is as close as I can get to a Memoir. Even though MSP gives me free reign, I have always tried to select topics that are interesting and that give you insight into both my physical world, and also my criminal mind. However, being that I am a convicted crook who's writing from prison, I always try to choose topics that aren't offensive to the general public, or certain topics involving the victims of crimes that people out there might not appreciate hearing about from somebody like me.

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Just because I'm locked up, though, doesn't mean that I've lost my humanity...or my 1st Amendment right to free speech. I may have happened to rob seven banks and my body may be locked up for 20 years, but my words jump these walls and race out all over the whole world.

I grew up in Chicago, worked with a lawyer, and experienced the diversity that's prevalent in a major American city before heading South and experiencing the air of segregation and racial tension that is never far beneath the surface once you cross the Mason/Dixon Line. My life in the Big House is simply a microcosm of the Big World.

I can give you a perspective on topics that you just won't get from CNN, Fox News, or the BBC. I'm going to break things down and give you a truth that the mainstream news media just won't tell you. This is because they have to vet their words for political correctness. I don't, because when it comes to lemons, I like to shine some hooch.

So, if you don't appreciate hearing the opinion on these subjects from a convicted Bank Blogger, stop reading right now. Put down the book, and move away slowly with your hands raised.

Jeffrey P. Frye
USP Coleman 2
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USP Coleman I (2010)

A Day in the Life

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I hate prison. Everything about this place sucks. Criminals in America tend to carry on about “The Feds” like it’s some kind of Gangster Mecca, but in the end it’s just another cell; just another cold, dank, concrete box that carries the residue of the hopes, fears, sweat, tears, semen, and blood of the convicts who had the misfortune of inhabiting it before I did.

I should’ve never quit my day job. This is the thought that went through my head as I sat in a booth at the Waffle House at 2am and watched about 15 police cars silently make their way to the hotel next door to the restaurant. The hotel that I was staying in, and had just walked out of before coming to get the All-Star Breakfast that I’d ordered. I hadn’t recalled reading about a Donut Convention being held at the hotel, so I assumed that the police weren’t there for me. This assumption proved to be correct. But I’m getting ahead of myself with the story. I’ll get back to the sneaky cops (and the All-Star Breakfast) in a minute.

This particular day had not gone well for me. Simply put, I’d had a tough day at the office. I’d robbed a bank after 4pm and

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it had been the most financially unsuccessful bank I'd ever hit, and it had also been the most surreal experience with a teller that I'd ever had...an experience that I still dream about all these years later.

Being a Bank Robber can be a lonely job. Sure, it has its moments. Like merging with traffic as you're getting away and seeing the blue lights of the first responders heading the other way down the other side of the highway. Or counting the money afterwards. But robbing banks is still a job. The only difference is that you work three minutes a day and potentially have to dodge bullets. I used to work for attorneys, but I found robbing banks to be more honest work.

I've often thought that being a Bank Robber is a lot like being a long-distance truck driver. You spend hours on the road, only to spend little time at your destination when you arrive; then you're off to your next stop. One of the differences though, is that truckers have truck stops that are like clubhouses where they can stop and talk to other truckers about their day. They can say things like, "Did you see that red-headed hottie with a skirt and no panties on back around Mile Marker 72?" The only person I occasionally discussed my "job" with was my possessive, controlling, ex-girlfriend named Ashley, and if I'd have said something like that to her she would've made me quit robbing banks and go back to work at the law office.

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Up to this point in my spree, I'd robbed about four or five banks. They were small branch banks near the interstate with seven employees or less, that I visited on a Monday morning. I was in and out in three minutes or so. What the FBI called an M.O., I simply considered the path of least resistance. Robbing banks isn't rocket science. If it were, I would've never gotten the job. Hollywood comes up with some really cool bank robbery movies, some of which are even based on true stories, but your average Bank Robber is just some jabroni looking to put in his three minutes so he can punch the clock and go have a beer.

