

THE PRISONER IN HELL
A True Story,

By

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Revised 2016

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Introduction

I first published my book in 2007 I have revised my book a few times to try and make it more understanding and so I removed unnecessary complications while retaining the main facts.

I did receive a good review from Dorrance Publishers who I first submitted my book to, however I could not afford publishing cost and so I decided the only way was to go alone and forgo editing costs which is something main stream writers would not dream of doing and is not recommended unless you really know your stuff.

With time I have tried to make a better job, I do realise what I have to say is extremely difficult to fathom, however I will try and explain things in a more simply way.

I am trying to write a true story based on actual events that took place between July 1997 and November 2006 which are unbelievable and would be a challenge to the best of writers and editors and I will not or cannot deviate from what took place.

All I can do is try and explain things in a way which you hopefully can relate to but as the publishers review said “This book is thought provoking in content” and maybe hard to fathom” therefor you must proceed with an open mind and be prepared to give the benefit of the doubt, narrow minded people will throw it out the window without a second thought, however that is there loss, no-one believed the world was round until it was proven.

There is proof and witnesses to my claims, but is being withheld by the authorities, having said that I hope you will enjoy and join me on my adventure for good or for bad it is what it is and so let’s crack-on together.

CHAPTER ONE

The Beginning

I was incarcerated on the 27th July 1997. In my first book I said I was arrested, that was a presumption on my part the truth is I never was, I was never told my rights or told I was under arrest, I never went to a police station instead I was taken to Government Centre, Dallas, Texas.

I was in a strange country and in a total state of confusion and a state of shock; this book is about events that took place during my incarceration.

I was put in a cell on the 12th floor, it consisted of a 12 or 16 man tank, the cells opened up into a day room where we would associate and also where we had our meals, the cells were either 3 or 4 men.

Visiting also took place in the tank where the day room was via very small windows and phone handsets which meant visitors had to stand, my wife would visit regular, the other wall opposite were bars on the other side of the bars was a passage, on the other side of the passage was a window which we could see the outside even if at sky level.

I cried many tears and I am not ashamed of that either, to be broken hearted and obviously suffering trauma, not in front of the guys though, but I am the emotional type at times that doesn't mean that one is a wimp as no man is to big to cry.

I loved my wife, she's a wonderful person and she was left to fend for herself amongst predators and we all know there are many of them out there, I was worried, about how she would cope, she was in bits.

Either way I had let her down big time and yes I was an emotional wreck but there were more things going on that wouldn't even be believed, so I couldn't even explain to her what had happened it was hard enough for me to try and figure out even harder with the interference I had to endure, but I still have to prove it don't I? The burden of proof is on me. However, I tried to explain to my wife but I couldn't. My wife would be so upset on visits and seeing her so is beyond words, I do have trouble at times finding the right words.

One day I looked through the bars and out the window and said softly to myself "there's something out there" it should have been obvious to the trained eye, if they cared enough, that things were far from normal.

I went to church which was conducted in a small room more like a large cell, it had three concrete walls and one that was bars which also had the door in and so we crammed into that small space while the minister stood on the other side of the bars. We sang praise and one song just happened to be a favourite of my sister who died at the age of 23, Christmas of 1962, the song was "just a closer walk with thee"

I am a born again Christian my family is mainly catholic, and I was brought up a catholic however it never sat right with me and I became born again in England many years ago but I was baptised while living in Arizona about 1992/3 I was not a practicing Christian, in fact I don't know what I was, one thing I know I was an alcoholic, one minute I would be with a ministry in downtown Phoenix feeding the hungry, and then be out dancing and drinking.

I went with one ministry to Mexico to help start a ministry, I snuck off to find a secluded place to have a cigarette, I was seen, and although nothing was said to me I just never went back, I had even told pastor Kyle of David's Cave that he had prayed for a miracle and that his prayer had been answered, he was the one who later baptised me in a swimming pool.

I stopped going to church before moving to Texas I had gone back to my other life of working and partying. I was no-way a good role model for anyone, but I was not a bad person, just a regular guy.

One night while in my cell along with two other prisoners something happened which was to change everything, as I lay on my bunk wide awake a voice spoke, it was a woman's voice, not just a woman's voice but she had a distinctive English accent; the 12th floor was predominantly male occupants, however there were woman prisoners on the next floor up but this woman was in the cell with me, her voice was audible as if standing right there not from a distance, this was an American jail so the clear English accent confirmed she could not be a prisoner. She said "Gary my rod and my staff will comfort you"

My first name is Peter and no-one in there knew that I was known as Gary, even when my wife visited she had to speak through a phone hand set so no-one could hear what she said only what I may say, now I am known as Peter and I much prefer it, sadly there are still some family members who still call me Gary regardless of what I say.

