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ESCAPES/ATTEMPTS MADE HISTORY:

My predilection towards attaining un-authorized self-imposed liberty begun at an early age.

N.S.W YOUTH DETENTION CENTRE "MINDA".

Escaping from both Victorian and New South Wales juvenile custody detention centres. I will begin with New South Wales, in order to keep the flow running neatly, not all over the place.

Late 1985. I was wanted in Victoria by police for a huge crime wave. Theft of motor cars, ram raids etc etc. So I had decided to skip the state and head for Sydney, let the heat die down some. Needing a badly overdue break from crime, getting away from drugs used at the time.

I was only 16 years old. Anyway, I catch up with a mate of mine from Turana, a boys home. In Melbourne. His father had a business up there, he decided to move away from crime too.

Within a week of me landing in Sydney. I hook up with him, and crash at his brothers flat in Narrabeen. We are all working shifts at his dads seafood restaurant. Which was across from the Coolaroy Surf lifesaving club a few minutes down the road. Which was towards Manly.

Within a few months, getting restless, craving some action. Get drunk steal a car. Get arrested. Me and Obe. Get locked up, in a boys home. That catered for girls too, a remand centre. The girls would sleep in a dorm like setting, one end of the unit. The boys the other end. During the day, we would be able to mix in the day room, watching t.v.

Anyway, my mate Obe wants to bust out. Yeah no prob's. Easy as pie to be honest. Given it was X-mas holidays, the school was shut down. Yet some of the staff, would take us to the workshops to muck around on wood work, making things. To keep us busy over the break.

Lets just say, all the tools which were needed to snap the rivetted hatches secured over top the dorm windows, stopping them from opening up. Were our's now. We were set to escape that night. This was to be a mass group escape from the dorm. Lets just say, nearly all who were involved got pinched. I believe some one told the staff. The lone watch man had begun inspections of all the kids, pulling there blanket covers back to see if they were in their own clothing or not. All those found to be wearing clothing, were tipped then and there on the spot. I was lucky being right down the end, realising what was happening, removed my stuff. Anyway. With basically all the core elements of the planned escape now gone, and the leak still present. I was not in a hurry to make a move. Said f*ck it. I will just kick back here, hang with the girls, play on the trampoline and take things easy for now, the food was real good to. Some weeks pass. A few of the boys are aching to leg it. This gets back to me. By this stage now the custodial staff have laxed alittle during the day. But at night time. Was another story.

Were full on alert, waiting for another crack by the kids, so I decided. Lets change the dynamics of things. They are expecting us to flee at night from the dorms. Lets do it during the day, when its more relaxed, and do it from the girls section of dorms, normally closed off.

ALL ABOARD, GIRLS TOO!

We get to that area, then we can snap the shitty hatch rivetted over the window real easy. I select three of the boys and a girl to make the grade, five of us all up. The escape was a piece of piss. Get a car from the area, drop off a couple of the boys at Kings Cross. All going our own seperate ways. I would never see those fellow escapes again. I returned back to Victoria. Obe would finally get out and he too returned to Victoria. I would then get arrested soon afterwards and be remanded back to Turana youth training centre early 1986. 16 yrs old.

'TURANA' YOUTH TRAINING CENTRE, VICTORIA.

"POPULAR HOUSE".

When interneed as a young juvenile, from the tender ages of between 14 and 16 years old, I was placed in the most secure location Turana had at the time. **It was a mini- jail for kids.** I had escaped from Turana at least four seperate occasions, sometime within a day of being captured from an escape sojourn. It wasn't about the freedom I believe, **but an inner urge to beat the system.** As a direct consequence of my conduct. I was held in the Maximum Security section **"Popular House,"** this high security facility. I had also escaped from, just to **"bust it."And prove a point!**

'MALMSBURY' YOUTH TRAINING CENTRE, VICTORIA.

Once I had reached the age of 17. I was moved to another location being Class - A, as I had technically out grown the age limit of the general overall locations of Turana, except Class - A. This location catered for kids from 17 years and above, and it was basically a transit short term place, where you would be assessed for either Malsmbury Y.T.C. just out of Kilmore Or Langi Kal Kal. I was transferred to Malmsbury by a minibus with a handfull of other kids.

We all arrived at the Reception section of the facility, and all of us were sent to the induction Unit. The name I am not able to recall, from there all the kids moved on within three to four weeks. We were all dispersed to various units around the training centre, some units had more security than others. Being that the sleeping accommodation rooms either had bar type fixtures or none at all.

I was working in the welders workshop for some months, getting week-end leaves every three weeks, till I had a bad run of luck. Starting with my grandmothers passing, she was my Buba on my mothers side. I had attended her funeral, and as much as I tried to shed a tear for her at her grave & memorial. I just couldn't, so within 18 months I would have a Tattoo of a tear drop under my right eye done in her memory. Within a week after her funeral, the incidents just snowballed from that moment on.

I was literally incident plagued for weeks. My week-end leaves were pushed back for eight weeks. **I said to myself f*ck it! I will fuck this joint over.** I escaped that evening. Breaking open my secure cell window with a screwdriver. I managed to flee across the paddock of the facility to the perimetre fence, jump this then cross the freeway and head towards the train tracks.

WRONG BEARINGS!

Once I had reached them. I followed them. Thinking I was headed in the Melbourne direction. Yet in fact was going in the opposite direction, landing at Castlemaine railway station many hours later. Catching a train to back to Melbourne around 5 am that day. Being arrested a month later. Y.T.C. refused to accept me back. I was now sent to Pentridge. On the 11th August 1986. A 17 year old delinquent. **In a Man's World!**

BRUNSWICK POLICE WATCH HOUSE. ''SPECIAL'' PIZZA DELIVERYS.

ARRESTED 8 JULY 1988.

I was being held at Brunswick Police cells lock up for car theft and trumped up drug possession charges, I had organised the delivery of some food to this Watch house. At the time they would accept food being left by your visitors, the police would only give it a cursory inspection, nothing serious at all. So I had made a pizza order delivery. Flat and unsuspecting, this was a **"extra special."** With two full length tungsten tip grade hack saw blades, to go, pardon the pun. Wrapped in glad wrap, so as not to spoil the food, the order had arrived, and soon afterwards. I had begun feverishly cutting the bars separating the exercise yard and the rear of the watch house area. I had hours spent on cutting this, with only the thickness of a match to go. A chance bit of bad luck with the changing of watch house keeper walking past unexpectedly. He catches a glimpse of what was occurring by pure luck, yells out to the rest. I make a quick dash to the last open cell and attempt to flush the blades, no luck. They arrive ten deep find the fresh tailings and the bar cut. They all then enter the holding cell area, all zero in to the cell I was occupying. Frisk me, and search the barren empty cell, all the while quizzing me for the hack saw, protesting my innocence. A cop spots the broken hacksaw blade in pieces in the toilet bowl. The police then frog march me out, by the scruff of the neck, not happy chappies at all. I was immediately moved to another nearby police watch house. I was moved to D -Division Pentridge a few days later.

MELBOURNE REMAND CENTRE, SPENCER STREET. ''TOASTED, RED HOT!''

31ST OCTOBER 1989

I AM MOVED TO THE OLD MELBOURNE REMAND CENTRE AT SPENCER STREET, NOW CALLED THE MELBOURNE ASSESMENT PRISON.

IT HAD ONLY BEEN OPENED UP A SHORT TIME EARLIER.

I AM THERE FOR SOME 4 ODD WEEKS BEFORE I AM TRANSFERRED TO H- DIVISION FOR AN ESCAPE ATTEMPT. I HAD ACTUALLY SET THE FIRE ALARMS OFF (3) TIMES, DUE TO BURNING OUT THE PERSPEX WINDOW IN UNIT THREE, OUTSIDE MY CELL.

THE FIRE ALARMS WERE SUPER SENSITIVE. THIS WAS DONE WITH A COMMERCIAL TOASTER, THE EXTRA ONE I STOLE FROM THE STORE ROOM. I HAD PULLED IT APART, FASHIONING THE ELEMENTS INTO A MC GIVER TYPE BURNER. ONCE HOOKED UP, THE HEATING ELEMENTS ALIGNED TOGETHER IN A SINGLE FILE, AND PRESSURE NOW APPLIED TO THE WINDOW. IT STARTED TO MELT INTO, LIKE BUTTER. YET ONCE I HAD PULLED IT OUT, THE AIR CREATING PLUMES OF SMOKE BEGAN BILLOWING UP. EVEN WITH THE UNIT INDUSTRIAL VACCUM CLEANER NOSAL OVER THE TOP OF ELEMENT SUCKING UP ALL THE SPENT PLUMES. I COULDN'T GET EVERYTHING, AS BY THEN, THE PLASTIC PERSPEX WINDOW HAD MELTED ONTO THE ELEMENT, IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE TO CONTAIN & CONTROL. THOSE FEW PLUMES THAT HAD ESCAPED NOW TRIGGERED OFF ALARMS. AS THE FIRE ALARM WAS SUPER SENSITIVE, **"GOING OFF AT FIRST SIGN OF ANY TOAST BURNT."**

THIS WAS TO BE EXPECTED OFF, I KNEW TO EXPECT THE CALL THAT CAME INTO THE OFFICERS STATION FROM CONTROL, SO I WOULD WORK FEVERISHLY ON THE MELTING WINDOW. TILL I HEARD THE PHONE. I WOULD THEN, SHUT DOWN TOOLS AND THEN PLACE THE ELEMENT INTO A WET TOWEL IN THE BIN AT THE END OF THE LANDING. AT MY FEET BASICALLY.

THE OFFICERS WOULD THEN CALL A MUSTER, FIRE CHECK. AND BEGIN A PRISONER HEAD COUNT. I JUST OPENED MY CELL THE DOOR, & BY STANDING IN FRONT OF IT SHEILDING THE EXPOSED WINDOW, I WAS ABLE TO OBSTRUCT THE OFFICERS VISION FOR THE FIRST (2) MUSTER HEAD COUNTS/CHECKS OF FIRE ALARMS, THE THIRD TIME UNLUCKY.

THE WINDOW, WAS A MOLTEN MESS, BLACKENED AND DAMAGED BEYOND WORDS COULD DESCRIBE, NO HIDING IT AT ALL. IT WAS THAT CLOSE, I COULD HAVE KICKED OUT WHAT WAS LEFT OF THE MELTED REMNANTS HOLDING IT TOGETHER. IT REALLY WAS UNLUCKY, I HAD MY MOTOR BIKE PARKED ON THE CORNER, I HAD THE EXTENSION CORDS READY TO GO, TO USE. TO ABSAIL DOWN FROM THE CORNER WINDOW, LANDING IN AN ALCOVE SETTING, OFF THE STREET. OBLIVIOUS TO ALL.

GIVEN THAT I WAS NEVER FOUND IN POSSESSION OF THE VACUM CLEANER, AS IT WAS ON THE LANDING AT THE TIME WHEN IT WAS SEARCHED & SEIZED, THE GARBAGE BIN WAS ALSO NEAR THE WINDOW. THE MC GIVER IMPLEMENT BURNING DEVICE WAS RECOVERED. NOTHING DIRECTLY LINKED TO ME. OTHER THEN THE NOTICABLE SCORCHED WINDOW I WAS STANDING INFRONT OF YOU COULD NOT MISS. THIS FACT CAUSED ME TO BE MOVED TO H- DIVISION UNDER INVESTIGATIONS OVER AN ATTEMPTED ESCAPE. **DO NOT PASS GO, DIRECTLY TO H- DIV.** 27 NOVEMBER 1989 TRANSFER TO H- DIVISION OVER THIS INCIDENT. INVESTIAGATIONS WERE NOT ABLE TO PROVE I HAD AN ACTIVE ROLE IN THIS. I WAS CLEARED OF THIS 2 WEEKS LATER, MOVED BACK TO D- DIVISION. **STILL GUILTY IN THEIR MINDS OF IT.**

MELBOURNE REMAND CENTRE, SPENCER STREET. 1992 UNLUCKY!

25 FEBRUARY 1992 TRANSFER TO M.R.C.

I return back to the Melbourne Remand Centre, comfortable in the settings & surrounds. Conscious that I was under the ever watch full eye of Prison staff and Prison snitches who would win big brownie points in revealing anything remotely connected to any possible escape plots.

I initially focus on working on my case, it was a slippery slope to say the least. To the small group of us (3) that would catch up in the outside exercise yard compound, cutting laps. Each of the three inmates could trust one another discussing our legal position without any concern. All of us looking at serious big jail terms if our cases went pear shaped. All with a back-up contingency plan. As the primary not secondary objective at the foremost in all of our minds.

Recognising the need for an escape clause, naturally the conversation went that way for all. Archie Butterlie had identified a flaw and weakness in his accommodation unit, revealing that once a week the unit would be locked down, allowing all unit inmates to use the Gym for the time set aside, being a (2) hour time block on a Wednesday. To all those that did not want to go to the Gym ,would have a choice to stay in their cell (or) go to the yard compound for the duration, with the unit being stripped of its staff, & locked down to accommodate the gym access. All inmates would be evicted (or) locked in cells.

Being a communal unit, where it allowed inmates from others units to visit, it was easy to hide in a cell, once staff left the unit. It was then now all locked and secured. There was no problem surfacing, as cells were not locked if no inmate present, just head for where the Prison staff station was, concealed by partitions. And a desk area blind to any one from looking into the unit. Totally hidden and concealed with a good 1 & ½ hour time frame to play with unchallenged.

This was the same location that Archie and Peter Gibb were later to use with explosives, on that occasion a totally different approach taken, our group silent. No big explosions needed, my way was quiet by stealth no drama's.

CUTTING GEAR ARRIVES, SPECIAL DELIVERY WORN

Now that we have a plan, we have a trusted tight nit group, we need to organise the tools to secure out liberty now. I took control of theis area. I knew a close friends younger brother, who was on remand, in my unit. I could trust him, as I could trust his brother. He was due to go on escort to the city watch house. Once there he could have clothes and runners dropped off, without the level of scrutiny was undertaken at Melbourne Remand Centre. The City

Watch house was a weak point in security, others would have drugs secreted within clothing or shoes. Not me, I was after a far greater commodity. Escape tools, hacksaw blades and pruning blades, with deep serrated edges. Resembling a band saw blade, big teeth, to cut into a perspex window!

The fact It had to go via the watch house, was simple and be dropped off to a low profile inmate, with no drug history or escape past tripping up alerts, and extra attention. That I would receive.

Plus if it came undone by sheer bad luck, he would not lag. He would be looked after for his troubles. All good, he returns from court, with abeaming smile from ear to ear, leaves my cell minus the runners. But wearing another far better pair than the cheap pair bought for the transport of precious goods nothing more, and its only sole purpose, as had to be glued in secure. Torn apart to remove, rendered useless, so why buy a good pair worth \$100 plus for this job. They would only ever be worn from the watch house to the Remand Centre.

So now we are in the next phase of the plan, we still need to continue with surveillance on the movements in unit on gym days, organise cars to be stolen outside to be left parked on the side street for us to use as get away vehicles. The order was made, and a car was put aside, sitting idle in a friends garage, waiting for the day it was needed.

Weapons, well I had plenty Hard core military style semi automatic assault rifles stashed. So the cars, guns and hacksaws now all in place ready.

All systems are go go go. Given there was (3) in the group, (1) was to watch as the other (2) were to each work in tandem, on the holes that were already burnt into the corners of each window. Making it so much easier with blades that had serrated edges, would cut the Perspex like butter and all done within minutes simple. Then only a matter to drop down into the recessed alcove lawn garden area off the street, timed right those on the street would not have seen this. Due to angles by passing the street C.C.T.V camera's.

