22

Update from prison written by Matthew D. Hutcheson on November 13, 2020 to his family.

DEAR FAM,

Many, if not most of you, have read *Of Mice and Men*.

The story I am about to tell you could also be titled *Of Mice and Men*, but it is a story about Hutch and MikeGyver and is completely unlike the original story.

MikeGyver is Mike Severson, my roommate.

He is a tender-hearted man. He is just the opposite of what one might expect to see in prison. There are too many tough guys in prison and when someone comes along like Mike, it is a breath of fresh air. Mike is quiet, respectful, a joy to be around, and, frankly, an

22

Update from prison written by Matthew D. Hutcheson on November 13, 2020 to his family.

DEAR FAM,

Many, if not most of you, have read *Of Mice and Men*.

The story I am about to tell you could also be titled *Of Mice and Men*, but it is a story about Hutch and MikeGyver and is completely unlike the original story.

MikeGyver is Mike Severson, my roommate.

He is a tender-hearted man. He is just the opposite of what one might expect to see in prison. There are too many tough guys in prison and when someone comes along like Mike, it is a breath of fresh air. Mike is quiet, respectful, a joy to be around, and, frankly, an

all-American boy who found trouble during a low point in his life. He has overcome all of it, and it is behind him now. He will be returning home soon to his loved ones.

Want to know what kind of person MikeGyver is?

Here is the story . . .

When the pandemic shut everything down, the mice decided to infiltrate all the buildings in which human traffic suddenly stopped, including the chow hall, the hobby-craft room, and the chapel. Recently, mice have also begun to infiltrate the library, the education, and TV rooms.

The warden gave me the job of "compound mouser." My job is to catch and dispose of mice. So far, I have caught 29 mice.

Last week, a number of inmates informed me that there were mice running around in the education room after count, around 10–11 PM, and asked me to put down some glue-traps, which I did.

Last night, around 10 PM, I heard Mike's voice.

"Hutch?" he said. "You awake?"

"I am now. What's up?"

"Well, I need to tell you something."

"Okay."

"It's kind of a confession."

I thought to myself, "Mike is the perfect roommate, so it can't be too bad. Perhaps he took some aspirin without asking?" That is about as "out of his lane" Mike would ever go. He is just a totally honest and honorable guy; the kind of guy everyone needs as a friend. Also, he can fix anything if it is broken. I mean anything. That is why people call him MikeGyver.

"Okay, I'm ready. Lay it on me," as I smiled in the dark. "This is going to be good," I thought to myself.

"Well," he began, "last night I was watching TV in the education room . . ."

It was nothing new. He does that every night.

He continued, "I heard a commotion over where you put one of those traps."

"Hmm . . .," I thought. "That is an unexpected thing for him to say," my mind continued. Suddenly, I knew where his "confession" was going. I lay quietly as he continued.

"Well, I got up and looked over where the commotion was . . ."

An uncomfortable pause . . .

"Yes, go on," I encouraged.

"There was this little baby mouse on your trap. He was so scared!"

"Uh-huh," I said softly. "Go on," I said.

"Hutch, he was hyperventilating. His eyes had a terrified look in them. The poor thing was shaking uncontrollably."

"And?"

"And he was so fuzzy and cute, a little brown ball of cuteness, and did I mention he was a baby?"

I took in a big breath and sighed.

"Then what happened?" I inquired as I tried desperately to hold back my laughter and delight as MikeGyver ramped up his "confession."

"Well, I took a pencil, and I unstuck each little foot from the glue trap and let him go and he scurried away."

"I see."

By then, tears were streaming down my face because it was totally funny, and because Mike did not want to tell me, but he did, and finally, because it was just a totally human moment. A moment of mercy and compassion we never receive from other humans but that Mike showed to a baby mouse.

"That little guy turned around and looked at me as if to say, 'thank you.'"

"I'm sure he did," I replied.

"Are you mad at me?"

My throat lumped and my diaphragm quivered as I took in a stuttered breath.

"How could I be, Mike? How could I be mad at someone for being one of the best human beings I have ever met?"

Oh, the lessons I have learned from men like my roommate.

I am greatly blessed to have had many such unique and instructive experiences that just are not had anywhere else.

Unmerciful prison
Merciful Mike!
Mouse goes on livin'
Each grateful alike

Es ist eine Geschichte über Hutch und MikeGyver. Mike Gyver heisst in Wirklichkeit Mike Severson und er ist mein Zimmergenosse. Willst du wissen, was für ein Mensch Mike Gyver ist? Ich erzähle euch eine tolle Geschichte über ihn. Zuerst er ist ein herzensguter Mann ; ruhig, respektvoll und es ist eine Freude, in seiner Nähe zu sein.