I told no-one not even my wife about this visitation, I was obviously confused in my head as to what had happened I had so many questions, I became aware that the visitation was heard by the other prisoners because of their response, there were after all other prisoners in my cell, and she never whispered to me she said it openly. The next day or so the prisoners would make comments such as God is not a woman, they would never say things to my face but rather to each other or shout out in a laughable tone, they were mocking me but in a way that I could not reply without looking paranoid, and so I would ignore them, it was obvious that the woman was overheard, I know there is a recording of her held by the Authorities because they do have microphone's in jail, I so I knew they would have recorded things that were said.

Then one night I had a vision, this was given to me in between sleep state, it was not a dream because I was not fully asleep and I spoke out but softly and said "I can't do that Lord" so I was fully aware of what had happened, I never told anyone about the vision but my reply was overheard and the prisoners and those listening in made their own assumptions, which by the way were completely wrong. I have never revealed what the vision was.

Then on another morning I woke up singing "what a friend we have in Jesus" I had no idea what was happening to me, so my celli and I requested song sheets from the prison minister and we started to do our own type of church and praise, it was very obvious that things were far from normal, and prisoners were seeing it too. What I didn't know at that time was that I was on the road to Hell!

We were told by officers that the 12th floor of Government Centre was being closed and we were being moved Lew Sterrett Jail I don't know if all of Government Centre was closed but I think it was, we arrived at Lew Sterrett I was then placed on the 5th floor in tank 5E3 this tank consisted of two man cells there were 12 cells three floors high with a walkway outside each floor, and a large dayroom there was a TV on the wall, we also had our meals in the dayroom. I had been in turmoil when I had first arrived in Government Centre, and unable to think straight, now I was a joyful person singing all the time.

My wife came to visit and this time the visits were conducted outside of the tank, I was taken to the visit area this was like the type you see on TV, a row of seats with a window that you sit at and handset that you talk through, much better than the poky one in Government Centre.

I told my wife on the visit that I knew that God and Jesus are real, I could see the surprise on her face, I'm sure she must of thought I had lost the plot, I had never spoke about my faith and she was certainly not a Christian, I was different but try explaining that to others, this did not stop me from hurting over my wife, I guess I never realised how much I loved her, a great woman who stood by me all the way, she was the innocent suffering, a casualty of war.

Back in the tank we continued our own church, the thing that made this so different was that everything was based on facts, not theories, beliefs or anything else, things of a spiritual and not a religious nature was taking place in jail.

Unknowingly to me at the time was that I was being ridiculed by others in authority. A religious conflict was being incited and a conspiracy, they apparently were using religious beliefs out of context against me.

The events that were taking place were clearly Biblical but outside of my control I was not a jail house preacher there was clearly an outside presence which would reveal itself beyond doubt I the future. What was happening was against the beliefs of some Christians.

I believe that we are all entitled to our beliefs, however this is not about beliefs, I am reporting on real life events. You decide after you finish this book, if you can survive the journey. Don't throw this book down yet.

There is no doubt things were happening to me, we had daily bible study in our cell and asked for materials from a Chaplin, we did want study materials because by no means was I putting myself above anyone else and so apart from what we were doing in our tank I still went to the church on Sundays, their church was once a week we were every day.

There the church was much better than the one in Government Centre, we could sit in a proper room and the ministers could come into the same room, gosh no bars. I mean no disrespect by saying there church and our church, it's simply my way of expressing how things were, some would say we were not a church but rather a study group, I guess it depends on how church is perceived to the individual, is it a building or the people that make a church.

At night before lock up we would have a prayer circle in the dayroom; one evening a prisoner asked me if I noticed the officers? I said no because I had my back to the glass, so I didn't see them until I glanced over my shoulder, they also had a prayer circle, seems Dallas Jail was heading for a revival, even the officers had joined us, officers and prisoners in unity, I wonder if that's a first? Sadly this was not to last because things were heading for a drastic turn.

There was a time I told my celli that I wanted to break bread so he checked to see if anyone had some bread but all he could find was a cinnamon roll, I didn't like cinnamon at all in fact I hated it, I could not even stand the smell of it, but I said that would be fine, we had some squash, and so we held the breaking of bread and wine in the dayroom, again giving the hidden critics something to pick fault with as you can imagine, the strange thing is that afterwards I liked cinnamon rolls.

One day while I was heating some water for my coffee, how we heated coffee was by way of a thing called a stinger, this was like a small bare element that would fit inside a cup, it had an electric lead coming out with a plug on the other end, if we wanted to make coffee after lock up we would do a little fire in the cell, smoking was allowed in jail and I was still smoking, so still I was not a good role model as far as being a Christian goes.

The woman spoke to me again but in a different way, it was a quite whisper sort of, by sort of it's like when you try to whisper but your voice is not as a whisper, if you know what I mean? This time I mentioned it to my celli, because we had got to know each other, he was sound, plus we did study together, he was also the one who was in my cell at Government Centre, I said to him that I was just told, "I will never leave you or forsake you" he said to me in a very disapproving way "you were told that?", I replied "yes I was" no more was said but it seemed the he did not think me worthy, this message was a warning that things were going to change, but that God would not leave me or forsake me.

