

KOKYARIK DOT COM PRESENTS

AGAINST
THE GRAIN

FOURTY BLOGS FROM BIG DAVE

Kokyrik.com presents

AGAINST THE GRAIN

Fourty Blogs from Big Dave



Over the years weve received many offers and requests through our website kokyrik.com for Big Dave to do a bio style novel but the book is practically all ready in existence.

While blogging about his shady and sometimes controversial history Dave's short stories have received well in excess of half a million reads mostly via our website.

These short to medium length stories are that book.

The kokyrik.com team have run through over 150 blogs published by Big Dave over the last 5 years (May 2006 to May 2011) and selected 40 of the best.

Each blog has been re-edited and tweaked.

Some of the blogs needed tidying up or had new detail added.

Finally we have compiled them in to one handy pdf including a few pictures.

Kokyrik is proud to present – Against The Grain.

Over 140 pages that should give you a clear idea of who Big Dave is and where he came from.

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BLOG ONE

Ripped Off By The Australian Federal Police.

First published – Nov 14 2006.

Since it seems I am now able to earn a quid moving music instead of weed I can finally drop a few bombshells that I have been keeping to myself for a while.

Now my mates in Canberra already know what Im talking about but I've all ways wanted to drop these bombs publically and now that Im no longer mixed up in all the bizo I can finally spill the beans and I figure a blog is a good way to do it.

On most occasions I can prove every crime tale I rap about or talk about. I will all ways keep it true but I cant prove this one (other than eye witness accounts from friends) and you will see why.

Now at the time this all went down I was living in Ngunnawal which is a suburb right on the edge of Canberra.

I had moved there a few months earlier as I had been raided by the police and charged with possession and supply of cannabis amongst other things and so I was awaiting my day in court.

I had been on a suspended gaol sentence and had a Supreme Court trial for other matters coming up so I felt it best to lay low because things were mounting up into one big pile of shite.

So I made my retreat and got myself a runner to keep the coin rolling in.

Each morning I would meet the runner at scrivener dam, load him up with the product and collect my cash from the day before.

I would give him enough to supply most of my clients but I would still deal with the larger customers personally and that's really how this came about.

The runner who we will call Ando, rang me and told me a couple of regulars were coming south of the border in the next couple hours to grab a couple of pounds.

I was at Belconnen mall at the time and headed home for a few pipes and some lunch while I waited for them to ring when they hit Canberra.

A few hours passed by and the lads finally rang so I grabbed my bag and headed out the door to head over and meet them at a spot across the street from a service station located at the edge of Canberra. (Across the street from where they hold the summernats)

I had no drivers licence at that stage so I used to get my girl of the time Bridget to drive me about and as usual she drove me to meet them and brought a friend of hers that was down from QLD and staying with us along for the ride.

As soon as we hit the road Bridget and I started our usual argument about breaking the speed limit while I had product in the car, she could never get it in her head how stupid that was, despite my protests she sped on anyway and in hindsight I should have stopped her.

As we got closer to the designated meet spot she began to play an overtaking game with a car that didn't want to let her to pass.

A silly game of 'let me overtake you bastard' ensued until we turned onto the street across from the service station mentioned earlier and at that stage the other car involved in the game made its true identity known.

They pulled out a siren and forced Bridget to pull over no more than one hundred metres from the clients I had waiting.

I was in the passenger seat and simply had the bag of ganja sitting on the floor between my legs and if you are a skunk fan you know that car smelt like an the back room of an Amsterdam café during peak holiday season.

With all the shite I already had hanging over my head I was sure I was royally F**KED!

So the piggers get out of there car and mosy over to our car, recognising my face from a previous encounter one officer comes to my side and opens my door spotting the bag Im lamely trying to cover with my legs.

He asked me what was in the bag and I told him it was a bag of rubbish so he asked me to open it which of course I refused to do.
What could I do really?

So he gets me out of the car and opens up the bag himself.
Then he begins asking the usual questions who owns this where did it come from etc. Figuring Im busted I decide now is a good time to start refusing to answer any questions but to my surprise he shuts my passenger door and casually tells me and Bridget's friend to "piss off".

Unsure of what was going on but keen to not be associated with pounds of weed I take his advice and leave heading over to the service station just in time to see my clients drive past and take a right back out toward NSW.
Next the pigger goes past in my car while his partner and Bridget followed in there car heading back in toward Canberra.

Still a bit dazed I figure I should head home so race over to the servo and call a taxi. A few minutes later Bridgets friend and I jump in a cab and off we go.