So simple really, we could not believe just how simple, yes it was daring **"out there" "in ya face" "do-able!"** My Committal was only a week away, we had timed it that we would be gone by then (or) the week after, cars had already been stolen to use as getaway cars to be left on the street. Given the Gym was a weekly thing, at times was hard to hide in the yard, **"exposed"** our keen eyes to some **"who were watching us" they felt "we were watching them."**

WIPE OUT!

This exercise, caught the attention of others, an inmate in particular Colin Strattan realised what was on our agenda. Was he a spy (or) to gate crash our project, when he had approached us with **"his escape plans."** Mirroring our very own. We could not be sure of him,, so all naturally had denied all.

He would not take no for an answer, and had indicated he would bring it down deliberately if he was not in on it. If he couldn't escape then **"nor would we"**, with only less than a week to go, we had to be pro-active in removing the threat posed to our plans, since he was in my unit. I was given the task to **DEAL with him**, a tin of baked beans in a sock and a couple of billiard balls in another was used by (2) masked inmates who ran in on him in his cell, leaving him a battered and bruised mess.

He knew who it was, and just exactly what for. With the belief that incident would be enough to have him removed from the jail, it never, they just moved him to another unit. He was still making waves, this stubborn f*ck wasn't taking no for an answer **he was desperate and did not care!**

Colin Strattan was ambushed by me and a group all with knives at the canteen area, he realised he was in huge trouble, knives produced on him. He then jumped the canteen

counter, much to the shock of civilian staff who were employed there, no inmates allowed there.

Colin then personally hit the duress alarms, not the canteen staff causing the whole jail into lock down. Staff now arriving in swarms to find him cowering behind the counter, lucky for us we were not searched, this incident causing a spotlight on our group now as a result. We all were trapped in an airlock.

ESCAPE CACHE FOUND!

The Prison was locked down for (3) days searching for weapons, believing he was to be got. I approached him in the compound when we were released, not before security had found and had uncovered the escape implements. looking for shivs, **none ever found!**

But a hack saw cache was. Given they were found in my unit I was deemed a hot suspect, then the fact the reports of potential violence escalating with the victim and his recent jumping of canteen counter. And no weapons found they believe existed. Head office were not taking any chances at all with me.

BOX ON, RING TIME!

I had reasoned with Colin that we needed to end this legitimately in the Boxing ring, show to the Prison staff that it was settled in the ring and take the heat off both of us.

The plan was now faced with a huge setback with the loss of cutting implements with just a week to go. I had the boxing coach ref the bout, traded blows to an audience of staff and all inmates, all viewing this spectacle. With both of us now walking away shaking hands was not enough to defuse there concerns for drama.

TIPPED!

We were both put on escort that afternoon, arriving at H- Division under investigation for items found in both our respective units housed in. Him a shiv. **Me hacksaws escape plan b.** 28 JULY 1992. Within (2) weeks we both are cleared of links to the seizures found in our respective units. Yet UN -officially were deemed guilty as sin, both of us were moved to D-Division.

PLAN 'B, OUCH!'

ACTIVATE PLAN "B". 28 AUGUST 1992 STABBED IN D-WING SHOWER

TRANSFERRED TO ST AUGUSTINES HOSPITAL FOR EMERGENCY SURGERY NEARLY DIED FROM INJURY. **I WAS STABBED IN CUSTODY, IN PENTRIDGE SHOWER BLOCK ON 28 AUGUST 1992. ON THE STRETCHER IN EMERGENCY, TOLD I MIGHT NOT SURVIVE, DUE TO HEAVY BLOOD LOSS, AS A MAIN VEIN WAS SEVERED AT THE BASE OF MY SPINE SOME HOURS BEFORE AND I WAS ASKED TO HELP IDENTIFY MY ATTACKERS IN EVENT I DIED. ON A DEATHBED "FUCK OFF" I SAID. DID I KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THIS INCIDENT AND WHO MY ATTACKER WAS ABSOLUTELY YES! I HAD ORGANISED IT. USING THE COVER OF DRAMA WITH COLIN STRATTON FROM THE M.R.C. BOTH NOW JUST CLEARED OF RECENT ALLEGATIONS. WITH TENSION STILL BELIEVED SHARED BY BOTH. I HAD A LONG TIME TRUSTED GOOD FRIEND OF MINE CALLED IN TO DO THE JOB. AND DO IT HE DID, NEARLY KILLED ME IN THE PROCESS! SEVERING A MAIN VEIN AT THE BASE OF MY SPINE. NEARLY BLEEDING OUT. DONE IN THE SHOWER AREA TO REDUCE EVIDENCE AND ANY WITNESS'S. THE FIRST AND DEEPEST STAB ACTUALLY TOOK THE WIND OUT OF ME, NO MUCKING AROUND, AS HE PREPARED TO INFLICT THE SECOND HOLE, I SAID TAKE IT EASY, NOT SO DEEP WITH THIS ONE, THIS CAN BE SUPERFICIAL, ONE GOOD ONE IS ENOUGH! THE SECOND WAS JUST FOR SHOW BASICALLY, ALL DONE. HE LEFT, I GAVE IT SOME FIVE MINUTES. I CALLED OUT TO THE PRISON STAFF, WHO WERE A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY, NOW CLUTCHING MY STOMACH WITH BOTH HANDS. BLOOD SEEPING FROM THE WOUNDS DRIPPING ALL OVER THE PLACE. THEY SAW THE SCENE AND HIT THE ALARMS, MOMENTS LATER SCREWS ARRIVED IN DROVES FROM EVERY DIRECTION. I WAS TAKEN TO PEP HOSPITAL, COVERED IN TOWELS. EXAMINATIONS TAKEN, COTTON BUDS PLACED INTO THE WOUNDS, NOW BEING USED A DEPTH FINDERS.**

THEY KNEW THIS WAS SERIOUS, YET SOMETHING COMPLETELY ODD ABOUT IT ALL. WHO DONE IT? SOMETHING SUS ABOUT IT ALL, YET COULDN'T IGNORE THE SERIOUSNESS OF IT ALL. AN AMBULANCE WAS CALLED TO TAKE ME TO ST VINCENTS HOSPITAL, BY THE TIME I HAD FINALLY ARRIVED NEARLY SOME TWO HOURS LATER AFTER **THE "ATTACK."** I HAD NEARLY BLED OUT. CAUSING THE PRISON/POLICE LIASION SQUAD TO TRY TO GET ME TO REVEAL WHO. **THEY GOT SHIT OUTTA ME BACK THEN,** TODAY I CAN REVEAL WHO MY MATE WAS, HE'S DEAD R.I.P HIS SOUL, FROM BOYS HOME A TRUSTED MATE, KNOWN FOR DECADES "**BLACKY MORGAN."** PUTTING MY LIFE IN HANDS OF A BLACK FELLA, OUT OF ALL IN REMAND, "**I CHOSE HIM."** MY FATHER, MOTHER, VISIT EVEN BRIAN LEVIER THE CHAP WHO USED TO COME INTO THE REMAND CENTRE AND TEACH THE BOYS TO BOX. HE HAS HIS OWN GYM OUTSIDE, HE WAS THE REFEREE IN THE FIGHT IN BOXING RING HELD WITH COLIN STRATTON, BEFORE I WAS MOVED. I TOLD MY DAD, ALL IS GOOD, IT HAD TO BE DONE TO GET HERE. FROM HERE I CAN ESCAPE VERY EASY, SECURITY IS VERTUALLY NON- EXISTENT. THE PRISONERS DIDN'T EVEN GET SEARCHED AFTER A CONTACT VISIT AT ALL, IT WAS BASICALLY RUN AS A FREE SOCIETY HOSPITAL, NOT JAIL. AND THE OLD WALK THROUGH SCANNERS, ARE EASY TO BY PASS IF YOU KNOW JUST HOW TO. THINGS HAVE CHANGED SINCE, A COMPLETE OVERHAUL TOOK PLACE FOLLOWING MY ESCAPE, AS IT DOES, SECURITY IS REVIEWED, BACK THEN WAS A PIECE OF CAKE LITERALLY. AUTOMATIC PISTOL ORDERED ARRIVES! WITHIN (4) DAYS, I WAS IN POSSESION OF A 32 AUTO PISTOL. THERE HAS BEEN MUCH SPECULATION ON THIS, FROM CLEANERS TO CORRUPT PRISON STAFF. TO CANDY TO MY MOTHER IN A CAKE EVEN. ALL OF THE ABOVE IS FALSE AND UNTRUE. CROATION OPERATION! THIS WAS A BOLD CROATION DONE THING. WHO WAS THE PERSON, HE IS ALSO DEAD R.I.P. HIS SOUL. MY MUCH LOVED FATHER DID. SMUGGLED IN, PASSED TO ME WHILST I WAS SITTING AT THE END OF THE HOSPITAL BED. I WAS IN A DRESSING GOWN, WHILE A PRISON OFFICER WAS A MERE TEN FEET AWAY IN THE WARD AT THE TIME. DURING THE NEXT FEW DAYS, WAS A CHALLENGE, GIVEN IT WAS A NON SMOKING ZONE IN WARD, ANOTHER INMATE WOULD SNEAK INTO THE SHOWER AREA AND HAVE A SMOKE, LEFT THE AREA SMELLING OF CIGARETTES. THIS WOULD THEN CAUSE A SEARCH OF WARD LOOKING FOR ILLEGAL CIGARETTES. THIS SITUATION CREATING A ISSUE FOR ME, IF A SEARCH CONDUCTED AND GUN FOUND, I WOULD HAVE TO PRODUCE IT THEN AND THERE. SO I APPROACHED THE INMATE AND TOLD HIM, IF HE CAUSES WING TO BE SEARCHED, DUE TO A ROTTEN WHITE OX SMOKE, I WILL SHOOT THE C*NT FIRST. HE WAS TOLD OF PLAN AS A RESULT AND OFFERED A RIDE OUT IF WANTED AS TO WERE ALL OTHERS PRESENT. ALL HAD POLITELY DECLINED. I INITIALLY HAD PLANS TO USE THE WEAPON ON THE ESCORT PRISON OFFICERS, AS THERE WOULD HAVE ONLY BEEN TWO OF THEM, AND ONE AT LEAST WOULD HAVE BEEN STRAPPED WITH A 38 REVOLVER. THIS NO CONCERN FOR ME AT ALL, AS I WOULD NOT BE SEARCHED, AND WOULD HAVE THE 32 PISTOL DOWN THE FRONT OF MY PANTS, WITH A DRESSING GOWN WORN OVER THE TOP. BENT OVER FEIGNING SORENESS OF MY INJURED ABDOMEN, HOLDING THE PISTOL IN PLACE. YES BE HANDCUFFED, BUT STILL ABLE TO PRODUCE THE FIREARM ON THE UNSUSPECTING ESCORTING OFFICERS. THE PLAN WAS TO THEN DISARM THEM, SEIZE THE CUFF KEYS, AND VEHICLE KEYS, PUT THEM INSIDE THE BACK OF TRANSPORT VAN, THEN DRIVE TO RENDEVOU. **SIMPLE REALLY!** YET THERE WAS A SHORTAGE OF HOSPITAL BEDS AVAILABLE AT PEP HOSPITAL, BEING THE PENTRIDGE PRISON HOSPITAL FACILTY DUE TO A SPATE OF ASSAULTS. AND I DID NOT FANCY MAKING THE MOVE FROM A SECURE ENVIRONMENT, AS IT COULD HAVE EASY TURNED SOUR, DESCENDING INTO A SEIGE IF THE PRISON OFFICERS DID NOT COMPLY WITH MY DEMANDS. BEING EN- ROUTE IN TRANSIT WAS FAR MORE EASYSER TO CONTROL. SO I HAD MY FATHER LIE IN WAIT FROM 9.AM TILL 4.PM FOR THE NEXT THREE DAYS IN A ROW. SITTING OFF IN A VEHICLE NOT FAR FROM THE HOSPITAL, HE WAS TO BE THE SECOND CAR. THESE TIMES, WERE THE TIMES MOST LIKELY THAT AN ESCORT WOULD TAKE PLACE TO MOVE ME. MY FATHER WAS SERIOUSLY SICK AT THE TIME. WITH A SHORT LIFE EXPECTANCY

AHEAD. THIS WAS HIS LAST HARAH. TO GET ME OUT BY WHATEVER MEANS POSSIBLE, BEFORE HE DIED. AND BY HIM HOLED UP IN THE OLD TOYOTA WORK VAN, WITH NO HEATER IN THE COLD. DID NOT HELP HIS CONDITION AT ALL, BUT HE WAS DEDICATED TO SEE, I GOT OUT, WITH HIS HELP. AFTER THREE DAYS HIM SITTING IN THE VAN ALL DAY. I DID NOT WANT TO PUT HIM THROUGH THAT AGAIN. I TOOK THE INITIATIVE, HE HAD JUST GOT HOME FROM ANOTHER DAY SPENT. WASTED IN HIS WORK VAN. WHEN HE GOT A CALL TO RETURN TO THE RENDEVOU SPOT, THAT THERE WAS A CHANGE OF PLANS, INSTEAD OF MAKING THE MOVE ON THE ESCORT GUARDS. IT WOULD BE DONE FROM THE HOSPITAL WARD, AND IT WAS TONIGHT. I WOULD SET THE PLAN TO OCCUR AT ABOUT 8PM, AND SEE HIM SHORTLY AFTERWARDS. BEING A LOYAL DEVOTED COMMITTED DAD HE WAS, HE RETURNED, EVEN AS SICK AS HE WAS. ALL SYSTEMS GO, GO, GO, EVERYTHING IS FALLING NICELY INTO PLACE, THE PRISON OFFICER ASSIGNED TO REMAIN IN THE WARD, WAS AT THE FOOT OF MY BED, SITTING ON THE COUCH, WATCHING THE T.V. I WAS SITTING AT ONE END HE WAS ON THE OTHER, NICE AND COSY, THE NURSING STAFF WERE ALL SITTING IN THEIR OWN NURSE STATION, WITH THE DOOR LOCKED, SOME FIFTEEN FEET AWAY, NOT PAYING ANY ATTENTION TO THE WARD AT ALL. PRE-OCCUPIED WITH SORTING OUT THE MEDICINE/ PILLS DOSES FOR THE PATIENTS.

TIK TOK, TIK TOK!

I BEGIN TO PYSCHE MYSELF UP, FIVE MINUTES TO GO, LOOKING AT THE CLOCK, TIC TOK. TIC TOK, THEN ALL OF A SUDDEN THE OFFICERS GETS UP, AND RETURNS TO HIS DESK IN THE FAR CORNER OF THE WARD, HIM NOW SITTING SITUATED NEAR THE SHOWER/TOILET BLOCK AREA.

I NOW BEGIN TO QUESTION MYSELF, DID I SPOOK HIM, DID HE FEEL CONCERNED TO MOVE AWAY FROM ME, OR WAS IT JUST THERE WAS NOTHING ON T.V THAT HE WANTED TO WATCH?

THE CLOCK IS TICKING, I GIVE IT A FEW MOMENTS, SAY TO MYSELF. THIS IS IT, GO, GO, GO! I GET UP TO GO TO THE TOILET, WALK TOWARDS THE TOILET AREA.

HE HAS HIS HEAD BURIED IN A BOOK, NOT PAYING ME ANY HEED. THIS A GOOD SIGN, AS NOT ALERT, OR WARY OF ME.

I USE THE TOILET, WALK OUT. HIM NOW TO MY RIGHT HAND SIDE,

THE PRISON OFFICERS CONTROL BOX DIRECTLY TO MY LEFT HAND SIDE.

AS I WALK OUT OF THE TOILET BLOCK, I QUICKLY LOOK TO MY LEFT INTO THE SCREWS BOX, TO SEE IF THEY ARE WATCHING THINGS. THEY ARE NOT, I THEN LOOK TO MY RIGHT TOWARDS THE GUARD IN THE CORNER. HE STILL HAS HIS HEAD DOWN IN THE BOOK.