I know that I can't be a role model and I'm not trying to be one, I'm the first to admit that I've got my faults, I certainly don't think of myself as being above or better than others but I am a far better person than I was or am portrayed to be. I did smoke a lot and drank a lot of coffee, I've got many bad habits but that doesn't make me a bad person.

I developed a very bad cough and I was sent for a chest x-ray which the result wasn't good, the nurse came and called me out she told me that I would be disabled in two years, she was not very pleasant but I guess in jail you don't expect them to be, but her tone was not very nice to say the least, she never told me any information, just simply that I would be disabled in two years. So then in my mind I was screwed and in decline as far as I was concerned life as I knew it was coming to an end.

I still smoked, I never pondered over it for some reason, there wasn't much to look forward to, I don't even know if I told my wife, I don't think I did in fact I'm sure I never said anything, but it's irrelevant anyway.

Things started to change in tank 5E3, I will refer to the instigator as the evil-one simply as a means of identification, he is a person in authority and he well earns the title later on. One morning a prisoner was sent in the tank and started stirring the prisoners against me, officers also had changed, one day at Bible study the atmosphere had changed, I felt their hearts turn against me, I could no longer partake with them, instead I would be on my bunk alone, things continued going downhill, I could no longer be in the prayer circle either.

My isolation had begun, things had also started to become hostile jail is not a safe place to be at the best of times but now tank 5e3 was beginning to get very dangerous for me, a prisoner in the next tank to where I was apparently committed suicide by hanging himself and now the prisoners wanted to hang me, or throw me over the rail, a lynch party had started to form, everyone including Christians were turned against me as the evil-ones followers did there thing.

This day the threats started and as I lay on my bunk I could hear them discussing everything from rape to hanging or throwing me over the rail, there was a hostile crowd gathering, as I lay on my bunk something started to happen which I'm not able to explain, I lay there on my bunk repeatedly saying "God is my defence my fortress and my shield" now I don't know where this was coming from and it may be taken as fearful but also there was a change that was taking place within my mind or to my mind, one thing was for certain and that was my life was in serious danger.

The next day I requested a move as my safety was at risk, I was told to pack my stuff and wait in the dayroom, some guy's may of seen me as fearful but that's down to there ignorance, while I was waiting in the dayroom a prisoner came up behind and I felt him before he got to me and I stood up, he asked if he could borrow my stinger, I said yes but realised he was going to pop it,(if you take the stinger out of the cup before unplugging it the element will pop,) so I went to the plug and pulled it out just in time, he was being prompted by the other prisoners.

I cannot explain but I could physically feel him from a distance in fact I had become amplified, a spiritual change had certainly taken place.

Some christens believe and teach that fear is of Satan but fear is a normal human emotion, there are also different types of fear. My nervous system seemed to be hit or something like that. It is hard to explain but it would become clear as time went on.

To be honest there was an element of fear but not in that sense, I'm not ashamed of it, but then who in their right mind wouldn't be in that situation, then I'm not sure that I was a person in their right mind at that time, one thing was for sure from then on I was on my own, but there was something more than that, and the only way I can describe it is not only was it the nervous system being shot, I could also feel other people, I literally felt that prisoner who came up from behind me.

I did not nor do I blame the prisoners in anyway, they were being incited against me by one sent in by the system to do just that, it is a weapon used by those in authority in order to have others carryout there dirty work for them, often for payment of some sort, the prisoners were deceived and were acting in ignorance, though this may not be an acceptable excuse in the eyes of the law, lynching, raping, abusing in anyway, and of course killing is not acceptable.

I was called out and put in a holding cell until they could figure out where they were going to put me, I stayed in there over night while in there I still sang, sometime the next day I arrived in tank 2P13, that was located on the 2nd floor, which consisted of eight man cells 24 man tank I think, this was a different style of tank with only one level in it, and it had bars for cell doors as you would see on TV, not the solid doors, the dayroom area was still the same area was still the same type we would have our meals in, and again with a TV. The exterior was hardened glass and there was a visible security camera.

I still had my chough which was really bad now, and I was still smoking, church was held in the hall way area, the ministers were again on the other side of the bars and a visible security camera.

It was now known how to keep me isolated, remember in 5E3, it was noticed how I had become sensitive to the environment, this gift if you would call it that was now being used against me, this method is used against me for the duration of my time in Texas.

This affected my time at church, I had become The Reject, I had the ability to feel things; I had become very sensitive and very aware of what was around me. Hell was well in progress.

They had also became aware there hearts (thoughts/minds), affected me in some way and it gets worse as the knowledge and abuse increases, I can only describe my condition is as I said my whole nervous system was shot, I was week and very shaky which could be heard in my voice.

I am in 2P13 and they are aware that there minds somehow has an effect on me, things were about to get far more interesting.

I was given a Public Defender I had not been told the details of my case only the charge and so I never had the chance to respond to any details I could only say that I was not guilty of the charge and he asked me if I wanted to take a polygraph test, I agreed and my brother-in-law said that he would pay for it.

