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Rolia Kama

*The path
to the stars*



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The path to the stars

«Издательские решения»

Kama R.

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The book tells the real story of my life, about how I was illegally 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. This book is the complete collection of the «Path to the Stars» series of books.

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CHAPTER 1

LETTER

My dears, my father and Sanya, I have finally found happiness after many years of misery, grief and tears. I married a foreigner, live with my children abroad, have a large spacious house. My husband, like you, is very protective of me. I'm happy, really free at last. I came to what I wanted. Here, in a foreign country, I found what my small homeland in Russia took away from me. This country has given me success and prosperity.

My dears, it bothers me that you left this world with concern for me. So I decided to write a book for you about what has happened to me since my detention. I haven't told you about my experiences, fears, or feelings. I would like to assuage your concerns about me.

NIGHT VISIT

My husband and I had a five-room spacious house. There are lots of flowers in the living room, and my office is filled with books, just like in my parents' house. Recently purchased an interesting book «How to succeed», which lies on the dresser next to the bed. I can't read it, I don't have time, I'm busy working, attending a seminar on tourism and creating a project.

My husband Sanya with discontent and love says to me:

– You know that today you missed fitness, I arrange for you to have a fitness center and a pool near your house, and you start skipping classes. You'll soon be living at work.

I don't say anything, but he keeps talking.

– I found you some good books about the nature of the Republic, and I signed you up for ballroom dancing. You've wanted this for a long time. Classes are held two days a week, Wednesday and Saturday.

I looked at him, frowning.

«I don't know, but you can decide on the time, my dear.

– Did you call the vet for dick?» How does he feel?

– Why do we need a veterinarian...

Sanya is in a dressing gown, still wet from the shower, shaved, the smell of his Cologne wafts to me, Oh, how delicious. Both dick and my husband sit next to each other and watch as I undress to go to the shower.

– ... everything is fine with us, the vomiting has stopped. Did you call the kids?

«Yes, they're all right.

Dick-breed dog, pitch black, big, beautiful. He is part of our family, and we adore him. I washed, smeared my body with delicious oil, a towel on my head, I do not like to blow-dry my hair, it spoils. She put on a gold lace negligee. I go into the bedroom, my husband is already waiting for me in bed. A sweet shiver runs through my body from the anticipation of the upcoming pleasures. I sat down in front of the mirror and started putting cream on my face and hands.

With Sania, we lived in a civil marriage for 10 years. For some reason, I could not divorce my legal spouse until my youngest daughter was of age. Sledge and I were very fond of each other and looked beautiful. Sanya is Russian, ten years older than me, tall, slender, light hair, blue eyes, straight nose. From his appearance, lifestyle, and mind, you can imagine an Imperial officer. He really was an officer, an engineer of military construction, graduated from the Suvorov school and military Academy. In Afghanistan, I was wounded in the leg, so I walked with a cane. The slender bamboo cane looked elegant in his hands.

I was always slim, with an Asian appearance. My raised chin, straight back, excellent figure, confident Asian eyes, proud and confident gait, pleasant smile have always attracted men.

The two of us sometimes liked to sit in a restaurant, once a neighboring table of men sent us champagne as a favor. But after one incident, when a drunk Tuvinian called me a Russian litter, we began to go on vacation to neighboring regions.

My Sanya was a pensioner, he stayed at home and did his homework. His mother lived in Vladivostok, came in the spring, worked in the garden, and left in the fall. In the yard, a worker managed the household, and his sister came to clean the house. My children studied in other cities. This is the quiet life we lived until tonight.

My father, Danil, was a very educated man, fluent in several Turkic languages, with a degree in Economics and animal husbandry, wrote poetry, was well versed in painting, music, literature, and had a first class in shooting. He taught me to shoot a rifle and ride a horse from the age of ten. All my creativity, self – confidence, straight posture-it's all due to my father. He loved me very much, and was always with me in difficult moments. His younger sisters died of starvation and illness in their

Teens. Maybe that's why he gave me all his love. My father was of medium height, slender, with black wavy hair, open-slitted eyes that changed color, they could be green or blue, and a beautiful straight nose. He was a great conversationalist, a chess player, and a charming person.

Dick's been acting restless lately. He barked, turning his head in the direction of the street, apparently someone drove up to the house. I looked at my watch, 9 PM, who could it be? We have almost no visitors, and no one called to warn us of their arrival. I looked out of the living room window – there was a white car, and a man got out of it when he saw me at the window.

– I'll go and see.»

– Put your panties on, it's winter outside, and take dick with you.»

She put on a robe with a hood over her head, a fur coat, and put on her bare feet. Dick whined and tried to come out with me, but I left him at home. I went out of the gate and saw that the car was moved closer to the gate. The back doors of the car open and two men get out, grab me under the armpits and pull me into the car. I didn't have time to see them, it was already dark outside. I was speechless with indignation and shock, and the car was already driving towards the village, that is, I was being taken out of the city.

«What is happening, where am I being taken, why?.. So, calm down, get a grip. There are two people sitting in front of me, and two on my sides. Criminals? No! They don't dress like that. Police? But this is illegal! No! So it's not the police. But who?»

– Where are you taking me?»

The passenger in front turns to me and says:

– Danilovna, you will learn everything in due time.

I couldn't see the face in the dark, but the shape of the face was familiar, and the voice was familiar. While I was remembering where I met this man, the car drove up to the district police Department of the village. I am taken to the police building, one of the escorts says to the duty officer:

– You don't have to file it yet.

The one who spoke to me stayed in the car. I recognized him, it was Denit, the investigator of internal Affairs. I once had a close relationship with him, but I chose Sanya.

CHARGE

In the walls of the law enforcement Agency, I finally came to my senses, I had confidence, and, accordingly, I became indignant.

– What do you think you're doing, you're violating my rights by taking me out of the house?» Where do you have an order to detain me, and why are you detaining me? Give me a phone number, call a lawyer, or go home...

There were three other employees in the office. They didn't seem to hear me, but they asked me a question.

