

Dear Melanie and Alastair,

I hope that my letters are not depressing you. I am acutely aware that I don't have anything pleasant to write about, but it is a comfort to write to you, even though the tears fall like rain every time I think of us all together on the veranda at Rawlins. So I will selfishly continue writing until you say stop.

It is Saturday evening here. The noise of hell is starting to abate and the temperature is beginning to decline. Weekends are the worst of all here.

All I can do is lie down or sit on my tiny piece of this vermin ridden cell. Everywhere hurts. If I had a medical degree, at least I would know which pains I should be most worried about and which ones I should try to ignore. We have not been let out today for air and the 40 minutes walking around the ^{small} yard, because it rained at "let out" time. On Saturday there is reduced staff levels, so the guards are always reluctant to do much anyway. Sundays are awful. We never, ever, get let out on a Sunday, so it will be another day and a half before I see daylight. ☹️ My chest is already tight without a break from the stench. By "let out" time on Monday I will be like the walking dead. If only I knew, how long I had to endure this for. ? I pray the lawyers hurry. It's scary.

My diet has been stable now for almost a month, thanks to you. I don't think that I lost anymore weight this week, (not much of me left to lose). Hopefully I will soon look less like a Japanese prisoner of war and more like a standard Anorexic. ☹️. I increased my cheese usage to two Kraft slices per day instead of one and also a half a cup of Quaker oats every day instead of twice per week. This together with consistency of sardines has had a significant effect. Unfortunately the prison ran out of cheese today and so it will be around a week until more

more stock comes. I will be extra thankful for sardines and Quaker oats until then.

There was a nasty fight this morning in the corridor outside the cell at shower time. I saw it coming (sixth sense) and so I avoided the small sharpened sticks and the inevitable random retribution from the brainless guards. Why, oh why, do they put prisoners from ~~three~~ cells to bathe at once, when there is only one, very old tap. It's nuts! They had a "bloody" riot here in March 2007 which had to be forcibly stopped by the army, (who shot three people) I am amazed that they have not had a similar one recently. It's on a knife edge here all the time. Too many prisoners with no hope of parol and nothing to live for. Some of them undoubtedly innocent.

How are things at the "fun factory"? I guess this is the time of year when the boss pays off all the bills? ~~What life like~~ What is life like for Alastair at work? Where are Amy and Nick going next? I suggest Belize, I've heard some good things about it. I love to hear your rambling tales of "normality" in your world, of things that normal families do. Thank goodness there are some, families or any kind of love and tenderness are a complete anathema here.

No sign of your letter number 8. I keep asking Miss Inniss about it, but she just does her "deer in the headlights" impression. Do you have a copy that you could e-mail direct to her.? I will then have a complete set, except for the "red pen" cuts. Please keep those too, I hope to read them one day. On days like today, your letters are all that keeps me going. ☹

Take care Kevin oxo.