When the guy came to see me to do the test I was taken to a room with a table, this was the only time when I was in a room with another person, everything else was conducted over a phone through glass, before he wired me up he wanted a chat, and suddenly said that's it you confessed... I was dumbfounded he stormed out of the room before I could respond; I was taken back to the tank.

The day came when I was to attend court, I was taken to the court building and placed in the holding cell for No 5 court while in the holding cell I said, "As the angel bound the mouths of the

lions for Daniel so every knee shall bow and every tongue shall confess His name” now this was not said in an aggressive or demanding manner or tone but a pleasant poetic tone. I had no idea what was happening it was my mouth however those words were not mine.

The fact is I had become as a child, a spiritual child, a change had taken place in 5E3, I had received a new mind, a spiritual mind, if only you could have seen me then you would understand, I had put a completely different meaning on being born again, so when I spoke I spoke in a tone, such a beautiful innocents that I don’t know how to explain.

I then went on to explain that God is the same today as in Genesis, I was teaching the prisoners, but yet again the evil one has distorted the meaning of that and has used warmongering/scaremongering in order to get his way.

I was called out to see the public defender and he told me the DA had offered me 5 years which I refused, I said I was not guilty; I went back in the cell for a while before being taken back to the tank. This is also proof that I had never confessed to the polygraph guy, or I would have accepted 5 years.

When I got back to 2p13 I was myself wondering what had happened, I was not acting, this was really happening to me and I had to figure it out for myself, there was clearly no-one who was going to help me, no-one on earth that is.

The story of Daniel in the lion’s den is one of the best known stories even movies have been made about it, from my knowledge I had always thought that God had tamed the lion’s.

I first had to see what the book of Daniel said, I opened the King James Bible (Dan chapter 6 verse 22) “My God hath sent his angel, and hath shut the lions mouths, that they have not hurt me...” not said as poetic as I had done but nonetheless it was proven to be true, I knew I had not spoken my own words but I had also spoken something that I did not even know and so poetically.

This was proof that at times I was not responsible for what I said, although the responsibility did lay with me, I had to carry the consequences of whatever words came out of my mouth.

I would of liked to pursue things further, however I still had the mental/spiritual abuse put on me by the system, or at least the evil-one who headed the system, and his use of the prisoners, for it was now certainly spiritual abuse, on top of the mental. I was also being led in the spirit, and we’re only at the beginning.

One night while laying on my bunk having been through a hard time something spiritual happened again, I described the experience in 5E3 as my nervous system being hit and it was, this was far more severe which I can only describe it as a form of nervous breakdown which obviously it wasn’t, but to see me afterwards one may think that.

The pain that night was so intense I felt as if something was torn out of me, I’m sure that something was, and there was an instant change in the morning that proved that something had happened, I had become weak and wobbly, but the cough had gone, which was noticed by the prisoners because I had been getting on their nerves with my cough.

I referred to it as my fall because just before whatever it was happened I had said, while on my bunk, “The Anti-Christ is rising up out of Babylon” once again there is no-way these were my words, and I had no idea what it meant, the way I said things was not the way I would speak, I’m sure that anyone who knew me would confirm that.

A warning had been given. That’s all I know and I was struck down in some unknown way, every day for me was a rough day now, and I can’t go into every detail of every day and so not everything is written in this book, or it would be titled the never ending story.

Officers started to lead a death march up the hallway outside of the tank, they were trying to put fear in me, and send me a message, it never worked, one didn’t need brains to see what was

happening, I was on my own there was no help or assistance from anyone in there, I had no one I could talk things over with, no one to give advice, I had to try and figure things out for myself while some prisoners would be nice to my face it was all for show, I was in a prison within a prison.

At night because my chough had gone there was silence, so the prisoners would start putting on a chough, there was obviously an element of nerves about them, they had heard my groan of pain the night before, I can never explain the pain of that night, but there was far more pain and suffering ahead of me, only I didn't know it.

I would open my Bible and things would be revealed to me, I don't mean I just open the bible and see where it lands in the way that some people do, I was being led and shown things that were relevant, even if I never understood at the time.

Things were being revealed to me in many different ways, I opened my Bible to (1 Thessalonians 5:19), "quench not the Spirit" often I didn't understand things that was revealed to me, but I would later, was this a warning not to quench the spirit or is that what I had done that?

I went to church, I thought I had quenched the Spirit, I went up to the bars and I said feebly to the female member of the ministry "I quenched the Spirit" She laughed at me and shouted out to the others "He's crisped the Spirit" I was being mocked even by ministers, I could not even turn to the church, seems that even the ministries did not have this knowledge, however my condition was very visible, but there was no mercy.

Another thing that was revealed to me was, "Woe to those who made Judah to sin for there punishment will be far greater" I had no understanding of this whatsoever and yet later on it to was proven to be true. I was also shown, "when you are gone they shall know there had truly been a Prophet of God among them" I laughed at this and said to myself "me a Prophet" I never took it seriously or claimed to be any other than who I am, yet I was overheard and the slanderer had a field day with it, but I thought no more of it, but he had other things planned.