– Do you know anyone at the steam turbine Plant?»

– I don't have any friends or relatives in this area. Please explain what is going on here?!

Paroturbinnaya is an area of two-story dilapidated barracks in this village, where this district police Department, where I was located, was located.

One of the employees came up and hit me in the ear, which sent me flying from my chair to the floor. In a split second, I had a lot of thoughts about how during the years of repression, NKVD officers also beat innocent detainees. Representatives of the police roughly steal me from my home, half-naked, bring me to the police and beat me. No one has ever raised a hand to me in my life. Why do police officers beat me, a woman? I'm getting scared.

One of the employees says:

«She killed a man and doesn't remember where.»

God, what's going on, what murder? I got up from the floor on my own and sat down on a chair. The humiliation and physical pain were gone from the terrible words he had heard.

– What is murder, what are you, crazy?!

What I heard didn't fit in my head. I was just stunned.

– We can refresh your memory.» You, along with others, in the area of the steam Turbine killed a woman.

The further you go, the worse it gets. Everything that was happening, the terrible accusation, made my head spin, and I didn't know what to think, what direction to look for answers in. After analyzing the actions of these people, I did not ask any more questions, I just became mute. I don't think they'll kill me, and in the morning everything will be clear. Sooner or later, it will all end.

I was taken to another office, where they kept me all night. The sangaa operative taunted me until morning. My silence irritated him, and he turned off the light in the office, pointing the table lamp in my face, while shouting at me not to close my eyes. He held a lighted lighter to his eyes. He took off my fur coat, but when he put on his outer clothes, he opened the window. He sat next to me, Smoking a cigarette and blowing smoke in my face. I didn't want to believe what was happening, but it was happening to me, in Russia, not in some third-world country. I could see that he was fascinated by this bullying, and I didn't know what he was capable of. He had to be stopped somehow, and I deceived him:

– I'm pregnant, and your bullying will lead to a miscarriage.» Maybe right now and here.

– There was no need to keep quiet about it. Okay, I'll feel sorry for your child.

It was six o'clock in the morning. Sangaa took me to the temporary detention cell, which was located opposite the Department's duty station.

The officer on duty put all the detained men in one cell, and put me in another. I was separated from the men by a grating. I turned to the men:

– Is there anyone who's sure they'll be free today?»

One of the Russians, pointing to a friend, said:

– We were detained with hashish. They won't let us go, we have previous convictions.

The Tuva guy replied:

– They promised to let me go.»

The others were silent. I turned to the guy.

– What’s your name?»

– Rowdy.

«Buster, please call my house. Say: «Your wife is in the district police Department, accused of murder.»

– I don’t remember the phone number.»

The men began to dig in his pockets in search of something. I saw a matchbox. She slobbered on the matches and wrote her home phone number on the box.

A few minutes later, Sangaa came for me. The duty officer asked him anxiously:

– I need to get it properly processed.»

Okay, yeah, I’ll get her details.

In the office, Sangaa began to play the role of a kind investigator.

– Let’s talk quietly. All I have to do is take a statement from you about the circumstances under which Pavlova was killed. Maybe you personally did not participate, but your friends. Here is a piece of paper, a pen, write. I won’t bother you.

He went out, locking the office door. Finally, there was some information.

Pavlova – who is she? If by name, then the woman is Russian. But among my friends and clients of the Agency, there is no woman with this name. Could it be Anya’s client?

I was the CEO of a real estate and tourism Agency. Recently, I have been fully engaged in creating and developing a project for active tourism in the Republic. The real estate Department was handled by Anya, the Agency’s lawyer. However, I was aware of all the transactions, so I don’t remember any clients with that last name. So I searched my thoughts, but found no answer. Meanwhile, Sangaa came in and sighed with regret or exasperation when he saw the blank sheet of paper. Looking at my watch, I noticed that I had been alone for almost an hour, and it seemed to me that only minutes had passed.

I was taken back to the holding cell. I see that there is no Brawler. Two Russian men who were detained with hashish said that he was released. I was hoping that you would find out where I was and come to my aid.

I was very tired, and my body told me that I hadn’t slept since yesterday morning. All I had to do was close my eyes and fall asleep. I don’t know if it was an intuition or an unknown force, but I woke up and the phone at the Desk rang. When he picked up the phone, I heard the sound of our home phone. The attendant answered:

– Yes, there is one, ... detained,... I have no right... no.

The person on duty hung up the phone and called Sangha.

– About the detainee, called, ... I confirmed, ... No... no.

After a few minutes Sangaa approaches the attendant and says:

– This means that I’m not here, I’m on the road.

Then the front door was heard to slam, and he left the building of the district Department. I waited for you and Vladimir Nikolaevich, your lawyer friend. How long the hands of the clock are moving. And now I hear Vladimir’s voice:

– Is the Kama detainee here?»

– Yes.

You’re shouting at me:

– Are you all right?»

– I’m alive, «I tell you. Meanwhile, Vladimir asks the attendant:

– Who detained you?» What article?

– It was delivered by a Sangha operative, but I can’t say for what reason.

– I am the lawyer of the detainee, call me the Sangaa.

– He's not here.

«Let me see the head of the Department.»

– He's not here, either.

– I'm accused of murdering a Pavlova I don't know.

Five hours later, I'm being escorted out of my cell, and I meet you and the lawyer in the corridor. I see your worried and anxious look. Vladimir goes with me to the office. In the office, a fat man with thick lips is sitting at a Desk. It is clear that the person is very unpleasant, will crush and kill anyone, but not with their own hands. A nasty, nasty cold breathed from him. He introduced himself as an investigator of the Investigative Committee on particularly serious cases, Mongush S. S. Then presented the decision on the indictment for review.

In the resolution it was specified that I together with Chimit A., Chimit V., Kadyr-ool A. at the beginning of may, 2007 in the apartment 28, house 17 on Paroturbinnaya street killed the citizen Pavlova D. V. in the presence of the witness. The data of the witness is not specified in the interests of the investigation and for the protection of the witness.

