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BEANS BY ALL MEANZ!

MY BEST FIGHT EVER!

Raw, ferocious, blood, sweat and stiches!

AT WAR WITH CHOPPER

B ♦DIVISION PENTRIDGE 1990; THE OCTOGON!

PAYROLL ICE PICKED!

BANG ON CUE!

UNLUCKY FOR SOME, PICK OF THE HAT!

JULIAN KNIGHT, BANG. LIGHTS OUT NIGHT!

Not a word was uttered from him at all.

PETER GIBB:

I did make an impression on him.

KUNG-FOOL LEWIS CAINE.

TUNNEL VISION, PATRICK MILLS, BECOMES AIR BORNE!

LEGAL VISIT TERMINATED, WASN'T ME!

TED EASTMOND

MERRY X-MAS TED!

TED DEMANDS ME CHARGED HE IS PISSED!

DHJANGO:

LETS PLAY!

SPLIT DECISION!

RUNNERS LENT, I WOULD FIGHT FOR.

CHEAP SHOT!

SMOKE SIGNALS!

POT PREDATORS!

EXAMPLES MADE, JUST BUSINESS!

SPEARED, KOORI PUNISHMENT!

HALF TIME HUDDLE!

COMPLY OR BE GASSED!

GOULBURN YARDS, DEADLY TERRAIN!

Attack on sight were orders from every yard!

CANTEEN UP!

WEAPONS ORDERED!

SUNDAYS LOCK N LOAD, NO CHURCH SERVICE!

LOCKED IN THE OCTOGON LIVE BAIT!

ROCKING TO GHOST TUNES.COMBAT MODE!

DUDS, FIZZLED THREATS

BUNKER

CONTROLLED ATTACK!

HUMAN CURTAIN DRAWN

OUT COLD!

NOT ALL HAPPY

FATWAH

ME VS THE LEB YARD SOLO!

ALL IN

RECON COMES UNDONE!

GOULBURN RIOT KICKS OFF!

CAGE FIGHTING IN TRANSIT NO REFS!

C- CLASSO BUS RIDE CANCELLED. ONBOARD CONTRABAND FOUND.

STEPP0:

ARMED TO PLAY

NINJA TURTLE

SEX OFFENDERS were NOT welcome!

SNAKE PIT!

GAVIN PRESTON:

GAVS VERBAL CANT FIGHT!

PASQUALE BARBARO.

WATER BOTTLES, CHEMICAL AGENTS!

You are now my enemy, there are no rules!

Boxed in. I am closing in he's fucked!

I am now in full blown Solja mode now.

CUT TO SHREDS, BUSH WACKED AT BANKSIA.

TUNA ANYONE!

ELEMENT OF SURPRISE ALL BUT GONE, I'M ARMED 2!

THINK ABOUT THIS

MY BLOOD TRAIL WOULD REVEAL THIS!

GRAPHIC SHOTS OF ME!

MOORZA, MARNGONEET.

PETER THIEF EXPOSED!

KITCHEN KNIFE PRODUCED

I can't close my fist, it aint working. I grit my teeth, not in pain. But in f*cking anger!

Graeme telling the screws, he's gone crazy, he's got a knife, and he's going to kill me.

GRAPE FRUIT!

MORZAS LONG NIGHT!

TELL US WHO IT IS GRAEME.

DOUG- LASS JACKSON.

A BLACK GSXR RIDE TAKEN.

ADVANCED WARNINGS!

I WAS HIS BEST MAN!

BODY ARMOUR

IMPROVISED CHEMICAL AGENTS

READY TO RUMBLE!

JACKO ROCKED!

If I can still get my cutlery and linen pack?

Meanwhile Jacko is still on operating table being stitched up

Hugo Snitch.

HOLD THE PADS OR BECOME THE PADS!

SHIT BOMB MAD!

SHIT HAPPENS!

BIBLIOGRAPHY

ENTER THE OCTOGON :

11 AUGUST 1986. I GRADUATED TO THE BIG HOUSE PENTRIDGE AS A KID 17 YRS OLD.

D- DIVISION YARDS, FIRST SKIRMISH/FIRST BLOOD.

This induction to the Big House direct from a boy's home was a terrifying change in dynamics, I was now thrown in amongst hardened criminals at such a tender age, within weeks. I was stabbed repeatedly in the yard by an adult, **this was in part my fault.** As I had mailed the seasoned junkie a far older inmate of my intentions, bad move on my part. I would later learn from this mistake in future. I had clearly remembered this inmate from outside by his very distinct tattoo on his ear lobes. I was living in Footscray at the time, had run out of pot, in the early hours of the morning, too late for my local dealer, so I decide to catch a cab to St Kilda as a last resort to go about purchasing some pot. Never before having venturing out that way at all. I had wrongly assumed that I could get anything here on the street with an honest buy, do the deal and soon later be back on my way headed home to consume newly purchased pot, not expecting to be robbed at all. Within minutes I was approached by a shifty looking bloke asking if I wanted to score, me sticking out like dogs balls to the seasoned street hustler and dealer. Ripe for the pickings. I told him I did, he rattled off some good prices, far too good to believe, me not realising it was all a scam, eager to make the buy and leave, he then said for me to follow him. We walked a short distance to a nearby block of flats, said his dealer lived here, that I had to wait out front, I could understand this, so I gave him a few hundred dollars cash to buy an ounce of pot for me, within minutes. I could hear dogs barking in a nearby lane. I knew by this sound, I had just been got, by a professional seasoned street scammer. I tried to convince myself it was nothing more but cats, ten minutes pass by. **He was long gone, he lashed me!**

Now spotting him in another yard on remand, I was not completely sure if it was him or not. As I didn't really pay much attention to his tattoos, just a brief passing glance of them at the time, more focused on my pot cravings and demand. Now I had forewarned him of the impending drama if it was him who robbed me of the cash. What an Idiot!

That night I was going over the incident in my mind time and time again, replaying the scene. We were only on the lit up street for a few minutes, then mostly in the dark walking behind him in the nearby back street. Now convinced it was him, it had to be, the next day I called him into my yard. To sort it out. One on one, as he passed by my yard in the morning. He would later arrive with a couple of other prisoners, as back up. Unbeknown to me, he had entered packing a shiv. I was waiting for him all day, and saw him as soon as he entered with his group, they peeled off, as I called out to him to come down to the rear of yard two. I then started to walk to the rear of the yard myself, him a short distance trailing behind me. I would reach the far end of the yard, metres away from the old T.V. that was positioned in the yard for all the inmates to watch.

I turned around, to then begin walking towards him, closing the gap all psyched up by now, real angry of the fact he robbed me. I then began to throw punches at him, the next moment he pulls out a steel knife from behind his back. It must have been tucked into his rear waistband of his pants. I don't really comprehend this to begin with, until he begins to frantically start lashing out with this at me. Catching me a few times in the arm.

I realised what it was, fending off his stabs, as he lashed out at my face and upper body. Telling him you fucken little prick so angry by this. This was supposed to be a fight, a bare knuckle scrap, one on one, not a knife attack. He had managed to stab me a number of times.

I never felt it at all, I just went crazy oblivious to the fear and wounds being inflicted upon me. I actually lunged at him, tackling him to the ground now, taking him down in the process. Now both of us wrestling on the ground. I had managed to get on top of him, whilst wrestling. Pure survival instincts had by now kicked in. To take the knife of him, pinning him down bashing him with both hands going crazy adrenaline pumping reigning down blows on his face. I was to dis-arm him with my un-relentless reign of punches, they were like pistons coming down on him. All the while blood was dripping down on him from my stab wound to the face. I had grabbed his hand that held the weapon, banging it against the yard tarmac till he released its grip of the knife. Bang it clatters to the ground, him no longer a threat posed to me now. My friends by this stage, who had hovered around us, as with most of the yard, circling around the spectacle. Cheering us both on, those who had entered the yard in his group, encouraging him. Those I knew cheering for me, all this oblivious to me at the time.

Only afterwards, when my adrenaline settled did I take it all in. Just how dangerous it could have been to me, and that things like this can happen so easy. It aint boys homes now. But the Big house. The shiv was now lose and out of his reach, some few feet away. I now went for this, grabbing it, as I was now straddled on top of him. He was pinned underneath me, he was not going nowhere at all. I was now going to stick him with his own tool, so angry that it was used on me. Not feeling any of the puncture wounds he managed to inflict in his frenzy, my mates then took the weapon from me before I stabbed him with it. Unpeeling my hand, removing it from my firmly held grip. The screw in the tower now had caught on to the scene, given the crowd had formed a circle around us, not the usual inmates walking up and down the yard cutting laps. So we had to break up. I get up off him, the crowd then begins to disperse, before the screws ran in the yard to do a check, my mates had placed the weapon in the concrete sink near the showers, to wash the blood and evidence from it. It was now lying there, I had gone to the sink to wash the blood off my face. I look down into the sink and spot it there. What the fuck. Still incensed with the inmate not getting his just dues, more so now, as I was able to gauge the true extent of his stabbing frenzy. Holes in my jumpers revealing minor nicks, regardless of how deep, they were there, my adrenaline still pumping.

I then grab the knife, begin to walk towards the yard gate, zero in on him. Locked in, nothing else matters he is still in the yard. Waiting for the guard to open the gate, he sees me walking directly for him. His mates are there too, the knife clearly visible in my right hand, no attempt to conceal at all. it was if I were a zombie on a mission, to exact my revenge and pain upon him. They see me approach, so do the rest of the yard, my mates had walked up and stopped in front of me, trying to block me from advancing any further towards him. I would just step aside them. In was in the zone focused on my assailant, he could see that I was nearing and at a steady pace. He then begins to yell out to the prison guards to open the yard. Rattling the gate back and forwards, making a big noise. I am no more than ten

feet away, his eyes full of fear, him yelling at the guard more intensely, his mates had all peeled away. Just me and him now, and me with his weapon, he was trapped in the opposite end of the yard now. With only a few feet to go, the prison officer arrives at the gate, tells him to settle down what does he want? He then tells the guard that he is not from this yard, he is from another yard, and wants to leave now. The guard then lambasts him for being in the wrong yard, opens the gate, the prisoner doesn't linger about. As soon as the gate begins to slide open, he pushes past the guard, and stampedes out, with the guard yelling at him to come back. The other two in his group follow suit, the guard perplexed by it all, quickly secures the gate again before any other inmates make a mad rush out of the yard. Yes Steven Price may have got away from me, but the fear and look in his eyes was so satisfying. Better than the consequences of stabbing him. Witnessing him flee, the terror in his face, made it all the better, helped the healing process. I then return to the concrete sink and do some patch up work. No Band-Aids, so improvised with toilet paper and sticky tape now applied as sutures. This was fine till, the prison guards called a snap muster a head count. As had reports now of the incident, and were checking every body's hands and faces for injuries. Needless to say. I was plucked out from the yard, denied any involvement, was taken to the infirmary to be properly cleaned up, returned back to my yard soon afterwards. This was the 23rd August 1986. **The stabbing was noticed and reported by clinical staff August 1986. I fail to return to have stitches taken out, I had removed them myself.**

18.

A harrowing ordeal, the fear instilled in me unable to describe for a kid not yet old enough to drive a car. Yet in an adult population surrounded by hard core violence. Steve Page was moved to B- Division within days. I was transferred to A- Division soon after, on the 29th August 1986. Only to bump into him again there, this time in the chook pen. A big exercise yard shared by B, E, and A Division. This play pen had many casualties, he was now waiting for me there, soon as I arrive to this yard. This now being HIS yard, he sees me, and calls me over to the gym, a tin shed, full of free weights, dumbbells and bar bells. Deadly weapons within hands reach and out of sight from all the prison guards. My gut sinks to, instant apprehension and fear spreads through my body, full of trepidation now. I think here we go again, he had a few prisoners in his company in toe again, backing him up.

I say to myself, fuck it let's go! He then tells me. He has no dramas with me, to forget about it. Otherwise he has a lot of friends and. I can get fucked up bad, it was my call. I wasn't silly, I let it pass. Let bygones be bygones. I learnt much from this experience indeed.

Firstly don't pre-warn your enemies of your intentions.

That jail is a very un-predictable violent war zone. Never drop your guard ever! And finally how to patch up open wounds with improvised toilet paper and sticky tape, something. Which I would come to experience many a time over the decades.

Exposed to extreme fear and threat of death, and being stabbed. P.T.S.D. exposure.

THE CHOOK PEN:

5th December 1986. I was the subject of an assault in the B- division exercise compound yard a.k.a. The Chook pen. I had my jaw broken by a group of (4) inmates.

My history from Youth Training Centre Popular House boys home, had caught up and found me. The bashing of another tough guy, older than me at the time. He was just on 17, whilst I was still 16, it was a power control thing for the running of the place caught up to me, breaking his nose in the process. As a result of this incident and his serious charges he was moved to Pentridge. He had now arrived from Jika- Jika and had a strong group of inmates in his company, all with violent reputations and history's, and was now in the compound with all his mates. I knew that this moment would come, it was at the back of my head. I actually thought it would have been a lot sooner, then now. He saw me before I saw him, as I wasn't really paying much attention to my surrounds at the time. In a false sense of security, he was more accustomed to scanning the terrain for dangers. He calls out to me, I turn around to see who it was. My jaw dropped and heart stopped when I realised it was him, again, instant apprehension at the sight of him. As I had heard of some jail stories he was involved in. he was now a far more dangerous angry fuck, then when he was as a kid, that I knew. And he now wanted to show me how he was now in control of the compound yard, this was his territory not mine.

THE PORTABLES OCTOGON, BLINDSHOT:

His name was Tony Bolton, and would years later be charged with a Jail murder in A Division back in 1988-9. I was now lured into the portables, which housed the table tennis & pool tables. The favourite location for most of assaults in compound, either that or the gym, as no staff were able to monitor what was unfolding inside. Thinking now to myself, that I would be either stabbed or bashed by them, if not both, yet I can't run. I am stuck in the yard.

I thought, f*ck it here I go. Knowing full well what was on their agenda. I still went inside, as I had entered was surrounded by his group, one pulled my head talking to me, this was a well-rehearsed planned attack. The others had now, as if on cue fanned around me, whilst another cheap had shot me. With a blind side king hit unseen, knocking me out, resulting in a broken jaw. I picked myself from the lino floor when I had come too, how long I was unconscious for I am not sure. I managed to walk out the portables, amid some curious looks from the other prisoners by now in the compound, whispering to one another, probably talking of me, I'm sure. The lunch time announcement came over the compound speaker, letting all the prisoners know, that they were to return to their respective divisions. This was for lunch, then we would return at 1 pm till 3.pm again return to our respective divisions.

Having earlier arrived at compound at 8.30.am. I now return to my cell, to have a better look in the mirror, and notice that my jaw is not only sore, but my jaws cheek was swollen too. And it was feeling real odd, soon after a mate of mine arrives in my cell, and tells me he had heard of what happened in the compound, asking me if I am o.k.? I reply. Yeah, but I think my jaws broken, and I don't know what to say to get treatment. I am not telling the screws I got knocked out, I gotta think of something as its real sore and it's fucked, without lagging.

I then come up with the idea, that I was running on the outside running track of the yard, the prisoners were playing cricket, as they were, and the inmate smashed the ball, as it was headed towards me, some called out, yelling to me watch it. Not knowing what was

being said to me, un-able to make it out. I had turned my head towards them, then bang a cricket ball hits me flush on the side of the face, the other prisoner says to me. Well who can say it never happened, it's plausible, so with that. I went to the screws box and repeated my story to them, they then had me escorted to the Pentridge hospital PEP, repeating my story again to the nurses and then the doctor, x-rays taken confirming it broken.

18.

I was then returned to A division, placed on a soft food diet and given a medical sick in cell chip to stay in cell for a few days. Meaning that I did not have to go to the Chook pen. What a relief, but I had only bought a few days, this was only a short respite, not a fix. Tony was still there not going away, there was talk that I may have said something. As I never came back to the Chook pen that afternoon. Then they were told by my mate the next day, what I had said, about the cricket ball, as they knew he was close to me. Tony had bailed him up. After that, they left him alone. I had to confront my assailants in the compound when my sick in cell medical chip expired. The days felt like months, the worries of what may happen next. As soon as I arrived to the compound. Tony was already there, and had seen me, as I was entering the gate entrance. I saw him too, he calls me over. I think to myself, what the fuck now, and here we go again round two. I walk up to him, he puts out his hand to shake greeting me. this aint what I had expected at all, tells me you're alright, you never bailed never lagged, I respect that, I extend my hand now accepting his and we shake. (We end up calling it even we did).

Exposed to extreme fear and threat of death, and being stabbed. P.T.S.D. exposure.

28th DECEMBER 1986.

THAT I RECEIVED A BLACK EYE IN LATE DECEMBER 1986, I WAS ASSAULTED BY A FAR BIGGER OLDER PRISON INMATE FRANK WAGHORNE A 18 STONE HULK INMATE AT 5FT 2INCHS A VIOLENT CROOK. WHO WOULD LATER TO BE CHARGED WITH A MURDER OF A WELL KNOWN OLD SCHOOL ARMED ROBBER OF BANKS AND WITH PAINTER AND DOCKER LINKS. NICK NAMED BEEPA.

BANG RIGHT BETWEEN THE EYES!

THE LEAD UP TO THIS WAS A TRIVIAL PETTY REMARK MADE BY ME. I ACTUALLY USED TO ASSOCIATE WITH FRANK AND HIS RUNNERS, FRANK WAS A CHRONIC SPEED USER. HE HAD JUST GOT HIS DELIVERY OF SPEED, HAD A SHOT AND WAS BUZZING OFF HIS HEAD AT THE TIME. I MADE A SMART REMARK. HE TOOK OFFENCE TO IT, AND OUT OF NOWHERE BANG RIGHT BETWEEN THE F*CKEN EYES. NEVER EXPECTED NOR SAW IT COMING, HE WAS QUICK FOR A FAT F*CK. OTHER INMATES THAT I WOULD HANG OUT WITH. SAID CHRIS YA CANT COP THAT. YOU GOTTA DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT. OTHERWISE YOU WILL BE A TARGET FOR EVERYONE, AND YOUV E ALREADY HAD A FEW ISSUES AS IT IS. MAKE A STATEMENT OR SUFFER! THAT IN MIND NOW, I THOUGHT ABOUT THIS OVERNIGHT. **YES THEY WERE RIGHT.**

FRANK WAGHORN BOILED

HE WAS A BIG VIOLENT FUCK, PUNCH FOR PUNCH HE WOULD LITERALLY POUND ME INTO OBLIVION. BUT THERE WERE OTHER WAYS TO GET EVEN, YOU'RE IN JAIL ANYTHING GOES. WE ARE IN A WAR ZONE, NO RULES APPLY HERE AT ALL, AS LONG AS IT WORKS AND YOU WIN. SOMEONE APPROACHS ME THE NEXT DAY, ASKS ME WHAT I WAS GOING TO DO ABOUT IT. I HAD REPLIED NOT SURE WHY? HE THEN OFFERS A FEW DIFFERENT OPTIONS TO ME TO CONSIDER. THE BEST IDEA OF THE LOT, WAS JUG HIM WITH BOILING HOT WATER. THIS WAS SIMPLE EFFECTIVE AND I OWNED A JUG. SO I DIDN'T HAVE TO GO AND SOURCE THIS IMPROVISED WEAPON. SO I BEGUN TO BOIL MY JUG UP EVERY FIFTEEN MINUTES. AS I LIVED ON THE BOTTOM LANDING ACROSS FROM ME, WAS HIS DRUG RUNNER. WHO HE WOULD VISIT OFTEN DURING THE DAY. BOTH HAVING SHOTS OF SPEED TOGETHER.

FRANK WAS LIVING AT THE OTHER END OF THE WING, WHICH MENT TO GET TO HIS CELL. I WOULD HAVE TO PASS THE SCREWS BOX, CARRYING A STEAMING HOT JUG. THIS DID NOT APPEAL TO ME AT ALL, AS I NEVER ANTICIPATED I WOULD GET PINCHED FOR THIS ACT. WHAT WAS I F*CKING THINKING IDIOT ME.

SO I SIT BACK ALL DAY WAITING FOR FRANK TO ATTEND THE CELL ACROSS FROM ME. IT WAS X-MAS HOLIDAYS, THE CHOOKPEN WAS NOT COMPULSORY NOW, ONLY IF YOU CHOSE TO GO THERE, YOU COULD. SO I WAS IN THE WING ALL DAY NOW. WAITING WAITING WAITING, THEN SHEPPY ARRIVES TO HIS CELL, FRANK IS NOT FAR BEHIND. BEAUTY,

THIS IS THE MOMENT I HAD BEEN WAITING FOR ALL DAY. PUT THE JUG BACK ON THE BOIL. WONT TAKE LONG AS IT WAS ALREADY HOT, NOT FIVE MINUTES AGO IT HAD BOILED. CLICK THE AUTO CUT OFF KICKS IN. I NOW DETACH THE CORD, CARRY THE OLD CERAMIC JUG IN MY RIGHT HAND. PUSH DOWN THE PUTTON TO RELEASE THE LID, SO NOW IT'S OPEN, READY TO POUR. WALK THE LAST FEW PACES TELLING MYSELF THIS HAS TO HAPPEN,

AS I NOW ENTER SHEPPYS CELL DOORWAY. I SEE SHEPPY STANDING AT THE REAR OF HIS CELL, WITH HIS BACK TO ME, FRANK NOT THREE FEET FROM ME. SITTING DOWN ON THE SINGLE BED. HE LOOKS UP, SURPRISED TO SEE ME, PROBABLY THINKING WHAT THE F*CK HAS HE GOT A STEAMING HOT JUG IN HIS HANDS FOR?

THE NEXT SECOND. I LOOK DIRECTLY INTO FRANKS EYES, THE PENNY HASN'T DROPPED YET.

THEN I TELL HIM AS I AM LOOKING AT HIM. FUCKEN COP THAT YOU FAT F*CK, AND EMPTY THE WHOLE JUGS CONTENTS DIRECTLY HITTING HIM IN HIS FACE. HE YELPS AND SCREAMS OUT LOUD. A HIGH PITCH IN PAIN NO DOUBTS, THE HOT WATER NOW RUNNING DOWN HIS EXPOSED NECK AND TOP HALF OF BODY. WHICH HIS WHITE T-SHIRT HE WAS WEARING, WAS NOW ALL SOAKING WET, STEAM LITERALLY RISING FROM HIM AS HE JUMPS UP. CAUSING ME TO STEP BACK OUT OF THE CELL, RETREATING INTO THE MIDDLE OF THE LANDING NOW.

HE HAD STAGGERED TOWARDS ME NOW. YELLING AND SCREAMING AT THE TOP OF HIS VOICE, I TELL HIM TO SHUT UP **STOP YELLING YOU WILL ATTRACT SCREWS.** HE THEN YELLS AT ME AGAIN TO DROP THE JUG. I SAY F*CK OFF IDIOT, YOU ARE A GOOD 18 STONE, THIS MAKES UP FOR THE SIZE OF YOU. NOW CLENCHING HANDLE OF THE CERAMIC JUG, IMPROVISED AS A KNUCKLE DUSTER. READY TO SWING AT HIS HEAD, WHICH. WOULD THEN SMASH ON IMPACT CAUSING GREAT DAMAGE, WITH JAGGED PIECES EMBEDDED UPON IMPACT. WITH A BIT OF LUCK THE HANDLE WOULD STILL REMAIN INTACT,

WITH A SHARP JAGGED PART OF THE JUG EXTENDING FROM IT. AGAIN HE YELLS AT ME TO DROP THE JUG, I TELL HIM F*CK YOU. THIS IS MY EVENER. SHEPPY THEN LEAVES THE CELL, CARRYING A TOWEL TO GIVE TO FRANK, AS HE WIPES HIS FACE. SKIN JUST STICKS TO THE CLOTH, PEELING FROM HIS FACE. WE ARE NOW IN A MEXICAN STAND-OFF, PRISONERS START TO CONGREGATE AROUND US, DRAWN IN FROM FRANKS SCREAMS. NEXT THE SCREWS ARRIVE, REALISING SOMETHING IS WRONG, SEE ME WITH THE JUG, FRANK MOPPING HIS FACE WITH THE TOWEL. HIS FACE WAS LITERALLY PEELING AWAY IN THE PROCESS. MAKE THE CONNECTION, FORCIBLE GRAB ME BY THE ARMS TAKE THE JUG FROM ME. THEN WALK ME THE 15 OR SO FEET TO MY CELL. LOCK ME INSIDE AND THEN LEAVE. THEY THEN ASK FRANK WHAT HAPPENED, HE TELLS THEM, AND TAKE HIM TO THE PEP HOSPITAL, I AM LOCKED IN M Y CELL FOR A DAY OR SO, **THEN MOVED TO H- DIVISION.**

Following my stint In H- Division. I had become far more violent and disturbed.

BEECHWORTH VIOLENCE.

FEBRUARARY 1987.

