



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.

CONTENTS

- 1) Ripped Off By The Australian Federal Police.
 - 2) Attempted suicide with only 12 months on his sentence.
 - 3) A broom makes a good stabbing tool.
 - 4) The Canberra bushfires a Symonston remand centre perspective.
 - 5) A crazy night the Eminem concert 2001.
 - 6) Superstition.
 - 7) Gaol a gamblers paradise.
 - 8) Cannabis hunting a Canberra childrens sport.
 - 9) Organised beatings, a close call.
 - 10) Oh sweet revenge.
 - 11) I swear Chief we weren't playing cards.
 - 12) A buck naked biff.
 - 13) The first jail brawl I ever saw.
 - 14) Childhood trips to the track.
 - 15) The case and conviction that got me a five year jail sentence.
 - 16) Only the good die young.
 - 17) What \$50.
 - 18) A shifty little thief named Ben.
 - 19) Another get away, never picked her as a copper.
 - 20) The hazards of smuggling narcotics in to prison.
 - 21) A prison escape gone wrong.
 - 22) How my ex screwed me out of my cash and belongings.
 - 23) Stabbed in the back by my best mate.
 - 24) Bashed and brutalised.
 - 25) Using cars as weapons and hiding from pigs in underwear.
 - 26) Arrived in Berra with an ounce of skunk, mobile phone and beaten up telstar(story of my weed bizo)
 - 27) Tennis racket to the head.
 - 28) The dangers of being a testosterone charged teen.
 - 29) My worst day in Goulburn jail.
 - 30) Some childish revenge on an ex.
 - 31) Money and young luck.
 - 32) Friends, firearms and the right thing to do.
 - 33) Real mates and learning to rap in prison.
 - 34) Biffo in the jail kitchen and a good laugh had by all.
 - 35) Close calls in the hooch business.
 - 36) The perils of trusting a kings cross hooker.
 - 37) Jail cosmetic surgery, a razor blade to the penis.
 - 38) Murders, attempted murders, ol mate robbed n beaten twice...18 months in quite Canberra.
 - 39) The return of Death Row Records.
 - 40) Back in the dirty south.
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- A) Against The Grain photo's.
 - B) Big Dave biography mid 2011.

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.

By 6pm we were all sweating profusely and breathing as best we could, the screws came past every half hour and we asked to be allowed into the yard but they continued to refuse.

Gaol cells have very little airflow and at the Symonston remand centre the only real fresh air enters the cells by way of an electric exhaust fan. The water and flushing of the toilet are also run on electricity at that remand centre.

By 7pm all power to the cells had failed due to the close proximity of the fires so there we sat in the dark with no water, no toilet and our cells slowly filling with smoke.

We began to call out to the screws but they ignored us.

We begged to just be able to lay in the yard and have some water but still no response.

As breathing became more difficult we all began calling out to be moved to the other remand centre in Belconnen which was further from the fires. Still no response.

By 10pm we were beginning to become extremely concerned for our safety especially since the screws offered no help at all.

We began banging plates and cups against the walls and started kicking our doors demanding to be released from these cells and taken somewhere safe.

This went on for at least an hour but the screws still refused to concern themselves with our welfare!

Suddenly somehow two lads that had been kicking there door relentlessly for some time managed to kick it open and they got out into the yard running to the office window banging on it and demanding safety for us all.

The screws left the office and we assumed that finally they would get us out of here.

Unfortunately we thought wrong as they returned with a riot squad in there full gear with shields and batons at the ready grabbing the two guys that got out and taking them away with a few well placed hits.

As time dragged on it became increasingly hard to breath and we got louder and louder until finally around 1 am the screws came into the yard and began putting us all in cuffs, a sure sign we were finally about to be moved.

We were put into waiting vehicles and moved to the remand centre at Belconnen, it felt so good to be able to breath properly again and the drink of water I had when we got to Belco was one of the best I've tasted.

We remained at Belco for a couple of weeks before returning to Symonston.

We were treated as animals actually I think I would treat my pets better during a time of danger!

BLOG FIVE

A crazy night – The Eminem concert 2001.

First published – Feb 3 2007.

Back again people, I was thinking about a madd night I had a few years back, well six years ago to be exact.

If I remember it right Eminem was having trouble getting a visa to come to Australia because of his controversial lyrics but he got one in the end.

Me and some mates; Ken, Andy and a stupid skank I was seeing at the time had planned to go to the gig but left things to the last minute and only just managed to get our hands on some tickets.

They were up on a tier but we were still stoked.

The concert was on a Saturday so I picked up Ken first thing in the morning and he helped me out with my ganja run for the day.

We knocked it over and switched the business mobile off in the arvo and then got ready to go.

Of course by the time the four of us were ready to go we were getting well short on time.

We nearly even forgot to book a hotel.

So we left Canberra in a hurry and about half way to Sydney I started to really get sic of driving, we were pumping the D12 album Devils Night to hype ourselves up and that was the only thing keeping me from falling asleep at the wheel. Ha ha.

So I pulled over and the skank and I got in the back of the car

I went to sleep across the back of the seat to the sound of Purple Pills and rain pouring onto the roof of the car.

Next thing I wake up flying off the back seat and crashing into the front seats wondering what the hell is going on!

I look up and I see that Andy has hit the ass end of the car in front of him and in turn knocked it into the brand new car in front of it!

He never was much of a driver but this was pretty shocking stuff, he turns to me and says sheepishly what should I do?

I could see an exit ramp on our left so I figure if we are going to get to this show we better get the hell out of here quick and I told Andy to take the ramp.

We scooted through a few unfamiliar suburbs until we were away from the scene and lost in the Sydney suburbs.

Andy then pulled over so we could see what damage he had done to my new Nissan Maxima!

It turned out the front end was smashed in.
The grill was crushed and the hood pushed back a bit.
There was damage to the radiator and the left headlight was broken and hanging off.

I was pretty annoyed but what can you do if it's a mate plus I was mainly thinking about the concert so I pushed the headlight in until it wedged still and took over driving.

Some how we managed to get to the hotel through all of these suburbs we didn't know but we were almost out of time before the start of the concert.

So we checked in and raced up stairs to drop off our bags and stuff.
As soon as we had done that we headed straight for the superdome.

Upon arrival we realised the show was about to start and we weren't even drunk yet!
This was a hip hop show after all!
So we ran to the bar and ordered 3 beers each and washed down a couple of E's as we skulled them.

As we entered the arena the crowd was going ballistic as Em was coming up out of the floor of the stage in a jason mask holding a chainsaw!

As he got into it the whole crowd started rhyming with him.
Ken and I were out of our seats with hands up in the air, SIC ATMOSPHERE!

My mates Pete and Jonny were part of the security team and got to meet D12 and Em, lucky bastards!

Em did his songs and was joined by D12 for purple pills and other joints from Devils Night they absolutely killed it!

After the show, still buzzing, we caught up with Pete and John and kicked on for a while before heading back to the hotel.

We were back in Canberra the next morning hangover a dinged up car (she made it back fine) but it was all worth it.

Poor Andy had to work for me for a month to pay for the \$5000 car damage he caused but I think even he would say it was worth it.

The things you do to hear some dope live rap hey.

Good times.

BLOG SIX

Superstition.

First published – Feb 7 2007.

Back again,

I was talking to someone about superstitions and that I don't really have any but then I remembered one from when I was a kid that was pretty amusing so I figured I put it down in a blog.

I went to a high school in Canberra called "Melrose high" I guess it was your average size school, 700 or so students I think.

It was a co-ed school and was built right next door to an all guys catholic school called Marist brothers so as you can guess there was a fair bit of competition for the young ladies.

The problem for us was that our school only went to yr 10 while there school went all the way to yr 12 plus our school was smaller so we had a bit of an age, size and numbers disadvantage.

The action began with a young me, I was 15 and hooking up with a girl in my year named Anne who happened to be going out with a yr 12 from Marist named Kevin.

I knew who the guy was because I was a basketballer and this guy was the captain of the Marist side.

We had played against them and been beaten pretty badly in the past since they were like 18 year olds and we were 15 year olds.(winge winge..lol)

Now it wasn't really that I hooked up with Anne that caused the drama it was more that I had written her a letter containing certain details and Kevin had found it in Anne's pocket after school.

So she rings me that night and warns me that Kevin has the letter.

When she rang I was eating a jar of lollies but I put the lid on a put them away in my cupboard and that was the start of my superstition.

The next morning I get to school and a couple of dudes are with my mates waiting for me out front of the school.

I could tell they didn't go to our school straight away since they had street clothes on...and had five o'clock shadows.

I walked over and they told me to meet Kevin just across the freeway from school straight after the bell rings and not to bring anyone else or I was a dead man.

Then they walked over to another mate of mine Todd, it turned out that he had been doing the same thing with Kevin's best mates girl too.

Jeez we were shifty bunch. Ha ha.

I had known about it but I didn't know he had been busted too until now.

I thought sweet at least theres two of us now..lol

It was a pretty long day at school and when lunch time came around I found out that Todd had gone home sic, the cheeky bastard had bailed and hadn't even told me.

I can remember making the most of it all day.

What else could I do?

Dudes kept coming up to let me know they thought it was sic someone was taking on the Marist boys and I would be like yeah Im gonna kill this faggot but I was really thinking how am I gonna beat this dude he is like a grown man!

Motherfucker is going to beat me to a pulp.

So the day went on and as last period came around I could see Kevin and about twenty of his mates through the window walking across our oval toward the place he'd demanded I meet up.

To make things worse one of the dudes he had with him was known to have a desert eagle hand gun.

I had no idea what a desert eagle even looked liked but I knew I didn't wanna see it in my face that's for sure. lol

Even though Kevin's mates had said not to tell anyone I pretty much told the whole school.

When 3.15 hit I met up with my crew and we started the walk across the oval to meet my fate.

Along with the crew there was a turn out of about 200-250 Melrose high kids coming along with me or at least coming along to watch.

Still all the black and white (our uniform colours) looked good marching toward the bridge across the freeway.

My mate Jade had got his older brother and a mate Nick to come along since they were 18 and we needed some guys there age.

We swung through the Mawson shopping complex first and then came back down to the bridge which was just short of the meeting spot.

As Kevin and co came into view Jades brother and mate backed out on me when they saw the dudes Kevin had with him, my mates were still by my side but I wasn't sure how long that would last.

Kevin called out " I said come alone and you bring the whole school" (I was happy he was at least a bit worried) I called out get fucked and thought to myself I will just fight as well as I can and as long as I can until he over powers me and that way I might at least save face in front of all these people.

At this point a young guy from my school came up and handed me a knife and told me a few of there boys had them I put it in my pocket and kept marching at Kev and Co.

Just as me and the crowd got about ten metres away from each Kevin and co I put up my guard and started to go at him.

As I did his whole group including him turned and ran.

Don't get it twisted I knew they weren't running from me so I look behind and there's cops everywhere chasing kids all over the place one flew past me and grabs Kevin and one reaches for me I managed to step back and get out of his reach.

I jumped over a few fences and ran through a few backyards until I got to my place.

Over the next few weeks I found out Kevin had said around town he didn't want to take it further that was it I even ran into him at a couple of parties and survived.

Then the following day after the drama I was about to eat that jar of lollies I was munching when Anne rang and I thought nah I cant eat these they were my lucky charm through the whole Anne/Kevin drama and since I was running a few shifty ventures and still seeing Anne behind the big guys back I played it safe and I put them back where they came from just in case.

About six months later I was cleaning out my cupboards and Im like what's this disgusting melted crap!

Then I realised it was my lucky charm had a laugh and threw it out.

The good luck stayed...most of the time.

BLOG SEVEN

Jail a gamblers paradise.

First published – Feb 13 2007.

Back again folks,

I don't mind a punt either on the cricket, footy, Melbourne cup, the greyhounds or a bit of casino action it's all good.

But ill tell ya gaol is a true gamblers paradise!

Now gambling is banned in NSW gaols as it seems to start a bit of trouble but that doesn't stop the lads indulging in a bit of a wager.

I would have to say cards rules when it comes to gaol gambling mainly the games 41, Manilla or Chinese poker.

Sports, chess and table tennis got there fair share of punters too.

At Goulburn we ran a monthly 41 tournament usually getting around twenty teams of two entering at a cost of two packets of white ox tabacco (the usual currency) per team.

I never won a 41 comp but me and a mate did manage to make it to the final once.

I was more of a Chinese poker fiend or Manilla when it was on, we had more difficulty running Manilla comps as you would have like 20 guys around a table making plenty of noise and we also had to have a book to keep track of everyone's finances and betting chips (special cardboard only one guy had access too).

We would start a weekly Manilla game on Tuesdays as that was the day you could choose what things to purchase from the gaol canteen so you would either buy things for people if you lost or request stuff from people if you won.

The game co-ordinator would assign who collects what from who.

It was an exciting game while it would last; your fortunes can go up and down dramatically! I once lost over \$600 in less than a week only to go gung ho and win it all back plus \$300 in the last hour or so of the playing week!

The gaol wage is between \$30-\$60 a week so the limit in all games is \$60 per player per week unless you have access to funds outside of the prison and you better have that cash outside if you say you do cause "there's no where to run to baby and no where to hide".

I saw a few guys get the gambling bug and loose there \$60 tell the table that they had madd cash on the outside etc only to lose a few hundred and not pay.

I always used to think to myself why would you take such a crazy risk?
Shit never ended well.

I've done some less than sane things in my life but telling murderers that I have money to bet and taking that chance knowing I don't have the cash is not a move I would ever make!

They usually ended up in the hospital at Long Bay gaol.

The best Manilla player I ever saw, actually the best card player I have ever seen was an Vietnamese guy named "Dang" I never once saw him lose at Manilla every week he would be the highest winner the lowest I saw him win in a week was \$800 and that is a shitload in gaol!

On top of the cards there was often a chess comp that payed reasonably well but was very hard to win.

In the footy season there were many tipping contests (your sentence had to be at least as long as the season), pick the winners, pick the score and head to head.

There was always a few guys running horse tipping but that never interested me.

I guess for once the screws were right it did create the odd bit of violence but it helps pass the time.

And hey if you and ya mates are any good it can help fund fun activities like smoking weed or buying new cds'!

BLOG EIGHT

Cannabis hunting; A Canberra childrens sport.

First published – Feb 14 2007.

As anyone that reads this from Australia will know; weed is decriminalised in Canberra which is my hometown.

Due to this fact there's a lot of pot smokers and almost as many backyard pot growers in Canberra.

I know its a bit slack but for us guys growing up there as kids a great way to spend the school holidays was to go searching for dope plants.

Each year we would be sitting around after a game of basketball, cricket or footy and one of us would suddenly go "oh shit lads its harvest time" and we would all realise it was that time of year.

Having grown up around the green herb I was the nose of the operation and we would hit the streets and allies with our noses in the air.

The start of the season was easiest as we would pull out our map of the last year and re-visit some places that would be trying to grow for a second unsuccessful year.

Like I said it was pretty slack but hey you get up to mischief as a youngster.

Usually after a couple of weeks we would have enough smoko to have us in the money for a while on top of the odd smoke.

I have a million funny stories from these missions' here's a funny one.

It was my first year living out of home and although I managed to make a few dollars I wasn't that good at budgeting (I was only 15 or 16) so the money I did get went as quick as I made it partying and supporting my broke mates.

So when this harvest season came around me and another mate "Andrew" who at the time was also supporting himself at age 15 decided we were fairly keen to get into some action.

After a few days of not locating anything we decided to go on a night mission to check out a small time local dealer's back yard.

We arrived at roughly midnight and quietly we made our way into the backyard taking care not to set the sensor lights off.

It wasn't that big of a yard but in the dark it took us a while to search and turned up nothing.

As we walked home I remembered a girl I knew telling me some guys behind her house grew pot and so as not to waste an evening we checked it out.

After sneaking into my friend's backyard we climbed her back fence and searched the yard of the house behind her.

At this stage it was about 1am.

I found one plant but it was only small and the head on it was barely worth taking so after a thorough yard search we thought that was it for the night until I noticed some clear perspex on the roof of a shed.

On closer inspection I discovered two things

1) Looking through a small hole I could see the shed was full of ripe plants ready for harvest.

2) The shed was bolted and welded like a fortress!

After a quick think I worked out a plan we climbed into the neighbour's yard which had its fence backing onto the shed and we began to dig.

Unfortunately we weren't prepared for digging and the only tool we had was our hands.

After digging for a long while we discovered the shed had chicken wire buried around the perimeter which was attached to the walls inside the shed.

With our pair of scissors and small knife we had brought along we slowly and very quietly cut a hole in the wire and continued digging until past sunrise.

As it came on seven thirty we realised it was now or never for our rip as both the people in the house who owned the shed and the people in the house belonging to the yard we were in were all up and awake.

The hole still wasn't that big but I would squeeze in through it and Andrew would push me through by my legs, I would grab two plants, one in each hand and he would pull me back out.

About 2/3rd's of the way through removing the plants I was just grabbing another pair when I heard a voice in the yard the shed was located in and it sounded as though it was right next to me!

I thought oh its cool he won't notice me in here until I heard him call out "honey, that little plant is gone quick get me the shed keys".

I grabbed two plants and kicked my legs so Andrew would drag me out, as I popped out the other end I could hear the shed door being opened.

Andrew grabbed the bag which was full to the point of bursting and I had the two plants bout 4 foot tall each and we bolted down the street.

It took us over two hours to make what would normally be a 20 min walk to my flat as there was cars screeching around every where looking for us so we constantly had to dive into bushes or run through allies, a couple of times the cars even trailed us for a while until we managed an escape.

Once we got home we harvested our spoils and hung them out to dry.

Im pretty sure we skipped school got stoned and watched Menace to society and crashed out.

A week later we were buying sneakers and cd's, partying and showing our people a good time.

Two weeks after that we were back on the hunt.

Good times.

BLOG NINE

Organised beatings, a close call.

First published – Feb 28 2007.

Hey people,

Its been a while since I've been online so I thought I better swing through and write a blog.

Im doing a small business management course and on top of my music and everything else its getting hard to get to the pc.

Anyway this blog is called organised beatings so lets get started.

During my stay in the NSW prison system I got to see how creative people can be when dishing out some violence especially when it involves revenge.

One favourite the boys have when dealing with someone that is out of line but is one of their own crew is to place a chair in a cell and have the all the lads stand around it in a circle.

It sounds like musical chairs but it's a bit more hectic than that.

The culprit sits in the chair and has to take the beating dished out by the lads surrounding him, if he runs he must be a dog, if he stays he still has some heart, he takes his beating and it's forgotten.

I heard a couple of these games of musical chairs and witnessed one myself, one day I even almost took a seat myself thanks to some mis communication.

I got back from work at the gaol kitchen to hear from the main lads in our crew that some things had been said about me that had got me in trouble.

We headed to a cell and went inside; the boys were all standing around with a seat ready for me in the middle.

Most of the lads knew me fairly well and couldn't believe I had opened my mouth (which I hadn't).

I took a seat and began to get the old sweaty palms you get when things make you a bit nervous.

Part of my brain was explaining I hadn't opened my mouth while other parts were working out the best way to take this beating.

Just when I thought the party was about to begin the main man in our group told me he just couldn't believe I would have opened my mouth and said he had to grab the guy that had made these accusations about me and allow me to speak to him face to face first.

I felt a lot calmer then knowing I was getting the chance to prove I am a man of my word.

The main man returned alone and pulled me out of the seat to apologise.

It turned out the guy that had said I opened my mouth had actually been the one that talked and was trying to use me as a scape goat.

When it looked like the guys had found him out he had just ran to the screws and had himself put into protection.

Anyway its 6.30 am and I have to start getting sorted for class.

kokyrik.com should be up this week with all the real hip hop and that Aussie true crime blog shit from me and other dudes locked up round the state.

Hope shit is all good people.

Back soon.

BLOG TEN

Oh sweet revenge.

First published – Mar 28 2007.

Back again,

Lets talk some revenge, this ones from when I was a young fella.

I would have been maybe 18 or so, it was back in 98 before we partied like it really was 99 (damn that was a lame joke lol but so lame its funny so I'll leave it in).

I was out on the town with my mates drinking and experimenting with ecstasy for the first time.

My memory of the evening is pretty hazy in parts so I don't know why I left the club on my own but I wandered outside and walked along the front of Civic along the club strip for some reason.

Next thing I recall is drinking in the carpark across the street from Mooseheads night club in Canberra with a couple of young ladies, doing my thing and generally enjoying the evening.

After a while we walked back across from the carpark to the front of Mooseheads and the ladies and I were just standing there chatting and having a laugh when a group of lads came around the corner acting all rowdy and hard.

One of the lads calls out to the chicks I with something along the lines of "what the fuck are you doing with that dickhead" and how they should go with them.

Im not sure but I expect the e and beer may have made my next decision but I moseyed on over and slugged the culprit in the jaw.

I had just seen my fist connect with his face when I felt 2 or 3 fists hit mine and guys start grabbing at me left right and centre.

The next couple minutes is even more hazy I just remember spinning around and getting belted countless times and picked up and thrown into a big shop front window which luckily didn't break.

As I hit the window and took a few hits my mates came round the corner and the dickheads stopped beating the F**k out of me.

I had a pretty swollen head, a broken nose and blood all over me.

We gathered together and looked around but couldn't find the guys that night and we cruised back to my apartment for some pipes.

It wasn't over yet though, not that easily!!

I mentioned the new millennium earlier and weeks or months after that went down I met up at a club in Civic with a heap of the lads and our girls for a big night out.

Drunk, coked up and celebrating I didn't really notice who was around in the club other than my people but mid way through the evening my sister Hayley nudged me and pointed out 2 guys seated at a table right in the middle of the club. Talk about amazing luck, it was the guy that had called out that smart ass comment a year and a half earlier and one of the dudes that helped flog me!!

I had been waiting a while so I leaned over to my good mate Tony P (R.I.P) and let him know what was up and then I headed for my targets.

I moved to the table pretty quick and didn't even let the cheeky bastard stand up. I just lay hit after hit into his mug.

As I pummelled him into the corner of the table against the bench his mate stood up to help out and as I looked up my mate Tony P did what I can only describe as a super man dive and took this lad out.

After Tone did that the place erupted in to an all in and after revenge had been taken we were ushered out the back door by the owner of the club before the cops could get there.

We gave those two a fairly evil beating and as we left I could see the girls stomping them with high heels as they walked by.

Apparently it took a decent while before they recovered.

Im not into violence n all that but I gotta say that was a good feeling, I had to wait a while but so the saying goes "revenge is a dish best served cold"

I say especially if your the chef..lol

Back soon.

BLOG ELEVEN

I swear chief we weren't playing cards.

First published – Mar 29 2007.

Back again,

Thought we could take another trip down memory lane.

I was working in the kitchen x-wing, Goulburn gaol and since things had been pretty boring around the place cards and gambling in general had gained even more popularity than usual.

On top of the usual comps and games at the wing me and a few other lads were running a work comp to try and hustle a bit of extra coin.

Now gambling is banned in gaol and so we had to keep it on the sly which wasn't easy since the games we played needed score sheets and win loss books.

The best spot for us to get a table or two going was in a cage at the rear of the kitchen.

This cage was just a concrete square about 2.2 meters by maybe 6 meters with fencing around it and a roof, it was for the lads to use outside for smoking.

We would all ways have someone at the back door of the kitchen who would call out if the screws were coming to check up on us and by the time they came through the door and walked through the oven room and into the cage the game would be well hidden.

The problem was that after an hour or so the screws would notice guys were missing from the work area especially since the games would attract a crowd and soon only 5-10 of the 50 odd blokes would be working!

I had been there over a year and never came close to being pinched playing cards but there was one screw that knew I was basically coming to work and gambling on cards all day.

He would get to the back door and hear our lookout call out and then he would try and jog round the corner to catch us in time but he was always too late.

Eventually I guess he got sic of being laughed at as he came around the corner and so he got shifty.

He walked all the way around the back of this massive kitchen complex and up to the cage from out of no where.

In the middle of a big hand we didn't notice he was there until he yelled busted!

After he called that out he fumbled for his keys and opened the back door of the cage up, the problem for him was it took a few seconds and we quickly hid the cards and score sheet under a near by bin.

He almost exploded when he got in and we denied we had been playing cards even though he had seen us.

We all burst into laughter until he looked on the hot water system above my mates head and found a deck of cards sitting in plain sight!

The worst thing was they weren't our cards!
He had found someone else's deck that they could have hidden better.

He cussed and cursed and docked us all every cent of that weeks pay (\$30 - 60 depending on the job).

The game went back to normal the next day and he never caught us again.

I suspect he didn't try as hard after catching us the first time, too much effort and he had already bragged to his fellow screws and taken the piss out of everyone for docking there pay that week.

He was a monumental dickhead that screw, kept us amused though cause even the other screws didn't like him and they usually stick together.
Other screws would tell us about his mis fortunes and embarrassing moments on the outside of the prison walls so that we could take the piss out of him more than we did them...Gold!!

I have to say though the shifty bastard did catch us that day, well sort of. lol

Back soon.

BLOG TWELVE

A buck naked biff.

First published – Apr 3 2007.

Back again,

It was a cold morning at Goulburn gaol, I had been up late having a big one watching late night telly in my cell.

I was pretty tired and grabbed a coffee straight away when we got to work at the kitchen.

We had an on going joke at the kitchen which was that every now and then someone would get hit with ice cold water from the fridge as they took a morning shower.

As everyone woke up properly one of the lads John McMahon headed in for a shower as he walked in I could see a guy he worked with on the sink grinning, I cant remember his name so I will call him Mick.

As soon as we heard the shower pipes clanging Mick grabbed a bucket and filled it with icy water, everyone that was falling asleep woke up straight away because this tom foolery always lead to a major laugh or some morning action depending on the target.

Mick crept up with his bucket in through the bathroom door, next thing we heard was John scream and out ran Mick.

To every ones surprise John came bolting out after Mick buck naked, cussing and cursing!

Falling over ourselves laughing we ran out after them and just as we caught up John cornered Mick in a tiled dish washing area and they both had there dukes up. John jabbed Mick in the jaw which shook him but the problem was the floors were wet and as he hit him they both lost balance started to fall over and into each other grabbing one another to stay on their feet!

This made Johnny so much angrier and so he kept swinging. With each big swing they would both slip over on to the floor or in to each other and then get back up.

We were all in hysterics as these two carried on. After landing a few good shots John left it at that and wandered back to the shower.

Mick looked crushed he, said it was because he had lost the blue but I think having naked wet John rolling over him in front of 50 odd blokes was what really shot him down him.

Embarrassing for Mick, funny as hell for us!

Back soon.

BLOG THIRTEEN

The first jail brawl I ever saw.

First published – Apr 24 2007.

I hadn't been in the NSW prison system very long when I saw my first brawl erupt, nice bloody introduction to my new home..lol

Back again,

Since you all seem to read the hectic stuff the most I might as let you guys pick my brain for another violent tale.

I was at Junee gaol having arrived a month ago from the remand centre in Canberra.

Even though I had been there a month I had not been in the main wing long because I had come in on armed robbery charges and had to be classified before joining the general population of the prison.

I had been stuck in a small area of the gaol which consisted of two wings joined by a gate with a bout 50 or so lads in each wing, it was two tier so it didn't seem like many dudes.

As I said I wasn't classified yet so like many other unclassified guys that had been at Junee less than a few months I was confined to my cell 23 hours a day until I was classified after a month.

Being locked in for that long was fairly intense but that is a whole other blog..lol

So I finally got to the main part of the gaol which was a lot bigger, four two tier wings with maybe a hundred or so blokes each wing.

Each wing had a small yard with weights and a basketball hoop there was also an oval available at certain times of the day.

So I settled in to the "main" and Im on a visit with my little sis one day when I notice one of the other lads grab a package from his girlfriend so I have a laugh and think nothing of it as he gets up and heads back to the wing.

My sis leaves, so do I and after the usual strip search I head toward the wing.

I had just come down the hallway entrance and was going past another wing toward mine when I hear a bunch of yelling.

Being fairly bored in gaol I head straight in for a look.

It seemed I was right about the guy with the package as he and a couple of mates are arguing with a large group of guys maybe 8 or 9 of them.

As they get louder and louder more mates get behind each faction until the three becomes six and the eight becomes about twelve.

Obviously it had to be something to do with the package I thought.

Just when it seemed the twelve deep crew was about to smash the smaller group some little nutter races in from out of no where and smashes a breville sandwich toaster into the face one of the twelve and keeps running past as the dude he hit falls straight to the floor bleeding profusely and holding his face.

As this happens the twelve are caught of guard as a lad from the smaller group grabs a table a hurls it at the bigger group.

From then in there was about a minute of fury until screws came from everywhere and locked us all in our cells.

As they locked our wings down first I didn't get to see how much difficulty the screws had cleaning up the main area of the brawl.

The last thing I saw was this dude's head bouncing off the concrete as another lad stomped it despite the fact that the stompee was already unconscious and bleeding from his mouth and ears.

As the screws locked my door behind me (I had a single cell at Junee) I pulled out a mix and had a few pipes while thinking to myself well this is real gaol.

Luckily there was a lot of Canberra lads there so you know we were sweet for weed and wouldn't be brawling over it.

It was funny actually all the Canberra lads looked out for each other.

Anyway that was the first brawl I ever saw in the nick, I didn't have any dramas at Junee and it turned out to be the quietest prison I stayed in but I was only there a bit over a month before heading to Goulburn.

Still that was a pretty crazy stoush and a pretty crazy introduction to the prison system.

Interesting times but I don't think I will be going back anytime soon!