This is nonsense, who could invent such a thing?!

– Do you want to testify on the charges?» the investigator asks me.

«Yes, I do.

Vladimir tells me:

«I'll have to think about it.»

– Vladimir Nikolaevich, what to think about when there was no crime.

– Write. I don't know Pavlova. There was no murder with my participation in the specified apartment. I ask to interrogate as a witness the owner of this apartment Mongush Z. T. and members of her family. I'm innocent, I didn't commit any murder. I have nothing more to say.

My testimony was recorded. The investigator informed us that tomorrow there will be a trial on remand in custody, and now I will be taken to a temporary detention center. I turned to Vladimir:

– Bring me my things, please.» Sanya will collect it for you.

Whirled thoughts – maybe Chimici killed, and now they want to blame me? We need to ask for a confrontation with this witness, who is he? There's no way they killed anyone. Maybe Dinchit wants to set me up, but what has the Chimits got to do with it?

TEMPORARY DETENTION FACILITY-IVS

I was taken to the isolation ward of the city police Department. The staff at the detention center look at me in amazement, apparently they are confused by my outfit. It dawns on me that I'm still in my house clothes. Acute desire to fall asleep and Wake up at home. Then they take me to the storeroom to choose a pillow, blanket, or mattress. I can barely drag it all up to the camera. Finally, I am taken to a cell where I can sleep. The cell is dark, smells strongly of urine, and the floor toilet is very dirty. I knocked on the door and asked for bleach to fill the toilet. Thank you for bringing and checking that I really use it for its intended purpose, and not use it for poisoning. Then, spreading out the mattress, she fell into a deep sleep.

In the morning, I was awakened by a knock on the door.

«Take your Breakfast.»

– What time is it?»

– 6 o'clock in the morning.

I wanted to leave the cell, but I see an aluminum plate with some porridge on the floor, next to an aluminum glass with tea, a piece of bread on it. When I saw the food, I felt very hungry, and for the second day I didn't eat or drink anything. I took my food and went into the cell. You should have seen how greedily I ate porridge with bread, I hardly ate bread at home. And then I ate porridge with bread.

My thoughts are refreshed from sleep, my strength is increased, but still this wild accusation drives me mad. They'll figure it out, and I'll sue this Sangaa operative.

At 8 o'clock in the morning, I am taken out of the cell to be taken to the district court. I meet Anya in the corridor. I ask with surprise and indignation:

«What's going on, Anya?»

– I don't know, I'm in shock. Who is Pavlova? – what is it? «she asks me.

– I don't know, I wanted to ask you. I thought it was your real estate client.

– You know we don't have a client with that name.» I thought you were involved somewhere.

– I thought you were planning something against me.» Mongush Z. when did you put the apartment up for sale?

– In August 2007, there is a contract for receiving a Deposit. After receiving the money, she and her family moved to a dacha.

– So they lived in their own apartment in may?» Maybe they killed this Pavlova, and now they want to blame it on us?

We and the other men were taken to a building on the territory of the district court and placed in a cell. I tell Ana how I was snatched from my house. She told me that they called her and asked her to come to the police station with her passport, and there they held her for several hours and charged her, after which they placed her in an IVS. Anya says:

– It can't be that Mongush Z. and his family want to blame the crime on us. She knows both of us, but she doesn't know my brother and my husband.

– Exactly. We need to ask that she and her family members be called to face-to-face with us.

– Who is this witness?» Who needs to talk about us?

By this time, a Russian operative who was present in the office when I was hit had entered the room. He told the court escort that he wanted to pick me up. I shouted:

– I'm not going anywhere, they beat me!

Perhaps my words had an effect, and the chief of the judicial escort refused to let me out of the cell, after which the operative left. After a while, Sangaa came in, apparently waiting on the street. He started talking rudely to the guards so that they would give me to him. From this pressure, the chief of the judicial escort also replied in a raised tone:

– The detainee is currently under my responsibility, and I have no right to violate the instructions. In addition, the detainee stated that she was subjected to physical pressure.

The operatives left. Apparently, they were charged with getting me to turn myself in before the trial. You've run into the wrong one, my dears.

Vladimir appeared with my things. Anya closed part of the grate with my fur coat so that I could change. While I was dressing, Anya and I told Vladimir our proofs. Later, I learned from Ani that she and Vladimir had previously known each other and worked in the same police Department.

When Anya and I were brought into the courtroom, we saw that Andrey (Anya's husband) and Valera (Anya's brother) were behind bars, and we were allowed to go to them. They had the same indignant look, and they eagerly asked us in one voice:

– What's going on?»

We told them about the owner of this apartment, where we allegedly committed a murder. They did not know where this house was located, the owner of the house, or all the details related to the sale of this apartment. After what we told them, they calmed down a little.

They announced the beginning of the trial to consider the request of the Investigative Committee for detention for two months. We requested to see the court's materials. In the materials of the court there were testimonies of Kostyuk as follows:

«At the beginning of may, in 2007, I was in apartment 18 at 17 Paroturbinnaya street with Kama and Anya, drinking alcohol. The apartment was on the second floor. It contained a table, one chair, and two iron-mesh beds. After a while, the door opens, and Andrey and Valera lead a terrified woman into the apartment. Then they began to beat the woman severely. Kama and Anya joined the beating. I asked them to stop. The four of them beat the woman to death, wrapped the corpse in a blanket, and Andrey and Valera took her somewhere.»

What horror. They lowered us below the sewers. We are quite wealthy people who drink alcohol in a half-empty apartment with a woman they don't know and beat the woman to death. Where is the motive? Or for fun? Horror. A normal person would not dream of such a fantasy.

Kostyuk is a mutual friend of mine and Anya, she was a real estate client. Andrey and Valera ask us:

– Who's he? Do you know her?»

«Yes, she was our client. She looks like a heavy drinker. Did she kill this woman? Anya, when did you show her this apartment?

– in September. We drove it together, remember, this apartment was empty then.

– Kostyuk probably thinks that this apartment was empty in may.

