

**Chapter 1 : A Teenager Describes His First Day in Prison: Part One | Prison Writers**

*Great narration of high humiliation from the Jail and from the police officials. the auther is the reporter of kashmir times and the son in law of activist in Kashmir, becuase of latter reason, police authoiries charged the case by saying that he worked as spy against India, simply by noting one published article.*

Penultimate Friday, he was in his one-room apartment near his place of work at Lekki sleeping when fierce “looking but armed uniformed men who claimed to be members of Lagos State Task Force on Environment broke into his room and bundled him to their coffin-like Black Maria. Before he knew what was happening, he found himself inside their cell at Oshodi where he, alongside fifty other young men, three ladies, two underaged boys and a sick elderly man were confined till the next Monday when they were arraigned without charges and later taken to Badagry Prison where they spent 20 days in confinement. His story is a study in denial, reckless infringement of human rights and social degradation. The next thing I saw was a police officer wearing a task force vest who broke into my room and arrested me. Immediately I tried to identify myself as a site engineer and supervisor at CHCI, the police officer slapped me and I kept quiet. The policemen then took me and bundled me into a waiting Black Maria. That was how I found myself in the Task Force office at Oshodi. When I was there, I called my brother but they stopped him from coming to see me. That was how I was detained there till Monday morning with three ladies, two underaged boys, a sick elderly man and others numbering about We spent three days in the task force office. A statement was taken from me on Saturday. The head of the task force actually came on Sunday. I then identified myself to him explaining that I was innocent but he told us not to worry that it would be sorted out by Monday. Based on his assurance, I was relaxed. That was when it dawned on me that it was a serious matter. That was how we were arraigned in court on Monday morning and remanded at Badagry prison for 20 days. We were 53 altogether. They accused us of breach of peace and that we destroyed government machinery when nobody destroyed anything. We were up to 20 locked up in the cell which was very small. There was no toilet facility so we were allowed to go outside to ease ourselves. However, there was a small lavatory which we used at night and there was no light inside the cell. In the morning, they took our data, including our finger prints before allocating us to different cells. Two small sized beds were allocated to 10 of us and we were practically lying on top of one another. A Hausa man I met there narrated to me how he was arrested with of his kinsmen and brought to the prison. He said they were arrested around 5am while they were sleeping inside a compound belonging to one Alhaji who provided the place for them to sleep and go out in the morning to do their various businesses before coming back to sleep at night. They then jumped the fence into the compound, opened the gate from inside, moved their Black Maria inside the compound and bundled all of them into the vehicle for onward trip to Badagry prison. That was the first ugly story I heard from the man I met at the prison. The judge who presided over the court the first day we appeared in court actually said the governor was interested in the case. I was asking myself; is this a punishment or what and how long will I remain here? When I woke up from sleep and saw those big gates, I would ask myself, am I still here? I cried a few times at night and the Lord gave me strength. I read my bible and said my prayers. They told me they were arrested in front of their house; that the task force men came to raid their house and picked them up. One of them narrated his story in tears saying he was picked up in front of his house and when he tried to call his mother, the task force men did not allow him. He said when they got to their office, they asked him of his age and when he told them he was 17, they said it was a lie and hit him on the head while the lady who was taking down his statement wrote 18 for him. And that was how he ended up at Badagry prison where he spent a month and two weeks. They then sent some papers to us in jail about plea bargain to admit that we were guilty and they would reduce our jail sentence. I think many of our youths did that in order to be free because if you are on awaiting trial, the court may not sit and the next adjournment will be for three months. In order not to continue to languish in prison, the youths would just admit to plea-bargain and will be given one or two months sentence which he would serve and thereafter come out. They also served us small fresh fish with rice. The only dish that made us happy was the rice which they served in the afternoon. On Sundays, we would go to church. That was the only way of going out while on

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Saturdays, we were allowed to come out and take a walk round the prison. There was a football field and film house provided by the IBTC bank for the inmates. They were not harsh and they always counselled us. The only problem was the issue of some inmates who developed mental problem in the prison. The prison was free from vices such as hard drugs and the environment was very neat. Pastors from different churches came to preach to us. I will commend the warders, they really tried, and they encouraged us. They gave us reminder on the 22nd that they were releasing us two weeks before that day and we felt relaxed.