Back soon.

BLOG FOURTEEN

Childhood trips to the track.

First published – May 5 2007.

It's funny how you forget things and then years later they pop up again in your mind.

I used to get Wednesdays off school once a month to cruise to the track with my father figure Steve, I'd totally forgotten about it until today, good times.

Back again,

Back in the day when I was just a little 13 year old lout I was living with my Mum and her boyfriend a guy named Steve Fitzgerald.

They never got married but I have always pretty much considered him to be my father or the closest thing anyway.

Once a month, on a Wednesday I would get the day off school and Steve would take me to the track in Canberra for a punt on the greyhounds.

Being an owner trainer he always had a few dogs in himself so it was pretty exciting for a young bloke and it sure beat sitting in class or getting roasted by the principle.

We would get up with the sun and get the dogs organised while Mum fixed us a breakfast and then it was off to the track.

There were a few queer looking characters at the dogs as there still all ways seems to be today but that didn't bother me I was all ways to busy studying the form guide to try and turn the ten dollars Mum would give me into a new cricket bag or the latest super nintendo game.

I would study that form guide until I was certain I couldn't lose.

You're not actually legally able to bet but until your eighteen but most of the time the bookies would take my two dollars for the win, it was probably a bit of a laugh for them.

Sometimes I would have to get a stranger or Steve to place the bet but I never missed a race.

I usually did pretty well, most Wednesdays I would leave with more then I arrived with and on the occasions I lost Steve would usually hand me a few notes from the wad he would have at the track.

The funny thing is since then I haven't really been to the dogs at all or even thought about it, I think when I'm a bit older and have a family etc and things calm down I might just get myself a greyhound and see if I cant train a winner.

Look out for "Koky Prik" coming up the home straight for the win one day.
What a bogan, ha ha.

Back soon.

BLOG FIFTEEN

The case and conviction that got me a five year jail sentence.

First published – May 25 2007.

In this piece that is ten A4 pages in length Big Dave tells us all about the eight year drama surrounding a single event.

It began with some business competition attempting to hijack his customers and it ended with a five year prison term.

Its an honest and open piece with snippets of documentation from the case supplied by Big Dave.

From the crime to the court room.

From prison to parole.

Check it out people.

As I promised I am finally going to put pen to paper and fill you all in on the event that got me my five year sentence.

It's basically a tale of how greed can make a good thing go bad.

As always I will be 100% factual and anyone that wish's to say the shit isn't real should first visit public records looking for Parsons vs The Queen, ACT Supreme court.

Firstly before I begin I would like to clear some stuff up as there has been things said about what went down in the Canberra times and around the way that aren't true. If you live in Canberra and saw the coverage of this event in the Canberra times stating that we wore balaclava's that's bullshit, we had no problems with these guys seeing our face, it was integral that they knew who did this to them and why it happened.

The rumour around Canberra that we stuck a shotgun in one of there mouths is also bullshit, I suspect it was the guys we did this to that started that rumour but we did not have any firearms.

I will also confirm the rumour that the guys we did this to did drop there dealers name in court with no regard for respect or loyalty.

Anyway everything is contained in my rundown.

The charges me and my mates were convicted of were armed robbery and two assaults through a "joint criminal enterprise" law.

To explain a "Joint criminal enterprise"; say for example a bank robber and get away driver are caught but the cops aren't smart enough or lack enough evidence to prove which guy held a gun and which one held a set of car keys so they just bust them both for holding the gun.

The only necessity to charge them both is that they were both aware that the crime would happen, yes that does mean someone in the back seat uninvolved in the crime would also be busted for holding the gun if they heard it was going to happen!

We were convicted of these charges but plead not guilty and fought every step of the way on principle of what this case really was.

A waste of our time and a waste of tax payers money.

It all happened around 9pm one night in 1999, it was a hell of a long time ago but for me it is only just about to be finished when my parole expires on November 24th 2007.

Prior to the event I had become a rather prosperous weed dealer around Canberra, I won't get into quantities and financial amounts because then it gets into bragging and that is the last thing Im here trying to do.

People sold more then me and people sold less then me, I was not a gangsta or a drug lord I was just a guy trying to be successful in this world using the tools available to me, I hustled hard and for a while it worked.

Also I will not be mentioning who did what on the night by name I will just call us mr 1, 2, 3, 4 and mr bitch.

I will name the people involved though for being crown witness bitches.

They have appeared as witnesses against me and my friends in a public trial I have every legal right to name them!

Running up to the event a crew of people going by the names of Luke Tanswell, Morgan Lewer, Luke Alchin, Duncan Le Fluer, Cedric Le Fluer, Kirsty Kale and Naomi Travers had all been operating an operation from a unit in the Canberra suburb of Mawson selling speed, weed and sex.

I could understand the dope dealing but if you saw these chicks, no sale!

So this unit is on a hill over looking the tennis court and ovals in Mawson where I happened to meet a lot of clients several times a day.

These cheeky pricks were sitting out the back of their unit smoking weed, watching me drop off to my people and then heading down and trying to poach them from me for their own business!

I was always known for my quick service, good product and cheap prices so most of the time the people didn't switch suppliers they just rang and told me what had happened.

At first it was kind of amusing but after a few days it started to really get annoying so I brought it up with Mr 2.

Mr 2 was one of my best friends and tragically he only lived a short time after these events.

Any time there was drama Mr 2 was right there at my back, he also gave me so much life advice that I still revisit to this day.

Mr 2 was also a straight up nutter with more heart then anyone I have ever met!

Mr 2 was not impressed with these new guys setting up a few suburbs across town especially when we discovered Tanswell and his poofter associates were also moving speed in the area, an area Mr 2 was moving into.

After discussing things with Mr 2 it became evident that we would have to squash these guys.

So in came Mr bitch and a mate, we started them scoring of Tanswell and co to get an idea of what was up and how they did things.

After a couple of weeks our mate had a map of the flat for us and Mr bitch had got himself a good idea of how things went down in the unit.

I was sitting at my townhouse with a girlfriend of the time, Mr bitch and my housemate/ business partner on the fateful night of the event just smoking pipes and relaxing when Mr 2 showed up.

Mr 2 had brought a good mate of ours over Mr 3 and a guy that used to run errands for us who we will call Mr 4.

We were supposed to make our move around midnight but a few things had come up so they had come to do it early.

Other than Mr bitch this was a pretty formidable team, all these guys were 6 foot 2 or taller and the biggest weighed 160kg's.

So we got sorted, no fire arms were used we went old school, baseball bats and police issue extendable batons.

We also used two way radio's to keep in touch during the business.

After me and Mr 2 had a few pipes to calm the pre game jitters we headed out the door leaving my housemate and the girl at home.

Mr 4 had wanted to suck in some THC too but he was brain dead at the best of times so Mr 2 said no.

We got into Mr 4's 1992 Fairlane ghia all dressed in black, beanies and caps then started the drive to "The crest" apartments to see Tanswell and associates.

The word from Mr bitch was that these guys always checked the peephole and only let in current customers.

So the plan was Mr bitch was to go in and score.

During his purchase he was suppose to leave his mobile phone in the unit apparently by accident so he could then phone the unit and say "I left my phone Im just out the front be in in two seconds" that way as he knocks while they are waiting to open the door and we fly into the stairwell and in the door.

Simple.

Not so simple, Mr bitch was hopeless and even this small part was to much for him, he left the mobile in plain site and they handed it to him as he walked out the door.

Mr bitch meekly came up to us in the carpark where we were waiting for him and told us he had failed.

Plan b then had to come into effect, Mr 3 was to clip the two way to his shoulder, put on this cap that looked like a cop hat and then knock on the door calling out police open up.

With the stairwell light off he would look the part and as he would walk in everyone else could rush the door.

As bats came out and caps got pulled down low Mr bitch disappeared into the bushes because as expected the sight of any action freaked him out.

As the three big fella's headed to the unit I turned the car around and stayed in contact listening in on a two way radio and occasionally sticking my head in the door to see how things were panning out.

As expected yelling "Police open up" got the door open and Mr 3 knocked the first guy that opened the door straight to the floor with one hit from a bat.

Mr Bitch had said there had been only four people home but it turned out to be five guys and two chicks.

As the lads came in the door screaming and telling everyone to get on the ground Mr 2 smashed a glass pipe and a table with his bat for effect.

In the excitement and commotion Travers and one of the Le Fluer brothers escaped out of a back sliding door that Mr bitch had failed to tell us about but other than that everyone in the unit hit the deck and didn't look up as instructed.

Alchin briefly glanced at Mr 2 but found the following knee in the back a good reason not to look again.

As planned Tanswell was dragged around his unit grabbing weed and cash for the boys, funnily enough using the "police" thing to gain entry had caused them to get rid of the speed which I always found ironic.

After taking Tanswell around the house it became apparent that the \$600 dollars he had on him was far from his nest egg and to our shock he produced a bank statement showing he was depositing a heap of cash into an account, the same account as his dole payments!

After grasping this guy's stupidity the lads lined up the occupants and relieved them of jewellery, cash etc and then ransacked the house for valuable items.

By this stage I was chilling in the car listening in on the two way and keeping an eye out but I was becoming worried about the amount of time this thing was taking as it had been around 15 minutes.

After delivering the final message to shut up shop or face the consequences, the lads came running to the car with arm loads of crap that they then threw in to the car as mr 4 jumped in the drivers seat and hit the gas.

It turned out that while the business was being taken care of the chick that escaped out the sliding door had run to a neighbouring house and called the police.

YES that's right some dope dealing hooker called the cops because her drugs were being stolen!

"The Crest" apartments have two entry/exit points and as the lads removed their gloves and we were exiting the complex a cop car had entered from the other side and now had its lights flashing and siren on as it came up the ass of our Ford.

Myself, Mr 2 and Mr 3 screamed at Mr 4 to take off and drive away but he lost his nerve at the crucial moment and we pulled over.

We could have escaped as it was our own backyard.

As we pulled to the curb coppers came from everywhere; bikes, cars marked and unmarked, paddy wagons the whole deal.

The lads had managed to throw the gloves but the cops had seen it and were already picking them up.

They held us in the car for ages, at least an hour as they closed up the crime scene only really talking to us once.

We all refused to say a word except for Mr 4 who tried to lie his way out of things but just ended up looking stupid.

All the stuff was sitting in the car with us and we ridiculously tried to cover it all up with jackets.lol

We were basically right outside the joint we just did over, armed up with the drugs and stuff in the car.

The pigs lead by Detective Shakeshaft brought down witness's to id us in the car while we waited to be arrested.

Around 11pm we were arrested, cuffed and thrown in a paddy wagon then transported to the Civic watch house via Woden.

Interviews were brief for all as nothing was said except again for Mr 4 who tried to lie and looked even more guilty and stupid after his efforts.

The Police refused our bail and we were placed in the holding cells over night.

Me and Mr 2 in one cell and Mr 3 and 4 in another.

I was glad me and 2 had smoked up before leaving cause now we were tired and drifted off to sleep leaving 3 and 4 up all night to do the stressing.

The following morning we were taken to court and our solicitors got us bail.

We spent the day reflecting and filling in our mates on what went down.

The local tv news and papers had us plastered all over the place with the headline "Hollywood style home invasion" which made business a bit difficult.

Luckily I had a partner doing the leg work for me so I didn't have to handle any product and things went almost to what they had been before, I even picked up quite a number of new clients that suddenly couldn't score at "The crest".

A short time later we appeared at the ACT magistrates court for several committal hearings and audier (this is mis spelled) hearings.

Local news wouldn't leave us alone and even put some silly highlighted footage of me walking in slow motion and throwing up a finger on TV as one of the updates they ran.

The committal hearings finally drew to a close and what was and wasn't admissible in court was decided.

I chose Mr Tim Sharman and Barrister Craig Everson to represent me in the trial we were about to enter into.

Mr 2 and Mr 3 also secured class representation but Mr 4 went with legal aid, a move that I feel hurt our whole defence, like playing sport a man down.

Due to a back logged supreme court and efforts to slow down the process it took quite some time before we eventually faced a trial, I think the first was in late 2001.

During this waiting/fighting period I lost a close friend and the world lost a great man in Mr 2.

I don't feel right discussing the circumstances of his death, here online especially in relation to this topic but a soldier fell by the wayside and will never be forgotten.

The three of us that remained attempted to run separate trials as the witness's had stated that they had their heads down during the event and couldn't say how many men came in so we felt it was a bit unfair to try three as "the group" when the alleged victims couldn't even state how many were in the said group.

Justice Grey of the ACT Supreme court denied us separate trials and so the first trial began before a jury.

As the first trial began it became bogged down in argument and was aborted, buying us another six months or more of freedom.

We returned again in early 2002 and nearly got through the second trial but Mr 4's budget barrister made statements to the effect that we were drug barons and this was a turf war.

Remember this guy was supposed to be on our side!

The rest of our defence team made it possible for the trial to be aborted on the grounds that Mr 4's Barrister had made unauthorized statements to the court.

We left the Supreme Court on for another period of around six months before returning for what would be our final trial.

By this stage the whole thing had become a huge burden that we all had to juggle on top of our already dodging day to day lives.

It had been three years!

My Barrister offered me the opportunity to blame the others and possibly escape punishment but I refused.

Not one of us took the stand, as mates do we all remained 100% silent through the trial.

We selected a jury and the trial began.

It lasted for five full days Monday to Friday.

The alleged victims were put up in a motel under police guard at the expense of taxpayers.

Yes you paid for drug dealers to stay in a beautiful hotel while government prosecutors tried to burn us for robbing them of drugs and ruining their drug business.

Tanswell and co had also been charged that night with possession and supply of drugs the night of the event but funnily enough Tanswell was not charged with claiming the dole and having the proceeds of crime in his bank account.

Of course Detective Shakeshaft and co thought that helping Tanswell and co fight for justice was really important and offered Tanswell and co leniency in exchange for them going crown witness against us.

Hundreds of thousands of tax payers dollars were spent on this case followed by three of the alleged victims receiving criminal compensation of around \$10,000 each which you also paid for!

The trial was amazing.

Even though we were caught outside the joint with the drugs and weapons in the car it was hard to tell what had really happened.

I mean we had the alleged victims on the stand admitting to dope dealing, being high as a kite when it happened, the whole deal.

One of the highlights for me was watching the police officers stumble and stutter to our defence team in an effort to seem professional.

They couldn't remember who arrested who, what exactly was found or where anything was found and looked down right incompetent.

Had the ridiculous "Joint criminal enterprise" law not just come in they never would have convicted us for this crime.

The alleged victims couldn't identify anyone clearly or even say how many people had been there, Tanswell gave up his dealer without even being requested too and the police looked like they were either corrupt or just plain hopeless.

Basically that new law got them a conviction based on no work on their part!

I actually call it the old "When in doubt bust everyone" law or the "Bust 10 people one is bound to be a crim" law.

So the trial went on, to be honest the only thing that kept me sane was my mates, my family and fine hydro skunk.

Though the skunk nearly got me in trouble a couple of times, one day we broke for lunch and I went for a feed and a joint but lost track of time only to have a phone call from my lawyer because I was late coming back!

They nearly locked me up for it too!

Our defence team fought hard and did pretty well considering they had to prove our innocence without any of us getting on the stand.

I recall the prosecutors name, it was Standish he was an ex copper so that says a lot.

The maximum charge for armed robbery is 25 years and all though we would never get that much time the prosecutor wanted us to do as much of it as possible.

After closing statements on the Friday afternoon our team told us it was looking about fifty fifty on a conviction.

Luckily for us the corrective services staff were about to knock off and didn't want to wait for a jury deliberation on a Friday night as a big case can take ages.

So we had a weekend to contemplate what the future would hold.

I spent mine getting drunk and high while committing adulterous acts.

I also wrote down everything my new runner would need to know should I not come home and I gave it to my girl of the time in case I did get locked up.

On Monday morning November the 24th 2002 Me and my two mates returned to the Supreme court to find out our fate.

It took the whole day for the jury to come to an agreement, I remember I had run out of smokes and made a dash into civic to get some.

As I jogged back I thought maybe I should keep jogging and not come back and I lit up a smoke.

It would be the only smoke I would ever have out of that pack.

As I ran back inside the court the jury was walking in to give their verdict.

I knew it was bad straight away because one of the chicks on the jury was balling uncontrollably, and why would she be so upset to not send someone to the nick.

We all stood in the court room as the jury read out a verdict of guilty for both assaults and the armed robbery charge.

And so we were taken into custody.

Justice Gray promised us that when we returned the next day to make a date to be sentenced he would allow us bail again to sort out our affairs before the gaol time.

A common courtesy I thought.

We were taken to the Belconnen remand centre and processed.

It was already late in the evening by the time we were put in E block I think it was called.

My cell was a foam mattress on a concrete slab but I had to put the mattress on the floor in the middle of the room because the walls were absolutely covered in chag and spit.

I will go into more detail about my time inside in other stories I blog and on my album "raw stories".

I spent most of the night reading the only book I could get my hands on, something about Buddhism and the Dali lama.

I didn't sleep, I was getting out in the morn so I was thinking about what I had to organize before we came back in and I wondered how long I would be in for.

The next morning we showered and were transported back to court.

Once we returned I discovered Justice Gray was not a man of his word at all when his promise of a few weeks to organize our affairs turned out to be a lie.

We were told to return on December 20th about a month later, taken back into custody and sent back to the Belconnen remand centre.

I remember sitting in the cells below the court, there was about 20 or more dudes in there all complaining and I was thinking damn how am I going to get myself out of this one.

During the month before heading back to court I basically clung to blind optimism, I refused to give the getting on/scoring cash to my runner on the outside and I

continued setting up deals for him using my girl as go between along with the gaol phones and the visits I had.

Both these people fucked me over in the end, a wounded animal is easy to harm.

I told all that visited me I would be out on the 20th and don't write to me Im only here a month.

3 and 4 weren't as optimistic, 3 thought after a few months he could fight his way out and 4 thought it was over for many years.

While waiting for the sentencing date I met with my legal guys and was told the only way to stay out of gaol was to find another way for the courts to punish me.

We tried community service, home detention and weekend lock up but they didn't want to hear that they wanted full time.

Our next move was to approach DODA a group that take inmates that do drugs and puts them in to a rehab or something for six months then lets them free.

As I had been smoking weed since I was young and often indulged in recreational drugs as well this seemed like a reasonable ask.

A DODA official even made a trip to the remand centre to let me know I would be out soon.

We also enlisted medical officials to strengthen our position.

I thought I had it sussed.

Mr 4 also made an effort to manoeuvre out of prison time, using a psychologist he told the courts he had a mental deficiency.

His strategy really had me worried cause I was thinking if that backfires he ends up in a mental patient gaol, stuff that!

Mr 3 was staunch to the end, his only extra manoeuvre was to tell the courts that the people we had robbed were drug dealers and that they deserved it, hence the fact he received a slightly longer non-parole period then the others.

So on December 20th we returned to court and put our new plans for punishment forward to Justice Gray.

Mr 4 and my self were told to again come back to court at a later date for sentencing, this time on February 24th 2003.

It was roughly a two month adjournment.

And so I spent my first of 3 Xmas's inside.

Mr 3 wasn't tired of the fight yet.

He didn't try a new attempt for freedom or a different angle and instead got sentenced that day so he could lodge an appeal against the whole conviction.

He received 5 years with a non parole period of 3 years.

In the holding cells Mr 3 and Mr 4 argued over money Mr 4 owed and then I had a chat with 3, it would be our last proper chat for a while.

I have a lot of respect for Mr 3, I consider him a good mate.

We are banned from contacting each other until November 2007 and I will be giving him a ring then no doubt.

The three of us returned to remanded custody, now at Symonston remand centre. We arrived late and headed to our cells, the next morning Mr 3 left for the NSW prison system.

On the 22rd of February my family visited me and Mr 4 at the remand centre and with my usual optimism told them I would win the following day, mainly to put them at ease knowing how much stress I had caused them.

The next day it felt good to put on my suite and I felt as though I really could win and be transferred to DODA which would allow me a day with family before heading to wherever that place was.

We walked in to court that morning and thankfully former 60 minutes reporter Geoff Carlton I think it was had some defamation case going so the tv cameras stayed away and focused on that.

We entered the court room in cuffs as usual but with hope of maybe taking them off at last.

We tendered all our stuff to justice Gray things like references, business paperwork, doctor's notes and of course the DODA stuff.

We brought up professionals to state why we should not be locked up and they spoke on the stand.

Gray adjourned till the following day and after another family visit we were back in court.

Unfortunately it was my sisters 21st birthday and I would have preferred to give her a better gift.

Mr 4 was told to stand first and he did so, Justice Gray read the sentence of 5 years with a non parole period of 2 ½ years.

Poor Mr 4's eyes welled up with tears but he held his nerve.

I was told to stand next and did so, Justice Gay read out the sentence of 5 years with a non parole period of 2 ½ as I of course had expected after Mr 4's sentence seconds earlier.

I turned to my family and said "Don't worry everything will be fine" and punched my closed fist on my heart.

I think perhaps I also apologised.

Then the screws lead me to the holding cells, I tried to hug people as I went by but the screws in charge wouldn't allow it so I had to just pass by them.

To those screws, FUCK YOU DOG CUNTS!

Me and 4 spent some time in the holding cells talking to a guy we knew who was waiting to go through the same thing we just had and then we were loaded onto the truck.

The truck was hot, the seats were metal and we were cuffed.

The trip took a long time from Canberra to Junee.

You would think we would have been all depressed and scared and maybe we were deep down but we didn't want to look there because we were headed to a place of little pity.

So we lay on a metal seat each as we were the only people on the truck and laughed about nights out partying and deals gone wrong. We smoked a few ciga's that we had smuggled on to the truck and had a laugh at the whole saga.

I think the fact that we finally knew our fate made us a bit more relaxed, we no longer had to stress about when we would go home. It was a long way off but we knew when it was so now we could begin the journey for real.

We had served 3 months on remand but gaol was completely different and that is basically the case and conviction that sent me to there.

There were a couple more twists along the way worth noting though.

Mr 3 appealed conviction and was denied, he was paroled on the 24th of November 2005.

The biggest twist by far though was when I had done 16 months and had 14 to go. I received notice from the outside that one of the jury members had been part of an altercation that me and Mr 2 had also been involved in, to put it plain the dude got his ass kicked. We hadn't even noticed him in the jury and to be honest I have no idea what he even looks like now.

Early in my sentence that information would have been awesome as I had club owners and employees to id him and then we could have had the conviction thrown out and a new trial ordered returning me to the street straight away!

The problem was that if I did it at this stage of my sentence and I received a new trial sure I would be free but I also had to factor in that the time I had all ready served would be void and should I be found guilty again I would restart my sentence whatever it turned out to be.

So I bit my tongue and let it go, finished my time and got out.

Both Mr 4 and I were released on May 24th 2005.

3 and 4 were both paroled to the ACT.

I was singled out and banned from my home town for the duration of my parole.

My parole ends on November 24th this year (2007) and finally after 8 years the whole joke of an event will be over.

Once it is over I will document my parole experience.

BLOG SIXTEEN

Only the good die young.

First published – Aug 12 2007.

It is Sunday in the early afternoon and I have set this time aside for a special reason.

The reason is it was my mate's birthday some weeks back on 23rd of June.

We didn't have a beer together or go out; we haven't done that since the year 2000.

My mate Tony Petrovic passed away on November 17th in the year 2000, he was 28.

Having just turned 28 myself has made me really understand how short his life was. I think to myself should my life end now there would be so many goals unachieved, so many experiences not lived.

When Tony passed away I had only just turned 21 and even though I felt he had died young then it has really dawned on me this year as I look back from the same point in my life.

Tony you taught me many things my friend and I have not forgotten these things or forgotten you.
I never will.

I will write about the Tony I knew in this special blog so I can tell you all about a great man who you will unfortunately never get to meet. Also for me it is a chance to finally put my memories and thoughts in to writing after all these years.
My memory is not that good and I don't want to forget these memories.

I first met Tony when I was sixteen.
At the time I was staying with my Mums ex boyfriend Steve in Canberra temporarily while I found myself a flat.

Steve's daughter Tracey was like a sister to me and she had just started seeing a guy and introduced me to him.
That was the first time I met Tony.

Tony was about 6 ft 3 or 4, a charismatic Croatian Australian lad that wore a lot of chunky rings and stuff.
You would think he would be intimidating to meet but he always had a huge cheesy smile on his face so you knew he was a good guy straight up and we were mates from the start.

I remember Tony brought around a set of surround speakers and amp to the house when he first came on the scene and I was in to all that hi fi stuff so I was like this dude is madd.

A few weeks after Tony and Tracey started dating I had found a flat and moved out. As I was packing my stuff Tony came past and was on his way to get a steering wheel for a car, I had a madd momo one and no car to put it on so I gave it to Tony which he would never forget.

He was that sort of guy, if you did him a good turn it was never forgotten.

He was generous to, he gave Tracey a 4wd jeep thingy as a gift, it wasn't brand new or anything but it was a cool ride.

Tone and Trace didn't last that long but remained friends forever.

I only saw Tone occasionally for a while, the next time I really remember clearly was my 18th birthday.

Steve and Tracey decided I could have the party in there garage and backyard and Tony and his mates were on as security.

The party went off and we all got blind celebrating my birthday, Tony had me try some rachia (spelling is wrong) this crazy 80-90% alcohol shit woouooooo!

So anyway the one rule at my party was nobody goes in the house which everyone stuck by for the most part.

EXCEPT this guy with a crew cut tried to head inside to get himself a glass and Tony grabs him at the door and says "mate nobody in the house" and then sends him back outside.

All sweet.

Half an hour later this other lad rocks up with a similar crew cut to the guy I just mentioned and unaware of the no house rule he heads inside to get a glass.

Now Tony wasn't the type to ask questions so he just grabs this second guy thinking it's the first guy and is like "I told you" as he puts the guys head through a couple of walls and then sends him flying out the front door face first in to the metal railing.

Mistaken identity but Game over!

That was the second last time I saw Tony until 1999.

The last time we crossed paths prior to 99 was a funny story much like the one I just told you.

I owed this dealer a few bucks and he was on my case rocking up at my place for a beer and no doubt to ask for his cash again.

The dealer brought a six pack with him and we were sitting in Tracey's garage having a beer when Tony rocked up.

Tony had his mates backs no matter what and when he arrived he took me aside and asked me who this guy was.

I didn't mention the money but said aggh just a local dickhead Ive got some issues with.

Toney was like "so do you not want this guy here"?

So I said “ no not particularly”.

As we go back toward the garage this dealer lad is standing outside it watching some of our mates play basketball on this little half court we had.

Tony walks up and says give me a beer!

The dealer is like yeah but you can ask more politely then that and hands one over.

Tony skulls the beer in one hit throws the empty on the grass and just grabs another without asking.

As Tony goes to skull the second beer this dealer is like fuck bro you didn't even shake my hand and you wanna drink my fucken beers!

Tony puts out his hand to shake, it's his left hand and I already know why cause he need his right hand.

As they shake hands Tony starts rocking this guy with big right hits to the face and sends him in to a near by fence.

The dealer stumbled to his feet and ran out the gate calling for his mate who had the car keys.

Tony just looks at the dealers mate who just sits still frozen up and so the dealer runs off up the street as Tony takes a few steps after him.

After a few beers that was the last time I saw Tony until I was 19 years old, almost twenty.

Flash forward to 99 and I was doing pretty well, no where near at my peak but doing good in the weed game.

Me and a mate I had brought in for a start in the weed thing were renting a nice little apartment and basically clubbing nearly every bloody night and having a good time.

One night were out on the town when who should I run in to but my old mate Tone!
We had a drink together I grabbed his number.

So I ring Tony the next day and he comes over for a coffee and a chat.

Tone was proud of how I was doing as he had not seen me since I was a broke young kid trying to do school and pay rent at the same time.

He asked me how I was earning a crust.

I told him about my weed operation and he laughed.

It turned out among other things one of Tony's earns was wholesale weed!

It also turned out that he had been away for a while and was now back in Berra for good.

With Tony back in town he'd be at the flat all the time hanging out, we did business together and half the time the big fella was there when we went clubbing too.

I have so many good memories from this period of my life it is amazing.

Clubs, after parties at Tony's house in Weston, after parties at my place and just spending time with my mate back in the day.

Tony was like an older brother to me and I feel I was like a younger brother to him too.

I spoke with him about my father, my childhood and being a man. He always had good advice or a similar experience he had been through to tell me about. His advice and stories always helped or at least gave me piece of mind or perspective.

I can remember this one time and will never forget it, we got back to my house after clubbing and there was about 25 people there one by one the weed and comedowns knocked everyone out except me and Tony and we sat amongst all the past out bodies talking about life until well after the sun came up.

I will never forget that conversation.

Clubbing with Tony was a different experience, the guy was a legend in Canberra, every club we went to with Tony we walked straight past the line and in the door. Everyone would be trying to buy him drinks and he always had a crew of like 10 or 20 people in toe.

I had some sway around the place myself but not to much as I was only very young and just starting out in things but Tony had the "real" sway both because of his genuine and honest character and the fear people had of him due to stories they had heard or possibly things they had seen.

A good example of the respect level he had is that Tony said to me if you ever get stuck in a situation say you are my cousin.

I thought nothing of this as I was usually sweet but one night Im downstairs at a club called Jacksons and these two big dudes kind of request I head outside while all my mates drink upstairs.

So I head outside with them mainly because I didn't want to look like a pussy in front of all the other club heads when they coxed me out there.

Now I was only a skinny young kid so once we get out on the street things seemed pretty bad, the two dudes basically forced me toward a concrete wall and started to talk about my weed dealings around Berra.