I THEN BEGIN THE WALK SLOWLY TOWARDS HIM, THERE IS ONLY SOME TEN FEET DISTANCE BETWEEN US. I AM HOLDING MY STOMACH, FEIGNING SORENESS. YET REALLY HOLDING ONTO THE PISTOL. MY BACK NOW TO THE OFFICERS STATION, AND THEN TO THE NURSE STATION. WHO WERE NOT ABLE TO VIEW THIS POSITION, I THEN STAND STILL, WITH MY RIGHT HAND NOW GRIPPING THE PISTOL, POINTING IT TOWARDS HIM, I CALL OUT,

HEY F*CK HEAD!

HE LOOKS UP PUZZLED BY THIS REMARK, I SEE HIS EYES TRAIN ON THE VISIBLE WEAPON, HIS EYES WIDENING WITH UTMOST ALARM AND HORROR ON HIS FACE. THIS WAS SHEILEDED FROM THE OTHER STAFF, AS I WAS BLOCKING THEIR VIEW.

THE LINE OF VISION WITH ME IN BETWEEN HIM. I THEN SAID, DONT BE SILLY, THIS IS F*CKEN REAL. I AM NOT FU*KING JOKING. I HAVE SIX SLUGS, LISTEN TO WHAT I SAY.

YOU HAVE A FAMILY AND KIDS, THINK ABOUT THEM DONT BE A HERO. DO WHAT I SAY, AND WE ALL GO HOME TONIGHT. OTHERWISE I START SHOOTING, THE LAST SLUG IS FOR ME. THIS PRISON GUARD KNEW ME WELL, AND KNEW I WAS SERIOUS AND A HARD CORE INMATE.

KNEW I HAD A REPUTATION FOR VIOLENCE IN THE PRISON SYSTEM. THIS OFFICER WASN'T A BAD BLOKE EITHER, NOT A SMARTY, LIKE MANY I HAVE EXPERIENCED. HE THEN SAID CHRIS, I WONT F*CK AROUND. TELL ME WHAT YOU WANT ME TO DO, I WILL DO IT, I WONT GIVE YOU ANY HEADACHES AT ALL. I HAVE A FAMILY.

HAVE YOU THOUGHT THIS OUT? WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO. I THEN TOLD HIM, YOU ARE GOING TO GO BACK TO THE COUCH AREA WHERE YOU WERE MINUTES AGO. I WILL THEN DISCUSS THINGS FROM THERE, YOU TRY TO BE A HERO, I WILL SHOOT YA THERE AND THEN O.K. I STARTED TO WALK BACK TO THE COUCH ACROSS FROM THE WARD T.V.

HE FOLLOWED ME THERE, SAT DOWN SOME FOUR FOOT ACROSS FROM ME, EVER WHILST I HAD THE PISTOL TRAINED ON HIM, FROM BENEATH MY DRESSING GOWN. I GAVE HIM INSTRUCTIONS, TO WHEN I GIVE THE NOD, HE WOULD GET UP, GO TO THE EXIT SLIDING ELECTRIC DOOR, KNOCK ON THE PERSPEX WINDOW TO LET HIM OUT. THAT HE WANTED TO MAKE A COFFEE. MAKING THESE SIGNS TO THE OFFICER IN THE CONTROL BOX, WHO WOULD THEN BUZZ HIM INTO AN AIR LOCK AREA. BETWEEN THE OUTSIDE DOOR LEADING OUT TO THE WARDS CORRIDOOR, WAS WHERE THE STAFF TOILET AND COFFEE ROOM ARE. I GAVE HIM THE NOD, HE GETS UP, WALKS OVER. I AM RIGHT ON HIS TAIL, WHEN HE STOPS AT THE CONTROL BOX, TAPS ON ITS WINDOW, I AM HUNCHED OVER THE WATER BASIN, PRETENDING TO BE GETTING A DRINK OF WATER NOT TEN FEET AWAY. THE DOOR IS NOW BUZZED OPEN. I THEN GO INTO ACTION A SHORT FEW QUICK STEPS, I AM RIGHT THERE AT THE OPENED DOOR, HE STEPS TO THE SIDE. I THEN POINT THE GUN AT THE HEAD OF THE OTHER PRISON GUARD INSIDE.

HE LOOKS DIRECTLY DOWN THE BARRELL OF THE GUN. HIS EYES GLUED TO IT NOW.

OPEN SESAME!

IN PURE SHOCK AND FEAR, THIS COULD NOT BE HIDDEN AT ALL FROM ME, KNOWING THAT THERE IS NO PROTECTION AT ALL FOR HIM, IF I SHOOT, AS ITS ONLY 5 MM THICK. I THEN TELL HIM, OPEN THE OTHER F*CKEN DOOR, HIT ANY ALARMS, I WILL SHOOT. HE DOES NOT LOOK DOWN AT THE RED NOB FIXED ON THE DESK TO BUZZ OPEN THE DOOR. HIS HANDS AUTOMATICALLY HITTING THIS, RELEASING THE OUTTER ELECTRIC DOOR. I THEN RUN OUT THE DOOR, DIRECTLY TO MY LEFT WAS A FIRE EXIT STAIRWELL, I RAN DOWN THESE STEPS TO THE BOTTOM, THINKING THAT IF I TOOK THE ESCALATOR, THEY MAY SHUT THIS DOWN.

BY NOW I COUDN'T STOP MY HEART POUNDING, PUMPING MY FEET LIKE PISTONS DOWN TO THE FIRST FLOOR. I THEN RUN OUT THE FRONT ENTRANCE OF THE HOSPITAL, WEARING NOTHING BUT A DRESSING GOWN, AND IN THONGS. I RAN TOWARDS THE EXHIBITON PARK, NICE AND DARK, HIDEN AMONGST THE SHADOWS, NOT IN THE STREET EXPOSED. STOLE A XD PANELVAN FROM THE EXHIBITON BUILDING CAR PARK, HAD NO EXIT PASS. NO PROBLEM, CRASHED THROUGH THE EXIT BOOM GATE OUT, NOW TO THE **RENDEVU NEARBY AS PLANNED**. I WAS PICKED UP IN THE AREA BY A **MAN CALLED TATA**, WHO DROVE ME TO A SECRET LOCATION WHERE THE OTHER STOLEN FORD SET ASIDE FOR THE M.R.C. ESCAPE WAS BEING STORED AT. A GOOD STOCK OF WEAPONS WAS MADE AVAILABLE, A FINAL **FEAST WITH TATA** MANAGED, AND MY LAST FAREWELLS SAID BEFORE I LEFT THERE COMPANY. KNOWING THE HEAT WOULD BE FEIRCE FOLLOWING THE ESCAPE, I DROVE ALL THAT NIGHT ARRIVING IN SYDNEY BY MORNING. A LONG HATED PRISON OFFICER **"THE MAGGOT"** MY NEMESIS FROM "H" DIVISION WAS ON AT TIME OF ESCAPE. **NOT AT HIS POST, AND COULD NOT EXPLAIN TO INVESTIGATORS WHY?**

AFTER MY ARREST IN DECEMBER 92.

I WOULD LATER CAUSE MISCHIEF BY STATING TO OTHER PRISON STAFF. ONLY AFTER I HAD FOUND OUT HE COULD NOT EXPLAIN MATTERS AND JUST BOUGHT A CAR, WHICH HE COULD NOT ACCOUNT FOR. THAT. "HE HAD BEEN IN ON IT", AND THAT "I HAD PAID FOR HIS NEW CAR."

THAT HE HAD SUPPLIED ME THE WEAPON AND HE PROMISED HE WOULD NOT BE AT HIS POST, ALL UP IT COST \$10 GRAND. HE WAS NOT IMPRESSED BY THE CLAIMS AT ALL. IT WAS MY PAYBACK FOR ALL THE MISERY AND PAIN HE HAD INFLICTED ON ME. AND MANY AN INMATE UNDER HIS WATCH AT "H" DIVISION BASHING'S.

THE TIMING WAS PERFECT CHOSEN BY ME. I DID NOT HAVE TO CONFRONT (4) GUARDS. ONLY (2) AS ANOTHER GUARD WAS NOT AT HIS POST EITHER, CHECKING HIS CAR AT THE CRUCIAL TIME ALSO, BY SHEER CHANCE **"VANDALS" HAD SET OFF HIS CAR ALARM**. BREAKING INTO HIS VEHICLE. **I COULD NOT HAVE TIMED IT ANY BETTER!**

8 SEPTEMBER 1992 I HAD ESCAPED FROM VICTORIAN CUSTODY.

16 SEPTEMBER 1992 REMANDED IN CUSTODY PARRAMATTA JAIL.

N.S.W. "PARRAMATTA JAIL" "16th SEPTEMBER - 24th OCTOBER 1992."
That during my brief tenure at this abode, and in the sound belief. **I would escape this Jail.**

During cell time lock-ins after 3.30.p.m. I was housed with another likeable rogue. He was an old time **"OLD SCHOOL"** crim. He would have been no more than a decade older than me, at the time. His name William "Billy" Sutton. Before I touch upon the subject of escape. I must reveal the escapades, that I would share with Billy in our cell. Given that the cells were two out, bunk bed style accommodation. And he was older and in the cell first, he claimed the bottom bed, he owned a T.V. and had an electric jug too. Which all inmates had to purchase themselves, many did not have such privileges, and had nothing at all. So I walked into a very modest cell, by all standards. He had a funny affable rogue character as I did, we got along like a house on fire.

"I was a younger version of him to be frank." We clicked, which was good, as living in such small confined spaces for a good 18 odd hours a day, can turn into a violent outcome quiet easy. It helps to be compatible indeed. In time of mischief, Billy would be asleep on the bottom bunk. I would let him get about 40 minutes under his belt, then sitting on a chair next to him. As I had watched T.V. I would call out to him "YA THERE?" waking him up from his sound sleep. He would utter profanities at me, **"how he was asleep"**, now **"he's awake"**, and what did I want?

I'd now reply, **"doesn't matter, it's not important."** He now awake, could not get back to sleep till the early mornings, and get up **"all cranky due to lack of sleep."** After the second or third time, I pulled this stunt, he cottoned on to it, and saw the funny side. I'd pull this off at least once a week, he never done the same to me during my stay with him. Now returning to the lead up, the main matter. By far more entertaining then our nocturnal activities both shared in the cell.

SCANNING THE TERRAIN.

WITHIN DAYS I BEGIN TO SCAN THE TERRAIN LOOKING FOR WEAK SPOTS TO TRY TO ESCAPE. I WAS SHATTERED BY MY ARREST, AND THE ADDITIONAL CHARGES, I HAD NOW GENERATED IN THE PROCESS. THIS WAS SERIOUS JAIL TIME, JUST IN THIS STATE ALONE, NOT TO MENTION WHAT I HAD LEFT BEHIND BACK IN VICTORIA.

MY PLAN WAS TO EARN BIG, THEN FLEE THE NATION AND GO TO CROATIA. THIS IS WHAT HAD DRIVEN MY FATHER TO GET INVOLVED AND HELP ME ESCAPE BACK IN VICTORIA. AS LUCK WOULD HAVE IT, THEY HAD BUNKED ME UP WITH A WELL KNOWN OLD SCHOOL BANK ROBBER/ ESCAPEE NAMED BILLY SUTTON. MY LUCK WAS BACK IN.

I WOULD RAISE AND EXPLORE MANY HYPOTHETICALS PLANS TO ESCAPE, THIS EXERCISING OF ONES MIND. ON A MOST FAVOURED SHARED TOPIC OF BOTH. I WAS NOT ABOUT TO REMAIN IN CUSTODY ONE MOMENT LONGER THEN NEED BE. I WAS BACK ON THE REBOUND WITH A DARING BOLD AUDACIOUS PLAN. THIS SO DANGEROUS AND CUNNING, SENT MY ADDRENALINE JUICES FLOWING INTO MELTDOWN JUST THINKING ABOUT IT, LEAVING ME SOAKING WET. THE SPRING IN MY STEP HAD RETURNED, THE ADAGE OF **ASSESS, IMPROVISE, OVERCOME.** GETS THE MIND INTO ACTIVE PURSUIT OF YOUR GOALS, **IT WORKS HELPS ME.**

I KNEW THAT MY ARREST WOULD ALSO BE EFFECTING MY SICK FATHER, AS HE WAS IN REAL POOR HEALTH. THE ONLY WAY FORWARD FOR ME WAS TO ESCAPE, THAT THOUGHT DROVE ME OUT OF MY DESPAIR, ALL SYSTEM ARE GO, GO, GO, I AM SO HAPPY WITH IDENTIFYING A POSSIBLE ROUTE OUT OF THE JAIL NOW.

I BREAK THE NEWS TO CANDY, MY GIRLFRIEND AT THE TIME, CANDY WAS RELEASED ON BAIL, AND WAS VISITING ME, AND FELT BAD FOR MY ARREST BY GEORGE. I TOLD HER WE ARE GOING TO CRACK THIS PLACE WITHIN WEEKS, TO BE READY FOR THE MOVE. TELLING HER ON A CONTACT VISIT. I WILL BUST THIS JOINT WITHIN WEEKS AND BE BACK OUT, DONT SWEAT. I AM NOT ABOUT TO LANGUISH IN JAIL FOR THE NEXT TEN YEARS, THIS WON'T HAPPEN, **IT DID.**

HACKSAWS GALORE

WITHIN A WEEK I HAD ARRANGED FOR A PARCEL OF HACK SAWS TO ARRIVE IN THE JAIL, TO COMPLETE THE TRANSFER TO ME, THE SARA PACS AND SYRINGES INCLUDED, WAS FOR OTHERS. I HAD TOLD CANDY TO BUY A HANFULL OF TUNGSTEN TIP, HEAVY DUTY HACKSAW BLADES, SOME DIAMOND ENCRUSTED RODS, THAT LOOK SIMILAR TO WELDING RODS IN DIAMETRE. TO WRAP THEM UP, TAPED IN GREEN ELECTRICAL TAPE, AND TO MAKE SURE THERE WAS, WHATEVER SHE COULD SCROUNGE UP, WITH HER GIRLFRIEND WHO WAS A NURSE. AS THIS WOULD BE THE PAYMENT FOR THOSE WHO WERE TO PICK UP THE PARCEL, SOME SARA PACS, AND FULL LENGHT HYPERDRMIC SYRINGES, NOT CUT DOWN. WHICH ARE IN GREAT DEMAND AND ARE GOLD.

WALK THE DOGS.

I THEN EXPLAIN ON THE CONTACT VISIT, SHE WOULD HAVE TO TAKE THE DOGS FOR A WALK, TO THE PARK ADJACENT TO THE JAIL. AND THROW THE PARCEL OVER THE WALL, JUST AFTER THE SECOND TOWER ON THE PARK SIDE WALL, SOME 20 METRES ALONG. SO THOSE WHO WERE ON THE PARCEL HUNT. HAD A BEARING ON THE DIRECTION AND LOCATION TO FIND THE ITEMS EASY. BEARING IN MIND IT WAS TAPED IN GREEN ELECTRICAL TAPE, AND EASY TO MISS. AGAIN MY LUCK WAS IN. THE GARDEN WORK CREW WERE DUE TO CUT THE GRASS ON THE OVAL, WHICH WE WOULD ALL HAVE ACCESS TO DAILY AND PLAY TOUCH FOOTY ON.