### Chapter 2 : My Days in Prison

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Now doing a few years in the joint, they end up at the same prison. Lucas had asked me to give him some pointers on his boxing skills. They are the foot soldiers of the Mexican mafia. So, when one gang has an issue with another; IF they are allies " they must discuss the issue. The guy who goes with him in case things get ugly. The order took a week or so to come through. A fairly even match. Today Lucas came by my cell and I got ready. Passed gates and fences on our way. He kept trying to talk his way out of the fight. See, the fight was supposed to take place in a Unit on the West yard where Danger lives. But, we figured we might as well just bring him with us, instead. We walked into the pod. My job was to get the Sergeant out of our pod. She was chilling in her office. So, I go ask for a storage container for my cell. She goes and grabs one, comes back, but never really left, cuz the closed is in our pod. She locked herself out of the office and now a case worker was using it. Lucas ran into the cell, Danger followed, still scared. Me, being the 2 guy, I should have gone and locked them in there. And within one minute, Danger came out angry and acting tough. Turns out, Lucas fell forward as they threw each other around. Lucas busted his own lip on a desk of steel and bled a lot. Lucas says he turned around and Danger was leaving. The cell was bloody, from BOTH guys. So, I used my skills to doctor him up. Iced his face, seal his lip, and spread the blood under his face to reduce a black eye or a lump. Then, I used Vasoline to rub the swollen areas with a plastic cap to a bottle. And all the blood in his cell is cleaned. These things happen everyday

*They are four felons. A victim of drug dealers most wants to see her boy but he treats her as a stranger. A dancer who killed her husband meets the mistress in jail. A killer who enjoy peace in.*

We sat down with several juvenile lifers and shared an intelligent and inspiring conversation about everyday life in prison, and the criminal justice system. Suffice to say, it was one of the most captivating moments of my life to date. There were a total of nine students and our professor, Mike Lyons, that jumped in a SJU van and made the hour trip to Graterford early Friday morning. When we finally got on the road the van was filled with nervous anticipation. Graterford State Prison After several jokes at our own expense, our anxiety about the trip lessened until Graterford was in view. It is approximately 31 miles northwest of Philadelphia and can hold roughly 4, incarcerated men. The daunting foot high walls completely surround Graterford, making it the most imposing building for miles. When we finally entered the facility, my classmates and I signed in at the front desk and confirmed which inmate we were there to see. My name was on the visiting list of Kempis Songster although he is mostly referred to as Ghani. In , Kempis was imprisoned for first-degree murder at the age of He was sentenced to life without the possibility of parole. We sat in the waiting room before each of us was finally called into security. I went through a checkpoint but, unlike airport security, my hands were also tested for cocaine and meth. One lady in front of me was denied access to the visiting room because she was wearing an underwire bra. Another classmate of mine was also not allowed into the facility because she was wearing leggings, which is on the Department of Corrections banned items. At last, I entered the visiting room. The visiting room is one large space filled with rows and rows of chairs facing each other there were no glass partitions and, under the watch of a guard, you could share some physical contact. Along the sides of the room are vending machines filled with everything ranging from soda and chips, to hot coffee and Philly cheesesteaks. Because you cannot leave the visiting room and come back, visitors who stay for several hours buy themselves and the person they are visiting meals to eat. For some men, this is the only time they are able to eat candy or have chicken wings. They had saved several rows of seats for us. Since I was one of the first students to get through security, I had the chance to introduce myself and make small talk with several of the juvenile lifers. Once everyone had assembled we did introductions. When introductions were complete, John Pace incarcerated in at the age of 17 gave a brief history lesson about the legal decisions in the United States that lead to a juvenile being sentenced to life without parole. What shocked me the most about this discussion was how passionate and knowledgeable the inmates were about these issues. They had lived them; they had spent their lives watching them unfold. And, most recently with the Supreme Court hearing in October , about whether or not Miller v Alabama should be applied retroactively, these men never had any hope of living outside prison walls. During our conversation, we spotted Joseph Ligon on the far side of the room. Joseph Ligon was 15 when he was arrested in The year he was incarcerated, Dwight D. By this point in our discussion we had split into smaller groups because the noise in the visiting room became too loud. We were able to ask John and Kempis questions about their life in prison, and what they wanted to do if they were ever released. We did not talk about their crimes. They are all guilty of murder, that is without a doubt. We did not speak of their actions before prison out of respect for the families of the victims as a way to keep the integrity of the victims intact without thoughtless conversation. Even more so than before, I discovered how human these men are. They are not the psychotic monsters that the media and society portrays them to be. Of course they have committed horrible crimes at a young age none were pre-meditative , but they have had years of maturity and contemplation to realize the shame and remorse of their actions. They know more about what they want to do with their life than I do! This dedication to academics is notable because the state does not grant juvenile lifers opportunities to better themselves. So, instead, they fight for classes, taking up to 13 years to finish one degree. My second trip to Graterford Prison was similar to the first, except there were a few new juvenile lifers to converse with. There was also a chance for them to ask us any questions they had. I laughed and told him that there was no way to stop such a beautiful force of nature. Believe it or not, the United States is the only country in the world that sentences children to life in jail. There are currently approximately 2,

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juvenile lifers around the country. Pennsylvania has the highest count with juvenile lifers behind bars. It is a reality that Kempis and the others might die in prison. But, hopefully, they might one day have the chance to go back into the world and change it for the better. To hear more about these individuals and their stories visit the Redemption Project.

