

Leon Malin



PRISON “CROSSES”

April 24, 1999 — April 6, 2000

Leon Malin
Prison «Crosses». April
24, 1999 – April 6, 2000

http://www.litres.ru/pages/biblio_book/?art=28067860
ISBN 9785449007308

Аннотация

In St. Petersburg there is the famous prison Kresty. The main character spends almost exactly a year there. How to get to the Crosses, how they live, what they feed, where they sleep, how they wash themselves, this book tells. In the end, the author gives advice on how to behave in Prison. How to stay alive. How to maximize your health. How to bring freedom closer.

Содержание

Arrest, IVS	5
Crosses	8
Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.	11

Prison "Crosses"

April 24, 1999 – April 6, 2000

Leon Malin

© Leon Malin, 2017

ISBN 978-5-4490-0730-8

Created with Ridero smart publishing system

Arrest, IVS

I was arrested on April 24, 1999. It was in the morning, but not early, but closer to noon. I wrapped around the corner of the house, as I saw two young men walking slowly. Why did I pay attention to them? I do not know. Maybe because they were dressed as something poor, not in a modern way. I overtook them, opened the door to the entrance with the key. The guys followed. Climbing one flight of stairs, I noticed that they did not close the door behind them.

“The intercom was put on purpose to shut the door to the porch,” I tell them.

“And there are still people going,” they replied.

And indeed, two more ran into the entrance. I was pressed to the wall. And handcuffed. Five of us, a group, we left the entrance and headed for the car. It was “Moskvich”, where we hardly squeezed. I was put in the center in the back seat.

I was stunned and did not understand anything. Who is it? Police, bandits or whatever.

“Who are you, from the organs?” – I turned to their eldest.

– Yes.

“Where are we going?”

“You’ll find out soon enough.”

“Am I arrested?” Are you sure you took that person? You did not even ask for documents. I have my passport with me.

– Come here.

So my life was divided into two parts: “Before the prison” and “After the prison.”

We arrived on the street Tchaikovsky, house 30 (the city of St. Petersburg). At the entrance to the princely mansion there was a sign: “RUBOP”, the department for combating organized crime. And inside there were people in camouflage with machine guns. Of course, these were the so-called “dashing nineties” years. We went up to the third floor and walked along the corridor. Along the whole wall were mounted iron rings, which, fastened with handcuffs, were people, bandits. I was also chained to one of these rings. And so I stood for hours. Interrogations began closer to the night.

After interrogations, already late at night, I was searched. They took off their glasses, watch, belt, shoe laces. Leaving me only a pack of cigarettes. And they led the yards to the IVS, to the temporary detention center. Of course, I looked pitiful. Boots fall from the legs, the hand supports the pants, the second is the fetter with the escort. And even in the dark you need to see without glasses, so as not to stumble over anything.

IVS is located on the top two floors of the house on Zakharevskaya street, former Kaliayev. From the window of my camera (looking ahead), I could see the Great House. Perhaps it was like Warning and Edification.

The escorts hand over me to the local administration. Again

a search, a shmona. I lose half the cigarettes in a pack. Then the fingerprinting. And the camera.

A dull light burns in the cell. On the walls there are four wooden wide benches, such as beds. Two of them are busy, they are sleeping there. I lay down for free. Well, you can probably collect your thoughts. And thoughts are not at all fun. The charges are brought against a particularly heavy article. From 7 to 15. Seven years in prison? So much I can not stand. It's better to finish everything in one fell swoop, right here, now. I have a scarf, tighten it around my neck tighter. There is no way back, life is over.

In the morning, cellmates wake up and talk to each other. Young guys, speak Russian, but half the words I do not understand. This is criminal slang, slang. The agonizing hours and days of imprisonment were drawn. One and the same bulb, the same shkonka (bed). Occasionally interrogations, occasional food, occasional conversations. And more and more thoughts, thoughts, black thoughts. The lawyer said that the IVS can not hold more than three days. And then either to freedom or to the Crosses.