I come to the realisation that I had prophesied, I had never really knew what prophesying was but then I had never really given any thought to it, but this realisation also explained the woman who I now refer to as an angel, she was not speaking her own words just like me, she was prophesying. I was prophesying, oh boy, but sadly no-one knew what prophesying was.

I had a visit from a Chaplin, he said that he felt he had to come to see me, "God had put it on his heart to see me, he just had to come", he said that the prisoners upstairs were having their own church, then he said in a solemn tone, I could see he had a very heavy heart as he said, "Satan's after you son" I replied, I know he is, the Chaplin was talking about a man, and was very serious about it. The one I call the evil-one.

I knew that someone in authority was after me, as you know I said this earlier while in 5E3, but for it to be confirmed to me face to face by a Chaplin was a form of comfort although I was not in a good place in more ways than one. It was good to know that I had brought revival to Dallas Jail in 1997. Common sense would tell most people that something must have happened to start this revival, and now you know that something did. I just wondered what God would think of it all.

Remember that before the visit by the Chaplin I had said/prophesied, "The Anti-Christ is rising up out of Babylon" you can make of it whatever you want to. I am simply giving you the facts, I am not preaching, and I never spoke to anyone regarding things that came out my mouth.

I had decided to try and do my own defence for court I applied to go to the law library and was allowed, however the interference by officers and prisoners made it impossible together with everything else that was taking place I had no chance.

My nephew paid for a private attorney for me and when I met him he showed little interest and I still was never told the details of my offence what I was actually supposed to have done.

When I went back to court 5 I met with the attorney provided by my nephew. He said to me that the DA was offering me 9 years, I told him that earlier the Public Defender had offered me 5 years, he told me that offer was no longer on the table and that if I walked into that court room I would get life. And so on his advice I reluctantly accepted the 9 years, I had been charged with aggravated sexual assault, part of the deal was that the aggravated this should mean that I would be assigned a lower grade of prison, this never crossed my mind neither was it mentioned to me and was the furthest thing from my mind, I had much more serious issues on my plate.

After sentencing back at the jail I was to be transferred to the Gurney Transfer Facility where I would be assigned to the unit where I was to carry out my sentence, while waiting in the cage for the transport it was said among the prisoners, "**get his knowledge then crush him**," I guess it's all about knowledge, was this the real reason for the increase in my sentence? I guess we will never know.

I left Dallas Jail but it was far from over, in fact it had only just begun, yep Hell had only just started, I had years left to go.

CHAPTER TWO

Knowledge

I arrived at The Gurney Transfer Facility, Tennessee Colony Texas. I'm not sure of the date but it was before December because I spent Christmas there.

When I arrived at Gurney I was waiting with others in wire cages until called up to the desk first my hair was shaven then I went to get clothes and then to get my kit, it was a long process, the officers welcomed me hatefully to say the least, my Bible was literally thrown onto the desk, their feelings towards me was no secret and very obvious from the start.

I was put in K building where all new arrivals go for a week to be processed, when I opened my bible they had torn the pages very badly, my faith was also a very obvious target. During the time in K building things such as medical and dental checks were carried out as well as ID photos, general admin stuff.

I was given the TB test injection and was found positive so I was put on a six month course of tablets, I also had a chest x-ray and nothing was said to me concerning the result, I still had no cough and my chest felt fine, no smoking was allowed from now on which may have been a good thing.

The general abuse continued as it did in Dallas, and at chow we were made to eat fast so table manners soon had to go, eat it or lose it, the resentment towards me was very noticeable, the events in Dallas had left me in a very weak/feeble condition.

I went to church this was a big building with a choir and musicians, the lead prisoner on the stage would shout "God is good" the rest would reply "All the time" well they continued as they had done in Dallas, I was rejected from the start, and as I held my hands up tears ran down my face, this was something I had no control over, the Chaplain spoke down to me, if you have ever been in a situation like that you will understand what I am trying to explain.

I soon stopped going to church, I was most certainly going to be on my own, all the time, and yet written on the America dollar is "in God we trust" well I certainly did trust in God, he was all I had. But they the system and the church were a disgrace to humanity.

I was moved to D3 dorm, Gurney was all 50 man dorms, the bunks were on the outside walls with the dayroom in the middle, showers and toilets were in a cut out section.

While at Gurney approx 14-15 months I was in 9 different dorms, I do have to rely on memory and so may get things out of order a little however it is the facts that are really important and need to be focused on, even if I get the locations mixed up.

Gurney knew how to keep me isolated without it showing because everything had followed on from Dallas jail, and so they continued in that way, I knew the evil-one wanted this knowledge, so obviously they were conducting experiments and capitalising on the knowledge.

While in D3 my mind was like a TV, I could see all sorts of things, I was like an antenna or receiver, I was trying to figure out what had happened to me or what was happening to me, but there was no mercy from the abusers that's for sure, yet despite the abuse I was in good spirit.

