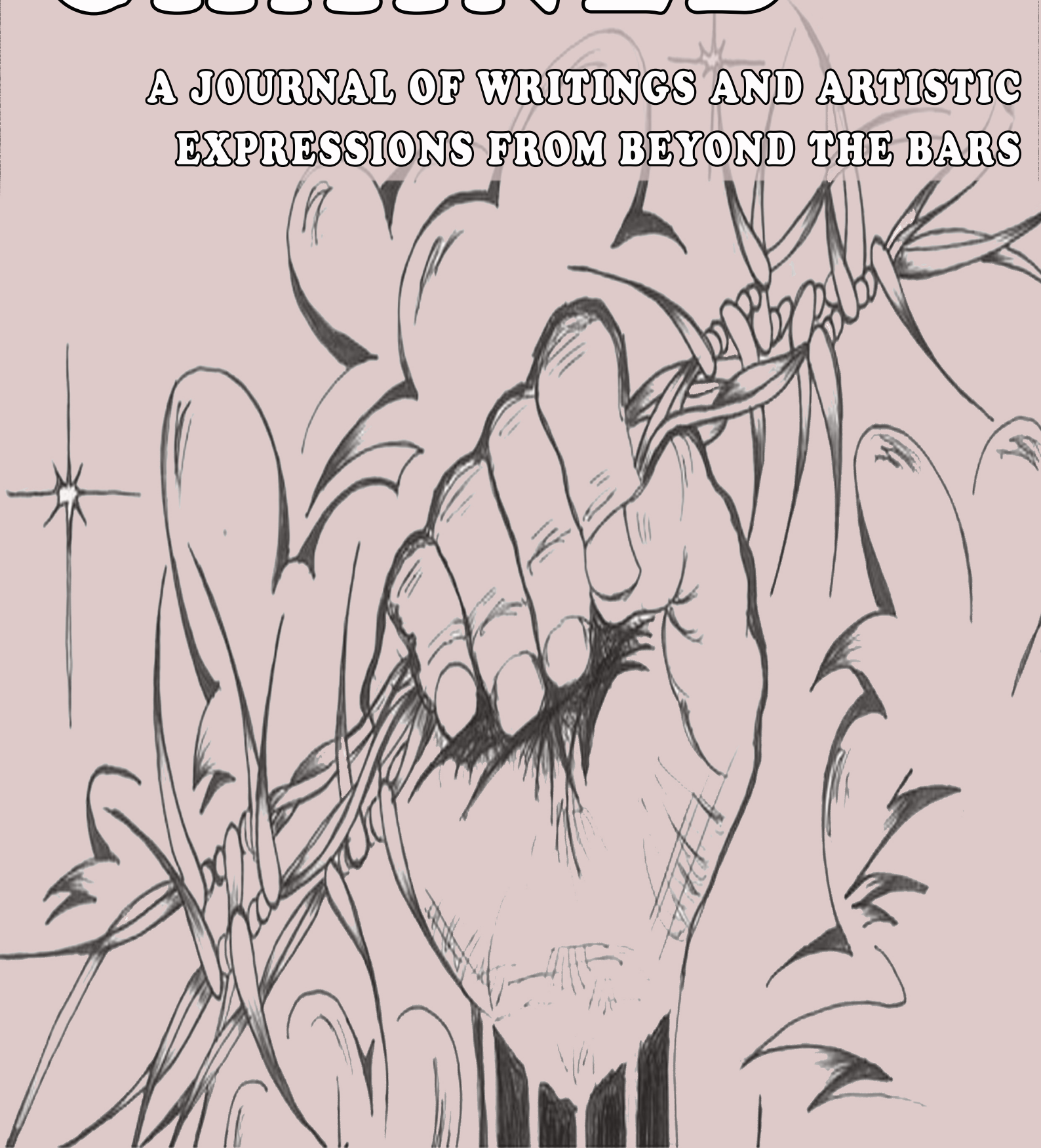


ISSUE 2, 2018

PAPER CHAINED

A JOURNAL OF WRITINGS AND ARTISTIC
EXPRESSIONS FROM BEYOND THE BARS



CALL FOR CONTRIBUTIONS

WE WELCOME CONTRIBUTIONS FROM:

PRISONERS

EX-PRISONERS

FAMILY OF PRISONERS

If you are currently in prison, have experienced time in prison or have a loved one in prison, we welcome your contribution to the next edition of this journal.

RUNNING WILD

EMAIL:

runningwild@riseup.net

WEBSITE:

runningwild.noblogs.org

POST:

PO Box 1989,
Armidale, NSW 2350
Australia

MORE ON CONTRIBUTIONS

Contributions can be writings in any style. We ask that text does not exceed 1, 500 words per contribution.

Contributions can be anonymous.

Writers are welcome to include any/all of the following if they wish to, but we would like to stress that there is no obligation to include any identifying information about yourself at all.

- Your name or a pseudonym
- Your age
- Your charge/s
- Your sentence duration and expected release date
- Your occupation/hobbies prior to incarceration
- Any other details you would like published about yourself

You are also welcome to include the following, which would never be published or shared:

- An address for you to receive a copy of the published journal (this could either be your address in prison or an address on the outside you can access at a later date – we understand your prison address may not be reliable if you are moved or if the journal is deemed inappropriate by authorities)
- A return address if you would like us to let you know we have received your contribution.

TERMS OF PUBLICATION

Handwritten contributions will be typed unless the author requests to have a scan of the original text presented in the journal. Contributions will be typed exactly as the original is written unless the contributor indicates "PLEASE EDIT" in their entry. We will then be happy to correct any spelling or grammar errors, however we do not feel that perfect spelling and grammar are in any way necessary to meaningful communication.

We will not publish any contributions that directly or indirectly contain: racism, sexism, transphobia, nationalism, xenophobia, ableism or any other form of oppressive language.

CONTENTS

A Note from the “Editor”	4
A Run of Bad Luck - James Francis Dwyer (1902)	6
House of Crime; Just Time - Garry Davis	8
J. Saunders - Eric King	10
Lock-up - Sojour	12
The Silent Partner; First Time In - David McGettigan	15
Artwork by grafica nera	17
The Terrible Bullet - Bobby Bostic	20
Letter from Bobby Bostic and Call for Publication of Memoir	22
On Remand; True Beauty - David McGettigan	26
Medical Horrors at FCI Florence - Eric King	27
This Space Between - Anonymous	30
What Do You Want?; Pros & Cons; Hollow - David McGettigan	32
Letter from Simon Evans	33
Solidarity - Simon Evans	35

A NOTE FROM THE EDITOR

We would like to begin this second issue by again thanking all those who have contributed to the journal. To those currently in prison, who have found ways to reach outside the walls and fences with their writing, to those who found the strength to reflect back on their time in prison, and to those who wrote to us about the experience of having a loved one in prison.