I was transferred to Beechworth Prison soon after arriving at this Jail, I had bashed an inmate, over such a petty matter, and Prison staff had actually heard his screams for help from the screws box consul. Then start doing a walk of tier following his screams, wasn't hard to track down, all the other inmates heads out looking up at the cell it was coming from. The stereo on full boar from next cell could not drown out all screams and noise, screws literally caught me. **Red handed covered in blood still wearing gloves and a balaclava.**

Which they had to tear off me. The cell next to my victim was blacky Morgan, a long-time friend of mine, going back to Youth Training Centres. I had kitted up from his cell, putting on the disposable clothing overtop my other pair. The rubber gloves and balaclava now on in place, he peeps out his cell to see if it was all clear, sweet. I then step out and enter cell next door. **He was to then lock me in, from the outside, sliding bolt across.** I would then tap on door, to let me out, to avoid victim fleeing cell. **Things like that do happen, they run and flee the fear first chance they get.** Due to all the screams coming from within cell, all heads tuned into him standing outside the cell. Leaning over tier railing, trying to act normal as if he couldn't hear or did not know someone was getting really f*cked up inside cell next to him. He froze, when screws had descended towards him. Leaving not only victim locked in cell. **But me now also trapped. Next thing the locked secure cell door fly's open, the sight of two screws, pinched!**

Charged with this offence, transferred back to Pentridge. **I had real bad anger issues now!**

B.B.Q. PAEDAPHILE FIZZLED!

THERE WAS ALSO ANOTHER INCIDENT UNFOLDING WHILST AT BEECHWORTH JAIL

RELATING TO A PAEDAPHILE CHILD KILLER DEREK PERCY, WEEKS EARLYER. I WAS DISGUSTED SUCH A VILE CREATURE WAS WALKING AMONGST US IN THE WING. WITH NO-ONE ELSE WERE DOING ANYTHING ABOUT IT. ALLOWING IT TO WANDER FREELY. THIS POSITION WAS NOT SHARED BY ME. IT LIVED ON SAME BOTTOM LANDING AS IT DID. SOME 5 ODD CELLS ACROSS FROM ME. I SECURED SOME PETROL FROM A LAWN MOWER, A GLASS JAR, AND RAG. PRESTO A MOLTOVE COCKTAIL!

WAITED FOR IT TO RETURN TO HIS CELL FROM WORK. LIGHT RAG.

THREW THE MOLOTOV COCKTAIL NOW ALIGHT IN HIS CELL, CLOSED CELL DOOR, AND THEN SLID THE BOLT ACROSS HIM NOW LOCKED INSIDE FROM OUTSIDE.

WAITED FOR THE CRISPY OUTCOME.

TO MY SHOCK, UTTER HORROR AND SHEER DISBELIEF, SOME MINUTES HAVING BY NOW PASSED. HE WAS BANGING ON HIS CELL DOOR.

WITH THE THOUGHTS AND IMAGES IT ALIVE, THRASHING ABOUT ON FIRE INSIDE HIS CELL. IN HIS FINAL LAST DEATH THROWS. THEN TO NOW HEAR HIM BEGIN TO BANG ON HIS CELL DOOR. THE SHEER DISAPPOINTMENT WAS COMPOUNDED EVEN FURTHER, WHEN PRISON STAFF HAD ARRIVED AT HIS CELL DUE TO ALL BANGING, AGAIN ZEROING IN TO THE NOISE.

OPENED UP HIS CELL DOOR, HIS HAND THEN VENTURING OUT, TO PASS THEM THE MOLATOV COCKTAIL STILL INTACT. WHAT THE F*CK! I CANT BELIEVE MY EYES, I AM WATCHING ALL THIS UNFOLD BEFORE ME FROM MY CELL. ACROSS FROM HIM. MY CELL DOOR OPEN, AJAR SOME FEW INCHES, NOW PEEPING AT THIS SCENE. THIS CANT BE HAPPENING.

HE HAD CARPET FLOORING IN HIS CELL, WAS WASHING HIMSELF HAVING A BIRD BATH. AS HE DID NOT FEEL SAFE IN THE COMMUNAL SHOWERS, WHEN HIS CELL DOOR FLYS OPEN. A MOLATOV LOBBED IN, BY A BALACLAVA CLAD INMATE. HE JUMPS UP IN ALARM.

AND IN THE PROCESS, IS HIT BY THE HURLING PROJECTILE. THE LINE OF FIRE BEING THE REAR CELL WALL, WAS NOT REACHED. HE HAD STEPPED INTO ITS DEADLY PATH BY CHANCE. DEFEATING SURE DEATH BY THIS ACT OF JUMPING UP IN FRIGHT AT THE SIGHT AND IMAGE OF A BALACLAVA CLAD FOE.

INSTEAD OF MOLOTOV HITTING REAR WALL AND EXPLODING INTO FIRE AS INTENDED. THE GLASS JAR WAS, TO THEN LAND ON CARPET FLOORING, NOT BREAKING IN ITS FALL.

ONLY NOW SCORCHING THE CARPET, PUT OUT WITH WATER FROM HIS TUB. HE WOULD SURVIVES THE B.B.Q. DEREK PERCY NEVER VENTURED BACK OUT FROM THE CELL, HE WAS THEN SECURED, AND LOCKED IN HIS CELL FOR HIS OWN SAFETY, AND WAS MOVED PLACED ON ESCORT FROM THE JAIL WITHIN DAYS. I'M ALSO ON ESCORT 14 APRIL 1987.

GEELONG JAIL RAMBO PILLED UP

TRANSFERRED TO GEELONG PRISON 4TH MAY 1987. During my time at this Jail, or ever for that matter. I had never taken rivital pills before, they are similar in effect to rohipnals, and they make you feel like Rambo, hence the term why they're called Rambos. I was given a good handful and now took them as if they were tic tacs. And now thought I was **RAMBO!**

I had got involved in a fight, I was literally unable to walk or talk, a bumbling dribbling mess.

The other prisoner knew I was effected by them, wasn't hard to not notice. As I was normally exercising and always fit and in full control of my senses. He had attempted to talk to me about a matter, but I had ignored his pleas. I took offence to his sticking his head in, in another prisoners problems. I then pushed him away from me. This act had provoked him.

Him now taking a big swing at me. Wasn't hard not to miss. Bang hit right on the side of my jaw, not that I had felt it. Nor would I for some days later, with all the pills in me, they are slow release and linger in the system for days. You don't realise just how affected you are at the time at all. I falling over like a big oak tree, slowly tilting till I hit the ground, crash!

Me now on the ground prone, he then straddled me, at the same time trying to get me to see reason. I refused all his attempts at his reasoning, the prison guards were doing a patrol of the wing, approaching the little alcove where the phone booth was situated. The prison phone was located on the second landing of the Jail. Directly above the bottom landings screw s box consul. He then gets up off from me, this was now witnessed by Prison staff who intervened.

Me denying anything had taken place, they were not accepting what I had to offer and now escorted me to the front part of the jail, the sight of me staggering, dribbling and incoherent wouldn't have helped my case either. I was told I had to be examined by the onsite doctor, and told to wait outside his room. In the corridor, that lead back into the body of the jail. Which had a gate I had to pass through again. This was right at the foot of the screws box consul on the bottom landing.

The prison guards had left me un-attended sitting on a wooden bench in the corridor, f*ck this shit I said. I got up, staggered back to the wing gate, and impatiently rattled it back and forth getting the attention of the guard in the screws box. Telling him, I was all good. The doctor said I can return to the wing. He steps forward, reaches for his keys and opens the gate to let me back into the wing. Then locks the gate again. Him returning back to his post in the guard box, me. I bee-line straight for my cell. I had a 4x2 lump of wood with nails driven through this sticking out hidden behind my cell door. I grab this and a Stanley knife from the box I had under my bed. Now I was on a mission **Get Tony**, the prisoner who had caused me to fall back over flat on my back.

I then leave my cell, begun yelling out his name as I wandered along the second tier. I head to his cell, its empty, then I again start to yell out his name again for all the wing to hear totally oblivious to all, did not care one iota, like I said Rambo. The next moment the screws spot me, and single file head towards me. There were four of them this time. The one on the point, was the chief, with a hard ass history, no nonsense hands on type of bloke. Tries to talk to me at first, realises that aint getting nowhere fast. Then tries to make a move on me, tuff cunt.

GEELONG JAIL WAS MINE FOR AN HOUR

Yet I pilled to the gills, side step and lunge towards him with the Stanley knife I had concealed down my pants. He took off, I would later lunge at the Prison staff again with this weapon, when they had once more attempted to subdue me, and this time they went in retreat and ceased such repeats. Now walking the top landing with the 4x2 bit of wood with nails sticking out on one end. totally un-challenged by the prison guards, they had made the call to Pentridge Prison to have the squad arrive to now deal with the problem, and this would take about an hour before they arrive. Until then I was determined that I got hold of Tony, calling out his name in the wing. Prison staff were fully aware of this, and had secured the gate to the outside compound yard as he was outside in the compound at the time. A few inmates who I got along well with, had come up to me, to see reason, emphasising that I could not get to Tony. And that the screws from Pentridge were on their way, for me to give up the weapons to them. They would hide then, from the screws convincing me to surrender the weapons to them before the Squad arrived.

I was transferred from this Jail, on the 27th January 1988, over this incident. Arriving at D- Division Pentridge. I arrive at D Division. I noticed I had problems eating a day later, when effects of the pills begun wearing off. My jaw was all wobbly, trying to eat cold toast, was impossible. I couldn't chew at all! My jaw was indeed again broken and needed to be wired at St Vincent's hospital. 30 JANUARY 1988. To have my jaw now wired.

18.

ARARAT JAIL, OUTBOXED!

Transferred From H to Ararat Jail on 25th January 1989. By now I was displaying acts of violence towards all other inmates. I was very angry inside of me. **That when I was held at Ararat Jail. I had gotten into a brief fight with another prisoner Leigh Train an amateur boxer.**

Who had actually fought in the ring. This feud was over pot, a few punches thrown by each, nothing in it really, before it come to an end and had fizzled out. At the time I received a bloody nose. I would later learn it was broken and on a permanent slight slant now.

BEANS BY ALL MEANZ!

Anyway within weeks. I am on escort back to D- Division, along with Leigh Train the prisoner who had broken my nose, he arrives also. I never expected to see him on the muster line held indoors of the wing. I said to myself, f*ck this cunt. I will sort him out the following day in the yard, he can fight. But if I ambush him down the back of the yard, he can't defend, a pillowslip with a few tins of baked beans inside, yes that should do the job nicely.

So. I then prepared my prison carry bag, that evening, already packed now and go to sleep on that thought. The next day they crack our cells, we are then herded to the bottom landing, to be counted and assigned our designated yard for the day. He spots me, I spot him he is about thirty inmates down the muster line from me. We are all told to break off, meaning. Head to our appointed allocated yard, given he is on this line with me, this means, he is in my yard.

I am at the beginning of the line, so I enter the yard before him. Carrying my bag with all my clothes, canteen and the pillowslip tucked in the top of bag, easy access, the baked beans lose right next to it, easy to slip inside when needed. If I had of put them inside pillowslip, there was a chance it could be found, as the prison guards do spot searches on the muster line before you go to the yard. I did not want to risk it, was just as simple to just open the top of my prison issue carry bag put my hand inside. Open the pillow slip, then fumble around for the baked beans and place them inside easy done without even looking inside the bag. I walk to yard one. Head straight for the rear of the yard, select a table and now face towards the front of yard, watching the prisoners enter this domain. My back to the wall. Leigh ambles up, sees me. We both nod our heads in recognition of each other, got to keep him sweet, he feels safe, not cautious or worried of me, great. I need to make him feel comfortable and at ease. I give it some five minutes, he had put his prison issue carry bag down at his feet.

He was all relaxed and was some ten feet away from me. To my left, standing at the back concrete fixed tables situated at the back of the yard, he too looking towards the entrance of yard one. Perfect, I could veer across to him easy. I bend down reach for the prison issue

carry bag, look down see the white pillowslip, and spread it open blindly with my fingers only, no need to look down at it, keep my eyes locked on and trained on my impending target some ten feet away. Then grab the two tins of baked beans alongside of it, slide them into the opening of the mouth of pillow now outstretched out, all my touch now. Not taking my eyes off Leigh at all, my adrenaline begins to kick in, juices pumping, the impending fear and danger of what was to come, and may happen, if it went bad for me, The tables turning, with Leigh taking control of my bag full of beans and it used against me, as in the case with **Pagey** and his shive.

Leigh was no slouch at all. All this going through my mind overriding all else now. I had to strike, and I had to strike hard, be ruthless and unrelenting, **this was a war zone!** One Two Three, now strike. I tell myself! I am in motion, attack mode, the beans are inside the pillowslip. I then grab the top of pillowslip, pull it out of the prison bag, the beans clunk inside. Leigh is talking to someone to his left, his right side blind. I then twirl the pillowslip around, and reduce its overall length, by wrapping it around my right hand. So it was now shorter, and far easier to control, not wildly flinging about. This all done in a few seconds, that quick none of the prisoners near me realising what was happening till.

I begin savagely attacking Leigh with this improvised weapon across his head. He never saw it coming. Bang, bang, bang, by the third hit his head was literally split open grous. Torn open from the edges of the tins, and he was trying to cover up with his hands to fend off the reigning assault taking place. He was totally out of his depth now, and on the back foot.

I paused for a moment, saw the damage done so far, and it was only three direct hits. I said to myself, f*ck if I keep going I will probably kill the prick. This was not a part of my plan or intention at all. I then said, he is now softened up enough. I will finish him off by my own hands. Believing, this would be easy, as he was pretty f*cked up by now. With that, I dumped the pillowslip at my feet, and started to attack him with a flurry of punches. All geed up, not realising they were not as effective as I had hoped for, he had absorbed them far better than the tins. As by this stage he was un-aware the pillowslip lay resting at my feet, as was still in a defensive position with both his arms covering his head. So my blows were literally impacting on his hands not his head or face. He drops his hands, realising the difference, the tins no longer forming a part of attack.

MY BEST FIGHT EVER!

Now shapes up, and we then go toe to toe. I had seriously under estimated this bloke, he was bleeding profusely from his mangled head wounds. But still in good enough shape to box on, and box on we did! This bloke. I hit with huge big punches relentlessly, he was dazed from the tins of beans. But still standing, f*cken what a machine I am saying to myself, I could not believe it. He ends up running at me, I am rugby tackled to the ground now, rolling around. I end up on top of him. Again I am throwing punches at him downwards now, this has been going on for at least 20 minutes, by this stage. My hands literally feel like lead now, I am totally spent, my punches have no power left in them at all. Yes still hitting him in the face.

But not doing the damage they were supposed to be doing. By this stage a large crowd had gathered around us a long time ago, cheering us both on. This was a mad desperate duel between two gladiators, blood everywhere faces/ heads all mangled. His head all torn to pieces, hands all busted up from amount of punches thrown, knuckles scrapped of all skin.

Yet still going. In complete exhaustion, I am literally about to collapse on top of him, then the yells from the other prisoners. The screws are coming, and how they had let it go for so long was beyond me. **This was literally the bell, sounded in the boxing ring.** Thank f*ck for that! I literally had to roll off over him, pick myself up and stagger to the end of the yard.

Raw, ferocious, blood, sweat and stiches!

Heading to the concrete sink, to wash up, and quickly remove my top, a prisoner hands me another, now swapped over for a clean item, as mine was covered in not only my blood but Leigh's also. My clothes were torn to pieces too, this was a fair dinkum yard brawl, yet with only two involved. Not the run of the mill yard scrap. I would have loved to have watched this spectacle from the sidelines. Paid good money to view true. Within a few moments, the prison guards arrive into the yard, call a snap muster, do a head count, all inmates are now on the white line in the yard, used for the muster.

They begin to examine each prisoner's hands, as they had to be outstretched, to be examined for skin wear and tear, and then inspect the inmates face. For any tell-tale signs of injuries, needless to say, we were both plucked from the yard. Both sent to the medical centre to be examined. I had refused any medical attention. I believe he had a number of stiches, as he was fucked up a lot more than me, from the initial attack of tins of beans. For the record, the **beans did not survive the belting**, were mangled that bad. I couldn't even open with the can opener, so were thrown out.

That afternoon. I had approached another prisoner to have him give me a shiv, as this issue may not be over yet, so better prepared for the worst. Leigh was a fucking machine, I was now full of concern, jail is and can be a deadly place, and inmates do die simple as that.

This now foremost in my mind, would he seek revenge for the onslaught he was subjected too? I did not know, and this troubled me. I at least would feel more secure, not completely safe. But protected. The shiv was passed to me that evening, what a sigh of relief. A big exhale of anxiety now emptied from my insides, once this weapon, had found my hands. Now firmly held and gripped for dear life. The following morning upon let go. I am lining up on the white muster line, look over my shoulder low and behold. Leigh is about thirty feet up the line, and spots me, our eyes again had made contact. The guards call break off, and the Prisoners head to our yard, being one yard. I once more head to the rear of yard, drop my bags then turn to face the rest of inmates as they are entering the yard, my eyes scanning for Leigh. I spot him and watch his every step taken, he too is aware I am intently focused on him. He gets half way up the yard and peels off to the right, and positions himself on the wooden bus stop bench fixed to the wall. In open space, not amongst the group setting, hard to get to unseen. He knows better, aint coming down the back again, far too risky. I have the shiv down the rear of my pants tucked into my waistline. What now I say to myself, he is thinking the very same, the screws both detest us.

Hate our guts, knew we had a major stink in the yard, and were watching much of it from the gate, as some inmates had witnessed this

and told me. After about ten minutes he cautiously begins to walk towards me. I think here we go again, I put my right hand behind my back, he notices the move, knows what this act means. I have something secreted there, not good for him at all, about ten feet separate us, he says to me. Chris the screws both hate us, and have put us back in yard to watch us kill each other for their entertainment.

I'm not about to make them happy putting on another show for them, we are better than that.

I look up at the tower, sure enough the screw there is watching the pair of us. I then said, you know what you're right, f*ck it, we are square now. With that he comes even further, extends his hand. I accept it and we shake. I tell him at the same moment, f*ck you're a tough f*cker, you have a head on ya like f*cking concrete man. I hit you with every ounce of energy I had.

Even the tins of baked beans never survived the ordeal. And you were still standing, that was the best fight I have ever been in, at that time I tell him. And to this date even, let's just say he was still cautious of me. But in time we would become good friends having a great deal of mutual respect towards each other, the fight having becoming legendary talk of the system. Raw, ferocious, blood, sweat and stiches! FOR THE RECORD I WAS MOVED TO A-DIVISION THAT AFTERNOON. **Exposed to extreme fear and threat of death, P.T.S.D. exposure.**

29 MARCH 1989 TRANSFERRED TO H DIV.

AT WAR WITH CHOPPER

This period I was **at war with Chopper Reed**, as I had verbally confronted him when he had arrived into custody at D- Division for his arrest over the Bojangles shooting of the Turk.

I had actually opened his cell trap, when he was on the bottom landing on Protection 23 hour lock up, when I was going to sick parade. Having been made to wait on the white muster line.

When the guard at the top of the line went inside the clinic area for a brief moment, I had quickly run to his cell, crack his cell door trap open. He instantly knows something is wrong. Darts to the front of cell into the far left hand corner, out of sight. I yell out Chopper where are ya tough cunt, hiding in the corner so no-one can see or get ya?

He then replies who are ya? I don't hesitate. My name is Chris Binse f*ck head, don't you forget that. He says I don't know you. I replied yeah that's right you don't, but that don't mean shit. I then tell him he had shot a mate of mine Chris Liapis in the gut. That I would run it up for him, he then tells me, he's f*cked older men than me. I said yeah, come out of your cell, try f*ck me. See how ya go. I then invited him back out to play in the yard. Don't be scared tough guy, don't hide in the cell all day, get some air, and come out to play.

I then start chiming in the words from the late 80's movie a classic **Warriors** **come out to play yeaaaahhh**. Repeating this a few times. Then a prisoner, who is keeping cocky at the front of the line for the screw. Yells out to me, screw. I close the trap and return back to the white line, within days Chopper was moved to H- Division.

He had declined my offer to enter the yard. Months later. I land in H- Division and low and behold, he is the Laundry/Wing Billet and he had easy access to weapons. With the tacit support of the **K.K.K. staff in H** at the time Prideau and his offsider **Maggot**. Who loved that term used. Chopper with the silent **H** Copper. As I would come to call him, had a history dating back decades, running with screws. Given he was normally a trustee, billet in the unit, either the wing billet or laundry billet or both. Gaining unsupervised access to the meals, when they were being dished up by him.

In the 80's he would piss in targeted hard-core prisoners, this practices would go for weeks. When the inmates were on bread and water punishments. Breaking bluestones, hard labour, was very much real in H Division. The inmate becomes weak and sick from his diet of coppers piss. Then has the screws open the yard, he enters with a screws baton and beats the shit out of the inmate. Gaining a reputation in the process, bashing the inmate and done for the screws. In the manner in which it was **only possible, the prisoner weakened by piss and screws cracking the yard gate. Armed with their prison issue baton.**

Now fast forward to the present being the year 19 89-90. Crazy Richard Maladenich was so hated by H- Division Staff, that the screws had made it happen. That copper, with the silent H, was able to ambush Richard. By being armed with the garden shovel, loitering on the other side of the tunnel door, which opens up to the rear grass open exercise yard. Waiting for Richard to enter from the other end. The screws were in on it, the door opens up.

Copper steps out from the side, with a wild swing of the spade. Crack to the side of Richards head, he doesn't know what the f*ck happens. Now seeing stars, the last thing he expects is to be king hit with a garden spade welded by copper. He gathers himself up and sees copper leg it. Now running away, headed for the other end of yard. The screws then push Richard back into the tunnel and secure the door. Copper is safe, job done!

So with history like that you could never drop ya guard at all, my food was often tampered with. The idiot, placing crushed up glass in my jelly, this is no threat, was like sand. For it to really have an effect, it still had to retain jagged edges to cut ya to pieces inside. Not the brightest tool in the shed at all. Watched or read far too much stories, others using glass.

I was now back at war with him and his laundry yard running mate Craig **SLIME** **Slim Minogue** who **did kill another Multiple Murderer** **Alex Tasmakas** at this location.

These were interesting days anything could happen, with H- Division staff help off course.

Refer further for both Craig Minogue and Chopper for further details in Snitches Chapter.

B DIVISION PENTRIDGE 1990; THE OCTOGON!

Violence, on a scale never before in all of B- Division's illustrious history, was taking place on my watch. The Spike in assaults reported, was literally un-precedented for that division, at one point ambulances were attending daily. Sometimes twice for all those injured, needing to be stretchered out, the muster in wing was about 100.

I was at home in the ZONE. That during this period, there was a group of (4) inmates all young close to the same age, that my crew. All hectic ones, feared by many. Even the old school crims were stepping on egg shells. Thing is we were all independent of each other.

Seen as equals, yet gelled together at times in combat formation ♦ should the need ever arise. ♦ **IT DIDNT.** (The Old Guard of Hard knock a-bout crooks were nervous to say the least).

They were also on the Payroll. As I would put it to them, led by the likes of **SUPER SNITCH ♦ Keith Faure ♦**. Years later was to implicate anybody. Police included. Lagging others had no boundaries with him at all, even his own brother Noel Faure was not immune from his telling, in the underworld murders. Nick Levidis, and Chris Stone rounded up the Payroll crew. I was working in Pentridge Kitchen at the time and I would return, with food for us to cook up, having already having been smuggled back. Before I had even got back to the wing. The activities officers in the compound adjacent to kitchen, could not work out why the gym billet **Pee-Wee**, would use the vacuum cleaner to ♦ **sweep up ♦** the concrete floor for us. He in truth would have vacuum cleaner filled with stolen meats and vegies requisitioned from the kitchen this mode of transport was brilliant. Passing safely through all the metal detectors situated at the guard post of entrance of B division easy. The wheels on the vacuum cleaner would squeak and wobble under the weight at times. Pee-Wee would deliver the goods prior to the exercise time in compound finishing. The vegies had already prepped and cut up, the same with the meats. All ready for the pan just, just cook. He would get a plate of food for his services. The rest of the crew would return to the Wing ♦ **in time for the ritual daily decent meal made by me ♦**. We ate real well, many envied us, and the smell would just linger in the air. The Prison staff could never work out how we managed this fete of daily feasts enjoyed had. We had security try their best to find the food before it hit the frypan. Mr Seliski, a junior Dog Squad security prison officer, at the time. A giant back then at six foot six, and still is.

He played hard, but was firm and fair, which I respected. Was dumbfounded and baffled how we managed it? It was a personal mission for him. He would later become a Governor of many Victorian Jails, we ♦ laugh over the old days. I would then reveal this riddle, not before Pentridge was well and truly closed. The Guards conceded, that once it got in the pan.

We had then earned it and could eat it. Maybe in part due to the fact there was some (4) of the most problematic inmates in the wing, all with huge voracious appetites for action. Not just the meal, sitting down at the table eating. We all would rise to any challenge from them or any and they knew it too.

PAYROLL ICE PICKED!

30 JULY 1990. An attempt made by Chris Stone and Nick Levidis to assault me soured. I had stabbed them with their own Ice pick, Chris had produced on me. This was witnessed by B- Division Prison Staff. Both Chris and Nick had approached me, in the knowledge I would not be armed as I had just entered into the wing, returning from kitchen. ♦ **I would then arm up ♦**. **Once past all the guard check point, it was a war zone remember, scan and make the terrain secure ♦**. Making it safe for my team to enter.

