

Rolia Kama  
*PATH TO THE STARS – 2. Court*



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**Path to the Stars – 2. Court**

«Издательские решения»

## **Kama R.**

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The book tells the real story of my life, about how I was wrongfully convicted in Russia for many years, on false charges of killing a person. The book is about keeping faith, love, and respect for yourself and the world around you in any circumstances. Life is unpredictable, but if you connect with your inner world, then life can change for the better. The possibilities of man are limitless. And, everything impossible becomes possible.

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# Path to the Stars – 2. Court

**Rolia Kama**

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**ALEXANDER-ALEX**

My heart was torn from pain, from the brazen actions of the investigation, from concern for my family, from fear, from the unknown. For the first time in my life, I felt defenseless. I needed a phone and SIM card so that I could be available to my family around the clock. The phone attached to the camera came after 12 o'clock in the morning. One phone number for all the women in the cell, except for that, it was impossible to ignore calls from the colonies and prison, which often rang for empty conversations. It was moments like this that irritated me, why should I associate with these male criminals if I had no interest in them. I don't like long and empty conversations. The conversation should be clear, specific, and short.

The prison was watched by local authorities, who supported my request to have my own personal phone number, but with one condition that my relatives had to give the phone to a person. This arrangement did not suit me. Criminals, untrustworthy people, could have set me up, and I'm not going to drag my daughter into this.

There was only one way out, to turn to the Russian criminal authority. I found out that two Russian authorities, Vovan and Alex, were being held in prison at that moment – this is the Alexander who was devouring me with his eyes when leaving for the court. I wrote to Mulki, explained the matter to him, and made my request. In the morning, under my pillow, I found a mulch from it and two bars of chocolate with nuts, my favorite. At the address, mulka and one chocolate was from Alex, and the second chocolate from Vovan, although I did not address him.

mulks, so-called letters, were rolled into a tube and sealed with cellophane.

Alex wrote that he was happy to help me, but that I would have to wait a little longer. He also wrote that the phone will need to be hidden. He himself is sitting far away, where the road is difficult, so he talked to Vovan, who is sitting in a cell opposite my Windows. The phone will keep Vovan, and send it to me immediately after the evening check, and I will have to return it in the morning on the balance. If I wish, I can keep my phone during the day, but I will have to send it away during the search.

In this way, I gained patrons for myself. They really helped me with everything, and I helped Alex with the criminal case.

Later, Alex began to tell me that he loved me, even though I didn't give him any reason to. I told him frankly that there could only be friendship between us, that I had a husband whom I loved.

Alex and his associates were in prison for the second year, charged, as I said, with transporting and selling heroin. Alex said that he was not involved and did not use drugs. They already went on trial in a criminal case. Therefore, we sometimes faced each other at the stage of the city court, where I often went to complain about the actions of the investigation. It was necessary to record illegal actions of the investigation, so that later they would not say that I was silent. There were days when three complaints were considered in one day, and I went from one office to another of the judge's offices. Besides me, Anya, Andrey and Valera were also sued for complaints.

Vovan and Alex topped up my balance on the phone, sent transfers, through employees or through stages. When I was in the cell, I always had my phone with me. For other women, it was also convenient to communicate with their family during the day. Alex warned me about the searches.

### **REIMNITZ**

Once there was an unscheduled search. I don't have time to hide the phone as the doors opened into the chamber. Our employee and other employees come in, and I press the switch button and go to her. The other employees don't notice my actions, as they are busy with a cursory inspection while the prisoners leave with their belongings into the corridor. I discreetly put my phone in the hands of the employee. She was taken aback by the surprise and my impudence. Her eyes flashed with surprise and disapproval. During the search, prisoners with all their belongings and bedding went out into the corridor. In the corridor, unfolded mattresses, where employees searched things. Then we were taken in turn to the service toilet to conduct a personal examination. The phone and my court papers, correspondence, were valuable to me. Each paper had a copy, links, and documents attached to it, and I had a whole box of them. Once during a search, an employee mixed all the papers I had, after which I had to put them in order for the rest of the day, in addition, there were also sentences of other prisoners, and this is a violation of the regime. In the subsequent search, I caused a scandal, after which they stopped touching my office.