As I lay on my rack (that is what bunks were known as) I could feel this sensation in my feet, I pondered for a while then I realised it was their thoughts, I know how funny it sounds I couldn't believe it myself, however I was really feeling their thoughts literally, and that is how they were getting away with what they were doing, and this put a whole new meaning on the word abuse, it was spiritual, and I could feel it physically.

I sounded crazy obviously, although I was not attempting to discuss things in person I was writing letters, I made many offers to prove it because this could be proven so easy beyond any doubt whatsoever, there was physical proof.

I made a comment softly to myself "I can feel thoughts in my feet," I then made a joke about where my brains must be, I could after all only talk to myself which I would do very softly, but I was also amazed, I could feel peoples thoughts in various ways, some in my feet and some other ways also the effects it had on me would vary depending on the type of thoughts, hate or love for example would feel different, and I don't mean regular type hate but focused hate, and the type of person, this added to further abuse and torture as they would focus day and night they were organised and so they rotated like shift work, I could actually walk around the dorm at night and pick out those who were pretending to sleep but were really focusing their thoughts, and no they were certainly not dreaming about me, it was constant 24/7 physical abuse and torture being carried out in an unseen spiritual way. I will explain in more detail later on.

They continue doing the same things and a guy jumped down from the bunk above me and said "vengeance is sweet," he had "Hit man" tattooed on his back, They had their way of sending a message, but I was not afraid of death, I was suffering in a way even I did not understand, I had become so sensitive to everything around me as if all my sense's had been magnified a thousand fold, if you have ever had a feeling when you have been in a bad environment, you sense things are wrong, have you ever felt uneasy, you know something is wrong, have you said I don't like it here or I don't feel welcome and left? Magnify that feeling try to imagine how that would feel, even sound was increased.

I was harassed by officers and prisoners, my body was being hit, and I was rejected. How could I explain this to anyone outside? I'm just a working class man, a handy/maintenance man, remember Del Shannon's version of "Handyman" well this was my sense of humour, it was this and my love of music which helped carry me through, but mainly it is the real one by who's miracles I am alive today.

I was put in school for a short time but because of the abusers I was unable to function in fact my ability to function anywhere was impaired, and they had no intention of allowing me to recover, I asked for some scotch tape (sellotape) to repair my Bible, I was refused so I sent my bible out to my wife to ask if she could repair it for me. I was taken out of school and put to work in the fields on what was called a garden squad.

The garden squad was in fact a chain gang which had been reintroduced into the system first in Alabama on the 3rd May 1995 and the first female chain gang was introduced in Arizona on the 18 September 1996 and was in use by other states including Texas.

We did only chopping the grass in a field with a garden hoe, so it was named by some as the hoe squad, I don't know how many was in a squad because I never counted, a various number of squads would be called out and we would do something they called four stepping.

Four stepping consisted of every man in the squad having a garden hoe, which we would collect from a cart, we would walk in two columns outside the prison gate where armed officers on horseback would take over and walk us to the field to be cut, once there we would form into straight lines, one prisoner would lead so on his word we would hit the floor four times with the hoe thus chopping the grass, then we would take one step forward hit the ground four times and so on, this was continued until the area was done. In order to keep everyone in time the lead prisoner would also count out, "1 2 3 4 step" sometimes we would even sing, for example one song was, "woke up

this morning Ms Bells got us four stepping, one two three four step” Ms Bell was a female field officer.

I had been writing to a ministry since leaving Dallas, in the hope that they would understand this. I also wrote to my family and my wife but no-one could understand, I started writing to the British Consulate in Houston Texas, also to Prisoners Abroad in London; I was trying to bring this to the attention of the outside world.

My wife and I agreed it would be best if she divorced me because she was not an American citizen, and I was to be deported after my sentence, she was afraid they may deport her also, but we remained good friends and still kept in touch even when I was back home, she visited me twice at Gurney, once with our friend, once with my brother in law.

On the visit I couldn't communicate properly, I was talking in a very nervous tone, my voice was very shaky, so I told her of the things officers and prisoners were doing with their minds, this was my chance to tell someone, she got up and went to talk with the duty officer and everything stopped, I could speak properly, I did try to explain during the visit, but I could see she thought I was nuts, even though she had witnessed things did improve and my speech improved, I was talking better the change was instantly noticeable. This is how easy it was to prove what I was claiming was completely true.

The Vice Council Ms Tonks also came to visit me while in the private visit an officer sat outside of the door using his mind to disrupt the visit and it worked, my speech was as it was when my wife had first visited, the officers were not going to let me talk, and played dumb regarding my claims.

I protested in many letters, Prisoners Abroad also wrote to Gurney's Medical Department but it was the same thing in there, people didn't have this knowledge, this was a spiritual breakthrough and those in power were going to keep it for their own evil use, so I had no chance whatsoever, however there were some good people in the system, I dread to imagine what type of things could have been.

Let me explain something here, normal people in a normal environment would be no problem to me, I was at this time a new born, and therefore at my weakest possible point, a spiritual baby, good thoughts would not hurt me because it was a different type of feeling.