– So, she committed a crime and wants to blame us, – says Andrey. Everyone was silent, thinking.

– If this is the work of Kostyuk, then how does she know Andrey and Valera? the lawyer asked. Andrey and Valera looked at me and Anya with a question. Only Anya can know that answer, and I stared at her as they did.

– In the 90s, I was in the same cell with her in prison. She's a repeat con artist. Then she wanted to turn the camera against me because I was a former Prosecutor. But her cellmates threw her out of the cell. Since then, I met her for the first time on the road from our Fazenda to the city, in July 2007. I didn't think about the incident in the cell. Just chat. She said she was released last fall.

Andrew and Valerie were silent, the question of how he knew them all, had been exhausted.

In General, this is a separate story, we can say, a deep tragedy of a family that turned into a blood feud. At that time, I didn't know all the details. I will definitely write to you.

Meanwhile, the trial has been announced. The judge came in, a woman with a beautiful Asian appearance, tall, slender and well-groomed. Her expression shows that she is happy enough.

So, we were denied our request to call the landlady of the apartment and to call Kostyuk, arguing that this is the actions of the preliminary investigation. We were taken into custody for two months.

PRISON-PRE-TRIAL DETENTION CENTER

We were taken to the prison, the box is clean, but smoky to the point of nausea. Employees came and started searching us, down to our underwear. While examining us, one of the employees asked:

- There haven't been any like this before, on 159th (fraud)?
- No, on 105th (murder), – Anya answered. The employees were slightly surprised.
- Who was killed?»
- A woman, they say. We don't really know.
- How can we not know?»
- Charged with the murder of a woman we don't know.
- Clearly. Well, never mind, they'll sort it out and let you go, they do that sometimes.
- We think so, too.

«Are you going to take a shower?» There is no hot water in the cell.

I didn't think female employees in prisons could be so polite. Usually in the movies evil women of the prison.

We were led through the labyrinths of the prison, finally reaching the shower. We had nothing with us, so we were given a thin towel, a piece of soap that stinks, aluminum dishes, bed linen, mattress, blanket and pillow. We stood under hot water, and then it seems that the fatigue has gone and the thoughts have cleared up.

Two days have passed since the arrest. I am sure that they will sort it out and let us go, we will not stay here long, at least one week.

When we got out of the shower, it turned out that we had to carry the mattress ourselves.

– No, no, I won't carry it. I don't have the strength or the hands to carry all this, «I say indignantly. The accompanying employee advises:

– You need to tie the mattress with a sheet, it will be easier to carry.

«Aha, and throw it over your back, carry it like a sack!» Can you imagine what it looks like?! I'll fall in dark basements, get hurt, and who will be to blame?!

– You can carry it like a bag, – the employee laughs. At this time, a young guy in a black robe comes into the room, I guessed that this is a prisoner working here (khozbanda). Turn to him:

«Young man, please help me carry the mattress to the cell.

It was obvious that he was happy to be addressed, but looked at the employee, asking for his permission.

– Well, what you stand, take two mattresses – ordered it the employee.

The guy put all our supplies on the mattress, rolled it into a thin tube, tied it with a sheet. One was slung over his shoulders, the other under his arm.

Again we go through the mazes and exit into a long corridor, on both sides of the cell. As we moved along the corridor, eye holes opened in the doors, and male voices asked us: «Where is the stage from?» We didn't engage in conversation. Later I learned that in the cells, prisoners are required to monitor the movement in the corridor, for this purpose they take turns at the doors.

We were taken to the women's building. They placed them at the doors of the neighboring cells. First they started Anya, then me. I went into the cell and the door slammed behind me. A smoke-filled cell, poor lighting, a long table in the middle, and two adjacent bunk beds on either side of it. There are a lot of women in the cell, and they all stare at me. Questions were asked in Tuvan:

– Where's the stage from?» What article? What's your name?»

I answer in Russian:

– I was brought from IVS, I am accused on 105th.

– Why a Russian answer, kind of like Tuvan?

– I understand, but I can't talk.

Russian Russian, my father said, had more books and more information, so he put me in a Russian class. I know and speak Tuvan colloquially, but I don't understand it more profoundly. In addition, each district has its own dialect of the language. If I don't understand the words and say them incorrectly, there may be a conflict, so to avoid everything, I said that I speak Russian. Although this, too, could lead to dislike for me.

«Any accomplices?»

«Yes, there is.

One of the women prisoners says:

– A, this is about them said, former cops (police officers) killed their maid.

– We didn't kill anyone!»

«That's what everyone says.

I think that I will have problems: a language barrier; a former employee (if you take into account my 6-month practice in the authorities); a high social status. They've already figured out that the maid was murdered. For them, it looks something like this: people from high society killed a simple woman from the people, such as us. There is nothing to prove, it is useless to say, they will not believe. Why do I have to prove myself, explain myself? Time will tell who is who. One of the women suggested:

– Let's put chifir for acquaintance.

This is the name of very strong tea that prisoners drink, especially men.

– No need to wait for Cogane when I Wake up.

While I look at the life of the cell, I can guess the hierarchy in the cell from the behavior of others. There are five bunk beds in the cell, and fourteen women. It is incredible how these 14 women live in such a small space, and I have already had 15 with me. The cell is full, where I will be put, my mattress still lying near the door. Do they take turns sleeping?! There is nothing to say about living conditions. The toilet in the cell is fenced with a wall about 1.5 meters high, the rest of the room is covered with a rag up to the ceiling. There is no hot water, clothes are drying on the batteries, and some of the ceiling is dripping with moisture. «You can easily get tuberculosis,» I think. There is no TV or even radio. There is absolutely no contact with the outside world.

You will have to survive in the domestic situation. I remember your words: «You are an unrealized person, my dear. I'm your cook, your laundress, your watchman, your Stoker, your flower-seller... How will you live when I am gone?»

And I answered in jest: «All this is done by technology. You will be gone, another will appear.»