Receiving entries for the journal has once again both inspired and necessitated in-depth discussions about the prison system, and about crime itself. Not all contributions received by Running Wild have been published this year and we wanted to write a note here to explain in more depth what we are looking for in contributions and what we see as the purpose for this journal.

The Paper Chained journal is a space to offer insight into and critique of the prison and “justice” systems in So-called Australia and abroad. It is our view that the laws that people are held to on this land are inflicted on us by an illegal government founded on genocide and established to legitimise the theft of land, lives and resources in an ongoing display of rampant and raging colonialism and capitalism. We feel the majority of “crimes” committed by people affected by incarceration are direct and indirect results of the oppression and isolation we face under these systems. We are isolated from each other and from ourselves, with people’s cultures stripped from them in the name of a mono-cultural performance of living and a forced servitude to the creation of profits and the maintenance of power. Poverty and isolation lead many to theft, violence, and drugs, and all are punishable by imprisonment. There is a great documentary about the revolt against the prison society in Greece, available to watch at <https://vimeo.com/108159482>. A quote from that film sums up what we are expressing here:

“IT’S NOT CRIME THAT BREEDS ISOLATION IN THIS SOCIETY,
IT’S SOCIETY ITSELF THAT BREEDS CRIME BY DESTROYING COMMUNITY.”

We are prison abolitionists, and we support the promotion of dialogue about and from prisons and prisoners. This doesn't mean, though, that we wish to provide a blanket defence for the actions that have led people to be in prison, because not all people in prison have engaged in defensible actions. While we are all "products of our societies" to some extent, we all have a responsibility to become more than a product, to realise our own values, beliefs, dreams and identities. For those people who have further oppressed others with less power than them, who have hurt and harmed communities and individuals, there can be space for you in our journals, but there will not be space for a defence of these actions. We provide space to build understanding of how prison only further oppresses people and communities; how it offers no justice and no healing; how it offers no learning; and how it nourishes seeds of violence in individuals and seeds of poverty in communities.

We'd like to finish with a call for support for the journal. The first issue of Paper Chained was released in 2017 and was funded entirely by an individual dedicated to the cause (who can't afford to support the journal on their own anymore). In 2018 we raised \$350 through crowd-funding to support the costs that year, and we're calling on the community to support us once again so we can keep the journal going in 2019, especially considering our costs are rapidly increasing as we are providing the journal to a greater number of individuals in prison every month.

Please donate if you can and spread the word about this fundraiser – you can donate online at:

<https://www.gofundme.com/paperchained2019>

None are free until all are free,

Running Wild Collective



A RUN OF BAD LUCK

IT WAS A RUN OF BAD LUCK FOR NUMBER 23. He and his brother had gotten two years each for horse stealing. The brother was delicate and was received into the jail hospital, from which he sent word asking 23 to send him a chew. Number 23 was a painter, and his workshop looked out on the back gate of the hospital, so, after muster, he dextrously avoided the eye of warder Lannigan and slipped a quarter ounce under the gate, knowing that the tobacco hungry consumptive would be waiting on the other side. This done, he chiefly proceeded with his business, but warder Goodman, from the balcony of the workshops overlooking the lane, had seen the move. Number 23 was promptly locked up, awaiting the arrival of the visiting magistrate.

The spirit of generosity is promptly strangled in jail. Any prisoner caught in the act of distributing any surplus indulgence, one and a quarter ounces of tobacco, four ounces of tea, and one pound of brown sugar, which he receives weekly after a year's servitude, is placed in lockup cells, and charged with trafficking.

The day prior to number 23's trial for breach of prison discipline, all the poultry belonging to the visiting magistrate died sudden and violent deaths from poison, so number 23 faced a soured magistrate, and got seven days dark cells.

A medical student once doing time, promulgated a theory that occupation for the mind during dark cell treatment could always be obtained by tossing a button into the black inky darkness and then getting down on hands and knees and searching for it. The devices served to preserve the mental balance of many who otherwise might have gone queer under the treatment. Number 23 thus spent six days busily employed. Hundreds of times the button was found and tossed up again and again. A hunter, joyfully finding it after groping on hands and knees over the cell.

On the morning of the seventh day, the button, after being thrown up, did not return again. Thirty-six times the hunter crawled over the floor. No button.

Now, imagination lies in the pit of the stomach, and bread and water are hardly a sufficient weight to put upon it, so number 23 started to think things. He rushed the cell door and kicked, but two doors were between him and warder Williamson, who was a trifle deaf, so no good resulted.

Then someone laughed in the corner of the dark cell, and it was all up. Number 23 kicked the door, upset the water pot and shrieked. The waves of curse encrusted darkness welled up from the corners and smothered him. Invisible hands, clammy with horror sweat, grasped at his throat and choked him.

When warder Williamson called him into the corridor for governor's inspection it was too late.

Months afterwards, when an enlightened prison official suggested the abolition of dark cells as a punishment and they were converted into light punishment cells, a sweeper found in number 17 dark cell a trouser button, securely fastened in a cobweb near the ceiling.

In the criminal ward of a lunatic asylum, a prisoner is still hunting for that button.



CONTRIBUTOR DETAILS

Story by James Francis Dwyer

Originally published in The Bulletin in 1902.
Later republished elsewhere as "The Lost Button"

(Thanks to Damien Linnane for finding and sharing this story with us)

HOUSE OF CRIME

A place where dreams are shattered. The future remains uncertain, unfamiliar feeling takes over me. The reflection in green in the mirror causes panic with so much despair.

It's the 7th hour, sitting in my cell with no place to go. A lot of grief in the air, as I reminisce about life outside the gaol walls back then. To the heavens we plead, please show us a sign.

Welcome to the house of crime. The birth and death place for many hearts and souls. Some of them friends, some of them foes.

Some of us innocent, some guilty; but heaven only knows.

Some doing life, some doing weeks, and the rest of us doing in between.

Inmates come and go, segro unit, our little house of pain.

They say when it rains it pours. The birthplace of stress, home to depression infested with anxiety. A guaranteed storm.

It's now the 11th hour and my mind feels unchained. Stay strong is the motto. Forever on point, cause for now the Segro unit is my home.



JUST TIME

As the sun goes down another day gone.
The moon raises up high before you know it another night gone.
Each day a new beginning awaits us but with nowhere for us to go.
There is no change, just hanging in there for something more...
People come and go as the days move into weeks, weeks into months, months into years.
Each day lost we can't get back, we go a little insane inside,
screaming rewind the time and set us free.
But the days and nights tick on by, giving us no peace of mind.
Just time.

CONTRIBUTOR DETAILS

Garry Davis
Aged 31
Accused of murder and attempted murder
Sentenced to 40 years, with 32 years no probation
period.

Prior to incarceration Garry travelled the world as a
hobby and worked in health care for a living.