I knew the act of jumping me was about to happen so I figured I needed to maybe hit one of these guys and get to the lads or something but then I remember what Tony said!

Things are still half civil and they pretend to chat as they walk me toward the wall so I just say do you guys know my cousin Tony Petrovic?

Wamo...straight away it is arms around my shoulder and they bought me drinks all night.

From then on those two and all there mates didn't even look at me and if they did make eye contact it was usually followed by an offer of a drink.

That was one of the few times Tony wasn't around when shit went down though, He was the sort of mate that had your back to the end.

Another night in Civic I had an altercation with this dude and Im basically strangling him with my left hand and lining him up with my right as we scuffle.

Next thing the guy is ripped from my grip by Tone picked up and dropped on to a soccer table and flogged senseless!

Another time I hooked up with this chick and her ex and mates were trying to get at me in a nightclub when Tony and another mate of ours rocked up.

I pointed out the guy to Tony and straight up him and our other mate marched this chicks ex in the loo for a flogging.

After a few hits I came in and realized I had pointed out the wrong guy so I said sorry to him and then I pointed out the right guy so Tone took the right guy in there and bam game over.

He had your back no compromise.

I don't want you to get the wrong impression of Tony though he was not an aggressive person he was a man of principles and when people went against his principles he reacted how he felt he needed to.

Around friends you would not meet a nicer guy I remember another one of our after Civic parties at another friend named Jakes house.

We were sitting on the floor in a big circle of like fifteen or so guys and girls passing the bong around.

I had brought a weed customer and sort of friend named Pete to the after party as I had run in to him in Civic that night.

Pete was a big lad and enjoyed a knuckle so when I said have you meet my mate Tony and Pete replied "maybe I probably bashed him in Civic one time" the whole room laughed and then went silent as we all looked at Tony for his reaction and he looked pissed off.

Pete realized he had dissed the wrong guy at this point and went a bit pale while looking down to the floor.

Tony let the whole room hang on the tension for a bit and then smiled and giggled shaking Petes hand sending the whole rooms in to fits of laughter.

I still enjoy telling that story to people over a beer.

For a long time after that Pete became Tony's gofer running errands for him and driving him around.

It would be Pete driving and Tony sat in the car beside me the night we took out the dealers and were caught by the pigs up at The Crest apartments.

I served time for it but that means little as Tony did not even live to see the final trial.

Not only did Tone have a mates back when it was crunch time out in the street but he also had your back in life.

I remember once as a youngster he came over to my house and just gave me six full grown weed plants that were just weeks away from harvesting.

A guy had owed him money and couldn't pay so he had taken these instead.

Tony didn't ask me for anything in return!

A month or so later I harvested and got a few thousand out of the plants Tone gave me.

I had a friend helping with the business and we took Tony to dinner at that revolving restaurant overlooking Canberra as a thank you gesture.

I probably should have done more.

Another good Tony memory I was just thinking of is this one night he rocks up at the apartment of me and my mate and just says get dressed warm we are going somewhere.

We did it but had no idea where Tone would take us.

It turned out he had a topless 4wd waiting out front and we went for a late night 4wd in the brindies.

How many mates do some shit like that for ya?

I have to say Tony was a good judge of character too even now some of the advice he gave me all those years ago is coming true.

Ironically the one piece of advice I didn't take from my friend Tony was not to trust this other really close mate I had and I should have.

Tony told me this guy was no friend of mine and in the end his colours would be seen. This friend is the mate (V) I recently told you all had ripped me off and scammed my weed business like a coward during my gaol and parole period.

It turned out Tony was right.

Tony never liked V and despite this allowed him to run from the armed robbery we were convicted of without any retribution after the fact.

Tony and the boys wanted to fix him up for doing a runner during a job but I asked him not to go ahead with that and he let it slide.

Not because he is soft but because I asked him to as I felt V could be trusted and had run out of fear.

Just like the rest of us Tony did not mention V's name to police either.

The armed robbery was really just us squashing some up coming dealers in our area and I have already written about in a blog titled “The case and conviction that got me a 5yr sentence” so I wont touch on old ground.

I shared a cell with Tony the night we were caught for that, even while we got finger printed Tony was trying to sweet talk the female officers and they giggled when he did.

He was pretty good with the ladies I can remember when he had only been back in Berra a few weeks.

I went past his house one Sunday after a big weekend and this scantily clad lass opens the door and tells me he is in the room I go in and he has a chick in the bed with him. Then the other chick climbs in to, one under each arm.

He told them to nick off and we smoked a mix, pimp shit Im telling ya.

So the clubbing and carrying on went in to the new millennium and during that time I moved in to a townhouse in Pearce and got rid of my mate who was helping me out with the weed business at the time.

I was starting to really have access to big dollars and began doing a lot less business with Tony as I began to source larger suppliers.

We still saw each other twice a week for business as I didn't want to sell out on the guy and once a week to catch up a mates.

My twenty first birthday hit around this time as did Tony's cousins birthday so we had a joint party at a bar Tony was involved with.

Afterwards we hit Civic and to be honest this is the last night out I can clearly remember having with my mate Tone.

Also around my birthday Tony gave me a proper premier league soccer ball as I was getting in to the soccer at the time.

As the year went on and I got busier we stopped catching up as much and we were only seeing each other for the business really plus I wasn't going out clubbing too much with this new girlfriend I had hooked up with round mid year so that cut that out.

Before I said I only ignored one piece of advice well it was two actually, he didn't like this chick either and said she was a gold digger.

If you have read my blog “How my ex shafted me of my cash and belongings” you would know he was right, she got me good.

Among the many things of mine that were lost because of my ex girl was the soccer ball Tony bought me that I mentioned earlier and the photos from my whole life.

The photos I will use for this story I had to borrow.

We still had our court appearances for the armed robbery charges and would have a drink afterwards, us boys and Tonys solicitor Jakamira.

Toward the end of 2000 I had not seen Tony for a while, weeks and its something I really regret.

I was so busy making my money and at the time I didn't care for much else.

I will say it now money is shit compared to real mates, that's real talk!

On the 17th of November I received a call from Tracey which I thought was a bit strange as I answered.

She told me Tony was dead, a call I will never forget.

I had to ask her to repeat what she said as it just didn't sound real, she did.

I don't remember to much of the next period of things as I was drunk or high all the time for a quite a while after that.

I guess I found reality hard to accept.

How could Tony be gone?

In tribute to the amazing effect he had on people his funeral held on November the 23rd 2000 had so many people there the church was packed and cars filled the streets. At times they were even blocked off.

I could not understand much of what the priest said at the funeral as it was in Croatian but I still felt every word.

Tears were shed and his brothers carried his casket from the funeral to a waiting car and it was followed by a massive trail of cars to the cemetery where we saw it lowered in to the ground.

I threw sand in the burial hole and my sister through a flower in.

I was overcome by the whole thing and did not attend the gathering afterwards, in honesty I got way high and played music at home.

I did not visit Tony's grave for the next two years though I thought of him often and even though I kept planning to go for some reason I did not want to.

After my release from prison it had been almost five years and I went to see the grave which now had other graves around it to.

Tony was a good friend and he always looked out for me, had he not passed on I know my life would have been different.

This November will be 8 years since Tony passed away in his sleep and I still miss my mate.

I don't think about him as often as I once did but I have not forgotten him.

Much of the advice I got from Tony and the principles he lived by helped shape the man I am today.

I wish he lived to see what I'm doing now, to meet my girl and my baby or hear the music I have made but he can not.

I will have a beer on the 17th of November and remember my mate Tony.

One of the truest people I ever met!

BLOG SEVENTEEN

What \$50?

First published – June 12 2007.

Back again,

Back in the mid nineties when I was a young fella 15 or 16 I used to have a flat at a place in Mawson A.C.T known as the wall.

I was living there with a flat mate named Duncan that I went to school with and my mate Andrew usually stayed most nights not to mention chicks and mates crashing on the regular.

Anyway one night Andrew and I were coming home from a few games of basketball and discussing how we were going to get our smoke on and some coin for a feed.

Short on ideas we headed back to the flat where we found Duncan and a few mates drinking piss and organizing where they could score the best fifty of pot from.

As we walked in I noticed they had there fifty bucks sitting on the table so I picked it up.

As soon as I pocketed the cash they all started questioning me as they had seen me do it in plain sight.

You should have seen the look on there face's when I said it wasn't me!

Of course Andrew backed my story and the whole thing turned into a big argument which turned physical once Andrew poured Duncan's marijuana plant, soil and all on to Duncan's head!

The Andrew and Duncan started wrestling and hitting each other as I took on two of Duncan's mates.

A third guy sat out. (Jeff).

Don't think I was some hero though; luckily the two I was punching on with were twins which meant they were a carbon copy of each others skinny physic.

I hit one of them twice and they both bolted.

By this stage Andrew and Duncan had spilled outside of the flat and pergola thing and into the communal grassed area.

Duncan had picked Andrew up in a sort of spear tackle and dropped him on to his collar bone snapping it instantly.

I ran outside because of the scream Andrew had let out just as Duncan raised up over Andrew and began smashing him.

I went to help out when suddenly Jeff the guy who sat the melee out changed his mind and tackled me to support Duncan.

I threw him off after a short struggle and then tried to fly kick Duncan in the face. I missed the face but I got his neck which got him away from Andrew and then I let him run off down the street.

We stormed inside and Andrew went into Duncan's room of the flat and set all his things on fire which then made created a thick smoke making the walls black, he put the blaze out by pissing on Duncan's charred stuff.

I never saw Duncan again after that.

Me and Andrew ended the evening by finishing of Duncan and companies case of beer which washed down the pizza and pipes we got for th \$50.

Oops I mean what fifty dollars??

Kids..lol

Back soon.

BLOG EIGHTEEN

A shifty little thief named Ben.

First published – June 14 2007.

I picked up this little shit to do the right thing one day not realising I was helping get away from a robbery.

Almost got me in a right bloody mess it did.

I was dropping of some weed to a government apartment complex you guys in Canberra would know as Stuart flats back in 2002.

One of my clients on the top floor had just had me come by and I was just leaving when I noticed a bit of hoo haa toward the end of the apartment carpark.

Having dealt around these flats for years I knew a few people in each block so I wandered over to see what the fuss was about.

It turned out a huge group of lads waiting for a young 18 year old trouble maker named Ben to arrive home claiming he had stripped the stereo etc from there car. They were talking with his girlfriend and she told me he was at the shops and was to worried to come home.

I went down toward the shops and found him on the side of the road. Being a bleeding heart I agreed to escort him back to his flat as he was nearly in tears. I didn't ask him if he stole the stereo and stuff I really didn't give a shit I had my own problems at the time, pending gaol etc so I just told him to watch his actions.

I escorted him to his back door and didn't run into any of the guys which that were hunting him was good. As I drove away I saw the group of lads leaving and figured that would be it.

A few hours later I was back in the area and pulled up at Manuka shops to see another client, Manuka shops is right near Stuart flats.

As I reverse out to leave after doing the business I see a guy running up the street in my rear view mirror, he was screaming so loud that I could hear him over the bass to The real slim shady.

Then I realize its Ben the young guy from before and so I hit reverse, back the car up to him and let him jump in and we take off just in time, door of the car still hanging open and all.

Thinking it was the guys from before Im like "so did you take that stereo dickhead cause I wont always save your ass" and the cheeky little bastard is like "nah man I just robbed a café back there"

Straight away I was stressing out as I had a boot full of stankin ass skunk. I quickly flew up the street and parked my car then the two of us ran down to Bens dingy flat.

I was half way through a smoke and cussing at Ben while he was burning all the evidence and hiding his cash when suddenly there was a knock at the door, that cop knock, real loud and bland like most coppers do.

I was just weeks away from a Supreme Court trial and I wasn't getting done for this shit so I headed into Bens bedroom shutting the door behind me.

I was listening to what was going on from behind the bedroom door as the front door came open and the Police asked about a robbery involving a car registered to me!

Then they came in the flat, Bens girl had answered the door and when they asked permission to enter she said yes.

As they came in I dived on to Bens bed and under his doona. I could hear there voices as they got closer to the bedroom. As they said 'were going take a look in your bedroom' I reconsidered my piss weak hiding place and just as the door handle turned I leapt behind the opening door.

The two cops walked in and looked around but not behind the door, I even saw the back of one of there heads as he looked in the cupboard next to me.

After this they looked in the rest of the house and then left.

I gave it ten minutes and then snuck through the flat complex and to my car heading home to clean out my stash and money moving it to a storage place I had in Fyshwick.

I didn't hear anything else about this which was heaps weird, I was locked up just weeks later and the cops raided my flat while I was on remand perhaps that was why as they never told me the reason for that raid.

I haven't seen Ben since that day, last I heard was he was pimping his girlfriend to pay for drugs.
What a fuckwit aye.

So yeah got a bit more action then I bargained for picking up that little shit, oh well though shit happens.

BLOG NINETEEN

**Another get away – Never picked her as a copper.
First published – June 21 2007.**

Back again,

I was running around like mad one day fixing up cats around the south with smoko and I was in a crazy rush.

I was flying down to Woden to meet a guy in the AMF bowl car park next to the plaza.

I came flying into the car park and accidentally screeched the tyre as I went round a couple of the turns.

I pulled up at the end of the car park where this lad was waiting to meet me, jumped out of the car and wandered over to fix him up.

He grabbed his bag paid me and I turned to leave only to be confronted by what I thought was a public servant.

We were surrounded by office buildings and this lady was wearing a suite so you see what Im saying.

She screams at me what 'were you doing going so fast in a car park'!

Im not rude so I said "sorry hun" and then she replies "you will be" and pulls out a badge and asks me if I have my drivers licence with me.

I was a bit taken back by the turn of events and even though I didn't have a licence I said I did but I said that it was in the glove box of my car.

As I was walking over to my car I was thinking damn no licence and a car full of ganja I don't really have too many options here but to get the hell out!

So I sit in the driver's seat and lean over to open the glove box as the copper stood at the boot watching me.

Sneakily while Im opening the glove box with my left hand my foots on the clutch and my right hand is putting the car into first gear.

Once she was in first I spun round hit the ignition, then the gas and I fired out of there with this copper chasing me on foot yelling.

Once I got out of the car park I drove straight to Fyshwick and traded my car in for a newie.

Luckily I never heard boo about that again except for a call from the guy I had sold the hooch to, they had questioned him but hey I was just some dude he met drinking at the club, Mick somebody..lol

Anyhoo just another little piece of history.

Back soon.

BLOG TWENTY

The hazards of smuggling narcotics in to prison.

First published – July 10 2007.

Smuggling narcotics into the prison system can be a risky business, screws looking to catch you out, more inmates looking to get high then there are drugs on the menu plus cell searches etc etc.

It certainly is a fine line or a razors edge so to speak.

As I have said in earlier blogs it is easy as hell to come by drugs in the NSW prison system though with no shortage of heads willing to take the chance for a dollar or an escape.

During my stay I found it wasnt so much difficult to get the drugs in, the main difficulty was keeping everyone happy once you had the drugs in your hand.

I brought some narcotics and weed into the system for a while, mainly during the earlier times in my sentence.

One reason was the stress involved with the early part of doing time, sentencing, shattered dreams etc.

After a while though I found out it is far easier to let someone else bring the drugs in to jail and then to work with them instead of doing it yourself and trying to either to keep things secret or keep everyone happy.

It is all politics in gaol.

The first few months I was locked up on remand as I had been found guilty but was still awaiting sentencing at remand centres in the ACT.

This was the most uncertain period of my sentence which was made even more stressful by my attempts to continue running my weed business from inside.

I would do this using my ex girlfriend and a runner with my ex girl visiting me with updates and passing messages back outside for me.

This was successful until I received five years and greed over came both of these people but that is another story.

So back to the point, when my ex would come to visit me I would have her bring me narcotics and weed to help pass the time for me and the boys while also affording us those little luxuries at the same time.

It all started the second day I was at the remand centre while I was getting to know the lads there and contemplating my situation.

I asked a few of my new mates where the weed came from in the place and it was in two other wings I think they were b and f but I cant remember exactly.

The reason there was nothing in our wing was that it held all the guys fresh from civilian life that were not yet organised and sorted out. I discovered that it took a week or two to be moved to the "main" wings.

I remember my second day in was a Tuesday and there were no visits on that day, I rang my ex girl from the yard and even though I knew the conversations were recorded I was pissed off at the time and straight out said to bring sme ome weed when you come to visit in the morning.

She was not yet familiar with any of the ways to smuggle the stuff in so it was a bit uncertain first time round.

One way to bring stuff in and the way I normally went for was for her to enter the remand centre with the stuff wrapped in water balloons in her mouth so if the screws were to look to hard she could swallow them.

You are only allowed one short kiss during a visit and although you can push the limit I always kept it to one so I didn't draw unwanted attention to my activities. The ex would kiss me as she left and I would half swallow the packages, holding them in the back of my throat.

I never had any trouble with this method except once when during a strip search which involves coughing while naked I could feel I was going to cough up the balloons when the screw would tell me to cough.

I made small talk and then the screw asked me open my mouth which I did, he then said cough and I did.

That first cough didn't make the packages come out but it did start me coughing like crazy as they tickled the back of my throat!

The screw was kind of looking at me funny so I covered my mouth and just as I did one of the packages flew out of my mouth, hit my hand and rebounded back into my mouth!

I quickly got dressed and was escorted to the wing.

As I said earlier though the screws are the least of your worries once you get the stuff in, it is all jail politics after that.

When I first began bringing the stuff in I kept it extremely quiet only telling one of my co offenders (the drug taking one lol) and two new gaol mates who had explained to me about the techniques involved.

As time moved on and we all moved to the bigger yard we began trading some of what we had for luxuries and people to clean our cells before cell check. Eventually more and more people found out we were bringing stuff in.

At first everyone that found out tried the easiest way to get some action by simply hanging around me all the time and kissing ass but once the list of free loaders became to large that was when the trouble started.

I told all that knew I was no longer giving any stuff out free and would only be selling limited quantities to anyone I had a prior arrangement with.

When I say not giving any out I was still looking after my mates of course, I think some of them were living better then they did before prison.

At first this worked until one group of guys that really enjoyed their narcotics but weren't able to bring any in or purchase them through me started to have an influx of mates arrive in our wing over a couple of weeks. During the same time many of our crew left for NSW prisons or got out.

This created a problem especially when one particular day began with our numbers going from five which was already a very low number to four and the other lads had two new mates come in taking the total to nine in there group.

As soon as the two new guys joined them and ours left we all new shit was going to start. We knew who the two new guys were from outside prison and they weren't soft that's for sure.

Another stick in our position was that our biggest guy my co offender and cellmate had no idea what we were doing with the drugs as I had kept him out of it due to the respect I have for the guy.

We had a quick conference while the new guys set up there cells and then the two newies immediately came up and asked me to "do some laps" of the yard which is just basically walking back and forth in a concrete box thats like 15 mtrs by 7 mtrs.

So I join the guys and do some laps and of course the morning's topic is about me bringing the drugs in and how they can be hooked up, on credit of course.

Again it was a Tuesday and I was as straight up as I could be in the situation, I told them I would be getting a bit in on the Wednesday but wasn't sure if I could give them or any of there crew anything.

This didn't go down well so I lightened it up by saying if I can I will, knowing full well I couldn't or wouldn't give them anything even if only because they were trying to put the heavy on me.

I still had some weed and other things so me and the two remaining lads left in the loop went and got blazed while discussing what to do.

That night a few of the guys I did sell to came up and told me that they had been threatened and warned that they had to tell the other group if they purchased anything from me or knew of me selling.

There was little I could do, inside I couldn't call anyone or come up with any real strategy to play.

I just told the customers it was up to them and that I would have the stuff if they wanted it knowing they would still buy.

On the flip side of course I knew they would still tell to.

I got up the next morning and of course hadn't even finished breaky when a couple lads from the other group came to remind me to save them a cut for later payment, the terms used were of course far more colourful.

I headed to my visit later that morning and grabbed the package that was coming in before heading to the wing where I was met by both my mates and the other group. Both sides were awaiting my successful mission.

With cameras in all the cells and the yard I made the excuse to the other group when I got back that I had the stuff but didn't want to pull it out yet as I thought the screws were watching me.

They bought the story but then at least one of them stuck to me at all times no matter where I went making any shifty manoeuvres impossible.

Finally after some time I said I was going to the toilet and while doing so pulled out a small amount of what I had and repackaged it so as not to have to show how much I had.(even my mates never saw that)

After this I headed to the main guy in the other groups cell and gave him a cut amount from the small amount I had repackaged telling him that was all he could have as I put the rest down my pants for safe keeping.

The whole nine of these guys circled around me as the main lad demanded more. I refused telling him he had to pay the hundred he owed for that lot first and then I asked for a pen to write down my bank details for him. At that point he cold cocked me in the jaw.

I stood my ground simply saying to him that what he just did was the exact opposite way he would ever get anything out of me.

Then I forced my way through the others, out the door and I headed to my cell.

Having kept my good mate/cell mate/co offender in the dark about my activities regarding my cottage prison drug bizo I then had to concote some shite story to him about why my jaw was swollen and why these dudes were fully pissed with me.

True to his character he stayed staunch with me so we sat in the middle of the yard and drank coffee to show we were still solid no matter what as the other two of our mates played cards not far from us.

The week went on pretty badly.

I sold my usual deals and looked after the boys which backfired a few days later. One evening I was passing a package wrapped in a magazine from my cell across to a mates cell one night and one of other crew saw the deal go down in the reflection of a window.

I had acted as though what they saw was me getting rid of all I had.

I was telling them I had nothing left while reports came back to them that I was still selling and I was getting high all the time.

They become pretty pissed off and the yard became a pretty hot spot to be.

The other group would sit next to the door to visits during visiting hours to see if I would be going to get a visit and pick up.

For a while I got others to take visits from my ex but the packages would come back light so I stopped that.

The Mexican stand off went on until I decided to go on a visit to collect a package worth \$1000 which isn't much out here but it is a lot inside.

I left what stash I had left with my co offender (the one that took drugs) and went to the visit.

As I handed him the stuff a guy from the other group came round the corner and saw what had just happened but he kept walking.

I had the visit on so I had to go.

When I got back shit began to heat up it turned out that while I was picking up at my visit the other group had rushed the cell of the guy I left my stuff with.

They were brandishing pens as knives and a boiled kettle filled with honey and water (gaol napalm) demanding the package which unfortunately he gave up.

As this was explained to me we took the opportunity to get stoned while for once the others weren't watching our every move.

To busy getting high on our supply I guess.

Then we went and sat in a row out the front of our neighbouring cells to enjoy the sun and show some sort of defiance and strength.

We were joined by my cellmate drinking a coffee and sensing what was up.

One of our mates went for a walk through the yard without us and within like 30 secs one of the other group drilled him with a couple of massive hits.

Us three stood up and yelled n what not scaring them away temporarily but we knew we couldn't win a battle with these fucks the numbers were just to bad.

Over the next couple of weeks me and my two co offenders were refused anything but full time gaol for our crimes and moved to another remand centre to await sentencing. We were happy to move.

A few of the other group also came out to the other centre but found that the numbers were different in the new yard and they could not pull the same shenanigans there.

Things became about as easy as gaol and being separated from loved ones can be. Me and my cellmate/coffender (yes the drug taking one lol) were now sharing a cell and I decided that I would not sell here so we spent our days and nights getting smashed and playing cards and stuff with the mates we had there.

This went on well until I got greedy as per my personality and my cellmates personality.

I considered starting to sell as the dynamic of the gaol now suited my crew and I.

The maximum spend in Canberra lock up is \$100 a week (\$50 twice a week) from a list of items on the gaol buy up .(NSW only \$60 p w).

So me and my cellmate had a budget of \$200 per week but we would smoke \$70 in cigarettes and the rest wasn't keeping us happy for both munchies and hygiene products not to mention phone calls and other bits and pieces.

This silly idea ended up ruining what I had going in the end and turned in to a comedy of errors.

First I tried to bring in a lot more then usual by having my ex un screw a walkman, put the stuff inside and then drop it of at the front desk for me.

The plan worked until the fact that my ex is a moron came into play. The screws tried to test the walkman by pushing play but the buttons didn't work because the ex had put some of the package in the way!

The police came in and informed me of what had happened.

They also said they couldn't find my ex and I knew they wouldn't.

I told them nothing and wasn't charged as the drugs never made it to me.

The screws removed my visit privileges which included visits.

So I brought in another two guys from the yard and got them involved in trying to set up a new hustle.

Me and one of them would put the funds into my ex girls account then my ex girl would get the stuff from wherever, add some weed from my runner and pass it to the third guys girlfriend who would then visit him and drop it off.

First of it seemed good to go as my ex girl got the cash and made up the package but then she never showed up to meet the third guys girl!

I called her and finally she dropped off the package after two days late while these other two guys were wondering if I was on the level or not.

The morning of the day she dropped off the stuff but before she had done so I was awoken by a screamed death threat in my ear.

It was one of the dudes I was doing this thing with telling me it had to be done that day or I would be stabbed.

It had me a bit stressed but I had dealt with people like him before and just yelled back until we came to an unsteady agreement and then I hightailed to the phone to hurry my slow ex slag up.

Next thing this other guys missus turns out to be some kind of crazy drug fiend and she doesn't show with the stuff going as far as to not take calls from her man in gaol!

After that I pretty much decided drugs in gaol was a bit too hectic and took up training and gambling instead.

I still moved a bit here and there to get a few little luxuries, pay off gambling losses and continued my mission to spend some periods of time smoking the herb but as far as bringing it in goes I only did that once more and it was the day before sentencing knowing I would be off to prison for a while.

A gaol yard friend had a family member in hospital, nothing serious but they knew the doctor and had him greatly over exaggerate the situation causing the screws to give our mate a day to visit the hospital.

As this was just before sentencing I decided to have a party pack brought in.

It was to get through my last two days in Canberra; one awaiting the sentence and one awaiting the truck to the NSW prison system.

For once things went smooth and I sat in my cell with my co offender discussing our plans and reflecting over some choice drugs, you may think that's nuts but it was a time of great stress for us both.

The next day we received a five year sentence each and spent our last night in the remand centre and last night in Canberra for what will end up being the whole five years for me.

We had partied, smoked, dealt and gone clubbing together on the outside so we sat and got high in the cell reminiscing on the old times and discussing what to do when our release would come and how life would have changed over time.

We even counted the non parole period and maximum sentence out in days which in hindsight was a dumb idea as it stayed with me for ages.

One of the few screws that were ok came to the cell and showed us a Canberra Times article about our sentence, he smelled the weed I'm pretty sure but he let it slide.

Me and my cellmate stayed up till the wee hours talking shit and finished off the stash, next morning 7am we were off to the NSW prison system.

Back soon.

BLOG TWENTY ONE

A prison escape gone wrong.

First published – July 16 2007.

This is a funny story about a botched prison escape this guy tried to get away with.

During my time at Junee gaol which is in the middle of no where some place in NSW I met a guy who was passing through Junee on his way to a maximum security facility in Sydney from a prison farm called Mannus.

He was serving a few years for charges I don't remember anymore but the main reason he had to move from Mannus was for an attempted escape which was by far the most piss weak escape attempt I have ever heard of.

With just six months to go on his sentence (un)corrective services had him at Mannus (another middle of no where spot) working on the farm and living prison life pretty much as easy as it comes.

For some weird reason the guy went stir crazy so close to the end of his sentence and decided he couldn't take it anymore.

He waited until the muster was finished and being a prison farm the security is low so he just jumped the fence and bolted to the car park of the gaol. Once he hit the car park he immediately stole one of the screws cars and headed off as quickly as he could.

At this stage the lad thought he was free and had plans of heading back to his home area in Sydney.

So he drives around for a while until he realizes he has no idea where he is or where to go!

The poor bloke just drove around until the fuel tank ran out, by this stage he was getting hungry and thirsty but realized he had no food or water!

For the next day and a half he just sits with this car dying of hunger and thirst waiting for somebody to rescue him.

Eventually the cops arrive and find him in a fairly bad state, a few weeks later he was telling me this story with more time on his sentence for the effort.

By far the most unplanned unsuccessful escape, he was certainly no postcard bandit.

Funny stuff.

BLOG TWENTY TWO

How my ex screwed me out of my cash and belongings.

First published – July 23 2007.

Been saving this one for a while guys.

Its a long story that basically goes over how my ex screwed me out of my money and belongings during my stay in gaol.

I still cant decide if she set out to fleece me from the start or loved me and got greedy, make your own mind up on that one if you can.

It was a bit of a saga but if things are easy you learn nothing hey.

This is one of the blogs I have waited a fair while to write for several reasons.

Its about my ex girl and how she fucked me over while I was in prison things I discuss on my upcoming cd.

I wanted to wait until I was making enough noise around the place so she would read about it/hear about it and I think now there is a pretty good chance of that or if not yet some time soon.

I also wanted to wait till the album was nearly coming out because I have a message in it for her, so Bridget Murphy don't forget to cop "Raw Stories" there is a special message for you!

The fourth reason is the obvious one, revenge and retribution; she took advantage of me and in turn Im spillin the beans on her.
Publishing her true colours for anyone to read.

It is basically the story of how drugs and greed can twist some people's hearts right up.

It is the story of how I lost most of what I had due to trusting the wrong woman.

Im not to good with all the date's of when everything happened but it was some time in the year 2000 Im pretty sure and things for me were going really well.

I had a nice car, nice place to live and more people buying hooch of me then I had ever imagined possible.

I was doing business in the day and partying the nights away, good times.

