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Ralia Kama

*Way to stars -
3. Sentence*



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http://www.litres.ru/pages/biblio_book/?art=55339343

ISBN 9785449883919

Аннотация

The book sets out the real story of my life, about how I was illegally convicted in Russia for many years, on a false charge of killing a person. The book is that in any circumstances you need to keep faith, love, respect for yourself and the world around you. Life is not predictable, but if you make contact with your inner world, then life can be changed for the better. The possibilities of man are endless. And, everything impossible becomes possible.

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ISBN 978-5-4498-8391-9 (т. 3)

ISBN 978-5-4498-6461-1

Created with Ridero smart publishing system

SENTENCE

Well, that ended the debate between the parties, which lasted four months. For three years we fought for our lives, for the lives of our loved ones, otherwise we can't name it. Lose the long years of your life for nothing that did not commit?! Throw their children and old parents to survive, without their participation and help?! We proved our innocence, uncovered the illegal actions of the investigation, but also understood that the number of interested parties in condemning us increased. Since, in the case of our acquittal, an official investigation would have begun to falsify the case. Nevertheless, we hoped for justice and humanity.

When I came to the pronouncement of the verdict, they searched me, before this was not the case, a bad feeling, but I drive away bad thoughts.

We chose a court of three judges, although Andrei suggested choosing a court with court assessors, but Anya and I assumed that it would be easier to intimidate and bribe ordinary people, and it would be more difficult to bribe the customer with three judges of the Supreme Court.

The presiding judge, Shirimey (amended), began to announce the verdict. I did not want to believe my ears – the judge announced the guilty verdict. Everything went through my thoughts, disappointment, the hope for justice, hatred, fear for

the future, concern for children collapsed, my eyes filled with tears, I did not want to believe my ears. I looked at Anna standing next to me. She turned to me, she also cried, and told me:

“Yes, Rola, they announce the conviction.”

My soul screamed. “Oh Lord, what is going on, they read the guilty verdict, mom they condemn us, fear God. Lord, what they do, they know that we are not guilty. Dad, mom help. Lord punish them. My tears, the tears of my parents, children and my husband, will fill your life and the life of all your descendants. I curse everyone involved in this custom-made business, your family will be destroyed in suffering, grief and injustice.”

“Help, I’m scared, they condemn us, what they do...” I am sending such an incoherent message to my parents, children, and my dear Sanya.

Beloved, you probably felt, because I hear a call from you. I do not accept the call, and you call again and again. The judge, still announcing the verdict, we were allowed to sit down. Finally, I decided to take your call, but I can’t speak, my sore throat is stuck.

– Do not turn off the phone, let it hear.

Anya told me. After a long listening session, you realized what was going on here, and disconnected yourself.

All thoughts and feelings can not be described in words. I am sure that, after the Stalinist repressions, the same thing was felt. All law and all power is false. The whole consciousness that I lived up to 41 years old turned out to be a deception, an illusion.

How to live further, and whether there will be life, is it worth living when they are sentenced to 20 years for a crime that they did not commit? I want to scream out loud. But one must live in order to fight, I need my children, parents, you, I will not calm down until I reach an excuse. Different thoughts climb into my head, everything moved.

“I appeal to everyone who has made a career on our tears, the tears of our children, our parents, on the death of our loved ones – damn you, neither you nor your children will see anything good in this life”

Through my thoughts I hear that the pronouncement of the sentence is being softened, the illegal actions of the preliminary investigation are noted – these are the results of our judicial complaints during the preliminary investigation and tight defense in court. But, all the same, we were condemned, from 8 to 10 years. It's good that I'm not 20, I reassure myself, and I hope that the Supreme Court of the Russian Federation will justify us.

We are in prison again. In the prison, the boxes are jammed, and Anna and I were left to stand in the corridor. While we were waiting in the corridor for the release of boxing and employees for a search, we brought another stage. One of the imprisoned men asked:

- Have you been detained from a banquet?
- No, we came from the court.

I answered. The man examined us carefully from head to toe.

I was wearing a long dress, light lilac light and dark lilac shoes, covered in thin stretchable material with a floral motif in high heels. Anya was dressed in a light green skirt and jacket set, in a light blouse, and in shoes.

It feels like the employees are not new, that we again appeared in prison. And when I went into the cell, one of the women said that they were looking forward to us in prison. I held back, my anger surging inside. The prisoners needed us to help them on the case, on sentences. Of course, they did not know about the force of gravity of thought, everyone is interested in his release.