Waking up this Chaihana. A woman of average height, hair below the shoulders, a pretty face, there is no femininity in the movement, but on the contrary, ostentatious swaying of the body and negligence, may have served a sentence more than once, in appearance, the age of about 40 years.

The entire camera sits down at the table, and from one mug they begin to take turns drinking chifir. To whom the mug approaches, the one who introduces himself, name, age, where he comes from, article, under investigation or convicted, takes a SIP and passes on. My turn came, I also introduced myself, and the women were genuinely surprised that I was 41 years old. I took a SIP of chifir and declined the offer of a cigarette, since I didn't smoke.

– Where did you work in the wild?»

– General Director of a real estate and tourism Agency.

Apparently, they wanted to make sure that I worked in the police.

It turns out that everyone went to prison for the first time, except Choigana, who was convicted of murder for 9 years, age 27. She also made a remark to me that I don't speak Tuvan. I say:

– That's not a problem, I understand. That means I can communicate with you.

– Today you rest, tomorrow you get up on the road, the girls will teach you. Arina, clear her bed.

Well, I was assigned a sleeping place, on the second tier near the wall, next to the window.

The night life of the prison began. On a small piece of paper, they briefly write down the incidents of the day. In this way, the entire prison is notified of who came in, went out, and the incoming stage. The road is a rope connecting the cells where the prison mail is delivered. At night, there is an active life in prison, most of the cells do not sleep, usually young girls «road users» are responsible for the road. Night duty employees do not pay attention to this, it is normal for them.

I was left alone at the table, I wanted to be alone and analyze the events of the past few days.

Is this the handiwork of my ex-lover Dinita? By nature, perhaps, he is capable of meanness, taking advantage of his position, but he is a cowardly person. It's hard to believe that he started all this.

Most likely, Kostyuk herself committed the crime. But why exactly does it specify us? What do I know about her?! She was a client of the Agency, and I took the application for the sale of the apartment from her. She was selling her niece's apartment. The transaction took place, and Kostyuk received the money. But six months later, my niece comes and says that she didn't receive any money. To me, what kind of claims can be.

I don't understand why she's talking about us. Okay, she knows me and Anya, but she doesn't know Andrey and Valera... or does she? We need to relax, take our thoughts in a different direction.

At this time a woman from the lower caste of the cell approaches me and asks me:

– Can you write me a complaint about the verdict?

I hear the camera is quiet.

– I can't say for sure, I need to read the verdict first.

It gives me the sentence that is written in the Tuvan language. According to the dates, the deadline for filing a complaint expires tomorrow, the article on robbery, 4 years of imprisonment with serving a sentence in a penal colony.

– You read me the verdict, and then we'll see.»

She read the sentence to me, some of the words are incomprehensible to me, but, in General, I caught the essence of the case, noted some violations and wrote her a complaint. A month later, after reviewing the complaint in the Supreme court, this woman was released, changing the real term to a suspended sentence.

I see that a phone has appeared in the camera.

I have been contacted by another woman who has been held in prison for six months. tomorrow, a court is scheduled to extend the period of detention. The youngest child is currently one year and six months old, the second child is four years old, and the other two children are teenagers. Naturally, I wrote a motion, I don't know where her expensive lawyer is looking, and I tell her:

– Call your husband, let him bring the children to the court tomorrow. He doesn't come in himself, as if he's at work. Wear a skirt to court so that a four-year-old child will have something to hold on to when they see you. It will be better if the youngest child will cry in the arms of a teenage daughter. They won't be allowed in the courtroom, so let them wait for you on the first floor and escort you down the floor to the courtroom.

The next day, she left the courtroom and went home, and the measure of restraint was changed to her own recognizance. A few days later, as a token of gratitude, she made a transfer to me.

I was given a phone number to call. I'm calling you, you don't answer the phone, it's two o'clock in the morning. I call the driver, he picks up the phone, I tell him:

– Dima, good night, it's me, how's Sanya?

– Where are you calling from?»

– From prison, Dima, from prison. Tell Sana not to turn off the phone at night. Have a lawyer come to me tomorrow. Make me a transfer, a pen, standard papers, a warm tracksuit and underwear, a pair of warm socks. The book I have on my dresser is pink. Ah and products.

Chaihana why I have asked:

– Who did you call?»

– Driver.

I'm not used to strangers talking to me on the phone and asking who I called. I'm older than she is. Even my children are to me and to my parents turning on you. Chaihana starting to piss me off, I don't like.

A young girl from the cell asked me:

– Do you have a driver?»

«Yes,» I said politely. It is clear that the girl was brought up correctly, as it should be in the Tuvan family, a respectful attitude to her elders.

It's already one o'clock in the morning, I need to go to bed to rest my body, I don't know what tomorrow is waiting for me. I climbed into my bunk and looked out the window at the street. The camera is located on the second floor of the women's building, and opposite, at a distance of 300 meters, a three-story men's building. From the third floor of the men's building at night, the women's camera is visible at a glance. On the contrary, the picture was terrible. Through the barred Windows in the opposite building, black, moving shapes were visible. It was like black creatures who have been placed in cells. Ropes ran from the cell Windows up, down, and into neighboring buildings. The moonlight fell on the ropes, and I imagined a huge spider's web encircling the prison. I don't want to, I don't want to see it, I looked up at the sky. It was a beautiful cloudless, starry night.

The Windows are constantly opening because of the road, so it's cold. I'm a cold person myself, predisposed to colds. I covered myself with a blanket and a fur coat and fell asleep.

In the morning of the next day, before checking, I am handed two tubes of wrapped papers. I'm asking:

– What is it?»

– These are sentences, they ask you to write complaints about them. You need to untie it and put it in your room, or they'll take it away during the search. On the road you stay, your task is to write a complaint – said to me Chaihana. So my life in prison began.

How I now regret that I was carried away by work, study, and myself. Forgive me, my dears, for paying so little attention to you. I didn't even know how to use appliances. And prison is a cruel world for survival, intrigues from all sides, in order to break and humiliate a person. Here is a completely different layer of the population, who do not understand and do not explain the whole essence of the terrible accusation, just as I do not understand others, everyone has their own pain.