Anyway I guess money attracts the wrong people and this chick (BRIDGET MURPHY) had been scoring of me for a few years and had noticed how well I was doing these days so started the old flirt thing.

She was an attractive girl on the outside, pity I couldn't see how cold she really was.

So one night I get a call from Bridget's cousin seeing what I was up too, I knew what was up and said I was heading out to Civic.

I said I would be at Quattro's if they wanted to come down.

Later that night in a haze of E's and beer I hooked up with her and the saga began.

At first she was good I would run round till 11pm and she would come over once I was finished and watch a movie or what ever and then go to sleep and then at 8am the day would start again.

This was good for a while and she didn't complain then after a few weeks she started asking to move in.

I didn't think it was that good of an idea having a women that close with all the shit I was up to but after a fair bit of harassment I said we could try it out.

I had my younger sister living at my house also, the two were both fiery personalities and they didn't get along.

My sister moved in with a friend after only a couple of weeks telling me to break up with her, never one to take advice I didn't.

Being as busy as I was I was happy to have someone around making lunch, cleaning the place and mulling up for me and my mates.

I should have kept it like this but being young and stupid I fell in love with a hoe.

We became close and she was a really nice girl at first plus she past the shifty bitch test which was a process where you leave counted wads of cash in ya pocket that are all bunched up so they look like you haven't counted them.

She does the washing and gives it back, you count it.

You keep making the wads bigger as you can trust her more until ya got piece of mind.

Worked before but I guess this slag had staying power.

Things were cruisy and smooth until we were together for a few months, this piece of time haunts me as one of them life cross roads..lol

I could still have made it out un scathed. Ha ha.

Bridget went out one morning and before I headed out of the house I grabbed a fresh pack of smokes from the draw and a guys phone number fell out.

I did the Sherlock Holmes and went through her shit finding a note scribbled on a pad of hers eluding to the fact she wanted to have a secret relationship with said named dude.

I was pissed and called her and broke it off picking up my good mate Ken for a few cones and getting into the days business.

I was so certain the shit was over that I lined up a Sat day night club thing with this chick I met and thought there that seals it.

New one in old one out.

So here comes the haunting cross road, A few days later I was returning home to grab some supplies cruising with Ken again as was often the case and Bridget is parked in the driveway.

I basically just told her to piss off, grabbed what I needed and left while she tried to show me some bullshit tattoo she got to represent us which was a joke.

So all day me and Ken are back and forth to my place and dropping off weed while Bridget just sat at the park across the street staring at us every time we drove in.

By late that night she had nearly broken me down and as I switched of the business phone and turned up my street I said to Ken if she is still here after all this I will give her another chance.

Unfortunately she was and I cancelled the date with the other chick.

One condition of us still seeing each other was that she tell me why she kept her phone on silent all the time and that was the next shit.

It turned out she had a disgruntled ex boyfriend named Sam ringing all the time to try and get her back then abusing her when she refused.

At first it had me a bit worried as I didn't know who Sam was, he was from Sydney not Canberra, miles away.

So I talked to him on the phone and he threatened me, we got into an argument which resulted in him saying he would come down from Sydney to "see me" with a gun. This caught me by surprise so I told him to ring me back in a few hours.

I quickly rang a few mates looking for a gun of my own, finding a shot gun I could lend of a mate in Weston Creek area.

Sam returned my call and I arranged to meet him at a memorial spot he and Bridget had for a miscarried birth, it was the only spot he said he knew in Canberra besides place's like Civic etc.

He told me it would be four hours until he would be there so I had a feed and when the time came drove to the spot.

I sat there in the bush's waiting to get the jump on him until the sun came up and then I left as he never arrived.

Don't get me wrong Im no bloody John Rambo, I had no idea what I was going to do should he actually arrive armed up, I just wanted to solve the situation.

His calls to Bridget's phone stopped for two days until he rang and told me he was there the whole night which was amusing; he then began calling her like 30 – 40 times a day despite us all just taking the piss out of him every time he rang over a period of weeks.

In the end we got a new phone for her, this guy was delusional.

I turned the old phone on briefly again almost a year later and within 48 hrs he rang!

As this crap was brewing I remember thinking to myself "Dave you know you shouldn't be with this bitch, you must break up with her before you get any closer" I was all ways a real organised cat and I could see I was letting someone in that could jeopardise everything.

I thought long and hard about getting this gitl away from my circle.

Then suddenly my world was rocked by the death of a close friend and a man that gave me a great deal of life advice that I still use to this day.

Tony Petrovic rest in peace my brother.

With Tony's death Bridget and I became very close.
It comforted me to have someone around me all the time.

Another thing I think that made me think we were so close was being high, not just the usual weed stuff but other drugs to.
I had always got in to a few other substances when clubbing and partying but weekdays were for business.(other then weed of course).

I remember the day of Tone's funeral, straight afterward she was suggesting we score a bunch of party drugs.
Being depressed I thought it was a good idea and with a few other mates we went on a bender for a few weeks before stopping to get back into routine.

Me and one of the mate's made a pact to never go on such a big bender and to only get into the narcotics with each other present, he could see what Bridget was trying to do, fund an endless 24/7 party lifestyle.

I found out years later that she had been with this "Sam" when he received a huge compensation payout only to bleed him dry in a year and leave.

I was raided by police and charged with several offences related to dealing shortly after my friend passed and with my pending armed robbery case and current good behaviour bond/suspended gaol term I was really stressed.
With Bridget still appearing as the loving concerned girlfriend I began to need her in my life.
It was then she began emotionally blackmailing me into constantly buying drugs and if that didn't work she would just scream and throw tantrums until I caved in and scored or got to embarrassed if mates were over.
Either way I would buy her whatever she wanted and who ever was around would have some.

With all the court crap going on I was pretty sure the AFP were all over me so I got a runner in and paid him to do all the leg work while I lay low.

I moved with Bridget to Ngunawal which at the time was a new suburb on the edge of Canberra.
I was thinking I would lay low, settle down, legitimize some larger amounts of money and most of all I could use the time to get my court stuff all finalized.

Oh how wrong I was!
With the new found free time things went ballistic.

My only tasks were to buy a large quantity of weed once or twice a week, restock my runner every three days while scooping up my profit and in between I'd meet my big clients once or twice a day as they rang me or visited from interstate.

So basically all we did all day was woke up got high all day, went shopping, went to the club, went to dinner or went on holiday.

It was nuts and yeah it was a lot of fun too but it cost a damn fortune.
All the business sense and money smarts went out the window too.

It was all about having a good time 24/7.

One thing I hadn't factored in to my plans was the fact that the runner I had on was, well, to put it plain a joke of a salesman.
He would be late, ignore phone calls and so within six or so months he had dropped my profits by 70%.

At around this time Bridget caused me to be robbed by the Australian federal police for cash and drugs which just went along with how things were beginning to pan out for me.

Spending more then ever on this ridiculous lifestyle, legal bills, the rip off and the drop in profit saw me and Bridget chopping through the cash much faster then it was coming in.

In some sort of crazy rebellion I decided to get rid of the runner despite my legal situation and to do things myself again.

It was that or stop blowing madd coin so yeah I took the reigns again.

I don't know what the hell I was thinking, not much aye due to all the drugs I was consuming I guess but I moved back to the southside to Manuka and hit the bizo as hard as I could.

Within weeks I had surpassed my old profits and reached new heights but then something terrible happened.

The worst weed drought I had ever dealt through.

Normally I loved a small drought it cleaned out the part timers who didn't have the cash to wait it out.

For the first couple of months I was enjoying the freedom of having nothing to do. It was at a point where maybe every two weeks I would score about a days worth of supplies sell it in minutes as nothing was around and party for another two or even three weeks.

By now the lifestyle I thought was nuts had got even more chaotic, with little money coming in and our drug fuelled party lifestyle hitting its peak my once fairly large nest egg was dwindling away.

Even when supplies did pop up there were times when I would go and sell it all in one go and the profit would be gone that day!

Finally as the drought hit its worst and my Supreme Court trial for the armed robbery loomed near we spent the last of my profit.

This didn't worry me to much as the amount I was using to buy my weed was at the point that I could dip in for quite some time without affecting business.

But some how we seemed to be making a real chop of it and got right down to around 20% of it at which point the crazyness had to stop.

Unfortunately my Supreme Court trial was underway and with a maximum sentence of 25yrs I was still getting high through the trial to keep from facing reality.

Toward the end of the trial I gave a sum of cash to my regular weed supplier in case I was to get locked so he would be ready to hook up who ever I put in charge if or when the time came.

When I was first locked up I wasn't to sure how long it would be for and I hoped for the best.

Using Bridget as my organizer and a mate as a runner I kept things alive while I was locked up.

My regular weed dealer was still dry during my first two weeks inside though which caused a lot of headaches.

Bridget was crying poor every time she came in to visit me despite the large amount of cash I left her which I expected to last months.

Luckily a guy I knew from my outside weed transactions was also locked up in my yard and through him I credited a large quantity of weed to be dropped off to Bridget payable in a few days.

With the drought the stuff went like lightning but then Bridget came to visit telling me she was thousands short to pay my mates people!

Just in time my regular weed supplier got some product and dropped it to my girl so I thought things were sweet as the profit from them sales would cover all plus leave plenty to spend.

Some how she didn't pay the debt so I have her doing business through my regular guy and this mate I still owe has now left my gaol for another gaol and his people are putting the heavy on my girl and certain associates on the outside to pay up.

Awaiting trial and stressing out not to mention drama's I had running my own thing inside.

I didn't need this extra hassle, luckily I got a group of real heavy dudes to kill the whole money owing drama for me after a lot of time spent on the prison phone and a lot of head miles.

I then took the running of the business from Bridget leaving my long time best mate in charge who would also take advantage of me but that will be a blog next month.

So business returned to normal and Bridget was visiting me regularly, I suspect it was because I was still funding her party lifestyle through my mate/runner.

She would spend the money I would get sent to her each morning and be getting more from my runner by the afternoon.

I would have him give her 300 – 500 bucks and by four or five in the arvo she would be getting another 300 and sometimes more at night.

As my little gaol drug operation was making my time inside smoother and she was bringing the stuff into me I allowed her to continue spending all my profit like a nutter.

I still wasn't sure if she really loved me or not as I hadn't been sentenced yet but I was sure that being given some time would provide the proof either way and I continued on.

Besides it also makes it easier I think if you have a woman who is waiting for you, some how connecting you to the world.

The day my sentence was handed down I received 5 years and that was the last day I saw Bridget and all most the last contact we had.

She changed her number as soon as I hit the NSW prison system.

I had people on the outside get me her new number and we spoke, she was adamant she was going to wait for me and told me she had a card and was visiting.

The phone call of course ended in me having cash wired to her.

I decided not to give her anymore cash and so our next two months of phone calls were her promising to visit/send mail and me promising to send cash.

Over the next six months I got reports from people saying that she had sold my cars (that were in her name a plan originally designed as a way around my shifty record). She was selling my home cinema, furniture and all my valuables to fund her party lifestyle.

I would question her and she would deny it.

My love became hate and since I didn't trust her anymore I ignored her reports that my mate wasn't saving any money for me or planning to do the right thing.

I figured she was lying.

I then stopped all contact with Bridget, I think it began as a test to see if she would contact me if I didn't ring her and then became "Fuck that bitch"

The reports she had sold my stuff turned out to be true.

What she couldn't sell, things like my personal effects, photo's, a soccer ball I got as a 21st gift from my man Tony Petrovic not long before he passed on she abandoned.

She left it all in my apartment as she hadn't paid the bills and had to move out.

I don't know where she went but I guess to some dickhead with loose pockets.

I got a letter from her around 5 or 6 months before I was due to be released saying she was sorry and just couldn't bare to see me in gaol as it hurt her to much.

The letter was basically asking if I would please move in with her upon release.

I rang on the number supplied and asked about mail and staying in touch, she just stuttered.

I did get some personal satisfaction though, its evil but I was glad to hear she was now a prostitute to supply her still not ended party.

During the call I basically rubbed her face in her current occupation and talked about karma before hanging up, that was the last time we spoke.

To this day I still cant work her out.
I think “was she ever in love with me”
“Did she become greedy for money and drugs or did she intend to fleece me from the beginning”

I don't think I will ever know.
If I see her I would ask her but that would detract from the effect of me spitting in her face.

If she did fleece me on purpose well 10/10 for being the shiftiest snake I have ever met, you got me bitch, that won't ever happen again.
If she did love me, How the hell could you do that to me bitch.

Anyoo Bridget I bask in the glory of being in love with my girl Stacey and awaiting our first child together.
I have fought my way back into a good life and you probably continue to pimp your soul for a dollar.

Take what you will from what happened readers, Im not trying to win anyone over just lay the facts out bare.
I have learned many lessons from what happened, as you would imagine there was a lot more to it.
Hopefully you can get something out of reading this; if not I hope the shit was at least a good read.
It was a fairly interesting experience to live through!!

Back soon.

BLOG TWENTY THREE

Stabbed in the back by my best mate.

First published – July 29 2007.

In a man's life there are moments that effect the outcome of your whole existence and to Me this time of my life was one of those moments.

This is the tale of a series of events that lead to a major cross road in my life.

I built a lucrative cannabis business and was then locked away in prison leaving my so called best mate in charge.

My so called best mate used my situation to take advantage of me and ruin everything that I had worked for out of per greed.

On the other hand he forced me to consider another lifestyle so I made a change and focused on my music.

This is a change I am so happy I made so it is ironic that such a negative situation could turn out so well.

I could philosophise on the situation forever but instead here is the story of how trusting a snake changed my destiny.

The story of how greed can change a friend into a cold hearted enemy.

Enjoy.

Back again,

First off before I begin I want to say many thanks to everyone that reached out to me after my blog concerning my ex shafting me.

The emails were much appreciated.

I consider the end of the story I am about to tell a major turning point in my life and the whole saga is an event that is still in effect in my life right now.

I have waited patiently to write this blog and just as patiently for my album to drop containing a dis track aimed at the main character in it.

I will tell the whole story but won't be dropping his name yet.

I will drop his name on the album.

As far as the dis track on my album goes, the heat is mainly aimed at arresting officers, Judge's etc but above all them this guy would be right on the top of the list. I will post the list of targets in the song and the reasons they all cop it when my cd hits stores.

This blog itself could actually cause a bit of a shit storm for me but that is sweet I back everything I say as I always do.

So here we go!

For the stories sake I will call the main guy in it V, you will know his name soon enough.

I don't know where to begin with this story as me and V go way back as far as high school.

We grew up in the same suburb, Torrens ACT, both shifty bastards, both loved sports.

We hung out with the same crew, drank and smoked bud together, best mates.

We had our moments fighting as most young mates do.

Mostly juvenile things like the time he stole some basketball cards from me and so I broke into his house and stole some of his stuff in return.

He through eggs at my house, I smashed up the front of his, mainly just children's games.

I had his back from day one and I thought it was vice versa.

When we were young, about 15 or 16 I had this flat in Mawson and I would let him live there for free when he needed to as a real mate does.

As we grew up into young men 18 or 19 he went on the dole and I sold weed.

For six months or so V got a job at a sex shop but that didn't last and so I took him under my wing again despite protests from friends that claimed he was a no good dog.

I supported V and basically kept him alive for months until he moved into a flat at his mother's house.

Over time my weed operation began to prosper in a major way and the first thing I wanted to do was bring in a mate as I had done before on several occasions in years past.

My first choice was V as I considered him the guy I could trust most.

With a lot of police heat on me I offered V a job running pot around for me so I could lay low and I could also help him out at the same time.

I could have got someone a lot cheaper than I had paid him but it comes down to mates rates, loyalty n all that.

V at this stage had been living in this flat of his Mums underneath her house for quite a while with some ugly red head lady friend.

It was basically a weed smoking half way house most of the time.

Having watched V basically become a bum I was happy to rescue my old mate from the shit existence he was living.

V was eeking out a life smoking pot all day and watching tv while waiting for dole checks to come in or sponging of his girl.

You could see in his eyes he had no pride left.

I went to his hovel of a flat and offered him \$1250 a week plus half an ounce of smoko to run around for me for ten hours a day, pretty good considering it was tax free.

V was keen as f**k to get involved and he had a little experience doing runs for me.

A month earlier V had destroyed my Nissan Maxima on the way to a concert and run around for the past month to pay back the \$5000 plus it cost me to fix it.

I had used his car during this time and as it was a bucket it died on me, I fully repaired it for him and he was ready for work.

As is usually my rule in these blogs I won't get into amounts I was selling but V was very busy running around and at first things were good.

V had some pride back again and some coin in his pocket.

I had a chance to spend some time relaxing.

It was around this time that I was caught by the AFP taking out some local competition from my area.

The case as you may know landed me a five year prison sentence; V was present at the event but ran away half way through like a true coward.

Neither I nor any of my mates that were involved in the trial ever mentioned V's name officially and we never will.

Despite this act of solidarity V did not visit or write to any of us while we served time!

So anyway I had V run for me for around six months but he was a piss poor salesman with no work ethic or people skills so the business I had him handling steadily declined until at the six month point profit was down 70%!

I was forced to let V go his own way and I even paid for him to visit the Czech Republic for a holiday after I let him go.

We barely saw each other for a long time when he returned, I continued moving weed and he went back to the small flat under his Mums house.

I think he thought I owed him because we were mates but the guy would have sent us both broke.

So we went our separate ways for a bit but still stayed in touch.

Then around 2002 I went to gaol and once inside was faced with the dilemma of running my business from lock up.

At first I had my girl of the time in charge.

She would score, handle the nest egg and meet with me at the remand centre with V who had re appeared on the scene after my incarceration doing the leg work.

This didn't last long as my girl of the time would blow way to much cash.

With little time before I was going to be sent off to the NSW prison system I knew I would fade into memory or maybe at best become a voice on the phone, years from coming back.

I met V in the visit centre of the Symonston remand centre in Canberra for a meeting.

In the hasty meeting we agreed that he would save me 50% of all profit for the first year and every year after that he would put away an un named substantial sum.

We were that tight I thought that I didn't even need to specify the amount of the substantial sum or ask him to keep records.

We shook hands and that was a solid agreement.

I was shipped to the NSW prison system with my life and relationships in tatters but I took comfort in the fact my mate V had my back and once released I would return to the world with a very tidy sum of money and a business to run.

I took comfort except for one strange fact.

V did not show at my court case.

During my years inside I discovered that my now ex girl had sold all my belongings and spent all of my money.

What she couldn't sell was just left in my apartment where she hadn't paid the bills and that stuff was also lost.

Through V I had been looking after her financially in the beginning but once I felt no love I stopped paying up.

I would call V in the first months of my sentence and talk, a familiar voice was comforting.

I should have begun to question his motives then because I would always start the conversation with "Hows things" and he would always reply "business is ok, fairly busy".

I always thought it was weird he would think of the business first despite the circumstances I faced.

What angle was he playing?

After those first few months in gaol the whole system became my life and so I ceased calling everyone except for family.

V had always promised a visit on the phone but never came in to do so during the whole 2 and a half years I ended up serving.

Say what you want to say.

It is what it is.

Once I stopped phoning people I turned to writing.

An evening would often be me in the cell writing letters and raps.

I wrote V several letters telling him how when I got out we were going to get paid big and then sell my business.

It would be full steam ahead on my release etc.

V never wrote me a single reply!

Say what you want to say.

It is what it is.

With no letter coming back I began trying to call him again but the number I left him had been disconnected.

I had to resort to having others track him down and when they did he would lie and say he was going to visit me.

Many people suspected he was trying to hide and rip me off, a theory I disagreed with then but one which I now agree with.

As my release day came closer I had someone send me V's number and I began calling him and planning to catch up after I got out.

It had been very difficult for my people to get hold of him and when I would ring him he now never mentioned the business except a brief speech concerning a robbery on his house and losing some cash and product.

I later heard from many people he was frantic about my pending release and that the robbery on him he spoke of was only months before my release date, if that.

Looking at it now it seems very convenient that he was robbed right before I got out.

When I was released I was banned from Canberra and so some of the crew came up to celebrate with me in Wollongong, the place parole had me living.

The first to arrive was V who looked very nervous when we first shook hands until my excitement to see him, his new girl and his new baby put him at ease.

The first night business was not discussed; we simply caught up over beers, e's and some clubbing.

The first time we discussed business was in a taxi to a night club on the second night of celebrations.

V had turned to me and blurted out a speech that I could tell he had wanted to fire at me for a long time.

V told me he had been robbed by a guy we knew named Matt of a large sum of money that he had waiting for me.

He said Matt had taken most of his product as well and with the new family he just couldn't get back on his feet.

Despite the fact he didn't have the huge sum of cash for me I was in such a good mood E'd up and newly free.

I told him he was a good mate and could have the business; I said that I was just glad to see him well.

He told me he would keep me in the money and that the business was always mine anyway should I make a come back.

I could see the business was now maybe ten percent of what it once had been anyway.

For weeks I would just have V give me the cash as I needed it and I caught up with the friends and family I had missed while locked up.

I celebrated a lot.

Then a funny thing happened to that really should have alerted me to how much of a dog V was.

I spotted Matt from the alleged robbery on V and began heading over to beat the shit out of him when I was stopped by V, we disputed the merits of my beating Matt up.

Stunned about the situation I did as V asked and pulled up.

I thought the whole situation was suspicious and I really should have started planning my back up options then.

Once the honey moon of release was over I realized I would have to make a choice. Would I get back into business as planned or try something new and legal in the form of a small business opportunity I had.

I sat in Wollongong and thought hard about what I should do.

While sitting in the Gong I ran in to old friends and I did a few big deals then caught the bug for money again.

At the time I told myself I had no choice but to start dealing again or I would go broke.

I now see it was just greed for money and the lifestyle I had left behind before my prison stay.

I spoke with V and told him I would be returning to Canberra.
This totally caught him by surprise as I was banned from the city.
I think he thought I would be so far away that he still had time to manoeuvre and shaft me before I could return to our home city and take the reigns.

We agreed we would go halves in the business and get a second house in Canberra for me to live in quietly.

This worked smoothly for a while until I began to get in to trouble with the parole board.

First I was caught smoking pot then I was alleged to have been in Canberra by an anonymous informant and fronted the parole board receiving a second chance.

With my freedom shaky V began to hide things from me concerning amounts of cash and weights of weed.

I would question him and he would always reply that things had been slow, I could not dispute this as I could not be to hands on which restricted my view of how things were running.

Judging from other local weed dealers I knew and how busy they were at the time I knew he was full of shit.

At this point I now had a girlfriend I was serious about (Stacey) and I was beginning to see V was a bad DOG.

The tides of change were shifting.

In the past I would have just beaten him up and taken what was mine.

I'd sacked him before.

The problem was that in doing so I would create the situation of either needing a runner or having to run business myself.

This was impossible with me not legally allowed in Canberra and the fact that I now realised V is the sort of guy that would tell police and parole should I destroy him.

V began to see I couldn't really do too much and as long as he gave me enough cash to continue living with him and my girl in Canberra rent a house in Wollongong and have some spending money I would be basically docile.

My position was obvious.

I couldn't bite the hand that was feeding me even though it was my business we were living off.

Around Dec/Jan 2006 I decided to start a small business on a separate phone as a back up plan should my so called best mate try and stab me in the back.

Nothing to big just something that could support a couple of rental houses and living expenses.

This began well, I didn't lie about it to V.

I was above board and simply told V that if his claims were true and we were not doing well then I needed to boost our funds.

I began doing well and in a matter of weeks it looked as though my new “bizo” would surpass the main “bizo” for profit.

I say it looked that way because it never got that far.
I’d just started laying the ground work when things turned.

One morning I received a call from a “friend” that wanted me to visit with some “stuff”.

I got to this friends house ten minutes after he called only to walk in on a drug raid!

I was not caught with any product so I was allowed to walk away.
Unfortunately the AFP had written down my id details and hours later a check revealed to the them that it had been me they caught and with my Canberra “ban” in effect my parole officer contacted me straight away.

I admitted being in Canberra, I had no choice.
They alleged I breached my parole and set a hearing date for me to sit before the board.

I still continued to return to our Canberra safe house, mainly because I had Stacey there and partly for the business as I now did not trust V at all.
I figured as soon as I disappeared he was going to go into hiding with my business and money.
I heard reports from people he had even tried to plan a quick move into hiding while I was in Wollongong visiting parole but he failed to put it together.

Despite what V was doing I remained loyal to the fullest, it’s just in my nature I guess.
An enemy V had, one he was very scared of had threatened to come up to Canberra to kick his ass brutally using the use of guns and back up.

I thought that if I backed V on this he would see how deep my loyalty went and maybe realise what he was doing on other fronts!

I organized a gun and spent the night that the guy was suppose to visit with V.
I was the only friend of his that did this despite his many phone calls to others.
V never even thanked me for backing him!

A few days later I spoke with my solicitor and things looked bad concerning the hearing.
It looked as though I would go back inside for another 2 and a half years.

While in Canberra I rarely left the house except to visit friends or go to the shops, I had to keep a low profile.
V would run around all day and I had no idea what he would sell like quantities and deal sizes.

V began to tell people the business was his and I had no claim to it.
NEVER to my face but always behind my back.

He was still however giving me some cash which of course made him look the joke to people he said it to.

V even began to be rude to me for the first time in our lives; he had always been a spineless coward in the past.

He even began to be rude to me in public, he would bag me out in front of friends sometimes until I would be ready to smash him at which point he would leave the room or suddenly speak nicely to me sensing he was about to cop it.

I think he knew he had me in a really tight jam because it would all ways run the same.

He would try and build himself up in front of people by talking down to me until I would have a gut full of it and I'd warn him he was about to get his head taken off and of course he would be all ' Need a drink Dave? Need any cash Dave? Back to his true colours.

I fronted the parole board and only my solicitor saved my ass from prison after my parole officer told the board I was a danger to society.

Tim Sharman the champion criminal solicitor he is gave me a huge discount on his fee due to the loss at the docks last time round.

Despite the risks involved I still returned to Canberra as I would rather have gone back to prison then lost my girl Stacey and my business.

V could see how paranoid I was about life though and he thrived on it.

I think I was having a few problems upstairs at this point as all I had waited years in a cell for had turned out to be just another episode of f**k Dave over episode.

Plus it was at the hands of the one guy I was sure I could trust.

V began giving me very little cash I would have to persistently ask him for cash to travel to Wollongong for parole etc and on occasions his mucking about almost had me missing parole meetings but Im sure that was his plan.

He wanted me back in the big house!

While I was gone he had basically slid in to my life and he didn't want to give it up.

I began to question him about the reports I was hearing that the business wasn't mine now and for the first time ever he said to my face that he had a claim to the business and he no longer owed me anything.

Well not exactly to my face...quietly over his shoulder in a poncey tone as he left the room.

I reminded him of the realty as he scurried off to the shower mumbling.

He continued to give me limited cash and I am a really loyal friend so things stayed relatively civil.

I told him about my plans of becoming a rapper at which he laughed telling me white guys rapping are embarrassing.

I asked if he wanted to attend an open mic/battle I was going to of course he didn't.

For the next couple of weeks he would be rude and sarcastic but would never speak honestly.

I would demand my money and share of the business and he would run from the house with me in toe leaving a couple of hundred dollars or what ever on the kitchen bench.

He slept near the back door on a mattress with a knife or sword when he was home. I would wake up and sit right next to him and eat my coco pops just to fuck with his head.

By early April V and I had an argument while drinking and I threw one of his mates through his computer as I tried to get at V as he hid in the kitchen. I was beginning to reach breaking point; only the fear of losing Stacey and returning to prison was keeping V from being in serious trouble.

Days later I was sitting in my bedroom watching tv with Stacey when V came running in the room screaming "Ive been robbed".

He had been keeping the product in a car in the car port with the alarm on but someone had just smashed the window in and taken the goods. I suspect he thought I wanted to rob him of what was mine and that is why he kept the stuff in the car.

He should have known me better then that from when I sacked of him first time round.

I did it to his face and was honest about things.

Despite V being a dog to me I was the first person he ran to after the so called robbery and jumped from my bed running outside.

These days I suspect this robbery and the one involving Matt were both lies to cover V's deceit and dishonesty toward me.

As I ran up the street in boxer shorts looking for the robber V called me back and told me not to worry about it.

We went inside and began trying to work out who it was.

As he mentioned names I rang some of them, I also rang some of our mates so they could keep an eye out for anyone moving the stuff.

After a while V began alluding to the possibility that I may have done this, I kept telling him to speak openly but he did not.

We began to argue until things got heated and of course V the coward took off running out the door again.

That night I spoke to Stacey, she and my family had been asking me to stay in Wollongong so we decided to do it.

I could see plainly that V was only going to make life difficult.(He even told my girlfriend some personal secrets while I was out, the joke was on him though as she already knew them)

I figured that if I stayed V would eventually play his trump card of setting me up to break my Canberra ban.

If so I would lose more than just my weed business.

I decided to take my exile in Wollongong in stride and change my life.

Scribblejam a national MC battle tournament was coming up a few days up in Sydney.

I decided to enter and to me that was when I became serious about my music career but that's another story.

As soon as I was in Wollongong V fled the house we had in Canberra leaving rent in arrears Stacey had to pay this as I was now nearly broke.

I tried to ring V but he would not answer or would hang up to my voice like a pussy.

Like the girl that he is after I would call he would send text messages to me straight away sometimes trying to argue his right to what he did, other times just dribbling turd.

That was pretty much the last time I saw him except once at a friend's.

The worst part of the whole thing for me was that I thought this guy had my back to the end yet he watched me build a business and go to gaol only to kick me when I was down.