THE OVAL WOULD BE SHUT DOWN WHEN THIS OCCURED, ONLY THOSE ON GARDEN WORK DETAIL HAD ACCESS TO THIS AREA, THIS WAS TO OCCUR WITHIN DAYS, AS THEY HAD BEEN TOLD IN ADVANCE OF THERE WEEKS WORK SCHEDULE. PLUS THIS WAS A FAVOURED ENTRY POINT USED FOR PARCELS TO ARRIVE. SO THERE WERE MANY TUNED INTO WHEN THE OVAL WAS DUE TO HAVE THE GRASS MOWED. THE PARCEL WOULD ARRIVE THE NIGHT BEFORE, SO THAT IT WOULD BE COLLECTED THE FOLLOWING DAY, BY THE GARDEN DETAIL. I CALL CANDY, ON THE PRISON TELEPHONE, TO CONFIRM IF SHE HAD TAKEN THE DOGS FOR A WALK, SHE TELLS ME SHE HAD INDEED. I THEN CATCH UP WITH THE BLOKE WHO WAS ON THE GARDEN DETAIL, TO LET HIM KNOW THERE WAS A PARCEL TO COLLECT. THE ESCAPE STUFF IS MINE, THE PILLS AND SYRINGES ARE HIS. HE WAS WRAPPED. AND NOT INTERESTED IN THE OTHER I WAS EXPECTING. SOME INMATES ESCAPE, MANY DON'T.

ORDER ARRIVES PAID IN FULL!

SO AFTER LUNCH I AM CUTTING LAPS IN THE EXERCISE YARD. WHEN I SPOT THE GARDENER, GIVING ME A WAVE TO MOTION FOR ME TO COME OVER TO HIM, A BIG SMILE ON HIS DIAL. I WALKED OVER TO HIM, LOOKING ABOUT FURTIVELY TO SEE IF ANY SCREWS WERE WATCHING US, ALL CLEAR.

HE TELLS ME HE HAS SOMETHING FOR ME, ALL WENT WELL. I COULD TELL HE HAD ALREADY TAKEN THE SIX ODD SARA PACS, AS HIS SPEACH WAS A LITTLE SLURRED AND HIS EYES WERE GLAZY. HE PASSES ME THE LOCAL NEWSPAPER, THAT HE HAD UNDER HIS ARM ROLLED UP. TELLING ME TO BE CAREFUL, AS THE ITEMS I WAS EXPECTING WERE TAPPED INSIDE THIS. THE MOVE COMPLETED, WITH THAT HE WAS GONE. AS HE WAS LEAVING, TELLING ME, THAT IF I HAD ANYTHING ELSE, THAT I WANTED TO COME IN, TO LET HIM KNOW, THE SAME DEAL AGAIN. I WAS NOW IN POSSESION OF MY ORDER, AND IT ONLY COST ME SIX PILLS AND TWO SYRINGES.

I COULDN'T WAIT TO INSPECT THINGS, SO I WENT TO A QUIET SPOT IN THE EXERCISE YARD, OPENED THE NEWSPAPER, AS IF I WERE READING IT, INSTANTLY ARRIVING AT THE PAGE THAT I WAS MOST INTERESTED IN, BIT HARD TO MISS. AS THE PARCEL WAS THICK, AND HE HAD RE-WRAPPED IT WITH THE ELECTRICAL TAPE. TAPPED ACROSS THE PAGE, I BET, OPENED UP. TO CHECK IF THERE WAS ANYTHING ELSE IN THERE OTHER THEN HACKSAWS. ALL GOOD, A DEAL WAS DONE, I AM HAPPY, HE'S HAPPY, AND MENTIONS TO ME IF I WANTED TO GO AGAIN, THING IS I DIDN'T HAVE PLANS TO BE AROUND FOR ANY FURTHER PARCEL DROPS. BUT EXPECTED TO BE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WALLS MYSELF, NOT PLAYING A PRISONER IN PARRAMATTA JAIL.

I UNDO THE TAPE, AND INSPECT THE GOODS, ALL IN ORDER, WITH PLENTY EXTRAS, I WOULDN'T NEED THIS MUCH, BUT BETTER MORE THEN LESS, I WOULD BE LEAVING IT ALL BEHIND FOR OTHERS. **MY GIFT TO ANY PRISONERS WHO HAD PLANS TO ESCAPE IN FUTURE.**

GAME ON!

NOW BEGINS PUTTING THE THEORY INTO PRACTISE. THIS WAS A HIGH RISK MISSION, WITH A DEADLY OUTCOME IF UN-SUCCESSFUL. EITHER BEING SHOT BY PRISON GUARDS IN THE TOWERS OR THOSE MANNED AT THE FRONT GATE FOR WHICH I HAD TO ESCAPE THROUGH. DURING THE DAY. NOT NIGHTTIME, WHEN IT WAS LESS BUSY. THROUGH THE DAY WITH VISITORS AND ESCORTS ARRIVING EVERY FEW MINUTES. THOSE GUARDS ON THE FRONT GATE WERE ALL ARMED WITH 38 REVOLVERS. THOSE IN THE TOWERS HAD A 38 REVOLVER ALSO, ALONG WITH AN AUTOMATIC RIFLE. THIS WAS INDEED DANGEROUS.

NOT TO MENTION THE FACT IF I HAD FELL (OR) GOT MY SHOE LACES CAUGHT ON THE RAZOR WIRE ROLL ON THE EDGE OF THE ROOF, WHICH MEANT I HAD TO CLEAR THIS ROLL WHICH WAS SOME TWO FOOT IN HEIGHT.

THEN AGAIN IT WAS SOME TWO FOOT IN FROM THE EDGE OF ROOF. SO I HAD TO BE AIRBORN TO CLEAR. THIS FIRST OBSTACLE, EVEN BEFORE I FACTORED IN THE DISTANCE BETWEEN THE TWO BUILDINGS. WHICH WAS AROUND FOUR METRES. LUCKILY FOR ME THE NEW RECEPTION ROOF WAS LOWER IN HEIGHT. WHICH ALLOWED ME TO DESCEND A LITTLE. YET IF IT WENT PEARSHAPED, I WOULD END UP PARALYSED OR DEAD! JUST FROM THE TWO STORY FALL INTO CONCRETE, THIS ALL SAID AND DONE. MY VIEW WAS THAT IT WAS DO-ABLE FROM THE ANGLES I HAD STUDIED. PEERING THROUGH THE TOP LANDING OF FIVE WING'S BARRED WINDOWS, LOOKING OUT ONTO THE STREET. THIS SPOT A FAVOURITE WITH THE INMATES. AS WOULD BE ABLE TO SEE A CLEAR LINE OF THE STREET, AND NATURE STRIP, THAT WOUND PAST AND INTO THE GATE OF THE JAIL.

EVEN THO I WAS EXPOSED, ONCE I WAS OUT THE WINDOW. TO THE TOWER AND CATWALK THAT RAN ALONG THE WALL OF STREET. YET. IF THE GUARD REMAINED SEATED IN HIS CHAIR IN THE TOWER, **HE WAS BELOW DIRECT EYE LINE AND VISION, AND DID NOT KNOW I WAS THERE.** YET IF HE STOOD UP, OR DONE A PATROL OF THE WALLS. THEN HE WAS WITHIN SPITTING DISTANCE, AND WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO NOT MISS ME,

LITERALLY IN EVERY SENSE OF THE WORD, BY SPIT OR SHOT.

AND THE OTHER TOWER OVERLOOKING THE OVAL ENTRANCE GATE, WAS OBSCURED FROM THIS ANGLE. TILL I REACHED THE ROOF EDGE OF THE FIRST OLD RECEPTION AREA. THIS WAS ALL SLATE AND ON A 45% DEGREE ANGLE. I WOULD LATER LEARN.

IT AT SOME POINTS, HAD BROKEN UNDER MY WEIGHT. **I WAS LITERALLY STEPPING ON EGG SHELLS,** THIS WOULD ALL COME DOWN TO SHEER PURE AUDACITY. BUT MOST **OF ALL GOOD LUCK.**

THE DANGER OF IT ALL WOULD HAVE DETERRED MOST. NOT ME AT ALL,
IF ANYTHING IT GOT ME MORE EXCITED. BY THE THOUGHT. NOW THE MATTER OF MONOPOLISING THE TOP LANDING WINDOW ALL TO MYSELF.

NOT SHARED WITH ALL THE OTHER INMATES STRAYING IN FOR A PEEP AND A CHANCE OF SOME FRESH COOL BREEZE BEING SPLASHED ACROSS THEIR FACE. WHICH YOU COULDN'T BEGRUDGE THEM FOR, SOME JUST ENJOYED THE SIGHTS OF ACTIVITY UNFOLDING OUTSIDE. PEOPLE WALKING DOGS, CHICKS PASSING BY, ALL SORTS OF SIGHTS STIMULATING ONES SENSE'S. THAT WASN'T IN JAIL. THEN THERE WERE MANY INMATES WHO WOULD WAVE THEIR VISITORS GREETINGS AS THEY HAD ARRIVED TO SEE THEM (OR) A GOOD BYE, FOLLOWING THE VISITS.

5 WING, BARS CUT BEGINS!

BUT MY NEEDS FAR EXCEEDED THEIRS. I HAD MET A FEW INMATES INTRODUCED TO ME BY MY CELL MATE AND HAD ASSURED ME THEY WERE SWEET, ALL ON REMAND, **ALL KEEN TO GO.** IF THE CHANCE PRESENTED ITSELF SO THEY SAID. I THEN TOLD THIS SMALL GROUP, I HAD WHAT WE NEEDED TO CUT THE BARS. THAT I NOW NEEDED COVER. THIS WAS DONE BY HANGING A TOWEL OVER THE RAIL, STRATEGICALLY BLOCKING ME AS I CUT THE LANDING BAR. THEY WOULD WATCH MY BACK AS THIS WAS BEING DONE.

BUT DUE TO ALL THE MOVEMENT INSIDE AND THE WINDOW BEING A FAVOURITEMAGNET POINT FOR MANY TO WAVE GOOD BYES TO THERE VISITORS. NOT MUCH PROGRESS WAS NOW BEING MADE. I WAS CONSTANTLY STOPPING WHEN AN INMATE WOULD REMAIN AT THAT LOCATION. SOMETIME ACHEIVING FIVE MINUTES, SOMETIMES TEN IF I WAS LUCKY AT BEST.

COVERT WORK DONE .

IT HAD DECIDED TO AVOID THE CONSTANT STREAM OF ACTIVITY, TO INSTEAD HIDE INSIDE THE WING WHEN ALL INMATES WERE SUPPOSED TO BE IN THE COMPOUND YARD. BUT THIS WAS A GREAT RISK INVOLVED BY NOT HAVING SOME ONE TO WATCH MY BACK. I WOULD BE ABLE TO GET MUCH MORE WORK DONE NOW.

PLUS THE OTHER INMATES WERE HAPPY AS THEIR TIME IN WING WAS NOW FREED UP, AS WAS A LUXURY TO BE IN WING TO RELAX, VISIT YOUR FRIENDS HAVE COFFEES AND CHAT WITH OTHER INMATES. BEING ON THE LANDING POSITIONED, CUT THIS FREEDOM FROM THEIR DAILY ROUTINE. SO NOW I WOULD BEGIN THE GAME OF HIDE AND SEEK.

THE SEEK BEING **SEEKING OUT THE TOP LANDING BARS TO CUT TO PIECES AS BEST I COULD.**

APPLYING THIS NEW APPROACH I WAS NOW GETTING OUT ½ HOUR BLOCKS EASY, HAVE A LITTLE BREAK IN BETWEEN, THEN GO AGAIN FOR A BIT, THEN PATCH UP THE CUTS WITH SOAP AND PAINT. ALL DONE BY 11.AM, WHEN THE REST OF THE INMATES WOULD BE ALLOWED TO RETURN BACK INSIDE THE WING.

I WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO REPEAT THIS ROUTINE EVERY DAY. AS SOME DAYS WERE GOOD, SOME BAD, DIFFERENT STAFF ON, DIFFERENT RULES IN LET GO'S.

AND I DID NOT WANT TO RISK BEING CARELESS, OR RUSHING THE JOB. I HAD TO BE PATIENT, BEING PATIENT I KNEW WOULD GET ME TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WALL, NOT IN SEGRO PINCHED, PLUS I HAD TO MAKE ARRANGEMENTS OUTSIDE FOR THINGS. AND IT WOULD STILL TAKE A FEW WEEKS, FOR THAT TO FALL INTO PLACE.

LUCKY ME. I'M NO PETER THIEF!

ON ONE OCCASION WHILST HIDDEN IN THE WING. I WAS GETTING RIGHT INTO IT, HEARD THE RATTLE OF KEYS COMING UP THE STAIRWELL. I QUICKLY PATCHED BACK UP THE CUT, RAN TO THE NEAREST CELL AND NOW HID.

WITH THE MIND TO PUT THE HACK SAW BLADE IN THE TOP POCKET OF OVERALLS HANGING UP ON THE HOOK OF THE CELL DOOR. NEXT THING I HEAR THE FOOTSTEPS OF THE SCREWS BOOTS STOP OUT FRONT THE CELL I WAS IN. THINKING HE MAY HAVE SEEN ME, THE TOWEL ON RAIL WAS GOOD ONLY ON CERTAIN ANGLES. I HAD NOT REALISED IT WAS ESCORT DAY, HE WAS DOING A CHECK ON SPARE BEDS. AND IT JUST HAPPENED TO BE.

THE TOP BUNK WAS EMPTY. BUT AT THE TIME, I NEVER TOOK IN ANY OF THAT AT ALL, ONLY AFTERWARDS DID THE PENNY DROP. MY HEART WAS NOW RACING HOLDING MY BREATH AS HE HAD NOW ENTERED THE CELL, THE GUARD INSTANTLY SPOTS ME HIDING BEHIND THE CELL DOOR, HE JUMPED BACK AT THE SIGHT OF ME. NOT EXPECTING TO SEE ANY ONE IN THE CELL. HE REGAINS COMPOSURE AND KNEW THIS WAS NOT MY CELL, LET ALONE THAT I SHOULD BE IN THE WING AT ALL.

PUTS ME ON THE PETER THIEF THAT WAS ACTIVE ON THE TOP LANDING, **HIM NOW CONVINCED OF IT.** MAKING A BIG SONG AND DANCE OVER ME BEING CAUGHT AS THE PETER THIEF. A PETER THIEF. IS SOMEONE WHO STEALS FROM OTHER PRISONERS, THIS IS SEVERLY FROWNED UPON, AND HUGE PUNISHMENTS ARE ENFORCED. THE GUARD NOW FRISK'S ME, TO SEE IF I AM CARRYING ANY ITEMS TAKEN FROM ANY PRISONERS CELLS. HE IS NOW SATISFIED I HAVE NOTHING ON ME, LUCKY FOR ME, DEMANDS TO KNOW THE REASON WHY? FOR BEING IN THE CELL.

I COULDN'T EVEN SAY WHO'S IT WAS, AS I NEVER KNEW.

YET SAID I KNEW THE BLOKE AND HE TOLD ME I COULD LEND SOME MENS MAGAZINES THAT HE HAD. SO THAT I COULD VIEW ALONE IN MY CELL AS I WAS BUNKED UP AND IT WAS THE ONLY CHANCE I COULD HAVESOME PRIVACY. WHEN EVERYBODY WAS OUT OF THE WING.

HE LOOKS AT ME WITH A SUSPICIOUS LOOK, HIS EYES TRYING TO UNNERVE ME, I AM COOL AS A CUCUMBER. NEEDLESS TO SAY I WAS FROG MARCHED OUT TO THE YARD WITH A STERN WARNING IF ANYTHING WAS REPORTED MISSING FROM THE TOP LANDING THAT I WAS TO BLAME.

ALL EYES ON ME!

THE OFFICER ALSO HAVING TOLD THE WING SWEEPERS AND OTHER INMATES WHO'S JOB WAS TO CLEAN THE WING, TO KEEP AN CLOSE EYE OUT ON ME AS I WAS THE SUSPECTED PETER THIEF.