Nun als die Pandemie alles lahm legte, beschlossen die Mäuse, die Schule zu erobern, einschließlich des Speisesaals, alle Schulräume und den Turnsaal. Kürzlich sind die Mäuse sogar in die Bibliothek und in die Küche eingedrungen.
Der Direktor hat mir die Aufgabe des "Mäusefängers" übertragen. Meine Aufgabe ist es ganz einfach so viele wie möglich zu fangen und bis jetzt sind es 29! Stellt euch das vor,das ist eine ganze Menge .Letzte Woche haben mich einige Freunde informiert, dass dass im Turnsaal noch Mäuse herumliefen und sie baten mich, einige
Leimfallen(Leim ist einer der Kleber die wir für unsere Bastelarbeiten und im Werkunterricht verwenden) aufzustellen, was ich auch tat.
Gestern Abend, hörte ich Mikes Stimme.
"Hutch?", sagte er. "Bist du wach?"
"Jetzt schon. Was gibt's?"
"Nun, ich muss dir etwas sagen."
"OK."
"Es ist eine Art Geständnis."Ich dachte mir: "Mike ist der perfekte Zimmergenosse,
also kann es nicht so schlimm sein. Vielleicht hat er sich ein paar Kekse von mir genommen ohne zu fragen?" Das wäre sehr ungewöhnlich denn er ist einfach ein total ehrlicher und ehrenhafter Mann. Die Art von Mensch, die jeder als Freund braucht. Außerdem kann er kann alles reparieren, wenn es kaputt ist. Ich meine wirklich alles. Das ist der Grund weshalb die Leute ihn MikeGyver nennen,so wie der Kerl in der Fernsehserie als ich ein Kind war, ja das ist schon sehr lange her:)
"Okay, ich bin bereit. Erzähl es mir", lächelte ich in die
Dunkelheit . "Das wird eine gute Geschichte", dachte ich mir.
"Also", begann er, "gestern Abend war ich noch im Turnsaal um trainieren.
Das war nichts Neues. Er macht das jeden Abend.
Er fuhr fort: "Ich hörte Lärm dort wo du eine dieser Fallen aufgestellt hast."
"Hmm ...", dachte ich. "Das ist eine unerwartete Wendung dass er das sagt", dachte ich weiter. Plötzlich wusste ich worauf sein "Geständnis" hinauslaufen würde. Ich lag still da, als er fortfuhr.
"Nun, ich stand auf und schaute nach was da los war"
"Ja, erzähl weiter", ermutigte ich ihn.
"Da war dieses kleine Mäusebaby auf deiner Falle. Sie war so verängstigt!"
"Aha", sagte ich leise. "erzähl weiter"
"Hutch, er hat hyperventiliert. Seine Augen hatten einen erschrockenen Blick. Der arme Kerl zitterte so stark,er war so arm."
"Und? Sagte ich. „Und er war so flauschig und niedlich, ein kleiner brauner Ball einsam und ängstlich. hatte ich schon erwähnt, dass er ein Baby war?"

Ich holte tief Luft und seufzte.
"Was ist dann passiert?" erkundigte ich mich, während ich verzweifelt versuchte, mein Lachen und meine Freude zu unterdrücken, als MikeGyver sein "Geständnis" noch steigerte.
"Nun, ich nahm einen Bleistift und löste jeden kleinen Fuß
aus der Klebefalle und befreite ihn. Dann er huschte davon."
"Ich verstehe."
Zu diesem Zeitpunkt lachte ich schon so sehr das ich Bauchweh hatte,
weil es total lustig war und weil Mike es mir nicht nicht erzählen wollte, aber er tat es, dann doch,einfach weil es ein total menschlicher Moment war. Er war wurde der Freund einer kleinen Babymaus und hat ihn gerettet.Ein Moment der Gnade und des Mitgefühls, das wir oft nicht von anderen Menschen bekommen, aber das Mike einem Mäusebaby entgegenbrachte.
"Der kleine Kerl drehte sich um und sah mich an, als wollte erals wollte er sich bedanken."
"Ich bin sicher, das hat er", antwortete ich.
"Bist du böse auf mich?"
Meine Kehle war wie zugeschnürt und mein Zwerchfell bebte, als
ich stotternd einatmete.
"Wie könnte ich das sein, Mike? Wie könnte ich auf jemanden wütend sein
auf jemanden sein, der einer der besten Menschen ist, die ich je getroffen habe?"
das ist die Lektion, die ich von Männern wie meinem Mitbewohner gelernt habe:sei freundlich,habe Mitgefühl und Erbarmen und sei nett zu allen Menschen und Tieren!
Wir alle sollten einen Freund wie Mike haben und gleichzeitig ein so guter Freund und Mensch sein wie er!

