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My dear Melanie and Alastair,

I hope that you are both well. I am trying to be really strong here. I am strong in heart and mind and soul, but my body is struggling to keep up with the challenge. I wish I knew how ^{long} it was going to go on.? How much of these conditions I have to take.? How much of these conditions anyone of my age can take.? For God's sake, I have done nothing wrong.!! And the real culprit is known to people out there.

I think of you both doing normal things, going outside, coming back in. Eating breakfast and looking out of the window. Coming home. Having dinner. I imagine the cats with their Union Jack collars (naturally you can't wave a flag if you're a cat)

I dream of seeing the sun rise over Rawlins Plantation. Of having coffee. Of lightly poached eggs on warm wheat toast with a fresh tomato from the garden. Of the guests at lunch. Of dinner cooked by Annie. Fresh Dieppe Bay Marlin roasted over charcoal with creamed pumpkin and asparagus, carrots and cauliflower. A dry Bordeaux Gravedé to compliment the rich red fish, followed by vintage rum with the House Guests and a wonderful Dutch cigar when they have gone to bed. The stars shining like jewels in the clear night sky as I dock up.

Then the dream fades, and I wake in this filthy cell. My hip and rib bones in contact with the hard stone floor. I have no mattress, just a blanket. The ^{furnitureless} tiny cell, 8ft wide, is just big enough for four men to lie down in. Three one way and the fourth, the other way, across at their feet. That's me. There is no window. The air is terribly humid and stale.

It stinks from the open "shit pit" in one corner, inches from some ones head. The walls are flaking. Dust and mosquitos descend through the high slatted ceiling from the roof space above it. There is no day light. The cell is dimly lit 24/7 by one electric light in the corridor outside. I am deep in the 172 year old prison.

Although I can't see the dawn, I know that it's 6:00 a.m.

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P.T.O.

because the heavy steel doors are slamming as prisoners are let out for the 30 minute roll call. I am not allowed out. I'm a naughty boy. I told the world the truth, That embarrassed Superintendent Dorset. He fears the truth of police dishonesty getting out and any spotlight on the prison. All of which is the shame of St Kitts. Dorset has told all his guards that I'm a "dangerous man". There's no freedom of speech in here.

I turn onto my back before sitting up. My joints are so stiff, they creak. My body is desperate for vitamins to "oil" them.

I check for any more bites. Apart from the mosquitos, the cell is infested with ants, centipedes and cockroaches. No, no new bites this morning, just previous ones, glowing red and sore. I think of what the day may bring, it's dangers and my hopes. There are personal dangers and objective dangers here. Personal dangers are violence from other prisoners (a daily occurrence) and brutality from the guards. Objective dangers are the unhygienic, medieval conditions, the routine abuse of human rights, including personal welfare and nourishment, the lack of opportunity to progress my freedom with friends and lawyers and a sinister, corrupt and dishonest police force who are totally out of moral control. I am very frightened. Not of the next infection turning into septicemia, not of the next attack by a prisoner doing permanent harm, but of this sinister and well oiled police system which knowingly and willfully charges and convicts innocent men. I see examples all around me.

This is why we can't just rely on the judicial system. We must concurrently progress the "reward for information", the webpage and local "flyers". Please ask Saul for his full support for this. It's vital.

My mind shifts to food and my dream comes flooding back. I suppress a tear. I am so skinny, you might not recognize me. No proper food here. My black trousers, previously snug fitting, are now like a circus tent around my waist, held up only by my belt with extra holes in it.

I wonder if I'll find a bottle with "drink me" ~~on~~ on it, to inflate me back to normal size.? Alice found one, or was it a cake with "eat me".? Anyhow in this adult version of "wonderland" there is no such magic.

It's amazing how much deprivation the body will take, but I'm sick of it. It's outrageous. If I live through this, the architects of this prison regime, together with the dishonest, corrupt police officers, who lied to put me here, must be exposed and retributed. I shall sue them personally, they can not be allowed to hide behind "the system". They have personally, perpetrated a crime on my person and they must be personally punished. Publicly.

The noise of the morning increases rapidly. Through the bars of the door, I can see guards walking by, on the big black slate floor slabs, paving the rough stone walled corridor, outside of the cell. Soon we will be lead fifteen paces up the corridor, to where a tap on the wall at eye level discharges into a stone floor trough. We will have a few minutes to wash and then be lead fifteen paces back to the cell. Breakfast (two small white rolls) will be passed through the bars. I will eat one ^{and save} the other for lunch. The half bowl of white rice issued for lunch at noon is congealed, semi-solid and revolting. I can eat a tiny amount of it mixed with a tin of sardines, if I have funds to buy them from the prison. If not I just ~~eat~~ ^{eat} the dry roll from breakfast. Dinner is issued through the bars around 6:00 p.m. One more dry roll. That's it for the day. With funds ^{I can buy} Kraft cheese slice for the roll and a half cup of Quaker Oats and some milk powder. That's as good as it gets here.