Next thing you know they gate crash, to confront me over the recent spike of prison inmates being hurt in the wing. **These two had tried to reason with me. To tell us, that far too much heat and reports were being generated due to the level of assaults plaguing the wing. This was (coming from Head office, which it had to stop!) I then replied. Go tell someone else what to do not us.** This was said by me in the circle of the wing, both of them leaning back on the pool table, facing towards me. Then Chris pulls open his jacket top, to reveal to me the bulky handle of some type of shiv. The blade not visible, then tells me. That he will kill me ♦ **Stone dead! ♦** Yeah really, think so I said. This challenge to him, he had not expected at all. Then head butts me. I then push him back, he fumbles for the weapon.

In his mad scramble for it, it drops to the concrete floor. I hear the unmistakable clang, I quickly bend down, grab the shiv by the handle. As I am springing back up like a coiled spring now released. I take aim for Chris, he somehow manages to use. Nick as a human shield. He is turning as I strike. Whack straight in the back, as he tries to flee. This is all watched by the prison guards. This was supposed to be a screw controlled exercise, backfired big time! They were now stuck with their own f*cking weapon sucko f*ck head.

Next minute, all the screws now converge upon us, a big swarm. I am on my back with Chris Stone on top of me, trying to release the grip of the shiv firmly clutched in my hand, it aint happening. As I know if he gets it, I am f*cked. By now half the wing is around us, the screws begin to clear the area, to get some space. As this occurs Chris gets up off from me. I get up the shiv still firmly in my grip, Chris darts out of reach. Screws now demanding I hand over the weapon, f*ck off what weapon I tell them. I then run into the crowd, pass the shiv to another prisoner Danny Gallagher, a big bloke from Broadmeadows.

I tell him to get rid of it, I would later learn he gave it straight up to the screws, very disappointed in that act. As if the wound had been serious and Nick had of died. They now had a weapon, otherwise. I could have said some-one else had stabbed him in the crowd.

Not me. Prove it, now with the Screws in possession of the Ice pick. They could match entry wound incision to positively match it, to what I had. My D. N. A. too.

By now the prison guards had taken Nick out to the Chiefs office. To report to him what had just happened. Given he was their Boss, and had them run up this tragic mission, it backfiring on his behalf. All in tatters now ha ha ha. The guards had also removed me from the wing.

Opened the wing gate, then had escorted me up the B- Division passage way leading to the front entrance gate, to the left of me as I walked back out was the Chiefs office. Inside I see the Barrel, Walker standing up from behind his desk. With Nick wearing a white top, his back to me, the centre of his top soaked in blood. A huge pool of it had spread across the jumper. The Barrels hands begin going spastic, when he sees me. Yelling at the officers on each side of me, to get him out! Get him away! Put him back in the wing!

They then escort me back inside. Not knowing just what to do with me. I then head straight for the pool table, I know I have weapons stoked in the wing. But I had to get there, the pool table was closer. I knew I was going to be tipped anyway. To be then buried in H-Division till I got out. I was warned of this by the Barrel. **F*ck it! I say, let ♦s go out with a bang!**

BANG ON CUE!

I grab both pool cues from the table, one in each hand. Now spin them in the air in tandem. So the cue tip ends were extended out, firmly holding the heavy but ends. Then smash them down in tandem against the table, severing them both in half. The thinner end now no more. I then spin them again in the air, both in tandem. So I was now gripping the area which had now been broken, and the heavy but end to use as a club. I then head towards the sight of Chris Stone. Him now with a number of other prisoners, who was still in the circle area.

Now running at him raising both cues over my head at the same time, to bring down on him. He puts his hands up the shield and cover his head and face, the first cue to strike him and connects, and smashes into splinters. Literally a puff of splinters flying everywhere, no longer usable. I am about to bring the second cue down on him held in my left hand. When out of nowhere. I am literally rugby tackled from the side. Lifting me off from my feet.

What the f*ck, who ♦s this. I say. Then notice it ♦s a screw, not a prisoner. The screws are now all over me, five deep. Cuff me, then roughly stand me on my feet. I was now secured, both my arms either side. Held tightly by guards, escorted back through the circle gate, up the passageway till we get to the Chiefs off again. The door was now closed, yet I could still see Nick in there through a glass section, he had removed his blood soaked top by now.

The Barrel, yelled out. **Send him to H-Division! Really**, how did I know that was coming.

Within a week the Barrel had tipped my entire crew, things then returned to normal, as normal as it gets anyway, definitely not on the previous scale we had amplified the wing to.

UNLUCKY FOR SOME, PICK OF THE HAT!

The reasoning behind the sudden spate of violence in B- Division was not a personal vendetta against declared foes. Yes, this happens, **yet the lion ♦s share of victims were not.** But due to the new influx of inmate ♦s arriving to B- Division. Many were now of a far lesser calibre of inmate. Diluting our hard core gene pool at the time, weakening the population of prisoners interned in B Div. **You could not disguise them as gronks.** They stood out and made the rest of B Division inmates uncomfortable and inferior.

Feeling the need to defend our pride, to do something pro-active to restore our hard core identity. It wasn't a personal thing with these new arrivals flooding into our wing. This was agreed by the pockets of independent crews of prisoners interned there.

All in agreement of retaining our identity, by sending a message to Head Office. They arrive, we will send them back out on stretchers simply put! We would all have the empty cell numbers written down on bits of paper, then placed into a hat. A pick of these numbers was then drawn by those who believed in the cause.

To protect the integrity of B-division inmates was at stake.

It was truly chaos for all new arrivals, seriously they had no hope at all. And if they weren't vouched for they bled. Many did bleed let me tell you! **Up to fifteen prisoners on the team.**

JULIAN KNIGHT, BANG. LIGHTS OUT NIGHT!

H- Division 1993. During this period. I was at war with the Mutley crew I ♦d call them. Which was Greg Brazel, Craig ♦Slime-slim with a silent E ♦ Minogue, Julian Knight, Mr Stinky, and Hugo the snitch Rich, there were others who were also attached to this group, at various times over years but these were the core figures. The history all started off with Copper, then Slime backing him up, and then others would buy in, aligned to them in support.

One of those was Julian Knight. Now backing up Slime. He now becoming my foe, through his own actions, sticking his head in. where it don ♦ belong. Plus the other fact. I had no love for him from the very beginning. He was nothing to me **then and nothing to me now still!**

He starts a heated verbal exchange from the sanctity of his secured yard. I told him, listen f*ck head, who the f*ck are ya, seriously. Your 50kgs wringing wet, you have yet to see any real action in the field of jail. This can and does get hectic, you will soon see, just how it works, when they let you out of H- Division. See how long you then last big mouth.

And when I get a chance, I will f*cken destroy you f*ckwit. You can air- rate all ya like, but I will catch ya and when I do. I will make sure you f*cken bleed f*ckwit. Funny how things happen, within a week of these words being uttered to him, from the adjoining yard. He was being moved from the shower yard at the beginning of the H- Division tunnel, back to his yard right down the end.

The two screws doing the move were in front of him, Julian was trailing behind them. The wing staff, crack my cell door open, I am living on the top landing at the time, I then begin descending down the stairs. From this location, I have a bird ♦s eye view all the way down the tunnel directly ahead of me. **I can ♦t f*cken believe my luck. I spot, the skinny scrawny little bald headed Julian walking down the tunnel.**

They had just let him out of shower yard one, at the base of the stairs at the beginning of tunnel. Instantly. I am overcome with the sudden urge to now attack this f*ck. I am in solja mode. I begin the descent down the stairs now three steps at a time now. Hit the bottom landing. There is only some 30 odd feet till I reach the tunnel, with a wooden table used for requests in the morning in my line of direction and a screw standing beside it.

I am now running towards the desk, not around it. Leap straight over it, the screws jaw drops as I do this. I see him to the left hand side

of me, trying to scream out, but his voice is now all but frozen. This desk the only obstacle in my way, now cleared.

I land only metres from the top of the stairs leading down to the tunnel. I actually leap forward my momentum now clearing all the eight or so stairs. In one bound, my momentum still going. Run the twenty or so feet to reach Julian. Him still bopping along not a worry in the world, totally oblivious to the imposing threat advancing upon him real quick. Little did he know I was breathing down his neck literally.

I pull back a big right Bud Spencer, unload, like a coiled spring boom. To the back of his head, he is pushed forward airborne catapulted some few feet, like a rag doll, his arms limp by his sides. To then come crashing down, landing flat on his face, sliding to a stop. He don't know what the f*ck is happening. Seeing stars. I bet. His first sight as he opens his eyes were that of me now hovering over top. Telling him to get up, have a go, show how tuff you are big mouth, not so f*cken chirpy now are ya.

No f*cken secure gate separating us now is there.

Show me what you got. He is prone all in fear, the sheer shock and horror clearly evident all over his face. His face was literally white now. More than happy to remain on the ground. And stays there. Till the guards all arrive, those who were in front of him, have by now rushed back and got in front of me. Putting a wedge between us, him gingerly getting up now.

Not a word was uttered from him at all. Screw's from inside the wing now arrive

and remove me back into Unit. Far away from Julian. From that moment on. I have never heard a peep from him ever again. Yet years later, he would begin a vile character assassination campaign of me. **By peddling and promoting lies and pure deceit towards my integrity. To have some than turn against me.** A weak gutless f*cken coward. His crimes reveal this fact also.

He had cowered when real adversity arrived. Not the harmless innocent people he had just slaughtered dead. **But police with guns, he surrendered!** Called himself a soldier, he is really a **mickey mouse wanna bee**, week-end reservist at best! **Nothing against week-end reservists either for that matter. SORRY! Has spent many years in protection!**

PETER GIBB:

ACACIA UNIT (1) BARWON PRISON 1994-1995; during my term in Acacia, I was involved in two incidents, one more a fight with punches thrown. The other a skirmish of no real significance.

First the former, Peter Gibb. A well-known infamous prisoner in Victoria at the time. Had escaped along with a good friend of mine Archie Butterley, from the Melbourne Remand Centre, in Spencer Street, Melbourne. It's Now Called the MAP. Anyway at the time of his arrest, Archie was found dead in suspicious circumstances, either the S.O.G or Peter or his defacto girl an X- prison officer from the remand centre named Heather, were prime suspects.

He was found dead, executed with at least one slug to the back of his head, the entry point of the fatal wound, behind his right ear. Bit hard for a bloke, who was left handed! This had not gone down well with me, given **Peter had a history of killing members of his own team**, after robbing a bank. Not wanting to share spoils with them, killing the co-accused, keeping the lot instead by this. This fact lingering in my mind, Archie was on remand for serious crimes involving a huge sum of cash, **which was never recovered by police at all. Never!**

I had mailed, Peter. After reading the newspaper reporting's of the case, which can never be accepted as gospel. More so coming from the Herald Sun, who always have their own agenda. The truth not necessary being the desire to present, but rather gossip, mischief and scuttlebutt! Putting their very own spin and twist over things. As I have to come to know, from personal experiences over the years.

So. I tell him when back in H Division, before he had arrived from there. That if I found out he was responsible for Archies death. I would run the ball up for Archie, and kill him myself.

I arrive from H division to Acacia, prior to Peter. He was the last to land, in the final wave of transfers from H. So by then the escape plan with the tunnel is well underway by then. And I set aside the differences, as were not proven yet, nor substantiated and could not afford to compromise the escape either for that matter. Yet the matter was still weighing heavily on my mind. Then one day whilst we were all taking a break from the tunnel dig. Kicked back soaking up the nice warm sun, with towels spread on the lawn, listening to music, relaxing enjoying the suns soothing warmth rays.

He makes some little trivial snide remark. I instantly spring up from lying down on my back, him a few feet away standing on his feet. And just launch a combination of punches at his head, some five or so blows landing smack bang in the centre of his face! I now pause, reset myself. He then grabs the prison pitchfork, which was resting up against the yards wall. To then make menacingly gesture with it, to intimidate me somehow, all the while yelling at me. I said yeah Pete ya want to play with weapons, put the f*cking pitchfork down Peter. He had ignore my pleas, still air- rating so loud that it drew the attention of prison guards that were inside their officers consul. I said, f*ck it. Then grabbed garden shovel both now armed.

Yet Peter had no intention at all to go any further, otherwise would have done so, instead of all the yelling, causing the guards now to run into the yard. Separate us, take me inside and have me secured in my cell. They inspected Peter, as his face was clearly punched in. He too was now locked in, till they worked out just what to do. I yell out to Peter once the screws leave the unit. After lock in, with all the other inmates now locked in their cells too, able to hear all this. As the staff had stated by now, that we were now on half days.

Him out on exercise with the rest of inmates, whilst I was locked in my cell, visa- versa. I tell Pete, the escape now will be effected by this. By us being kept on half days, will slow the progress dramatically. Tell them it's all good, and we will put it behind us. Tell the screws its ok between us. He replies ok, I will tell them tomorrow. I tell the screws the next day the same, it's all good, just a brain snap nothing more. The say it's now up to the Governor, not them. This goes on for weeks. I front the Governor Spuddano the next time he comes in to the unit. And say in the company of Johnny Lindrea in the background, able to hear what's being said by me. Why are I and Pete still being separated?

As both I and he are requesting to mix in the yard together? He replied. That's not what Pete says. He has said to me. If anything

happens, that they will be responsible! And due to that comment Chris. I am not prepared to let ya's back together. I have a duty of care to Peter. I said yeah really! Now looking over to John at the reply. I couldn't believe what I had just heard, being uttered by him. He heard it too. That night I yelled out to Pete, after lock in. What was said, in front of the rest of all those in unit to exposing this f*cken weak coward. He wasn't in on the escape, so didn't really care a f*ck of its progress impeded. He carried two black eyes and a possible broken nose for a good week black n blue was he.

I did make an impression on him.

KUNG-FOOL LEWIS CAINE.

Now the other insignificant incident unfolding in Acacia. Lewis Caine. The odd one out from the group, and I do mean odd one out! We never clicked from the first moment we met, I never had anything in common with him really. He had killed a bloke, when both were pissed at a nightclub in King Street Melbourne. The poor drunken victim, being knocked down on the pavement out front the venue. With Lewis then kicking and jumping up and down on his head, as he lay prone on the ground, completely defenceless.

Then trying to claim, the victim was a cop, to bolster his standing amongst us all. Knowing better, he did too. Anyway there was no real love shared between me and him from day one. I kept my distance from this fool. He would forever be trying to impress us all, with his martial arts exercises, obviously displayed for our attention. Not his. The techniques used, were ludicrous and far from real!

A bluff, to suggest, he knew martial arts, don't f*ck with me. I called him **KUNG- FOOL!**

Anyway. He was Pete's best friend now, both shared a common thing. We're not my friend.

When the tunnel incident came undone, they then reduced the inmates to mixing two out, and would rotate this. So everybody would mix with everybody in the unit, for the exception of both me and Pete. Given the tunnel was now, done and dusted. I could now freely say what I felt, I began to openly ridicule Lewis now for a fool he was, calling him KUNG- FOOL. As I had heard he was slagging me to others, in support of Pete now. He had drawn the sword in the sand with his alliances to Pete. I have the hacksaw blade snookered also by now. My call.

He aint on board plan B. One night we have a verbal from behind the cell doors in the unit. I tell him, next time I see him in the yard, it's on! A week passes by, they let him out to the gym yard first. And he is pacing up and down the yard furtively looking through the big window in the yard back into the Unit to see who his running partner is for the week. The screws then return to the unit and come to my cell to crack my cell door open. I am watching all this from the air vent at the bottom of my cell it's a rotation.

I am now in the yard with him Ha! I grab my woollen gloves now put them on, to provide limited protection for my knuckles. Walk out with the guards now, instead of going left straight into the gym area of the yard. I had turned right going into the phone room. Made out I was making a call, looking over at Lewis at the same time. Mouthing him. I am going to f*ck him up bad! Waiting for the screws to leave the area, locking up the gate now. As soon as they are gone, the coast is clear. I finish my ghost call, now head direct to the yard straight for Lewis now. I could see the concern and fear in his eyes, **he was not expecting this at all!**

I am now all pumped up, and have been waiting for this very moment for ages now. Lewis then tries to front kick me with the feeblest of all kicks I have ever seen. I grabbed his foot and pushed him backwards. In the process, saying is that the best ya got.

Show me ya KUNG FOOL moves now idiot.

I ran at him, punching him to the face in the same time with a right hand. He then yells out at such a high pitched sound **AAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH**. To draw the attention of the screws, they heard this and so did the rest of our unit. Was hard **NOT to miss it to be honest**. He then grabs me, wraps both arms around me, in a bear hug type position, we both fall to the ground, wrestling there till the screws arrive a few moments later.

Alerted by his screams. They separate us. He then begins yelling out, how he is going to kill me now in front of them. Yeah really I said, you had a chance. **But you chose to yell and scream instead. The screws are here because of you and you alone, screaming for help not me? Real Tuff cunt!**

Years later, he would be killed in the Victorian gangland wars, found dumped, in a wheelie bin dead. In a back alley laneway. Dumped as trash, rubbish. What an ending!

TUNNEL VISION, PATRICK MILLS, BECOMES AIR BORNE!

9 OCTOBER 1996 TRANSFER TO N.S.W; whilst being held in the A.S.U. of Goulburn Jail, I was placed in a yard alongside a Protection inmate Patrick Mills. This practise is common and occurs often in management units. There is always a mix of Mainstream and protection Prisoners held in the same unit, otherwise there are separate wings or pods, which cater exclusively for either group, **not have the two together.**

Sometime there can be as many as half the management area full of protection inmates for management purposes. **They too play up and get up to mischief.**

I had arrived from Victoria, soon afterwards. A little whining grovelling desperate methadone junkie arrives to the unit, some inmate are trouble prone, and always find themselves getting in dramas with other prisoners. He was one of those types. And can explain why he was in protection. Anyway I don't know him, I am warned about getting involved with him from other prisoners. So I decide to keep

my distance, hi, bye that ♦s it. Not engage in personal conversation or become too friendly with him either. One day he wants to chat, I am not interested. He senses this, his attempts at interaction with his craved conversation is unwelcome. I drop off. He then gets lippy, swearing with all types of profanities at me. The whole Unit can hear this, putting me on show, this coming from a boner just aint right at all.

More so from the safety of a secure yard. Knowing I won ♦t get to ever see him unless I sign up on protection. I reply to his half-baked slandering. I then turn it up, giving him an unrelenting barrage for hours. He stops. I tell him, listen here f*ck head, I will get ya one day, and as long as you ♦re here I am half a chance. He moves to another yard. Requesting this to the guards, as I am now the one yelling at him. He is now some three yards up from me, further up, half way into the tunnel. There were about seven yards on each side of the Tunnel.

Given that I am on remand. I am eager to sort out my legal woes, another prisoner Dhjango O ♦Hara gives me the number of a recommended solicitor. I call him, arrange for a legal contact visit. Yet he must be paid in advance \$750 for the day travel. As he is coming from Sydney and back. Yeah no problems I sort this out, the visit is booked. He arrives to the Jail.

Is escorted into the wing, and taken past the yards up the tunnel. To the last yard converted into a legal area. Which now consists of a wooden table and a few plastic chairs, and this is for legal visits now. I am then removed from my yard. The padlock of the yard gate is unlocked, the slide bolt pulled across the heavy sliding door on rollers is then opened.

You can ♦t miss the loud clanging, rolling noise of this taking place. I am now told to walk to **the end yard**, on the left side, the door is open, my solicitor is there already. I then walk the distance, enter the room, extend my hand out to greet him. Shake hands, then we both sit down, he has the chair facing towards me. Looking back to the tunnel entrance and door, my back to this.

The next thing I hear, is the grovelling sound of Patrick Mills, telling a prisoner he was being moved to another area, and had placed some items out front on the prisoner ♦s yard. I could not believe my ears, this lippy little prick was in the tunnel, and my door to the tunnel was open. I get up, furtively peep out to my right back down the tunnel. Back towards the A.S.U. wing, here is Patrick half way down half skipping. **Happy as shit I bet, to be out of here.**

No screws to be seen, I think. **F*ck, this is my only chance. He won ♦t even see me coming.**

I tell the solicitor, I ♦ll be back in a sec, and dart out the yard. Within 15 bounds I am at his heels. And wind up a massive Big Bud Spencer right king hit Bang! Hitting him square at the back of the head, with a big Right hand Bud Spencer. He never knew what the f*ck had hit him. Bang his legs fold under him, as he ♦s pummelled forward airborne now into the air.

Literally again landing flat on his face, sliding a metre or two before coming to a halt. Tunnel gravel rash he ♦d have as a result I bet! Now with his face grazed from the concrete slid.

Resting now face flat on the ground. I am now hovering over top, he half turns to see who had collected him. Blinking, shaking his head from side to side, and trying to shake out the fuzzy feeling rattling around inside his head, all blurry seeing stars I bet. **Then goes white, when he recognises me, pure fear, and horror palpable all over his face!** Begins yelling out in a high pitched death curdling scream to the screws help, help, help. I then say, tough cunt.

I thought you had something to say, tell me now what you were saying before, he was literally shaking in fear. Every prisoner heard this, and started to yell and laugh at him now too. I then hear the screws in the background calling out to Patrick, as they had gone ahead of him, to open his cell, so he could pack his shit up. He should have arrived by now. He hadn ♦t, because he was flat on his back now rolling over to face me. I then realise no screw had seen this. I had given him something to think about, made my point. He is now literally covering on the ground, not wanting to get up at all or to go punch for punch. Happy there to remain on his back, till the screws arrive. I say to myself, if I leg it now and can get back to the legal room, then I will deny it ever happened. **I make a mad sprint back to the legal room.**

LEGAL VISIT TERMINATED, WASN ♦T ME!

I was in the yard within seconds. Drop into the plastic chair, as if nothing had happened. Then begin to talk about my case, he is lost for words. As had heard Patrick yell for help a number of times, not knowing just what had occurred. And **whatever it was it wasn ♦t good.**

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Within a minute two screws come barging into the room, as storm troopers, yelling at me, that the legal visit is terminated. I ask what for? you f*cken know what for. I said no I don ♦t, why? This is a legal visit you can ♦t do that to me, he travelled over two hours to be here. This has cost me \$750 you can ♦t do this. He replied, I just did, out now! He motioned to the solicitor to get up and get out, he did. I often wonder what that solicitor thought, I had never met him before, or ever again for that matter. **First impressions last!**

During my incarceration in N.S.W. there were a number of times I was seriously assaulted and nearly killed. This is the truth, time and time again **live tours in the Zone.** New South Wales Prison system is a dangerous f*cken nightmare. Many don ♦t survive unscathed. Ending up as casualties. Permanently either physically or psychologically. **Not butts about it Period!**

I WOULD BE DIAGNOSED AS TO SUFFER EXTREME ANGER, THIS YEARS BEFORE IT GOT REAL!

THESE SYMPTOMS ARE KEY UNDERLYING FACTORS IN A P.T.S.D CONDITION, WHICH WAS NOT RECOGNISED BACK THEN. NOR WERE DOCTORS LOOKING FOR THIS CONDITION EITHER.

IT HAS ONLY NOW BECOME MORE OF A RECOGNISED MENTAL DISABILITY!

18.

[50] Later in 2012 he returned to Barwon Prison and was reviewed by a psychiatrist, who in September 2012 noted features of depression and anxiety. Medication was offered but declined by Mr Binse. In late November 2012 he reported some symptoms of post-traumatic stress disorder and the visiting psychiatrist noted this diagnosis.⁷⁰

I survived it, but not unscathed, damaged too. Not aware of the extent of all the injuries till years later. When they had all resurfaced. The deep buried shit scuttled to the bottom of my mind, now rising. All floating now to the surface, which had profoundly left me troubled and disturbed. Including all the other traumas felt in Victoria in my early days. By putting it all down, making the connections, how and why?

I then begin to comprehend and appreciate things far better, understanding far more now.

TED EASTMOND

During my tenure at the infamous Goulburn A.S.U. I came across all sorts, one individual in particular, will never leave my thoughts. Deeply etched in memory indeed, Ted Eastmond the little whining whining f*cken rat of a thing. Pinched on the ACT Police Commissioner murder of Colin Winchester. He has since had that conviction overturned and out on bail for a re-trial. Last I heard. But back to the year of 1998-9, not the present. He was in protection. From protection, there are a number of different levels of protection. Those most hated sink right to the bottom of the abyss on the ladder of prisoners standing. That's where he was.

He was labelled a serial f*cking pest, always lagging, always complaining, about fellow prisoners, or the prison guards or both. He had no friends at all period! The screws detested him even more than we did. He would think he was entitled to anything and everything, as if he were living outside, not in prison. When he never got what he demanded, he would lodge a complaint. Had all the prison guards forever buried in paperwork of outrageous demands and absurd requests. I have never known the authorities to video tape any other prisoner every time he was in contact with staff. Not due to a violent disposition at all, but a safety measure to ensure. Nothing untoward had taken place, as he repeatedly would insist and claim had indeed occurred. Anyway they put him in the yard next to me, the whole A.S.U. would be burning him. Yelling out Ted Eastman, you f*cking rat, etc, etc, etc a heated torrent of pure vile vulgar obscenities the venom dead set lethal. In the slander being pitched at him.