J. SAUNDERS

J. Saunders beats elderly, defenseless men
There isn't any need or reason to sugar coat it
Or spruce it up with bureaucratic jargon
"Used proper force in direction of duty"
He took his bigoted fist and smashed them
into the face, ribs and head of an elderly revolutionary
out of spite and fear and rage
Saunders exploited a horrifying power dynamic
Just like countless others in his position have done
And mauled his insecurities and lack of self-worth
into Herman, knowing there would be no fight back
Lest Herman had a death wish
3 or 4 on one, just like the white gang members
these pigs wish they could openly be, get yer licks in
Decades in and still having to deal with this..
Centuries past and the same old violence
Saunders kept his job so clearly the state of NY sees no problem with this
He kept his breathing and bodily functions, which is a certain shame
How many blows were needed, how much pepper spray dispensed
to quell his body and spirit?
How much jealousy rest in Saunders' insect heart
knowing that Herman is more loved and respected in an hour
than he will be in his entire life?
The racism is real, the hate is real, our enemies have names and addresses
And if you beat our fathers and grandfathers, then you'll have your name called
and you will have to answer for your actions
J Saunders is a fucking maggot coward
We see you bigot, we know you.
Until All are Free.

Author's note:

On Friday, April 27, Herman Bell, a 70-year old respected elder, was released after serving nearly 45 years in prison. Herman was one of the thousands of incarcerated older people who was repeatedly denied parole for over a decade after completing his minimum sentence. "This victory didn't come out of state compassion or mercy, but strenuous hard work and determination by their supporters and tireless campaigning for self determination by the 'prisoners'." - EK



CONTRIBUTOR DETAILS

Eric King (EK)
Aged 31

Charged with using explosives against a Government building, interfering in a building that is involved in Interstate commerce, using an Incendiary Device against a Government building.

Sentenced to 10 years, release date in 5 ½ years with good time.

Prior to incarceration EK's hobbies included reading, street art, travel, and poetry.

Support Political Prisoners and check out EK's other writings: <https://supportericking.org/>

LOCK-UP — A MEMOIR.

AFTER LOCK-UP, IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT I WAKE AND STARE AT THE WALL.

The cell wall is pale blue and there's a chip in the paint just near where my head rests. You can see it in the evening light. When you lie there and wait for morning call. I refuse to use the bucket.

I had wallpaper when I was a child. It had cowboys and Indians on it. They chased each other across the wall. I watched them while I slept at night. But it wasn't really my room, it was my brother's. My bed was behind the door, his was opposite and Lydia's was along the other wall, under the window. He was always older and taller than us. He's blond and pale. He never liked cowboys and Indians.

In the morning I always got up first, then Lydia. My brother always went back to his bed and stayed there until Aunty came and yelled at him. She never hit him. I didn't like making her angry.

In the morning the floor was always cold. It was wooden. I thought there was treasure underneath. One day Lydia and I moved my bed and pulled up the end of a bit of a floorboard. Or we tried. A little bit broke off. We fixed it with some glue and moved my bed back. My brother said we were stupid and he would tell on us, unless we were good.

The glue was on the shelf in the laundry. The laundry was right by the kitchen. When I was very little and mum was with us, she would play monsters there. She would hide by the washing machine with her apron over her face and then jump out at us and scream. I would laugh so much that I'd wet my overalls but she didn't hit me. I used to like my blue overalls but Aunty made me throw them away, she said they were un-ladylike. If only she could see me now, here we all wear blue overalls.

One weekend Lydia and I had used the washing machine all on our own. It was after Aunty came to live with us. We had been under the house looking for the treasure. We got dirty and didn't want to get a hiding. So we stripped and climbed on a chair and put everything in the washing machine. When we put them through the ringer, we were careful of our arms.

Everyone had heard about the boy who lost his arm that way. Our arms were OK, but the clothes didn't dry. We told Aunty we had fallen in the creek. My brother said I'd pissed my pants again. I got hit.

The kitchen used to smell good when mum wore her apron. It was her bread or pineapple pie or vai siaine apron. Her apron always had white handprints on it, it was yellow with flowers and she would loop it around her neck. Pineapple pie was my favourite. I used to sit under the table and watch her move between the cupboards and the sink that overlooks the back yard.

For a long time I wanted to be tall enough to reach the cupboards. My brother could for ever. He was always tall. But when I finally could, mum had gone and there was Aunty instead and I had to do the dishes. It wasn't fair. Lydia didn't have to do them 'cos she was older than me and my brother didn't have to do them 'cos he was a boy. One day, they said, he'll be a man. When he got a letter in the post, it was addressed to 'Master.' I never like that word.

He didn't have to eat all his vegetables. He always chased the last peas around his plate, he never liked peas. But Lydia and I had to think of the starving children in Africa and eat everything. I didn't like making Aunty angry.

My father wasn't angry very often. He worked shifts, so we had to be quiet. I liked it when he was home. He used to sit in the shed. There were pictures of mum there and he had beer bottles in a crate and there was a tapa cloth that hung on the wall. The tapa smelt and came from mum's childhood home. I knew, when I grew up, I would visit there.

Aunty always got angry at dinner time. We had to pretend the food was good and the room was warm. She liked fresh air and kidneys and brains and tripe. During the war she had to eat raw meat and raw potatoes. They had put her in a camp. I don't like raw potatoes. I like the crab and fish my uncles used to bring when they came to visit. Before, when mum was still with us.

When I ate raw potato I used to get a sore puku and have to sit on the toilet a long time. In the ceiling above the toilet was a hole in the roof. It had a little bit of wood over it. Once I

saw my father climb on a ladder and push the wood up then climb through the hole. I climbed too and looked. It was dark and all I could see was his torch. I asked him if there were pictures of mum up there as well. He told me to climb back down.

I used to want to play cowboys and Indians up there. We would be the Indians and shoot all the cowboys as they surrounded the house. But during the day I didn't like to sit there. I watched the hole in the ceiling in case someone dropped down on me while I peed. And I watched the door in case someone came in.

At night I do not want to go. I used to lie in bed and cross my legs. My brother was a log in the bed opposite mine. I never wanted to wake him. Every night I practised holding on longer and longer.

But when I couldn't do it any longer I would sneak across the hallway. In the light I would see Aunty's head on her pillow, she snored a little. If my father was home, he snored louder. He kept the house safe when he was home, but he wasn't there often at night.

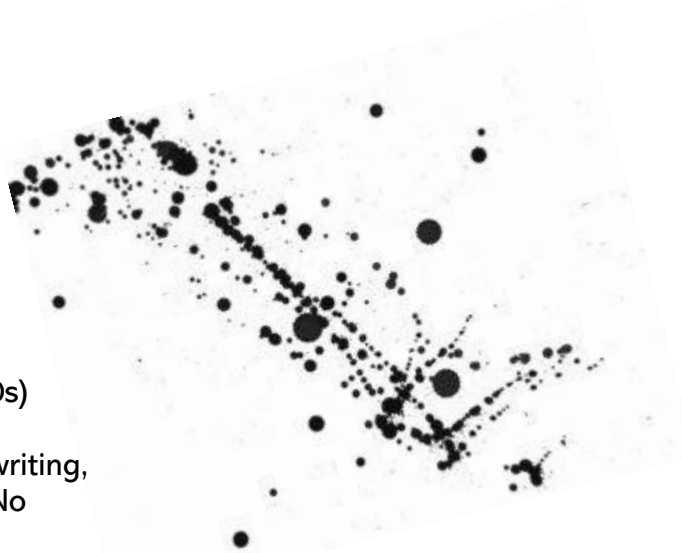
After I peed, I would hurry back to bed and face the wall, staring at the Indian nearest me. My brother would come into my bed and I would watch the Indians. I would ride across the plains with them until my brother fell asleep.