I WENT STRAIGHT TO THE BLOKE WHO'S CELL IT WAS TO EXPLAIN TO HIM. I WAS CAUGHT IN HIS CELL BY THE SCREW. I HAD TO HIDE IN THEIR TO AVOID BEING CAUGHT,

I WAS UP TO SOMETHING THAT I DIDN'T REALLY WANT TO SAY, BUT HAD TO. IN ORDER TO EXPLAIN MYSELF OUT TO HIM AND BE RID OF THE PETER THIEF CLAIM. AND ALSO HAVE HIM HAND OVER THE HACK SAW BLADE HIDDEN IN HIS OVERALLS. ONCE TOLD THIS. HE WAS ALL ONBOARD AND SAID USE MY CELL ANYTIME, GOOD LUCK WITH THINGS. HE WOULD GET BAIL WITHIN A WEEK AND DIED IN A CAR CRASH BEFORE I GOT OUT.

MY CELL MATE HAD A LOT OF RESPECT WITH THE OLDER PRISONERS, AND KNEW MOST OF THE WING SWEEPERS- CLEANERS, WHO CLEAN THE WING. HE HAD TO VOUCH FOR ME. THAT I WAS NOT THE PETER THIEF, BUT A STAUCH YOUNG KID, WITH A HEALTHY SEX DRIVE WHO LIKED HIS PRIVACY ALONE IN THE CELL. AS LAST THING I NEEDED WAS THEM WATCHING ME, AS THEY MAY REVEAL THINGS TO THE SCREWS. LETS JUST SAY I HAD TO HALT THINGS FOR A FEW DAYS AND LET THE HEAT DIE DOWN.

THE OTHER INMATES NOW REALISING THIS WAS GETTING REAL CLOSE AS THE BAR WAS COMPLETELY CUT ONE END AND HALFWAY ON THE TOP SECTION, WITH A THIRD TO GO BEFORE I WAS ABLE TO BEND IT UP.

THE OTHER INMATES NOW HAD ASKED ME THE BIG QUESTION, WHAT THEN? THE PLAN WAS TO DROP DOWN ONTO THE OLD RECEPTION ROOF, WITH USE OF WHITE BED SHEETS. WHICH WOULD DRAW MEGA INSTANT ATTENTION. HOW WERE THEY TO GET TO THE NEXT ROOF?

THE GAP BETWEEN THE ROOFS WAS A JUMP, NOT A LADDER FASHIONED OUT FROM THE LANDING RAILS. AS THEY ALL HAD ANTICIPATED, THEY HAD ALL BAULKED AS I HAD SAID, **TOO MUCH EXPOSURE BY BOTH TOWERS TO GET IT OUT.**

THEN THE TIME CONSUMED TO PUT IT INTO PLACE. THE DISTANCE BETWEEN BOTH ROOFS WAS ABOUT 14 FT, AS IT STANDS IF THE LADDER/ BRIDGE WAS USED.

THEN ALL THOSE WHO WERE TO FOLLOW ME WOULD HAVE BEEN SHOT AT ALSO.

I HAD JUMPED NOT WASTING ONE MOMENT MORE THEN I HAD TWO.

ONCE THE JUMP METHOD WAS THE ONLY OPTION. ALL THOSE WHO WERE KEEN.

NOW SAID THEY WOULD BEAT THE CHARGES IN COURT AND WERE NOT INTERESTED.

TILL THEN THEY ALL WERE KEEN TO GO. HA HA.

LEAP FROG!

THE NEXT STEP NOW, WAS TO PRACTICE THE JUMPS, SO I START STANDING LEAP FROGS IN THE YARD, LEAPING FROM ONE SPOT TO ANOTHER. WITH THE BIG WIND UP,

BOTH ARMS IN TANDEM RESEMBLING UNCOILED SPRINGS,

THIS DID NOT GO UN-NOTICED BY ALL. DRAWING, WHAT THE FUCK IS HE UP TO?

FROM BOTH INMATES AND THE SCREWS.

WITHIN WEEKS THEY WOULD ALL MAKE THE CONNECTION,

THE PENNY HAD BY THEN DROPPED. I ESCAPED!

I THEN GET A WELFARE CALL. CALLED TO THE SUPERVISORS OFFICE AND WAS INFORMED

THAT MY DAD HAD DIED. HE WAS DYING I KNEW THIS, **MY ARREST HAD KILLED HIM.** IT CRUSHED HIM, AS IT DID ME. I WAS NOW LOST.

ALL THE EXCITEMENT OF THE IMPENDING ESCAPE WAS NOW RIPPED FROM ME.

I HAD WENT NUMB, THIS WAS FOR A NUMBER OF DAYS, I KEPT ON SAYING TUTA.

WHY COULDN'T YOU HAVE HELD OUT FOR JUST A FEW MORE WEEKS,

THEN YOU WOULD HAVE BEEN HAPPY, I WOULD BE OUT AND FREE AGAIN.

I OFTEN WANDER IF I HAD OF MANAGED TO GET A PHONE CALL TO HIM.

TO LET HIM KNOW THAT **THINGS WERE GOOD.**

WOULD THAT HAVE GAVE HIM THE STRENGTH HE NEEDED. WOULD THAT HAVE CHANGED THINGS, **PUTTING LIFE BACK INTO HIS BROKEN SPIRIT.** I'LL NEVER KNOW.

BUT I KNEW THAT HE WAS NOW WATCHING OVER ME, AND IF I SURVIVED THIS HIGH RISK DANGEROUS PLAN. THEN IT WAS HIM. **IF I NEVER MADE IT. I WOULD JOIN HIM!**

I DIDN'T CARE EITHER WAY. I WOULD HAVE CANDY VISIT ME WEEKLY, WE WOULD DISCUSS, THE THINGS NEEDED TO SORT OUT POST ESCAPE, LIKE ACCOMMODATION.

BACK UP SUPPORT JOCKEY

A GOOD MATE OF MINE JOCKEY SMITH, A WELL KNOWN ARMED ROBBER AND ESCAPIST HIMSELF, WHO HAD DONE TIME IN BOTH N.S.W. AND VICTORIA, GOT IN TOUCH WITH CANDY.

TO LET HER KNOW, AS HE SAW MY ARREST ON THE NEWS AND COULD HE HELP ME IN ANYWAY. AS HE HAD ALOT OF FRIENDS IN N.S.W. JAILS. I TOLD HER, TELL HIM I NEED A PLACE TO STAY. I AM OUTTA HERE WITHIN WEEKS, WE WILL CATCH UP THEN. THE REPLY WAS, **COME STAY WITH ME!** THE BARS WERE BASICALLY DONE BY NOW. I JUST NEEDED THE LAST FIVE MINUTES WORK, I NOW HAD TO MAKE A ROPE TO USE TO LASOO THE PLASTIC PIPE TO ABSAIL DOWN THE SIDE OF THE RECEPTION ROOF, TO THEN SWING OVER THE INNER PERIMETRE BARBED WIRE FENCE IN THE STERILE ZONE. TO THEN LAND ON THE OTHER SIDE AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE OPEN GATE. HOPING THAT NO SCREWS WERE OUT AT THE TIME. THIS PIECE I LEFT FOR LAST, AS I DID NOT WANT TO GET FOUND IN POSSESION OF SOMETHING LIKE THIS, AS WOULD RING HUGE ALARM BELLS.

LAST CALL MADE!

D- DAY ARRIVES, **24th OCTOBER 1992**, IT WAS A SATURDAY. THERE WERE A FEW LOOSE ENDS. THAT I NOW HAD TO TIDY UP. LEAVING THE INVESTIGATORS WITH THE LEAST NUMBER OF LEADS TO FOLLOW UP. THE PRISON PHONE ACCESS, WAS A PROCESS OF LINING UP IN THE PHONE AREA, THERE WERE ABOUT FOUR TELEPHONE BOOTHS WITH A FIXED PHONE, NO DIAL PAD AT ALL. THE OFFICER WOULD CALL YOU UP, ASK FOR YOUR NAME AND THEN LOCATE YOUR PHONE RECORD CARD, EACH CALL WOULD BE REGISTERED AND ENTERED IF CONNECTED. THE PRISON OFFICER WOULD DIAL THE NUMBER GIVEN BY THE INMATE. IF ANSWERED AND ACCEPTED, THE GUARD WOULD ENTER THE DETAILS DATE AND TIME OF CALL. THEN DIRECT THE INMATE TO ONE OF THE PHONE BOOTHS, THE OFFICER WOULD THEN TRANSFER THE CALL TO THE BOOTH. THE PRISONER WOULD THEN PICK UP THE RECEIVER AND BEGIN HIS CALL. WHICH WOULD HAVE A TEN OR SO MINUTE LIMIT, SOMETIMES YOU GOT MORE IF THE OFFICER WAS GOOD. THE PRISONERS HAD A MAXIMUM LIMIT OF CALLS PER WEEK. WHEN THE CALL WAS FINISHED, THE PRISONER WOULD HAVE TO GO TO THE OFFICER, AND SIGN THE CARD FOR THE CALL MADE, THIS ESTABLISHED HOW MANY CALLS, AND COSTS OF S.T.D. CALLS TO BE DEDUCTED FROM THE INMATES PRISON ACCOUNT. SO ALL THE CALLS I HAD MADE WERE REGISTERED. I HAD LEFT MY LAST CALL FOR THE WEEK SET ASIDE FOR MY FINAL DAY AT PARRA. THIS WAS FOR TWO REASONS, TO CONFIRM THAT **ALL WAS GOOD, WE WERE ON**, THE SECOND, TO MAKE THAT CALL, THEN SEIZE THE CARD. SO **THEY HAD NO RECORDS OF ALL MY CALLS MADE.** I CALLED CANDY, SHE TOLD ME THAT ALL WAS GOOD, SHE HAD A **RED XF FORD UTE**. THIS WAS TO BE USED AS THE GETAWAY VEHICLE, SHE WAS TO DRIVE TO THE FRONT GATE. FOR ME TO JUMP INTO THE BACK AND SPEED OFF IN. THIS CAR WAS NOW IDENTIFIED. TO LOOK OUT FOR. THE CALL. **ALL DONE!** WHEN THE PRISON GUARD TOLD ME TO SIGN THE CARD, I GRABBED IT AND TOOK OFF, SHE CALLED OUT TO ME TO RETURN, BUT I HAD IGNORED HER. I THEN RETURN TO THE WING, DESTROY THE PHONE RECORDS, FLUSHED DOWN THE TOILET BOWL. THIS PART OF THE ESCAPE PLAN NOW COMPLETED.

I BEGIN TO SORT OUT THE FINER LAST MINUTE BITS. LEAVING ALL THE HACKSAW ITEMS IN HIDEY SPOTS, KNOWING WHEN THE SHIT HITS THE FAN, ALL HELL WILL BREAK LOOSE. THEM ALL NOW SAFE, NOW LEFT WITH JUST A HALF BLADE IN POSSESION OF FOR THE **FINAL LAST CUT.**

SAYING MY LAST FAREWELLS TO THE BLOKES I GOT TO KNOW, CUT LAPS, AND HAVE A LAUGH WITH, GIFTING THEM MY FEW POSSESIONS. THEY WERE ALL GIVING ME THEIR BLESSINGS. AND WOULD BE WATCHING FROM OVAL GATE, AS ALL HAD WANTED TO VIEW THE JUMP I HAD TO MAKE.

THIS WAS **HISTORY AND THEY WANTED TO BE ABLE TO SEE AND REPEAT THE STORY.** NOT ONLY THAT, THEY WERE GOING TO LAUNCH MISSILES AT FIVE TOWER SCREW. IF NECESSARY TO GIVE ME COVER. FROM GUARD IN THE TOWER IF IT WAS NEEDED, SO THAT. **HE WOULDN'T SHOOT.**

THE WING STAFF CALL OUT TO ALL THE INMATES TO EXIT THE WING, WE BOTH HEAD IN OUR OWN DIRECTIONS, ME TO HIDE AND REMAIN IN WING, THEN TO THEN HEAD TO THE TOP LANDING. THEM TO THE YARD, THEY ARRIVE AT THE OVAL GATE NOW. GOOD BYES AND GOOD LUCKS EXCHANGED. MY HEART POUNDING, THE TIME JUST STOPS. I CAN HEAR THE

WING GATE BEING LOCKED AND SECURED. I GIVE IT ANOTHER FIVE MINUTES, BEFORE I LEAVE MY CELL, FURTIVELY LOOKING OUT TO SEE IF THE COAST WAS CLEAR, THE LANDING WAS ALL NOW EMPTY. NO-ONE IN SIGHT. I THEN HEAD TO THE TOP LANDING, ASCENT UP THE STAIRWELL FOR THE LAST TIME. NOW IN MY SHORTS, NO TOP, AND DUNLOP RUNNERS, THE SHOE LACES TIED UP. NOT DANGLING, CARRYING MY PRIVATE CIVILLAN COURT CLOTHES. WHICH I HAD STOLE FROM MY LAST COURT HEARING, NOW IN A BAG. THIS I WOULD LATER SECURE TO MY BACK, AS A BACKPACK, WHEN I WAS OUT ON THE OLD SLATE ROOF. THE LAST FEW MINUTES WAS FAR QUICKER THEN I EXPECTED, I AM THROUGH, MY HEAR RACING, THE ADDRENALINE WAS **NOW KICKING IN!**

ALL SYSTEMS GO!

2.10.PM, I COULD NOW SEE OUT INTO STREET AND WAVE TO THE STOLEN FORD UTE. CANDY IS BEHIND THE WHEEL, IT WAS PARKED FACING ME. TOWARDS THE GATE ENTRANCE ON THE NATURE STRIP. TO LET HER KNOW I WAS THERE. THAT I WAS ABOUT TO DESCEND TO THE ROOF. I HAD TIMED IT, THAT IT WOULD TAKE ME 10 SECONDS TO REACH THE GATE AND THE UTE TO ARRIVE AT SAME TIME. AS I WAS EXITING THE FRONT GATE. FOR ME TO THEN JUMP IN THE REAR. ALL DONE IN A SMOOTH FLUID MOTION, NOT LINGERING ABOUT AND TO BE THEN DRIVEN OFF. IF ALL WENT WELL. AND I SURVIVED THE JUMP AND TOWER GUARDS, I WOULD MAKE IT. I THEN SAW THAT CANDY HAD STARTED THE CAR, IT WAS NOW ROLLING SLOWLY. **SO WAS I! MY PACE WAS FAR QUICKER!** ONCE I ABSAILED DOWN FROM WINDOW, LEAVING THE NOTTED SHEETS BEHIND DANGLING DRAWING HUGE ATTENTION TO THE TOWER. I THEN LAND ON THE OLD SLATTED ROOF, WALK THE LENGHT TO SIZE IT UP, GET A FEEL FOR THE DISTANCE I HAD TO COVER. **THEN RUN FOR IT!**

SHOTS FIRED!