Most people say they hate something, we all have our loves and hates, but that is completely different to the type of hate that comes from the mind, and the people that I am referring to hated with a vengeance.

We are all individuals so therefore we differ. Officers took active part in the abuse and incited the prisoners in whatever way suited them, my bunk became my torture rack.

I know I sound crazy but so have others who made discoveries in the past, I was not crazy this was a very serious and dangerous situation, and if you think I'm crazy now just wait until later when things really heat up.

I am now in B building, the most intriguing things happened in dorm B6, there were events in other dorms also, but for ease and lack of memory regarding the locations, I will mention the events rather than the location, as I said before, most importantly are the events themselves.

I was supernaturally attacked in B6, I was laying on my rack which was a bottom one and as I lay there fully awake I heard these audible words “**There's the Rabbi lets get him**” this was instantly followed by an attack, my head was being hit off the pillow I tried to sit up and was knocked back down, it was a good job I wasn't laying on the floor or a hard surface or my head would of received serious injury, then something was trying to pull me off my rack, this was taking

place in a 50 man dorm so there were many witness's, and I could hear the prisoners making comments, such as "there trying to pull him off his bunk" they were laughing, I guess this was fun to them, after all to them it was just a game.

I told no-one of what had been said prior to the attack, and so when it was mentioned much later on by other prisoners I knew it certainly was not in my head, and that others must have also heard what was said.

When you think about it logically it makes sense, I am not Jewish, and neither do I have any Jewish ties that I know of, so there is no way I would of made that up, plus I never told anyone about the attack or what I heard, why would I be referred to as Rabbi? How did I survive this type of attack? Simple, I called Lazarus, this was most certainly not my words, I said "Lazarus come forth" and there was an audible sound of electricity, if you have ever heard the buzzing of power cables you will know what I mean, the other prisoners heard it also, it was certainly loud enough, and when I held my hands up there was lightning or a spark between my finger on each hand, I was full of electricity or power, depending how you look at it. The thing is something happened for real and it was not of this world.

I refer to those who attacked as demons, there voice was not what I would have expected it was like the smurfs, this seems funny to me, I have no idea how many there were, I do know that I have proven that angles and demons are real, you can call them what you want to but the main thing is that they really exist, there was physical and verbal evidence and many witness's and yet the authorities kept it all to themselves. I believe the people need to know this truth.

To try and explain how their thoughts were hitting me it was like hitting raw flesh, it was inside without the protection of flesh, so the pain is indescribable, however the pain was real, and they knew it, and so they increased their focus it was like being eaten alive internally its hard to put into words so I use terms that I hope you can relate to, thing is this is still only 1998, I've got years to go yet and things are still to get much worse, and yet I kept joyful which was a miracle in itself.

While walking down the bowling alley (that is what the outside area was called) an officer said to me "we'll wipe that smile off your face" I just ignored the comment, and then the officer on B building said, "you Brit's aren't worth shit over here" I did reply to that and said "You ain't met a Brit like me" I otherwise I would just ignore their comments, and I'm proud to be a Brit, and of my Irish/Welsh heritage. I was not afraid, and I stayed joyful which they hated, that's why the officers wanted to wipe the smile off my face, a new meaning on joy in persecution. My spirit couldn't be broken despite what was done to me, only my flesh can break and die.

One day while working in the fields two prisoners ran up to the an officer, and said to him about me "He's just like a robot he follows are thoughts" which is true, I did respond to their thoughts, and yet the one in authority continued to do what he was doing. Storm clouds came over and the wind picked up, they got afraid and we had to come in.

Another time while I was standing in line I was hit in the chest, the thud was heard and the impact was seen on my jacket, also on are way in from the fields I was kind of drifting into the aggie trailer, (that's what the hoe's were stored on), and a guy said, "there trying to push him into the Aggies" what had hit me and what was pushing me? It was all being witnessed, and commented on, and yet I was treated like a novelty being discussed by the prisoners.

So not only did I feel thoughts but I was also influenced by and responded to their thoughts and they knew it, now they knew for sure that I had problems with supernatural/unseen forces.

Officers / staff and prisoners were all aware of this and yet decided to conduct experiments on behalf of the evil one, all for knowledge which equals money and power.

You probably know what telepathy is, well imagine a telepathic person in a situation where people around him would focus their thoughts to him, he would not be able to stop it any more than you can stop hearing sound, it is communication by thoughts or spirit, common sense goes a long way in understanding what I am trying to explain.

I could be blocked off by the minds of others when they are organised against me, if you are bombarded by others how can you think for yourself? So it would be possible in that context to block me off.

Well that was the type of things being done to me, my gifts are far more hi tech than telepathy, but it's the best way I can explain it, but what goes in the mind can come out the mouth, so words can also be affected.