Now I lie here in the cell and watch the wall. It's a crack in the ocean and I walk the edge of my mother's lagoon. Alone. My blue overalls lie on the end of the bed. In the morning, when I hear the prison noises, I will put them on. I will wait. The floor will be cold and the screw will unlock the door. Then I'll pee.

CONTRIBUTOR DETAILS

Sojourn
Aged 50s
Charged with assault
Sentenced to 6 months (sentence was in the 80s)

Sojourn's hobbies include gardening, reading, writing, and trying to put meaning behind the phrase "No justice, no peace"



THE SILENT PARTNER

SHE WAITS PATIENTLY AT HOME
WITH THREE KIDS IN TOW
HER HUSBAND IS IN GAOL
THE CHILDREN DON'T KNOW

THE CUPBOARDS STAND EMPTY
THERE'S NO FOOD TO EAT
NO WARM CLOTHES ON THEIR BACKS
NO SHOES ON THEIR FEET

HE SITS ALONE IN HIS CELL
HIS TEARS FALL IN SILENCE
HE PENS A LETTER TO HOME
TOO LONG, IS HIS SENTENCE

AN ABSENT FATHER FORGOTTEN
BAD, SAD THOUGHTS FILL HER HEAD
TWO LEAKING EYES, ONE BROKEN HEART
A COLD, EMPTY HALF-BED

SOON IT WILL ALL BE OVER
THE NIGHTMARE COME TO AN END
THE STEEL GATES WILL SWING OPEN
THE FAMILY BE WHOLE AGAIN.



FIRST TIME IN

ECHOS THROUGH THE HOLLOW HALLS
CHIEF! SWEEPER! THE ANGUISHED CALLS
FROM INMATES IN THE HOLDING CELL
FIRST TIME IN, IT FEELS LIKE HELL

TIME IS RELATIVE, UNIMPORTANT
CHANGE IN PERSPECTIVE
OUTLOOK ON LIFE
EYES DOWN, MOUTH SHUT
KEEP OUT OF STRIFE.
DON'T LOOK, SONT' SEE
DON'T ASK, DON'T TELL
DON'T LISTEN, DON'T HEAR
EACH HAS HIS OWN STORY
EACH SHEDS A PRIVATE TEAR

LEFT ALONE WITH YOUR THOUGHTS
LOOKS CAN'T KILL, BUT
YOUR MADDENING THOUGHTS WILL
RUMINATING – NOT ILLUMINATING
NO CONVERSATION – NO COMMUNICATION
IN A SINGLE CELL.

CONTRIBUTOR DETAILS

David McGettigan
In prison on remand since March 2018

INSIDE OUT NEWSLETTER

Inside Out is a network of LGBTIQ+ people both inside and outside prisons across Australia. Join our mailing list to get a copy of our newsletter sent out every 3 months.

Our aim is to create a sense of community across the walls, amplify the voices of prisoners and support access to information, community news and resources on the inside.

The newsletter is full of content for and by folks who are lesbian, gay, bisexual, trans, intersex, queer, Sistergirls and Brotherboys, 2spirit, takatapui, fafagine, asexual and many other diverse gender and sexual identities, and who are incarcerated in adult and juvenile prisons or immigration detention centres. Content usually includes: artwork, poetry, letters, a comic strip, and a "Dear Inside Out" column where readers can ask questions or seek ideas from other readers.

Folks inside can send in contributions or ask to to be included on the mailing list: Po Box 2446, Footscray Vic 3011. You don't have to identify in any particular way to receive the newsletter and you don't have to share anything about yourself unless you want to.

You are also welcome to get involved in organising or make suggestions for what Inside Out can do. We are forming a Readership Committee of people currently inside. Those on the outside who have experienced prison or have loved ones inside, can also get involved in organising Inside Out by contacting us via email: info@insideoutaustralia.org

We'd love to hear from you!
Miranda and Amanda (Inside Out Editors).