On the third day of my stay in the detention center, I was summoned to the stage, to the Crosses. I realized that I will not see the will sooner if I see her at all. It was necessary to prepare for the worst.

Crosses

But the worst has surpassed my expectations. In a dark paddy wagon, we were transported from Zakharievskaya Street to Arsenalnaya Embankment. Avtozak pulled up close to the wall in the inner courtyard of Krestov, so I moved from the dark truck body to a half-dark prison corridor. We were placed in the cells of the so-called “Dog”. The dog is the first floor of the whole building (each “cross” of the prison, there are two of them, consists of four buildings), a collection place for etaped, a certain settler. Camera “doggie” – a standard camera Crosses, about 8 square meters. Along the walls are low benches. On the dais at the entrance there is a “dalnyak”, a latrine. In Soviet times, there were public toilets in the country where the drain pipe went directly to the floor, and for the legs special supports were provided in the shape of the sole to stand on them. In doggirls of the Crosses, out of these large pipes, which are running vertically downward, rats often came out.

There was a painful expectation. People gradually got more and more in the cell. Sitting on a wooden low bench was uncomfortable, but it was also difficult to get up because your place was immediately occupied by those standing. “Contingent” was, basically, young guys. The average age of the “sittels” in prison was, I think, 20 years. Most of them came here for the first time, but there were those who had already been here

before. Send stories about local customs and customs, from them it became scary. Things I did not have with me, but some of the prisoners were with trunks, big bags. Someone took out a boiler, it was attached to bare wires sticking out of the wall. Brewed tea, chifir. Chifir on prison (or whatever) jargon means very strong tea. More precisely, tea, in which water is boiled together with tea leaves. A large mug with chifir was allowed in a circle. I took a sip of it.

Behind the iron door of the cell, there were clanking of other doors, people screaming, dogs barking. There was no window with a dog, it was laid with a glass brick. The light goes a little, but nothing can be seen from the outside. When it got dark, we were led out into the corridor and began to be distributed to other cells. And then really I saw how a man went insane (after all, they can not arrest a madman). A young guy in a sports suit was running along a gloomy corridor and something was shouting inarticulate. His wild hysterical laughter drove his heart even further into his heels.

At night, brought in a special, "sleeping" a dogman. There in two rows stood large racks of unplanned boards. Most climbed up, and who did not have enough space, lay down. Later I learned that in a cell, in a permanent cell, where they would "pick me up", they would ask where he slept in a dog. Above or below. Because if you slept below, then there is a higher probability of catching some kind of infection. For example, lice.

In the morning, washing, physical examination. The shower

is only to provide water (well, that's hot). There is no soap, no towels, and, moreover, clean linen. And my things are already all in a terrible unsanitary condition.

After a physical examination, where the blood from the vein was taken with a needle of unprecedented thickness, the last shmona. They select everything at all. Including cigarettes and lighters. But, it is possible to redeem the selected one back if money has escaped from the search. They took me away in the RUBOP. Here, a serviceman without insignia, in camouflage, takes a shoemaker and cuts my shoes. From there, the arch supports, metal plates are removed. Nothing, I look like this, without insteps and without laces. Someone without shoes at all, in plastic jars from Voymiks (oil that was then on sale).

There are many "masks" on the shmona. Masks are masked employees. On their heads they wear black rag bags, slots only for the eyes, nose and mouth. Masks – this is a special power unit in prison. Young healthy guys, jumping like goats, menacingly shouting and brandishing batons. They also want to profit, on the shmona.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

Текст предоставлен ООО «ЛитРес».

Прочитайте эту книгу целиком, [купив полную легальную версию](#) на ЛитРес.

Безопасно оплатить книгу можно банковской картой Visa, MasterCard, Maestro, со счета мобильного телефона, с платежного терминала, в салоне МТС или Связной, через PayPal, WebMoney, Яндекс.Деньги, QIWI Кошелек, бонусными картами или другим удобным Вам способом.