One inmate would go for a 15 minute burst, peel off. Only to then be replaced by another filling the vacuum. The whole unit coming together in this, all having a part in the daily abuse and in tormenting him. Then the fact the noise would reverberate, bouncing off all the walls. He was literally surrounded by it all. I pitch in from over the adjoining yard yelling out over the caged roof, not from the front of the yard sliding gate. What's your name he calls out to me, who are ya, trying to flesh this out from me. So he could identify the voice, then report it to the screws. I tell him f*ck off goose, you want my name so to lag me. I then unleash a bucket load of abuse at him. This goes on for an hour or so, he has to come out of the yard to make a phone call. Before the guards are to let him out, they are directed to start the video.

He knows the drill only too well. So Staff begin rolling, open his gate, he steps out to his left. Walks straight over to my yard, my prison photo displayed on the yard card, along with my name sentence and prisoner number. He then begin to read this out aloud, while the video is going. Then adding, this inmates had been yelling abuse at him saying such and such, with the details read out aloud to the film crew.

That he wants it recorded and reported, that he is now demanding the prison guards to have me charged for the psychological abuse he has caused me. Then trundles off to the phone. We all hear this statement and declaration being made to the guards. This would occur, not only to me, but anyone that he had zeroed in to. Needless to say, the screws soon f*cked him off.

He was far too much baggage for even them, all the headaches he gave to all, more them then us. Now fast forward 12 months or so later. I am now transferred to the Multi- Purpose Unit (MPU) at Goulburn. He is already at this location. Nowhere near us, right down the other end of our wing. All the other prisoners are all chiming in, giving him some verbal therapy, day and night, I instantly laugh to myself. It's good to see that nothing's changed. My cell was the first one, on the left as you enter the unit. You had to literally pass me, when you left the unit or go to use the phone. I was put there, so the screws to watch me far better, then the other cells further down. Above the cell door, was a mesh type open vent, with bars in place to secure it tight. This spanning the width of the door, and some 18 inches in height, most inmate would be perched on the top bunk and talk to other inmates from this spot. As you could hear well and see, due to it being all open. If you wanted to see what was happening in the unit. This was your observation post simply put.

MERRY X-MAS TED!

Christmas day 1999, Eastman is told he is on escort, he is going to Lithgow Jail. The protection part there where else but! The Guards tell him to pack his gear, the acoustics in these places are amazing. Not only did his next door cell neighbour hear this being said by the prison guards, but I could hear it right down the other end. We then all start to launch a verbal collective attack on him, wishing him a merry X-mas. I then yell out, hey f*ckhead.

You gotta get that trolley past my cell first. I have a nice bottle of piss, be still nice and warm waiting for ya. My x-mas pressie for ya, before ya leave. Ho ho ho ho. All the prisoners join in laughing, they know. I am serious and will do this, screws or no screws present, meant shit to me. He manages to get the screws to deliver the trolley to transport all his cell property to his cell, he packs it up. Then has them collect it, passing my cell, this sly cunning f*cken little rat. Would have told the screws my plans and intention, and demanded that they transport his stuff past my cell, not have him do it. As the guards pass my cell. I start laughing, you little f*cken rat, I say to myself. You still gotta pass the toll gate on the way out. And you haven't left just yet. An hour or so passes by, the guards enter the unit and head for the other end. I know they are here to collect

him, he now must pass my cell. I am perched ready to go. I yell out to the other boys, knowing Ted can hear every word. Yeah I got it all ready, he won't get past me, without getting soaked in piss. We all start laughing, then I look to my right, down the corridor. I can only see three cells down, my line of vision then cuts out.

But now I see the screws walking up, with Ted in the Centre of them. One each side of him. He is nervous, apprehensively squinting as he's looking ahead of him scanning every air vent above the cell doors, with every step he is taking. Looking for any movement that may betray any potential ambush post awaiting him. **He has many foes, many indeed! And he f*cking knows this, more than most.** His eye sight is not good either, he wears glasses. He knows my cell, and as the prison guards are one cell away, they look up and see me perched there in position ready and waiting. A two litre cordial bottle in both hands now, lining up for a squirt.

The top had a squirt nozzle attached. They were fully aware what was taking place, it was obvious to all, even if Ted hadn't told them by now. The sight spoke volumes it said it all.

He makes eye contact with me, **realises what is about to occur, stops mid-flight in his walk.** Freezes there in sheer panic, the screws continue on, **leaving him now exposed alone.** He now realises this. Hesitates, not knowing whether to move forward or go backwards. Then a torrent of fluid is launched from the bottle, **a good squeeze measured. Half the bottle in the first strike, it was so f*cken funny. He sees it coming, can't do shit about it.**

Ted tries to run forward. Hoping to get past it, **but the piss is headed towards him.**

The angle he just couldn't get away from. A direct line, a direct hit. And then here it comes, titled forward and downwards **now a second burst. He is now well and truly drenched.** still not knowing what to do. Runs for the gate in a mad desperate rush to get past my cell.

The prison guards, in no real hurry to open it at all. He is now boxed in, trapped, now in point blank range. He runs for the safety of the guards thinking that if he is near them. That this will protect the fountain of youth reaching him. Wrong, too late,

I am in front of him. I aim once more, squeeze the plastic bottle with passion draining every drop from it. Emptying the 2 litre bottle now in the process.

The bottle is now all but twisted, empty he can't avoid the direction of the fluid, he is now totally soaking, dripping wet in piss. Resembling a drenched sewer rat. I am laughing at the sight. He is screaming at me, the whole wing erupts in laughter. Compounding his now hysterical state even further. I nearly fall from the top of the bed in fits of laughter at the **hapless drowned wet rat in front of me.**

Telling him merry x-mas buddy. He then turns on the prison guards yelling and berating at them both saying **they let it happen.** They were warned. That they should have prevented it!

That they were in on it. It was now a joint conspiracy between both of us rah rah rah. One of the guards happened to get a little spray on his arm, took it all in good stead, he never made an issue of it, unlike Ted. They would then crack the unit door and are gone. With the door now locked behind them, Ted was supposed to be going on escort. I couldn't believe it.

TED DEMANDS ME CHARGED HE IS PISSED!

He was now refusing to get on the escort truck till he saw the local police. He wanted to make a formal complaint to have me charged with assault. The screws at reception, were not interested in any of that, and just wanted to see the arse end of him in normal circumstances. But also it was Christmas, and wanted to go home once the last truck for the day was done.

This was the last truck! No he refused, was not budging at all from the holding cells at reception. The Jail supervisor had to even be called in, to try and placate him. No he was adamant he would not be on the truck till he made his police statement. Not only me, but the MPU prison guards were to be the point of contention and included forming the conspiracy.

Ted wanted them too charged, not just me. This deeply troubled the Supervisor, the Lithgow escort was held up for six odd hours. Till he was finally able to have his statement taken by the local Goulburn Police, once done. He went on the escort truck, destination Lithgow. **His Christmas dinner all cold by then!** I would be told of the scandalous claims being made, of the absurd outrageous purported prison guard's role. And had laughed.

They were not amused by it either, not happy at all, getting caught up in it. I would later be charged by Goulburn police over the incident, myself being transferred to Lithgow Jail, having to now come back to Goulburn Jail to face Goulburn local Court on the **19/04/1999.**

The charge, being common assault, the outcome, being 1 month.

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DHJANGO:

AT LITHGOW PRISON, LANDING IN THE A1 PROGRAMME, (8) MAN UNIT. ON 21/02/1999.

The A1 programme was a high security unit. Which catered for hard core troublesome inmates, those that had killed other inmates in the N.S.W. prison system, (or) had extensive escape past histories. I fell into the latter, and many of the others were the former. There were at times exceptions to the rule. With a few inmates who had bucked the system, fighting it.

One of those prisoners was **Dhjango O'Hara,** a young bloke, pinched on a murder during a robbery. He was only 18 or so at the time, and done real well with the sentence. He came through the boy's homes, as with most of the lads I have met. **Very few who haven't?**

Anyway, we went back to the A.S.U. at Goulburn, very easy to fall out with other prisoners in segro. **It breeds this, so is a natural thing for many.** We happen to turn on each other, the reason. I truly can't recall, but was over something trivial and petty, **mostly**

always is. Anyway one day it gets very heated between us, some very ugly words uttered by both.

Words that could only be mended by violence, not forgiven by words or handshakes at all.

The gates aren't always locked, they open, and sooner or later they always open. They do, then shit happens. Things are then dealt with, the outcome is never as expected at times either. Dhjango, is banged up in the loss of privileges section, and has been yelling out to one of the inmates in our unit Phil Jarret, that he will be coming over to our unit within days.

Some of our rear yards backed onto those in the punishment block. Half their wing, one side faced ours, and one side of ours faced theirs. He knows Phil Jarret is in our wing, and is singing out to him, Phil is yelling back, yeah you'll love it here, good blokes, eat well, train, have a gym, etc etc, etc. He then asks Phil who's there, he rattles off the names of the blokes present, He gets to me last, knowing me and Dhjango have bad blood between us, as was at the A.S.U. with us at the time. **He goes quiet, till then it was all good.** Now there is a hitch.

Yeah alright no probs, see ya when I get over sweet. The next day, Dhjango arrives. I am out in the yard training with a few of the other prisoners, on the weight station. I have my leather weight gloves on, I know he is inside. F*ck it, we gotta sort this out. I have just done a heavy workout for the last 45 minutes. I walk inside the pod, head straight for Phil's cell. As I know that's where Dhjango is. As I enter the cell doorway he sees me, surprised by my sight.

This is the first time that were are looking face to face, eyeballing each other. I say to him, Dhjango. I think we both need to sort some shit out. We can do this one on one, no weapons, best man wins. Shake hands move forward, what do you say? This he hadn't fully thought out at all. **Hoping that his mate Phil, will patch it up for him. I never let it reach that stage.**

But now was in his face and couldn't avoid, he had to save face, more so in front of his mate Phil. Who he was so lucky to have in the unit, to give him support in this matter. Yeah alright he says, not really committed, thinking maybe that we could still talk it out. I tell him you got weight gloves, he says yes. I then tell him go put them on, I will have the screws open the rear yard of my cell, no camera's just me and you. Phil can be ref, see you there in five.

LETS PLAY!

I have the screws crack the rear yard. They leave, within minutes Phil and Dhjango arrive, he is now wearing his leather fingerless weight gloves too. I tell him, no weapons, not boxing but brawling o. k, let's go. He walks over to me, we both outstretch our right hands to tap.

Then begin the shaping up, throwing a few, side stepping. He would throw a combo of a one and two, then step back. He had the reach and height and youth, but was out of shape and condition. I had the weight advantage, some 15-20 kg's over him. He is a cautious fighter. Punch then steps back, me I didn't give a f*ck. I just walked in wearing him down, knowing I could take a few hits to the head. He would be out of breath soon, then I would come in with huge ferocity. And then unload all that anger deep within me. I did not feel his hits at all.

I was in the zone, mine were coming. I was saying to myself and that was all that had mattered to me. I was burning deep inside for him, fuelled on pure hate now. Yes I copped a few. But I just kept coming at him. I could now see, he was beginning to tire, and concern and fear was now showing on his face. He saw that I was relentless, nothing slowing me down. I did not care one bit for his punches at all. **Kept on coming! He knew he could not leave the yard, was now locked into this duel.** He had used up much of what was in his tank, now labouring in breath. His hands dropping low, no longer up, protecting him in defence. **Got him now.** I begin to walk in, then all of a sudden. Phil steps in between us, realising Dhjango is now in real trouble. **The only way out was to stop it. I can't believe it.**

I say. What? Mate I have copped his handful of punches so far. He is yet to feel mine. He then says **Chris, let it go please. You's both had a go. You's both showed dash, it don't need to go any further really. You's proved your point, if it goes further, then the screws will know about it, and Dhjango will probably get tipped.**

SPLIT DECISION!

My adrenaline is all pumped up. I really want to finish this off, **but I don't trust Phil either.** He was pinched on a murder outside, stealing a car. The owner disturbs him, only to be stabbed in the chest with a screw driver and dies. Not to mention the numerous other Jail murders he was a part of and involved with. I then say to myself if I persist, **is he f*cken armed now? Ready to kill me, if I refuse.** **In this nice quiet yard, with no cameras.** The thing is, **I wouldn't have put it past Phil at all to be armed.** We all had crazy weapons in the unit, the kitchen prison issue knife alone. Was literally a big bread knife, minus its tip, still sharp and able to cut throats! **So the duel ended on a split decision, no losers, none in defeat!**

RUNNERS LENT, I WOULD FIGHT FOR.

2001 PRISON INCIDENT IN COMPOUND YARD; PHIL JARRET A KOORI INMATE THAT I HAD SPENT TIME WITH IN THE GOULBURN A.S.U. AND AT LITHGOW A1 PROGRAMME, **HE DID THE REFFING IN THE BOUT BETWEEN ME AND DHJANGO.** HAD A BROTHER NAMED **CAREY JARRET.**

I HAD FORMED A BOND WITH PHIL, UNDER DIFFICULT TIMES BOTH SHARED. HE HAD ASKED ME, AT ONE TIME HELPING HIM OUT TO PURCHASE A T.V. AS HIS HAD BLOWN UP. HE WAS A GOOD PERSON TO KNOW AND HAVE ONSIDE, VERY INFLUENTIAL IN THE N.S.W. PRISON SYSTEM. MANY PEOPLE WERE IN FEAR OF HIM. HIS NAME BROUGHT SHUDDERS TO MANY. BUT HIS BROTHER CAREY, A TOTALLY DIFFERENT. KETTLE OF FISH, **HE HAD NO HEART.** WAS **A DESPERATE JUNKIE, AND A PETER THIEF TO BOOT!** HE NEVER HAD THE SAME IMPACT UPON OTHER INMATES, AS PHIL DID. BUT WOULD PLAY ON HIS BROTHERS FEARSOME REPUTATION. LIVED OFF IT ACTUALLY, IF IT WASN'T FOR HIS BIG BROTHER PHIL. HE WAS A NOBODY TO BE HONEST. AND HE IS A

NOBODY IN FACT. ONE DAY HE APPROACHES ME AND ASKS ME CHRIS. YOU HAVE A FEW PAIRS OF RUNNERS, COULD YOU DO ME A SOLID.

I HAVE A CONTACT VISIT, MY MISSUS AND KIDS ARE COMING DOWN FROM GRAFTON TO VISIT ME. I DON'T SEE THEM OFTEN, THE RUNNERS I HAVE HOLES IN THEM. I LOOK DOWN AT HIS FEET. HIS RIGHT BIG TOES IS CLEARLY VISIBLE, POKING OUT FROM THE TOP OF HIS RUNNER. I THEN SAY TO MYSELF, HOW CAN I SAY NO. SO I SAID YEAH, WHAT SIZE ARE YOU?

TELLS ME, YOU'RE IN LUCK, THAT'S MY SIZE. WAIT HERE. I WILL SORT SOMETHING OUT, I WENT INSIDE MY POD D1, WHERE I LIVED, IT HELD SOME 30 ODD PRISONERS. GRABBED A PAIR OF TREADS AND RETURNED TO HIM IN THE BIG COMPOUND. WHERE I HAD LEFT HIM MOMENTS EARLIER. HANDED OVER THE PAIR, ASKING HIM THAT HE RETURNS THEM CLEAN.

AS I HAD JUST WASHED THEM MYSELF, AND WERE STILL WET YEAH SWEET NO PROBS HE SAYS TO ME. HE GOES OFF, WEARS THEM OUT TO HIS VISIT. I HAVE A FEW PAIRS, AM IN NO RUSH TO CHASE HIM UP THAT DAY, OR THE NEXT. I GOT SIDETRACKED WITH OTHER MORE PRESSING SHIT (3) DAYS LATER NOW PASS BY. I HAVE TO GO OUT AND FIND HIM NOW IN THE COMPOUND. AS HE LIVED IN ANOTHER UNIT BEING B1 POD.

I THEN ASKED HIM WHEN HE WAS TO RETURN RUNNERS. HE NOW CLAIMS SOMEONE HAD STOLEN THEM FROM HIS CELL. I SAID FUCK OFF. WHO'S GONNA STEAL FROM YOU. HE SWORE TO ME SOMEONE TOOK THEM, AND WENT ON ESCORT. I QUESTIONED THIS. I DID NOT BELIEVE IT AT ALL. SO I TOLD SOME SENIOR KOORI ELDERS, I GOT ALONG WITH.

NOT GOOD THIS LOW STUNT PULLED. I HELP HIM OUT AND HE ACTS LIKE THIS, STEALS FROM ME. (IF) HE WANTS THEM **FIGHT FOR THEM**. NOT PULL A SNEAKY LOW STUNT LIKE THAT, THIS IS A COWARDS WAY. HIS BROTHER A SENIOR SOLJA IN THE FIELD. KILLER OF MORE THEN ONE, HEARS ABOUT THIS, WORD GOT BACK TO HIM. THAT I WAS COMPLAINING TO THE ELDERS, AND WANTED TO FIGHT HIS BROTHER FARE AND SQAURE FOR THEM. BEST MAN WINS, THEY GET TO KEEP THEM.

PHIL COMES TO SEE ME. NOW PULLS ME UP IN THE COMPOUND, WHATS THIS I AM HEARING ABOUT YOU WANTING TO FIGHT CAREY OVER THE RUNNERS. I SAID LETS BE FAIR,

YOU CONTROL LITHGOW JAIL. BUT WHY DO THIS TO ME, I CANT LOOK MYSELF IN MIRROR NOW, AS I CANT DEFEND THIS ACT. LET'S FIGHT FOR THE RUNNERS, THEN I CAN FEEL THAT MY INTEGRITY IS STILL IN TACT, WIN LOSE OR DRAW, ONE ON ONE, BEST MAN KEEPS THE RUNNERS.

PHIL GOES AWAY, AND SAYS HE WILL SPEAK TO CAREY ABOUT THIS. HE RETURNS ABOUT AN HOUR LATER TO CALL ME OUT FROM MY POD. I WALK OVER TO THE MESH FENCE OF OUR YARD SEPERATING OUR POD FROM THE COMPOUND. PHIL TELLS ME CAREY WILL FIGHT ME. ONE ON ONE, IN THE GYM AFTER I COME BACK FROM WORKING IN THE INDUSTRIES. I SAID SWEET. I FINISH WORK IN THE INDUSTRIES, THEY KNOW I AM **UNARMED NOW**. AS I HAVE TO PASS THROUGH METAL DETECTORS AND GET A PAT DOWN FROM THE PRISON GUARDS LEAVING INDUSTRIES. **NOW IS THE BEST TIME TO STRIKE AND MAKE A MOVE ON ME**. THEY WAITED FOR ME TO LEAVE THE TAILOR SHOP FACTORY. HAVING GONE THROUGH METAL DETECTORS AND THE PAT DOWN BY STAFF NOW.

CHEAP SHOT!

NO WEAPONS. THAT I WAS CLEAN. CAREY AND ANOTHER KOORI CONFRONT ME OUTSIDE THE FACTORY WORKSHOP. START TALKING TO ME, I THINK THAT HE IS PREPARED TO RETURN THE RUNNERS TO AVOID A FIGHT. NEXT THING, **A SNEAK. CHEAP SHOT BLIND SIDED ME, FROM THE SIDE**. AS I WAS MORE **PREOCCUPIED SCANNING ALL AROUND ME**,

LOOKING FOR ANY IMPENDING THREATS OR DANGERS POSED TO ME. KEEPING FOCUS ON ALL THE MOVEMENTS AND ACTIVITY NEAR ME **KNOW HOW THESE GROUPS OPERATE, I HAD TO BE TUNED INTO THE SURROUNDS**. THIS I HAD NOT EXPECTED DONE IN THE OPEN.

I INSTANTLY RETURN FIRE, WITH A FLURRY OF BLOWS AIMED AT HIS F*CKEN HEAD. HE CAN'T FIGHT AND IS IN REAL TROUBLE NOW. HIS BROTHER **PHIL NOW RUSHES TO HIS AIDE**. RUNNING TOWARDS ME ARMED WITH A **KNIFE HELD IN HIS HAND FOR ME TO SEE**

I THINK WHAT THE F*CK I PULL UP INSTANTLY AT THE SIGHT. THIS CAN TURN REAL NASTY AND FIND MYSELF ENDING UP DEAD FOR A SHITTY PAIR OF F*CKEN WET RUNNERS!

KNOWING IF I CONTINUE, THEN I WILL DEFINITELY END UP FULL OF HOLES **SO I STOPPED, TWO PRISON STAFF WHO WERE PATROLLING THE COMPOUND, SEE THE TAIL END OF THE INCIDENT. BOTH NOW STICKING THERE HEADS IN IT NOW. PHIL HEADS IN ANOTHER DIRECTION NOW. THE GUARDS THEN START TO BERATE BOTH ME AND CAREY. SCOLDING US FOR FIGHTING, THEN TAKE US BOTH TO OUR RESPECTIVE PODS**.

ONE GUARD TAKES HIM, THE OTHER TAKING ME. WE ARE THEN EACH CHARGED OVER THE INCIDENT BEING THE 2ND NOV 2000 THE PENALTY FOR BOTH WAS REMAIN ON POUND (3) DAYS IN CELL.(INCIDENT ON FILE).

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I WAS TO REMAIN IN THE COMPOUND ALONE AGAINST SOME 70% KOORIS, I HAD STOOD UP AND FOUGHT THEM ON PRINCIPLE NOT RUN (OR) ACCEPT THEIR RULE OF LAW IN THE COMPOUND. ALL OTHER GROUPS WERE SUBJECTED TO. **I HAD LOST A FRONT TOOTH** AS A RESULT OF THE INCIDENT. **THE KOORIS HAD STOOD OVER EVERYONE IN COMPOUND, LEBB AND CHINESE INCLUDED. RABI KALACHI, A FEARED LEBB LEADER WAS ALSO MADE A VICTIM. THEY LITERALLY RAN LITHGOW JAIL AT THE TIME IN QUESTION. Exposed to extreme fear and threat of death, and being stabbed. P.T.S.D. exposure.**

SMOKE SIGNALS!

MONTHS LATER, 2001 PRISON INCIDENT IN COMPOUND YARD; I was a pot smoker in and out of jail, so when an inmate came to me and said he could get me a gram of Hydro pot for \$50 dollars, in jail this is an extremely good deal. This inmate was at the time being stood over by the kooris **to produce**, by a group who knew he **kicked**. Once they got there cut, they would then spear in another group of kooris into him, this would be repeated till he literally had nothing left at all. And those at the tail end would then become hostile and aggressive towards him, threatening to bash or stab him if they never got a few cones off him.

This was the common practice **READILY shared with all the kooris in the compound**. One group identifies a **kicker** then they all hit him up in wave after wave, till there is nothing left. The kooris would sit off in certain areas of compound, and just watch all the activity in the yard. More so with the identified drug users, whom they knew would approach the covert dealers. And then pounce in numbers. Canteen days the Kooris would just sit back and watch for any shifty bags of canteen going to others, exchanged for drugs.

Each pod in the back units was split in two, holding about 30-50 inmates. **There were a structured group or groups of kooris in each pod**, so they were aware of what was occurring in every pod. You had kooris not only monitoring the compound for any suspicious activity. But also actively patrolling the inside of each pod, any cell door closed during the day, was soon identified by them. And they would barge in without knocking, to attend on some pretence to sniff the air for pot. So when this particular individual named smurf, who was exposed as a **kicker** approached me. To swap some pot for \$50 worth of canteen buy up, this put heat on me. As they were sitting off him, not me. And when I would arrive at his pod, to call him out and give him a bag of goods. They knew there was

action happening between the two of us, and that I now had pot.

They then would sit off me, to watch who I would see, and offload to. I would break down the gram into (4) good jail deals. Each worth a \$15 dollar 50 gram pouch of white ox tobacco, **tobacco was hard currency, used to trade in all deals.** I would recover my costs, those I had handpicked were quiet, harmless good payers. Never had to chase up for tick-credit. Who were more than happy in the size and quality. So it was a win win situation for me and them. I made my money back and managed a few cones from this deal. Within (2) weeks I have a group of Kooris approach me, telling me they know what I am up to. For me to now sling them something their way, I stand firm telling them. I am doing my best working the street as they do, I buy 50 worth, break it down into (4) pouch deals and get 6 cones myself. **That's it!**

POT PREDATORS!

Not just elements of kooris were aware of what was happening, but a disgruntled Chinese inmate, who would approach me for a smoke of pot. **I would reject him, then he would spear the Kooris into me.** Let them sort me out, very evil spiteful piece of work. As he was subject to paying the kooris when he **kicked**, as were **the rest of compound**.

