Book One - Preface

I had spent ten days in Bullingdon Prison. I had been put under the wing of Harold (who had murdered his wife) to show me the ropes of prison life. In that short time I had shared cells with a drug dealer, an Afghan kidnapper and a young lad who had killed his girlfriend whilst driving. All three cellmates were drug users.

I had then been moved to Springhill Open Prison to work out the rest of my undeserved and destructive sentence. During the first few weeks at Springhill there were many induction meetings, one of which was with the resident probation officer. He listened to my story and he accepted that I should not be in prison. He also told me that he knew of the reputation of Judge King for heavy and unnecessary sentencing.

He asked me whether I felt angry at the events that had brought me to prison. I told him that I felt very angry at the unnecessary destruction caused by both NCR Corporation and the so-called "justice" system. He wanted me to attend an anger management course. I explained to him that after what had happened to me it was a reasonable human response to be angry.

He then suggested that I attend some counselling sessions, which could be arranged through the medical wing of the prison. I had no problem with this. I accepted that talking about what had happened to me and what was now happening to me could only be positive.

During my fortnightly sessions with my counsellor, we went through my story in detail. This included details of my childhood through to how I came to be in prison. She suggested that it would be good therapy for me to write it all down, to pour it all out on paper. I agreed. I felt that it might also help to exorcise the demons that turned my nights in prison into such black desperate hours. So, in Springhill Prison in July 2004, I started to write my story, initially as therapy.

A major part of my anger had been brought about because nobody within the "justice" system had taken the time or bothered to try to understand just why I had broken the law for no personal gain. No one was interested in the human side of my case or the moral responsibility that I felt for my customers in the developing world. No one was interested in the impossible conflict of loyalties that led me down the path to prison.

I first wrote about how I became involved in the illegality. In order to understand why I acted the way I did, I felt it important to explain some earlier events in my life and so I headed back to earlier times.

In writing about my early life I was amazed at the fragments of my life, some small, some detailed, that were lurking in the corners of my brain. I would spend many hours walking around the grounds of Springhill with my small pad and pencil, racking my brains for a memory for which I had drawn a fragment but wanted more. My mind went into overdrive, dragging up so many memories and images from my childhood. I would often lie on my bed focussing on some event from over fifty years ago and trying to get more. I would often give up and then, to my surprise, sometime later something would pop up into my mind from nowhere and I would get rather excited that the memory had revealed itself. I delved into the far corners of my brain and dug out treasured memories that I had not consciously thought about for fifty years. As I delved into the recesses of my brain, I wrote.

I then felt it important to include details of events that have shaped my personality and values in the hope that the reader may understand just how I became so unwillingly involved in such a crime. Then comes the "justice" system (or as I often prefer to call it, the "injustice" system) and the never-ending punishment; here was yet another significant part of the story.

I also kept notes regarding my day-to-day life in Springhill and what was happening to my dependents back in the real world. I recorded the nightmares suffered by my wife and family when the financial institutions closed in on us. After so many years of corporate incompetence and aggression, NCR had now succeeded in destroying the many projects in the developing world for which so many people had devoted so much time and effort.

What had started as an exercise in therapy had now become part autobiography, part diary and part personal comment. I was released on Christmas Eve 2004 and carried on writing, chronicling the actions of those that appeared to be obsessed with destruction for destructions sake.

When Judge King sentenced me, he acknowledged the fact that I had been "inveigled" into this crime.

Definition

Inveigled: "*To be enticed and persuaded by guile or ingenuity. To be innocently drawn in against ones wishes. To coax, to con, to ensnare, to entrap, to manipulate, to entice, to wheedle*."