If I learned anything from gaol it is patience, plenty of patience.

I have used this patience well and will finish my parole without avenging my loss or breaking the law.

When I did see V that one time to my credit I did not snap and waste the time I have done on parole.

I used to be impulsive and that would have been what V wanted.

I can't say what may or may not happen when I return to Canberra that is up to V and his morals as a man.

I can say I have not forgotten what was done to me, NOT AT ALL AND I NEVER WILL!

I know V hears what I write about him through others and to those that wish to pass a message simply tell him to purchase a copy of "Raw Stories" there is a special song on it that tells people about who he really is.

I will let everyone know just how plastic he is!

Without me V would simply be another case in the too hard basket at the centerlink claims desk!

He is a spineless coward.

He took advantage of me when I was down using the disguise that he was a friend and then stabbed me in the back.

These days when I consider the turn of events I think had this not happened I would be back in gaol or close to it.

I don't think I would have had the drive and passion to do the things I have in the last 18 months if things had not turned out as they did.

I think it's called a blessing in disguise.

I have to say I am heaps proud of myself for turning the whole situation around in to a positive one in which I come out on top.

I also have to thank my girl Stacey for coming on this journey with me. Without her I couldn't have changed things around.

People might think I would get depressed with the last couple of blog topics but it is the exact opposite I am writing them to show how much things have changed.

Just some bullshit I have left in my past, all though this one is an ongoing saga.

These events spanned over many years and really changed my life in the end.

Another Raw Story, hope you can learn from it as I have.

Remember watch out for the wolves in sheeps clothing!

Thanks for reading aye.

Don't forget if you have my back to help spread the word about "Raw Stories" out in October!
Cheers!

Back soon.

BLOG TWENTY FOUR

Bashed and brutalised.

First published – Aug 7 2007.

Im one of the most relaxed cats you will ever meet but this dirty perve had my girl bailed up in the toilet of a nightclub one time and I couldn't help myself. Me and a mate took him and his friend outside and dealt them a fine ass whipping.

Back again,

How much of a beating can one man take?

The guy Im about to tell you about could be a gold medalist if taking a whipping was at Beijing next year!

I don't like getting myself caught up in too many violent situations but sometimes they can't be avoided, this was one of those times.

It had been a huge night of hitting the piss for me and my mates, popping e's like tic tacs and getting rowdy.

I can't remember exactly who was there but I know my mates Jake and Pete were around as you will see.

By five or six in the morning Civic (Canberra city centre) was winding down. We were sitting in a club called "The Avenue" which is now "Echo" bar, basically the same club, same atmosphere and layout if I remember right.

We had a good thing going with the guys at this club where they would let us stay and drink after the joint was closed.

Being keen on a good time we were taking them up on the offer that morning.

As other clubbers left and the club began to empty I remember sitting holding a drink in that state of wastedness that can only be found in the wee hours at the end of a blinder.

I was sitting talking to a friend Tracey while my girl of the time Kate went to the ladies room.

During my chat with Tracey a loud bang kept echoing through the club but being as off tap as I was at the time I ignored it and kept talking shite.

After the bang rang out a few times Tracey started looking around for where it was coming from and she got up to go have a look.

I simply turned my need for a drunken chat to another mate sitting near by.

Mid conversation Tracey comes flying over to us screaming that some dude had Kate bailed up in the girls toilets and wouldn't let her leave!

I think the guy had been thinking he could corner her in the loo as the club emptied or some shit, who knows what the sicko was thinking.

I jumped straight up and staggered/ran to the toilets.

I booted the door to the ladies open to find Kate in the corner and this bloke in the way of the door attempting to block her way out.

She was in tears and the bloke looked fairly worked up.

The lad begins to try and talk his way out of it but sexual predators get no love over our way and I put five quick ones on his face in a fit of rage.

As he slumped down, sliding down the door to the ladies and my mate Pete who is a behemoth of a man picked him up and carried him out of the club so I could teach the guy a lesson outside.

Pete is conveniently smacking the guys head on walls as we walk to the door with Jake and the girls in toe.

As we get out to the street Pete lets him go and I shape up as does Mr women's toilets pervert when suddenly another guy jumps in my way saying "if you want to fight my mate you have to fight me to"!

No probs.

Jake stepped straight in and jobbed the lad and we then got into a tandem blue.

With a fairly large crowd of drunken clubbers watching on the adrenaline was pumping hard.

Not to mention I was extremely agro for what this guy had tried to do to Kate.

I can't recall if these two blokes actually got any hits on us.

I remember a swing at me in the beginning then the aggression took over!

As I said earlier I was pretty tanked.

I just kept stepping into the bloke and landing left jabs to the nose and jaw followed by big right hooks to the cheek and ear sending him into shop fronts and onto the curb a few times as more and more claret spilled from his swollen face.

After smacking the guy around pretty bad I dragged him up from the floor after he went down for the fourth time and finished him off with a knee to the nose that would have shattered any bone structure.

This knee sent the guy flailing to the concrete out cold.

As he hit the floor and started bleeding all over his self I looked to my left to see Jake making a mess of the other lad, he was standing above him dropping boots into him. It looked like he had done well to, making a right mess of the toilet pervs.

I normally don't kick a guy once he hits the deck but on this occasion the anger over what he did pushed me past my limit, there is no excuse but I did lay a nice size 11 ½ into his face for being a dirty bastard.

Leaving these guys unconscious in a pool of blood and mess of there own making we turned to head back toward the club.

What happened after that did have me feeling bad for these dudes though.

A group of guys that saw what happened wandered over to these guys we just dropped and started laying the boot in them selves for nothing!

We had a reason for what we did but shit just jumping some unconscious dude, that's cold.

We wandered back into the club for another drink but the ladies were all distressed and wanted to leave.

By the time we walked back out there were cop cars everywhere and ambulances loading the two guys we slapped in to the back on a stretcher with lights and sirens going off.

Of course we quickly hit the road and got the hell out of there!

Crazy shit happens when you're drunk on the town aye!

BLOG TWENTY FIVE

Using cars as weapons and hiding from piggers in underwear.

First published – Aug 8 2007.

Just a few stories from way back when.

Hiding from piggers, using cars as weapons and other stuff of that nature.

1) "False alarm"

This one is hilarious.

I just got home from a busy day of running around doing the smoko drops.

I didn't let people meet me at home for deals, I always went through my phone and met them somewhere else to be safe.

Basically nobody except my mates new where I lived.

It had gone 11pm so I had switched of the phone.

I had one more deal to do a young lad named Pete I had been doing bizzo with for years.

He lived up the street and was a mate so I said come past.

So me this Pete, V(dog ex best mate) and my mate Ken are sitting in my lounge room smoking some pipes and Im counting up my cash.

I was doing really well at this stage so there are a number of piles of cash on the coffee table.

I decide to weigh up my stock so I could evaluate my position as it had been a busy few days so I had all the ganja laying around to.

Next thing there is a huge bang at the front door and a yell "POLICE" open up.

I just look at everything lying around and in an instant my situation flashes before my eyes.

Im on a bond and on bail for armed robbery charges so I figure fuck this and just grab two big hand fulls of cash and run!

Straight up and out of the back door and through my court yard.

I look around and think damn how stupid are these pigs not covering the back door as Ken and Pete race past me and down through the footy oval across the street.

I wasn't heading the same way as them, fuck that, so I turn left and run to this building.

I had to scale a barb wire fence in bare feet but I made the get away.

So I get over the fence and lay in the long grass between some heavy machinery and a building.

I stash the cash and just lay there...and lay there...and lay there.

No cops go by on the street so I realize shit that wasn't a raid!

I jump up and run back just in time to meet Ken and Pete at the door.

We go in and my mate Tim is in the lounge room laughing.

I gave him what for but after a few minutes I had to laugh and give him ten out of ten. He got me good.

Mate's aye!

2) "Bad memory"

This next mis hap is purely my fault; I have no one to blame here lol.

I was about 19 and had to report to the old Woden police station each day before 8pm due to some court matters for dealing drugs etc.

I was still dealing with a mate of mine but basing it from a girl's flat I was seeing to play it safe.

She lived at a flat in Mawson a suburb in Canberra.

Smoking a lot of hooch had me both forgetful and slightly paranoid at times as you will see.

So Im at this chick's flat with my mate and a bunch of other people.

I was pretty tired so I was just relaxing in the bedroom watching tv while the others drank and played music out in the lounge.

Next thing I hear a loud knock at the door and the stereo goes down.

In the loungeroom the front door opens and I hear the guys talking to the coppers!

I realize at this point I haven't reported to the cop shop!

I have a burst of weed paranoia, I figure shit my bag of cash and weed is in the cupboard in the lounge room.

They have come for me and there is nothing I can do about it except go out the window!

PROBLEM - we are on the second story!

I grab my car keys; don't worry about cloths and scale out the window in my boxers. The unit we are in is right next to the entrance which has this concrete roof display thing hanging over the entry hall way and with a short bound I go from the bedroom window on to this concrete thing.

It is even further to the ground from here so I just lay flat so I can't be seen from the ground or the carpark.

Five minutes go by the cops leave and hey presto.

Safe!

Then everyone has a look out the window and they all realise what has happened!
Good laugh for everyone and I came back inside.
The cops were just there for a noise complaint!!

We raced down to Woden and since it was the first time I had been late to report they let me off.

I jumped the gun on that one!

3) "A car is a weapon"

Looking back on this over a beer with my mates and it always gets a laugh as we go over what happened.

I think it was 98 so I would have been 19 and running fairly wild.

I was having a real busy afternoon running the weed around it was about 5pm and I had hours worth of drops to do so I was racing everywhere in my piece of shit white telstar.

I had several drops in Kambah and several in Wanniasa two suburbs next to each other down in Canberra.

I was racing up Athlon drive and when I got to the round about that leads to these suburbs I was on the mobile and trying to pen down some more bookings at the same time.

A round about snuck up on me.

I had decided to go to Kambah first but I was in the left lane during peak hour traffic and it was a right turn to Kambah.

I briefly glanced right and swerved into the right lane and made it through to the Kambah road.

As I did I heard a horn start sounding like crazy as I was nearly running a 4wd of the road!

I looked in my rear view and there is this crazy lookin tank of a dude in a beat up 4wd ute right up the ass of my car screaming and telling for me to pull over.

I was only a skinny young bloke so I wasn't stopping for this nightmare!

I just flipped him the bird and kept driving but he stayed on my tail all the way to the shops at Kambah still going off his brain "PULL OVER YA LITTLE CUNT"!!@\$ etc.

So I roll up to the phones at the shops where Im meeting two blokes for a drop. I didn't wanna involve these poor bastards so I just roll the window down on the passenger side of my car as I slow to a roll.

I yell to em to hop in as I get there opening the doors for em as this psycho in the 4wd also rolls up and jumps out of his car.

By the time this nut job gets out of his car I've got the two other lads in my car and Im off again.

Of course the nut job is back in his car quickly and on my tail again.
I do the deal in the car and drop these guys off on the fly.

In between this drop and my next destination I managed to lose the nut job and all was forgotten....briefly.

So flash to an afternoon a few days later and Im pulling in to a service station in Wanniasa to fuel up.
I fill my tank and head in to pay.

The line at the register was long so Im standing in line and after a while Im near the front and I can hear a voice behind me chatting.
OH SHIT I know that voice!
It was the crazy lad in 4wd that had chased me!

I paid for my shit and walked out past the line that had formed behind me.
I look and yep it is the nut job!
I don't know if I was bitching out or what but he looked bigger and more psycho up close aye!

As I walk past this guy I see him do a double take at me as I look at him.

I didn't look back again I just kept moving.
As Im getting in my car I hear him screaming and running out of the servo toward me.

As he comes up the rear of my car I just think stuff it and slam the car in reverse straight at him.
As the car impacts this bloke jars backward and goes flying on to his ass on the floor.

I hit the brakes and wait to see what he does, after a few seconds he slowly gets up looking pretty injured.

Then he just says I wanted to ask you about why you cut me off yesterday and then he tells me Im a lunatic..lol
I just kinda laughed and drove off.

Some how I don't think he was just looking to talk with me.
Anyway let me say - a car makes a good weapon.

Back soon.

BLOG TWENTY SIX

Arrived in Berra with an ounce of skunk, mobile phone and beaten up telstar(story of my weed bizo).

First published – Aug 19 2007.

This is the story of how I set up and built a fairly successful wholesale weed operation.

Its no Scarface story but it is an interesting read.

Despite the nature of the business and the general opinion of dealing drugs Im still fairly proud of what I achieved and I use many of the smarts I learned in that business in the music industry today.

As a young bloke sick to death of the daily grind I decided there had to be a better way.

I threw in my job and became a full time weed dealer.

As I said in the Illawarra Mercury to make a good living selling weed you have to move a fair bit.

To build up the clientele and finances to get there takes some time especially if you start from scratch.

Im going to write a long as hell blog on my experiences setting up my weed bizo and juggling skunk in the nations capital Canberra.

How and why I started, some experiences from along the way and how it wound up in the end.

I started moving the ganja as a young bloke of about 14 or 15 just selling joints at school and stuff, playing around.

Ha ha I would buy an ounce of skunk back in the day and sell \$50 deals to my Mums boyfriend's customers when he was out.

When I was 15, 16 and 17 I was selling \$20 and \$50 deals to help me get by and to help me pay the rent on my flat in Mawson.

I mostly operated to a plan of sorts, I don't fall in to things.

That's not to say they are always good or well thought out plans but I always stick to my objectives.

Baring that in mind I started moving ganja as an occupation in early 1998.

I choose that time as the beginning because my operations before that were just to make a quick buck, to get by or to eat but in 98 I said to myself "that's it Im putting a bizo together from the ground up in order to get myself out of the dirt".

In other words I was planning to move the stuff until I had enough money to set myself up in life. (I bet you have heard a dealer say that before!)

I came to the decision one night after working a long week labouring for some concreters at \$5.50 an hour.

I was buggered having worked the usual 45 hours for a pay of around \$250.

After purchasing a fifty of smoko, pizza, a vid to watch and of course ciga's I was already down to well under \$200.

Constantly broke I would always be thinking of ways to get on top.

I had moved to stay with my family as I had been getting in some strife with the police in Canberra and with a job offer in the city Mum was in I was able to stay there.

I had been working in the job as a concreters labourer for nearly a year and had not been able to save much at all.

How could I on the wage I was on?

I had managed to pick up an old ford telstar for cheap which I fixed up a bit over the months and finally registered.

So anyway it had been almost a year in this shitty job and I was sitting there one night contemplating my situation to Tupac's R U still Down album and I came to the conclusion I had to get back to Canberra.

I had to get back to Canberra because I was tired of being broke.

I knew from past experiences I could do well moving ganja at home plus if I went about it the right way using my brains I could make enough cash to set myself up.

That week I quit my job and sat down to work out my position and plan.

I had very little money, around \$700 I think which was to launch the whole operation including getting my drivers licence the following day.

I got a mobile phone on a plan, an ounce of skunk which I had to make in to deals by eye as I could not afford scales.

There were only one brand around then Tanita which are a few hundred but these days they start at less then a hundred for some brands.

I went to the RTA the following morning and went for my licence but failed.

I laughed it off and decided to continue with my plans, ahh the young and foolish!

So I headed home where a mate from Canberra V was waiting to meet me at the flat so he could join me for the drive to Canberra.

I squeezed all my things in to the telstar and said goodbye to my family.

I had big ideas and plans.

For starters this telstar would help as I would be forced to start small selling twenties and fifties.

Most dealers did not home deliver small deals to your house in Berra around 98 so I would do that.

Not only would I deliver a 20 or 50 to your house I would do it 24 hours a day seven days a week!

Before I continue I have mostly avoided talking about weight and quantity of what I sold in past blogs as it is not the point but in this blog I have to do it to show the growth of my business.

I hope you don't take certain aspects as 'bragging'.

So I headed back to Canberra with a car full of cloths, V in the passenger seat, an ounce of skunk and a mobile phone.

I had no address to stay at, I could crash at a mates or I always had the car aye.

A funny thing that happened on the way to Berra that morning to kick things off was while I was driving on the edge of the road near Lake George playing silly buggers.

A cop car pulled up beside me laughed at my antics and sped off!

V just looked at me and we couldn't believe our luck, unlicensed and with the weed in the car but they didn't stop!

The dream could have ended before it began.

I also remember a conversation I laugh about these days, as many of you will know V dogged me in the end but at this stage I was offering him in for half the business I was about to set up.

He was telling me it would never work.

These days he lives of the crumbs of what I started that day!

So I arrived home in Canberra having been away a while and I wasted no time at all in getting started.

I figured I had a fair client base but they knew nothing of my return or new business venture so I headed to Woden plaza.

Why?

Because I had a crazy scheme that I laugh about now, still it did work very effectively but I don't recommend it.

I went to the plaza where they had a business card machine and printed up 500 cards that just said DAVE DELIVERY 040*****

My mate still has one of these cards I think, if so I will post it up.

Now it was still early when I hit Berra but as I said I had a plan.

Even with the drive it still would have only been about 9.30am.

Not mucking about I hit all the colleges on the South side of Canberra. Phillip, Erindale, Sterling and more handing out cards and giving my 24/7 best skunk in town speech to anyone I knew smoked or even anyone that looked like they might smoke.

I even gave a few small samples to the guys that looked like chronic weed heads.

I had arrived with less then fifty bucks and after expenses for weed and other things most was gone already on the cards, food and petrol.

Once I had canvassed the colleges I pulled the same move on the southside malls and plazas Woden, Tuggerenong and Civic.

I had it done before lunchtime, other than a few spare cards I kept to remember the morning they had all been given out.

I then headed to Torrens my old home suburb and looked in the real estate where I found they had a cheap two bedroom flat for rent, I got the keys and had a look.

The flat was perfect and not expensive so I said I would take it.

The real estate chick gave me the paper work and I said I would be back.

The lease required proof of a job and stuff so I weaselled my way round that with the help of a friend.

I had looked at the flat by lunchtime and within half an hour or so of that my phone began to ring for deals, it would continue to ring and ring and grow for many years.

I had planned well going as far as marking a radius on a map after picking a central area, the suburbs of pearce, Mawson, Torrens and that allowed me to reach any point of my chose territory within 15min from the centre of the circle or half an hour end to end.

Being a smoker I figured 30mins was my limit to wait if I was scoring.

Yes I had planned well and as the phone started to ring I realized how well!

By just before 5 pm I had sold the ounce mainly in 20's and raced to the real estate paying the bond and getting the keys.

I took my stuff up stairs to the flat and unpacked setting up a mattress on the floor with my 34cm telly.

The place wasn't much but it was in my mind the beginning of great things so I saw it as a base for my attack.

The first night my mates Ken and Ed (not real name) came round to catch up and we had a few laughs.

Ken would be around for much of my time in the weed bizo, in fact he can probably tell you how things went down better than I can!

Ed I would bring in to my operation later on and to this day he continues to practice the things he learnt from it and makes a good living.

That night sticks in my mind, nothing exciting about it really but it was great to catch up with the boys.

I had not been smoking hooch but I did with them two bong fiends so we sat in this baren flat with a little telly and the bong going round eating pizza and laughing our ass's off.

Both top blokes and we are still mates to this day.

So I went to sleep that night, again with no cash as the bond had cost most of what I had but I did still have 90 bucks for a quarter ounce of smoko to continue the bizo I had started.

I had my pride back, doing things for myself again and not to mention I was pretty stoked that the ounce of green went so quickly.
I had originally expected it to take two days and to have a night crashing on a mates floor or in the car.

At first when I got back in Canberra I had trouble scoring as many connects had lost touch and changed numbers while I was gone.
I was basically getting the stuff from all over town where ever I could get it and sometimes I even had to grab mates who would score for me.

After a fortnight or so I was selling about an ounce everyday and sometimes a little more but I was still missing that “good connection” and buying quarters so an ounce was costing me \$360 and I was getting back about \$550 or less as I tried to make the biggest deals I could afford to sell.

So for them first weeks I was left with around a grand or a bit less a week after the bills were paid and the fuel for so many deliveries was taken in to account.

Not a great deal of cash but for me at that age it seemed like enough.
For the first time I felt a bit free of the stress and burden of being broke and always thinking about how to get life sorted.

As the phone rang more and more during the first few months I made a mistake that I learnt from, NEVER DEAL FROM HOME!

I had started to mainly deliver to those who couldn't make it to my flat and just let the others drop by the flat 24/7.

It was not uncommon for me to have someone sitting in the lounge room (usually Ken) waking me through the wee hours of the morn as people dropped in.

Also in the first few months I gained my first solid wholesale connection.
The way I went about it was fairly shifty but as I said I knew I was in this for the long haul so I had to get mine.

So I sat in the car park of Red Rooster in Wanniasa and waited until I saw my dealer pull up to meet his dealer.

I knew my dealers suppliers name from a conversation but had no phone number to match it so this was my only option.

I waited until my dealer left the carpark they had met in across the street from where I sat in my car and I raced over pretending as I made eye contact that I knew him.

I said hi and asked how he had been.
He looked at me funny and asked if he knew me.

I just kept on with it telling him we had met before then dropping his name at which point he pretended to remember who I was.

I then asked if he still did the smoko, he said yes so I grabbed his number and that was that!

In the beginning this guy was my saviour as I began getting ounces from him at \$330 an extra \$30 to me per bag and now I only had to score once a day instead of four and I no longer had to run after product all the time leaving more time for the hustle.

Another thing with this guy was his weed, it was always primo, top shelf skunk. I would stick with this guy for sometime despite picking up many connections along the way.

That was until a friend arrived on the scene with a better deal sometime later.

So just months in and I didn't know anyone else moving as many small deals as I was. I became well known around the south of Canberra and was the number one go to guy for \$20's and 50's stealing customers from the old and young alike.

Many didn't like me encroaching on there turf and I had the odd run in but things were pretty smooth.

The 2 grand or so a week I was now making seemed like a fortune to me not to mention me and my close mates were getting to smoke all the time and live the lifestyle.

I had also began selling quarters, in my mind I was at the start of climbing the chain.

Things carried on until my first run in with the snout.

It began with a customer ringing me after scoring one day to tell me the cops had stopped him up the street from my flat and tried to search him.

He had refused but the cops had said they knew he had scored from me.

I went down to a real estate the next morning and I got an application for the first place I saw in Lyons.

I went home and again Ken was there amongst others when there was a knock at the door.

I answered and it turned out to be my first raid.

The cops were just uniformed officers led by a constable David Grant.

They found my three ounces of bud I think it was but they missed the cash.

A detective interrogated me asking who sold the drugs to me but I had dealt with cops as a child and new a little bit about there games.

This would be the first meeting between me and a detective named Shake shaft who hounded me for quite a while until I was finally locked up.

After many hours of questions and no release (I had not learned to call a solicitor yet) and promises of a free release if I dobbed in my supplier I concocted an idea to get myself out of trouble.

I knew of this really straight guy who never did a thing wrong so I gave the cops his details to call there bluff telling them I had scored from him.

As I expected the promises of a release turned out to be false. I was charged and held overnight returning to my flat the next morning after a brief court appearance.

During my night in my cell I reviewed the one part of my business I had neglected which was safety. From that moment on I always moved house and changed car/phone number every six months to help stay underground. I also never dealt from home again becoming just a mobile number who would meet you around the way.

I got home around 9 in the morning grabbing the cash the cops had missed and going to score as the phone was going nuts due to being switched off all night. I also had to swing by Fyshwick for a new set of tanita's.

Dealing was difficult for a while as constable Grant kept showing up at my local shops and phoning me. He thought he may be able to get info from me and although he nearly caught me in the act of dealing several times his harassment of me gained him no reward at all.

I suspect that all the traffic to my house had my neighbour suspicious and she called the cops so I was raided but there are so many theories that fit the scenario. The neighbour had tried to score once but I said I didn't deal as I never sold to strangers in my own backyard; maybe she was pissed off and dobbed me in but really who knows how that raid came about.

One thing I did know was that I needed to change car and move house!

So I bought an old Gemini and began shacking up at a chick's place I was seeing. I ran things from her house some days while others I would stay in hotels.

Around this stage I told my mate Ed to quit his job at a local bookstore and to come work in my business. Ed joined in festivities and that went well as we were good mates.

After a couple of months of living in hotels we decided to get ourselves a place.

As always I stayed Southside as all my business was in that area. We found a nice townhouse in Phillip and signed the lease.

About this time the Gemini died so business car number 3 was a pale blue commodore, there were so many run around cars for doing deliveries over the years and they gradually got better. This was before they got better lol.

So bizo was going well and I had a nice place.

We partied pretty hard, at our peak we were clubbing five nights a week, there aren't to many jobs where that's possible.

On the bizo side of things I ran in to a mate who began selling us four ounces for \$1200 which at the time was good.

So the product was cheaper, more cash for me is always a good thing.

And again I saw the move upward in quantity as a measurement of my growth in the weed bizo and another small step toward where I wanted to be as far as my plan went.

So for a while things moved along well, this was far from the peak financially but I must say they were some of the best days of my life so far.

Ed would do most of the day to day running around so I would either hang out with mates, cruise with Ed or do what ever in the day and by night we would party and chase the ladies.

I also had community service and various court appearances going which mad the lifestyle difficult at times but by no means impossible.

After a while I moved in to a house in Weston and bought a done up 86 BMW which was a proud moment for me.

Proud until a few weeks later when I crashed it un insured acting a fool.

With a twisted chassy it was sold for parts at a fraction of what it cost to buy.

At this stage that wasn't to much of a bother to me as I just picked up a cheap runner and we still had the commodore as a work horse.

I had moved to Weston as I had pretty much left all the duties with Ed and wanted to set up a place with my new girl plus my younger sister had been up to no good so I was keen to have her under my wing also.

Life continued on as per usual apart from the new address except the night the crew and I took out a rival dealer.

The guys we robbed ended up calling police during the hit and we were charged with armed robbery for stealing there drugs along with assault.(that story is in my older blogs).

With help from my new solicitor Tim Sharman I got bail and went back to things.

So the year 2000 came along and we celebrated hard.

It wasn't long after the new year began that I had a bit of a crisis.

Me and Ed had been buying \$1200 worth of pot each time when scoring for quite a while and it seemed my plan was stagnant.

I also had greedy characters in my ear suggesting Ed was short changing me.

I think now that they said that for there own purposes.

I decided I had to go alone again and I went to the townhouse in Phillip to retrieve my phones and product.

Ed was not happy and in hindsight I was probably a bit of a prick but anyway I grabbed the stuff and went solo again.

My first move was a new house, I had broken up with the girl I lived in Weston with and my sis and I wanted to get away from her as she was still hanging around.

I found a nice townhouse in Pearce again and got one of those big LTD fords but the older model like xf or something, real big and square for a bizo car and again it was on for young n old.

I began to go as hard as I could, I contacted everyone in Canberra I could think of to spread the word and if I didn't have a persons number I drove to there house if I could remember where it was.

I also began my hunt for ten pound of hooch.

I didn't have the dosh yet but I knew it could take a while for a steady source.

Suddenly one day I ran in to an old pot dealing mate, it turned out he had really prospered and was scoring in the region of 200 pound at a time!
He said he could supply me with any size order so I grabbed his number and got 8 ounces.

Then 12, then a pound and within just a week I was buying five pound at a time then within a month hit my ten pack, I would end up buying even bigger down the track!

I would see this guy for many years even after I built up a massive network of suppliers from around ACT, NSW, VIC and SA.

Suddenly my cost price was so cheap that I dumped my prices and boosted deal size so that I was making not a great deal more then I had.

I would always split the profit with my sale price when I got a cheaper deal to keep the price as low as I could.

I liked the keep things very hard for competition.

Actually to be more precise I did this for two reasons.

One was to drive the other dealers out of business and the second was to create a massive influx of new customers to push me in to the next level and beyond.

Two weeks after I had gone solo again I purchased a Suburu Liberty and an EB falcon and a week after that I still had the cash to buy ten pounds at a time!!

Things were great I was buying jewelry, cloths, sneakers, anything I wanted!

I had a mad audio visual set up and being a young hoon even had a small rubber swimming pool in my lounge room!

Maybe 70cm deep and 2m x 1m.

I had so much fun with the crew we would just cruise all day selling weed, smoking weed and spending cash.
By night we would hit the clubs, go to restaurants or just smoke ganja and chill.
Life really was just a party.

The thing I loved just as much as the money and nice stuff was just the cruising in the car all day.
The stereo pumping, enjoying yourself chatting to the customers and stuff.
Not a care in the world.

As things had jumped forward so drastically I gave up on selling 20's and 50's and now just sold quarters and up.
I felt as though things were really getting where I wanted them.

I even hired two runners at 1000 bucks a piece each week to run the 20's and 50's at first but they couldn't handle the pace so being a bleeding heart I gave the 20's and 50's customers to a young local guy who had come up hard, it set him up for life so far.

So now my customers were mostly other dealers and people who smoked but bought quantity.
I was even selling half pounds, full pounds and even two's or three's.

I hooked up with a new girl and she moved in at my place in Pearce, my sister moved out around this stage.
This chick would go on to rip me off but at this stage I thought all was sweet, over time I would tell her to quit her job and spend a heap of cash on her.

So life seemed good except for a few court cases I was fighting including the armed rob charge which carried 25yrs.
I couldn't do it now but I managed to keep that from causing me to much stress.

I could put the court stuff out of my mind as my solicitor was fighting it hard and believed we could win.

Suddenly I was raided again and it was only the AFP's incompetence that saved my ass as there whole team searched my townhouse and missed all the big stashes.