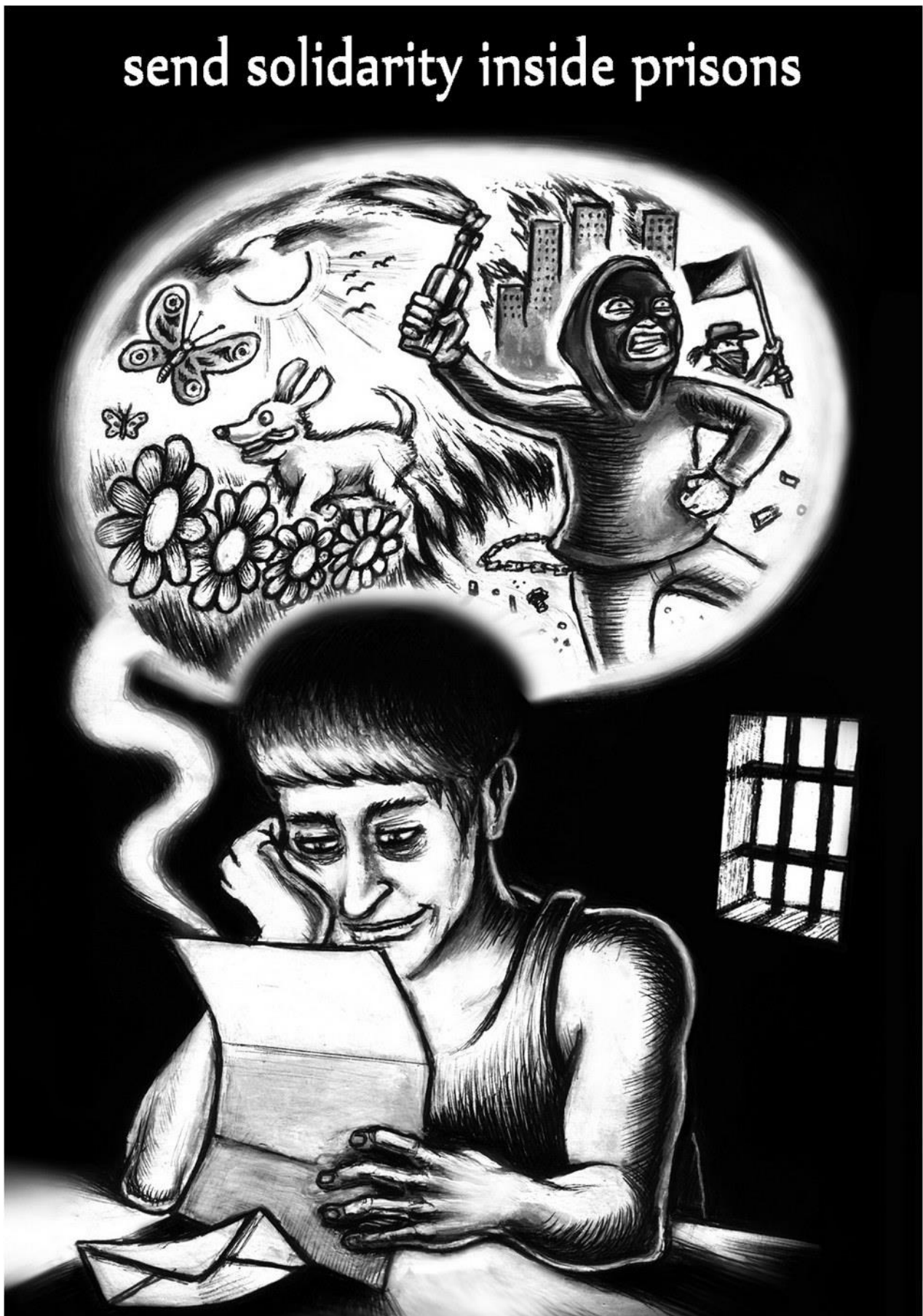
ARTWORKS SENT IN FROM GRAFICA NERA

THE STRUGGLE CONTINUES



ARTWORKS SENT IN FROM GRAFICA NERA

send solidarity inside prisons



INCENDIUM LIBRARY POETRY COLLECTION

Opportunity to get your poetry published in a small collection

Incendium Library and Press is a collectively run community library and reading room with a focus on critical literature. We are calling for submissions of poetry by people who are or have been imprisoned. We will publish the works in a booklet, our booklets are sold for \$5-\$10. All proceeds will be donated to prisoner solidarity and anti-prison work.

Through literature and art, Incendium Library and Press believe that poetry and other mediums of creativity open dialogue to promote compassion and build community. We believe incarceration further creates trauma and violence, and we are interested in challenging the prison nation, (including policing) which have been and are currently used to further the colonial project and to oppress those most marginalised.

Submission Guidelines:

- Poems do not need to be explicitly political they can be about whatever you want
- Please include a suggested title
- Contributions may be anonymous, or you are welcome to include your name or pseudonym so we can credit you
- Remember to include your address if you would like a free copy of the booklet (this could either be your address in prison or an address on the outside you can access at a later date - we appreciate your prison address may not be reliable if you are moved or if the booklet is deemed inappropriate by authorities)
- A return address if you would like us to let you know we have received your contribution
- You may submit as many pieces as you like (though not all are guaranteed inclusion)
- No length restrictions

Terms of Publication:

- Works will be selected by Incendium Library and Press collective
- We will format all work for the booklet
- Contributions will be typed exactly as the original is written unless you indicate "please edit" in your entry. We will then be happy to correct any spelling or grammar errors, however we do not feel that perfect spelling and grammar are in any way necessary to meaningful communication
- We will not publish any contributions that directly or indirectly contain: racism, sexism, transphobia, nationalism, xenophobia, ableism or any other form of oppressive language.

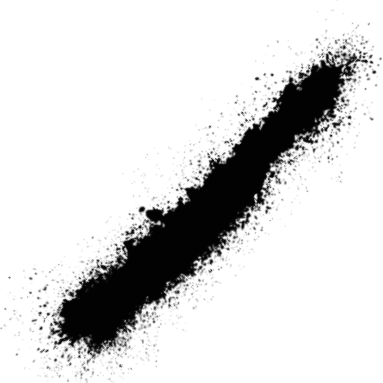
Submission deadline: December 2018

Submissions accepted to incendiumradicallibrary@gmail.com or

Incendium Library
PO Box 2446
Footscray 3011
Victoria

THE TERRIBLE BULLET

a poem by bobby bostic



bullet can I ask you a question
why are you so terrible
in the wake of your onslaught things turn horrible
see how you rip through bodies and kill so many dreams
just a ripple from the trigger sends blood flowing in streams
made my man but yet given a life of your own
you are not the solution because you break up many a happy home
people dealing with issues thinking that you can solve them
yet in the end you become their greatest problem
look at the damage you do to their world
taking the lives of innocent boys and girls
oh bullet they say you know no name
but yet in life you play such a deadly game
you have no eyes therefore you cannot see
blind to the fact that you are killing off humanity
i wonder if you knew your crimes would you repent
and if so would you claim that the deaths you caused wasn't meant
would you just blame man and absolve yourself of guilt
wrapping your conscience up in unmerciful quilt
nothing but a piece of steel
yet your fatal consequences are so real
i must ask of those who have emotions that feel
why has the bullet been given the power to kill
not even knowing those whom it may slay
yet those precious lives will not live to see another day
recently i read about the child that was shot and killed
i guess they had to go because this is what heaven willed
but why were you so unsympathetic in what you did
do you not realize that the life you took was that of a kid

oh mighty bullet let me ask you another question
because every day your deadly deeds have me guessing
i wonder at your worth but I still cannot figure it out
death and destruction is what you are all about
look at how you tore through that women's heart
ripping her entire family apart
then you have these greedy businessmen that become a gun dealer
them as well the triggerman is the real killer
look at the precious souls that you have forsaken
you have become a favorite tool of satan
iron is supposed to be a precious metal
but it is used for the wrong purposes by the devil
he destroys the souls that he possess
even the killer kills a part of themselves in the process
so bullet who do you answer to
is destruction the only way that you pay your due
all it takes is a pull of the trigger to unleash your fury
shutting down all the factories that make bullets would be the best theory
because a lifeless bullet can take a life of its own
once released into the air it is terror prone
travelling at the speed of light
all it takes is one bullet to end a life
causing grief and destroying so much
a lot of havoc can be reaped from a bullet's touch
man fingers the trigger and the he pulls it
little does he realize the endless consequences of the terrible bullet

Bobby Bostic committed several robberies when he was 16 years old. During one robbery Bobby shot at a man, who was only grazed by the bullet. Bobby was sentenced to 241 years in prison. He is now 39 and has been in prison for 23 years. He will be eligible for parole in 2091, when he is 112. Even the judge who sentenced him, who is now retired, says she regrets giving him such a harsh sentence, as he did not deserve a punishment that severe.

A LETTER FROM BOBBY BOSTIC

I am writing this letter to bring attention to an injustice that was done to a 16 year old juvenile in a Missouri courtroom. I need your assistance in bringing attention and awareness to this case. Bobby Bostic was 16 years old in 1995 when he and an older man committed the robbery of two people who were in a crowd of five people and committed another robbery of a single individual thirty minutes later a few blocks away. No one was seriously injured in these crimes.