### Chapter 4 : My Days In Prison written in journal form - Prison Talk

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His nonchalant behavior added to the nervousness I felt about asking him the same question. I instantly felt what seemed like a million eyes on me. These muthafuckas are locking up kids now. Air filled my chest cavity, I stood up straight, and my kid-like face turned into a menacing frown. The man covered in tattoos seemed genuinely surprised. They got the youngster going to the ghetto?! All the lights were on and I could hear noise seeping out of the open windows, along with the loud hum of constant movement by people inside. Before long the group started to break off into smaller groups in preparation to go to our designated units. As the group I was in approached my new home, the noise grew louder. I noticed someone looking out of the windows as if he was waiting to sound an alarm if he spotted the cops. As I walked into the dayroom I felt so many eyes on me that I began to feel uneasy again. Instead of continuing to look around, I let my ears do the work. Before I knew it, I saw a familiar face standing right in front of me. Papa was a kid from Texarkana, Texas who was in the federal juvenile prison with me at the beginning of my year sentence. He was less observant than I was and more prone to make crucial mistakes. I started to feel at ease. As soon as I entered the cell, Papa was introducing me to this guy named Earl who looked to be a few years older than me. I was puzzled that everyone kept offering me things and seemed happy to see me. I quietly made my bunk up with the blankets and sheets I was given, jumped into it, and thought about my new life in prison before sleep took over. I jumped up from under the covers and went straight into a defensive stance. As I wiped the sleep out of my eyes and was able to focus on the person in front of me, I noticed that it was a man standing in front of me and he wore a dress suit. I read your file and was shocked to see a kid with 50 years coming in to my unit. Where are you coming from the federal juvenile system? He turned around to face them. Clark asked one of the guys in the group. As soon as Mr. What size you wear in shoes? After they left, I grabbed the toothbrush, toothpaste and the washcloth that was inside of the survival bag the officers gave me in receiving and discharging and got my hygiene in order. Arriving at this cell, I noticed that he was inside his bunk asleep. Over the next few weeks, I began to get into the flow of how prison moved on a daily basis. Even while serving a horrendous year sentence, I cannot allow myself to lose focus on my ultimate goal. Until that day comes, I will remain observant of my surroundings and learn as much as I can do so that I can fulfill that goal. Jermon Clark is serving 50 years in federal prison. When he was 15 years old, he was involved with two older kids in a carjacking murder.

**Chapter 5 : My days in Prison by Iftikhar Gilani**

*Cup of garri served without sugar, water for lunch. By Emma Nnadozie, Crime Editor. Lagos, reputed to be a city of excellence has gradually turned into a nightmare to many, especially youths.*

Perhaps forgiveness is more forthcoming when somebody repents an action. Then although you will never lose the pain, you might find it in your heart to forgive. Until he is politically eliminated, you cannot have democracy in the country. I remember my prison cell used to be full of cockroaches and ants and all sorts of other weird insects which went Bzzz right near my ear and scared me out of my skin. Did you eat them? The military courts which General Zia has set up in Pakistan are against Islam. He has admitted as much by saying that their verdicts cannot be challenged by Islamic courts. Anyone sentenced to death by a military court would be proved innocent by an Islamic court. He was so magnanimous. Obviously he has committed a judicial murder, but he will be judged both by the people, and by his own attitude. Whether he repents or not. But I also feel that in the West the law has gone too far and too many guilty people get off because "reasonable doubt" has become so elastic. The case of my younger brother, who my entire family is convinced was killed by his wife, has given me an eye-opener into Western justice. I mean 99 per cent! How can they do things like that? Her father was hanged in , her brother died last year. I wondered how she had got through it all. Then his assassination in and my imprisonment not knowing if I would be sentenced to death. Because I was in solitary confinement, I could never talk to anyone about what would happen, so I used to just gear myself to passing each day. I used to pray a lot and do little exercises. I was conscious that I must get up at a fixed time. They take away your watch, but there is a jail clock which chimes on the hour. By that chime I timed myself and would walk back and forth for an hour. Bureaucrats, especially petty bureaucrats, are the most scared people around. When I was released, one of the guards came up to me and said, "You know my son, could you get him a job in a factory? I had not read a single thing for three years" even Time and Newsweek were considered communist literature and not permitted. That would give you an anchor. I would not have been able to live with myself if I had been thinking of romantic pursuits. For the death of my father we mourned two years. So, you see, when there is a death in the family these things are considered distasteful even to talk about. Unfortunately I did not keep it, but in the Herald Tribune a few days ago I read an article which said how other people love you for what you are achieving; but your family accepts you just for what you are, for better or for worse, because you are the same blood. I know the marriage vow is "for better or for worse", but I think your husband prefers to accept you "for better". He has fallen in love with an image of a person, with the person he hopes you will be. He might be disillusioned if you fail. But your parents, they accept you from the time you are having your first bottle of milk right through to when you are 16 and having Coca-Cola and leaving empty cans around the place! I wondered if her father had given it to her. You see, my life has always been one of self-denial. And if so, what price am I prepared to pay? Because if you are not prepared to pay the price, you have no business being in this political life. So far she has found a prison.

