I tune into the conversation around me



??? I tune into the conversation around me??[™]John walked down the Not knowing the plan of action at that moment made John feel uneasy.

It felt like Mount Everest was erupting in his stomach. He began to breath heavy but tried hard to remain calm in front of his fellow prison mates. His mind drifted back to his wife and children. He remembered their faces full of despair as he was taken away from them and brought to the City Council Jail. He could picture his house in his imagination like it was only yesterday. Everything would be the same, His comfy chair would be directly in front of the old black box his wife called a television, His table setting would be made at the top of the dinner table as always and his bedside locker would have his reading light in the exact same position from five years ago.

He pictured his strong oak tree that he had planted on the day of his first born child. It was now twelve years old and it stood graciously beside the garden shed. It provided him with a feeling of protection. In his mind it played the role of a metal barrier blocking any threat or sense of danger from his perfect world, his private oasis that was his family. The thought of being reunited with them made John determined to be successful in their escape. A painful kick in the shin dissolved Johns dream cloud into thin air. He tuned into the conversation around him so that he was familiar with the plan and became mindful of his role in their deviating operation to break out of the prison. The leader of the group, Mike, was a muscular giant with guerrilla hands attached to a male??[™]s body.

Rumour around the prison was he was brought in due to strangling his brother. He was extremely intimidating and no one dared look him in the eye. Oddly, he was fond of John, he took him under his wing and saw him as a younger brother. As Mike went through the plan John looked at all the brave men who were risking their freedom of life for good if they were caught.