The Kooris were wolves, us sheep. **Which they would prey and feed off non- indigenous inmates. Then strip bare to the bone. Once they had removed the last scraps of flesh, they would rape/ bash/ stab or kill ya. Send the sheep to the boneyard. That is how they operated, they had already systematically taken out most of all the hard core Aussie elements/threats to them in the system leaving only the sheep behind.**

Wangy would then start to ridicule them by saying, **I had far more than a gram, he knew.** That I was holding out to them, how come they let me do business and I was all alone. Not running in large groups for safety, as many were. Geeing them up, forcing them to act on this non- compliance.

The Koori elder in my pod I had lived. **Knight** had approached me. We got along well, and I would always look after him, when I had something. It was done out of mutual respect and friendship towards each other. Not the intimidation used upon the rest of non-koori compound. Week end after weekend, various groups of kooris would approach me, to get a smoke of pot from me. Many of them respected me, and held no grudge at all. Even asking for me to sell the (4) pouch deals to them instead, in a compromise. I said I can't, they are good payers, and doing business with kooris, would only give me grief chasing them up to pay. **Lashing me sorry. No!**

EXAMPLES MADE, JUST BUSINESS!

Knight had approached me, as was told, that others in the compound did not like this being done. He had warned me to be careful, the brother of the inmate that I had lent the runners to that he had kept who I had challenged. Now saw this as an opportunity to make an example of me to all others. Given I had challenged his brother in the past before, to fight for the runners, stood up to him. He seized upon the chance to deal with this. **It was a personal vendetta for him.** Now he had the backing of all the senior Kooris elders.

To make an example of me to the rest.

He knew my daily routine, which I had to work in the sewing garment workshops. Which at lunchtime, I would return back to my pod in the compound. Have a few quick cones, and then return back to work after lunch. I would not be armed, as had to go through metal detectors and a pat down. **I was now stoned dropped my guard, walking back to workshops.**

SPEARED, KOORI PUNISHMENT!

Then from the peripheral of my eye. I saw an inmate rushing towards me from the side. I had instantly put my arms up to protect myself. As I saw some type of a weapon coming towards me. **That turned out to be a broom stick cut in half. Some two foot long, with spike attached to its end, basically a spear.** He knew I was a threat to fight me, so wanted the reach and distance between him. I fended off a number of jabs with this. One had pierced my left nipple over my heart, **illustrating that he was going for a kill shot. No f*cking around here, just didn't get the depth that he had hoped for!** Two more jabs to my left forearm.

I was then able to grab this and took it from him. As I see the other (3) koori inmates a part of this kill squad begin to close in on me.

The sight of them now beading in on me.

Now caused me to go into pure survival mode and GRAB that f*cken spear from Phil. Knowing if I don't do this now. I am literally f*cked. Be found dead in the compound, it's as simple as that. As with the other past victims!

Once. I had now disarmed him, and have a weapon, they all now back off. Phew, thank f*ck for that! Yet I'm not out of the woods and the danger zone just yet. I am still in the compound, wounded and stuck bleeding from the wound yes. With two thirds of the Prison population being Koori. This moment was the key turning point, in the planned organised hit on me. **He was their Main Killer.**

First things first. I had to remove my white singlet as I was bleeding profusely from the wound, this was like waving a red flag to the bull, them being the matador. And all roving prison guards in the compound. Now topless, at least no visible signs of the attack, to all those passing, who weren't already on to it. I had an inmate go to the clinic and get me two Panadol's, some beta dine swabs and a band aid. Which I was to later use to clean the wound and patch myself up with a band aid, as a suture. As I was still in the compound.

I was approached by another hard core Koori. A killer, **Doug Johnson**, he had threatened me to bail to the boneyard. I said I don't think so. I then said you're a tuff cunt, say you can fight, let's fight then, we then exchanged a few blows. He then showed me a shiv down the front of his pants. Lifting up his white t-shirt.

You need that do you. I asked him telling him that **I have already been winged.** He was not prepared to box on **punch for punch.** I remained in the compound till lock in.

Returning to my pod, after lock in. I had officers attend my cell, ordering me to remove my clothes, as they were told I had been involved in an incident. I had denied anything occurred. That If I wanted to see the clinic, **I would go see them, not have them come to my cell**

after hours to see me. I was told if I did not comply with this direction, then I would be taken to reception and have it done there. I took my top off, and after some minutes one of the staff asks me what was the half band aid over my nipple. I replied an **ingrown Hair**.

I was asked to remove this, so they could inspect this open wound, they did. They left soon after, as I had no other assault injuries. Many of the prisoners in the pod, knew what had happened in the compound, news travels fast! So when the screws attended the pod, many expected me to be taken away, and were perched up at their observation posts, above the cell door air vent.

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I was now calling out to the rest of inmates in pod, saying what the f*ck! When have you ever heard a nurse come to your cell after hours and demand to do a body inspection. Looking for alleged injuries? **They had heard every word that the prison staff and nurses had uttered. I didn't have to repeat any of it, but I did.** To make a statement on the matter.

That I wasn't bailing out. **My feet are firmly set in concrete.** The next morning. I am to have my cell searched by the Squad. I am not the only target that morning, so are the other Kooris who were involved also get hit too. Looking for weapons. Found none in my cell, **but did in there's. They then get tipped to segro, pending disciplinary prison charges.**

I am to now be let go, and go back into the compound. I then call out to Phil Jarret the brother of the killer, as. **I had learnt he was hit and tipped over a weapon found in his cell, during the morning search by the squad. Phil had used the improvised spear upon me in the attack,** and Carey was the one who stole the runner's a few months earlier.

HALF TIME HUDDLE!

We all head to the. Basketball court, to discuss the situation. He along with a hand full of others attend Carey being paranoid. That I may attack him now, with Phil all but gone now. Paranoid, I would attack him if arriving alone. I then say, Listen I don't want any more drama. I understand the reason and motive for the actions.

An example had to be made for the rest of the compound, I get that. Put it behind us, that was yesterday.

Let's move forward, trying to buy time. As I really wanted to take him out. But had no weapons, and nobody in the compound were prepared to arm me up either. In fear that the Kooris would learn of this, **and take it out on them.** All inmates knew what had occurred in the compound, they either saw it go down or were told by others who had.

The source of the pot **Smurf** was also taken out at the same time. By another Koori hit team, him and his mate were attacked and badly bashed by Kooris. The Lithgow Prison Acting supervisor, Mr Fraser had actually come to see me. Told me that he had received information that my life was in danger, that he had to act and place me into segregation.

I refused this, and told him to f*ck off!

I then told him. That I would sign a waiver for duty of care, to cover his arse. To just leave me alone. I am now in the compound all day. At lock in, only then do I return to my pod. To get locked away in my cell. **A far cry from Mathew Thompson false misleading unsubstantiated. UN- supported version of accounts in HIS crime fiction novel.**

COMPLY OR BE GASSED!

Within 15 minutes, the squad arrives. Giving me directives to comply with their orders, to leave my cell and accompany them to segregation. Otherwise they would employ chemical agents upon me. **I told them, f*ck off idiots! I am not leaving this pod. I am not going anywhere! Use the gas, think that worries me. I can tell you by the taste and flavour what brand your using f*ckheads!**

After some heated verbal exchanges between me and the squad, them all kitted up. Ready to storm my cell. This now being heard by the entire pod, me challenging the squad to enter and use the gas. For the benefit of all pod to hear, wanting the kooris to know. That I had never bailed from them at all. Telling the already kitted up Security Squad in riot gear, shields and gas masks, to go for it. The pod Inmates had convinced me **To go, as they did not want to be exposed to the gas.** I cared not for this. I reluctantly agreed after some 15 minutes, on the provision. I would pack up my own T.V. Watching T.V. that night, not have it follow me days later, as is the normal procedure. And be allowed to pack some overnight personal clothing to take with me. As I had some pot on me at the time.

This accepted, sweet. **I had now stashed this in amongst my stuff.** Only to be found later when it was thoroughly searched in segro. I was held in segregation at Lithgow for some two weeks, and transferred to Goulburn. **Along with my assailant Phil Jarret on the very same bus, yet in separate compartments.**

This incident is on file, along with the ingrown Hair injury identified

Exposed to extreme fear and threat of death, and being stabbed. P.T.S.D. exposure.

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GOULBURN YARDS, DEADLY TERRAIN!

The Running of Goulburn Jail, is ALL segregated into specific groups. Along racial lines. This is due to **GANG WAR THE STATE OF MIND THE N.S.W. INMATES ARE/ WERE IN.**

Different yards are allocated for different groups, in reducing. **DEATH's. The. Kill Tally.** Goulburn during the mid-late 90's was called. **BOSNIA, THE KILLING FIELDS.**

Attack on sight were orders from every yard!

THE STENCH OF DEATH STILL VIVID TO MANY, THIS IS AN OBNOXIOUS ODOUR INDEED!

And the only way to **stem the KILLS, was to shut down the yards, to isolate the packs.**

This didn't mean that it had ended the STATE of MINDS of the seasoned killers still there. Just slowed things down considerable. Not as much kills, stabbings, bashings still flourished. **YOU HAD TO BE IN A STATE OF CONSTANT VIGILANCE OTHERWISE YOU COULD DIE.**

And die they did. That due to the tension and intense palpable enmity shared by all the groups, **attack on sight were orders from every yard**, this was the rule of Goulburn Prison.

CANTEEN UP!

The Koori's had their own wing, being the now converted shut down of the A.S.U. and with its top landing, holding some 40 odd inmates. They had their own yard, a big yard that doubled up as the canteen yard on Sundays. With a smaller yard attached to the wing. With a simple gate separating these two. Basically it was 2x yards joined separated by an **OLD JACKSON** lever padlock. The bigger of the two yards was set aside and used to collect the rest of C- wings inmates' canteen, and those of all the other wings too. Those prisoners in C- wing would be herded into it, with different yards done at a time. The canteens would be issued from the office located there at the end of the yard, by a single officer alone.

The prisoners would all line up hand their prison issue identity cards, depicting a photo of the inmate, then leave. The canteen order handed in days before, would then be processed, as it would show that the prisoner was here, and not elsewhere. This event would occur on Sundays, many times missiles would be thrown through the yard bars separating the Koori's.

As you had to walk past them, entering and exiting the yard, being spat at by them at times. At times they were spat at, not to mention other body fluids/hot water too, being shared and exchanged by the parties. **(There was much enmity fostered and bred between the yards).**

Our yard got wind from another yard. An ally of ours. I shall keep secret, It matters not who, **He does.** That the Kooris were big noting to them. Had plans and intentions and were going to storm the canteen yard. Whilst our group was in it, **it was to then become a blood bath frenzy gladiator event at its best.** That they had manipulated the old lock separating the (2) yards during the week, as it was there yard and had **plenty of time and access to prep this Kill site.**

WEAPONS ORDERED!

This launched a MAJOR CRISIS council, with the heads of groups concerned, I had ordered an emergency call to bear arms and had various inmates report to me. In providing an array of weapons. That I would stock pile and secure for the impending onslaught. This was left in a long plastic Tupperware container with the newly born plastic Perspex and wooden made shivs now being wrapped up and places inside a plastic bag, then have porridge poured over them, to then put in the C- wing large freezer to freeze. Which was on the bottom landing near the front entrance of the wing, already past the screws mobile check point where they would conduct the daily pat downs and wand you over with hand held metal detectors. This large arms cache was now secured and safe.

SUNDAYS LOCK N LOAD, NO CHURCH SERVICE!

This arms cache was removed each Sunday Morning taken from the freezer in C-wing as I was leaving the wing to go to the yard this was my religiously practised ritual held on Sundays Not a Church service. Everybody in yard had come to know the drill, during this testing time. **I WOULD ACTUALLY CALL OUT TO THE YARD LOCK n LOAD).**

I would then walk to a particular table, have the inmates congregate around, create a crowd, taking out the c. c. t. v. cameras vision of us in the process. Now open the container, flip it upside down and peel out the secreted items from bag easy, as by now they all had moulded into place just nicely. Then issued to all those who felt a need to protect themselves. **Weapon issue call up was done single file**, the inmate to then return to whatever they were doing in the yard before. **Walking away from the arms dispensing station, all being armed now.** I made it a personal point, to not only to arm up and make myself Safe. **But provide protection for the entire yard, by giving them that chance. That opportunity and choice to defend themselves, many prisoners just did not have that ability (or) position to do this at all. Let's just say NO BODY ON MY WATCH would not be provided for, to defend in combat.**

And Sundays would be a day we all had come to dread instead of look forward to with the receipt of canteen goods, **pure apprehension, beyond words to describe! It literally left ya sick in the stomach for many, me included.** As the inmates of our yard would approach the canteen/ Koori yard. We would see that their cover a hoisted bed sheet fluttering in the winds cool breeze. Positioned to conceal any action from the prying eyes of the prison guards from the movement control area in the circle. This was now in place, their vision now was effectively blocked by a simple act of placing a bed sheet strategically draped over the fence.

Blocking the view to yard from staff, seeing this as we drew close. **Our hearts had dropped**, instant nausea overwhelming the body, now sick inside. The survival instincts now taking over **with bursts of adrenaline kicking in, completely alert and on guard.** Every sinew twitching alive and sensitive to any f*cking movement being taken in their yard. Totally in tune with the environment, nothing going un-noticed. Even the littlest trivial movement now alerted to in the yard. A congregation of their finest Solja's. **Seasoned Killers** we could see as we pass them by the gate. **Were now all positioned at gate.**

LOCKED IN THE OCTOGON LIVE BAIT!

All of the arriving prisoners were within spitting distance literally now. You could literally smell death as you went by this assassination party. All giving us intense evil stares in the process. They were all pumped up, and **so were we. Yet they never knew it.** Once all the inmates from our yard had entered the yard, the screws would be at the tail end of the last stragglers and **secure the gate and leave us all alone.** We were now effectively locked in the octagon all alone once staff left securing the yard.

Now **(All alone in the arena)**, each of us in our yard had previously decided in the battle plans. Held in our yard, just where to form their

position. So we all knew who was where and what was covered in **the strategic defence locations**. In organised small teams, a lot of the prisoners went to the other end of yard. **Not the active combatants tho. They were up and ready real close. Those some were. ME. I would walk up and down the yard stopping not (10) feet from the gate fully aware they were fiddling with lock.**

ROCKING TO GHOST TUNES.COMBAT MODE!

My sunglasses and black beanie were now in place, body armour underneath **my turtle neck jumper**. This garment was favoured by me, worn in cold/hot days and was specifically tailor made for me down the tailor shops when I was back at Lithgow. **Pistol Pete** had made this for me. It had special designed features including a **double layer** with a high neck line to **conceal neck and body armour, improvised thick novel's fit perfectly**. The single double hands open front pocket to hold (2) Perspex shivs not a problem at all. All now secured in place. Firmly being gripped by me, while feigning to listen to my head phones **positioned over the black beanie**. Me now rocking, **swaying the body to the imaginary sounds being played. As if cruising to music yet NOT! I was now in AUTO Matic COMBAT MODE.**

Taunting the deadly group of seasoned killers. Walking just short of them solo, then turning around, teasing them. To then have my back to them, as I then began to walk entire length of the canteen yard, some good 60 feet, then about turn, spinning around on one foot about face then start the walk back towards them. **Talk about live bait. I was a real life f*cking lure! Was I full of trepidation absolutely yes and fear indeed. Excited by it I say, in some perverse f*cked up way. Got my juices flowing it did, (SOLJA ME 219666).**

DUDS, FIZZLED THREATS

This Ambush claim attempt continued for some (5) or so weeks. Literally wearing many in the yard down. Not knowing if it was the last day we were to live, the sheer anxiety of it was felt by all. All left the canteen yard dripping wet in fears formed in sweat. The Koori yard eventually aborted the ambush plan to kill us. **Yet we faced off, week in week out.** Much to the credit of our entire yard, **as told them we must stand firm NOT bail (or) reveal this to the screws. As it now gave us the only chance and hope to eradicate their top kill leadership hit squad. This all done legitimately in their very own f*cken yard, becoming our field of war, not theirs!**

This is the real true version of accounts, not what was falsely portrayed in the utter crime fiction of Mathew Thompson's novel. Even tho many prisoners had shit themselves from our yard. Those pockets remained in their cell on Sundays, **this was accepted and excused. As not all of us are SOLJAS. As long as they did not betray our team's chances to finally eradicate this senior death squad leadership. Those entering the yard of combat, did not care one iota. As they were accounted for, we had more than a few in our battalion.**

All the inmates in our yard needn't be reminded of the fact many GOOD blokes have died been stabbed/bashed/raped and stood over by these inmates. And because of this, many staunch solid tough inmates had bailed out to the BONE YARD. The Leaders of this bunch of Koori wanna bees, was **Phil Jarret** end up losing face I bet, **up against far greater adversity I say**, and was moved to another Jail for deliberate bad behaviour.

He was a multiple killer and was involved in the Ice Pick incident back at Lithgow Prison. It was a **personal thing I felt for**. **To finish off. Lure him into the killing zone used myself as bait** to then engage in aggressive offence attack mode. Legitimate body count in the field of war.

A STATE OF CONSTANT VIGILANCE WAS EXPECTED OF. MORE IMPORTANTLY F*CKING NEEDED COMBAT MODE IN THE RED ZONE!

I was later to go on and **get Decoration of Tats/ medals. I felt I had earnt in the Field. Exposed to extreme fear and threat of death, and being stabbed. P.T.S.D. exposure.**

BUNKER

This incident, has much history indeed, Inmate **BUNKER** had arrived to Goulburn Jail.

Bunker was an inmate at Bathurst Jail, when an influential Islander inmate was seriously attacked in the shower block stabbed a number of times. He nearly dying as a result of attack.

This inmate was transferred to Goulburn, and was a high ranked individual In Islander Yard.

Bunker arrives into the Asian/Aussie yard, he is in late 20's about 100kgs. **No fat all muscle**, about 6ft tall. And always grappling, wrestling and sparring in the yard. **A real tuff cookie**.

There were rumours that **he was or had a role in the Islander attack in Bathurst Jail.**

Which he now **had to be dealt with by elements in our own yard**, otherwise the islanders **hit team** would enter our yard and **deal with it themselves**. This was no good, as would place strain on relations with Islanders. Who had a strangle hold of control in the wing and yards at the time.

Not to mention. Sending a bad message to other yards they had invaded and killed one of ours, and **we done nothing to prevent or stop this occurring in our territory**.

CONTROLLED ATTACK!

We had to act, take control of the situation. Save face, maintain alliances with them and not look stupid in the eyes of others. The **WHITE POWER** group of inmates that assumed control of our yard. They now had the responsibility to take him out, there was a yard crisis meeting held. I was a part of this meeting, **as it concerned all, not just the White Power group.** Who were deeply troubled in dealing with him. As **he was a real threat**, not some average Joe gronk, they would normally intimidate. Who couldn't fight, nor stand up to them.

Given seriousness of situation. I took the lead, in controlling outcome of this, as many of the others were really pretenders. **Not all**, there were pockets of dangerous f*cks more than capable in yard absolutely. But they didn't want no part of this. It was arranged a plastic water bottle would be frozen. Left in wing freezer, then passed to me through wing shower block gates. **When it was needed**.

HUMAN CURTAIN DRAWN

Bunker was positioned on card table, under cover. There was a C.C.T.V. camera at each end of yard, yet if inmates were to come forth and create a human shield when the time was chosen. Commanded by an innocuous cough or? They would then walk between the camera, and the **TARGET** at the card table. **Creating a block of line of vision**. I then had the frozen water bottle placed on the other side of table. All systems Go, go, go. I walk up to Bunker from the side, blind shot him from his side. **Bang a direct clean hit flush to the temple,**

OUT COLD!

Knocked straight out first hit, the Islanders wanted to be in on this, **once he was taken out, then would attend yard and finish him off**. This I did not support nor agree to at all. **It had to be done period**, but not the way others had hoped for at all. So when it went down, he was f*cked up bad enough to be removed from the yard. He got up a couple of times. But was smashed back down, knocked out again, this was timed to happen just as the rear yard was opened for inmates to be escorted to activity. Once he was knocked out, the water bottle taken to shower block placed under shower to remove all D.N.A. I then make a mad rush to the rear yard. As the back gate is now open, taking any prisoners who want to go to the oval.

Make it just in time to be escorted by the activities officer. Out of the crime scene, with the yard gate now closing behind me. Escorted to another part of jail, as the alarm went down for it. **JOB DONE**. He survived the ordeal. He wasn't killed as others wanted, and was moved to another jail. **Unfortunately he was a real close friend of the leader of the Lebanese yard**.

NOT ALL HAPPY

RABI KALACHI who had become aware of the situation, and was **not happy about this at all**. Up until that point. I was on good terms and relations with the Lebanese element in jail, as they had respected me. For my actions at Lithgow. Now every time we laid eyes on each other from the wing shower gates, or rear yards. He would begin a verbal tirade directed at me, and his boys would all chime in behind him, backing him up. Threatening to get me, etc ect ect. I had told him, if **BUNKER** was such a good mate then why wasn't he in the Leb yard then. And we don't have a say or dictate what occurs in the Leb yard. **So stick his nose out of our yard internal matters, as it don't concern him, he has no say in our affairs. As we don't in his.**

FATWAH

This caused a Lebanese outburst. I was now a marked man a **FATWAH edict now in place!** I thought f*ck this prick. I am not about to engage in daily screaming matches with his yard.

I will confront him. Give him a chance to do something other than yell between locked gates! I decide to hide in the wing, upon canteen days on Sundays. As the inmates were able to return to their cells following canteen buy ups, place their goods in their cells then return to the yards. The Lebs would follow us **IN THE VERY NEXT LOT**. They were the last for C-wing. There was never any head counts done to police this at all. So I remained in the wing. Going to the **Lebanese yard wing sweeper**, who was a good friend of mine.

LEWIS KOVACS a Hungarian Muslim. Who I had gone to his cell, which was situated at the end of the bottom landing. I would often go to his cell, and **hide out there when in the wing, from the screws and chill out with him, he was good value**. I could hear the last call for inmates to clear the cells, and to return to the yard. The wing staff now were securing all the cells. Clearing all inmates from their respective second tier landing which was shared with the Lebs.

Because. I was in a cell on the bottom landing, they did not come anywhere near me at all. Minutes later. Now my adrenaline is beginning to kick in, knowing of the imminent impending danger to me, only minutes away, anxiety sets in, deep breaths now, sucking the air deep down into my lungs. Lewie, asking me am I ok. **Yeah fine!** Not making the true connection why, the sudden panic attack was happening. **Psyching myself up now.**

ME VS THE LEB YARD SOLO!

Yes this was f*cking a daunting mission ahead indeed. But my stubborn f*cking nature willing me on, into certain f*cking danger and possible carnage of **ME!** I was completely full of apprehension, by now. My inner gut senses telling me **NO!** But my natural instincts convincing me **YES! I was in the ZONE now, action mode. Solja me, to run the ball up, f*cking solo, this will be f*cken madness, and without any weapons, just bare knuckles.**

What the f*ck was I thinking at the times seriously. These lebs were all hard core gangsta's. I mean hard core! I now hear the sound of the incoming Lebs arrive in the wing, **calling out to Lewie**. He looked at me, with shock and concern all over his face. He knew that if any of the Lebs saw me, **it was big trouble for me. This no secret at all!** So he got up, from his cell bed, and begun to the leave the cell, to cut them off from entering his cell.

I got up, and said **nah mate f*ck them. I am dealing with this.** They want to air rate at shower gates. **I had deliberately stayed in for this, I never hid, but made this happen**.

He had tried to grab me as I was leaving his cell. I just shrugged him off. I am now on the bottom landing heading straight for this group, **not one but a group. Expecting at least ten to be there, if not more.** My breathing now settled, I am in control, I am buzzing on pure fear! I increase the pace now, see them in front of the C wing gate entrance, this now a silhouette in the background. The outside light shining in from behind THEM. Now blinking, adjusting my eye sight to my surrounds. They needed to be re-calibrated to **infra- red vision.**

I need to focus on my deadly foes advancing, headed for me. **They could not make out who this prisoner was either**, as it was dark inside the wing, more so on the bottom landing. It was dimly lit. As I am walking towards the large group of inmates, trying to do a head count, **f*ck there's a small platoon ahead of me.** At first they did not know just who I was.

I was now about 30 metres from them. I called out **RABI** you got something to say. I am here, if you're a tuff cunt. You won't

need the rest of your boys. **Just you and me one on one.** This now being said by me, assuming and convinced that Rabi was in amongst the pack.

He wasn't he was still in his yard. He had his underlings carry all his canteen stuff to his cell. The lebs quickly now advancing towards me. Once we were about 30 feet apart. **BASIM HAMZY** a well-connected leb leader in the group. Basim year's later forms the notorious **brothers for life gang**. Recognising me, calls out to me. Chris what have you got to say about **RABI?** Rabi is in the yard. And what problem you have with Rabi, **you have with us!**

ALL IN

With that being said and done, they then begin to spread out around me, next thing it's on for young and old. Punches thrown by all, front kicks by me, as they had charged towards me, I was quickly surrounded, by all sides now. And picked off from behind, with a blow to the back of the head. Not a Bud Spencer, but was enough, to have knock me forward, into the oncoming onslaught. Never did I retreat, **went out swinging!** And they will all remember this fact. **Outnumbered me ten to one!** There were about eight lebs in group, and two Kooris.