Today is December 15. A week after my arrest, you had a stroke and your legs gave out. My daughter had to take a sabbatical. All the care of you and my parents has fallen on her, my poor girl.

Oh, how my heart aches, it's impossible to breathe, my heart breaks. I can't breathe. Calmly, we must live, we must breathe, breathe. A woman is sitting across from me, and I mentally ask her to look at me, and she does.

– What's the matter with you? I'll get some water.

I repeat in my mind: breathe, breathe, everything is fine. Dad, what was that, an attack?! You know I've been born with a weak heart. I've never had such pain. A year later, my cardiologist told me that I had suffered a microinfarction.

During my first time in prison, I was internally judgmental of prisoners for their crimes. I thought that we accidentally «wandered» here, they will soon sort it out and let us go, after all, we do not live in the years of repression. Prisoners of Stalin's repression probably thought the same. The history of the state, like karma, repeats itself. It is hard to believe that all this lawlessness is happening in modern democratic Russia, or rather, in the Republic that is part of Russia.

Thanks to my legal education, Anya and I helped others in the investigation and appeal of the sentence, some of them reduced the term, changed the qualification of the crime to a more lenient one, and some were released or acquitted. The real professionalism of investigators and judges is falling. Of course, it is much easier to beat out a confession and fabricate evidence, the authorities will cover up, as the statistics of disclosure improve. Thus, I got to know the unknown life of another layer of the population, I got to know all the rot and arrogance of law enforcement agencies that take

advantage of a person's legal ignorance to raise the detection rate of crimes and get a promotion for successfully solving a case for a more serious crime.

After a month, we were fed rotten fish, and instead of bread, we were given spoiled army cookies, the batteries were barely warm. They were saved by broadcasts from home, but this was very little, since most of the prisoners are beggars. As usual, criminal offences are mostly committed by the lower class of the population. They did not take off their outer clothing, and went to bed with shoes on, two people on the same bed to keep each other warm.

Now we have three mentally ill women in our cell. Olya arrived from the court, was sentenced to a medical term. This young beautiful girl stabbed a friend with whom she lived in the same room in a boarding school for the mentally ill.

Tanya and Sveta came to the party (this is when they are kicked out of the cell or the operative will mix it up) from other cells. They have no confirmation of mental illness. Tanya is under investigation, beat a drunk neighbor to death. Sveta was sentenced to 15 years, stabbed two sleeping friends who abused her. Psychological examination due to the lack of data in the file of mentally ill people found them sane. I found out that these two were in the category of patients who had to visit a psychiatric hospital on their own once a year and undergo inpatient treatment. If such patients did not come to the hospital for a year, they were removed from the register of mental patients, and outpatient records were sent to the archive.

At my (Tanya's) request, the investigator requested an outpatient card from the archives of the district hospital. After receiving confirmation of her mental illness, she was sent for treatment.

Sveta was sentenced to a real term with serving a sentence in a penal colony due to lack of professionalism or negligence of the investigation and the court. There Sveta will finally go mad and die.

Constant quarrels with these patients strain the psychological atmosphere in the cell. One night Olga attacked Tanya, then began banging her head on the floor. I had to tie her up completely and keep her there until morning. Employees do not pay attention, they ask us to calm them down.

One day at 5 o'clock in the morning, I Wake up from the impact of iron on my bed, open my eyes, and there is a freeze frame. Laughter and grief. Sveta is standing with her hand raised, and in her hand is an iron Cup. She looks at me with fear and guilt. On the other side is Tanya, bent over with her hand raised above her head. Apparently, Light swung to hit the mug, and Tanya wanted to protect herself from the blow. I show them signs to calm down, that I'm tired and I need to sleep, and they calm down. They were friendly to me.

I think, God forbid, there will be a murder in the cell. Usually on the morning Balanda road workers close the roads, and those on duty in the cell Wake up. These sick women should not be left unattended. Tanya is aggressive compared to others.

While in prison, I learned that the criminal world in the Republic is quite organized and even controls some part of the economy. They live very well with the prison administration. Criminals monitor order, Finance landscaping, and the administration allows you to drive the road at night and use phones.

One phone was attached to each camera. I was surprised that the phone was often called by convicted men who were serving their sentences in Russian colonies. Well, what can I say, well done and many thanks to the criminal world that I had the opportunity to communicate with my family. In addition, there is a thieves' hostel, from which they necessarily supply women for the stage to the colony. Provide for children born in prison. I have seen three cases of women giving birth and being held in prison with children. One of them went to the colony with a child. My dear, I told you about her. Currently, she is doing well, got a job and took her son from the boarding school.

I have been in prison for three months now. The clerk on duty down the hall knocked on the door and peered through the peephole.

– Kama, get ready for the investigation.

«Wait, I'll get dressed.»

Even in prison, I tried to look after myself, dress appropriately for my status. Besides, I didn't want to look depressed or broken in front of the investigators. I put on a black wool dress with short sleeves, just below the knees. The collar and lower part of the dress were in a mottled pattern. One of my favorite dresses. It fits my beautiful figure. Wear nylon stockings in light and the ankle boots, the front part of the black husky, middle of the dark purple skin, back also likes leather and black bow. The length of my hair was up to the elbow, so I could afford to make a ponytail with an elastic band and tuck it in like a bump. She picked up a folder of papers and knocked on the door. Prison officers towards me and Ana have always been treated with respect and civility, as we are to them.

«I'm ready.»

The attendant and attendant were waiting for me outside the door. I heard that Anya was also ordered, so I went out of the cell and stood facing the wall, waiting.

«Wait,» the attendant said, and went to the next cell:

«Are you ready?»

– Yes.

Anya comes out of the cell. She's a little taller than me, built like me. She is wearing a grey wool turtleneck and dark grey classic trousers, pressed into an arrow. Wavy thick hair with a short hairstyle. Thick lashes and brows, eyes with an open slit, a straight nose and neat lips. We said Hello, and I said,

– I have a court tomorrow to consider my complaint about the inaction of the investigation.