On the way there Bridgets friend started screaming about how she didnt need this crap on her holiday so I dropped her off on the side of the road, continued to Ngunnawal and got myself dropped off near home.

As I get to my place I see the cop car and my car in the driveway but there was no other cop cars in the area which I found really strange.

In all the raids I had ever been in there was all ways a whole bunch of cops involved, usually a lot more then necessary.

So I snuck up the back of my place and looked through the back window just in time to see the piggers have a brief chat with my ex and leave.

I then ran inside to see what had happened, as I came in the door Bridget told me straight away they had takin a few ounces of pot some party drugs and \$2200 on top of the two pound.

I asked if she had been charged or if she had to go to the station and she replied NO. I thought for a second, checked my hidden cupboard at the front of the kitchen bench and my main stash was still there which was a relief and then I asked if they had left a seizure report or any documentation at all. Again she said NO.

I was shocked, on one hand I was so happy that I had not been charged or even questioned about all this but on the other had I was a bit shitty that these guys had blatantly ripped me off.

I considered my options and figured that I had got lucky despite the loss.

Had I not been so dodgy I would have loved to get these guys busted but doing what I was doing meant I couldn't do much about the situation at all.

So I told my crew but other than that I have pretty much kept it to myself until now and it feels good to put it out there for all to see at long last. (This happened in early 2002).

You can see why I can't prove it because what's a couple of eyewitness account against the word of "respected" police officers.

So next time you trust one of "The force" I ask you to judge each of them on an individual basis cause under that sheep's clothing could be a wolf.

Maybe the same wolf that bit me.

BLOG TWO

Attempted suicide with only 12 months on his sentence.

First published – Dec 6 2006.

Sup people?

Thought I was bout due for another blog so since ya'll seem to like to hear bout my stay in prison here's another thing I saw.

This situation starts off with me and my cell mate Thommo sittin in our cell waiting for the screws to open the cell doors to let the boys out for the day.

It was gettin well past the usual let out time so we new something was up, when we finally heard the clanking of keys and our door opened.

I wandered out of my cell to see a group of screws ushering some of the boys away from a cell a few doors down from me, being a curious mo fo I had to go have a look and managed to get me head round the screws for a look at what was up.

God damn, what I saw looked like a horror movie, the sink was half full of blood, the walls and roof had splatters of blood all over them and the floor had pools of blood next to the bed and next to a chair in the corner of the room.

The lad that lived in this cell was sitting on his bed looking extremely pale and was holding his arm with a green jail shirt wrapped around it, he removed it for a few seconds and I could see he had used a razor or something to cut a massive gash on the under side of his forearm and another smaller cut on the underside of his wrist. Shortly after an ambulance arrived and took him away, I forget his name but I still remember he had done around 3 years of a 4 year sentence and I couldn't fathom why he had done it but I guess every man has a breaking point.

A few months later the lad returned to X-wing and the screws put him in another single cell which I found weird. I thought that if he had a cell mate maybe he could keep an eye on him.

I left Goulburn jail before this lad finished up his sentence but he only had a few months to go so Im sure he finished his sentence alive and in one piece.

Pretty gorey stuff to wake up too but its not like we were staying at the hyatt..lol

Woke up to my girl Stacey and a bowl of honey smacks this morning....Much better!!

BLOG THREE

A broom makes a good stabbing tool.

First published – Dec 8 2006.

Sup people,

Gonna be off line for a few days working on music commitments so I thought I would write a blog before I jet.

This ones pretty hectkic and something I will surely never forget.

It started off at the kitchen at Goulburn x-wing all the lads had finished work for the day and we were waiting to get back to the wing.

I had quite a few mates of Asian background inside and let me tell you the particular guys I'm going to tell you about could be ruthless.

Just before the screws took us back to the wing from the kitchen one of my mates we will call S because Im not dropping any names.

S heard that a couple of lads had called him and his fellow country men dogs!

Inside calling someone a dog is pretty much one of the worst things you can brand someone and if you do call someone a dog you better be ready to go all the way with it.

Funny thing is that when I got released a lot of young Aussie guys that don't know what's up have started to use the word dog as the Americans do to refer to a mate, very strange, lets hope they don't find themselves locked up cause that wont last long at all. (Im not dissing these guys each to there own its just heaps weird for me to hear that word spoken so freely after it had so much weight for a long time).

So anyway back to the story.

We get to the wing and by this stage S has really started to fire up and is whipping some other mates of ours into a frenzy!

Somehow S has got his hands on a sharpened house key and is ready to plunge it into this shit talkers head so he gets the lads together including myself and we march up to the top landing to sort this mess out.