RECON COMES UNDONE!

Within seconds the wing staff hit the alarms and the squad descends within seconds. As they have an observation post just on the other side of the wings entrance. The storm troopers now on the scene and bail all of us all up along the walls. To then frisk and search all those involved for weapons. **This incident actually thwarted a dry run assassination on the Islander leader MOSES TOO. In the group of eight. Were two Aboriginals, from another wing.**

Who should never been allowed into our wing at all period. They were killers. and were Muslims. Who had went to the Leb yard, as Prison staff would allow this practice to occur, for them to pray. The Aboriginals and Lebs would be allowed to mix, as the same with islanders/Asians and Aussies could mix. These seasoned killers had snuck in the wing. To do reconnaissance on the open shower block, when **MOSES** would shower. Him there UN armed and alone, feeling safe, in a false sense of security. From his arch foes the Kooris, who lived in another wing altogether that **wanted to kill him! The incident with me, had effectively averted and shut down an assassination of him by them.**

The following morning. I had gone to **RABI'S** cell, as was on the same landing as mine, he was at his door looking through his peep hole. I then said where were you yesterday tough cunt? **I stayed in the wing especially for you. I am not into air rating behind locked gates all safe.** Did he get wind of my plans to ambush him in the wing and stay in the yard? **That I was hunting him, not him hunting me.** Is that the best your hard core Hezbollahs could do? I didn't even need a Band aid, here keep the rest of band aid. Now poking it through his peep hole in the door, saying that he's a **Jew Rabi NOT RABI.** He went ballistic.

Yelling from behind his cell door. As I left his cell door to go to my yard. The situation with the Kooris found in C-wing caused a huge issue, with **how the f*ck did the Kooris gain access to the wing, as wing staff manned entrance to locked gates to enter.** The Commissioner Ron Woodham then stopped the Aboriginals from mixing with Lebs in yard. Which the Lebs were happy about. As the Kooris just bled and used them for drugs. Now the lebs did not have to provide for them, they did not argue or protest on their behalf at all. Were in fact somewhat relieved by the developments. But the Kooris decided to do something about this, as their source of medication was now cut off.

GOULBURN RIOT KICKS OFF!

Hence the Riot at Goulburn with prison officers badly assaulted. They were attacked with wooden table legs digger- doos, and they had even tried to secure a female officer in a cell to rape. This was the worst riot in N.S.W. jails in decades, one male officer was left in a coma for months, and brain damaged by this, all over me in-directly. Over the incident in C- wing.

Needless to say MOSES, was so ever grateful to me, for shutting down an attempt on his life. And his security radically improved, he had his boys pay more attention to the shower block. Exposed to extreme fear and threat of death, and being stabbed. P.T.S.D. exposure.

Footnote, Lebs end up killing BUNKER after he was released from jail.

CAGE FIGHTING IN TRANSIT NO REFS!

Whilst interned at Goulburn Prison.

I was told I was to be transferred to another Jail in the near future. I had been given my C- classification and was moving forward. Leaving Maximum behind me now, so I thought at the time anyway. This news came with mixed emotion, I should have been relieved and ecstatic over the news. **No. Not at all, full more of apprehension and fear!**

C- CLASSO BUS RIDE CANCELLED, ONBOARD CONTRABAND FOUND.

I now had to navigate through HOSTILE LANDS during the course of the journey. Venture deep into the heart of enemy territory. And allies of those who had attempted to kill me at Lithgow Jail. The Nipple Incident, **with an overnight Pit stop Bathurst Jail** an Aboriginal Strong hold over represented by them. So I had armed myself with Plastic cuff Keys and Perspex Shivs to protect myself with. Due to the real danger posed to my life. Prison Staff had found them in my cell, whilst doing a targeted cell search. Located these items and cancelled my transfer as a result. **I did not run to them for Intervention at all.** The Crazy absurd thing about it all. Was the extreme hatred fuelled by the various groups in the separate yards. **Was accepted as dangerous simply put period, needing to be separated in different yards at Goulburn for safety reasons. Yet on transfers to and**

from Goulburn, you were placed in the back with your deadly foes! In the back of meat brawlers. (Handcuffed) Now all alone and in with your enemies, at times, outnumbered!

Countless assaults did take, this practice beggars belief really it did.

(Cage Fighting at its ultimate best). There were times that the Prison escort van, would have to stop on side of road, in order to save inmates from being assaulted trapped within. By the other yards separated from. Yet now mixing in rear of the transport van.

Crazy, you couldn't grasp it. I did write a letter to the Parole Board addressing why. In possession of items, for defending myself nothing more. On file. Much to their utter dismay.

Exposed to extreme fear and threat of death, and being stabbed. P.T.S.D. exposure.

STEPPO; whilst interned at Goulburn Prison in 2002-2003, there was Steppo, a severely institutionalised prisoner, he had come up from N.S.W. boys homes to basically every Jail in the system. A Mad escaper if he got the chance, and bank robber of sorts to boot. He had actually escaped from Silverwater Medium security Jail just weeks before the Sydney Olympics were being held in 2000. Scaling the walls mesh and tube fence, he and another inmate. Caused a bit of a stir. When he was arrested, landed at Goulburn in our yard. He was a funny f*ck, of mixed personalities, ya either loved him or hated him or both. The latter in my case. He was a staunch little tough cunt with a bit of a reputation in his day, never to take a backward step, regardless of how many in the field. Yet as time passes, new generations arise to take the place of those who were once looked up to. They then fall by the wayside, more so if they stop training and get on the methadone programme.

Not to mention whatever else is available, found in the yards. He was well liked by the White Power leadership in our yard, which had only just formed back then, welcomed straight into its hierarchy ranks. Bolstering its cred. Anyway, the yard is not big enough at times for all the different strong personalities, more so. When people get jealous of you. You have things, they don't. This creates a rift, simply put over time, it festers and next thing ya know. One may be having a bad day, lets out a snide remark, and it's on. Pow! I had a mobile phone at the time. I would share it with a select few inmates in the yard, on the single and only provision. That they get their own phone credits, not tap into mine. A fair call on my part, I wasn't paying their phone call bill. He had no real financial support outside, so wasn't able to muster up the phone credits to enable him to catch up with his friends outside. This was his problem not mine, yet it become mine. As he expects to still have access, to now use my credits. It aint happening. So he begins to internally vent over this now, nothing more, and nothing less. Otherwise we got along well. He just comes back from getting his methadone dose, sitting with his back to the concrete yards wall. The sun on him, enjoying its warmth and milking the rays, now waiting for the dome to kick in. I am only some fifteen feet directly across from him, someone had asked me for its use. I said yeah no probs. You know the drill with the phone credits, make sure, you get your own to use. Don't burn up mine, if it comes back short. Then it will be the last time you use it, which had occurred with Steppo.

This moot point must have been on his mind for some time, burning inside him, now all of a sudden. I hear Steppo utter a smart remark, in response to my private talk held with the other inmate. I don't think even Steppo was aware of it being subconsciously blurted out himself. Uttered under his breath. Which was exactly what had occurred on this particular day. I had my back to him at the time, upon hearing this. I turned around to face him, I said what?

He then added more fuel to the fire, by saying how much. I think I am a king with the phone. I am pissed off by this, it has been simmering for the past few weeks. I then said yeah really, and begin to walk over to him. He then begins to stand up, to face me. His back still against the wall, him not thinking it would go any further, with the backup of the White Power group in the yard, as many do. Wrong! I unleash a flurry of punches, to be honest I surprised myself even. By the unload that I had managed. His head, upon receiving each hit. Would then go back, hit the concrete wall, then bounce back and be hit again. After a rapid ten or so hits. His eye lids now begin to flutter, rolling back in their eye sockets. His legs begin to buckle. This caused me to pause, I now look to my right, down towards the front of the yard. Only to see that a prison guard had witnessed the whole event. I then up and turn to walk away. Soon after he is called to the clinic to be patched up, upon returning back to the yard. He is literally covered in stitches and band aids, his face was really split open bad in some five odd spots. He is venting even more, claiming I had sneaked him. Yet everyone in yard saw it. Was fair and all above board.

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His ego was shattered, now with the belief he had to do something now about it. To restore his image and standing within the yard. Yeah bring it on, I would remain in the yard, on my own basically, with him and his group. Only days later, his face now all black and blue from all the deep bruising surfacing. Made it even worse, he big notes to a prisoner how he is to stab me. This prisoner a friend of mine, mails me of his intentions. No problems, I had expected this anyway and was myself armed with a shiv.

ARMED TO PLAY

This was now secreted in the long slim pocket of my green prison industrial overall. Located at my right knee, normally used for work tools, screw drivers and the like. The handle clearly visible to all. I would have the Wing sweeper pass this to me through the shower bars of the gates. Passing all the security searches done every morning, as we were being led out into the yards. No attempt to conceal. Letting him know this fact, was within hands reach easy to use. I would even allow myself to be Got in quiet little spots in, hoping to tempt him with a loaded lure. He wasn't biting at all. Just full of bluster, letting off pent up steam! Within days the shiv was put back into storage hidden. He would continue, to complain about the incident for some time. Yet it had fizzled all out. Thing is you could never let your guard down at all, not even for one minute, Things may look calm on the surface. But underneath, would be like a rift, and suck ya down, swallow you up in the abyss.

NINJA TURTLE

I used to call it the SNAKE PIT! Given that I was more or less on my own in our yard shared by Aussies and Asians. The yard was effectively run by leadership representing both groups Aussies and Asians, as was near a 50/50 ratio at times. Each group dealt with their issues (or) peoples. Me I was tight with Asian leadership, and would when bored in the yard, as there was no real stimulation at all available to the prisoner's simple put. Not even a f*cking dip bar in the yard. Those who trained had to use and rely upon the bars on

top of the fenced off yards to be used as substitutes. So I now and then get the sudden urge to rev the Asians up a little. **All in fun off course**, they would be playing cards at their appointed table. I would mosey up, see that they were all engrossed in the game. Some bets taking place, all got a stake in the outcome of the deck fully engrossed in the game. Then without warning spring up on to the concrete table. At times I miss-judge my feet, landing on the cards laid out.

Nearly going arse up in the process, with the cards now like slippery skies underneath me. **This would then get an instant reaction.** Some, would be spewing as were about to cash in and collect, others happy for it to fold. This was my announcement of I **am bored** **play time**. They would begin to chatter in Asian, giving orders to surround me, who, what and where basically. Me un-able to understand any of it. All now circle me, I would let them use me as a kick bag, fending off their kicks and punches. Challenge them as a **Ninja Turtle** would.

All those other prisoners that were in the yard knew it. **Would be a regular thing**, screws at first were alarmed by this sight and spectacle, as they were nasty little f*cks at times. **Realised even tho I was being MOBBED by a good (8) or more, it was consensual.**

They are light bodied men, not as a heavy weight is and their blows. **I would laugh at** and say **is that it**, to increase the passion, and they did the angry little f*cks they were.

I say f*cks in a good way, not demeaning at all. But out of respect. Yet this had never stopped me going back for more, the Aussies in yard **didn't like it at all**. As felt powerless as I had told them to stay out of it, **(I am playing, throwing them around as rag dolls at times)**. **THIS WAS LITERALLY LIVE ENTERTAINMENT BORED IN YARD.**

I WAS HAVING FUN WITH THEM. Now being left bruised and sore for days at times always. Many of the blokes in the yard telling me. I was MAD to have this Inflicted upon me, needlessly. **I FELT NO PAIN**.

Aussie Leadership the **WHITE POWER** group, **they would run things**. Sought my guidance and wisdom in many things it was good, as sound calls were made. **There was an EDICT in our yard. I would enforce passionately with extreme brutality.**

SEX OFFENDERS were NOT welcome! (Or) allowed on **my watch**. (If) identified. Upon arriving from escort into our yard, those identified were given **(2) choices by me.**

1./leave voluntary.

2./remain, only be carted out on a stretcher, then never to return due to the nature of the eviction, now on their file, with alerts in place now. (No one was immune from this edict).

Regardless who they knew in yard. Mattered not to me at all, and all in our yard knew this fact. **NO PASS given some HARD FUCKS BLED 2.** This can be confirmed, with staff now reluctant to put sex crime inmates in our yard **too much paperwork.**

I did not want such vile creatures in my space at all. As are not crims but **(animals I say).**

I WAS ALSO FIRM BUT FAIR.

Were there Assassination attempts made on my life in my own yard? YES there was.

SNAKE PIT!

Yet I still continued to remain. I had stayed in the COMBAT ZONE. Exposed to **ALL** the extreme fear and threat of death, and being stabbed. **P.T.S.D. exposure in layers!**

I love this incident, during a time when an EDICT was out on me sponsored from the leb yard, and due to the fact I kept to myself and chose not deal with many. **I wasn't there for a popularity contest (or) in jail to make friends.** I'd tell many, but against my wishes to be frank. (I don't hold hands) I run solo everybody knows this fact. **Always on the Point.**

There were elements that didn't agree with my conduct. There were elements that knew this and had sought **YARD approval** to sanction a **Hit** on me, they gave it the ok. To the interested hit- man. Him now feeling confident in himself **taking the advance payment.**

Thing is, tho many did not agree with my conduct. Held no personal grudges or any enmity towards me. And had **despised him even more**, as he was a far greater threat to them. Always on the hustle, trying to make an earn, from those poor unsuspecting f*cks. Those new arriving in the yard, cutting the other groups **cut lunch**. Elements had now warned me of his deadly intent. **Set him up, pitted me against HIM now!**

A F*CKING SNAKE PIT! I then tried to position him for (2) days in our yard and in the shower block, me armed, he sensed something **WAS amiss** (or) knew he was sold out by them to me. **He never entered the shower block**, as hard as I had tried to lure Him in.

Me a live lure bait used again. This cat and mouse game had been going on for a few days now, getting no closer to getting closure on. **I then said to myself f*ck it, it's going to go down today**, even if I have to make the move. I approach a handful of loyal trusted prisoners who liked and respected me. Told them what's up. I needed the human shield to be activated, **got a mission to do!** The inmates in the yard knew the drill to draw a human curtain.

When I signalled, on my command. They would all of a sudden converge en mass, gather in a dense crowd. **Directly in front of the proposed target sight. The arena**, them now in between the action and the yards c. c. t. v. camera fixed to that particular location.

The camera now blind, to what is to unfold. So specialised in approach, not even noticed by those who were watching c. c. t. v, at the time. We were f*cken good, and had perfected every angle covered by c. c. t. v. in our yard, not causing any suspicions at all, to what was to unfold. Those on board all now loitering under the sheltered area of the yard, near the phone box. Waiting for the call, pardon the pun. With the **KEY** word now uttered aloud, they all now begin to close in and fan out. Some looking in my direction, others, looking towards the front of the yard, their backs to me. They were the smart ones, who would later be able to say they saw nothing, caught on camera literally looking the other way. All the action being behind them. **The others were gigs, holding ringside view.** Talk about pay per view. Best site in the house, at times so much a part of the scene. **The crowd of inmates would end up blood splattered too.**

I give it a moment or two, let them drift into place nicely. All geed up by this stage, this bloke was a f*cking real danger and posed a significant threat to me. He was no slouch at all. I am thinking to myself. If this goes bad. I am f*cked, **he could kick the shiv out from my hands easy. He was good!** But it has to be done. I gotta take control of the exercise, run the ball up, this changes the dynamics in many things. To then go become the aggressor, the hunter instead of the hunted advantage. My juices are now literally soaking, leaving me dripping wet if pure fear now. Survival instincts ruling all other emotions! Crazy shit, **Let's GO!** I then walk up to the potential hit- man. He is now in under the sheltered yard area. The human curtain now all in place. **The C.C.T.V. yard cameras, shut down!** I look at him, he sees me advance towards him, already toey full of trepidation and on alert. Now some five feet away. Out of his kicking range. Eye ball him. Face to face. Intense stares shared by each other now. I then with a firm voice say **If someone's going to DIE. Then it's going to HAPPEN TODAY.** He denied all, let alone wanting to play. I would days later decide that I would now train with him as he and another inmate I call the **MACHINE. Paul Etienne** a mad escaper too. **With heaps of dash to boot!** Were full on elite in COMMANDO army boot camp training, none in our yard could keep up with their training programme at all.

Even the squad would watch US now train, with envy and copy our exercises programme. My reasoning was, he was far fitter then I was. Best I reach his superior level to equal things some. **Plus I wanted to be in his FACE.** ha ha ha.

He was also 6 foot 3plus, a stripped down hulk of 110 kgs all muscle. Did I overlook the fact a **martial arts expert kick boxer** Having escaped from Police custody bashing the **POLICE and then taking their keys, fleeing Police Lock up!**

Exposed to extreme fear and threat of death, and being stabbed. P.T.S.D. exposure.

GAVIN PRESTON:

When **Gavin Preston** arrived at Goulburn, he was placed in the Aussie yard, as all yards are segregated, he soon realises. **That all the action, is coming from the Lebs yard.** They have all the goods that other prisoners crave and want. And he knows a couple of lebs from his time spent in management units whilst held at M.R.C. Silverwater. They encourage him to abandon the Aussie yard and invite him into theirs. **This is totally frowned upon, and does not occur. He takes up this offer,** within days this move back fires, as a group of young lebs close around him, **he had tried to bite of more than he could chew.** They now all produce shivs on him. He has no escape other than to jump on top of the yard table, and **is now surrounded by them.** The Squad prison guards spot the drama unfolding on the Lebs Yard c. c. t. v. and storm the yard within seconds. **They were quick, real quick to respond. Lucky for many. Gavin included!**

Now he is removed him from the yard. The Prison officers approached the inmates in the Aussie yard, to see if they can place him back there. **They all refused this request.** By this point the Governor of Jail approached me. As a last resort. I am now in the Multi- Purpose Unit MPU at Goulburn and am told of **Gavin Prestons dire predicament.** Either I am able to **use my influence to get him back out of to the Aussie yard** (or) they had no other choice but. **Send him to protection. The BONE YARD!** I abandon my Buddhism journey.

I go back out to the Aussie yard, and am met with hugs all round, shaking exchanges with all. I Then raise the **issue of Gavin,** what's the story there I ask? I am told, then I step in and up to the plate. Telling them all, **that's why I am here. To sort this out,** that (if) the Aussie yard aint happy with him abandoning the yard for Lebs, fine. Don't let screws stop him by re-entering yard. **Let him return, be punished/ disciplined even,** he is to be given a chance.

And **if need be fight all those aggrieved.** To earn the right to come back to the yard, line them up one on one. Weapons involved, so be it used. **But no more than one at a time,** otherwise. **I come into play simple. I owed him,** he was a Mexican, slang for a Victorian from down south of the border. There were many disgruntled inmates, yet none prepared to go against me. Gavin was to return within 30mins of my return to the wing and talk in the yard. Soon afterwards he felt he had to prove himself to the yard now. To then launch into a heated verbal tirade with the Lebs. Who were now in the yard behind us.

GAVS VERBAL CANT FIGHT!

Calling them all dogs, rats etc etc, whilst he was standing near the end of yard. I was sitting down on the bitumen at the time, not three foot away at the time. He wanted to put on a show, win back support within the yard doing so. **I told him to pull up. They were not dogs, and it was he, who bailed from yard. Not them, the screws saved him.** That the older senior figure, he tried to stand over. Could arrange for others to take him out quiet easily, to do this, they would have to go through me to get to him. This did not sit well with me at all. Me now becoming a target, to neutralise to get to him. **I may now be in their sights locked in to him. Plus the old man was an ally of mine. Gavin then said f*ck you!**

With that I immediately sprung up, launched a big right to his face, he just managed to side step it, whizzing past him, and he then threw two wild haymakers at me. Two feet wide from connecting me. I then reset myself, positioned to reload the next combination, ready to go one for one punch's. **He was not up for this at all. Instead grabbing me in a bear hug, wrapping both his arms around me now. Knowing that the squad will arrive in a few seconds this buying him the precious time he needed.**

The squad arrives, and separate us, escort both to the Multi- Purpose Unit **M.P.U**. We both get the mandatory two weeks cooling off penalty. **Neither of us were charged**. And both would return to yard. **Me being first, as they felt if he went first, then he may be attacked**.

I had to defuse all the enmity others had deeply held towards him. Many hoping that this incident would divide me from him. **It didn't, he was now on his own**. Yes we would still hang out in the yard and idly chat that's it. **My debt was now paid in full!**

I made sure Gavin's arrest for the **failure to pay for petrol in N.S.W** did not go beyond our group of fellow **Mexicans**, some five of us, Bertie Kidd, Warren Forbes Gavin and another.

It was our internal secret. The in house joke was **Wild Bill Hiccup** Gavin's un-official nick name, as he was forever getting himself into trouble. Given he was spruiking to ALL. **That he was an Underworld Killer involved in the Melbourne Gangland wars. He wasn't!**

For further details on history of Gavin, go to. **Hectic times/Snitches Volume (2) Chapter.**

PASQUALE BARBARO.

ATTACKED GOULBURN YARDS FEBRUARY 2005

That I was living in the Aussie/ Asian yard, when Pasquale Barbaro arrives to the Jail, he lands in the islander yard either late December 2004/ Early January 2005.

Given that. I knew many Italians from Melbourne and Griffith, and he was related to some.

I felt an over whelming urge to keep tabs on him, as I would do with many other MEXICANS from down south of the border.

Knowing just how ruthless these yards can be.

Leaving my yard weeks later not to mention a single cell, to go **two out with him.**

For a person I did not know from a bar of soap at all. Done so, to let the others know **that he was with me**, as they had already begun to extort him. He was young, on the steroids, **so full of himself, thought he was shit hot**. Trying to hold some tough staunch image to all. **Yet the reality was he was being stood over for cash in the yards**. After two weeks of his company in the cell. I could not tolerate one more day, he was just a f*cken fool arguing over petty shit. I told him I was moving out of the cell. That I couldn't live with him period, **to be one out, as I was before**, yet would still remain in the yard. This made him look silly, as everybody knew. **I had left my yard to be with him**. And had given up a single cell to be two out for him, **it was totally out of character for me. I had never done this before for any other inmates in the years I had been at Goulburn**. Now with only days to go before I am released from custody, he tries to improve his own status **quo and standing in the yard**. Assuming, if he would stand up to me. Others would recognise this and leave him alone, as he was a **sick hard core gangster, with heaps of dash!** So begins to talk me down, putting me on show. Hoping that my ties with his extended family will be strong enough to sustain him in this stunt. And my reluctance to get involved in an incident so close to my release, as many inmates do, **not wanting to jeopardise extra jail**. Will hold him up through this. **Wrong!**

WATER BOTTLES, CHEMICAL AGENTS!

I had told him, when I had shared the cell with him, if there was ever a drama in yard, the (4) 1.5 litre water bottles I would carry every day to the yard, two of which had boiled water in to drink, as I did not drink the tap water at all, the other two I would use as weight to train with.

All of which had squirt taps in place, to drink from, and **the two I trained with had bleach inside, clear and not visible to any others**. This was a Mac Giver improvised chemical agent, to use **in event of trouble**, squirted in the eyes of my enemy and danger, taking out their vision and bashing them senseless, **you defend what you can't see simply put.**

I was fortunate enough never having to use this covert chemical defence measure during all the years in Goulburn, **It did come very close on a few occasions tho**. But it never and was therefore a **best kept secret from all others**. Pasquale was the only inmate I had told, so he knew the **true contents of my training bottles**. All inmates went through metal detectors each day going to the yards and random pat downs looking for weapons, and this was the **in ya face weapon so inconspicuous breaching security**.

Anyway as we were returning back to our cells after muster, I had told him. **You think you're a hard cunt, think your good, we will see how good you are tomorrow, show me what you can do then. You made a very bad mistake and an enemy of me, I will show you pain like you have never felt before you f*cking you punk!** You have no idea of what I have done nor seen and been involved in, tomorrow you will see. The next morning. I am In the yard before him, call him down the rear of yards near the toilet and tap area, he knows he can't avoid this, as everybody knows what's going down, the challenge is on, and they ALL know.

I don't f*ck around at all. He meekly walks towards me, sees I have a water bottle in my hand, **is now hesitant to come much closer. I tell him come here fuck head, show me how hard you are**, he is about 10 feet away. I give him a **quick squirt of the bottle, getting him on the side of the face**, yet some transferring to his left side/ eyes area. **He begins to complain, that it's not fair. I state**

You are now my enemy, there are no rules! I am going to f*cken inflict so much pain. **I am going to punish you in front of everybody. I don't care if I get pinched and get extra jail now, this is what you wanted, now you are going to feel it**. He was trying his best to control this incident by demanding that I put the water bottle down all to no avail, he then begins to back track, as I walked towards him, going to the other end of the yard.

❖To the front gates where the squad and staff are situated in the circle❖. I did not want to venture out in the open, where they would see everything and get pinched, Pasquale❖s left eye by now **is burning**, as was wiping his face, he tried to coax in a couple of the other inmates in yard to fill up a cup of water for him, so he could flush out his eye. I told him and them, **to stay out of it, if he wanted water to come down to where I was himself and get it, nobody else!** Some good half hour passes by, and he is not coming down to where I am at all. **He don❖t want to play or finish it off.** One of the islanders in the yard comes up to me and says Chris, **you gotta finish this off.** Do it now before we swap yards, as he will get the advantage then. I then walk towards him, his eyes are on me, and **he has panic and fear all over his face now. He knows its coming**, he retreats to the front gate his back up against it.