LANDING ON THE EDGES OF THE NEW TIN RECEPTION ROOF. **THOSE IMPRINTS ARE STILL THERE TODAY.** MY MOMENTUM CAUSING ME TO SPRING FORWARD LUCKY FOR ME. (IF) I FELL BACKWARDS I WAS DEAD. **NOW SEEN BY THE OVAL 5 TOWER WHO NOW SHOOTS AT ME.** ALL THE BOYS HAD WITNESSED THIS MOMENTIM LEAP. HEARING THE THUD OF MY FEET LANDING ON THE TIN ROOF, LEAVING THE FAMOUS SET OF FOOT PRINTS BEHIND. START YELLING AND ABUSING THE FIVE TOWER GUARD. SOME BEGIN PELTING HIM WITH ROCKS AND TINS OF FOOD, TO DISTRACT HIM FROM FIRING FURTHER SHOTS AT ME. THEY NEED'NT BOTHER. **I WAS LONG GONE!** NO LONGER IN HIS LINE OF FIRE. I HAD CROSSED TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE TIN RECEPTION ROOF NOW. OUT OF HIS VISION. LOOP THE ROPE MADE, TO A PLASTIC PIPE. THEN LAUNCH OFF THE ROOF TO SWING OVER THE INNER PERIMETER FENCE. THE ROPE THEN SNAPS. I FALL TWO STOREY'S. ANS AM NOW INSIDE THE STERILE ZONE. **MY ADRENALIN IS PUMPING!** I DONT REALISE MY WRIST WAS FRACTURED. AT THE TIME BREAKING MY FALL. UNTIL LATER. WHEN I CANT HOLD A GUN IN MY HAND. I NOW MAKE A MAD SCRAMBLE AND RUSH TO SCALE THE INNER BARBED WIRE FENCE. BEFORE I AM SHOT BY THE OTHER TOWER 30 FT AWAY FROM ME. TEARING MYSELF TO BITS IN THE PROCESS. AS I AM NOW IN THIS TOWERS VISION, WITHIN SPITTING DISTANCE. HE WOULD HAVE HEARD THE GUN SHOT FIRED AND ALARMS WOULD NOW ALL BE ACTIVATED. I LAND ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE INNER FENCE, SEPERATING ME FROM THE FRONT GATE. I THEN HEAD OUT THE GATE, AS I RUN OUT. NOW ENTERING THE STREET. I COLLIDE WITH A VISITOR. HE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT HIT HIM, THE GET AWAY UTE CANDY WAS DRIVING HAD CRAWLED ALONG NICELY, **PRECISION TIMING. IT ARRIVED AT THE GATE, AS I WAS RUNNING THROUGH IT.** I JUMPED INTO THE REAR COVERING MYSELF UP WITH A UTE CANVAS COVER. IN EVENT THE TOWERS WERE SCOPED INTO ME. I WAS DRIVEN OFF. TO BE MET WITH JOCKEY A FEW BLOCKS AWAY, BOTH CANDY AND ME NOW SWITCHING INTO HIS CAR. **WHISKED AWAY TO FREEDOM.**

24 OCTOBER 1992. ESCAPED FROM PARRAMATTA JAIL. # Footnote; years later in 2006.

When interned in the Banksia unit, Barwon Prison Victoria. A prison officer approaches me Tells me he has worked in N.S.W. jails. **I said yeah really!** Where? He tells me Parramatta. I then ask what year, he tells me he was there during 1992. I said bullshit, so was I. I ask him was he on the day when I had escaped, he said yes. I was in the tower. I then ask him what

f*cking tower where you in? He then replied 5 tower. I then said to him. You f*cking prick you were the one who shot at me. I read your statement, you cant shoot for shit, he replied.

The barrel was bent. Thing is I never gave him enough time for a second shot. I was gone. There was no mention of **him being pelted by the inmates giving me cover either.**

JANUARY 1992- JUNE 1994. PLANS TO CRACK 'H- DIVISION!'

Naturally thoughts of escape were to surface. And they did. Due to A- division being adjacent to H- Division. The very end three cells of H. Being two on the top landing and one on The bottom. The forth was an obso cell, which you could safely exclude. Once a hole was made into the old sand grout 100 yr old mortar walls seperating the two Divisions was made.

Which was simple and would crumble quiet easily, holding the bluestones in place. You could easily than pass contraband between the two cells.

Due to the fact I and some others were deemed Top security, we would be moved every (2) weeks into another cell. And this rotation would soon enough land us into cells adjacent to A division. It was the law of averages, as there were only 12 cells on the bottom landing. With the two observations cell.

YA THERE?

Which you could safely deduce, do the math, it wouldn't take long before we were in an adjoining cell. Realising this was the only real option to get access to hacksaw blades, more so **"full lenght in size."** They too could be thrown over the wall into the garden area of the back oval, and I knew a few prisoners who just happened to work there.

Who more importantly who could be trusted. I have someone outside close to me, put on notice, let them know that I need hacksaw blades. And have them ready for when I am moved to the end cell, so I can then have passed through the hole in the wall to me.

They were ready. All set to go, just waiting on me now and the cell.

I now land in the end cell, adjacent to A- Division, that night I burrow through.

Making a hole into the next cell within fifteen minutes I'm through. I then yell out to the unidentified prisoner in the cell at the other end through the hole, YA THERE? he was taken by complete surprise, answers me with hesitation. Yeah **Who's that?**

Maybe its a ghost **a haunted cell?**

Last thing he is expecting, we then begin to have a bit of a chat, I ask him who's in that part of the division, as it was a part of A- Division. But seperated from the main body, being used as a transit hub, yet the inmates would still be able to mix with the other A Division inmates. And more importantly go to the exercise yard shared by both all A- Division and J- Division inmates. I asked him did he know of this particular old school crook, he never. I then said you must find him, many prisoners know him, ask for him, once you find him. Tell him its me, and that I really need to speak to him. It's really important, he can come to your cell. I can then speak to him. I am in my cell all day, but be careful not to speak to loud during the day. In case the screws hear, and to make sure he covers up the hole during the day, as the screws do cell checks and if they find this. They will go beserk, he said sweet.

ALL SYSTEMS GO!

The next day, my old bank robber mate arrives to have a private covert chat. I give him the run down, what I need, and that its all ready to be thrown over the wall. Does he know of anybody who can be trusted to collect this for me. He laughed. **Yeah, me! Perfect.**

I will leave it up to you then, we haven't got long, a maximum of two weeks before I am moved to another cell. We then confirmed a day for it to arrive, what location it would be resting at, and what colour to look for. Within the end of the week, the special delivery was

thrown over. Collected the following day, finding its way to me that same afternoon. Shitting all over Fed X-press special delivery. **What a prompt service!** This time it cost me nothing.

Let's just say. I was not alone in this plan, a shout of glee was shared by all. Once I had the hacksaws blades, four in full length, plenty for all. Due to my high profile and the daily searches conducted on my cell. The H- Division staff had identified the hole some days later. As I had expected would indeed occur, drawing much concern by the security breach and a cell move was instantly ordered, the inmate in A- division was moved too. Nothing was found, amid some thorough searches having taken place. The staff now satisfied. I had nothing, and just having a chat with the other prisoner, (or) nipped it in the bud, before something did occur.

GAME PLAN.

Due to the fortnightly cell moves, it was only a matter of time. that I would end up getting a certain cell directly opposite the Prison guards officers station. On the bottom landing, as there was only 14 cells including the two obso cell's. This certain cell obtained.

I would also have a neighbour, not just any neighbour. But one that was a part of the team. He would come through my wall we both shared. He already had access to a hacksaw blade, had a long strip of metal and had made a crude improvised band saw type tool. Given that the grout in between the bluestones was literally 100 year old dust, it would crumble easy. To create a hole between the two cells only took minutes to do, if you were familiar with the process, and had access to certain improvised tools. This inmate once I got through cutting my cell door lock. I would then get the tap on wall, the sign to **begin his excavation.**

To then cut along the grout with the improvside bandsaw blade, then literally he would slide the bluestone into my cell. We would then be two strong now.

Then knock on my cell door, to have the single prison guard attend. Once he was at my cell door. **Bang!** the cell door kicked out towards him, knocking him over. Then overpowering him, taking his 38 revolver handgun. To then have him call the chief on duty over the prison phone. To then have him deliver some panadol, for an inmate. Who had a headache, being us. He would attend the unit, with another prison guard, both armed with 38 revolver handguns. Then ambushed and overpowered. Their keys now taken along with the weapons, uniforms. Access to all the cells not only in H- Division, but to all the divisions. There was no need to take hostages at all. We had the keys to head straight for the front gate. Nobody would be expecting this at all, so brazen & audacious.

That was the game plan, it had all hinged on the first stage being successful. Otherwise impossible. Being in the cell on bottom of landing, the cell door tongue of lock was cut from inside of the cell, access was from the small gap between the door cavity.

STUCK!

Yet due to an inbuilt security feature. Being the inner roller device, it would not allow me to cut or grip this item. but roll instead. The only way I could get past this, was to bend it. Then it would be jammed, and fixed. Not rolling, otherwise. I could not cut through the steel locking device, so I was now effectively stuck. **A dead end you could say.** Yet the locking device still operated when it was closed. I had not cut all the way through it, but around the centre device only. I had nothing in my cell to bend the roller, plus the noise would attract unwanted attention directly across from my cell.

Lets just say, everyone that night who were in on the game, were waiting with baited breath for their cell doors to be cracked open by **"us."** It had never happened. Some were going, some wanted to stay behind. That inmate was Santo Mecuri. He's dead now R.I.P. his soul. So I can reveal his intention, he said Chris, If you get three guns. Leave me one and the keys to H-Division, once you's leave. I want to kill a certain group of inmates, being **Greg Brazel.**

Slime Minogue, Mr Stinky, Julian Knight and Hugo Rich. This was the mutly crew. We were at war with at the time. It didn't happen, they still live to breath another few decades on.

The following day a crissis meeting was held in the Industrial yard, with me explaining. Just what had went wrong, and what options we had.

Assess, improvise and overcome, Plan "B." was now to be activated, this was a totally different approach. A daytime escape. And from the yards we were all allocated in. A time consuming process, as the (2) yards holding (4) inmates had to now start fresh. Cutting the steel wire reo used on top of each yard.

Given that the Prison cat walk ran along the yards and was patrolled by an Officer. Which we had to avoid. But the cat walk tower actually was to our advantage, as it **shielded us from the outside walled tower's view.** Directly across from us some 100 yards, as we were to climb out on top of the yard. The catwalk having now sheilded us. We would now then drop down on the other side of H- division in the grassed open yard, right behind the rear of the H- Divisions yards. Right near the Prison industries. This area a no go sterile zone.

Now wearing fake Prison officers security uniforms, **"doing a perimeter check."** Once at that point, then proceede to walk to a un manned padlocked gate separating the rear of prison industry's from the oval area. Then **wave to the tower directly across from us,** some 100 yards away. One inmate blocking the view of tower with his back facing him, whilst another steps infront of him now sheiled. To then snap the lock open with an improvised iron bar lever. **The gate now open!**

Once past the gate you could walk un- challenged to D- division another prison itself, with only guard towers watching you from a good few hundred yards. No Guard check points at all. Then head to a lower class security of the jail that was "G" division, held all the crazy inmates, literally un-challenged, their walls far more easier to climb.

In another section of D- Division, all done in broad daylight. So escape from a high security unit in a maximum jail, to then escape into another maximum jail to escape to freedom.

This was **f*cken good, f*cken real good!**

Yet before we could even start this new all agreed direction taken. We had to have blue towel's dropped off, to use as the improvسد prison uniforms. Up close you would recognise them as fake. But from a distance, you would never never pick them at all, and given the closest we would come near a prison guard was the perimetre tower, some hundred plus yards away at minimum, this done.

I start to pay attention to the prison officers uniforms emblem positioned on the shoulders, this same insignia also used for their head gear worn. I request prison issue coloured pencils, and plain A4 paper, to draw on, as was **"bored in my cell."** Taking up a new found hobby and interest in Government insignias, practice makes perfect, after a dozen or so tries. I had them down pat, again from a short distance you would pick, but from a distance would blend into the uniform just nicely, from a few hundred yards no way never pick a fake. Thing is. That if they ever got that close to any of those in escape plot, they would have recognised us.

I done so many, I thought I had flushed them all. I had overlooked a set stooked on my cell.

The day was set down, things outside were in place. All systems go, go, go, the morning of the intended escape. I had in fact put my blue uniform on in my cell, then put my prison greens overtop, as to transport them otherwise. Was far too risky of it being found in the routine bag search prior to entering the exercise yards. So I am now literally wearing my uniform, waiting for the other's in the group to call out and be accounted for. In confirmation

of being in uniform for the decamping escape party. I had called out to two others. **All good. Ready to roll was the reply.**

Shit happens!

Then the cell lock that was cut weeks earlier is uncovered on a cell move rotation done. This had alarmed the guards no ends, given that a solitary officer was on at night in his box, armed with a 38 hand gun. The thought he was to be overpowered by cell occupant, then now armed. Sent shivers up and down their spines I bet.

That during the emergency Lock down of the wing. Upon the cell lock damage cut being now found, an inmate aware of what was unfolding in the wing, as we were all in the yards at the time. Yells out to us that the screws have locked down the wing not doing any phone call moves to the yards, due to something wrong with a cell lock they were now examining.

This inmate did not have to say any more, as we all knew what cell he was talking about.

The **group were all donned in Fake Prison home-made uniforms complete with paper colour pencil drawn Prison insignias sewn into place all ready to depart from yards allocated.**

Literally minutes away from decamping from the caged mesh above our yards that had already been cut already, which was later found in the security sweep. Johnny Lindrea was the laundry billet at the time for H- Division, along with another prisoner, their yards caged roof was done.

I am literally trapped in my yard, start bagging up for the screw to use the toilet, I need a shit. They tell me no moves in the wing. I state. I am not going to the wing but, the f*cking showeryard, they tell to me wait. My luck was not completely out, the inmate who was in my yard, was on the phone. He was the prisoner yelling out to us, warning us, and had to return to my yard. When he arrived the screws then escorted me to shower yard, as they had to head back in that direction anyway.

Within a minute, I had ripped the blue improvised towel uniform off, and ripped it into tiny little pieces. Now completing my **"Shit"** flushing the prison officers paper drawn insignia's.

Knowing now they would not make the connection with a pile of shredded blue terry dowling towel now in the plastic rubbish bin. This a communal area, if found nobody is pinched.

Johnny not so lucky, he cant pull the same ruse to leave his yard, as has a flushing toilet installed there in his yard. **Panic sets in,** he strips down, instead of ripping the uniform into little pieces as I had done. He just rips the top into two pieces, **nothing more!**

The Prison officers insignias still sewn on intact, then tries to flush it down the toilet. It being so big it gets stuck. More so when the water soaks up the thick terry dowling fabric. Blocks the sewage pipes, starts to flood his yard with the water overflow now. Complains to the Prison guards the toilet is now blocked. They are automatically sus on this, more so now with things being uncovered in the wing. Call in the Jail plumber, he opens the drain, pulls out the uniform the top torn in two, insignias wet but identifiable.

The Prison **officers blue pants still in tact!** Instantly hands it over to the Prison guards, now they are scratching their heads. **What the f*ck! What are they f*cking up to?** They couldn't be sure, but knew it was real f*cking serious. This escape was by sheer chance, tin ass luck foiled. This would only drive them further into a frenzy in trying to work out just how and what was the escape plot route to be used in both of these attempts made by.

The fact of the matter, in the nighttime plan. This was hectic, to say the least. Armed with up to three prison guards 38 revolver's, and keys to every cell and division to the front gate.

A few prison guards as sheilds if the need arose. The second option, **plan B.** Was escaping from a high security unit, from a maximum jail, into another maximum jail being the Remand D- Divison, sneak off to the lower security "G" Division. Where all the crazy disturbed prisoners are housed, the walls there were easy pickings. **All done in broad daylight!**

Now that **was f*cken hard to beat!** This was right up there for the history of escapes in the Nation. It was later said, I was the Ring Leader of group yet identified. Due to the set of insignias recovered in my cell. Later charged with, in a Disciplinary Governors hearing. The charge was to be thrown out on a technicality. As both paper and colouring pencils used. Were both authorised items issued to me. **"Not Un Authorised, as I had been charged with."** For the record. I was to be **"Cheif. "Taking the point in the group."** The Office Of Corrections went crazy over this, and made our lives intolerable and untenable. Really made life hell for us. This only made us stronger, giving us the badly needed fuel. **Us V's Them.** To run and feed of each other, we were a unit. **A hard core unit 2.**

We did bust H. It was shut down because of us! We outlived it.