– I wrote a complaint to the Prosecutor General's office. Finally, some action has been taken, if called.

We talked to her as we went along. When they came to the bars of a large corridor, they saw that it was filled with male prisoners. Today was a stage visit to the local colony. When the prison staff saw us, they started shouting at the prisoners:

– Stand aside, face the wall, hands behind your head, sit on the courts.

The middle of the corridor was cleared so that we could pass. Where else can you see such a picture, when beautiful women are walking down a long corridor, and a crowd of convicted criminals squats, opening the way for them. I slowed down a little, I think, let them at least please their eyes, excite their imagination.

On the first floor, all the boxes were occupied, and we were left standing in the General corridor against the wall. At this time, two investigators, a girl and a man, were also in the corridor waiting for the release of the investigative office. Anya and I spoke Russian. Apparently, these two investigators thought that we do not understand the Tuvan language at all. The man, looking at us with interest, said:

– Everyone says that the women of this criminal case are urban, smart and beautiful. Yes, indeed, they are good, and you can not say that the murder was committed.

The young woman's face turned red at her colleague's words.

– They don't have anything to do in the cell, so they're showing off, they don't work like me.

The man looked at her in disbelief as she looked at us, then pulled away. The girl's face is pretty, but her body is running, requires sports exercises, especially in the abdomen. The national trait of the bulk of Tuvan women of my age is a low butt and a full belly. The later generation, especially the young girls of today, are beautiful in everything.

The young investigator Okhemchik wanted to acquaint us with the conclusion of the examination and the Protocol of identification without the presence of lawyers. In conclusion, it was stated that the shape of the skull belongs to the Caucasian race. According to the identification Protocol, the body was identified by the photo of the mother of the victim, according to the last name, tuvinka. Accordingly, we refused to get acquainted without lawyers. It was necessary to protest these documents.

Andrey learned that Pavlova had a Tuvan name, and her appearance was that of a Mongoloid race. She was a drunk with no fixed address. The identification of the photos is illegal. According

to these documents, the body belongs to a Russian woman. Pavlova's mother didn't recognize the real body. Finally, now they will understand that we are innocent. You need to immediately appeal against these materials, and you can already go home.

Returning to the cell, we hear Tanya's frantic scream from the far corridor. Anya says:

– Again you have Tanya raging.

In the corridor of the women's building, her words are heard more clearly.

– I'll kill you, all of you, in the night!»

I ask the corridor attendant:

– What happened, did they fight?»

– As usual when you're not in your cell.» This time they went too far.

«Okay, I'm not going in the cell. Bring me an operative or a warden.

After a while, the operative, Nikolayevich, arrives. He is of average height, well-fed, unsympathetic, but quite a sympathetic person, I tell him:

– Nikolayevich, do you want a crime to be committed in the cell?!

«What crime?»

– There are three mentally ill women in the cell. The nerves of others are already at the limit, they will kill each other. At least you can transfer Tanya to another cell.

– You know, the other cells threw her out, the solitary cells are occupied. Tomorrow they will go to the colony, and one of them will be taken away.

At this time, screams were heard from the cell again, and Tanya was the one who screamed the most.

– Until she is transferred, I will not go to the cell, or we will all go on a hunger strike, why only our cell must tolerate sick women in such numbers?!

The cells were divided into categories of crimes. There were only six women's cells, two of them for particularly serious crimes. Since Tanya has a heavy article, the choice was only in two cells.

We went into the cell together. The women quieted when they saw the operative. Nikolayevich made a stern face and asked:

– What's going on here, which one of you is the loudest?»

The women silently pointed at Tanya.

«Let's go talk.»

The operative took Tanya away. I turned to my cellmates:

– Quickly pack her things, she is being transferred. Sveta, if you behave badly, you will go to the punishment cell, like Tanya, and it is dark and cold there – " I deceived.

Tanya was transferred to another cell, and the next day Olga was taken to the colony. Finally, the cell became calm, Light calmed down in the absence of Tanya.

One evening we heard a guttural and long-drawn female voice- «I want a Man-u-u».

It looks like she's shouting from the basement. It turns out that a convicted woman appeared in the hospital cell. She had delirium tremens, convicted of murdering a roommate she found with a mistress. She screamed almost every night. Judging by her voice and the crime, I imagined a woman with large Breasts, with a sexy body shape.

Today I went to the court again to review my complaint about the recognition of illegal identification Protocol. Investigative actions are not carried out, and fictitious materials are submitted to the court for the extension of the period of detention. We were put in prison and no investigation is being conducted. About the content of the conclusion of the examination of the corpse and the Protocol of identification, they wrote to the Prosecutor's office and the court, and only responded a month later. They ordered a re-examination and called the court.

It is cool outside and in the basement of the court where prisoners are held, so I wear a padded leather coat below the knees, like my dress, collar and sleeves in the fur of a silver Fox. From shoes I put on narrow, knee-high boots with heels.

A dwarf woman with short arms and an ugly face walks past me in the corridor. She was wearing a flowered dress and a white knit hat. I was surprised to see that she was being led into a hospital corridor.

– Is this the woman who screams at night?» I asked the attendant.

«Yes, that's her.

I have a premonition that she will be taken to our cell, and indeed, when I return from court, I see her in the cell.

In the meantime, I'm being led to the exit, where the other prisoners are waiting to get into the car. In the corridor, a group of prisoners, two men and women, Russians, are waiting. They are dressed decently enough. One of the men glared at me indecently. I pretended not to notice.

In the basement cell of the court, I met these women and learned that they were all in the same criminal case for transporting and selling heroin. Tatiana and Natasha are drug addicts with experience and repeat offenders. Timur is also a drug addict, the son of rich parents, in prison for the first time. Alexander, the recidivist, the criminal mastermind, he was the one who was devouring me with his eyes. In a week's time I will meet him by correspondence.