Chapter 6 : BENAZIR: MY DAYS IN PRISON Â» 23 Aug Â» The Spectator Archive

*Jenny attended the April 17 graduation at the GEO Lockhart facility. She was one of 20 respectful witnesses to hold the space for the 24 women that graduated from the eight-week Talk to Me classes.*

Now one day, I was taking a shower and the CO came in LOL Anyway I showed him my bracelet thta has the exact same info asa the tag, only we cannot take it off like a dog collar LOL I got an informal ticket that day More about Tickets Later. So I would return to my bunk, a mattress that I am almost sure is filled with sand, very uncomfortble I had my own room, where I should have been able to have privacy in - just by closing the door and locking it I hear the click I get in bed and cover up so maybe he will think I am asleep and leave me alone I am home now again I am fighting for disability - unable to work, have no car, no drivers license and no money That was a 50 dollar lesson I believe that was well learned. I learned that lesson fast as well. WHO WE ARE We are different sizes, different stories, different lives and yet we are thrown into a prison that is much like hospital only with all these personalities shoved together. In Prison they take your name and dismiss it like a worn out recording of a record not played ATTITUDES I wonder where some of these people came from, they have chips on their shoulders the size of Texas, and they where them like a badge of honor or courage, but they are also the ones who most often get in trouble. They stand out, talk of injustice, they speak with hatred I always thought on the outside I was outgoing and a bit gregarious If you do something like go to the bathroom in the middle of the night, or get caught swearing - they give you an INFORMAL ticket, this ticket does not go on your record After 7 days, it is removed from the board The big tickets, the ones that go in your file are as follows: Class C Ticket Given for disorderly conduct, malingering wasting time , Sanitary violations, Not following the unit rules - I have never scene anyone ever get a Class C ticket. I got 2 of these Everybody knows what stealing is right, duh we are in prison Class A Offenses Try really hard not to get one of these Offering to give an inmate something, in exchange for something they have or can get. Here are the usuals:

### Chapter 7 : My Day In Prison - SJU Blogs

*December Today is prison day A year ago today, Seth Hopkins and I got in his little sports car and ended up in the worst car crash ever.*

Here I was, an year-old first-time offender carrying a year sentence on my shoulders. One of the officers called names from a piece of paper that she held in her hands. Hearing these gruesome stories put a significant spike in my blood pressure. Still I kept a stern face while trying to hide how I really felt—petrified! While listening to them, my mind began to drift. Would these older convicts take advantage of me because of my age? When someone calls your name I suggest you answer, kid. Entering the room I noticed two officers sitting at a table covered with brown folders. One of the officers looked up from whatever he was reading before telling me to shut the door and have a seat. As soon as I sat down I looked at the two officers. One was fat and the other had a pair of brass glasses sitting on top of his bony nose. They gave you a fifty-year sentence. Is that right Mr. Are you a homosexual? Have you cooperated with law enforcement? Are you scared to go into General Population? True enough I was now eighteen years old, but I had been incarcerated since 49 days after my fifteenth birthday. The butterflies in my stomach begin to make my stomach turn and twist in knots. As I sat in the chair, I could feel my hands tighten around the armrest. I got up and made my way to the door that would place me in another world. Once I heard the pop, my heart stopped. I held my breath, and realized that I was seconds away from passing out. The guy behind me in line gave me a slight shove causing me to come to my senses, take a deep breath, and make my way into another world.

### Chapter 8 : My days experience in Badagry Prison – Victim - Vanguard News Nigeria

*Read "My Days In Prison - Karagar" by Urmila Shastri with Rakuten Kobo. Mahatma Gandhi called Indians to Civil Disobedience, with his Dandi March and the plea to boycott British goods.*

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*My friend Chad Smanjak wrote a guest blog that chronicles one day of his life in a low security federal prison. I am proud to share it here. Further, I encourage you to visit Chad's blog here and subscribe.*