I am Bobby Bostic and I was sentenced to die in prison for the above crimes. The judge pronounced this at my sentencing hearing when she said: "Bobby Bostic, you will die in the department of corrections. You do not go to see the parole board until 2201, nobody in this courtroom will be alive in the year 2201". I have been in prison for 23 years now and I have rehabilitated myself. I completed several college courses from Missouri State University, Adams State University, and Blackstone Career Institute. I have completed over thirty rehabilitation classes and programs. In addition to this, I have written five non-fiction books and eight poetry books. I also have blueprints for several nonprofit organizations for troubled teens and a charity that I will establish soon. Furthermore, I have many more goals that I am currently pursuing.

In 2010, in the case of *Graham V. Florida*, the United States Supreme court held that the Eighth Amendment forbids states from sentencing juveniles to life without parole sentences for crimes excluding murder. My sentence of 241 years is a life without parole sentence, yet the state of Missouri has not re-sentenced me. In 2012, the United States Supreme court held in the case *Miller v. Alabama*, that the Eighth Amendment forbids states from giving juveniles mandatory life without parole for homicide convictions. Still, I remain serving an unconstitutional life without parole sentence although no one was hurt in my crimes and I was only a child when this happened. My adult co-defendant was given 30 years and he goes home in 1 year because, by law, he is required to serve 85% of his 30 year sentence. I was given 211 more years for the same crime. This is one the greatest injustices in sentencing in modern times. The judge said that she was making an example out of me because I did not take a plea bargain wherein there was no limit to how much time she could have given me. This was wrong and my sentence has to be corrected. I am totally remorseful for my crimes and have written the victims letters of apology. I deserve a second chance in this case. Even retired Judge Evelyn Baker who sentenced me said Bobby Bostic's sentence is "unfair, unjust, and. . . unconstitutional." Just google "Bobby Bostic and Judge Baker" to see her side of the story.

In 2016, the U.S. Supreme Court ruled in the case of Montgomery v. Louisiana that the Miller decision is retroactive to all persons like me serving unconstitutional sentences. This could result in parole for me and people like me. Please sign and indicate your support for my petition on change.org: <http://freebobbybostic.wix.com/freebobbybosticnow>

To learn more about me, just google my name: "Bobby Bostic"

Bobby loves receiving mail. Inmates can write to him at:

Bobby Bostic #526795
Jefferson City Correctional Center
8200 No More Victims Road
Jefferson City, MO 656101
USA

People not in prison can write to him through jpay.com, which is a quicker and cheaper option. Go to 'Inmate search' from the homepage, select the state as 'Missouri' and enter Bobby's inmate ID (526795).

CALL FOR PUBLICATION

Hello:

This query letter is in regard to getting my memoirs published. I was a sixteen year old juvenile who was sentenced to die in prison for robbery. I am now thirty five years old. This book tells of my life from a poverty stricken childhood to my joining the Bloods gang at the age of nine. This book chronicles my story as a troubled teenager growing up in the inner city and then committing crimes that led to my coming to a maximum security prison at the age of sixteen after being sentenced to 241 years in prison for robbery. This book takes the reader on a journey inside the lives of young Americans who live in poverty and turn to gangs and crime to survive.

However, my autobiography is aptly titled "Humbled to the Dust, Still I Rise". This book is also a story of redemption. I went to prison at such a young age and witnessed riots, stabbings, gang fights and was involved in all of these things myself. After maturing, I changed my life and read hundreds of books. Then I wrote thirteen books on my own. I rehabilitated myself and went to college while in prison. I created non-profit organizations and dedicated my life to helping troubled youth to live a positive life. This story will sell itself and is ripe for publication. Please consider helping me publish this manuscript. It contains eleven chapters:

Chapter 1: The Struggle

Chapter 2: Still Struggling

Chapter 3: Trouble

Chapter 4: Addicted to the streets

Chapter 5: Stranded

Chapter 6: Lost

Chapter 7: Found (Finding God)

Chapter 8: Looking for Love

Chapter 9: Final Appeal Denied: I Refuse to Give Up

Chapter 10: Redemption

Chapter 11: The Promised Land

The first four chapters describe my poverty stricken life growing up in the St. Louis area. Chapter 4 chronicles the crime that got me the life sentence and my arrest for that crime. Chapter 5 describes my court proceedings and verdict. Chapters 6 through 11 describe my life in the Missouri prison system.

Here, for the first time, my story is told from the eyes of a child sentenced to die in prison growing into a man who believes in God and has changed his life. I believe the market for such a book is overwhelming. Please consider helping me publish this book and contact me for more details.

Thanks.

Bobby Bostic #526795
Jefferson City Correctional Center
8200 No More Victims Road
Jefferson City, MO 65101



TRUE BEAUTY

SHE WRITES LOVE LETTERS
TO ME, IN INVISIBLE INK.
BUT WHEN I HOLD THEM
TO THE LIGHT, I STILL CAN'T SEE,
THE LOVE.

SHE'S LIKE A PLASTER ANGEL
PERCHED HIGH, ON A PEDESTAL
IN CHURCH
WHEN SHE SMILES, HER MAKE UP CRACKS
THE PLASTER CRUMBLES
REVEALING HER TRUE SELF,
A GROTESQUE

SHE IS PLEASANT, OUT OF DOORS
"HOW DO YOU DO"
BUT BEHIND THE LOCKS, IT'S DIFFERENT
SHE HAS THE ABILITY TO LIFT UP
OR TO TEAR DOWN
COME CLOSE AND SEE HOW LOW
SHE CAN TAKE YOU

SHE IS AN ARACHNID
SOMETIMES BEAUTIFUL, ALWAYS DANGEROUS
TO BE KEPT AT A BROOMS LENGTH
WEAR YOUR REPELLANT
YOUR FRIENDS CAN SEE THE EFFECTS
OF HER BITE ON YOU, HER VENOM
AND PROVIDE THE ANTIDOTE – TRUTH
BEFORE YOU FADE AWAY TO NOTHING.

ON REMAND

TICK TOCK
GOES THE CLOCK
TURN THE KEY
IN THE LOCK
DOING TIME
FOR A CRIME
GET THE BOOT
MAN IN A SUIT
CREIS "OBJECTION!"
IN NEED OF CORRECTION
NO MORE CHOICES
NO MORE VOICES
BOYS IN BLUE
SAY WHAT TO DO
WHEN TO SLEEP
WHAT TO KEEP
WHERE TO GO
DO NOT SHOW
EMOTIONS.
TWO STRIPES SEEK
PROMOTIONS.
WEARING GREEN
NOTHING SEEN
YOU'RE GONNA PAY
'TIL YOU HEAR THE JUDGE SAY
NOT GUILTY!