I was lucky that the guard was in the building today. Sometime after the search, she called me to her office. Going into the office, I tell her:

“I'm sorry; I didn't have any other choice. You know what our situation is. This is the only connection to the family.

“All right, all right. Just don't do it again, and it's better not to keep him in a cell during the day. See what a mess I'm in.

She points to the books that take up all the available space on the floor of the office.

The prison library was sparse, the shelves almost empty, the same picture I saw here, many years ago.

In the mid-90s, I worked as a lawyer in the human rights Department of the Parliament of the Republic. At that time, I was assigned to visit the prison based on complaints from prisoners. There were very difficult years, the increase in crime, the prison was overcrowded, there was nothing to feed the prisoners, people sat for several years at the investigation and waiting for the trial, as if they were closed and forgotten. The household condition is terrible, which is why the number of tuberculosis patients has increased, and there was not enough medicine. After seeing all this horror, I made a project about organizing a marathon to help the prison. The management had a hard time, but they supported me. The essence of the project is to appeal to the population of the Republic, with a request to provide any assistance for the prison. Much to the surprise of others who doubted my project, it went well. People carried unnecessary things, household animals, and a lot of literature. Thus, the beginning of the prison's subsidiary farm was set, and the library was filled.

Since then, 15 years have passed, of course, there is little left of that library. Inmates, books allowed for firewood to cook a Cup of chifir, they say, on fire better it turns out. I think it's a blasphemy against books.

The security guard tells me:

– After repairing the apartment, the books were taken to the garage, and there they began to deteriorate from the dampness. I had to throw some of them away, and bring the rest here, it's a pity, they'll be lost. I don't want to give it to the library, you know, they'll burn everything for a tip.

Meanwhile, I go through the books. The main part of the novels that are published a lot nowadays, I don't read them, it's boring. I chose a couple of historical books for myself:

“Can I take it?”

“Sure, take it. See, they made me a bookcase. I need women to wipe them down and spread them out.

– There’s not enough space on the shelves. Why women, I can do, alone. I’ll sort them by genre. For one, I’ll water the flowers and clean the cell.

“All right, you can put the rest of the books in the closet. I’ll go and lock you in here.

How grateful I am to her for her kindness and understanding. I was happy to do business, distracted from the bustle of chamber life, silence and solitude. Even in a peaceful life, I like to be alone. Into the corridor. I discreetly put my phone in the hands of the employee. She was taken aback by the surprise and my impudence. Her eyes flashed with surprise and disapproval. During the search, prisoners with all their belongings and bedding went out into the corridor. In the corridor, unfolded mattresses, where employees searched things. Then we were taken in turn to the service toilet to conduct a personal examination. The phone and my court papers, correspondence, were valuable to me. Each paper had a copy, links, and documents attached to it, and I had a whole box of them. Once during a search, an employee mixed all the papers I had, after which I had to put them in order for the rest of the day, in addition, there were also sentences of other prisoners, and this is a violation of the regime. In the subsequent search, I caused a scandal, after which they stopped touching my office.

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The source of our wisdom is experience.

The source of our experience is our mistakes.

I was wrong; my children were wise beyond their years. And, on what is happening to me, they moan even more wisely. My poor whatever they are, what they think. It is good that they faced this injustice at the beginning of their adult life. It was much more difficult for me to realize that the law and all power were false. All the consciousness that I lived until I was 41 years old turned out to be a deception, an illusion. How to continue to live, and will life be worth living if you are sentenced to 20 years for a crime that you did not commit? It’s creepy, cold to the bones of the brain.

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