

Day 4 Sunday July 22nd 2001.

I wake to find my tiny cell filled with sunlight. My thoughts turn to the trial & as they have done for the past four days. I still cannot understand how the jury can have accepted the word of the crown's chief witness, a liar and a thief over the evidence of my wife who is incapable of dreaming. The truth is that they went along with the Judges summing up. more of that later.

I put my feet on the floor and can smell my own body, and decide the first thing I will do is have a long slow shave before starting on the first session of writing.

There is ~~no~~ plug in the basin, not until hotels in a third world country. I decide to fill my ^{plastic} soup bowl with warm water and turn it into a tiny basin. The prison have supplied a stick of shaving soap and an old fashioned shaving brush ~~DO~~ ^{have} some time building ^{up} a lather before I look into ~~a~~ mirror above the basin that measures four inches by four inches, and re-produces only a poor image.

After my shave in little warm water I feel a lot better, though I can't be certain how I look. I then take my ~~little~~ seat behind my little table with my back to the window. The sun is shining through the window leaving an impression of the bars on my cell door, a double reminder of where I am. If I needed it.

At eight o'clock the key turns in the lock and my cell door opens.

I look up at an officer who has a puzzled look on his face. When he approaches my cell card he asks - This is a blue card attached to my cell door stating my name Arkel Cat D

It's been stolen I explain. We had six in the last two days. I think ~~they~~ ^{they have become} something of a collector item.

The official ~~the~~ allows me to go to the shower room, where I join a group of newly prisoners who are due to appear at the old Bailey that morning, and want to look their best. One of them a black man called Pat, comes a clean well ironed white shirt which is hanging on a hanger. I'm full of admiration and ask him how he managed it, explaining that my wife and children are coming to visit me in a couple of days time and I want to look my best for them.

~~say~~ I'll send along my man Peter Pat with a grin. He'll fix you up.

I thank him and return to my cell, and a plastic bag of breakfast. I extract the hard boiled egg, ^{before} depositing the rest in the wastepaper basket. While slowly eating the hard boiled egg I stand at my window and watch planes descending into the city airport. A pigeon joins me, but he is on the outside. I remove a piece of stale bread from the ~~waste~~ wastepaper basket and break it into small crumbs and deposit them on the sill. He rejects them, goes and then flies away.

The cell is unlocked again at 9.30 for association and the official asks me if I want to go to church. I readily attend church in Grangehall despite the fact that my wife is the churchwoman. However, on this occasion it will mean a long walk and forty-five minutes in a room far larger than my cell, so without hesitation I say yes.

R.C. or Church of England the other asks.

Cot E I tell him

Second shift, I call you about 10-30,
straight after association.

Association is an hour ^{taken} out of your cell,
where you all assemble on the ground floor, and
mix with the other inmates. Prison officers watch
to see if we become part of a clique, and how
you behave while in a group.

I'm about to leave my room only to
find a queue of prisoners waiting at my door.
Most of them want autographs so they can prove
to their partners or girlfriends that they were at
the same place as the notorious Jeffrey Archer.

When I have finished what I can
only describe as a signing session, not unlike the
ones I used to do at Harrow I am joined by my
new listener Kevin, who has replaced James who
was taken off to White more this morning.

Kevin explains that he and James
were tea boys, and are therefore trusted by the
Rangers, but they are also listeners, people who
help prisoners in the first few days.

What do you need Jeffrey he asks. Can
I call you Jeffrey.

Of course. What do I need I repeat.
How about a bowl of cornflakes with some real milk,
Two Eggs sunny side up, bacon mushrooms and a
cup of hot chocolate.

He laughs. I can sort out some wheaties,
skimmed milk, fresh bread, ~~the~~ anything else.

How about a new razor, some shampoo
~~a~~ a bar of soap, and a change of towels
That will take a little longer he admits

As everyone knows what I'm in for, I come to the inevitable question - why are you here?

I was involved in the Borne jewelry capel. what a sentence to serve to an author especially when James had warned me that ~~it~~ ^{Kevin} I wouldn't ship nothing.

How did you become involved Lashed
Debt he explained, and a measure of bad luck. Nick Punell's words rang in my ears. Don't believe anything they tell you in prison, and don't tell them anything.

Debt I said
You owed a man £1300 and although I hadn't spoken to him for the past year, he suddenly calls up out of the blue and asks to see me. ~~He said~~ I don't interrupt him, we meet up at a pub, and he told me he needed a power back shovel, and if I could do the job for him I would forget the 1300 pounds.

When did he want you Lashed
To-morrow morning he said
I told him I couldn't do because I already got another job

what job Lashed
Well my father and I have two boats that ~~was off the coast~~ ^{fish off the coast}, and they were both booked for to-morrow morning. Then I want my money the man told me.

I had no choice I was stuck at the time, and he had a reputation as a hard man, in any case all I had to do ^(James) was transport four men from one side of the river to the other. The whole exercise wouldn't take more than 10 minutes. For 1300 pounds you must have known he

was up to no good.

I was suspicious, but I didn't have any idea what the heart was.

So what happened next.

I took ~~my~~ ^{his} ~~back~~ ^{up} to Bow Creek and moved it near the jetty a few hundred yards from the Dome and waited, and then suddenly all hell let loose as three police boats converged on me, and within moments I found myself surrounded by a dozen ~~police~~ armed police officers, who told me to lay down on the deck, and put my hands above my head. One of them shouted "It's not him" and I later discovered that I had been called in at the last minute to replace someone who had let them down.

But you must have known what they were up to I insisted

Nop he replied I'm thirty ~~three~~ ^{five} years old and this is my first offence. I'm not a criminal, and after what I and my family have been put through, I can tell you I'm not coming back to see the inside of a prison again.