TRANSFER TO ACACIA UNIT (1) BARWON PRISON.

Acacia unit 1 was specifically designed to cater for the state's High risk escape inmates. It has a full capacity to hold 6 inmates in unit 1. This just expanded the minds of those there. It was isolated from rest of the Prison and independently run. No contact with any other prisoners from the general prison population at all period! Just the Acacia staff and the education teachers.

There was no contact visits at all during this period, just box visits. These restrictions in place applied to isolate us, just raised the stakes in the challenge to escape. There were six of us being housed there. John Lindrea, Paul Anderson, Roy Pollit, Peter Gibb myself and the odd one out was Lewis Caine.

Johnny, Paul, Roy, Peter and I, had arrived from H- Division, prior to ity being shut down. I and Peter were the last to arrive, in the second and third wave of transfers from H- Dision. Peter being the last of the group. Lewis had come from another location, due to an attempt to escape on an hospital escort, found in possession of a hand cuff key.

All of us who came from H- division knew each other well, and had been involved in escapes or previous escape attempts together. Lewis the exception of the group. We were initially limited to mix in our exercise yard times to two at a time, this was reviewed and the Jail then allowed us all to mix in the entire group, from 8.30.am. till 3. 30.pm.

With dayroom and two yards access, the cell doors were open also during this period, monitored by dayroom c.c.t.v. cameras' in each corner of the unit, the dayroom at the time had a table tennis table and a pool table also to keep us entertained in the the long boring days spent. There was also another c.c.t.v. camera positioned in the gym yard only.

Naturally the main topic of conversation would be. **ESCAPE!** All of us had a prolific history for the exception of Lewis, it was only a natural thing. All our minds now collectively begun to explore and challenge its strenghts and more importantly identify it's weakness's.

TUNNEL VISION!

The idea of a tunnel to reach the other side of the sterile zone behind our cell's, was raised within the first week, it was f*cking so audacious. **I loved it, I'm in!** The only item that we needed was a hacksaw blade, not easy, but do-able.

Yet first things first, the tunnel needed to be dug, the hacksaw would come later, and this took time to get. Within a short period of time. I had begun to put things in train, a hack saw blade was ordered. Some months pass by. I am somewhat relieved and estatic, my hacksaw blade order finally arrives. The same ethoric feeling shared by the rest of the group also.

HACKSAW ORDERED!

We can now begin to work, use it on other area's. This hacksaw blade arriving was no mean fete I tell Ya. It had got through all the heavy security, metal detectors and intense thorough searching of anything that would be entering Acacia. A further attempt to repeat this failed.

So I had abandoned this, to avoid it being exposed and un-earthed jepordising the current live escape project. I was now testing the cell structure of my window frame holding it in. As the window was one piece and the frame was held in by some 20 odd screws into the wall. Once you cut through these screws the rubber sealant could then be removed from the window frame.

The entire window could then be removed completely intact. To gain access to bars on the window, to then cut and put back in place, sealing it back up with the pliable re-used rubber sealant. (1) hacksaw was not enough for all those escaping, but it was enough to get a feel of the window frame design weakness's.

And to cater for the making of improvised tools, to use in other areas that we came to be dependant upon, to unscrew the nuts on the Tafe tin roof. Hence the Tunnel project born was now truly alive from the hacksaw's arrival. From little things, big thing grow. **Assess, improvise and overcome works well.**

The hacksaw would forge the table tennis tables detachable pole's, positioned at each end to erect the net, into a crude spanner, in the unscrewing of the bolts from the tin roof of the TAFE metal workshop. To then peel back & drop down to gain entry, once inside, securing the workshops entire stock of tools held.

The original plan to secure the Tafe's oxy, to use the oxy to cut the bars, was what was in mind,. Their own prison issue sourced tools were to facilitate this. To cut our way out of Acacia high security unit. **With the aide of their own oxy would have been a first!**

And would have really caused a furore back at Head office, even more then it had, and a first in the Nation, possible the world, the use of oxy gear to cut out of a high security unit, within a Maximum prison. This is what we had hoped and planned for, to put it in their face. It turned out that the oxy was not portable, the gas accetaline tank was fixed in an area that was exposed, we could not reach in the tafe area at all, for re-filling access purposes. The gas hoses were limited in lenght. We were not able to use this.

Yet this was not a deterrent at all, that plan option. **Was set aside. Yet still on a roll.**

Thing is, to get to the Tafe workshop we first had to get to the sterile no go zone on the other side of the tin fence separating our yard, this area was a vacant area where all our cell windows backed onto. The only way was down and under a concrete foundation of this tin fenced off wall.

TUNNEL A GO!

This was no overnight job, but would end up taking some (5) months to achieve. The grey clay under the surface was hard to conceal and blend in with the top layer of brown soil. So we had initiated a landscape project, to re-shape the yard and have the perimeter of the yard's corners, the turns elevated to meet a running track design. Behind the now raised corners were flower garden beds. Placed there so the guards would not be stepping around, any where near the tunnel site.

The Acacia unit staff thought it was a great idea, showcasing the development from the original bare desolete paddock, visitors are now being shown the Most secure unit in the state. A vegie patch was now then strategically positioned parrallel with the planned excavation site, to then use the prison supplied garden spades to dig deep.

This initial stage was done openly, with caution of course. Audacious yes, knowing that was the only way possible to achieve this. The prison guards would never realise just what we were up to, even if they were intently watching us re-develop the yard. At the start two inmates would be vigorously driving the shovels deep down with vigour their feet, in tandem. Having removed a good four or five feet in depth, then two feet square at the mouth of the tunnel's opening. Whilst other prisoners collected the waste.

RUNNING TRACK FORMS

They would then feverishly mould this newly acquired soil, to build the elevated corners of the running track. Packing them and shaping them firm in an aerodrome shape designed.

The fast corners of the running track, not just for the purpose of running, but more importantly to the cover activity that was also required of. This moulded feature rising some 40 odd centimetres at its highest point. A good height for the turns and for the prisoner to work behind this, now shielded from being seen by the prison guards.

The tunnel site running track corner was the first done. Then progressing to the other three corners of the yard now being built. Once the initial opening of the tunnel was reached, the next phase was to then conceal the tunnel's opening. To fashion the plastic white meal trays to fit and cover the entrance of the hole was simple and no big chore at all, this was easy to remove, to then slide across and descent down, easy access.

The tunnel's width would expand to three feet square as you descend down till you reached the bottom some eight feet below. To then get under the concrete foundation, that was blocking us from penetrating this, and reaching the other side.

To effectively move one metre forward to pass the rear yard's tin fence, we had to go under this a good eight feet, then curve under the concrete, then rise back up. Now on the other side of the tin fence, this was indeed extremely gruelling hard yakka. Yet that was the mission! We all accepted this task with open arms. Whilst this was all taking place, awaiting for the arrival of the hacksaw with baited breath, as this item was a crucial element in the plan to rely upon, needed to fashion the bits off the table tennis table. Now forged into an improvised spanner, to remove the bolts of the Tafe tin roof, the same bolt size, were also used to secure the tin fence, that we had to go under. We would later test its fit on this, as a trial run, to check that it would unscrew and fit snugly. So we had two things running in tandem now. Beginning the tunnel, and then the hacksaw arriving. The newly developed landscaped garden and running track feature was impressive, more so born by prisoners with no horticulture background, but only with escape resumes. Patience and much hard work was the foundation of this, everyone was given a role to do. Some would get down into the hole and dig, whilst others were blending the grey clay into the brown top soil.

It would rotate, to be fair, given those down the hole, had the hardest role. To dig through the hard solid clay, and bits of rock at times. Those involved or not, would be cutting laps in yard, keeping watch whilst others were down the hole. There were some close shaves when the staff entered the unit asking where inmate is? when he was down the hole unable to surface without being seen, this true Hogan Hero's stuff. Times like that another inmate would then have to pull the prison guards' heads for some bullshit request, and the inmate in question would then emerge, without any more fanfare.

Even the opening of both entrances of the tunnel was pure Hogan hero's stuff, the plastic meal tray, was used and covered in dirt with grass growing from it. Which would slot perfect into both the entrance openings. Those who went down the hole, had to position themselves right down the end of yard.

Which was open grass between the veggie patch and the foot of the elevated turn, to then snake around behind it from its side. To then enter from behind the elevated aerodrome

corner from this direction, to then descend down the tunnel. Like a burrowing mole would vanish under the soil, gone without a trace.

This elevated corner was a metre or so from the rear tin fence. Now on the inside of the corner, of running track. The aerodrome raised corners were positioned strategically right at the far end of the veggie patch. This few metre gap, was enough to casually lie down to relax and soak up the sun, pause in that position for a moment or two, in event you were being watched by the prison guards.

The other Inmates would all be scanning towards the staff consul movement control, behind a mirror perspex window. The sunlight hitting this from an angle, would allow you to see the silhouette of any guards positioned sitting on their chair. Where they would have their smokes, and take their breaks, and could look into the yard directly opposite them and watch us from that location. Their presence would be now visible, once it was deemed clear that all is good. The inmate. **Sunbaking on his back right down the back of the veggie patch.** Would then roll over onto his gut, commando crawl the few feet, with the tools he needed in toe, remove the plastic meal tray lid. Complete with grass growing from it, slide it across, out of the way.

Then down the open hole, head first. He would have a plastic bucket to use to transfer all the excavated clay out, this filled, would then be left at the top of the tunnels' opening.

To then return excavating like a mole would bore the earth. Allowing a pile to accumulate to the side, when that pile was a small mountain. He would then surface to the top to retrieve, the now empty bucket, to fill it up once again, moments later for it to be found again resting outside the mouth of the tunnel entrance. For it to then be collected, this process repeated time and time again.

The inmate who, would be the blender, would walk over, once it was spotted, collect it. Then start to nonchalantly walk around the yard to empty its contents in various pockets of the garden beds. Then return the empty bucket, to the mouth of the tunnel opening, the bucket having been placed there, was now hidden by the raised aerodrome corner. This process repeated up to 20 times in a day.

CLOSE CALLS/GREY TOP SOIL!

The Tunneller would have to get the heads up, before he could re-surface from the hole, sometimes he was literally trapped down the hole, with a prison guard sitting in the chair watching all the inmates in the yard. Times like that. We would then have another inmate walk inside the unit, then go to the other gym yard and call the guard over to that gate, pull his head by asking for some type of form that he needed to submit.

The inmate in the hole, would have to quickly scurry back out, head first, place the grass lid back into place over the tunnel opening, then belly crawl out to snake over to the edge of the end of veggie patch. He would then roll over onto his back again, pause lying there on his back for a few moments. To then casually get up, normally covered in dirt, dusting himself down in the process.

This routine was done on a near daily basis for ages, we did have a few days off from time to time, only done to avoid causing any heat to the gardening detail. We would all laugh how the yard had turned a pale grey, due to the land fill from the tunnel.

When it rained, it was so grey, and really beyond all of us, how they never noticed this very odd spectacle. The mulch, scrap foods and newspaper's did nothing really to restore it back, to its original dark brown at all.

PETER GIBB, CLIPPED!

There was no love shared by me with Peter Gibb, with me being suspicious of Archie Butterlie's death, following the escape with him, he knew I did not like him before at all,

more so now. Our differences were now set aside and on hold only for the escape. Which was now in progress. And only this.

I was in the yard, it was a nice sunny day, we were taking a break from the tunnelling, when Peter Gibb said some smart remark. I had been unable to ignore this. I got up and landed a flurry of punches upon him before he knew what had hit him. He then grabbed a pitch fork and then confronted me with it. I then grabbed a shovel, stood my ground, staff intervened separated us. He had left yard with (2) black eyes not me and he refused to return into my company, this **“Hard-core crook.”** On file. This impacting now on the progress of tunnel.

TAFE RAIDED, WORKSHOP NOW OURS!

Having us now on half day run outs, he would be out whilst I was locked in, visa versa. There was a sudden unexpected demand by the unit staff for us to change cells, this rotation only days away from those going, my cell window was the most advanced of the groups. By now others had begun using my hacksaw to cut out their screws holding the window frame in. But, nowhere near as far as I had got. The cell I land in was the least done, now I was behind all the others, feverishly cutting away to make up ground to catch up with the rest, this fete done. Now only having to break the rubber sealant used around the window to remove the window, after the other's had ransacked the TAFE work shop, that was adjacent to the sterile zone area. **Accessing all the tools that we needed.**

F*CKEN UNLUCKY!

I asked an inmate when he was out in the sterile zone behind the cells to come to my window to push the window back into my cell. It was far easier for him to climb the bars and push his feet in towards my cell, then It was for me. The sealant was tough and not budging at all. He was walking to my cell this whole area fenced off by tin. Except for a 15 cm triangle in height opening in gate, cut out, to get access to secure the padlock, locking the gate. This was the only sight in entire fence and only 10 or so cm wide, very tiny. Unbeknown to the prisoner who was on his way over to help me out, being laxy –dazy, just strolling over carefree. Not a worry in the world, an officer was across the other side of that gate having a smoke Now sees a glimpse of inmate passing by, realises this not right. Hits the alarm. Sirens activated, inmate shits himself returns back down the tunnel, in his haste to get out of area, doesn't put the lid back in place. He makes it back to his cell before the Acacia unit staff enter the unit and conduct an emergency lock down muster head count.

LOOKING UP NOT DOWN.FOUND!

Officers can't work out it out, as no body is missing in entire jail, the officers then begin to question and doubt the officers claims, they are on roofs also, still nothing out of order. They begin dispersing the area. When one officer walks along the tin fence and nearly fell down the unseen hole that was right in the corner.

He was looking up not down. By this stage we all are at windows watching with baited breath, now he screams out he found something. We knew that the gig was up, the guards all now return, this was to cause that had found the tunnel and have them storm the unit a result.

One of the Squad security guards had actually went down the hole, to see just where it lead to. Only to surface at the other end, into our running track/ garden yard. The tunnel in the garden exercise yard was well and truly blown, uncovered by staff.

TOOLS GALORE NO MORE!

Now the storm troopers arrive in Acacia ten deep, still not aware of true extent of the happenings that had been taking place. As they now enter the dayroom and begin a search of Acacia's day room/laundry common area's they immediatley uncover all the Tafe tools

strewn all over the place No attempt made at all to hide let alone conceal, as everybody knew it was just impossible given the sheer amount of tools taken. There were sledgehammers, cold chisels, every conceivable tool that would be used in metal industrial industry's. Some couldn't pass through the tunnel, so were passed through the opened window of my old cell. I was only one to have an alibi, as I was locked up on half day run outs due to Peter Gibb incident, him out /me in.

FORWARD PLANNER! PLAN B.

Thing is earlier that morning when I was out, I had the mindset to stook a full lenght hack saw blade taken from the Tafe, **this was secreted in a wooden desk in the phone room.**

To keep it simple (6) inmates in Acacia unit one, (4) cells were compromised by termites. My cell included, this sent whole of Acacia upside down, edicts coming from Head Office. They went berserk, spent a STACK updating the already **High Security Unit.** They over looked one crucial area left untouched the Acacia Unit **Punishment Block unit (4).** **Plan (b)** was already in mind as a **backup any way,** as it was far better option in a smaller team of (1) or (2) Once it was established that a hack saw blade survived the shake down of entire unit. I had hidden in case of emergencies forward planner me, **all systems GO!**

This I now controlled, and selected who was in and who wasn't. I chose Johnny Lindrea, the others I overlooked, in short by including the whole group would have reduced the success rate of plan B. Sometime you gotta make big calls.

INCIDENT PLAGUED.