Boxed in. ❖I am closing in he❖s fucked!❖ He then tries to rush me, by running at me. I am 10 feet away from him. **I empty the rest of the water bottle contents at him, now saturating his face a direct fountain of spray**, he tries to cover his face, but can❖t.

He is now retreating at the same time, **he can❖t see now.** I grab him by his pony tail and start giving him huge **upper cuts to the face and head, ramming his head into the steel gate. Bashing the shit out of him right there in front of the screws**, they run over to the yard demand that I stop and let him go. **I refuse.**

❖I am now in full blown Solja mode now❖.

So they spray me with now with. **THEIR chemical** aerosol spray, direct in my face not some **6 inches away from the gate.** Knowing I have little time, **before the effects kick in!**

I can now taste the shit, and its burning sensation travelling down my throat.

My last 15 seconds are now a flurry of punches to his head, before my lungs explode. **I am now coughing, gasping for air and only then do I release my grip on him.** The Squad screws then enter yard fived deep, remove him. **He is now telling them. I got him with bleach in his eyes**, other screws now arrive at the scene, to take him away from the yard. As they are escorting him to the clinic. The squad, **then begin scolding me for using bleach**

I then remind the squad member still present in the yard. **That he just used chemical agents on me too.** This the first time the screws become aware of such tactics along with the Goulburn inmates, for that matter, needless to say. **Bleach was then removed from the wing.**

My last (3) days were locked in cell for punishment. Pasquale was also. All heard him lag me!

He was shot and killed by N.S.W. underworld elements in Sydney in late 2016, found full of lead face down in street!

JANUARY 2006 ❖ARRESTED❖. IN VICTORIA.

31 MAY BANKSIA UNIT YARD RAZOR JAIL ATTACK.

CUT TO SHREDS, BUSH WACKED AT BANKSIA.

Banksia unit Barwon, I was a victim of a serious violent attempt on my life. I have Post op photos of injuries graphic which you will see. Which has left I traumatised till this very day.

Leaving me with much apprehension, when returning my mind to this significant incident.

The more I return to this, it hurts, but its effects seem to lessen. **I must do so to reach closure!**

For my Legal defence team, Saul Holt and Co. To then suggest. I don❖t suffer from this debilitating condition is obscene and outrageous. Not to mention at odds with a long history of reporting❖s dating back as far as June 2007. Yet Saul would go to such extreme measures to negate my condition. Refer for further details on extent of treason. **In Betrayed Judas Counsel Chapter.** Back to Banksia and May 2006. I was walking up and down the yard, cutting laps, with Steve Walker on my left hand side, Manuel Alexandridis to my right.

I was whack bang in the dead centre of them. I am reading a letter to them, which I had just received, my head down, concentrating on the task. I was on heavy medications at the time.

TUNA ANYONE!

I had a lot of problems in dealing with isolation and personal issues outside at the time. I was literally struggling, not coping well with these issues being juggled with at all. Hence the need to block out the issues in question, drown them out with medication. I was hit three times, with a sock full of two tins of tuna, not realising this till the third strike hitting me.

The delayed reaction, was the medication. I was on at the time I am sure. The third hit imploding the tins inside the sock, exploding tuna was now everywhere in the yard. After the initial sneak'o with tins of tuna in a sock failed, this was hoped to knock me out, the tuna having been passed to them from Preston by Prison staff 15 minutes earlier. I then Say to myself. What the F*ck! Realising what had just happened now. My senses were so dull and blunted, yet now. I had instantly now come alive! Instant survival mode kicking in now, overriding and negating all the copious amounts of medication that was in my system.

As I had just had a huge hit of Nar cane. Now coming out of a drug induced coma state. Steve Walker takes off, to run to the end of the yard now, I am in hot pursuit of him. He then runs around the chin ❖up bar steel framing positioned in the yard, I am right behind him on his footsteps, we play hide and seek, behind this structure now. Me trying to flush him out from behind this. He then makes a mad rush back to the other end of the yard. From where we had just been. Steve the bigger of the two, a convicted Murderer. Then suddenly

pauses, and then turns around to meet me, face to face. My momentum still carrying me forward. I raise my right hand up to hit him, no Big Bud Spencer, but still something to think about. I had landed a big straight right flush on his face, and he then begins to fall back from the impact.

In doing so, reaches out and grabs me. I am now falling forward with him being an anchor, both of us now landing to the ground. It was now, a bear hug sort of wrestle. His body weight on top on me. Now effectively being held down, whilst the other Prisoner Manny went into a crazy frenzy with an improvised shiv, being two plastic knives and a razor blades infused in the centre of them.

Steve Walker the other prisoner was slashed too in the brief but intense savage frenzy. A deliberate attempt was made to sever the main arteries on both my inner thighs by Manny, along with other numerous serious vital slash points on my torso, head, and neck. This was surgical. Not to mention all the defensive wounds fending this off. Resulted in my right fingers damaged in process. As I now realise.

What the f*ck!

I am literally in real danger now. My adrenaline is surging through my veins. I let out a big yell AHHHHHHHH. And begin to thrash about wildly under the weight of Steve, dislodging him now. I get up. Not aware of the true extent of my injuries at all. I can feel the warm blood running down the side of my left hand side of my face now. Thinking that, that was from the tins of tuna, not from the razor blade infused shiv. I now seize possession of one of the razor infused plastic knives, this item had belonged to Steve Walker. He had dropped this, during the wrestle on the ground. I now regain control of the situation.

ELEMENT OF SURPRISE ALL BUT GONE, I'M ARMED 2!

This all done within ten odd seconds, yet would leave a lifetime of memories and deep scars.

I now begin to assess and evaluate the circumstances, amid a rush of adrenaline fuelling my NOW sudden sharp awareness from an otherwise dormant state.

I am distracted by the yelling and screaming from Mutty and Gavin across the yard from me. Issuing instructions to those feeble assassins. Both of whom had by now legged it, running to the other end of the yard. My composure returning, now restored, clinically assessing things, wanting to finish off the two fools. Looking at them now some fifteen feet away from me.

Manny holed up in the far right hand side of the yard. Basically cowering in the corner. I could see he had fear in his eyes, he was not at all confident of the way things had panned out, turning pear-shaped now. Steve also was not as hungry to go again, he had tasted a good right hand punch to his face. And that was more enough for him I felt. They both not wanting any more of a part of this at all. Even with the most aggressive threats now being hurled and directed at both of them from their sponsors, across from the safety of their yard.

Was still was not enough to coax them back into the arena for a second attack. **They gave a pass in returning back into the octagon of death and play.** It was during this brief fleeting observations. That I actually felt pity for them both, forced to do the others dirty work, Gavin and Mutty both of whom lacked any real true ability. They were cowards in every sense of the word. Safe from any harm, from the other yard, yet directing instructions. Then I thought, to myself if. I did finish the two off. I was in a crime scene and my blood trail will show.

THINK ABOUT THIS

I was now the aggressor, regardless of my injuries. **I would be found guilty of their deaths or injuries.** And this would still get me no closer to my enemy's. I could let this pass by for now, as my mind was now racing, at one million miles per hour, processing all the various scenarios. Thinking of all the pros and cons of the situation at hand. **I had all Mannys personal details to find him outside, and that's where you can get away with murder.**

If Manny had these type of intentions, the previous week, he would never have given me his mother's home address and private number at all. He was made and forced into this.

He was a weak coward also. Knowing by slash and run, once the officers get onto it. They would then put alerts on both of us. And there was no chance at ever coming into contact again. So he didn't have to worry of me in a yard in times ahead.

He had pulled a similar stunt at Port Phillip Prison, slashing the throat of a Prison guard. Paul Sullivan, he was a quiet UN assuming bloke. **Who could fight like ten men.** Well versed in mixed martial arts, and **don't mind getting into the Octagon to cage fight either outside.**

Slashed him on the right hand side of the throat, real bad. For no reason at all. **Then legs it, outta there pronto.** Paul, now is profusely bleeding from the fifteen or so cm open wound to the neck. In no state to fight, but in desperate need to seek immediate medical intervention. Never able to come in contact with him again, **as alerts are now in place, on file with him too, and he is a Port Phillip Prison Officer.**

MY BLOOD TRAIL WOULD REVEAL THIS!

Same with me now. My blood trail up and down the yard will tell you it was **not me cowering in the corner of yard.** Waiting for the screws to arrive and intervene.

The **blood pool of Steve Walker's was present. DOWN THE END OF YARD.**

Both the prisoners were armed not wanting to re-enter the centre of yard. The throw down they had meant for me, was now relied upon by Steve in his possession now.

Both would NOT allow me to defend myself LEGALLY in court. Regardless of all the threats and coaxing from both me and Gavin and Mutty across the yard watching the blood sport spectacle **from safety of their yard**.

Steve and Manny were not even prepared to get rid of the tins of tuna and sox used in the initial assault. **Now scattered in the centre of yard, evidence of the crime. It was me who picked this up and threw it over onto the adjoining industry roof.**

I was in the exercise yard for nearly 2 hours and had nearly bleed out. (Nor did I utter a word, devoid of any emotion and all pain). (Unit staff walked past the yard twice!) I did not call out (or) run to them either and. I made sure. That I was the last inmate to leave the yard of (3).

Last man standing. When Manny had suggested I should go in first. I told him f*ck off dickhead! **I leave the yard last**. **You two will leave before I do**. This way they leave the crime scene, and **not stuck in it**. As I was, at least they get to their own cell.

TILL THIS TIME, I WAS THE PREY IN THE ZONE. NEVER A VICTIM AS THIS!

THIS INCIDENT WAS A TURNING POINT, WAKING UP. I WAS NOT INVINSIBLE.

**THAT I TOO COULD BE GOT. GOT BY TWO UN-ASSUMING FUCKEN FOOLS!
A LESSON TOLD AND LEARNT TO ALL THE YOUNG. JAIL IS A DANGEROUS PLACE!**

DANNY SULLIVAN AND SAUL HOLT WOULD LATER NEGATE MY ACUTE P.T.S.D. CONDITON FROM THIS INCIDENT, TO SUGGEST OTHERWISE!

For further details of personal history of both Steve Walker and Emmanuel Alexandridis, go to **Snitches Volume (2) Chapter. Makes ya puke, f*cking RATS!**

Also along with full complete history in the Hectic days. chapter.

5 OCTOBER 2007 TRANSFER TO BARWON BANKSIA

I WOULD YEARS LATER BE TRANSFERRED BACK TO BANKSIA.

EMMANUEL ALEXANDRIDIS WAS STILL PRESENT AT THIS LOCATION. HE SAW ME, I SAW HIM. I HAD SOME STRONG PRIVATE WORDS TO HIM AS HE PASSED THE CAGED PHONE BOTH.

THIS HAD DEEPLY RATTLED HIM, HE KNEW I WAS STILL FROTHING OVER HIM.

HE WOULD THEN MAKE THREATS TOWARDS ME, YELLING AND SCREAMING AT ME, IN FRONT OF THE PRISON STAFF, SO THAT THE UNIT STAFF WOULD ACT AND REPORT THIS.

WITHIN A FEW WEEKS HE WAS FOUND TO HAVE A HOME MADE SHIV IN HIS CELL, PRISON STAFF NOW CONCERNED, HAD FELT IT WAS INTENDED FOR ME, SO MOVE ME FROM AREA.

18.

GRAPHIC SHOTS OF ME!

GOING FOR THE MAIN VEIN A THROAT SHOT JUST SKIMMING THE VITAL SPOT!

**MY ATTACKER HAD CHOSEN TO GO FOR MY VITAL ARTERIES
FOR A KILL! FIRST A HEAD SHOT, THEN FOCUSED ON THE THIGH'S MAIN VEINS!**

18.

18.

MOORZA, MARGONEET.

29 MAY 2007 TRANSFER TO MARGONEET PRISON; I was moved to Marngoneet to participate in drug and violence programmes. 21 JULY 2007 I WAS ATTACKED BY A KNIFE WEILDING CONVICTED MURDERER INMATE; The Prisoner involved in this, goes back to the **Chook-pen portables broken jaw cheap shot**. He was present at the time, HE DID have a fearsome reputation for extreme violence inside and out of jail. **NOT NO MORE!** His name was **Graeme Moore. Morza** to others. I arrive to Marngoneet, he is the food line billet, handing out the meals to the prisoners in Flinders Station compound pod. It held some 50 odd inmates, as soon as I see him. **I ask him we still got any issues, and if so let's deal with them now.** He tells me that was a long time ago,

and had nothing to do with him.

Fine I tell him, all's good then. I am a painter of some sorts, mainly abstract art, reflecting my state of mind. **All over the place.** **A Picasso!** **Not quite in true form and sequence.**

I have done some 200 works to date. I notice that Graeme is doing paintings, he has a really good style. I was truly impressed by his pieces, I appreciate good stuff, if its average. I will say its average. His was better than average. He had actually got me back into re-igniting my passion to paint again, looking at all his work. I would go to his cell. And discuss various aspects of painting styles and techniques. Becoming close to him in the process.

I had a pile of picture men's magazines, you could still buy them back then on the prisoner newspaper/magazine order or have them dropped off by your visitor. I would lend them out to those inmates around me, not just anybody. Within a month. I am moved from the big pod, to a six man two story lodge. There were a row of them lined up along one side of Flinders Station compound, these self-contained units, resembling outside accommodation, with a lounge room. Your own room, the door you can lock yourself from inside, otherwise its left open all night, shared bathrooms and open kitchen area, with electric stove ovens, bench, an assortment of cooking utensils. Prisoners in these units cooked for themselves, and would order grocery's to make their own meals for the week ahead. With everything you needed in a normal kitchen, two kitchen knives, one was a large size, for cutting up vegies and meats, the other a smaller peeling size. If you were a Muslim, then another set of knives and cooking items would be supplied to cater for these religious needs. I am now living in these quarters.

No cameras were installed within these lodges at the time, the prison issue knives not tethered either for that matter, and anybody could just walk into the lodge, head for the kitchen area. Take the knives and walk out, that simple, no security at all in place. Let's not overlook the fact, which this compound held over 100 inmates. All chosen to do violence programmes and courses, due to their offending behaviour or propensity for it. Many prisoners were there for murder, and serious acts of harm towards others, guards included!

With at least 40 large sharp kitchen knives and the same in smaller sharp peeling knives readily available and at your disposal. No real need to make a shiv, what for. **The prison issue items were far better! Crazy times indeed.** For the record there were a number of near death attacks upon Prisoners, by inmates, before the incident of mine had taken place.

In one case the prisoner had to be airlifted by helicopter for emergency surgery. Morsa would go do his rounds, pop in to those prisoners lodges he knew. Whether they were home or not, this did not deter him at all. **He actually took advantage if they weren't occupied, by helping himself to coffee, tea, and whatever else he had fancied. A little here a little there many would not even realise the thefts.** Men's magazines were top of his list, he knew where most would be kept, as when the inmates was home. He'd call in, ask to borrow a few, they would then go to where they were kept.

PETER THIEF EXPOSED!

Back to the event. I happen to by pure chance, go to visit Morsa, in his cell. And notice a heap of Picture mags on his bench piled up. Being a gig, and a perve, pick a few up, to see if I had seen them before, if not. I'd ask him to borrow them, as ya do. I then notice, the purchase sticker of the inmates stuck on the front cover revealing their names and prisoner number being mine and another prisoner in my lodge being Walsh.

I think to myself, what the f*ck and how the f*ck are they here.

I then ask Morsa, where he'd get them from, he tells me there his. I said, there not yours, you don't get visits to have em dropped off, nor do you buy them either. **They have mine and Walsh's stickers on the front cover, there ours not yours buddy.**

I am now spewing. I dearest loathe Peter thief's, and then reach for the rest sitting on the bench flick through them, and notice **all of them are either mine or Wash's.** I then grab the lot and tell him, not to ever return to our lodge. He is not welcome at all, and if is seen there, when we are not home. Then there will be huge dramas for him. As I am storming out from his cell. I notice another pile further down his bench half covered by a t-shirt resting over top of them. I then ask him whose they are. He again tells me his. I hesitate for a moment, should I check them out too, f*ck it, I leave.

I return back to my lodge, go to Walsh's room, ask him if he gave Morsa permission to help himself to our mags. **He replies No!** I said that's exactly what I thought, and told him of what had just occurred in Morsa cell, and tell Walsh, that there's another pile in his cell too. I bet have our stickers on also that are ours. That night I toss and turn, thinking you prick, we would always help him out, and he steals from us, the first chance he gets, whilst our backs are turned. Not done in front of us at all, a f*cken rat.

The next morning, I am up early, soon as they crack the front door of our lodge. The only one that is secured by the guards at night. I head for the pod, where Morsa lived. He by this stage he had left his cell, to line up to get his dose of methadone. He'd always be first cab off the rank.

Him now not present, I spot the pile of mags still where they were the night before, picked them up and flicked through them sure enough, **mine and Walsh's stickers are on the front covers.** And a Picture Premium, that was banned. Who I knew its owner, as had lent it to me before. He actually lived right across the road from Morsa on the same bottom landing. As I grab the lot, f*cking cursing this prick. I see the owner of the Premium, in his cell doorway, ask him have you still got that picture Premium. He replies nah. I don't know where it is, or who's got it why, you want to lend it? I said nah. **I just f*cken found it.**

I then asked him, did you borrow it to Morsa my any chance. **He said No!** I then revealed what had occurred the night before and now, he brought up to speed, giving him his mag back in the process. Telling him to let Morsa know. I gave it back to him **and took back the others that had belonged to me. Showing him the stickers on the front covers as proof, they indeed belonged to both me and Walsh.** I wait for the next few hours for him to arrive at our lodge, nothing happens. I assume he has let it go, that nothing more would come of it. And he won't be back at all period now, good riddance I say. It being a Sunday. I was on a contact visit for most of the day. I would set aside each Sunday for my daughter. Sometime around six o'clock, that evening, it now being dark in the compound, many inmates walking under the shining stars. The Prison not really lit up at all, many dark shadows to hide in the compound, easy to ambush. Being a hunter. I am super tuned into all the aspects of my terrain and conditions! I am walking, cutting laps with Walsh. I spot Morsa walking towards us from a distance. I knew his strut, even in the dark, and this was odd. He never came out to the compound at night, this fact not going un-noticed, **now really tuned into him.** He stops about 30 feet from me, him halfway up the concrete walk way, with the basketball court to his left. The fitness circuit running track to his right.

Hey Chris come here. I want to talk to you he yells out to me, yeah I reply, no problem. I am right out front of the prison medical centre

at this point. Just up from the top of the walkway to the left. I am thinking what the f*ck is this prick up to now. Walsh breaks off to my right headed for the basketball court. I now start to walk down the concrete track headed straight for him. Stop a metre from where he is standing, him wearing a big heavy jacket. This itself tell me, something is up. As it is a nice cool night, no need for this type of clothing. **What's up Graeme?** I say direct blunt and to the point, annoyed by him having interrupted my evening walk. He then tries to act tuff, with an inflated big voice. I want my magazines back he demands. **I said f*ck off idiot, there not yours. They have our stickers on them proving that we had bought them as we did each week.**

KITCHEN KNIFE PRODUCED

He then without warning pulls out a large kitchen knife from the inside of his jacket, and starts waving it about. Trying to intimidate me somehow. I said what the f*ck! You want to pull a knife on me, over my f*cking mags that you Peter Thieved from our lodge. You now better f*cken use it! Because when I get hold of it, and I will get it. I am going to f*cking cut your throat dickhead! My left hand then darts out to grab the knife wielded in his right hand in front of me. Idiot me. I should have gone for the wrist, not the sharp steel blade. I now latch my fingers across it, to somehow pull it out from his grip. What the f*ck was I thinking. Panic I suppose. He then pulls the knife backwards, my fingers now cut to pieces. Right to the tendons, bone and vein. Blood instantly begins to spurt and run all over the concrete. This now makes me even angrier.

I can't close my fist, it aint working. I grit my teeth, not in pain. But in f*cking anger!

I am going to kill this f*ck! I then hunt him down, continue to walk towards him. Throwing a right cross, as is the only hand that is working. A front kick to mix it up a bit too. All the while I am telling him. How when I get the blade I am going to kill him. **He is literally going backwards. Not forward and he has the kitchen knife not me!** I tell him. Let's go to my lodge to finish this off, nice and quiet. No witness's no c. t. v.'s either. He says sweet.

He then turns around to face the direction of my lodge. Then all of a sudden legs it across the oval grass. **That image of him running like a f*cken coward rat. In full flight I see over and over again in my mind. It is so rewarding, I love it.** He then opens the door of the lodge he had loaned the knife from, flings it inside and then darts off to run to his pod. I am now running to my lodge, strap my left hand up with boxing hand wrap, nice and tight to stop the blood flow, put a magazine down the front on my t-shirt, then a top now over this.

I am now out the lodge door. **In motion, in the zone.** Morsa my target. A prisoner then steps in front of me. Chris, don't bother going to the pod. **Graeme got himself locked away.** He is locked up in his cell, you won't be able to get him. I said what? He then repeated this too me, in order for me to register it. My mind racing flooded with adrenaline. He had witnessed the whole thing from the basketball court, followed Morsa to the pod. By the time he had reached it, they had already locked him away. All the inmates in the pod had witnessed Graeme run into the pod, as he had entered. The Prison guard's officer's station directly to the right, had begun yelling at such a high pitched voice, drawing the attention of all within the kitchen and In the body of the pod. Where they were all congregated, in line to use the prison phones. All within earshot now.

Graeme telling the screws, he's gone crazy, he's got a knife, and he's going to kill me.

Lock me away now! The prison guards look out towards the compound to see if they can notice anything strange and out of order. They don't, then go to Graeme's cell, him already there by this stage, ask him again. Who's going to kill you Graeme, he states. **I am not a dog,** aware that everyone is now tuned into this conversation taking place with the guard. His cell only a short distance from the Pod phone. He tells them, that he can't, the screws then lock him up in his cell, and he is secured now within it. Many prisoners did not like him at all, and were rapped this had happened, **and only too happy to tell me.**

I then return to my lodge to clean up, have a shower, change clothes put my dirty blood soaked clothing in the washing machine. All the evidence now gone. The problem of the hand still there tho, **it's completely f*cked.** I have undertaken many a patch up over the years, this was beyond my skill level. I wait till the last muster, the prison guards going from lodge to lodge in the compound counting the inmates heads, then securing that lodge to move onto the next. They get to ours which was right near the end. I step forward, hand wrapped in a towel blood clearly visible. Tell them I had cut my hand whilst holding a grapefruit in it, with my right hand holding the kitchen knife.

GRAPE FRUIT!

This sounded plausible as. I went through the motions as if re-enacting the scene. Yeah right come with us to the medical centre replied the screws. I am now walking towards the medical centre, as we head in that direction follow the same path I had taken from where it had taken place. **The trail of blood clearly visible to all, even in the dark!** The screw escorting me, then turns around to face me. I thought you said you cut yourself in the lodge kitchen, then **why is there a fresh blood trail leading from your lodge that we are now following?**

I then tell him. Well I did cut it in the kitchen, tried to patch it up, thought it was good, and then decided to walk to the medical centre. As you can see, got to within 30 metres of it, then said nah I'm a tuff cunt. I'll be sweet, only to accept later that. I wasn't and that I had needed medical help. He then turns back around to continue the walk, accepts this story, as had no reason to doubt it at all. No reports were made to the contrary of any incidents, and we continue to head to the medical centre leading the way, following my blood trail till we got to the spot of the fight, some thirty feet short of the medical centre. Continue till we reach the door, get buzzed inside. The male nurse takes one look at my hand, **tells me it is real serious.** I will need micro surgery, and would be taken to St Vincents Hospital that night. They call the ambulance soon after, I am taken from the Jail.

MORZAS LONG NIGHT!

That night Morsa don't know. That I have been taken to Hospital. Would have been pacing his cell up and down **smoking whit ox all night, thinking what do I do now?** The prison guards crack his cell door before the let go of all the other prisoners in his pod. Tell him.

TELL US WHO IT IS GRAEME.

Graeme, if you don't tell us just who it is you have dramas with, we can't keep you locked up, either tell us who it is or we let you out! He then blurts out, this bullshit story. I had gone to his cell whilst he was there, stood over him for his paints and men's mags. Left. Then later on, had called him out to the Flinders Station compound near the basketball court. Produced a kitchen knife from my Lodge, now threatening him. To prove I was serious and a hard cunt. Cut my left hand to emphasise the point. Don't f*ck with me! The prison guards say really.

Leave him locked away for the moment, go to the control station. Replay c. c. t. v. footage of the crime scene where the blood pool had originated, a yard c. c. t. v. camera fixed not 20 feet from the site watch the footage. **TO NOW UNCOVER** a crime. **Which they never knew till Morsa lags it.** He is clearly seen with the kitchen knife in his hand, the light glinting off it at times. The prisoners from the lodge it was taken from HAD also confirmed it was used.

Daryl Presnel would reveal this to them when asked about it.