CONTRIBUTOR DETAILS

David McGettigan
In prison on remand since March 2018

MEDICAL HORRORS AT FCI FLORENCE

****We (EK support crew) would like to say this situation is representative of a bigger problem within the BOP. There was recent information that has emerged that shows that the way the BOP is handling the hiring freeze is to have nurses double as cops. To quote Nurse Hendricks "I am a guard first and a nurse second" and THAT is the problem. In the medical field folks are asked to do no harm. Meanwhile they are asked to partake in the psychological torture that prison guards carry out and here is the kicker on the same people they are tasked to keep alive and healthy. One can not be in charge of the health of a person while at the same time the other aspect of their job is to dehumanize them.****

Since I have been at FCI Florence I have seen some real cruelty and vileness at a level I didn't think was possible, ugliness that would make your skin crawl. No, it wasn't from the gangs or the drug dealers, it was from certain members of the Medical Team. Specifically R.N. Hendricks. Fuck RN Hendricks.

Imagine walking out of breakfast at 630 into the freezing cold mountain air. Once your feet step right outside you see someone wearing scrubs and a smile, and you assume this is a helpful caring person. You are sadly mistaken. Within seconds that person is in your face literally screaming "SPREAD EM!", referring to your legs. This person will then proceed to "pat" you down so aggressively you would be forgiven for mistaking this pat down for an assault. That assault quickly becomes a Sexual Assault when she forcibly grabs your penis and balls, forces her hand between your ass cheeks, laughing horrifically, muttering to herself "no one is getting past me today!". This is what life is like for many men at FCI Florence.

You may be asking yourself why she is taking this so fucking personal, that is because she sees herself as a "cop first, nurse second, so don't try to fuck with me!". to which one inmate replied "that explains the quality of your health care.." When an inmate tells her to keep her fucking hands off of his dick, her response is to quip "Well you shouldn't have come to prison!", before writing up that inmate for having the audacity to not want to be sexually assaulted. Is she looking for knives or escape tools you may ask? Is she doing it to protect

herself and her co-workers? Nope, she is looking for extra milks that people may smuggle back to supplement their protein intake. I assure you that no one has ever hid a milk carton in their ass cheeks. Most prisoners held captive here at the FCI have had to deal with this sadistic handsy creep on this level, but some have to deal with her on a much more serious level, and at that more serious medical level Hendricks gets to really express her ugliness and hatred toward inmates.

There amount of horrors that she is accountable for is staggering and hard to put into paragraph form. Inmates with long histories of seizures have regularly had their dosages reduced by her-without doctors permission or knowledge- leading to ugly, violent seizures. If you make the mistake of having a seizure on the 2nd tier, you can expect to be carried down the steps not on a gurney, but by 4 members of staff, dragging you like a sack of potatoes. Inmates with cancer have REGULARLY been denied doctor follow ups (despite the doctors request), denied medicine prescribed by the doctor, and had information continually withheld by RN Hendricks. There are countless grievances against her for ignoring actual doctors' orders, losing medical inhalers, misplacing medicine, and changing dosages. I know this because I help type many of these grievances, and every time my heart aches for my comrades who have to go through this.

Imagine your brother, father or grandfather has had a doctor order testing for cancer, only to have RN Hendricks cancel the testing. Imagine them needing medicine for some disorder, only to have RN Hendricks change the medicine completely or deny it all together. This ruins lives. Recently she had the goons run into the room of an elderly inmate with colon cancer whom the doctor had ordered to have a walker. Was she racing in to help him? Fuck no; she was taking the walker back, despite the inmate having the approval forms on hand. This is real. This is serious. We have no other medical recourse. How does R.N. Hendricks justify this? "Shouldn't have came to prison". Recently an inmate filed a lawsuit against her after he went to the sick-call window complaining of pain and swelling in his testicles and she refused him service. He went back every day and each time she denied him help until it got so swollen they had to remove the damn thing. This isn't shocking to the people inside, we see it happen all the fucking time.

Hendricks is a soulless maggot, but she could not do this without approval or permission from above. She, like every member of this fascist brigade, answers to higher ups. She cannot act alone. She is permitted to do this by the Bureaucrats who do not remove her from her

post. By their refusal to act, they are not only allowing it to continue, but condoning the behavior, and why wouldn't they? This is systematic abuse at its finest and this is what the BOP is masters of.

The prison shields, protects, tolerates and accepts her behavior and the literal blood is also on their hands. R.N. Hendricks is an agent of a system that brutalizes other human beings, and as long as this system exists it will continue to act accordingly.

Fuck R.N. Hendricks..Until all are free

UPDATE

****So to update on that I feel it's important that people know that I was called into the Lt's office by Lt. Estrada and asked whether I had been sexually assaulted or not. If I said yes I would be placed in Protective Custody and the police would be called and an investigation would develop which would lead to me being shipped. I am not an idiot. If I said yes and then refused to follow up that is another shot and I would get disciplined for that. I was told to sign a piece of paper saying I was never sexually assaulted by Hendricks. It is important to note that I never said I was, and only pointed out her very aggressive and questionable behavior. I signed that paper and went to a visit. ****

CONTRIBUTOR DETAILS

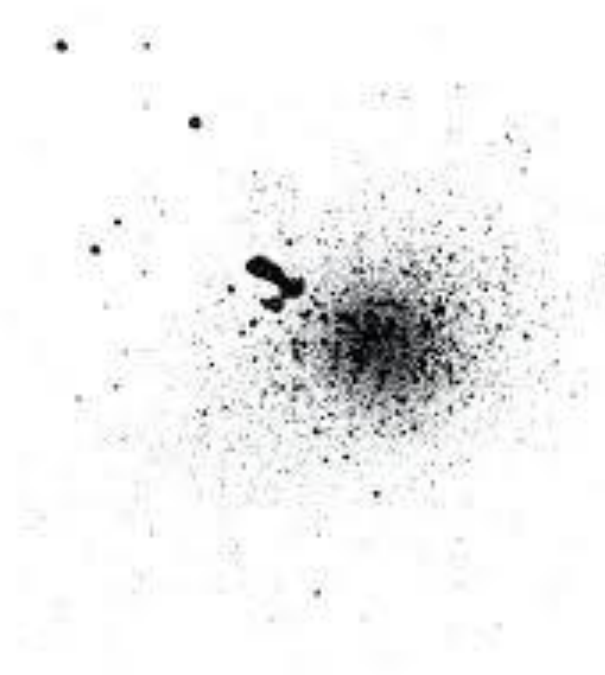
Eric King (EK)
Aged 31

Charged with using explosives against a Government building, interfering in a building that is involved in Interstate commerce, using an Incendiary Device against a Government building.

Sentenced to 10 years, release date in 5 ½ years with good time.

Prior to incarceration EK's hobbies included reading, street art, travel, and poetry.

Support Political Prisoners and check out EK's other writings: <https://supportericking.org/>



THIS SPACE BETWEEN

This space between
Arrest
and
Prison.

No visitors.
No phone calls.

My brother
is in a room.
He is behind walls
somewhere
in the same building
that I am in.

He is there
and I am here.
But I can't see him.
I can't talk to him.

I face the cop
And try to be polite.

I'm a normal,
Job-holding,
Law-abiding,
Straight-edged,
Citizen.

All the words you like.

Please let me visit
My brother.