I had no Bible because I had sent mine to my wife as I mentioned earlier, so I asked a guy if I could borrow his bible, I opened it to genesis chapter six and it read to me as verse two, "The sons of God came down," I checked Bible after bible since then because none of them said that the sons of God came down, it seems that I would read things that wasn't there, some would say it was misreading but this I will explain later.

One day while on my rack this is now a top rack, and I said out loud "Drink no water at there table for they have turned against God" now I was well boggled, I wasn't sure on this because we have water and juice on the table at chow, so I drank coffee, I was confused because they contain water, it never dawned on me to drink nothing, however water was the stipulation, I'm going through a multitude of abuses in many different ways, and I did not understand.

I even said to myself at times we must have taken a wrong turn and left America because America doesn't do this, but obviously they do. They had certainly turned against God; they had joined them demons that attacked me.

I had to figure things out for myself, they would overhear everything and come to their own and often wrong conclusions and interpretations, a prisoner said that God doesn't work like that; he was soon to be proven wrong, churches have their beliefs and are totally narrow minded to anything outside and I was outside and therefore a reject.

I had requested a bible from the Chaplain's office, still the King James Version, so I opened my Bible to (1 Kings chapter 13), it tells of a Prophet who was told by God not to eat bread nor to drink water in the place to which he was sent, sadly an old Prophet lied to him and so he eat and drank with him, even though the old Prophet had lied God sent word to the old prophet, and he prophesied to the other Prophet who later died for his disobedience, it was being proven to me that God has indeed given the same degree in the past and therefore did work in that way albeit old school, God never changes only the way he does things.

I'm not a Biblical scholar so this was all new to me, I'm learning as I go, but everything was being shown to me in writing that was relevant to my situation, God has worked that way in the past, and I was certainly prophesying.

Another thing I prophesied again from my rack, I said "A triangle standing up will not be crushed" I recalled that I had overheard it being said as I was leaving Dallas jail, "Get his knowledge and crush him" I assumed that I was getting answers and they were being told that I would not be crushed.

Someone or something came forward when Lazarus was called forth, so we have a mix of the old and new, this was literally a spiritual war.

You are free to make of this whatever you want too, but none of this could possibly come from me, I spoke things that I knew nothing about, there were real spiritual attacks, and also spiritual defence, I do have spiritual support, but what else is to come I wonder.

I was in the fields one day when it was said by one prisoner to the others “Send him back a cabbage” which I’m sure you know that means to destroy my mind, the prisoner was relaying the orders given to him by his boss who I call the evil-one, and so mental, emotional abuse was used apart from everything else, they were more determined to destroy my mind.

I realise the controversy, I was now causing, even the prison ministries had outcast me, I know what was happening is contrary to many peoples beliefs, but as I warned already this is not a book based on anyone’s beliefs not even mine, these are facts that were witnessed by many other people. I am the victim and the messenger.

The incitement and abuse done by the evil ones workers continued, I think the evil one is now afraid and so driven by guilt and fear continues with destruction. Spiritual gifts were outlawed; I was being used for science.

It was pouring with rain one morning when I was told by an officer that I was to go to sociology, the building was located a little down the bowling alley, which had a wire pen attached to it where prisoners had to wait, I was locked in the pen and I was made to wait there in the rain outside sociality building while other prisoners came and went, then after 4 hours I was taken in, by now I was dripping wet, I was told to sit down and then spoken to like dirt, I can’t remember the exact words but no discussion took place, it was a sheer waste of time I was just told to get out.

It seemed to me that it was just an excuse for further the abuse and keep me in the rain for four hours, it was now lunch time and he just sent me to the chow hall, I had spent all morning locked out in the pouring rain for nothing.

I know it was just a means of abuse, and the sending in and out of other prisoners was so that it would not be obvious that I was being singled out, but this is how they operate in order to cover up what is really going on, they hide behind people.

I have had dentures since the 80s, and I had problems with my gums my dentures had dug into my gums so much that skin was hanging they had cut a groove into my gum, so I applied to see a dentist, this meant a trip to John Sealy Hospital which was in or near by Galveston, so this meant a bus ride to Huntsville, and an overnight stop over at Robinsons Unit it was a two day journey.

We set out on the bus in the morning and the abuse still went on, it was constant day and night so really is needless to say.

We arrived at Robinson’s unit later that day and I was taken to a two man cell, locked up and tortured in the same way I have explained, I have no way of making you understand this apart from what I have already said, the next day we continued the long ride to Huntsville, not a joyful ride because of the pain being caused by others.

We arrived at Estelle unit, it was also two man cells, the hostile treatment continued, it was being co-ordinated by the evil-one, everything was organised and pre-planned, and the next day was the bus ride to the hospital.

On arrival at the hospital we had to give everything on us to the officer in charge, I was at the hospital all day while everyone was dealt with, the dentist trimmed my dentures and made an appointment for me to come back to have the skin surgically removed.

On our way out of the hospital we picked up our things, I had a picture of my wife that I would carry with me; I noticed when the officer gave it back to me that he had put three scratches across my wife’s face, I looked at him, and he looked back with a smug look, but I said nothing.

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