I just had to get to the Punishment block, that was easy. **I had a confrontational past.** I now involved myself in a few Skirmishes with Staff, having split the hacksaw up with John. Me with a 1/3rd of a hack saw blade now secreted in a novel. Taken with me to begin my Loss of Privileges for threatening and spitting at prison staff. **I was set to go.** He would follow a few day's later with the other 1/3rd of hacksaw. The plan was that I would arrive and he would follow soon after as not to draw suspicion.

BUTTERED UP!

The running mate would follow and arrive a week or so later in the cell adjacent to me **perfect!** This now allowed us to communicate between us by emptying out the water in the toilet bowl, as was on the same line and to talk, first we had to test things. By placing the empty butter satchel wrappers over the area intent on cutting. To see if this would get attract the attention of prison guards, if it got through without it being removed. Would then tell us we could begin allowing us to work on the door unnoticed by Prison staff, opening and locking the door daily. They had left this **bait graffiti alone YES.** We were both in business, all systems now were **go, go, GO!** We left this test for a few days, so that the screws would be familiar with this. We then start to cut the steel cover of the door frame over the lock on the rear door, cutting a clean line directly overlapping the locking device, that was housed inside the gap in frame. Where the lock would extend inside the door frame, when it was secured, this bit of work was now complete. This area was then covered up by the empty butter satchel wrappers perfectly.

We both have the toilet bowl empty, to talk, and decide once they call the muster correct, we would then strike. All we had to do now was hip and shoulder and kick out the rear cell doors. The tin cut out around the locking device bends out easily offering no resistance at all.

REAR CELLS DOORS OPEN!

We both strike, the rear cell door slowly inches itself outwards, then with a big shoulder charge fly's open, now we are both out in the yard. We had 4 hours to cut a padlock and the rear mesh, seeking to be on the jail rooftop to have the high ground to then observe the hourly security patrols, as this started at 8pm, when the rest of the jail was locked down, the last muster of the day.

LEFT BEHIND WHAT!

All we had to do now was cut the padlock off the inner rear gate of the yard, then reach the next outside gate, this time cut the tin security mesh, so as not to alert guards to the locks damaged. When they check that they are secured when rattled by hand on their roving hourly patrols. Both of us now out of our cells, I try to cut my gates padlock. It won't cut, it is a security hardened steel kind. I tell my mate I am stuck I can't cut it, he tells me his is cutting through his easy, that if I got stuck and fell behind. That he would not wait for me, that he would continue without me, as he wasn't risking staying put whilst I caught up. This brutal self centred remark took me by complete surprise and shock. It was me, who had selected him and provided the hacksaw blade. This comment only served to get me more determined now. **To assess, improvise and overcome!**

UNHINGED!

I then begin to cut the steel tubing frame of the gate above the hinge securing the inner gate to it. Once this was removed I could then drop the gate of the top hinge and the gate was now detached. Johnny cuts through the padlock easy. I tell him to target **the bottom of the security mesh on the ground so was not eye level. That they would not see this.**

To then peel it back open then bend it back into place once you were out of the yard.

CHANGE OF FORTUNES

I get through the tubing, un hinge the gate, put it back in place and now begin to work on the bottom of the mesh in my yard. I end up cutting through this area in no time, Johnny is now lagging behind me. **My how fortunes change!** Me now out of my yard. **Not abandoning John.** As he had every intention to do with me. I actually had to literally rescue him from his yard now. He had decided to cut out a mesh section at padlock area. **When advised against it.**

DAMAGE DONE!

I could not believe it. Right in their line of sight this was fully exposed.

The jagged cut mesh damage you couldn't miss at all. To only make things worse, he had to try and squeeze through this gap. This gap was not big enough and not allowing him to get through at all. So I had to then use the steel tubing frame to bash out the hole, so he then could get out of it.

It was still a tight fit. Cutting him to pieces in the process, him out. Now leaving a bloody blood trail and **unable to miss at all. Even to the blind!**

His sheer desperation to get out. **Ended up bringing us down.** To hide the obvious damage was now a challenge. My idea which I had formed would survive a few patrols.

But would be eventually found by the next change of shift.

I run back into my cell grab some A4 size blank paper and sticky tape, a black texta and pen to return back to his now damaged yard. I write on the A4 **"YARD DAMAGED" "NOT IN USE."** in black texta. Then signed it off by the area chief of Acacia unit. This was then positioned over the damage grill area, and taped, this ruse was able to fool them for the first 3 patrols.

FALSE ALARM!

We then head off to the Prison industry area, climbing the Prison roof and crawling along the roof tops till we reach the industry fenced off yard. Drop down into this area. Aware that the industry roller door could be lifted up with force, this gaining us entry to the loading dock area, where a 20 ft step ladder and a 30 ft. extension ladder were pad locked, secured and chained to the wall.

As I had lifted the roller door to allow him to crawl under, John spots a box in the corner over the door, with a red light underneath it, visible. Him Thinking it was a motion detector, signals me. And halts any further move inside to avoid setting it off, until we can get around this. We then decide to damage it, set it off then hide and to wait for the staff to attend, they would arrive inspect the are and assume it was a false alarm have it turned off, and leave. Problem was to now create a hiding position out of material lying about yard, to conceal ourselves in. Once the motion detector alarm was triggered and cut, both then decamp the nearby area. We would then wait for the screws to arrive inspect the area, notice no damage or anything suspicious and then leave. This taking up precious time we couldn't afford to waste.

Locating a fire hose, this was now cut to use to tie at one end of the 30ft extension ladder once we had secured it, in order to slide down the other side of the wall, firemen down. Instead of jumping from the top of wall, the step ladder, was to be used to bypass the alarmed inner fence. To have this ladder erected alongside the fence, climb the ladder, then jump over it, to land in the sterile zone. The 30 ft. extension ladder was to be thrown over, when at top of step ladder. This extension ladder to use on the final wall to breach, before finding freedom.

Finally we both get everything in place, return to the roller door John slides underneath whilst I hold it up, then place a plastic industry container under it, becoming wedged open now. As I slid under too. To find out that our motion detector was nothing but a "fire exit sign box" position over the exit door. With the "red light" being the power source indicator.

LADDERS NOW ALL OURS!

This mistake proved costly, along with Johnny's yard damage. To be found at the next change of shift and patrol. We now cut the chained ladders in no time, and are in our possession. I then secure the fire house to the end of it. Now we are both in the industries area with a 20 foot step ladder and a 30 foot extension ladder, no more than a hundred metres to cross the oval to be at the first inner alarmed fence. Only a ten foot industry yard fence to scale now, holding us back, the step ladder was already up alongside it.

BAD VIBES LET'S GO!

My juices now begin to flow, the adrenaline now begins to kick in, knowing this is all falling into place and very much real, nearly complete. I was already up this ladder, my head over the industry fence. When I sight the change of shift prison guards begin to arrive and start their shift. To then start their first patrol for the night leaving the front gatehouse. I was not confident at all of the yard damage not being detected. I tell Johnny lets go, he says no wait till they do the patrol.

We will then have an hour head start till the next patrol, who by then would the find the exposed ladders. Which would then trigger off alarms and the whole prison would be shutdown. He had reasoned we needed the head start to flee the semi-rural local area, we had car theft implements to steal a car. I had argued that we should not wait. **That it was a bad idea.** That I was confident we both could get to the suburb of Corio which was less than 6 k's away. I was adamant that we should both go. Race the clock we could still do it, even if we did set off the alarms we could still cross over the outside wall easy and clear the area.

He argued for the head start. I told him, its your call in the end, you have longer time then me. **I had made this escape work and happen. Not him.** He was the one who I had chosen to tag along. In the end. I reluctantly climbed down from the extension ladder. Let him call the shot, against my better gut feelings and wishes and begun to conceal the ladders in the industry yard. **Knowing in my gut. I had made the wrong choice.**

He would get out 18 years later and walk out free this time out front gates not over the wall. I'd see him that day, give him a large sum of \$, to help him out to get on his feet, our paths going separate ways once more.

They had found the damage to **HIS yard.** Had called it in over the radio. Now searching all the cell occupants of Acacia (4). Realised both of us were missing, then begin saturating the exterior of jail with security. Working outside in, as they weren't sure if we had breached the perimeter wall yet. Now both of us were pinned down inside the industries inner fence by a roving vehicle and the prison security patrols. **I just looked at him, he knew it was all over.** And it was all due to his yard damaged and him wasting further precious time with his fire alarm box, sensors. **If I had of gone, alone or he listened to me, then this would have been successful. Not a failure.**

We both knew **were off,** absolutely once helicopter with spotlights beaming jail. My gut just sank, I was literally overcome with nausea and sickness. Then came the sight of a huge contingent of Prison Squad security guards with their German sheppard dogs, entering the jail from the gatehouse. Johnny didn't want to get bitten by the approaching barking German Sheppard dog. **"I refused to declare our position."**

We both held out till the very last moment not one minute sooner, not comfortable in surrendering at all. Even if it took them (3) hours to find us with (2x) ladders in toe. They were fuming indeed as it was only some (6) weeks earlier the previous escape attempt was exposed, that they were still reeling from in the Media.

The squad had now converged all over the yard, surrounding us both. I yell out **'who you looking for?'** The gig was up, they all begun yelling, **over here! over here!**

Directing them to our position in the yard. They arrive in waves, then yell out directions for both of us to lie face down on the ground. Hands in front of us, they then jump all over us. Slice the clothing we were both wearing from our body's, removed now completely buck naked, and it was cold too. Then apply security handcuffs on both of us, fixed to a body belt, then leg restraints securing our legs.

CUFFED/CHAINED AND STARK BARE, COLD TOO!

Governor Paul Spuddano arrives, to lead us both back to Acacia, parading us to all and sundry. As if we were hunted captured game. The shame felt, with all those eyes intensely fixed on us, **like I said, it was cold, your manhood shrivels in such conditions.**

So embarrassing this exposure. This latest escape attempt causing much consternation In Victoria Head office in Corrections. As a consequence both me and Johnny Lindrea were placed in leg irons and hand cuffed to body belts during our (1) hour exercise periods.

In Acacia. John's restraints applied for two weeks only, me for a good three months.

Which was challenged in the Vic Supreme Courts. * Footnote I have read a version of this escape in a book Johnny Lindrea had provided the Author with details of.

Which are totally at odds with the facts. leaving out his part of the comedy of errors that had. **Caused our capture in the prison industrial grounds 100 metres from wall!**

9 OCTOBER 1996 TRANSFER TO N.S.W. GOULBURN A.S.U. ORDERS MADE.
During my stay in the Goulburn A.S.U. an old associate from Victoria I knew had arrived

there. That I had knew well. I had floated the idea of accessing hack saw blades. He said he was able to sort this out an order was then placed for (2) full length hack saws. Which I had paid up front a fee of \$500 was done.

I would have to patiently wait for them to arrive by escort from Long Bay Jail by another inmate. This inmate was not identified at that point, and basically came down to who was there at the time, headed to A.S.U. a luck of the draw situation. Beggars can't be choosers they say.

The courier to deliver the goods was a Protection inmate being housed in the A.S.U. He was a troublesome and incident plagued with Prison staff, arriving in the cell next to me. Tapping up on the wall calling out to me to pump out the water in the toilet, so we could speak. This done he then begins informing me 'my order had arrived.' That I could collect this the next day, that he would leave them in the gym yard for me. Sweet I say, thank's a heap. Can I do anything for ya? Do you need anything at all, nah he was sweet, just happy to help me out.

He then tells me how when he was at Central Local Court, held in the cells, he got into a scuffle with the screws, and by chance, one of them dropped his ring of keys in the cell. Before they had left.

Not aware of this, he removed a few four lever keys from the ring. Secreted them up his arse, and dumped the rest down the toilet. Where they just sat, visible to all, soon after the guards arrived quizzed him over the keys, search the cell, find and recover the keys from the toilet bowl. Aware that some are missing, he is then roughed up again, over the incident.

Now moved to Long Bay, 12 wing. Being a segregation location, pending investigation into the keys. I ask him, are they any good to use in this Jail, he replied. I don't think so, with that, the interest and conversation ended. I go to the gym the next day, locate and collect the items, immediatly hide elsewhere in the A.S.U. not prepared to hold in my own cell. As was far too risky, if found in my cell, they were lost and I was f*cked. But If found in the yards, then they were only lost, with no direct pinch to me.

SMELL A RAT!

Within days I notice a sudden interest in my cell searches, the Prison officers tipping it upside down, not as the usual inspections done. That was ok. I had hidden the items well and would not be found. The screws hoping that the hacksaws would be found in my possession, this would then bury me in the A.S.U. indefinitely.

The following week the Prison staff now come up with a "bullshit story." As the inmate who had delivered the order "must have revealed this to them" to generate brownie points, to get out of the unit, given that the officers were unable to find them. This would have been doing their f*cking heads in. The guards now claim a "key was found in my vegan meal."

That it was "intercepted by them." That I was now back on the most restrictive regime again, I'd just come off as a result of the "find." Being no contact visits, no tinned food, reduced access to phone calls, limited canteen buy up. I had argued the fact I had no knowledge of this, as I had never at any stage requested the keys at all.

I then stated I never put it there someone else had, "go see them not me." More so especially when they knew where the key's origin had come from the Protection inmate who had just delivered the order. As he was transferred to the A.S.U. unit over this incident from Long bay, stealing it from a Prison officer at the lock up.

He got cleared and was now moved and I got Penalised!

The A.S.U. Cheif Max Sharman had used this key and this snitch to load me up now, as he couldn't find the hack saws to keep me buried on the most punitive extreme regime. So pulled this rotten stunt. The prisoner who had the key in question went on to far better greener pastures for this. Weeks later Long Bay security squad would arrive at my cell.

SNEAKY MOVE. SQUAD FOOLED!

An UN announced to move me for a UN scheduled Court matter, making sure that everything was scanned with hand held metal detectors me included, the use of metal detectors had not been done before. Strip searched then placed in **"their own overalls."** All my legal stuff was thoroughly searched.

How do I get my **"cardboard box"** with a 1/2 hacksaw blade hidden within it, leaving my cell with a heap of legal papers with me. Thinking to accidentally leaving the box of legal docs behind, as they would find this. I left the my cell with a bundle of legal doc's upon arriving at reception. **I had Feigned I forgot the box of legal documents that related to the case, that I needed them.** That they were important an officer returns to my cell collects them, no metal detectors used as were running late now and in a hurry to leave.

LONG BAYS WINDOWS CUT TO SHREDS!

They had got through. Let's just say the cell. I was in at Long Bay. The bars were found to have been totally cut to pieces. I was moved back A. S. A. P, no hack saw was found to link me to any damages. Goulburn staff alerted to this, conducting a thorough search of all my property held in reception. **Now find the balance of the order of hacksaws.**

JAMMED!

During my term in N.S.W. from Oct 1996- Feb 2005, there were some (2) further escape attempts. I was linked to, and countless finds of plastic cuff keys, (1) attempt to test the new leg cuffs. Whilst worn during a **"Squad escort."** This did not go unnoticed by them, **"as they seized up."** Trying to "pick them a **"bit of plastic jamming in them," this had caused ALARM again.**

JUST FOR LAUGHS!

Then the fact I was aware A.S.U. Prison staff were sending in spies to me. Informers in hope that I would discuss matters with them, for a laugh. **"I DID!"**

Suggesting **"a high risk kamikaze plan to escape from the big exercise yard."** And closest to the wall, knowing the rubbish truck schedule was. Telling snitch.

I could cut open yard's roof bars, then would hi-jack the rubbish truck plough through front gates, ha ha ha. Within week they **set up barricades all over the joint to stop the plan.** ***BOLLARDS are now all over the place.***

(This is certain to be on file). "Thwarted escape bid I bet said." Entertainment Bored!

YES I HAVE INDEED ESCAPED FROM BOTH VICTORIAN AND NEW SOUTH WALES YOUTH DETENTION CENTRES AND MENS ADULT MAXIMUM PRISONS 2.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

ME! .