The cell is in the same situation as before, there are no women from the former women. I was at home for one year and two months, and now I get the impression that I did not leave prison. Because there was practically no life. She woke up at six o'clock, did a jog, managed the housework herself, as she could not, as before, allow the technical equipment and workers in the garden. I put myself in order and went to court.. In the evening after the trial, I returned home, went to court as if to my work. Again household chores, until late at night I was sitting at the papers, getting ready for trial. In addition, it was necessary, at least somehow, to earn a living, her husband's pension was enough, only for food. Sometimes even a bus, before the trial, did not have enough money, because with such a schedule and constant worries to consider the case, it is impossible to maintain a relationship with her husband, not to mention sex. Only a loving person can be patient with such a life. I naively said, "Be

patient my dear, we will be acquitted and everything will be fine with us.”

Last week, I asked my mother to send the children to us. Mom, every summer she gathered her grandchildren at home. Our house came to life with children’s laughter, the smell of life appeared in the house. How good it was for us last week – the granddaughter runs around the house, three nephews from five to twelve years old and my adult daughters. This week, I was incredibly happy. Great happiness, when there are children nearby, they give life force, inspiration, as if I came to life.

Now hope for appeal in Moscow. The power of hope prolongs life. An innocent man, in spite of all the limitless obstacles, will always fight, and hope for an excuse. At least I was from such natures.

I received a phone at night, I call and reassure you, I say to the children that I am appealing the verdict, and the Supreme Court of the Russian Federation will acquit. Did I know that today I kissed you the last time, and now, the last time I hear your voice.

It’s good that I have children who are not wise by age. They did not ask me questions about my guilt or not guilt. I was offended that their consciousness of the state, of justice, had changed, although they did not tell me about this. My children, like me, are brought up in deep love and respect for the state, for life. Today they carefully listened to my words:

“I am happy that you are so clever and most beautiful.” What happened to me is not terrible justice, it is not the fault

of the policy of the state as a whole, it is just the actions of individuals. You are wise girls, I think that you will make the right conclusions in what happened.

Further life in prison went at its usual pace. In the cell, besides me, are two convicted women. One, later with a laugh, told how during the drinking of alcohol she killed her friend, and her little child cried, stained with the blood of her mother. People like her cannot be let into life; she cannot be corrected. Another Lena, a Russian with an accomplice, killed a drinking companion. I talked more with the last woman.

Once I talked on the phone with one prisoner who asked me to help in the case, and he asks me:

“Aren’t you scared to live in the same cell with a cannibal?”

– I do not understand, what are you talking about?

“You don’t know who you are sitting in the cell with?”

He was frankly surprised. Indeed, I did not go into other people’s affairs until they themselves told or asked to help them.

– About whom and what is it about?

I asked impatiently.

“Your Russian cellmate, cannibal!” Rola, prison concepts that you do not always adhere to, they nevertheless warn prisoners against mistakes.

He meant that not everyone needs to sit at the same table, drink from the same mug or communicate.

– She, along with an accomplice, killed and ate the corpse of a woman.

My interlocutor continued by telephone. Lena at this time, was sitting opposite me, in her bunk, reading a book. Apparently she intuitively felt that they were talking about her, or my view of her betrayed me. If you looked at me from the side, then my eyes with every word he said would expand from what he heard. Lena put down the book, took a deep breath and regretted her eyes, waiting for me to finish the conversation on the phone.

– I did not know how he feeds me.

She began after I had finished the conversation and silently stared at her. Many sentences passed through me, with terrible crimes, but this has not happened yet. I thought that really it is necessary to be more careful with people, everything climbed into my head, and Lena continued to say:

– From the knowledge that I killed a man, I was driven crazy, and I washed down, I wanted to be forgotten. I vaguely remember that all the drinking companions ran away over time, Lech fed me meat, and watered me with hawthorn (a chemical agent). How could one think that a person is capable of such. Lech again left to look for a drink, an hour later he comes back and says that children are looking for Arina, and that she needs to hide the corpse. He offered to cut the corpse and lower it into the ice hole of the river. We got drunk and went on a temporary hitch, where we dragged Arina's corpse. And so, then I saw that there was no muscle part on the legs of the corpse. When Lech saw my amazement, he said, "What did you think, where did the meat come from?!" I vaguely remember what happened next. At night,

we could not make an ice hole in the river, so parts of the body were hidden in snow and ice drifts. We were detained on the second day.

Telling all this, she cried. My soul, I understood that Lena, a woman, washed up and clogged with life. But, the mind did not want to accept the recognition it heard. Full admission of guilt and sincere swaying, and she was assigned ten years in prison.