Still they had found some fifties and twenties as this was while I had the two runners on board.
I had left a bag they had returned the night before with some deals in it on the lounge room floor so it was found easily.

The AFP also found a few other odds and ends.(I tell the story in an older blog).

So the AFP arrested me and some how Tim got me bail despite the other cases I had.
I pleaded not guilty and eventually got a suspended sentence a year or two later.

Again I had to get rid of all my cars and move.

So I moved to a house in Curtin with this chick I was with and bought a ford laser nice and discreet.

I also decided I was getting to the age of needing furniture and things like nice homely stuff.

I out laid a bit of cash on some nice timber furniture for the whole house and all the nice white goods etc.

My mate had recently passed away and of course I was not happy so I was mainly just getting high all day and running weed around all day.

I had installed a safe at home and was basically just filling it up as quickly as I could.

I also picked up a really nice 93 Nissan Maxima.

The chick I was with changed her colours by this stage and I realized she could not keep an entire house clean so I decided to move to a nice townhouse in Swinger Hill. It was that or live in a mess.

With the way I was doing I bought this chick a Toyota and bought myself the best home theatre package for ten thousand in celebration of the new place.

I was flying high!! Business was unreal!!

I was making that much money I remember leaving a mate in charge of things for a few days and went to Batemans Bay spending like \$3,500 plus over a thousand on a house boat in just over five days.

I returned home, paid my mate a princely sum for his help and minus what I spent on holiday I was still thousands in front!

It really dawned on me then how well I had done with this, at this stage I realized I had effected part one of my plan to be able to make enough to stop.

Now I just had to save it and legitimize over a few years!!

IT WAS AWESOME!!!

Another good example of the money floating around is I went down the street one day and this shifty bastard pinched \$30,000 from me while I was out.

I made the same amount back in a week and a half!!

So my cash was stacking up but because of the money that was stolen from me I decided to move, well first I bought some security camera's but I was so busy I would always forget to hit record so they were useless.

With the cash I was making I wanted to bring in a mate to share the rewards with so I brought in V(yes the one that went on to rip me) to do the smaller deals like half pounds and smaller.

He had no car so I bought him a ride.

I also had another reason for bringing him in, the trials and court cases I was involved in had caused me to be on the news and on top of that I had been running so hectic I

could not do anything without being paranoid about being recognized so I needed to lay low for a while.

Also my girl of the time and now my hated ex had me spending massive quantities on drugs and a ridiculous lifestyle.

With the death of my friend I was looking for some excitement, some change of scenery and went in the direction she pushed me in to.

I offered my mate V \$1250 a week to come in plus half an ounce of hooch to smoke. Of course he accepted the generous offer and it was great to take him out of the shit heap he was living and put him in the money.

Even now after he has fucked me over I still look back at that time as doing something good for a mate.

No regrets.

I retreated to Ngunnawal deep on the North side of Canberra to lay low.

I found a brand new townhouse and probably the nicest joint I ever rented.

I now started to begin to legitimize my funds and started a paper business.

I did this by creating a business and registering it at which point I found another business to contract my pretend work to.

I would then pay them an amount each month in cash and get back 75% of it in a cheque as payment for my business's work done for that month.

So basically it just cleaned some cash for me.

With the cash coming in rapidly I could see my dream in sight and almost felt as though I had done it, made the cash and got out!

THE DEALERS HOLY GRAIL "GET MONEY, GET OUT".

I was planning to add another piece to my plan to speed up the funds by purchasing some houses and turning them in to hydroponic cannabis factories.

I approached the commonwealth bank that held my business account and requested a loan.

I had never really worked but now suddenly in the last few weeks I had cheques amounting to \$15,000 cleared in to my account, they weren't sure about giving me a loan but said if I didn't touch the cash in my account for a month a loan was mine.

Unfortunately the girl I was with had me spending crazy money on a ridiculous lifestyle and an even more ridiculous amount on narcotics.(I tell this story in another blog).

Getting high all day and living like an idiot I put my hydroponic dream on hold and it never came to fruition.

Also during this time my profit had began to significantly shrink as my so called mate/employee V ran it in to the ground or ripped me off.

After a while despite my big pending court case I was forced to run the business myself again as I was the only one I could trust with what I had built.

I figured I would rather go down with the ship, oh how I wish I let it sink now before V got his hands on the wheel.

So with the massive cost of my current lifestyle, seriously if I told you how much we spent on drugs I would be so ashamed and plus nobody would probably believe me..lol

Plus there was just silly shit like restaurants and hotels with room service round the corner from home, shopping spree's just dumb shit.

Crashing cars and replacing them.

God damn.

So as my profit reached about 20 or 30% of its original average(yes I knew my stats I kept them in code) I decided I had to again take back the reigns.

I have no regrets as I am almost certain this V was ripping me off.

Despite this I still gave him the money to go overseas and visit family after I let him go.

Anyway my spending had reached an all time high and mostly I was spending the profit and savings all the time.

I remember just before I got rid of V I went to the coast for a long weekend and we took \$13,000 which was gone by Sunday night so I had to dig up a business card I had with 3500 in it that I blew that night and the next day!

I knew things were out of control but with the court cases and big chance of a long gaol stay I just threw caution to the wind.

I also thought that no matter how out of hand my life got with this crazy woman I was with if I could just keep the business going well I could fix the rest of my life later.

Crazy thinking I know but it seemed logical at the time ha ha!

So I am basically running hectic all day non stop sales and getting drugs in to me at each stop.

Have you have seen Ray Liotta in GoodFellas during the part where he sees the chopper following him?

Well that reminds me of that stage of my life.

I had red hot local business all day, more then I could handle at times plus guys travelling interstate to grab multiple pounds from me regularly.

My network was spreading well but my personal and legal side were spiralling out of control.

I was forced to move back southside from Ngunnawal even though I knew the cops were all ways looking out for me there.

The majority of my local customers were south side but at first I couldn't find a place over there so I put all my furniture in storage and did the hotel thing again.

Just before I did move back southside I was ripped off by the AFP of cash and drugs which was another set back and a whole different story.

I was beginning to realize that even though it had been hard to get to where I was in this game it becomes even harder and harder to stay there and to continue on once you arrive.

At this stage the armed rob case was drawing near and I was in one of the worst weed droughts I had ever been in, so bad most weed dealers were switching to dabbling in selling other products to stay afloat.

Luckily I had a big nest egg but with the lifestyle we were living it was getting knocked away fairly quickly.

A month or two before my final trial I found a house/business basem, well a flat in Manuka and I moved in there switching cars as usual. I had my Nissan but I bought of all things a second telstar to use for running around. Back in a telstar.lol

Still despite the costs I had and my spending habits my business survived this drought for six months and me and my ex to the best of my estimates spent around two hundred thousand dollars during that six month period.

Toward the end my funds were dwindling with my court case chewing another 40,000+ dollars and of that I even had to borrow a bit.

That was the tail end of my time in the weed business and I headed to prison as a result of taking out our rivals in Mawson years earlier. That got me a five year sentence and I left for prison.

I left the business with maybe two pounds of weed and some cash too but the mobiles carried a clientele that could make a heap of cash very quickly for any man I left in charge.

At first I kept the operation going from inside the walls of the Belconnen remand centre using V and my ex to score, deal and convey messages to people.

This system didn't work as my ex just could not understand that the cash in such large amounts wasn't available while I was away. V just didn't have the capabilities or drive to make what I could make.

My ex blew a chunk of what was left and forced me to leave the business with my mate V.

V was good to me at first visiting me in the remand centre but at this stage I was not sentenced and could have walked free in just weeks or months, he knew this.

As soon as I was sentenced and sent to NSW he became hard to track down from my spot in prison.

With life changed I remember I would sit in my cell and vow to continue my business with greater passion when I got released.

Nobody can take my business!! Is what I would be thinking.

I had come so close to achieving my dream that I could not believe I had pissed so much money up the wall and dropped short.

I swore I would get back where I was and play it smart like I had in the beginning!

By the time my first weeks in the NSW prison system came about I had been inside for nearly four months in total.

My life enjoying cruising Canberra high as a kite were fading so I sat in my cell and wrote every customers name down that I could remember including details such as phone number, street, car or what ever I remembered.

I also wrote down all my big suppliers and there numbers in code.

For two and a half years I rapped, talked shit, wrote lyrics and just waited to get out and deal.

I wanted to cruise around smoking bud again to tell everyone what happened to me and to hand out my cd's with a bag of skunk when I laid em down.

I was so keen to resume my life.

From reports V was still running things and as we had a pre planned agreement I would be seeing a rather large sum of money when I got out and I planned on putting this money straight in to a hydro in a house in another mates name while I smashed the business and got back my money.

My ex had sold all my things and spent my savings while I was gone so I was dead set on not being left with nothing out of everything I built.

As I got parole my plans were cut down and I was banned from Canberra.

This did not stop me, first I sold 10 pound the first few days out of prison which I had picked up on credit putting a couple of thou in my pocket.

Then I went about catching up with V.

V told me many bullshit stories (they are in another blog) but had no money for me. It had been harder and harder to have people actively scoring from him and watching him the longer I was away in prison so toward the end I just hoped he was being straight up with my business and me.

V had driven the business to the point of embarrassment and when I returned it was only enough to finance my house in Wollongong as I was banned from Canberra, finance his house in Canberra, his ex and child, another house in Canberra which we later got for us to share due to my parole conditions.

That and it paid for us to party.

It made me laugh the guy tried to act like me but had no charisma also he had become known as a bad pussy.

Thats a problem I had to help him with many times!

So after giving V a chance we went halves in the business which wasn't much at all.

As I was fresh from prison and banned from Canberra I had to be mostly behind the scenes, going occasionally to greet old school customers or collect tick V didn't have the heart to ask for.

Besides that I lay low.

I wanted to execute several formulas I had used before that would increase as profit but V was not interested and I couldn't force the issue in my position.

After hearing reports V had attempted to do a runner while I was on a visit to Wollongong for a parole meeting I got suspicious.

That coupled with the fact there was an ever decreasing profit coming my way made me worry that my so called friend was about to use my constraints of parole against me to steal my life's work .

It would not have surprised me as many had told me he had been afraid of my pending release and had tried to hide before I got out of gaol only to be discovered by my people.

I had my worries and there was little I could do while being banned from the city I conduct business in and while I was on parole.

I decided to go to some scrunched up pieces of scrap paper I had from my first months inside gaol.

Call it plan b, the names and numbers I had written down.

I figured I would create an alternate business.

I called the numbers and many were still active, I also hit malls each day for lunch and a browse catching many former customers around Berra.

Within a week I had a thriving little business but then a weed drought hit and with me buying on credit two weeks of drought coupled with parole pressure due to a raid I walked in on killed my funds.

During setting up the side business I walked in to this drug raid in Canberra.

The cops didn't find the weed I had on me but I was banned from Canberra anyway so I was nearly thrown back inside due to that.

With this last straw it was impossible to attempt to deal and now V saw his chance to dog me of my business.

I retreated to Wollongong and V went underground taking with him what was left of the business I started building as a teenager.

Now that Im in to the music I don't really miss the old ways.

Of course I miss the cash cause I could use my own high tech studio and all that stuff.

I miss the lifestyle too just cruising all day and getting paid but again I wouldn't trade where I am now for that.

I will be honest if V didn't shaft me I would be doing a deal or locked up again right now because I did enjoy doing what I did.

I no longer do that stuff any more, music is me now.

It was an amazing experience and a big challenge I set myself and nearly achieved. I was close, another year or two who knows what would have happened good or bad.

These days I see dozens of mates and acquaintances still earning a crust from what I started them in, it really shows me the effect of what I did.

You might be thinking damn I would be pissed off if it was me and I was but I have turned my life around, Im more mature now and I find success and happiness in other places.

Don't take me for some fag though I worked hard on building that business for a great portion of my life, I also gave up years of my life for it locked up so I will not leave it empty handed.

If I don't receive compensation and to be honest V doesn't earn what it would now cost to pay me off and that is fine, I am beyond talking dollars anyway.

I return to the scene of my former business very soon as my parole ends and I begin my retribution for the stealing of the fruits of my labour by dedicating a song on the album especially to V.

Public humiliation is a good way to begin.

So what a journey it was aye.

This is just the bare facts relating to how I set up the business, how well it did and what happened to it.

There are so many interesting and crazy stories that went down all day everyday and I could write thousands of pages of stories.

That's the pure details of how I arrived in Canberra with a mobile phone, an ounce of skunk and a beat up telstar and turned it in to a cash cow.

Then got locked up.

Then got low balled by my close people.

Hope you enjoyed reading what went down.

Back soon.

BLOG TWENTY SEVEN

Tennis racket to the head.
First published – Aug 20 2007.

This guy named Tim got some drugs on credit during his stay at the remand centre.
This guy named Tim got a tennis racket to the head when he didnt pay.

Fairly simple equation.

Back again,

I have noticed the most popular blogs I write are one's that involve drugs, violence or gaol so here is a time I recall that involves all three of those things.

It was early on during my gaol time when I met a guy named Tim at the Symonston remand centre.

I had been in for two months still waiting to be sentenced and was just sitting in the yard with the lads having a game of cards in the afternoon when a new inmate came through the gate.

His name was Tim and he seemed like an ok dude, I called him a new inmate but what I meant was he had a new conviction it turned out he had been in and out of the remand centre many times but had a reputation as being lucky enough to avoid real gaol so far.

I shook his hand but didn't take much notice of him until he started hanging around me all the time.

At first Tim following me around was not that annoying as it had been the same faces in the yard for a while and having some new stories to hear and someone who had not heard my yarns was a novelty.

After a while the novelty wore off but by this time he had come in to some smoko and was shouting me all day so I didn't mind if he watched the ashes test match with me if he was bringing bud.

Before I go on with the story I just have to explain that the Symonston remand centre is split in to two yards and once a day for an hour you can swap yards to catch up with the guys next door.

Otherwise there was a gap under the wall at this gate between yards where you could speak under to the boys next door if you needed to talk.

It was also handy for passing things under.:-)

So this Tim is running low on weed then disappears next door for the daily hour in the other yard.

When he returns he tells me he is going to act as a mule for a trio of fairly heavy dudes in the other yard.

One of them was the main dude from my problems at the other remand centre earlier on so I knew what they were like..(read older blog on smuggling narcotics in to prison for that story)

The arrangement he had was that he would meet a friend of there's at a visit and return with three large balloons being paid the red(if I recall) balloon as payment which would be full of weed around 3 or 4 grams.

I knew Tim was going to be shifty from the start and from what I knew of his street smarts the other guys would find out in no time.

I also knew the guys would not be very happy if Tim pulled a stunt and they did find out.

The following day Tim goes for a visit and then goes back to his cell.

Later he arrives with three balloons one being red.

He notices the red balloon is smaller then the others and says the guys next door are ripping him off, a logic I didn't understand at all.

Then he opens all three balloons spilling a few very compressed lumps of weed and many other smaller balloons of other drugs on to his lap.

I just shook my head and laughed at him.

He takes half of the pot and opens two smaller balloons revealing small gaol size deals of various narcotics and then helps himself to some of that too!

Tim then hastily put all that was left in a ripped balloon and attempted to make it look un opened.

He asked me if it looked un touched and I just burst in to hysterical laughter as if they wouldn't at least have a rough idea what was coming especially considering they knew the colour of his balloon.

Despite my laughing Tim marched over to the gate and passed the guys the package which took him a while as they barraged him with questions.

When he returned we got stoned and put the cricket on, to me this situation was both some entertainment in the mundane gaol routine and a bunch of free smoko.

Tim told me when he had given the owners there package they had asked him what was there and he said just the two balloons and that he kept his.

The owners had told him what was supposed to be there and also told him he was a dead man if he had ripped them.

Tim acted offended and they said they would get back to him after they spoke to there people.

The second day the owners came around and questioned Tim but he again stuck to his story, lucky for him they had run out of credit on there gaol phone account so it would be at least a day until they could confirm what happened.

Tims luck though was already going bad as he talked some shit to my cell mate who laid a couple of hits on him sending him to the floor.

Shaken Tim shook hands with him and at least he hadn't made an enemy I guess.

The next day Tim was called to the gate along the wall separating the two yards by the owners of the package.

They were pissed off after learning Tim had indeed ripped them off, he was still denying it but they told him he was a dead man as soon as they could get in to our yard later that day.

Tim was fretting but still smoking up the stash which I suggested he give back but he decided against that so we both got blazed.

The boys all had a conference in the yard about the coming drama and some how Tim managed to get more then half to believe he had stayed honest, I was amazed.

Then later that morning by a twist of fate the screws told Tim he was to be moved to the other yard and he went pale as this would mean a certain beating or even stabbing!

He protested telling the screws he had mates in this yard and wanted to stay there but screws never listen to inmates and they said pack your things.

He would not and what he did next will brand him in the prison system as a dog, this tag may forever stick.

He turned to the screws and told them who was after him!

The screws still wanted him to go unless he signed a piece of paper stating he was in fear for his life from the owners of the package and to the whole yards amazement he signed it!!

This barred all contact between the yards for the whole time Tim was there and he immediately lost all the support he had including mine.

I did not speak to Tim for some time until I went to court one day and returned to see him passed out in his cell it turned out while I was gone he had been stung by a bee and being allergic had been rushed to hospital.

As I sat down in the yard going over what had gone down in court the screws opened a side gate to allow any inmates on medication time to walk through to the clinic and pick it up.

With the massive number of inmates on methadone and psych medication this can take a while.

Again with so many of the crims on meds I was one of only a few still in the yard just setting up a game of cards for when all returned.

As I looked up I saw the main guy from the group who owned the package getting meds through the gate and as the screw looked away he snuck in to my yard winking to me as he came in.

I knew what was up so I looked left and Tim was asleep on the top bunk in his cell.

The owner was carrying a tennis racket and just walked in to Tims cell and smashed him in the head and face with it four or five times as Tim tried to get his bearings.

The guy explains the situation to Tim and then sneaks back past the screw in to his own yard job done.

I sort of felt sorry for Tim for a while but wasn't going to associate with a known dog.

The day he got out he headed to court cuffed on the truck and I also had a court appearance to attend.

We waited in the holding cells below the court and I chatted to some other lads I knew who were there.

Next thing this big lad walks in to the cell and just smashes Tim and then forces Tim to swap sneakers with him, obviously Tim's were a nicer pair.

I heard later Tim had pulled some shifty scam ripping this guy's drugs and sneakers off at the other remand centre before being transferred to Symonston.

What a low down dog aye.

Back soon.

BLOG TWENTY EIGHT

The dangers of being a testosterone charged teen.

First published – Sep 5 2007.

I chased the wrong tail so I was chased with a knife.

The perils of being a testosterone charged, pimple faced teen on a mission.

I've got a fairly amusing story from back as a youngster I was fifteen I think.

I was still living at home it was that far back.

There was a cute chick that worked on the checkouts at woollies at Mawson a suburb near my original home suburb of Torrens.

So me and the lads would pass through there each night on our way home from the local basketball court to steal some lollies and have a perve.

She always noticed us and eventually came to a few of my notorious house parties held in the garage and backyard.

The first time she came by I was with another chick from school and she had a boyfriend this skitzo dude named Ben we all had heard of from stories featuring him ripping of dudes heads.lol

Ben was like 19 and like six foot three which to us skinny juveniles was like a monster.

So anyway the girl comes by again her name was Joy by the way.

So she comes around for one of my parties and it turns out her man has gone away to play rugby union somewhere and visit family so I decided to try my luck and ended up with success.

She threw a two night party the following weekend and we spent 50% of it in her parents bed.

So I saw this chick for a couple of weeks and then the monster returned and I disappeared thinking nothing of it.

So a few months goes by and Joy is all but forgotten and Im doing my thing. Me and a few of the lads are walking through the Woden plaza one day a while later when we are stopped by this hectic group of men asking who is Dave Parsons?

These guys look pissed off and they demand we let them search our bags because we all said we new Dave but didn't know where he was at.

I thought I had a pretty big set of nuts at 15 but I wasn't saying a thing cause I knew it would just seal my fate and have me in a bad way real quickly.

All this aside my main worry as they grab my mates bags and then go for mine is that I don't know if I actually have any books in my bag or even if they have my name on them.

They go through my bag and hand it back slamming it in to my chest and telling me to tell Dave they know he is around the Woden and Tuggerenong area and they will find him!

The bag slam nearly knocks me down a small set of stairs Im standing near so Im thinking damn that was close as they head off and my heart rate returns to normal.

So we head off home and the other lads explain that the main guy that just came at us was Ben.....Joys boyfriend!

Now I was used to having some pretty crazy older boyfriends and brothers on my tail but these guys and mainly Ben were a whole new ball game to me, it was even rumoured that this local stabbing that put a guy in intensive care was Ben drunk one night!

I had like a shifty mode I would go into when the older boyfriends and what not were after me.

I would all ways have one of the boys walk a bit ahead to keep a look out for me or I would get off a bus a stop early and come up on the plaza up a side way, all ways on the lookout and packing a pocket knife for emergency's.(a practice that got me in as much trouble as it did save me while I was a kid).

A few times I came out the side entrance at school after class and would spot Ben and co scoping the front of the school.

I was sneaking through some flats and back through to Torrens or a swerving to a mates place in the near by suburbs.

This all may sound pretty annoying but I spent half my real young years in this mode.lol

A few other times I would see Ben at my local shopping complex at Mawson walking through the spots I hung out, he even once came up and as I spotted him. I ran down a side alley and hit the underground drains that lead all the way to the suburb next to mine but still out on to my street, all the way underground.

Then one morning I was going about my business on the escalator at Woden plaza on my way up to the top floor.

I look at the people going down the other way and I see Joy!
Looking next to her straight away and yes Ben is there too!

I tried to look the other way but it was too late, she saw me, so did Ben. He looked both aggressive and happy pointing to me and screaming out obscenities once she told him I was there.

He still had to go down the escalator though and I was going up so once the escalator got me to the top I started walking as fast as I could without running lol.

I looked back and he was coming up the escalator, I had one chance, my Mums boyfriend Steve was the manager of a tavern just outside the back of the plaza which wasn't to far away.

I kept my quick pace up and Ben wanting to catch me outside didn't run himself either, he stayed a little behind me gaining ground rapidly.

I walked through the sliding back entrance of the plaza and jogged down the stairs. Seeing Steve out the front of the tavern I jogged over!

Thanking my lucky stars I just got to him as Ben comes cursing over brandishing a knife.

Steve just heads straight at him.

Ben stops the advance and just calls out Im curse, curse, dead, curse, curse.

I hung out at the tavern for a while then cruised home, I never actually saw Ben again which was weird.

I stayed on alert mode for a month or so but when he didn't show at any of my spots I went back to normal.

Gotta thank Steve on that one lol.Close call!

BLOG TWENTY NINE

My worst day in Goulburn jail.

First published – Sep 10 2007.

Time to tell you all about the worst day I ever had in Goulburn.
I got a going over by a few rogue screws, fucking DOGS!

Anyhow makes for some good reading and I like to expose Corrective Services NSW when ever possible as you probably already know..ha ha

Back again,

Got a fairly hectic blog for you this morning.
Some stuff that went down during my stay at Goulburn jail.
Definitely my worst day there that's for sure.

Corrective Services won't like what I have to say but in saying that if I had to pick an event that forever made the staff of NSW Corrective Services my enemy this would be it.

Actually most likely if asked they will deny this even went down, DOGS!

The day it all went down started of fairly weird, nearly everyday inside is the same so the fact that me and a couple of mates decided to take a day of work from the gaol kitchen to get stoned and play "manila" or stunt poker I think some call it was a change already.

I headed to the clinic and lined up with my ID card to get a nurses certificate with my mates to give us all permission to have a day off work.

Once that was sorted and morning "muster" was over with we headed up stairs for a smoke closing my cell door behind us and mulling up.

Now I hadn't smoked for about six months as I had been on a gym binge to put on some size so I was absolutely wrecked by the time we were finished smoking and was just chatting with the lads and having a laugh.

We decided to head to the yard for some fresh air and wandered out the door of my top landing cell.

I had forgotten my smokes so I ran back to my cell as the others went down stairs.

Weed and smokes in my hand I wandered from my cell in a daze not even looking up.

I had walked from my cell half way up the landing and I looked up and saw three "squad" and a german shepherd coming toward me!

If you are wondering what "Squad" are they are like these rag tag groups of super screws..lol

Nah they are groups of roid munching screws that dress in like jumpsuits and go from gaol to gaol looking for drugs and stamping out "unsavoury" behaviour.

So being stoned, holding some weed and running in to them and a German shepherd is not a good situation!

There is only one way off the top landing and it was past the squad so I tried to casually turn and walk back to my cell to hide the smoko but as I turn they scream out "Stop There"

Instinct kicked in and I turned and high tailed off in the other direction thinking I would just hide the weed before they caught me but they let the dog go so I only made it a few cells.

I spotted a mate in his cell, ran in and gave him the weed hoping that while they searched me he could get rid of it.
I palmed it to him and popped back out of his cell in time to get tackled.

Once they searched us both we were taken to the end of the landing.
The rest of the boys were locked out as they went from cell to cell searching for drugs and weapons.

The mate I had palmed the smoko to had this expression on his face that told it all. As the screws came in to his cell the best place he could put the stash was under the pillow of a mate of ours and so it was going to be found by the screws in no time.

What was worse our mate would cop the blame.

I had f**ked up so I went to the gate to call the squad over and tell them where the shit was and that it was mine.

The squad just kept telling me to F**K off and wouldn't hear me out so I went down to some other screws and was like yeah I stashed some weed in my mates cell and basically that was where shit hit the fan.

It started calmly enough that screw was like good on ya mate doing the right thing and not letting a friend get in shit for it and we went up stairs to my landing where the squad were ripping the cells to bits looking for contraband.

He opened the gate and ushered me through to go tell the squad, locking the gate behind me making me the only guy in green with the whole squad.

I looked for the least hectic looking screw and wandered up to this normal none steroid taking size guy who was video taping what was going on and told him what was up.

This screws eyes lit up and he quickly walked me over to this short but very stocky and angry little napoleon type dude who had little man syndrome I think.

He told him and straight away he began cursing and trying to drag me in the cell where the smoko was which was a bit difficult for him until two more of his larger colleagues joined in.

They dragged me inside my mates cell even though I would have walked and I grabbed the pot and handed it over.

They then asked was there more and of course I was like “no” so they took me to my cell pushing me inside.

As we went in the napoleon guy who was doing all the talking told the video man to stop recording which he did followed by him closing the door behind himself.

Of the other three one stood behind me as I stood in the middle of the cell and the other two stood in front of me.

Napoleon was up in my face screaming about “who has the drugs” “how do drugs get in to Goulburn” “Do I have more drugs”.....etc.....etc.

Having been yelled at and put down by screws for a while at this stage I wasn't bothered and just kept telling him I knew nothing and that a mate gave me the weed but that he got out and I couldn't remember his last name.

Had they checked my record they would know I took five years and didn't talk so a few screws are definitely not making me a dog!

Once it became apparent I was not saying anything things tuned ugly.

Napoleon had kept pointing to some sugar replacement that was spilt on the bench of my cell.

He was claiming it was drugs and as I looked at it he cold smacked me in the ear twice!

My first instinct was to put my guard up for a fight and napoleon laughed at me in a sarcastic way...”Do you really want to do that Mr Parsons”

I put my hands down and that was the most demeaning shit ever!!!!

As my hands went down the burly dude behind me grabbed my arms and locked them so I couldn't get them free.

After that napoleon just kept asking me the same bullshit he asked me earlier, I stuck to my answer so he would clock me a few times, mainly in the back of the head as nothing breaks and no visible bruises are left.(also it doesn't hurt them as they wear leather gloves, like gardening ones).

The other big screw standing behind napoleon clocked me a couple of times to but I didn't go down.

In fact I don't think they wanted me down hence the fact they would wait a few minutes between hits, I think they liked watching me anticipate the next blows as you get a bit jumpy in this situation where you cant fight back.

After ten minutes they let me go and I went to the yard and had a coffee and told everyone what went down.

One pretty crazy dude had beef with me for not hiding the weed properly and wanted to go in the gym which I wasn't really in the mood for after my ordeal but he kept bringing it up so I had no choice but to agree and we went to go to the gym.

As we headed out the door the guy who was basically running the show was like nah that is not going to happen cause Dave did the right thing and kept his trap shut. I became really good mates with this guy and won't forget the favour as Im pretty sure with the state I was in and the fact the other dude was fitter, bigger and a straight up better fighter then me I would have a few battle wounds that I don't have because of him.

That wasn't it either, as the squad let me go they said they would be back any day within the next few weeks to either have a list of names from me or to in there words "use your blood to paint the wing".

They even had this gay ass normal wing screw come remind me of the shit everyday!! Rather mentally taxing as they can arrive anytime day or night and just sneak quietly in to your cell to do what they want and you have no where to go.

After about five weeks they hadn't shown so I stopped worrying about it.

Also as part of my punishment the normal screws banned me from having visits for three months and forced me to complete a three month "get ready for society" course to get my parole.

In turn it I believe was the gaol holding the course that first recommended my ban from Berra.

So yeah that's it guys, that's the worst day I ever had locked up!

I saw worse but that is my personal worst.

It's just a memory now, a story to tell over a beer.

To NSW corrective services....This story is 100% factual and accurate and you all need to re evaluate your system urgently or face massive community backlash.

To the members of the squad that were involved in this.

Next time your at work and you are working a long shift and feeling tired waiting to get home in a few hours.....