At this point I had only been in the system for about 6 months but I had been in long enough to know that there is very little talk in gaol that doesn't result in action so I knew this would be no different.

Being new to Goulburn I had the easy job of blocking the cell door so that the guys we were headed to see couldn't get out of their cell once shit popped off.

Once we arrived at the cell of the shit talker S and two others marched in, the shit talker was having a game of cards with a mate and they both stood up for some action.

S simply said why did you call us dogs as he tried to slot the key into this guys head right hook style, it skimmed of the side and the five of them began hurling punches at each other until the shit talker managed to pick up a table and throw it at S. The table bounced of his arms as he blocked it and hit one of our mates in the side of the head cutting it open.

As the table was connecting with a head the shit talker managed to reach out and hit the emergency button which they have in prison cells.

It alerts the screws immediately, inside its known sometimes as the "weak c**t" button.

After that button was pushed S races out of the cell and down to the end of the landing while telling me to keep the guys in the cell which I did by holding both sides of the doorway with each arm blocking the entrance.

As S gets to the end of the landing so do our other two mates but they go left toward the stairs one with his head bleeding.

S goes right straight into the showers.

I think to myself well Im gonna block this door for a few more seconds and then if the lads don't come back im following there lead and getting the hell outta here.

Just after that S comes flying back around the corner with a snapped in half broom handle in his hand.

This bad boy had a pretty sharp point to it.

As he gets closer I move my arm out of the way to let him back into the cell and you can see the look on the shit talkers face as S comes back in with the broom. He knew what was up!

S ran straight up as close in to the shit talker as he could get and with two hands rammed that broom handle into his liver region.

I couldn't see how far it went in but it sure got some blood comin out of this guy. He dropped to the ground clutching his wound.

A split second after it went down the screws arrived and S was caught with the weapon in hand, not that that really seemed to matter with just days to go on his sentence S was confined to his cell and then released the following week without charge.

It is very rarely that any violence between inmates goes any further than the gaol walls.

You can pretty much get away with beating and maiming each other as long as no screws are injured in which case police are involved straight away.

As for the shit talker he was moved from Goulburn the following day, I can't remember where to.

As for me well I went and had dinner and a few games of cards and life returned to normal, well as normal as it gets inside.

Till next time.

Peace.

BLOG FOUR

The Canberra bushfires a Symonston remand centre perspective.

First published – Feb 2 2007.

Back again people,

I recently wrote a blog about a mate setting his cell on fire at the remand centre in Symonston ACT as a bit of a prank on the staff at the facility.

I had someone comment on this blog and say that by putting on this prank we somehow wasted tax payers dollars which could have been better served being spent on the Canberra bushfires.

Now considering no extra staff were required during that prank there was no extra cost.

I think a more cost effective solution would be to stop locking guys in prison that offer no threat to society anyway!(Not to mention that we were on remand and were not yet found guilty, many turn out to be innocent so should not be treated as criminals...INNOCENT UNTIL PROVEN GUILTY!!)

And just to give you an idea of why we would play such a prank I will let everyone know about the handling of the Canberra bushfires by ACT corrective services since it has been brought up!

It was appalling!

I recall it was just before lunch when the first signs of how close the fires were to the prison became clear.

The sky was a deep dark orange and filled with smoke and bits of burnt leaves were raining into our small yard at the remand centre from the sky above.

Shortly after this all the tv stations stopped running tv shows and began running emergency flashes with a list of the most in danger suburbs.

The local radio stations dropped the playlists and followed suit.

We sat about the yard for a few hours while everyone in the prison called there loved ones to confirm there safety, many including my mate Pete could not get in touch with their loved ones.

It turned out Pete's elderly mother had been evacuated to a shelter as her whole suburb of Duffy was under attack from the fires, he would not find this out until the following day.

Talk about a long night!

Many of the inmates suspected there loved ones were also at shelters around Canberra but the screws in most cases refused to ring the hotline to confirm this.

As the afternoon went on and the fires came closer more and more burnt cinders came pouring into our little concrete yard and the air became hotter and more filled with smoke.

As things started to become a bit surreal and spooky the screws entered the yard and informed us that we had to return to our cells for a short period of time until a change of shift had occurred, this sounded like a lie and turned out to be one.

Once back inside the cells it became apparent just how hot it was and so I lay near the crack under the cell door to catch the draft of incoming air flowing in and I wet my head every ten minutes.

My cell mate Pete flicked through tv stations and the radio trying to find out if his mothers house had been burned down.

Poor bastard was in a panic.

As the evening came along there was an eerie orange tinged darkness falling over the yard and the air became much thicker with smoke making breathing a bit difficult.

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