All this crime was committed because of a phone worth one thousand rubles. Lena saved up this money for three months, from the sale of knitted things. Neighbor Arina, stole this phone from her. A day later, Lena found her with other drinkers, and she began to drink with them when she found out that Arina had sold the phone for alcohol. In the course of drinking alcohol, others began to persuade her that Arina should be punished for theft, and Lena, with a knife stab in her heart, killed her.

DEATH HUSBAND

My dear, from the words of my daughter I know that on the night after the announcement of my verdict, you had a heart attack and that you are in the hospital. This attack threw you completely, at first you lost your speech, then your kidneys refused. It hurt me because I became the cause of your attack, that I can't be near you.

Today is August 25, 2012, the fourth night I can't reach my daughter, I feel that something happened. Finally, my daughter calls and tells me:

– Mom breathe more air...

Hearing these words, I already realized that you were dead. I silently hear my daughter, and tears flow down my face, I feel with my lips that the tears are as if salty, bitter.

– Mom, Uncle Sanya is dead, buried today, you hold on...

Oh Lord, how painful it is, everything is torn inside, for which it's all to me that happens to my life. A few seconds before the chapters leaked, our whole life together. I was not so happy with anyone. It really was mutual, strong love. You told me that rarely on earth when people meet their half, it's like among a lot of cut apples, half an apple found its half. Remember how we met, of course, remember. You told me this repeatedly. I was visiting friends, and now you come in, a tall, beautiful face, light brown hair below your shoulders, pulled in a ponytail with an

elastic band. I thought, an elegant and handsome man, a White Guard officer uniform would suit him. For a moment, our eyes met. We were introduced to each other. In the course of the subsequent conversation, I asked you to take me to the country the next day. So our friendship began. You were always there, helping me when my mother was paralyzed, when my brother died. There were no signs of intimacy on your part, and you knew my boyfriends. I consulted with you which of them I should accept as husbands. Two years have passed since we met you. I remember your words:

“You are in my mind, like the little bee May, Jeanne Dark and Nymph.” You are a very multifaceted person, not like Ira, my wife. She married me, ate fat for herself and on this stopped her development, she became not an interesting person. I am no longer drawn to her, we survived each other. I hope she understands this. Why torture each other’s life if there is no longer any relationship. She is still young, she can find someone for herself. And you, a husband for yourself, are not looking there. Than I am worse than others.

So, you are married

“Ah, you don’t see that I’m practically with you and your family, day and night?”

Yes, indeed you practically lived with us, I could call you at any hour of the day, and you came to the rescue.

– Do you have a passport with you?

– Yes

And we went to the traffic police, where you, without asking for my consent, re-registered the car for me.

– This is my gift to you. Will you marry me when I divorce?

– Yes

This evening, we had the first sex, so began our life together.

“I’m insanely happy.” God blessed me with such beauty. All the cells of my body, heart and brain are occupied by you. It seems to me that I will stop breathing without you.

The fact that you left this world with experience for me does not leave me. Your mother, with a feeling of accusation, told me: “Tell her that all the time, until the last breath, he called her”

My body and heart died, only consciousness lives on.

BEGINNING MY WAY TO STARS

Until the morning I cried. Wondered why all this happens to me? Why does God, if any, do this to me?

Only now, I clearly remember when you told me that the bony came when the living birch broke. So, there are some unknown forces. Maybe there is God, or rather, the power that rules our life. Where to look for the answer?! In the Bible or in Buddhist Judas?

Once I was interested in religions, even read the New Testaments – I found nothing interesting. Probably, you need to talk with a priest or a llama in order to find the answer. On Monday, I wrote two applications for a meeting with them. A few days later, Father Alexy came from the Orthodox Church, and the Buddhist Lama did not come at all. After several meetings and controversial conversations, I caught something, a weak and yet incomprehensible sensation. She later received Orthodox baptism, in the hope that my prayers from the Acts of the Holy Apostles of Chapter 12 will yield positive results.

I caught an interesting thing that repeating prayer inspires, gives faith and hope. But to my inquiring mind, this was not enough.

Earlier, while reading Jack Canfield's book, "Think and Grow Rich. Rules of success", I did not solve the test. For some reason, right now I remembered this test. So, my dear Sanya, the answers

of this test led me to the fact that my mission in this life is to help people. Surprisingly, as I remembered, the words of the Buryat Lama when I visited the Buddhist datsan in Ulan – Uda. He told me that I was born, in the yellow year obliged (one of the main colors of Buddhism); the disposition of my soul, between heaven and earth; my mission in this life is to help people; my mind is closer to the universe.