As you look up at the fat guys sweaty balls while you kneel next to him and look through his possessions as your partner conducts a strip search think of this ITS EVIDENTLY CLEAR DAVE WINS AND YOU LOSE!

Also check me out co-hosting the gaol break radio show in Sydney on Oct 23rd as no doubt we will be discussing corrective services...HA HA

BLOG THIRTY

Some childish revenge on an ex.

First published – Sep 16 2007.

Just a little prank I played on an ex missus that turned a bit stalker on me.

Back again,

I have another tale about a deranged ex you might find amusing.

I won't go in to the relationship as it was only a couple of months in length but it turned out this chick and I moved in together and I was renting her parents investment house.

With my 21st birthday fast approaching I was keen to break it off with her so I could truly have a 21st to remember but she had other ideas!

Once I told her it was over she shed a few tears as expected but what was unexpected was the fact that she didn't pack her things and jet, instead she just stayed refusing to move out.

Next morning after a night on the couch I headed out for the day expecting her to be gone when I returned.

I was dead wrong!

Instead I returned home to find her in new lingerie waiting in the bedroom so I headed back to the couch with my mix bowl and tv remote.

Now under normal circumstances I would have just moved house myself but I was in the final stages of growing some hydro weed in the spare room of this house and as I said her parents owned the joint (they knew nothing of the hydro) so it was all a little complicated.

I couldn't just up and leave.

For weeks I just had to put up with having this chick hanging around. Finally as the hydro neared harvest I had it out with her which included her throwing a half full bottle of gin at my head just missing it putting a huge hole in the wall. This was fairly amusing as her parents owned the house.

She still would not leave however with some help packing her bags she eventually found the front door ok.

I set about harvesting and drying the buds asap.
I packed my gear and moved in to a townhouse in Pearce.

That wasn't it though!

Before I left I thought up a bit of childish revenge.

I had a photo of this chick smoking a bong so I left that in the lounge room with a bong and a bud sitting next to it for her olds to see.
That satisfied my need for some revenge but the biggest laugh was yet to come.

During the house move this chick had agreed to find a home for the dog we had and one day I was meeting a pot customer I had from around the way and the same dog jumped out of his car as he pulled up to score.

The boys pointed out this guy had my old dog and I was like hey boy giving him a pat.

Then out of this guys car hops the chick!

I do the deal and leave because I can see the boys are barely containing there laughter.

As we drive of the lads burst in to hysterics as they had been calling out look “he has your old dog”.

Turned out he had a pair of them...ha ha

Nah that’s a bit harsh, she was actually a nice chick before she went stalker on me.

Still that was the joke for a while ha ha.

Back soon.

BLOG THIRTY ONE

Money and young luck.

First published – Oct 13 2007.

You rely a lot on luck as a young kid living on your own.
Sometimes you get lucky sometimes you dont.

A quick story about a time I got lucky.

Back again,

Time to take another trip down memory lane.

When you’re a youngster living on your own you rely on luck to get by 50% of the time which is sometimes a good thing and sometimes a bad thing.

On this occasion it was a good thing.

I was 16 and sitting in Woden plaza at a place people used to call the ‘snakepit’.
It was basically just seats at the bus interchange outside a video game arcade.

I was sitting there waiting for my mate to get back from up the street with some weed but he was taking his time.

I was pretty hungry and puffing on a smoke wondering as per usual how I was going to get some coin together for rent, food, bills and travel.

I know that sounds pretty lame but the Austudy payment I was receiving was about 160 a fortnight I think and my rent was 220 a week so that gives you some idea of the situation I was in.

I would hustle twenty and fifty dollar weed deals from my flat and at school to get a few extra bucks but at 16 I didn’t quite have the know how to make any ‘real’ money.

So Im sitting in Woden waiting and puffing on a cigga when another lad Ive seen around town comes walking up and asks me if he can borrow my bag?

Of course Im like what for?
He says come for a walk.

We walked up this ramp thing to a small coffee shop which I will leave un named but those who are from the area will know there was only one coffee shop at the top of the ramp.

This guy tells me he has broken in to this coffee shop and needs my sports bag to put the shops stereo in so he can make his get away.

I say no probs and walk up with him.

Once we get in he puts the stereo in the sports bag and starts filling plastic bags with chocolates.

Im thinking stuff the mars bars where's the cash??

I asked him how much cash he has found and he says none!

So I start ransacking the cupboards and I find a money bag which I grab and as I do so it jingles as it is full of change and the dude who I came with comes walking over to see whats up.

Just before he comes round the corner of the counter to where Im crouching I look in the bag and see a wad of cash on top of the change so I put it down my pants right away.

I show him what's now inside the bag and then we leave.

We decide to meet up at a local weed dealers place in half an hour and we split up both heading different directions in to the Woden bus interchange.
We only got about maybe ten meters apart max when cops began filtering in to the interchange from the attached local cop shop.

I figured the store must have had some sort of silent alarm or some shit that had gone off.

Straight away two cops head toward the guy I had gone in the shop with and begin questioning him, most likely because he looks like he is moving house with my sports bag and four or five plastic bags full of crap.

At the same time as this my mate with the weed walks up to me and says hello just as two coppers start walking in our direction.

The only thing I have is the money but there is like \$200 of it in change so every step I take is going CHING CHING CHING...

I give my mate the look that means just keep moving but he can see the pigs so he just falls in to stride with me as we say hello.

It was only a few more metres to the taxi rank and we headed to it with the cops in toe.

The cops hadn't said anything to us but I was sure they could hear the change rattling in my pocket.

Just as I reached out and opened the cab door I heard the coppers voice..."Excuse me mate"

My adrenaline rose sharply but I kept a cool exterior and casually turned around as I opened the cab door.

"What is it mate"

My mate that was with me also turned around and as he had a bag the coppers focused more attention on him then me requesting he open the bag for inspection.

He showed them inside the bag and that seemed to satisfy them enough and they headed back toward the bus interchange to help look for these "criminals".

We got dropped at my mums ex boyfriends place and to his surprise I payed him the money I owed him and scored some weed at the same time.

Me and the boys lived well for a few days and that was that.

Back soon.

BLOG THIRTY TWO

Friends, firearms and the right thing to do.

First published – Oct 13 2007.

Back again,

Those of you who regularly read my blogs or listen to my music will recall me mentioning 'v' the mate who did the dirty by me and shafted me out of my weed thing.

Well I was trying to think of a good last story for 2007 and this one certainly has a lesson in it for everyone about being too much of a good mate to the wrong people.

The whole saga actually began while I was sitting in Goulburn gaol and V was running my weed thing for me.

V had hooked up with a girl and began living with her.

V has never been very good with the ladies so after a short time the relationship began to turn sour and the two began to fight.

The girl was complaining that she was being abused, Im not sure if this was true or not, I didn't think it was but the more I hear the more I reconsider my opinion.

Anyway the girl decided to contact a brother in law or cousin (I cant recall what relation he was) named Chris and she told him what she was telling everyone else - eg that V was abusing her.

Of course Chris came straight up to the house bursting in on V who turned bitch and began pleading with Chris not to hurt him.

This Chris bloke apparently put a few on V's chin and tormented him for a while with various kitchen items such a wooden spoon.

V made a few efforts to dash for freedom but chocked up on his own tears he didn't get very far on any occasion.

Chris demanded some money in exchange for letting V go free.

Luckily for V he had the business money stashed at another location but after a few little taps on the face he agreed to drive to the location with Chris where he promptly handed over a large sum of cash.

And then all was forgotten for a while.

Upon my release from prison V told me he had been jumped in his sleep by this Chris and some other make believe bikers that he created in an effort to keep some pride.

V also told me about the claims his girl made that started the whole thing. Having known V for many years, since back in high school I trusted his word.

A few months after my release V and his girl who by this stage had become parents to a child despite the fact they hated each other were at it again.

Arguing and fighting for hours on end.

After one of these arguments V and I were driving around doing drops around Canberra when suddenly Chris rang.

V would normally never answer the phone to Chris but I told him to answer it and solve this once and for all.

He did so and I told Chris that should he wish to continue with this shit then to stop calling and to head to Canberra (He lives in Vic).

Chris said he would be there the following night and I then passed the phone back to V who finally seemed to grow some nuts with the help of a friend and actually said a few words for once.

V was all ways trying to tell me how hectic this Chris guy was but I suspected he was blowing it well out of proportion.

Don't take me the wrong way either.

Im no hero Im just out to make sure I do what I can to keep my mates safe.

V also kept saying this dude was a biker but couldn't say which club he was with but only that it was a hectic one...lol

Just in case we needed it I decided to get a firearm to make sure this all didn't go wrong.

I rang around and could only manage to find one mate who could help at such short notice and he only had a 22.

We headed over to my mates place in Lyons (Canberra suburb) to pick up the .22 and all was sweet, just in case and to be safe I asked if the weapon had been tested recently and he just smiled walked up the hallway and fired the thing out the open window in the bathroom on to the ground out in the back yard. Kinda shocked by this we laughed with him for a sec then grabbed the 22 and got the f**k out of there.

The following day it was business as usual until the sun went down and all bizo phones were off leaving just the personal number on for Chris to ring on.

We staked out the house all night with the firearm in close reach.

When I look back sitting there on parole with that 22 was so stupid that it is beyond comprehension especially considering it was just months later that V would dog me.

It was some dumb shit and luckily it is now something that happened in a different lifetime.

Anyway we sat there till the sun came up dosing off and on; we hit the showers and then hit the road for the first drops of the day.

I had to leave later the following day to meet my then new girl Stacey's family for the first time and in many ways that was heaps more stressing then this..lol!

Chris never showed or rang but I left the 22 with V and stayed in constant contact until I returned.

I also put him in a hotel room at the hotel Stacey worked at just in case.

Shortly after this V broke up with the girl this drama was over but has since got back with her and had another child then broken up with her again.

I don't think he and Chris have crossed paths since all this went down but hopefully they have.

As I have said....In the end V dogged me so this whole saga was a waste of my energy but at the time I thought he was a good mate.

Thinking back and many people have pointed this fact out to me since the event...IF HE WAS A MATE HE WOULDN'T ASK YOU TO DO THIS SORT OF THING WHILE YOUR ON PAROLE.

That's a true fact and V is a true dog!

It has been experiences like this one with V and what he did to me with the weed business that have helped to drive me toward making a success of myself 'The Right Way' and for that fact I thank V.

You live and learn.

You win and lose.

Back soon.

BLOG THIRTY THREE

Real mates and learning to rap in prison.

First published – Feb 19 2008.

Back again,

Instead of bagging the prison system today Im going to talk about a couple of good things I got out of being inside.

A mate for life and the inspiration to consider my music as new path for my future.

When you're locked up you come across all sorts of characters and you're stuck with them twenty four seven, 365 until you get out.

Some are great blokes, some are dickheads, some are nutters, psychos, drug fiends, murderers and all walks of life in between.

Unless a guy has been convicted of a sex crime or something against children all are just another number in the prison system.

Just another one of the boys.

Just another one of the thousands serving time around NSW and Australia.

Throughout your sentence you move from prison to prison, settle for a while, crew up with some of the lads and then when you move on...you move on.

You might swap min numbers (prison id numbers) with a mate you met and write for a while, you might even swap phone numbers and get together for a beer or a smoke when you both get free.

You might hook up for mutual business interests or because you both get in to the same hustle on the outside.

Along the way though you come across some really stand up guys.

Guys that you can trust 100% no matter what.

Guys that have your back no matter what.

Mates for life.

I met a handful of mates like this during my time inside and I would like to tell you all about one of them.

Without this lad telling me that as a rapper I was good enough to make it in the music biz I may never have taken a chance and things would not be as they are today.

You might have heard me talk about two mates of mine “Dug” and “Tilly” aka Bt from my time inside.

They really had an influence on me doing something with my music.

The first lad I mentioned “Dug” is the definition of a real lad and after we spent some time locked up together at Long Bay and Goulburn over a period of around fifteen months we have been mates ever since.

I remember I was assigned to work on some demountable school buildings with about sixty other blokes at Goulburn when I heard there was a new Canberra lad in X-wing. (my wing at Goulburn).

If you are from Canberra you all ways know who else in a prison is from Canberra because we are shipped off to the NSW prison system and tend to stick together somewhat inside.

So I sat down for breakfast and as I ate my toast I looked up and in came Dug, the new Canberra lad.

I recognized Dug straight away as once I had sold a half ounce to him and a cousin and Dug had asked me to hook up ten or twenty pounds of hooch for him. I did so and he never called back, cheeky bastard.ha ha

We had a laugh and had a chat about what had been doing in Canberra since we both got locked away.

Canberra only has a population of about 300,000 so we had plenty to yarn about and we knew a lot of the same people on the outside and if we didn't we knew someone who did.ha ha.

Over the next year or so in X-Wing I got to know Dug and he was one of the few lads who had access to my cd collection. Ha ha

We both had both been in to hip hop since we were kids and it turned out Dug didn't mind a bit of a cipher.

At this stage Dug was more of a hype man then an emcee but the lad loved his hip hop!

Here and there we rapped over a few American hits while they played on my discman which was jimmied up through my one speaker radio by a mate but at this stage we were just doing our time and not really taking music that seriously.

I was writing the odd rhyme during long hours in the cell but mainly to kill time and express myself so I hadn't shown them to anyone yet including Dug.

At this stage I had been told that if I transferred from Goulburn to Long Bay and completed a 3 and a half month course to ready myself for release then I would receive parole.

As the beginning of the course drew closer I found out that Dug was heading to the Bay to do the same course.(the course is called "Nara Ngura" by the way)

We arrived at Long Bay and ran in to another mate who was also a budding rapper Bruce "Bt" Tilly and then we started counting down the days to release.

We hit the gym pretty hard for the last few months so we would be looking good for the ladies when we finally got to hit a night club after all these years out of action.

The schedule at the course we were doing was pretty busy to.

We would start the day with a quick breakfast and cigarette followed by education and course related activity until about three pm.

After the course stuff we would hit the gym for a couple of hours and then cook up a big meal over which we would discuss our big plans for release.

Dug was all about his daughter and settling down as he had been away from her for so long.

I was more about my weed business and getting back my old life, neither of our plans went to plan.

After dinner I would hit the showers and maybe have a game of chess or cards with who ever was about.

On Wednesdays the whole wing cooked and ate a big meal together and then did the dish's so this is when the ciphers went down.

The ciphers would mainly be held down by me and Tilly but heaps of lads had there moments.

Occasionally we would get a little battle going but mainly the dis's went out to the screws or the guys that hated hip hop.

Dug was all ways hyping up right in the middle of things and getting involved with a few lines here and there and didn't really start to polish his own rap ability until after his release.

Even though he wasn't rapping yet I feel a big influence on me picking up the mic and pen was the support from the lad.

Dug was telling me I could do something with my rhymes way before I ever considered the thought as more then a dream.

For that shit I will all ways have Dugs back 100%

On another note Dug has just asked me to be the godfather of his daughter!!

Anyway back to the routine of our days at Long Bay...

By six thirty we would have another hour long education course and then it was a half hour break before getting locked in our cells.

The nights at Long Bay were not the same as the nights at the other prisons I had stayed at.

For starters I was pretty sure I could finish the course and get parole so the end of my sentence was in sight and I would sit there at night for the four months or so that I was there writing raps and feeling almost free.

In the morning Dug, Tilly and myself would go over the raps that Tilly and Myself had written.

Dug would always be telling me I had the story and the ability to make it which spurred me on.

I kept a couple of the raps I wrote in the nik, Im pretty sure Dug has a couple I wrote that he liked too.

I don't think they are good enough to release but they are a good memory of what hip hop means to me.

And so the week would role on basically unchanged except on weekends when we would watch video hits, have a huge breakfast and maybe play some basketball.

Of course with the weekends come visits, round once a month we would get a visit from family or friends.

So we had a fair bit of spare time over the weekends and we would use some of it to spit a few raps that we had written during the week.

As the four month course was getting closer to winding up the three of us decided to put together a little set to perform for the guys in the wing as like a farewell for Tilly who was due to go home first.

We put a few songs together for it but couldn't get our hands on beats and a stereo so instead it was just a cigarette at the gate and Tilly was gone.

A week later and it was my day, despite my Canberra ban I was keen as hell to get out.

I won't go in to details about my release day n all that but I said my goodbyes to Dug and the rest of the lads.

I left a few written raps that Dug had liked with him and he chucked me a painting he had done for me which hangs right here on the office wall and will move to the studio too.

Another week later Dug got out and despite my ban from Canberra I was heading back to celebrate Dugs first night out after all I had promised to show him what a real E does the day he got out!

I had a friend coming to pick me up from the Gong where I had been sent by parole to give me a lift to Canberra but he ended up in an accident and I was stuck.

At around 7 or 8 pm I decided if I was going to get down to celebrate with Dug I had to move fast but most of my mates live in Canberra so I had few options for a lift.

I had come in to a chunk of cash over the first week of release so I thought stuff it Im getting a cab cause this is a big day for my mate.

\$500 later I hit Canberra and met Dug in Civic.

Dug was blind drunk so I probably shouldn't have given him a full one of these E's I had but it was his release day.

Me and a couple of friends also popped one and within twenty minutes we were dispersed through the nightclubs of Civic.

Ironically after all that effort I didn't see Dug again that night.

Come to think of it with all the shit going on in our lives straight after release we didn't see each other again for a while.

Even after all our plans.

That's how it is sometimes when you return to the real world.

If you read my blogs then you probably know about the shit that went down after I got out and Dug's plans didn't go any better as he was locked back up for a while on some charges he was later found not guilty of.

Around six months or so after release I crossed paths with Dug again at skyfire (a Canberra festival) and I found out he had been locked up again.

I had been trying to phone the lad but his number had been cancelled.

I was still in Canberra for the next four months before my ex mate ripped me and the parole board and afp drove me out of town so I was catching up with my man Dug and his girl on the regular.

I was living with my new girl and ex mate in a near by suburb so we were catching up every couple of days.

By now I was comfortable as hell freestyling in front of who ever and I was even hitting some open mics so I would be at it all day.

Dug was even starting to find his own flow.

When I did finally get run out of Canberra the first thing I did the week I finally retreated to Wollongong was head to Sydney for Scribblejam which was a national rap battle comp.

Stacey, Dug and his girl came along to see me get to the last sixteen in NSW before bombing out.

Since then I've been in the Gong and have only caught up with Dug a few times, the last time being at my Canberra show in October.

We stay in touch on the phone though and coincidentally Dug and his girl had a baby shortly before my daughter was born so we are now both proud fathers of beautiful baby girls and life has changed for both of us.

Dug's working and doing well he has been working on his raps and most likely soon you will get to hear him on a track.

He has been supporting my career, the Koky Prik movement and polishing up his style for the last two years.

He keeps telling me how much he wants to get up on stage for a chance to rip a set so once things quite down we will get something recorded and see what you all think.

You know what I think?

You find good people in the strangest places.
Even Goulburn gaol.

You find inspiration in the strangest places.
Even Long Bay gaol.

Shouts out to ya Duggy, madd inspiration!

You know Ive got your back brother!
Koky Prik Son!!!!

Back soon people.

BLOG THIRTY FOUR

Biffo in the jail kitchen and a good laugh had by all.

First published – Feb 19 2008.

There was all ready a fair bit of tension at the gaol kitchen in the week leading up to this knuckle.

The screws had some health department guys coming through to check things out and they were on us to be well behaved.

The last seven days had seen the screws riding us all day everyday to make sure the whole kitchen was sparkling clean.

Goulburn kitchen cooks for itself and a few other surrounding prisons in NSW so it's a pretty big joint to look after.

Us lads all ways kept it pretty clean anyway of course but the screws were all ways nervous when the health department came through.

Either that or they enjoyed the extra excuse to be bastards.

To package the meals in the kitchen there was a special room with perspex walls so the screws could see inside as twenty or so lads stood inside packing sandwiches or meals ready for lunch and dinner at Goulburn and the other gaols.

When you first start for work at the kitchen if you are assigned a job there then you start of in "The Sandwich room" which is the perspex room I was talking about.

I had done my time in there but was now out on the floor in the cooking area but I could still see through the perspex in to the sandwich room.

Many times during the time I spent at Goulburn me and the other lads on the floor would laugh at the arguments and things in the sandwich room as we looked in through the perspex wall like it was a tv playing a b grade movie.

So the day comes around for the health department to show up and as soon as we arrived at work the head screw at the kitchen a guy named 'Smitty' was warning us to be behaved or there would be hell to pay.

Smitty was something like a fat redneck Mr Bean with a bad temper and loved being in charge.

So we all got our work gear on including hairnets which was a funny sight and then we headed to our jobs around the kitchen.

The screws all ways chose an inmate to run the sandwich room, usually someone that all the boys got along with and at this stage the guy in the job was a big country bloke who I think was named Robbo but that could just be because he was from the town of Robertson NSW I cant really remember.

Either way Robbo was in charge and just like with nearly everyone the screws put in charge of that sandwich room he lost a few mates around the place.

Around eleven am in the morning the guys in white coats arrived with there clip boards and started inspecting the kitchen.

The inspection went pretty well and the coats were happy with how clean we had the place so them and the screws all headed in to the office to finish things off and have a coffee.

While the screws were having a coffee and a laugh Robbo and a young Japanese guy who had recently been transferred to Goulburn were beginning to have a little bit of an argument over Robbo telling him what to do.

I couldn't hear exactly what they were saying but the body language and waving of hands said they weren't happy with each other at all.

The Japanese fellow wasn't very big but he had a crazy look about him and had all ready tried to off himself a couple of times while inside so he seemed like a pretty unstable character.

So they are having an argument and then next thing you know the Japanese guy just lost it and unleashes a combo on Robbo's head.

Catching Robbo a bit by surprise with the intensity of his attack he landed five or six flush hits straight in to Robbo's face and Robbo fell back left and then right waving his head about and spraying blood over about four or five hundred sandwiches that were being packaged!

At this point Robbo gets a hit in and the punching became wrestling as people were sent falling over and sandwiches and ingredients were spilt all over the floor.

As Robbo gets his hit in Smitty see's what's going on and the fat prick rips of his blue screws shirt and comes running from the office and in to the sandwich room. With the help of another two screws they break the fight up with a bit of a scuffle just after some blood had been spat on to the walls and food.

Smitty had come out of the office to save the day with his fat gut bouncing around in his bonds tank top in front of the health department guys so the whole floor of us inmates working had burst in to laughter.

That still makes me laugh to this day, picture clark kent ripping of his shirt to change in to a poster child for the obesity epidemic instead of superman.

Im not sure what ever happened as a result of the biff but I do know Smitty was even less fun to be around then usual for a long time.

Robbo stayed on, finished his sentence and was then released from Goulburn.

The Japanese guy was transferred from Goulburn the day after the fight and Im not sure what really happened to him after that.

Now tell me that's not the best timed biff you've heard of... ha ha.

Back soon guys.

BLOG THIRTY FIVE

Close calls in the hooch business.

First published – Feb 19 2008.

Back again,

Time for another trip down memory lane.

After my time in prison and all the time I've spent working on building Koky Prik Rekordz and a music career selling smoko seems like it was a lifetime ago.

In a way it was but that aside I still have a million and one stories from them days.

The one Im going to go over now is proof that it pays to at least pretend to be polite to our officers of the law because sometimes it can be all that saves you from getting in the shit.

The day of the close call started like any other day.

I switched on the mobe and ate my cocoa pops while I took the first rush of orders for the day.

I took a quick shower, bagged my deals and headed out the door to do the morning drops.

I made my first couple of stops and then decided to pull in to Macca's at Erindale (a suburb of Canberra) to grab a snack to eat while I cruised around.

Coming out of Macca's I went left and drove out of the shopping area past a school. I can't recall the street name but I was headed just down the road to Wanniasa a suburb near by.

As I came up the road I spotted some cops doing speed checks further down the street and decided to slow up from 80kmh to the speed limit of 60kmh.

Having a little giggle to myself I slowed up and was about to pass them when suddenly they pulled me over!

I must have been extra buzzed of skunk that morning because as they pulled me to the side of the road I realized it wasn't a 60 zone at all it was a bloody 40 zone despite the fact that the school was way back up the road.
A dumb move on my part.

I had my back pack of deals chock to the brim and sitting on the passenger seat so as I rolled up to stop I took the chance to grab the back pack that should have been in the stash spot and slid it under my seat.

I pulled up and was ordered out of the car.
I hopped out not sure if they had seen me shift the bag under my seat or not.

Being on bail for an armed robbery and on a suspended gaol sentence while serving a good behaviour bond meant my chances were well and truly up if I got pinched. I would find myself in prison not to long after this for the armed robbery but at this stage all I was stressing on was the couple of pounds in oz's n stuff that I had under my seat.

So as I said I was ordered out and luckily it was a couple of piggers I had not had the pleasure of dealing with yet so I knew I wasn't quite busted yet.

When I was doing business I was always really polite to the cops, I found it was the best way to try and manoeuvre around them and often it worked.
This time was no different and I stepped from the car with the usual morning officer, what seems to be the problem?

You were doing over sixty in a school zone was his reply followed by show me your licence as his mate checked out my rego sticker.

I normally had my girl of the time driving me around on drops as I didn't have a drivers licence but some days if I felt like rolling solo I would chance it.
In other words I had no licence to show them.

I explained I had just been visiting a friend and didn't have a licence.

I told the copper I never drove unlicensed.
My girlfriend was suppose to drive me to my mates house but fell sic and I had taken the one off chance to drive there but had now been caught.
Just my luck officer.
Having the rego in my girls name made the story a little believable.

The cop seemed to go for it and acted a little sympathetic as I had been straight forward in admitting my wrong doing.

Next of course came the computer check, I decided to inform him of my current legal issue's before the station wired back my sheet.

Again I put the good kid on a bad run spin on things and again to my shock he seemed understanding.

I couldn't believe my luck when he decided to just fine me for driving unlicensed and leave it at that.

For a second I thought I was home free when suddenly his partner decided we couldn't leave my car on the side of the road and so the cop that was dealing with me said we had to move it on to the grass along the road side.

I took a few steps toward the drivers seat and said no problem but the copper told me there was no way he could even let me drive to the roadside without a license. Whats worse is the copper decided to move it himself.

I took a step back and even over a meter away I could smell the pungent odour of skunk coming from the car, I figured I was gone now.

The cop jumped in and moved the car on to the grass while I tried to keep a straight face.

Sure enough the cop got back out of the car and called to his partner with a joke I wont forget for a while....'Ive got the munchies just from sitting in this car'

Of course the two cops then headed my way again while I tried to keep a straight face while in my head I was debating the pros and cons of just high tailing out of there but I stood firm.

As soon as they got face to face with me again the cop that had been dealing with me asked if there was anything that I wanted to tell him before he searched the car.

With little choice I just tried to call his bluff.

I put on the most sincere and worried face I could muster (the worried part was easy) and said yes officer I have to level with you.

I told him I hadn't been entirely honest with him and that the reason I had driven to catch up with my friend was to smoke a joint.

I told him we had just finished up shortly before I was pulled over.

Then something happened that had never happened to me before....Nothing....

He said he believed me and thanked me for my honesty, handed me my infringement notices for unlicensed driving.

Then he told me to lock the car up and get a friend to pick me up!

No worries officer I said and as quick as I could without looking suspicious I locked the car up and wandered down the street.

I couldn't believe my luck, even when I was not breaking the law the old Canberra coppers would always search my car if they got the chance.

So I wandered a few meters down the street and as I did the guy who I was late meeting phoned to check where I was so I had him scoop me up out of the danger zone.

I left the car for a few hours and then picked it up stash intact and ready for sale.

I still have a laugh when ever I think about what went down that day, as I said earlier I ended up in the nick not long after that went down but still it was a few months extra party time.

And that guys was a close call in the hooch business and a damn lucky break for me at the time.

Have a good week guys.

Back soon.

BLOG THIRTY SIX

The perils of trusting a Kings Cross hooker.

First published – Mar 22 2008.

Back again,

I was having a laugh with my brother in law the other day and we were talking about a funny little situation two of his mates got in to a few years back that I thought might amuse some of you.

The two mates were "Brett" and "Phil" a couple of country guys from Bowral in NSW a fairly small town.

The pair had decided to head up to the bright lights of Sydney for a night on the piss.

Like most country lads they didn't mind a drink so they went pretty hard all night and ended up absolutely blind in Kings Cross on the lookout for a hooker to take back to there room.

After a quick look around they found themselves a willing lady and the three of them jumped in a cab and headed over to the hotel they were staying in.

Once the three of them arrived and got upstairs it was decided Phil would wait outside the room while Brett and there new lady friend did there business and then Phil would head in for the left overs.

Dirty, dirty bastards.

So Brett heads in to the room with the hooker and she tells him to take a shower before they get things started.
Brett doesn't muck about hoping straight in.

A minute later Brett wanders back in to the room and the hooker tells him to lay down on the bed so he does.
She heads in the bathroom then tells him she has to grab something quickly and will be back in a minute heading out of the room walking straight by Phil outside letting him know she would be back in a minute too.

Fifteen or twenty minutes pass by and Phil who has been standing in the hallway decides to enter the room to see what is going on.
Once he opens the door he see's Brett still lying buck naked on the bed waiting for the hooker to come back in and sort him out.

After getting over the embarrassment of his mate catching him in his pose Brett asked Phil if he saw the hooker pass him in the hallway and he said she did.
Still pissed of there faces they suggest to each other that she might still come back.

Then Brett heads in the bathroom to get re dressed and once he gets his pants back on they realize she isn't coming back.

It turns out she had grabbed his wallet from his pants on the bathroom floor and done a runner.