Dank Mike lebt die Maus lebt weiter, hoffentlich glücklich zufrieden und gesund!..

.....

It's a story about Hutch and MikeGyver. Mike Gyver's real name is Mike Severson and he's my roommate. Do you want to know what kind of person Mike Gyver is? I'm telling you a great story about him. At first he is a good-hearted man; calm, respectful and a pleasure to be around.

Now that the pandemic crippled everything, the mice decided to take over the school, including the dining room, all classrooms and the gym. Recently, the mice even invaded the library and kitchen.

The director has given me the job of "mouse catcher". My job is simply to catch as many as I can and so far there are 29! Imagine that, that's a lot. Last week, some friends informed me that there were still mice running around in the gym and they asked me to do some Glue traps (glue is one of the adhesives we use for our

handicrafts and handicraft classes), which I did too. Last night, I heard Mike's voice.

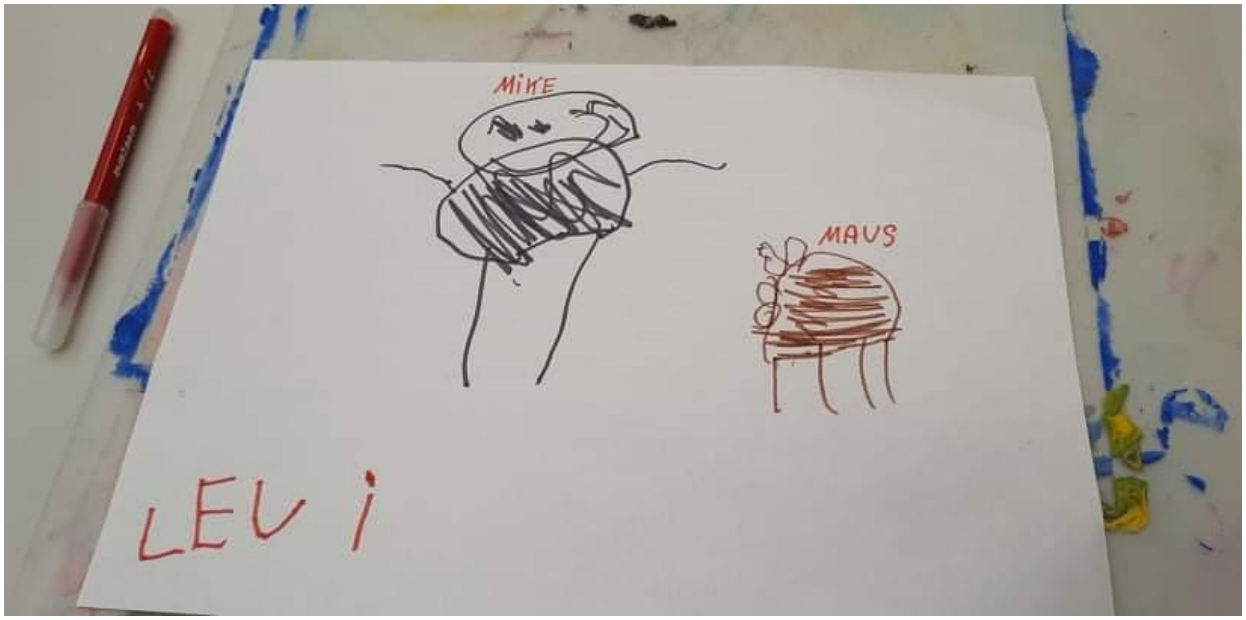
"Hutch?" He said. "Are you awake?" "Already now. What's up?" "Well, I have to tell you something." "OK." "It's kind of a confession." I thought, "Mike is the perfect roommate, so it can't be that bad. Maybe he took a few cookies from me without asking? "That would be very unusual because he is just a totally honest and honorable man. The kind of person everyone needs as a friend. He can also fix anything if it is I mean everything. That's why people call him MikeGyver, like the guy on the TV series when I was a kid, yeah, that was a long time ago :) "Okay, I'm ready. Tell me," I smiled into her Darkness . "This is going to be a good story," I thought to myself. "Well," he began, "last night I was still in the gym to train.