Yes, it becomes interesting the further the thinking. the more interesting it becomes. But I, especially while in prison, helped women enough, what else is needed?!

God has plans for each person, which I apparently had to fulfill.

Alas, the Supreme Court of Russia did not justify it, it only reduced the term by six months. So, the total term of imprisonment is 8 years, of which I spent two years and six months in prison. Consideration of the appeal in Moscow, took place through a conference call. Lawyers told us that the case file in 42 volumes was brought to Moscow by the chairman of the court, Shirimei. She had a friend in the Supreme Court of Russia, a judge.

Yes, customers spent a lot of time to put us in this system, each is on each other's hook. This is what interdependence and mutual responsibility lead to. The most free man in this country, probably in the whole planet, is hermits and fools, since the higher the position, the more difficult it is to breathe freely.

I decided to get to the European Court, in parallel, I need

to collect materials on the condition of detention in the prison and in the detention center. But first, you need to go through a supervisory appeal, because, to appeal to the European Court, it is necessary to go through all the courts in Russia. In prison there is no information about the appeal to the European court. The necessary information was given to me by Alex. All hope for the European Court, or maybe a supervisory appeal, will change the verdict?, hope, hope and hope again. Although I understand that there is judicial solidarity, the judicial decision of one judge rarely changes when another judge. Russia needs judicial reform. In 2010, in the Moscow Region, a high percentage of illegal sentences was revealed, let alone the national judicial authorities. I clearly decided that after my release I will live abroad, it's not safe to live in Russia.

MARIJUANA

The camera gradually filled up. In November, a woman was detained in Novosibirsk. She and her husband have been wanted for seven years. Her name was Orlan, I became friends with her, as she was fluent in Russian and was more relaxed than other women in the cell. I learned to smoke marijuana with her when I had never smoked before, even a cigarette. I want to say that I liked it, marijuana acted like a relaxing dream book on me. From the first use, I overslept for almost 20 hours, apparently the body and brain for three years of tension, was exhausted. I had a deep sleep, without sleep. After waking up, I was hungry as never before, eating everything I could. It feels like my strength has recovered. Under marijuana, I prepared my supervisory appeal.

Well, the last week was left before being sent to the colony, so I smoked it every day.

Tomorrow they'll take me to the colony. I leave teenagers' children, a paralyzed mother and a half-blind father at home. How much more I have to survive, God alone knows. All the pain and heaviness of my soul cannot be expressed in words.

Later I realized that each person carries a certain mission, and until this mission is completed, the death of a person will not overtake. The experienced grief helps a person to discover the meaning of life. Unfortunately, not everyone succeeds. Yes, and

I, until I was fully aware of this. I realized one thing, that my mission is to help people. To find the path to the stars, I had a lot to experience and learn. In the meantime, I hoped that I would not stay in the colony for a long time. Eight months later, I began the period of changing the detention regime to the colony settlement. I intended to return, at best, to be released on the basis of a supervisory appeal, at worst, to return to the settlement colony.

If my mother could walk, she would try through her relatives to help me with something.

I know that today dad and children will come on a date. I prepared my things and four boxes of materials on the criminal case, or rather four boxes of this trumped-up shit, I needed to hand over to my relatives so that they would be kept until I left. The guard, who came to take me out on a date, had to call three men from the business team. My beloved dad tells me:

– Daughter, how do you arrive at your destination, write me right away. I'll come, get a job nearby in the village, I will always be with you.

– Dad, well, where will you come, mom needs you, children need to study, I can handle it and will be back soon.

– Daughter, please, in spite of everything, first of all, save yourself as a man and as a woman.

What, means like a woman, I thought. Only in the colony, or rather in the prison of Barnaul, I learn the meaning of his last words, but so far I did not want to think about anything. Dad is

crying, not ashamed of his tears, along with him my daughters are crying.

“Well, are you, as if, escorting me to death, I promise you that I will be back this year or in the first half of next year.”

I reassure them. Seeing my father's tears, I mentally cry out all my ancestors and curse the judges who sentenced us and all their descendants to the seventh generation. I did not know that I was seeing my beloved, dear to me father for the last time. I know about the laws of attraction in nature, about the boomerang, but seeing the tears of the people dearest to me, I can not resist and curse with all the fibers of my consciousness all who participated in this custom-made business. Now, reading this book, you guess where all the misfortunes came to your family.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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