I can't explain why I believed him, it might have been his manner, the way he talked about his wife and fourteen year old child, but he was paying dearly for one foolish decision, and would regret it for the rest of his life.

After, letting Pass (bunk) boom out the voice of Mr King, a man not given to subtlety as he belted out prison names and when he came to Watts added CofE Now!

I think we'll have to continue this conversation at some other time I suggested before

leaving to join the other prisoners for the morning service.

Attolus ~~we~~ walked in a crevice to the chapel, where we went through another ~~body~~ search before entering a large square hall ~~where~~ each worshipped was handed a bible. I took my place in the second row next to a young black man who had his head bowed.

I look around the room which held ~~over~~ around 300 seats and looked almost sold out.

The Chaplain took his place at the front of the hall and called for silence. He was about, fifty, stocky with a pronounced limp, and a stern smile. He stared down at his congregation of murderers, rapists, burglars and wife beaters, and spent a couple of minutes bringing his flock to order.

while he performed ~~this~~ task, I look in the room. It was square ~~pro~~ holding about 200 seats in rows of twenty. On the four walls there were paintings of Christ and his disciples, ~~pro~~ Moses and the ten commandments, Christ ~~descending~~ from the cross and the birth of Christ. ~~Behind~~

Directly behind the chaplain was a rock banded, its leader a dark ~~sheikh~~ ^{one he should be} pretty girl, with long curly hair, who had a ^{quiet} ~~quiet~~ she is accompanied by five gospel singers, all who have microphones.

In front of her is a man seated with his back to the congregation, who is working a slide projector which ~~it~~ flashes up on the wall in front of him the words of the first hymn.

When the Chaplain has ~~first~~ finally achieved silence, only ~~at~~ managed after the

threat that anyone caught talking with immediately be returned to their cells. He begins by telling us three prayers, all unsuitably related to ~~us~~ ~~us~~ ~~us~~, doing well by your neighbor. He then turns to the girl with the guitar and gives her a slight bow.

Her gentle but well trained voice rings out the melody of the first hymn, more of a gospel message, that is appreciated by the black prisoners who make up one half the audience, while the rest of us were a little more reserved.

The back up singers were all white and gave as good as they got, even when the clapping began. After the last verse had rung out we were all ready for the sermon, and what a sermon it ~~was~~ turned out to be.

The ~~chosen~~ ~~chosen~~ chosen theme was murder, and why you shouldn't do it. ~~The~~ ~~chosen~~ then asked us to pick up our bibles and turn to the book of Genesis, which he described as the biggest best seller of all time. He glanced at me and winked. And it all began with Cain and Able he said because Cain was the first murderer, unhappy with his brother, ^{gave} ^{revenge} by murdering him. But God saw him do it and punished him for the rest of his life.

His next chosen murder was Moses who killed ^{an} ~~an~~ ^{Egyptian} ~~an~~ thought he'd got away with it but he hadn't because someone ^{had} ~~had~~ seen him, so he too was punished ^{by God} ~~for~~ for the rest of his life.

Now I want you to turn to the second book of Samuel, not the first book the second book, where you will find a king who

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who ~~was~~ ^{was} a murderer. King David. He killed
Uriah the Hittite because he favored his wife
Bathsheba. He had Uriah placed in the front
line of battle to make sure he was killed,
and then named Bathsheba, but ~~the~~ God ~~saw~~
~~that~~ and punished him.

And God sees every murder, and
will punish ~~you~~ them all. I later learnt from
the Deputy Governor that half the congregation
would have been murdered so he knew his flesh

when he finished his sermon we returned
to the gospel songs and they ended with a
blessing from the Chaplain. (PTO)

On leaving the service I thanked the
Chaplain ~~and his wife~~ ~~before~~ ~~being~~ searched by a prison officer,
before returning to my cell. (PTO)

At twelve o'clock we let back out of our
cells and lined up for Sunday lunch. There were
four different choices, Turkey, Beef, Ham, and

steak. I ~~selected Turkey and two roast potatoes.~~
I settled for shredded cheese and two pieces of
unbuttered bread. I returned to my cell and eat
them slowly.

Back at my desk (three but by two)
I start writing again, and was not interrupted
for another two hours when Kevin returned.

He was clutching a plastic bag of
goodies. Weekabex, a carton of milk, two small
green apples, a bar of soap and his biggest
treasure two packets of cuppa soup mushroom
and mushroom.

It was not until far Friday that
I was allowed to leave the cell again to join the
other prisoners for an hour exercise in the yard.

X X

I had quickly learnt that you take any and every opportunity to get out your cell. Once again we were searched before we were allowed out into the yard.

Most of the ~~mates~~ inmates didn't bother to walk but simply sat in lines against the fence, while a few of us ~~mates~~ ^{mates} purposely ran. I walked quickly because I was already missing my daily walk to the gym.

Several people joined me and the thing that most struck me was almost everyone had the latest Nike or Reebok shoes, and even discussed the latest models.

One of them shyly offered me ten pages of a manuscript and asked if I would read it. He told me he wrote three pages a day, and hoped to finish it by the time ~~he was~~ ^{he was} released ~~from~~ in December.

I read the ten pages as I walked, and he was clearly an educated man as the sentences were well formed, and he had a good command of language. But sadly he could not tell a story.

I congratulated him, wished him well, and even admitted I was carrying out the same exercise.

One or two others joined me to discuss the legal problems, but as I have no training in the law I was ~~unable~~ to answer only a few of their questions. I heard my name called out and returned to the office at the gate.

Mr Reed wants to see you he said without explanation and this time didn't bother to search me as I was led away to a little office in the centre of the spur.

Another form needed to be filled in