That was nothing new. He does this every night. He continued, "I heard noise where you set one of these traps." "Hmm ..." I thought. "It's an unexpected turn for him to say that," I thought further. Suddenly I knew what his "confession" was going to be. I lay still when he continued. "Well, I got up and checked what was going on" "Yes, go on," I encouraged him. "There was this little baby mouse on your trap. She was so scared!" "Aha," I said softly. "tell on" "Hutch, he was hyperventilating. His eyes had a horrified look. The poor guy was shaking so badly, he was so poor."

"And? I said." And he was so fluffy and cute, a little brown ball lonely and scared. Did I mention that he was a baby? " I took a deep breath and sighed. "What happened then?" I inquired, trying desperately to suppress my laughter and joy as MikeGyver increased his "confession". "Well, I took a pencil and loosened every little foot out of the glue trap and freed him. Then he scurried away. " "I understand."

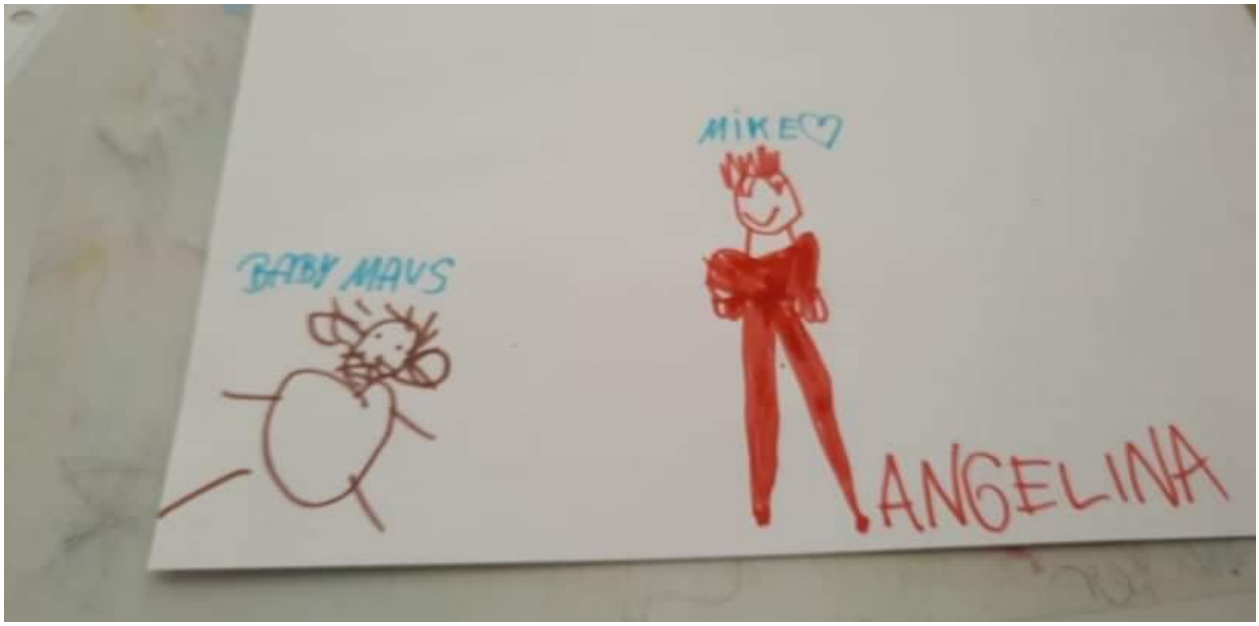
At this point I was laughing so hard that I had a stomachache because it was totally funny and because Mike didn't want to tell me, but he did, then he did, simply because it was a totally human moment. He became a friend and saved a little baby mouse, a moment of grace and compassion that we often don't get from other people, but that Mike brought to a baby mouse. "The little guy turned around and looked at me like he wanted to say thank you."

"I'm sure he did," I replied. "Are you angry with me?" My throat was constricted and my diaphragm trembled when I breathed in with a stutter. "How could that be me, Mike? How could I be mad at someone to be someone who is one of the best people I have ever met? " this is the lesson I learned from men like my roommate: be kind, have compassion and mercy, and be kind to all people and animals! We should all have a friend like Mike and be as good a friend and person as him at the same time! Thanks to Mike the mouse lives on, hopefully happily satisfied and healthy!


MIKE
MAUS
LEVI

NOAH

KEVIN


MIKE
BABY MAVS
ANGELINA