They announce
NO VISITS.
Smiling politely
as if to say,
"You understand."

My brother
Went through hell.
He is in a room
Just beyond a door.

All I want is to
Say hello.
Say "I love you."

All I want is to
listen to him
laugh it all off
So we can pretend,
for a moment,
That we aren't terrified.

My brother
Is in a room.
And I know
Where he is.

But, "I understand",
I can't see my brother.



CONTRIBUTOR DETAILS

Anonymous contribution from a family member of a person in prison on drug charges.

JUSTICE ACTION EMAIL/WEBPAGE INITIATIVE

A new Justice Action initiative provides the world's first prisoner webpage and interactive email system aimed at empowering people in prisons and forensic hospitals, bringing them into the digital world and reducing the divide and social exclusion that currently exists. They will now have the opportunity to access an exciting new channel of self-expression and communication, free of charge.

An iExpress webpage allows you to talk about your life, your experiences, your hobbies, or even present your favourite works of art. This is a way to show there is more to you than something "negative" from your past. You control your identify and how others will see you. Out of your cells and onto the net!

For an iExpress webpage, you can send a photo or artwork and a statement about yourself. Justice Action will create a webpage for you and mail it back to you to approve.

The iExpress email service allows you to send and receive email messages. You select your own email address e.g.: joe.blow@iexpress.org.au and give that address to your family and friends, who can then send you emails. When emails arrive we will download them, print them out and send them to you by post. You can reply in a letter sent to us, that we will digitally scan and email to the people you nominate.

iExpress is a positive act of community development, so Justice Action will not publish webpages including anything defamatory, aggressive or showing ill will. We ask for support of these principles from all participants. Emails passing through iExpress must not be unlawful, aggressive or offensive according to community standards. The prison censoring of letters entering and leaving the prison still of course applies.

To register for this service, send Justice Action a letter with your desired email address and/or webpage information to:

Justice Action
PO Box 386
Broadway, NSW 2007

Alternately, your family or friends can register for you online at: <http://tiny.cc/co726w>

The webpage/email services are part of a new community development program sponsored by Breakout Media Communications, available to you free of charge.

WHAT DO YOU WANT?

WHY DIDST THOU SUMMONS ME
WHAT IS THE PURPOSE, OF THIS DISCOURSE
IS IT MY FACE, THY LONGED TO SEE

WHY BRING ME HERE BY FORCE
BOUND THAT I AM BEFORE YOU NOW
SURELY YOU DON'T EXPECT ME TO BOW

FOR LIFE AND DEATH
YOU HAVE CONDEMNED ME
LET ME BE, OR SET ME FREE



HOLLOW

THE HALLS WHEN INMATES
ARE LOCKED IN TIGHT
THE DAY ROOMS STILL
AND SILENT AT NIGHT
PROMISES MADE
BY THOSE IN BLUE
EYES THAT USERS
TRY TO SEE THROUGH

PROS & CONS

SOMETHING TO EAT – SOMEWHERE TO SLEEP
SHOES FOR MY FEET – CLOTHES, WARMTH TO KEEP
WATER, TO WET MY THROAT
NO OR PAPER TO NOTE.
BLATANT TORTURE – FORBIDDEN

MENTAL TORMENT – HIDDEN
THERAPY – OR PUNISHMENT
REHABILITATION – PUBLIC HUMILIATION
SOCIETY'S RETALIATION
JUSTICE RECOMMENDATION.

CONTRIBUTOR DETAILS

David McGettigan
In prison on remand since March 2018

DEAR READERS OF PAPER CHAINED,

I am writing to you from a prison cell over here in Turangi at Tongariro Prison (New Zealand). Getting to this stage started on the 24th of May in the year 1988. I was standing in the dock of the high court where I was being sentenced on a charge of unlawful sexual connection on a fifteen yr old boy. I received a term of Preventive Detention, getting a non-parole period of 10 yrs... which means serving 10 yrs before being eligible to confront my first parole board, something I am well much done now.

After serving 30 yrs I can still remember my long walk down the flight of stairs leading to the cells underneath the courthouse, I believe it was at this stage I had began to get a better understanding of my situation and the many consequences of my selfish actions.

I was locked in a cell by myself, it was cold and dark. I felt abandoned and terrified. I glanced around the cell and noticed of peoples names who had gone before me in another time. I couldn't help but wonder if only I had listened to the advice I was given as I grew up I wouldn't be in this mess now... instead I threw it back at them thinking I knew better than them, I believe this is what you would call having regret.

When it was time to head back to the police station it was in the back of a police van with around 4 other young guys. This was when I was attacked by a young thug, he had heard about my charge, sentence and how I was gay... I believe the information came from an officer.

This thug had come at me with much force, he was like a bull running towards the matador and the red target. I had held my hands up in front of my face trying to stop his punches but, to no avail, they kept smashing through... one punch after the other.

I felt blood dripping from my nose and mouth which fell upon my clothes making a mess, there were even blood splatters on the back door window and the floor. I had wiped my hand across my nose which only made it worse.

It was at this very minute I was wishing I could be somewhere else but there. Have you ever had one of those moments where you wanted to take back everything you have ever done wrong back and wipe the slate clean... but, somehow you had got the feeling it was far too late to do so? well, that's what it felt like.

I had walked out of that van that day in alot of pain... physically as well as mentally and of course a bloody mess! The thug who had done this to me had got charged with assault and was sentenced to a couple of years in prison.

Which reminds me of a time when I saw a photo of myself as a cute and adorable baby when I was in my late teens. The photo showed me sitting upon a rug wearing a small bucket on my head. I had short blond hair and a loving smile stretching ear to ear.

As I looked at this photo one thing came to my mind, which was... how come I went from being cute and adorable to a man who sexually abused teenage boys... was secretive with what I did... had isolated myself from adult company... complained and argued on irrelevant issues... had focused more on the negative rather than the positive... had many difficulties sustaining and forming intimate and social relationships... had become curious about sexual issues, which left me feeling puzzled and confused about my own sexuality... saw myself as a

failure and had tried committing suicide on a number of occasions because of being a victim of sexual abuse by a number of different people throughout my life.

I do not have answers to alot of my problems, I wish I did... but I do know this I do not want to live like this anymore, I want to live a offence free lifestyle one day with my family... this day will arrive one day soon, I know this for sure.

At this stage I would like to put out a request to the readers of Paper Chained. I am seeking for penfriends who are of different race, nationality and between the ages of 20 and 50 yrs (age not very important).

I enjoy art and drawing, jazz/classical/rock 'n roll and pipe music, playing chess/pool and snooker, nature and animals, watching documentaries about wildlife/nature/places and people. I also enjoy building structures out of hobby matchsticks, and keeping fit and healthy, and of course writing letters!

Looking forward to hearing from you soon... all letters will be answered!

In solidarity and hope

Faithfully yours

Simon Evans #1833561
Tongariro Prison
Private Bag 500
Turangi, 3353
New Zealand





Contributed by Simon Evans