For the six weeks prior to 11th September, I had no funds and so ate just three bread rolls per day. I pray that I never have to do it again.

I lie on my 2½ feet wide floor space in the stench all day.

Alternating positions to lessen the soreness. In the afternoon around 2:30 p.m. I am taken to the inner yard for 40 minutes "recreation". The highlight of the day. A chance to see outside of the cell, to purchase food and toiletries and to speak to other prisoners. At first my eyes close involuntarily when

they meet the bright daylight. The sun is hot but the air is sweet after the cell. I walk around like Bill and Ben the "Flowerpot Men". I talk to my legs and the rest of my rickety body encouragingly. I promise that fruit, vegetables, fresh fish and soft red wine will be administered again soon.

The limbs argue back, threatening strike action. This inter-bodily conversation is interrupted by a friendly voice. A very rare thing. It's Jasper. He's young but well educated. A computer marketing expert and the only other white man in the prison. He's in better conditions, cell 26. He came here on a fabricated charge too. Only a few weeks ago though. He's

Danish and between the Danish Consul, (who is a "pitbull") and his parents, they have pushed bail through rapidly. He tells me he will be out on bail tomorrow and that with no evidence, no truth in the charge and his vehement denial and official protest, he does not expect the matter to go further.

I have no doubt that he is right. Once outside of this prison you have a voice. You can fire back at the police and expose the dishonesty. But in here you are gagged and defenseless.

Jasper promises assistance to me and will be in touch with you. He's very capable on a computer and in promoting causes. I hope that he is as good as his word.

~~Other prisoners in~~ A handful of other prisoners in the yard have been in punishment cell seven where I am kept. A punishment stay usually ranges from a few days to a month. I have been there two months, eleven days and this morning, with no end date, given. The other prisoners in the yard know why I am there. One or two nod respects silently. Most ignore me. I am varyingly considered as stupid or "crazy brave" at best, for speaking about the regime. I guess the reality is that I am "old fashioned" and moral minded, but such naivety will get you "locked down" in here, which increases both types of daily danger.

The recreation is quickly over. Whistles blow, the guards shout and men are pushed into line to go back to the stench filled cells. Cell seven is past all the others. It's where the dangerous men are put. In the deepest part of the prison. Just before the "Gate of no return", that leads to the gallows. All part of the vindictive game that Dorset is playing.

Apart from the single dry dinner roll which is delivered through the door bars, the day is now over. There is hardly enough light to read or write, but I usually manage to do a little in the early mornings and late evenings. The noise of the prison during the day is relentless and debilitating. The noise of misery. An acoustic torture. Constant shouting. Arguments. Screams of men, some violent, some insane. The constant jangle of keys, the slam of heavy steel doors and the groans of the incarcerated. Each prisoner in his own world of misery.

In cell seven the foreground noise to this background carcophony is loud aggressive "Rap" songs sung by the other three, all of them 30 years younger than me. Sometimes they sing two different "songs" at once 😞. All this mixed up with shouted conversations with adjacent cells and loud uninformed and illingual opinions aggressively expressed. The atmosphere in the cell is permanently filled with menace and danger, so tangible that you can touch it. This "foreground" noise level is similar in each cell and it merges generally to the decibel level of an engineering factory.

I say nothing. My mind cries out in mute despair for the peace of Rawlins Plantation.

Gradually the torment grows less during the evening. I write a little. Eventually around 1:00 a.m. it is relatively quiet. I drift with my aching bones into an uneasy sleep until it all starts once again at 6:00 a.m. Each day is an eternity. Please let it be over soon. My soul weeps to be back in heaven. I've done my time in hell.

If I don't make it back, you have this record - publish it then. Tell the world.

Much love to you both,

Kevin xo

Note:- Although I give this account to inform you of the state of human rights here, please DO NOT complain to Dorset. If he knows of this account I will be in added danger.

Please DO progress the expert witness to prove that the police statement is a fake. ALSO please put up the webpage reward and ask, from me, for the compassion of five of my friends to splice £3,800 each (\$6000 U.S) for the reward, until I can sell a property to repay them. The reward ^{will} ONLY BE USED upon my release.

I am hoping that the following friends will help - Carlos Noboa, Jasper Quist, David Hammer, Josie McDermott, and your good selves.

Please get me out of here.

Thank you.