

E-mail to: alarnettaylor@hotmail.co.uk. Two Pages.

Com' number MA/25/18th December 2012 from cell 23 rooftop punishment

My dearest Mel + Al,

I don't know when or if you will get this letter. Life has become a little wobbly at the moment. But if you read this, just know that I am thinking of you and the few true friends I have, that really care.

One of the guys in this cell is called Gavin. He has been in this prison for six years. He is innocent and was convicted without evidence (believe me I would know if he was lying) He was sentenced to 5 years for a robbery that he did not do, so he escaped, but was caught and given an extra two years. He's lucky he was not shot, other escapees ~~have~~ have been. He has been persecuted by the guards since then but he still got some spirit left. As Gavin rightly says, when you come in here, you find out who your true friends are. He said today how fortunate he is that he still has five "true" friends and that he has never met anyone here with more than that. He paused and looked at me. I shook my head slowly and felt a deep swell of emotion, as I realized that I could not contradict him. What a world. Gavin is lucky he still has a Mother, but his Brother, like mine, has not contacted him. Sic!!

This cell is similar to cell seven, in fact it actually has two small air vents, (cell seven has none) otherwise being on the roof and made of concrete, it would act ~~as~~ just like a "slow oven". Of course the down side is that it is even hotter than cell seven. ☹️. It is also darker - so miserable ☹️ - because there is no electric light shining in over the door. We get about three hours of murky daylight each day when the sun is in a particular position to shine through the air vents (the only time I can see to write). Worst of all there is no going out of the cell for a morning shower or the guards fetching us to take to the yard for 40 minutes of air per day. The only way I'll get through the door is if a lawyer or the Consul comes. Neither will, until next year, so I'm here until my bogus conviction for

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fighting finishes. I have a killing headache for most of the time, partly due to the stench from the "shit pit" and partly from the heat and stale air. The darkness seems to intensify both.

So here I am over Christmas, very down I'm afraid, on a damp (perspiration and condensation) concrete floor with just a blanket to lie on and bread and water to eat, in the dark, it doesn't get much more dismal my dear friends.

I guess I have done well to last this long and if you had not done so many things I would have, gone down, long ago. The fact is that my body can only take so much of this crap and the time it has taken to move things along has been too much. My love to you both.

Always Kevin oxxo

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