I guess these are the perils when trusting a kings cross hooker...Ha ha

Back soon.

BLOG THIRTY SEVEN

**Jail cosmetic surgery – A razor blade to the penis.
First published – June 11 2008.**

Back again,

People do some strange things when they are locked up but there is one thing some of the boys get up to that I think takes the cake.

I have no clue how this crazy idea started but anything that involves letting somebody take a razor blade to your shlong is way to dangerous for Big Dave!!

So what the hell am I talking about??

Well the best way I can describe what Im talking about is to call it “gaol cosmetic surgery” except there is no sterile hospital.
The doctor conducting the procedure is using a razor or make shift blade and he is probably more qualified to commit a robbery then to get to cutting.

Anyway if a guy who for some reason is crazy enough to want the job done he will keep his eye out for a small piece of glass that he will then spend a great deal of time grinding in to a round marble size ball.
He does this by rubbing the glass on the concrete.

Once the guy has his glass ball all set then he gets a mate who is willing to play the doctor and then the guy whacks his shlong out on the table and braces for the pain.

Doctor danger then takes his razor or blade and makes a cut along the shaft of the penis being careful to guess where the major veins are and to avoid them.(Yes this has back fired in the past)

Once the incision is made the glass ball is forced through the hole made by the doc and it is left to heal leaving the glass ball in there forever.

I was asked on several occasions if I would like a glass ball or two (some guys have several).

I may have been stupid enough to find myself in prison but Im not that bloody silly!!

Apparently the chicks love it but hey Im not risking getting no pleasure for the rest of my life to enhance a girls night just a few degrees...lol

Despite the obvious dangers involved heaps of lads still hook it up and the get it done, even some of my mates decided it was a stellar idea.

I guess people will do anything to pass the time....I preferred to polish the raps instead of a glass ball...ha ha.

Back soon.

BLOG THIRTY EIGHT

Murders, attempted murders, ol mate robbed n beaten twice...18 months in quite Canberra.

First published – Apr 5 2009.

Life has been good to me over the last 18 months, every week things seem to just keep getting better but in contrast so many of my friends have not had it so good lately.

Over the last 18 months it seems like for every good thing that goes down in my life a bad thing goes down in a mate's life.

A good mates missus was stabbed to death in front of the kids, another guy I know was bashed to death and another mate is on remand for attempted murder after stabbing two guys in an alleged 'drug deal gone wrong'.

Yes it's been a pretty crazy 18 months in quite Canberra and for many people round town life will never be the same again.

I thought it was only right that I took some time out to reflect on the circumstances some of my fellow Canberran's have faced and in two cases not survived.

In all cases my heart goes out to everyone who has been touched by these events.

There was also the case of V getting robbed and bashed twice but that's hardly a tragedy to be mentioned in the same breath as these other tragic events. More of a sad joke really but in the scheme of things around town lately I guess it deserves to be a foot note.

First I have to start with the event that has weighed heaviest on my mind since I first heard it had occurred.

I received a call from a mate about a year ago, I can't mention his name publicly but we can call him 'Mark'.

Mark called me while I was recording my EP and planning a tour so I was on top of the world.

We hadn't spoken in like 8 months or so and straight off the bat I rattled off everything that had been going on with me.

After I finished blabbering on Mark asked if I was back in Canberra and if I was keen to go for a beer.

I was in Sydney at the time and wouldn't be moving back for a while so I told him I couldn't do it.

At about this stage of the conversation I realized Mark sounded really down.

Id been doing so much talking I hadn't noticed.

He went on to tell me that during an altercation at Charnwood shops his partner had been stabbed seven times and had died as a result of the wounds.

I asked how he was doing and offered my support but it seemed weak in light of the gravity of what had happened.

What could I say that would really make a difference?

We chatted for a bit about what had happened but after a few minutes Mark exited the call.

I got the impression that he needed a drinking partner pretty quick and as I wasn't in town I guess he wanted to ring someone who was.

Out of respect Im not going to mention any details about what I was told here in this blog.

If you are really interested in more on the case use google.

Ive been in touch with Mark through phone calls since he rang and when we speak he seems to be holding up ok all things considered.

I still haven't sat down with him for that beer but now Im back in the Canberra area I am going to make it a priority.

Marks a real stand up guy and doesn't deserve this kind of thing in his life.

I first met him on remand in Canberra in 02 and later during our prison sentences we spent a year together in Goulburn gaol.

In the nick you really get to know someone because you're stuck together all the time. Some guys are a nightmare to be around all day everyday but not Mark, he was a man of his word and had my back in that shithole prison.

I got to know him well and as I said he doesn't deserve this in his life.

Mark doesn't get online, he's old school, in his forties but if you do read this mate stay strong, I promise I'll be calling for that beer soon!

About 6 months after Mark called I received an email through our "Behind The Walls" project, it was from the family member of a mate of mine.

The lady that contacted me told me that my mate was being charged with attempted murder and had been arrested for allegedly stabbing two Ice Dealers in a robbery gone wrong.

This mate I can name as the media has all ready done so.

Tim is a guy I've known for many years, he was in the year below me in high school and the first memory I have of meeting the guy was a day that we had both been suspended and sent home from school.

Neither of us wanted to go home and face the music so we hung around the local shopping centre at Mawson and got up to mischief.

We hung out a fair bit back when I was doing my weed thing and all ways got on well.

Most recently I caught up with him a few times in late 05 and early 06 just after my own release from prison.

When I received the email about what had gone down it had been about 3 years since I'd seen Tim and besides the odd text about how my music thing was going we hadn't spoken in ages.

Even though Tim was all ways a pretty staunch dude stabbing two blokes seemed way out of character for him.

I asked myself what changed since we last caught up or if he maybe got himself caught up in something he couldn't control?

The devils own drug 'Ice' is alleged to have been involved so that worries me but in saying that Tim had never even mentioned Ice to me or any other drug besides weed for that matter.

A couple of other things I have been wondering are whether or not this was a case of self defence or maybe these guys had seriously wronged him?

Who knows?

Im not really sure so I guess I shouldn't speculate too much, the truth will be told. In the meantime if you want more details hit up google.

I offered advice and support to Tim through the family member that contacted me and I plan to head in and see the big fella soon.

Regardless of what's gone down a mates still a mate.

A couple of weeks ago the ABC reported Tim had re-applied for bail and it was mentioned that he had been assaulted and his jaw had been shattered. I hope he's holding up all right, the justice system is a slow moving machine and guilty or not it will be a long road.

Tim's had a hard life, I hope he can pull himself up again and put this behind him when he eventually gets the chance to.

About another 6 months passed after I got the news of Tim's arrest and then a couple of weeks ago I received some more bad news from around the way.

It turns out that Jamie Peisley a guy I know from around South Canberra had been bashed and killed over the weekend, he was only 26.

I won't discuss the details of what I was told but I was pretty stunned by the news. Another tragedy, it all most left me lost for words.

If you ever drank at The Venue in Erindale no doubt you would have come across Jamie at some point.
My condolences go out to his friends and family.
Rest In Peace mate.

Yep it's been a pretty shocking 18 months in quite little Canberra. On top of these tragic tales mates have been jumping back in to prison, jumping back in to the drug trade and getting caught up in all the violence and drama that goes with the shit.

There was also the action with my former mate V. He was bashed, robbed and put in hospital twice, I guess he wasn't cut out to be a dealer after all..ha ha that's poetic justice for you. To say I was anything but happy about what happened to V would be a lie. At least with this situation it happened to a guy that really deserved it.

Stabbing mates in the back, ripping off family and speaking to police are not traits I admire, street justice.
Nuff said.

With such a shit storm going on out there I really had a good think while I was writing this blog.

I thought about my life, my old life, the drama that used to surround me and how it may have turned out if I made different choices. I also thought about other people's lives and the choices they have made.

My life is chill these days.

No piggers, no drama, no gaol.

Im so glad Ive left all that behind.

I work hard but I do what I love and when Im not doing that Im with family or friends.

Yep my life is chill these days and that's just how it should be.

If you're out there caught up in all the bullshit, the cycle of drugs, money, gaol, respect etc then I hope this blog gives you something to think about.

Again my condolences go out to everyone touched by these crazy events.

Back soon guys.

Dave.

R.I.P Jamie Joseph Peisley and Elizabeth Anne Booshand.

BLOG THIRTY NINE

The return of Death Row Records.

First published – Apr 21 2009.

Ayo people...

Welcome to my first blog for hiphoptvonline.com Im Dave "Big Dave" Parsons.

Some of you may have read my blogs before at kokyprik.com or at various other websites where I write about my history, my music career and my opinions on life.

Well this blog is going to be completely different to the others.

This blog is going to be a mixture of hip hop news, hip hop history and of course my opinions on the hip hop world.

I've been a soldier of the hip hop culture since the early nineties and I'm still representing what I love so when Hip Hop TV asked me to write for their new site I thought "yeah why not share my thoughts with you guys".

So let the games begin! Ha ha!

Lately there's been a lot of talk about the once mighty Death Row Records making a comeback and in the world of hip hop, for me, that's the biggest news I've heard in years!

Since Tupac passed on back in 96 it's been like Death Row was stuck up in some quicksand or something.

Things were ok for a minute after Pac's death but then they just got slowly worse until there wasn't much left of Death Row except the exploitation of past glories.

Having grown up on Death Row Records I've all ways had a soft spot for the label so I kept an eye on things over the past 16 years and Its been like watching the rise and fall and fall and fall again of an empire.

I can even still remember the first time I heard The Chronic LP.

I had been suspended from school after a bit of biffa in the school yard and so I was escorted back to class to grab my school bag.

As I left the classroom my mate Peter Teo handed me a tape...."Dr Dre The Chronic".

When I got home I had the joint to myself so I headed outside for a cigarette and took my walkman with me.

I sat on the back steps and listened to The Chronic twice all the way through.

I was blown away!

I was all ready a West Coast hip hop fan, Tupac, Eazy E, Ice Cube, MC Eiht, DJ Quick and all the rest but this was some next level shit!

Over the next few months me and the boys burned that tape out till the film was so thin that it played side A and B at the same time!

I was hooked on the Death Row sound and from that day on the steps of my back yard I scooped up all most every release they dropped.

I copped.....

Doggystyle(Snoop), Above The Rim (various)(movie and soundtrack), Murder Was The Case (various)(movie and soundtrack), Doggfood (DPG), All Eyez On Me (Tupac), 7 Day Theory (Tupac), Doggfather (Snoop), DRR Greatest Hits (various), Necessary Roughness (Lady Of Rage), Revenge Retaliation and Get Back (Daz), Suges Chronic 2000 (various), Still I Rise (Pac and Outlawz),Dead Man Walking (Snoop), 2002 (DPG), Until The End Of Time (Tupac), Better Dayz (Tupac), Nu Mixx Klazzics (Tupac), New Mixx Klazzics Vol 2 (Tupac) and Against The Grain (Kurupt).

Im missing a few of the remix and rehash albums, mainly because the songs on them are all ready on one or two releases I own.

Each release has its own piece of my history attached to it.

Each track reminds me of a different moment, good times and bad times; it was the soundtrack to my teen years and beyond.

I can remember when I was sixteen I headed down to the mall on the day that "All Eyez On Me" was released and waited outside the cd store for it to open.

I was the first guy in Woden to have a copy.

Pac had just signed with Death Row after spending nearly a year locked up so I was hyped to get my hands on the album which also happened to be the first hip hop double cd in history.

Those of you who are familiar with my past may recall that after my release from prison my ex had sold or disposed of everything I owned but I still have that double cd of All Eyez On Me.

After I bought the cd it followed me to parties, we spent evenings with the ladies, it travelled around with me when I was on the street, it was often playing in the car as I did my bizo and eventually it came with me to the prisons of NSW as I served my sentence.

These days it only plays about half the songs on it but it's more of a memento now than a cd.

Its a little piece of my history.

So as you can see I've been a Death Row tragic since back in the day and being a Death Row tragic I've all ways hoped that the label could get it's act together and make a come back.

I hoped it would rise up and smack the taste out of some of today's artists.

I thought it was going to happen back in 98 when they dropped Daz Dillinger's "Revenge, Retaliation and Getback" LP but it didn't happen and the release only went gold.

Then in 2005 I thought it might be time for a new era when the other member of The Doggpound Kurupt released his LP "Against The Grain" on Death Row after signing on as Vice President at the label.

Against The Grain was a disaster with Death Row urging fans not to buy the album as it had been altered before release by Koch and Kurupt without the knowledge of Suge Knight. (The removed tracks were later released on an EP)

Koch also failed to promote the release and it went all most unnoticed by hip hop fan's which was probably a good thing as the album itself was pretty average.

After the Kurupt debacle I thought Death Row was just about dead and buried for good but Im glad to say I was very wrong!

Over the last few of years I've watched Suge Knight go bankrupt and Ive heard rumours of possible takeover bids by Warner (\$25mil), Global Music Group (\$24Mil) and 50 Cent (\$20Mil).

At one stage it was alleged that Global Music Group had made a successful bid but thankfully that fell through.

The only outcome worse then the death of Death Row Records would be the further exploitation of the label.

Can you imagine a McDonalds commercial with Tupac rapping "How Do You Want It" as some pimply faced kid asks if you want to upsize your fries....agggggggghhhhhhhh no thanks.

That is the type of thing we could have expected from a global corporation.

So in stepped WIDEawake Entertainment, a company that until a few weeks ago I had never heard of.

To everyone's surprise they swooped down with a winning bid of \$18Mil and all of a sudden Death Row Records is back!

With the state of hip hop these days it's not a minute to soon either!

Could it be a return to the glory days of Death Row?
A return to no holds barred street music for the people?

Personally I hope it will be!

Like any Death Row or Tupac fan the first thing that worries you with a deal like this is the music.

Will it be exploited?

Will this company be on the lookout for a quick buck at the expense of a piece of hip hop history?

My opinion on both these questions is a simple answer...NO!

My friend John Payne who was an original founding member of Death Row Records is now the senior VP at the new Death Row.

With him on board we can rest easy that things are safe.

If there was a guy you wanted in there fighting to keep things real and true with the label then it has to be him.

So it looks like there might finally be some more 'real' street shit on the rack next to the latest pop rap releases....Wow wont that stand out amongst most of today's acts!

On top of the new era Death Row releases that we can hope for there is a staggering catalogue of unreleased music including;

*Over 40 unreleased Tupac songs.

*Unreleased music by Dr Dre, Snoop Dogg and other Death Row artists.

*The unreleased and fairly anticipated Crooked I LP.

*Apparently only 10% of what Death Row created was released!

WIDEawake are still cleaning up the mess that is the business dealings of Death Row which apparently should take about eight months and then it's on for young and old.

To all my fellow Death Row tragics....Its time for the second coming!
After all we have waited long enough haven't we!

"Like we always do about this time"

BLOG FOURTY

Back in the dirty south.

First published – May 12 2011.

I can remember sitting in the back of a prison van, handcuffed and still wearing the blue 'Im an innocent kid give me another chance' court suit I'd worn to my trial.

It must have been a quite day for transporting A.C.T prisoners to the N.S.W prison system because my co-offender Pete and I were the only lads on the truck.

Anyway yeah I can remember two moments as we left Canberra in that truck.

One moment was the drive through Manuka a suburb in Canberra. I'd been in the local remand centre for a few months so I hadn't seen civilization for a bit.

After receiving a 5 year sentence the streets and cafes I knew had a tragically ironic feel to them as we rolled past.

I was seeing places I knew well, places that reminded me of freedom but at the same time I knew I wouldn't be back in town to taste that freedom for years.

The second moment I remember was just up the road as we left Berra for good.

We stopped at a set of traffic lights and a car pulled up beside us.

It turned out the driver of the car was a guy I'd had a run in with in Civic (Canberra City) on a night out.

Last time I'd seen this guy was maybe a year earlier.

Me and the team were out clubbing one night, riding high on the success we were seeing from our various enterprises, basically just causing ruckus out in the clubs and a bit of shit went down.

I can't remember why but we left Kenny who was one of our boys with some girls up in one club and we headed to another club for a drink.

The driver of this car next to me and the mates he had with him that night had tried to put the heavy on Kenny.

Luckily a couple of the girls got out of the club and gave us the heads up because if they missed the chance poor ol Ken would have been up for some damage.

So we arrived on mass and I gave the driver of this car a hiding he won't forget, after all Kenny's like a little brother to me.

So here I now was in this transport truck a year later getting a raw dose of how much my life had changed.

A year ago I was on the town flashing cash and chasing skirt.

A year ago I was the winner and the driver of this car next to us was the loser.

Today he was the winner and my sorry ass was definitely the loser.

To cut a long long story short I served my time and from day one I was counting down the days until I would be back southside flipping ganja again.

I counted down for 2 and a half years and the plan never changed, well until the parole board got involved that is.

Two weeks out from my return home and I had to face the parole board at Long Bay Prison.

I wasn't worried though.

Sure I'd had some infringements during my time inside but nothing major and I'd jumped through all the hoops set for me during the second half of my sentence.

I completed the anger management course and the anti violence course.

I got a work/greencard thing and I upped and moved from the comfort of my one out cell in Goulburn X-Wing to move to Long Bay for the fourteen week return to society as a good god damn citizen course that they requested I do.

I figured I was a shoe in for parole and would be around Woden within the fortnight.

Well the parole board through and put a spanner in the works, they gave me parole and along with that came a blanket ban from the A.C.T.

Noel Towell, long time crime reporter for the Canberra Times once told me that according to his sources it's been the only ban of its kind.

After the downward spiral in my luck over the last few years before I was sent away I guess I should have seen it coming. Ha ha.

Down but not beaten I played the game and moved in to a house in Wollongong as my parole address and got a house in Canberra on the sly that I used as a base there.

So I briefly returned to Berra for six months of partying until I walked in on a drug raid at a friend's house one morning and of course that let the cat of the bag with the AFP and the parole board as they both realised I had been back in town.

After a close call only some stellar work from demon Canberra solicitor Tim Sharman got me a last chance at freedom.

This time round it wouldn't include a house in the dirty south or a return to the days of moving skunk.

To keep myself financially secure after my eventual release from prison I had left a so called Mate in charge of my ganja enterprise while I was locked up and so when I returned home that kept me in the money for a bit but after being caught in the A.C.T against the conditions of my parole the heat on the Canberra ban was turned up to the point that I was being heavily watched by the powers that be.

To add another nail in to the coffin my so called mate took full advantage of the ban situation going underground after stabbing me in the back and taking the business I built while I was stuck interstate.

Karma dealt with him in the long run but that's another story.

So I retreated to Wollongong with my beautiful little lady Stacey and started a family, built KP Records and generally switched up my focus, my attitude and my lifestyle.

I may have made the odd stealth visit home on special occasions but I pretty much copped the ban on the chin and stayed out of Berra until late 2007.

Id been hassling every one of my parole officers to let me hit my local area for a gig but none had been keen on the idea so far.

I was offered a support slot at the now defunct Venue in Erindale for a Triple J sponsored show and the new parole officer I had just scored swung it so I could have a short pass on the ban to do my set.

It was a good first legal return home and probably the drunkest I've been on stage. I normally hold back from hitting the drink too hard until after my set but that time I let loose.

Fuelled by the drink I couldn't help myself and I took some shots at the AFP and the so called mate that dogged me.

The crowd enjoyed it and it was good to come home and get some shit off my chest.

Finally the Canberra ban expired after two and half years but by the time it finished up Stacey and I had started a family.

One daughter before the ban ended and one shortly after.

We had a new family, KP Records was still in the building phase and I was now staying on the straight and narrow so cash was really tight.

I focused on my music, learnt as much as I could about the music industry and studied business and marketing.

So the ban was over and I was back in town every month or two to do shows, film the odd video and handle KP business.

I also signed two South Canberra MC's and ran a hip hop course for kids through a school that helps disadvantaged youth round Canberra.

Shit even though I was out of town I was still representing for Canberra.

A couple of years ago things started to pick up and KP really began to grow.

Stacey and I tried to move back home after I dropped my first commercial release and did my first national tour but Canberra is an expensive city to live in so we ended up renting a rural house about an hour or so out of Canberra.

Along with the peace and quiet to focus on the label the money we saved made it a lot easier to push some funds in to the KP.

I spent two years in the country and with help from friends and affiliates I built KP in to what it is today and put it on the path it's headed in for tomorrow.

By 2011 everything began to fall in to place and just over a week ago the Family and I landed back in the dirty South.

I spent the first couple of days setting up the new office studio and that's coming up nicely so far.

Next move is the 2m x 2m vocal booth.

The third day after I got back was the day I signed a major distribution deal with Wideawake Death Row LLC.

I think signing that contract will turn out to be a major moment in history for KP Records as we evolve and move in to the future so it was good to sign the deal on home soil.

I couldn't ask for a better welcome home present. Ha ha.

Aside from that Ive been catching up with the crew and working on some upcoming projects we have in store.

I also ran in to my old friends the AFP the other day

Don't worry Im not getting up to no good. Ha Ha.

It wasn't anything like the epic meetings Im used to from days gone by.

We hit the clubs the other night for a mates birthday and while we were between clubs I had wandered outside with a beer in hand.

Two patrolling AFP officers asked me to bin the drink and as you do when your drunk I had to take that last sip before throwing it out.

Well a sip becomes a scull and the boys in blue got me with a fine.

As I said it wasn't like the meetings we used to have back in the day.

Instead it was actually a bit of a laugh because I haven't run in to the AFP for a long time, actually this is the first time Ive seen them since I became a law abiding citizen. (Besides the fine ha ha).

After writing me a ticket the officers asked if I was the Dave Parsons that published information about the Federal Police online.

Half drunk and I couldn't help but have a laugh, "yep that's me mate, everything I publish is factual". Ha ha.

I think they were just amused at the whole situation as I was because they were having a bit of a chuckle.

They asked if I would be publishing any information regarding the night's events and in particular details about my fine for drinking in a public place.

Of course I said I would have to write a little something about returning to Canberra after 8 years or so and I said I'd include a mention of my re-acquaintance with the AFP.

Luckily while I was being fined one of the boys managed to snap a couple of pics to run with the blog.

Love ya work boys.

Actually since I know the AFP will be checking this post I might as well take the opportunity to tell you guys that you won't have anymore drama out of me.

Yeah sure we have a new jail but I'm not keen to see the inside of it.

I'd prefer a green room to a green shirt any day. Ha ha.

Yep I'm a different man to the arrogant little bastard you put away.

If there is one thing I've proven over the last five years it's that I represent for my home town and that's what I'm here to do.

A lot of people leave Berra to look for music industry opportunities in the bigger cities but I've gone the opposite way and decided to get the opportunities and bring them back here.

Im back in town to continue building KP Records, this time from a Canberra base like it should have been from day one.

Im here to share some of the knowledge and some of the opportunities I have and I'm here to live my life and raise my family in the area I grew up in.

So yeah I'm back around these days.

To my Friends, my family and the local KP heads.

To the haters that never wanted to see me back home and to the Canberra scene.

I've got one thing to say to you all.

It feels good to be back in the muthaphunkin dirty south.

KPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPP!

AGAINST THE GRAIN PHOTOS



Photo descriptions over page.

PHOTO DESCRIPTIONS

- 1 to 4) - 1999/2000 – The weed hustle days.
- 5) – Tony Petrovic R.I.P.
- 6) – Mug shot of a young Big Dave.
- 7 to 8) – Days locked up.
- 9) – The release day May 24th 2005.
- 10 to 11) – The first weeks after release from prison.
- 12) – KP Records and team Chopper Read hook up for a night in the Cross.
- 13) – Big Dave and Stacey.
- 14) – Big Dave’s daughter’s – Annabella and Britney.
- 15) - Big Dave in action behind the scenes.
- 16) – Big Dave signs on with WideAwake Death Row.
- 17) – Big Dave live.
- 18) – KP representing the deal 2010.
- 19) – Big Dave with close friend John Payne – President of WideAwake Entertainment and Death Row Records.
- 20) – The Australian Federal Police welcome Big Dave back to Canberra.

BIOGRAPHY OF BIG DAVE

Written by Dean Stokes April 2011.

Who is Big Dave?

Is he an MC, is he the owner of KP Records, is he a member of the WideAwake Entertainment and Death Row Records family, is he an executive producer, is he a radio host or a concert promoter?

Truth is he is all these things.
If it's hip hop related you can count Big Dave in.

HISTORY

Call it cliché or call it the norm in street level hip hop circles.
A drug dealer winds up in prison on a five year sentence for armed robbery and assault.
Inside he turns to his music resurfacing on parole to take on the battle scene.

That ex con was Big Dave and since his days on the battle scene he has gone on to become a well established piece of the Australian hip hop landscape.

LIVE SETS

Big Dave has been touring and performing his brand of Raw Australian hip hop since 2006 bombing states all around Australia.

On the road the 'big fella' has toured and performed with international acts like Grammy Award winners Bone Thugs N Harmony (SCEC, Canberra 2010), Tupac's crew The Outlawz (Big Top Luna Park 2008), Kool Keith (Project X National tour 2008) and De La Soul (Waves Nightclub 2007).

Big Dave has also hit the stage with dozens of Australia's finest local MC's and crews.

MUSIC RELEASES

Big Dave first appeared on back yard joints, internet releases and mixtapes in 2006 and 2007 including Footlockers K1X mixtape (10,000 copies distributed Australia wide via Footlocker stores).

Big Dave's first commercial store release hit shelves in September 2008 in the form of an EP.

The EP was titled "Raw Stories Chapter One" and was released through his newly formed label KP Records.

The EP featured production from Domingo, Grantwho and others along with a guest verse from Outlawz crew member EDI and mastering services from esteemed audio engineer John Payne.

Unfortunately this first release turned sour after local Australian distributor UK9 refused to issue KP Records with sales figures and royalty cheques forcing Dave to pull the release from sale in 2009.

Post Raw Stories Big Dave returned to his free release roots dropping MP3 singles and the underground mixtape "Loaded Dice" with fellow KP Records artists Dougy Doug and Grantwho. (Available now at kokyrik.com)

The mixtape reached downloads in the thousands with some of its singles finding their way on to Aussie radio.

Notable guest spots on "Loaded Dice" included Crooked I, The Outlawz and N2W.

That same year Big Dave featured on an official Outlawz mixtape.

Since 2009 a full length Big Dave LP has been in the works.

The LP is titled "Ready 4 Whatever" and will be released through KP Records and Wideawake Entertainment.

In February 2010 a music video and single from Ready 4 Whatever was released online.

Titled "Days Gone By" (Ft KP Records vocalist Kitty B) the song and video found there way on to national airwaves.

The song featured on radio shows Triple J and Jailbreak and the music video featured on TV programs Rage and Landed Music.

The music video also found its way on to the popular US based website hiphopblog receiving over 12,000 hits.

Speculation about the intended release date of Ready 4 Whatever continues.

VIDEO RELEASES

Aside from music and promotional videos Big Dave appeared on the underground documentary "Scene Of The Crime" in 2009.

Also featuring KP Records artist Dougy Doug the free release video detailed several true crime stories put together using interviews and location footage. The video is available free at kokyprik.com and has reached download numbers in the thousands.

Big Dave also features in the behind the scenes music documentary "Inner Circle Volume One" along with Bone Thugs N Harmony, John Payne, Dougy Doug, Grantwho, N2W, Kitty B and more. The video is due for free online release and possible TV broadcast in 2011.

KP RECORDS

The evolution of KP Records is real life proof that if you focus on a goal and work hard at it anything is possible.

KP Records was originally founded by Big Dave in January 2007 and since then it has gone from strength to strength.

The label has grown to include a small but diverse roster of talented Australian artists including producer/dj Grantwho (Gold Coast/Sydney), MC Dougy Doug (Canberra), duo N2W (Sydney/Port Macquarie), RnB/Soul vocalist Kitty B (Southern Highlands) and of course Big Dave himself.

With strong support (the official website kokyprik.com has received in excess of 2,000,000 hits to date), passion and a popular live show the label continues to prove just what can be done here in Australia.

In 2011 KP Records again proved anything is possible by joining the Wideawake Entertainment/Death Row Records family in a history making deal that includes fully backed distribution.

The ground breaking deal was made possible by Wideawake/Death Row President John Payne who also happens to be Big Dave's mentor in the music industry.

With a string of upcoming releases and the backing of these industry heavyweights it stands to reason that KP could well be the next big thing in Australian hip hop leading the way for the next generation.

PRESS COVERAGE

Since he first picked up a mic Big Dave has been a regular feature in the Australian media featuring in some of the biggest newspapers, music magazines, websites, radio and tv stations.

Some of these include; Rage (ABC TV), National 9 News (Channel 9) , J-TV (ABC TV, Triple J (ABC Radio), The Sunday Telegraph, The Herald Sun, The Australian, The Canberra Times, Back2Basics Magazine, 3D World Magazine (Big Dave was a 3D World Mag Urban award winner in 2007), BMA Magazine, HipHopblog(dot)com, Ozhiphop(dot)com and many more.

COMMUNITY WORK

“Behind The Walls” – A human rights initiative created by Big Dave to give the inmates of Australian prisons a voice in the greater community. The project is best known for letters allegedly smuggled out of Supermax prison in 2007, the event made national headline news.

Big Dave has continued to represent for the boys inside as regular guest producer and host of the nationally broadcast radio show “Jailbreak”. The program is dedicated to inmates, families and those caught up in the justice system.

“The Workshop” – A youth based hip hop program targeting at risk teens that was created and run by Big Dave. The program was run in conjunction with a school in the Canberra region and aimed to use hip hop as a vehicle in getting a positive message of hope to kids that needed it

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