I was definitely one of these jabronis. I'd taken a swan dive off the ledge of rational thought and was full-blown crazy, but I was still trying to keep some semblance of a routine. But to paraphrase Forrest Gump (and my lawyer at my sentencing), "Crazy is as crazy does." It's safe to say that I had a hard time containing my non-violent psychosis to just three minutes a day.

During this time in my life, one of the more interesting and useful things that I'd liberated was an Orkin Pest Control uniform and the accompanying paraphernalia. I'd gone to the garden department at Lowes one day to get a hanging plant for my hotel room (because we all know how hard it is to rob banks without good flora), and when I pulled up in the parking lot there was an Orkin truck parked next to me with its window open. I looked inside of the truck, then opened the door and took the

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silver spray bottle, a clipboard, an Orkin hat, and a uniform that had the name "Hank" embroidered on the shirt. I ended up dressing up in this uniform and going into banks pretending that I was there to spray for pests. They would let me behind the counter with no questions asked, because who's not going to trust an Orkin man named Hank? This routine allowed me to go behind the counter and case the bank and ascertain who the commercial teller was, so that I could come back on another day and hit them. I can just picture an acting coach standing in front of me as I was dressed up in that uniform and telling me, "Envision The 'Hank.' Become 'Hank-like.'" I did. But crazy is as crazy does. Even when you're Hank.

The day went South on me when I broke my M.O. and decided to freestyle. I'd become obsessed with a particular bank that was way too far from the interstate, and just altogether wrong. But the bank was "Big," and like the bank robbing monkey I'd become, I equated Big Bank with Big Money. So against my better criminal judgment, I decided to hit this bank. I stopped by a convenience store and bought a 40oz Schlitz Malt Liquor Bull, cracked the top, downed it, burped...then decided to get my Hank on.

I was sitting in a car that was hotter than a Carrie Underwood video, and I was wearing Blue Dickie work pants, a black hoodie, and on my head was a South Carolina Gamecocks

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baseball cap. I was sitting there smoking a cigarette, and going through my pre-flight ritual as I pumped up my nuts, when all of a sudden I heard the song “Crazy Bitch” by Buck Cherry playing. This was the ringtone on my phone for Ashley. I blew a stream of smoke into the windshield, and hit the Green button on the phone and answered the call.

Ashley asked, “What are you doing?”

I replied, “Getting ready to get some takeout.”

She cooed, “Oh, I love takeout!” Then asked, “Is it Chinese?”

I hesitated for a second before saying, “Uh, I don’t know. But I do know that this takeout is federally insured.”

She got quiet and I could almost smell her tiny blonde brain smoking as it strained to connect the dots. She eventually got it, and in a shitty voice she said, “That’s all you want to do, isn't it? Rob! Rob! Rob!” Then she yelled, “It’s never enough is it?!?”

I may’ve just been a dumb old Bank Robber that moonlighted as a Hank, but I knew when to shut up. Ashley shifted into a meaner gear, and said, “It’s not even about the money is it? It’s all about the poor little female tellers and you getting to play Mr. Big Bad Bank Robber...isn't it?!? You just want to fuck them, don’t you???” Before I could say anything, she said in a slow, disgusted voice, “You make me sick.”

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Hank and I decided to take our nuts out of our collective purse, and in a loud voice, I said, "You're not even my girlfriend anymore, Ashley!!!"

She shot back, "Funny, you weren't singing that tune two nights ago when you had me bent over the end of the loveseat in your hotel room."

Okay, she had a point.

I finally said, "Jesus, can I get a little 'Me' time here, Ashley? I'm trying to get into character."

She said, "Go ahead. Rob your little bank and lust over your little tellers. I. Don't. Care." Then just in case I'd missed it the first time, she said, "You make me sick" and hung up on me.

I threw my phone into the floorboard on the passenger's side, and leaned forward, then laid my head against the steering wheel and closed my eyes and thought about turning myself in.

Prison couldn't be any worse than this. At least Ashley couldn't call me there.

But "self-surrender" is an oxymoron to me, so I sucked it up. I crushed my cigarette out in the ashtray, put on my Black Oakley wrap-around sunglasses, and stepped out of the car and headed towards the bank.

– END OF SAMPLE –

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