Morza is then taken to management C.M.C. An investigation punishment segregation block, placed under investigation. To be then moved to Banksia unit Barwon Prison, which was right next door. I am to arrive at the jail weeks later, as I get off the truck to be met by the Prison Governor and head of prison intel, and Nicole Sakellaridis from M.O.U. Who was my counsellor at the time. They ask me what happened to my hand. I reply told ya grapefruit. They said, Morsa told us his version, we checked it out on c. c. t. v. footage, and you look like a ninja turtle. **I tell them, don't know what you saw, but it was a grapefruit. Lessoned learnt, be careful handling fruit, make sure you place item on cutting board, not held in hand when cutting it. Otherwise it can be dangerous to your health!**

18.

18 DECEMBER 2008 ARRESTED BY S.O.G.

28 JULY 2009 TRANSFER TO SCARB NTH, P.P.P.

DOUG- LASS JACKSON.

Leading up to this transfer. I was fully aware of a prisoner. Doug Jackson who was the unit billet at Scarborough North. Me and Doug go back decades literally. I first met him in 1987 in Pentridge. He came from the western suburbs, came up through boys homes, and was only a few years older than I was. So I would hear of his exploits in YTC. He had a reputation for being a tuff cunt and standover even back in. Boys homes then. He knew some people I knew in the area, we clicked, he went to Beechworth, and I'd bump into him there soon once more.

We both got tipped from that Jail. Me first, he would soon follow. I kept in touch throughout my lagging sentence. I would even come back to Pentridge, and visit him on contacts, bring his girl who was a worker, and have her deliver pot to him. She was a good girl, the fact that she was a sex worker mattered not to him, nor me for that matter. I got along well with her, yet he just exploited her. He never really had anyone else ever visit him, other than her, for as long as I knew him. I'd get out, run errands for him, and drop off money, clothes, magazines, whatever he needed at time. I would get pinched, he gets out, not even a card. Thank's mate.

He gets pinched we bump into each other. I put it behind us, get out and again do shit for him. Go and travel over two hours to visit him at Ararat Jail. Loaded up with pressies to boot, again. I get pinched, he gets out, same story is plays out yet again. And I forgive him for the second time. Long story short, I am now in H- Division, this is 1993, and he is in A- division with my brother, looking out for him, making sure that he is o. k. I had done the same for his brothers, he wants to get married. Tie the knot with Cindy, his girl, the worker, and it was to be a Jail wedding held in A- Division Chapel right in front of H division, asks me to be the best man. Yeah sweet I tell him. The wedding all done and dusted, we are then returned to our respective divisions. By this time. **I have an anniversary edition black and silver GSXR 750. Of only 500 in Australia.** This was damaged in a Police chase. I had overtaken the cops on the freeway, why I truly don't know. That's in another chapter **US vs THEM.**

Yet it was being stored at my dad's place in the garage. My brother gets out, loves to tinker around with either cars or bikes. Pull them apart, and puts em back together. I wouldn't have a f*cken clue how? He strips it down builds it back up from scratch. This is his kinda project. Happy as shit with the outcome, **this thing is now far better, then in its original form, with all the aftermarket extras he added to it now.** I am now in N.S.W. having been transferred, residing at Goulburn. Doug or Jacko as most would call him, gets out of jail. Decides to pop over to my brothers, as he had kept in touch with him. They come from the same area. Jacko loves a smoke of pot, my brother did then too. Jacko drops past to get some pot, share a few cones, tells Jacko of the project he done in the garage, happy as shit with his work, wanting to show off the finished product and gauge his views. **Jacko loves bikes, sees it. Instantly falls in love with it, and asks my brother if he wants to sell it, he says no. That it belongs to me, that he just put it back together, it's staying put till Chris comes home.** Jacko f*cks off, couple days later returns asks my brother for a loan of a handgun, as he knew that I still had a couple handy, that my brother had hidden. Promises my brother that he will give it back within days, with Jacko he is a scammer and a slippery f*ck!

A BLACK GSXR RIDE TAKEN.

He convinces my brother, so he gets him the weapon. **Only to then pull it on my brother to now threaten him for the keys of my Black GSXR parked in the garage.**

My brother is intimidated by him, more so with a loaded handgun now stuck in his face. Gets the keys. Jacko fires up the bike and takes off, with one of my helmets also in the process. So now he has my handgun and my f*cken bike. Chris will not be happy at all. The bike had less than seven thousand k's on the clock. My brother don't know what to do, can't tell me, as I am not ringing him up at the time. **Doesn't report it either to police.** Jacko now armed, has a mad ride, starts doing armed robberies down Werribee way, a sudden spate of them using the bike during the jobs. **So now the bike is HOT, for the robberies.** They don't have the details of the rear number plate, as he'd cover this up. But are on the lookout for this distinctive set of wheels. **He does a bank, cops a chase. Drops the bike, legs it,** and gets away abandoning the bike in the process. **The keys still in it, the bike is recovered by police, checks done. I own it, doesn't come up stolen.** The keys intact, bikes is still running. It is registered to my dad's address where my brother is living at the time.

He answers the door, cops size him up, same height, same body size, couldn't tell the face due to a full face helmet worn. **Could be the armed robber here, his brother Badness was sick on stick ups, maybe he has followed in his footsteps. Start quizzing him over the robberies, jobs done. He has an alibi, lucky for him. Otherwise would have been charged,** they still want to know why the bike was involved, he can't explain this. Other than to say that the bike went missing from the garage, the cops say why didn't you call us to report it stolen he says I wasn't sure, why or who. So never. **They think something is odd.** He knows who and is covering up for the robber.

They leave with saying we will be in touch, my brother asks about the bike, to collect it. They tell him yeah, but first we need to print it, we will call ya when it's ready. He gets the call, the bike is literally in pieces, takes it back home, it stays in that condition till I get home. **It now has 15 thousand K's on the speedo, Jacko had it for eight or so weeks.**

The history now done.

Fast forward to July 2009; I am now in Borrowdale unit Port Phillip Prison, training every day. Fit as a fiddle. I am waiting to be cleared to go out the back units of Port Phillip.

I am told that someone's dropped a note on me. This a favoured stunt employed by weak cowards, so they don't get hurt, **saying that it is me that is in danger. Not them.** The Prison staff have a duty of care, and can't proceed with the transfer **in event something does happen and then they are in the shit.** The screws know 99% of the time nothing would happen, but have to be safe than sorry. The move won't happen now, they suggest a possible option Scarb North. A unit detached from the back units, yet still a part of the general population. **I know Jacko is there, you beauty. I get my chance to get even, this is divine intervention, and Karma I say.** I have waited for this moment for decades now. Jacko is on the methadone, he gets his dose at the medical clinic every morning. They also place other prisoners from other units in the same area, and they chat and catch up there. I learn that there is a Young Big Islander kid his nick name was **Tubby** in Borrowdale **who's on the dome.**

ADVANCED WARNINGS!

I ask him if he knows Jacko, sure he does. **Don't like him but, he replies to me.** Even better can you pass a note to him for me please, you can read it. Better ya did, as he won't like it.

He may take it out on you. Nah sweet, let him try something. **I tell Jacko he is a weak f*cken rat dog. That I am headed his way. That I am going to f*ck him up real bad, for stealing the handgun and my bike, after all I done for him, he robs me.** The next day I go to the inmate's cell before they leave for their dose, and I read out aloud the contents so he knows what is being said. **He laughs, a big grin is now on his face.** Sweet, takes the note. Stash's it in his jacket pocket, they call up dome parade and he leaves to personally deliver my message. He returns a half hour later, comes straight to me. Chris I passed the note, and what did Jacko say I ask him. **He went white! Didn't say a word at all. Ok. Thanks.**

I WAS HIS BEST MAN!

The Chic from Major offender Unit comes to see me. Chris we want to send ya to Scarb North. You got any issue or problems with anyone there, nah why? I just gotta ask you this, then starts rattling off high profile names of those inmates at that location, gets to Doug Jackson, any probs nah. **I and he are sweet. I was his Best man.** Ok.

Well all is good then. You will be moved tomorrow. Thanks Miss I tell her.

BODY ARMOUR

I then go to a close mate of mine, tell him about the impending move. I trust very few period. I then ask him to help me strap on body armour, to secure it to my body the next day. I have plenty of thick mags, just need a hole punch to punch the holes in. So he can then sew the shoelaces through these holes to then wear the mags literally sewn to my body. Yeah no probs come see me then. That evening I ask the unit staff for the hole punch to do some legal doc's. **Have it for some 20 minutes. The job is done, it's returned.** The body armour plates all ready to be tied in and secured.

IMPROVISED CHEMICAL AGENTS

Next the improvised chemical agents. I then have the unit staff open the laundry, to get the mop bucket to mop my cell, pour some shit from the floor stripper into a bottle. **Easy done!**

Given the fact I had to be wanded over with a hand held metal detector, with every move to and from Borrowdale unit. Hard to have a shiv handy, since the escorting staff were by your either side along for the walk. So near impossible to achieve. **I did say near.** Not impossible.

The fact I did not feel the need for one. I was really fit and punching the pads hard for good **20 minute bursts,** but he would be armed. I had to expect this. I was entering his territory, he had controlled, he had weapon access, and the inmate numbers behind him. He had been a billet there for ages. His job is to prepare for the incoming inmates to arrive. **He knows who is on the escort list, the incoming prisoner,** before the inmate even arrives to the unit. What cell? Hence the reason for the improvised chemical agent to spray into his eyes, **take his eyes out. He is blind, and then all f*cken mine. Hear I came f*cker!** The next morning I go to my good mate's cell, carrying a stack of mags. Close the door behind me as I had entered. Put them down on his bed, sit next to them, as he then puts it all together. **Stitching me in, nice and tight.** When he was finished gives me a good punch to the chest area to see that it held up nice and firm. **Beautiful!**

READY TO RUMBLE!

Now I gotta wear a heavy jacket to conceal this thing as is real bulky. Lucky it aint a pat down, just a wand otherwise. **I'd be pinched.** All my bags are packed by now, ready to go in the unit trolley. **Everybody knows what on the agenda, big hugs all round. I tell them if ya hear the alarms going, ya know who and laughed,** as I leave the unit. I am escorted out into the outside yard and told to wait. Till the area is cleared, once the call comes over the radio, he opens the gate to let me out to walk the fenced off path to the compound. Only one screw now in the lead. I get cleared to go through another locked secure gate. Then enter the compound of Scarb North. Walk the hundred odd feet till. I arrive at the front entrance door to the unit, it is then opened up by those staff inside. The escorting guard, then peels off, the hand over is now complete. **I am technically Scarborough North's possession now.**

They tell me to push the trolley past the officer's consul box, to my right as I enter the unit on the bottom landing. Unload my stuff at the stairs that lead up to the second landing, my cell was two from the beginning, at the top of the stairs. The screw then tells me, to come over to **collect my cutlery and linen pack**. I tell her, **Relax will ya**. **I'll see ya soon**.

Knowing that. I won't be needing them at all. **I will be tipped as soon as the shit hits the fan**. I see Jacko loitering down the other end of the bottom landing, as I ascend the stairs, I then drop off the first bag of my property onto my bed. Knowing. I won't be here for the night, then walk out on to the landing and hang over the steel railing. Now looking down at all those below me. **I am now fixed on Jacko. And Jacko only!** He walks slowly under me, looks up sees me, and motions for me to follow him out into the yard. I shake my head no, and mouth **up here to him**. He continues to walk outside.

I say to myself what the f*ck. There are cameras in the yard, none in the cell. I wait. Minutes pass, he walks back in from the yard. Looking up into my direction, I then nod my head up here. He sees this, he then begins to climb the stairs. Reaches the top, turns left to follow me now. I walk some six odd cells. To get away from the earshot of the screws just under us. I abruptly stop, when I feel this is far enough. The cell I have chosen to rumble in, is f*cken occupied. Two blokes are in it, one sitting on the bed, looks up at me. The other making a coffee his left side of torso exposed to me. F*ck it! This will do. I have now paused out front of the cell. Doug a few paces behind me, has now has caught up. I step to the side and motion with my left hand, and wave him in. He steps inside, the prisoners inside thinking, what the f*ck is going on here. I am on Jacko's tail, as he then spins around to face me. We are no more than five feet apart. By now I have both of my hands in my jacket pockets. Clutching the yellow 250ml lemon juice bottles in each hand, full of diluted floor stripper. I then remove them both at the same time. Line them up towards him. Point and squeeze till they are both now rendered empty. The line of fluid hitting him square in the face. A torrent of it! Resembling spider-man's web being spun from his wrists. He is now clutching at his face with both hands now. I now drop empty bottles, to **then step forward into the cell proper, not just in the door's opening**.

JACKO ROCKED!

Unloading a tidal wave of big hits, he was lucky. His hands were literally covering his face already from the floor stripper, but the impact of reining blows were still doing real damage. Realising his face was being protected. I then start with left and right hooks left a pendulum. Now my both Arms swinging back and forth connecting to each side of his head. Landing huge blows, it is beyond me how he was still f*cking standing. He is now showing signs of wobbling. The hits finally taking the toll, his body becoming all limp, beginning to fold. I then pause to compose and set myself for the next salvo of hits, see the blur of the other two prisoners that were in the cell. Both now at the rear of cell their back's pressed up to the wall.

Not able to move any further. Their now facing me. Their eyes wide in terror. Live witness's to the ferocious onslaught of Jacko. Blood spatters, were now all over the cells walls. And them. They would be saying who the f*ck, what the f*ck is going on here. Wanting to yell out. To stop it. Get out of my cell. Ya wrecking it. Take ya business elsewhere, yet their voices frozen. Unable to. I now step in, reset myself for the next wave of punches. As I am about to unload the big right hand aimed for Jacko's head, a screw grabs it, stopping it dead in its tracks. Then I am swamped by a heap of them, alarms are going. I am overpowered by a pack of guards now, shepherded down the stairs. As I am passing by the guard's station consul, ask lady officer.

If I can still get my cutlery and linen pack?

Laughing. As I am being lead out of the wing. From the moment I had entered the wing, being signed in to the wings register and. Now being signed out in the register escorted out. **Was a total three minutes**. I am rustled all the way by some four Squad prison guards till I get to Charlotte unit. As I am being hustled now past Borrowdale units gate.

I pause for a moment and spot my mate, who had strapped the body armour to me. We both lock eyes, he is waiting at the secure barred gate. Both his hands had actually passed through the bars, his elbows are resting on the gate. **I laugh at him, wasn't me. Done nothing**. I start protesting my innocence for all to hear, laughing all the way to Charlotte now. Upon reception into Charlotte unit, they herd me straight into the observation cell, and begin to strip search me.

Looking for weapons, as. **Doug- Lass is really f*cked up bad. I mean bad!** The guards think a shiv was used as he was bleeding that much. Split open in many places. See when you hit and twist, you tear the skin on impact. You don't need a blade at all. I take the pants off first, then the runners. They are seized instantly for evidence as were bathed in blood, **his blood not mine!** Next the jacket. I remove slowly, thinking to myself how you haven't noticed it. It's that f*cken bulky, yet once I remove this, they will see the top half of the body amour magazines. I then remove both the jacket and top at the same time together.

The mags are now fully exposed to all. As no t-shirt was worn underneath, no need, was too f*cken hot as it was, with enough layers of clothing on. Then the jaws all drop. What the hell is that, what is that body armour, asking me this? In complete shock at the site. **Unnerving them by it**. One of the security guards then call out to his colleague, get the video camera.

I want this on film, and he leaves the cell. I think f*ck that. I then start ripping at the corner sections of the mags, where it was sewn in. Being the weak point of the armour. It is broken, now torn into pieces. They are just watching me, gawking at the sight. They don't even try to stop me. The scraps of magazines now falling at my feet. The guard who left to get the video returns, **by now it is all in pieces at my feet. Have that if you want**. The strip search now completed. I was now given prison issue Charlotte greys to wear, placed in hand cuffs, body belt and leg chains. **Put on a squad escort arriving at Banksia unit. Barwon Prison an hour later**.

Meanwhile Jacko is still on operating table being stitched up. He was literally black and blue for some six weeks. This destroyed his ego and image as a tuff cunt, stand over man. He'd never recover from this true. For the record Jacko ended up getting charged over the bank jobs, got pinched with the weapons used in the robberies all on camera. A direct link to the crimes.

Next time I see the Chic from the Major Offender Unit, she is literally screaming at me, going ballistic **best man hay!** **Jacko did go to the Boneyard by the way. 28 JULY 2009 MY TRANSFER TO BARWON BANKSIA UNIT.**

18.

THEY WOULD THEN LET ME MIX WITH HUGO RICH.

Hugo Snitch.

Hugo Rich A.K.A. Olly Dietrich A.K.A. Hugo the **Snitch**.

Had arrived at Barwon Prison from the M.R.C. following his conviction for the security guard murder, that I was in N.S.W. Parliament at the time, this was my alibi to the crime.

Arriving at Barwon. **He was classed to go straight out the back unit of Barwon.** He has issues, has fears, and has lagged many over the years, **me included.** Tells the reception staff, **he just got life, and will chin a screw if he has to go to Banksia.** They avoid the veiled threat, escort him to Banksia Unit. He is running out on his own, don't like the company of many prisoners at all. I am not keen on him either to be frank. But tell him, if he wants to come out of his cell more than the stock standard hour and a half which he is getting.

Then I can have him out on my run-out. I was the laundry billet at the time for all the mainstream prisoners held at Banksia. This job allowed me to constantly be out, to tend to the constant stream of wash loads needed to be done. It did also had a few perks thrown in, like more phone, frypan and toaster access. Yet the deal was, there was a clause and condition. **He would hold the boxing pads for me twice a week for 30 minutes.** The rest of week and times, he could do as he saw fit. **Stay in his cell for all I cared.** I had emphasized, when I start training. I start training. **I don't want you to f*ck me up.** Be there, be consistent, not let me down, with no shows, that's the deal, simple. **He accepts the terms.**

He hold the pads, on the first occasion for three five minute rounds. Walks in complaining his shoulder is sore, pulling a stunt to get out of his commitment already. Relax man I say. The next time we go out, we **are to do three ten minute rounds.** He pulls out of the third round. That's ok. The next time. I am due to hit the pads, **he fails to turn up at all.** I return to the wing from the yard, ask him what's up. He tells me. He's sick. I say sick hey, yet you still manage to do all your other shit. **Don't f*ck me around Hugo.** We have a deal.

The next time that I ask him to meet me out in the yard. **He again fails to turn up.** I have to hunt him down, by returning to the wing, headed straight for his cell. Sure enough he is there sitting at his computer. I say, you knew to be out in the yard, why didn't you come out.

HOLD THE PADS OR BECOME THE PADS!

I got you out on my run out remember. You know the deal. He then says. **I don't want to hold the pads anymore.** I said yeah really. He said yeah. I then told him to stand up, as he was sitting down on his chair. **He said no. He knew that I wouldn't hit him while he was sitting. Again I told him to get up No! I then said you either hold the f*cken pads or you become the f*cken pads simple. Or f*ck off my run out. He was never to return back to my yard at all ever.** Then had tried every trick in the book to then have me tipped, **he eventually succeeded in this.** I was moved back to Charlotte Unit Port Phillip Prison, because of him. **For further details on this, refer to. Snitches Volume (2) Chapter.**

24 JUNE 2011, TRANSFER TO CHARLOTTE L.O.P'S CELL. (12) WEEKS BEFORE RELEASE;

SHIT BOMB MAD!

Arriving in Charlotte Unit Port Phillip Prison. **Soon before my impending release** on false boded up claims. I went crazy, **placed down the spine, a punishment block of Charlotte.**

I was not happy at all. Within days of my arrival. I learn **Ramazan Acar, a Kid Killer** had arrived to the Unit, **this made me sick.** I could not ignore this inmate. **Something pro-active had to be done,** given that there was **no cell cards visible indicating who was inside the cell,** so I could not positively confirm its occupant. The little baby girl a toddler, not even three years of age had been the victim of this heinous crime. I counted the cells down the spine, it's two from the end, sweet as his runners were initially placed out front of the cell, as the prison guards did not want the shoe laces in the cell with him. He was on a suicide watch at the time.

And had removed the runners completely, till they were then removed and returned to him minus the laces. To go to the exercise yards, there were two at the end of the unit, so nearly every inmate had to pass the infant toddlers cell. I have an hour or so before my exercise time is due, enough time to have a good shit, place a few pages from a newspapers, on the concrete floor, spread this out, squat over this, aim and dump the hot steaming turd square centre of the page spread, then get up wipe the arse and flush the remnants down the toilet.

A plastic spoon would be used to scoop up the faeces into a 600 ml empty carton of milk, add a good squirt of piss, give it a good stir, there ya have it, **your finest blend of shit,** not thick, not runny, but dense as slippery mud. I then put the live grenade aside, squash the lid down, to prevent it smelling, it don't work at all. Now lie back down on my bed till my exercise time is due, soon enough, the unit guard arrives at my cell, the cell door now is cracked open.

I now step out to my right, and quickly head for the end of the corridor, the prison guard, falling behind, as he still had to lock my cell up, then heads out after me some fifteen paces behind me. I literally come to an abrupt halt now standing out front of my targets cell,

pause for a moment, and second guess, was it two or three from the end, f*ck it, the screws now catching up, knows something is going on. I step to my left now and make a mad dash to the cell before, the officer is at my feet. Quickly bend over place the lip of the milk carton under the crack in the cell door, the gap between the door and floor, step back and jump on the milk carton, done on an angle so it pops, but stomping at the bottom end of carton, so it explodes inwards, **the contents shooting under the cell door.**

SHIT HAPPENS!

It takes practice to get this down pat, as **can and does explode everywhere, not a controlled exercise, but literally turns to shit, splattering in every direction.** I and the prison guard now included, **with an image of me as silhouette on the opposite wall now, in shit spray painted.** The guard cops some too, **but not covered in it as me.**

I yell, **cop that you f*cken rat,** the next second. I hear the voice of a prisoner I knew from Borrow dale, **screaming ahhhhh, ahhhh, some cunt just shit bombed me ahhhh, ahhhhhh.** I go to the yard, the guard locks me in, saying Chris this will have to go on report, and he then leaves. I then start calling out to my mate, **what did you say,** he said it f*cken stinks man, **I have shit everywhere in my cell, some cunt just got me good.** I then tell him, how sorry. **I am, it was me, and it was intended for his next door neighbour,** I then tell him buddy, I copped it too, ya not alone, **we both stink like shit, it was for the cause,** he understood, **I then start tormenting the infant killer, you are so f*cking lucky rat,** I will get you, I swear by this. **The stench of the shit was horrible, I have to admit, it was mine, and it was rotten!**

I return to my cell after yard time, again profusely apologising to my mate for the error of cell taken. I have a shower, clean my runners in the shower, change clothes, have another shit and repeat the same process applied. I had to empty this carton of milk this time, to use it as the vessel. The Unit staff now have a prisoner come down from another unit to clean the shit.

Whilst he is still doing this, I ask for a phone call, the unit guard then cracks my door, I make a mad run for the right cell, place the lip under his door, step back and jump with gusto at the end of the carton, it pops and **shit goes mainly backwards, not under the door at all.**

What the f*ck happened here, **now. I was covered in shit again,** the inmate who came to clean up was nearly finished, **now he has to start all over again.** I start telling my mate,

I got the f*ck this time, we got him buddy, the guard now arrives, **he is bluing, yelling at me, demanding I return back to my cell. I ask about my call, NO calls, back to your cell now!**

Again I strip off, have a shower wash my runners, **f*ck. I still stink.** With faeces, it gets into your pours, and under ya finger nails, the smell stays. **That is two strikes in one day, one hit, one miss,** shit happens I say, literally. The next morning I am now given my milk in two foam disposable cups, **not in the carton, why I ask? What do you think, you are barred from milk carton access, your milk is to be now issued in foam cups till the governor says different. I laugh.**

They then move the infant killer to the top landing of another section of the unit, nowhere near me at all. On a roll now, **determined to perfect the art of shit bombing,** as I had never done this before, this was a first for me, now being trial and error. I had a protection prisoner living directly across from me. **I decide f*ck him too, have my mate, leave an empty carton of milk in the exercise yard.**

I am able to locate and retrieve it, return to my cell, apply the same process, the next day, as my cell door is cracked make a mad dash the few metres across from me, slip the lip of carton under the door, **the guard wants to be a f*cken hero.** I tell him move, **waving him away from the bomb site, he pays no heed at all, and he actually steps forward to try to dislodge it with the toe of his service boot,** it now being extended out. Again I tell him to f*ck off, then I jump down on the carton, **it explodes, much of it channelled under the door.** I have it down pat now, after the third try. The prison guard is yelling **ahhhh, ahhhh, ahhh, he has shit all over him, I then say f*cken told ya idiot. I had warned you.**

I get charged for these acts, and am made to pay for his complete uniform, as he claimed everything from his boots to jacket, **cost me \$700.**



Released weeks later 25 SEPTEMBER 2011.

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⁸⁴ N.S.W. Justice Corrections 30th Sept 2015 letter/Lithgow C.C. Prison incident reports 20/03/2001/23rd March 2001.

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