PRESSURE

February 2010, we are still in prison, no investigative actions are being carried out. We have extended the period of detention for another two months. Investigator Kamchik submitted to court the petition for prolongation of term of detention with the additional testimony of witness Kostiuk. This time, she testifies that after the murder we committed, we allegedly threatened to kill her if she told anyone about the murder. For two years, she was silent for fear of reprisals, but her conscience tormented her, and she decided to reveal the murderers to law enforcement agencies.

I couldn't contain my indignation.

– How absurd, do you believe that?» I asked the investigator. Valera added:

– And then they forgot to threaten her for two years. So, in your opinion, it turns out?!

Ohemchik did not look at us, gave the appearance that he was looking for something in the papers. At this time, another investigator in our case, Synaa, entered the courtroom with papers in his hands. Synaa asked permission from the court and read the petition:

Please attach to the materials of the court on prolongation of term of detention of the accused, the decision of the Ministry of interior on the application in respect of witness Kostyuk program on the protection of the witness, stating the witness statement with the request to protect her from the accused, who, even while in custody, may order her murder.

What I heard hit me like an electric shock. This indicated that they did not want to let us go during the preliminary investigation. The court, as usual, followed the lead of the investigation. Extended our arrest for three months.

There is no limit to our indignation, do they believe her testimony?

We, our relatives, our children did not stop writing complaints in all directions. Children even addressed the President of Russia via social networks. The Prosecutor General's office of Russia sent our complaints to the Prosecutor's office of the Republic for verification. Finally, the assistant Prosecutor of the Republic of Bamaev (last name changed) recognized the Protocol of identification and conclusion of the examination of the corpse illegal. Appointed a new examination to establish the racial identity of the corpse. That is, the investigation did not have any other evidence other than the empty testimony of Kostyuk.

The body was not identified, the examination was mistaken with the racial identity of the corpse. According to the examination, the death occurred in February 2007, not in May. Not the investigation, but we ourselves proved our innocence through appeals to the court and the Republican Prosecutor's office.

Looking ahead, I will tell you that this is the end of fair consideration of our complaints.

After the formal decision of the court of first instance to extend the period of detention, the investigation began insanely active because of the fear that the Supreme court would overturn the court's decision.

That night Anya called me and said through her tears:

– These bastards took my son from school and kept him in the Prosecutor's office for four hours. The investigator told his son That he and his friend threatened Kostyuk with death if she did not take the statement. My mother has high blood pressure, she refused to be hospitalized, and is afraid to leave her grandson alone.

– Anya, I'm getting scared. I can't reach my daughter.

My dear Sanya, Papa, I know that you were looking forward to the court releasing me this time. My dear, I call you, I call my daughter, and you don't answer. After calling Anya with tears in my eyes, I call you again and again. My daughter's phone went dead. You finally answered:

– My daughter left my phone on the kitchen table. Barely made it. She hasn't been home for two hours. She couldn't leave me for long. I feel something has happened.

– Sanya, our arrest was extended for two months today. Anya's son was taken out of school and questioned, as if he and a friend had threatened Kostyuk. I'm afraid for my daughter, call the lawyer immediately, let him look for her.

«Wait, they're coming in. Talk to your mother. What happened? Sanya turned to Vladimir, and they began to talk. My daughter began to calm me down, but I can hear fear in her voice.

«Mom, it's okay.

– What's wrong, daughter?»

– A police car drove up to the house. I went out and they asked me about my uncle. I told them that he couldn't walk and asked them what they were asking him about. Police officers, a young man and a girl, began to talk to each other in the Tuvan language. The girl said that there was a dog at home, and she would not go into the house. Then she asked me who I was. I said your daughter. The employee asked me to get in the car, as it is cold outside. Unsuspecting, I got into the car. And they took me to the city police Department. On the way, I TEXTED your lawyer. In the office, the girl showed me the newspaper «Center of Asia». Mother, it says that two men and women who are involved in the murder of Pavlova have been detained. Give confessions. I told them it wasn't true.

My daughter began to cry, and I understood what was going on in her mind and soul. All her ideas about the state and the truth were being destroyed. And she should live, Yes, live in this state. After the experience, it will be difficult for her to continue her studies at the law school.

– The male investigator asked me what you told me about this murder. Then the girl in Tuvan suggested to the man that he should scare me, say that they would lock me up in prison and inform the University. I couldn't stand it and told them that they had no right and that I had informed the lawyer. Apparently, they thought that I don't understand the Tuvan language. They let me go, and I met a lawyer on the first floor.

God, what my daughter went through! I will endure everything, I will survive, as long as my children and my relatives are not touched.

– My dear daughter, my beloved, I didn't kill anyone. Please believe me, this is very important to me, all my strength of struggle is in your belief in my innocence. I love you very much. Everything will be fine. It's very good that you wrote to the lawyer. Next time, don't leave the house if someone pulls up, and call your lawyer. It's good to have dick, don't go out without him. Daughter, please put the lawyer on the phone.

I told Vladimir that Anya's twelve-year-old son had been interrogated. She asked me to be in touch day and night.

These were incredibly brazen, illegal actions, it seemed that they were really sure that we were guilty, despite the lack of evidence of Kostyuk's testimony. For the first time in all this time, I seriously wondered if someone might be behind her. Someone from the authorities. But for what?

Dinit? A weak, cowardly man. I hurt his manhood, his ambition. But what's Cimiti? No, it's not him, the possibilities are not the same.

Interest in taking over my 327 hectares of land? These lands once belonged to my grandfather, so there were no claims and disputes. Again, what does the Chimites have to do with it?

If interested in Cheetah, then what have I?

All illegal actions of the investigation pointed to the fact that behind Kostyuchky someone standing. And that someone has power.

That night, Anya's mother died of a heart attack. Not everyone will survive this-they arrested their daughter, son – in-law, and father-in-law of a large family. A sick husband alone can not cope with a large farm – this is not a problem, it is a lucrative business. Not only are her children falsely accused of murder, the investigation attempts to kill her grandson. As a former government lawyer, she knows the limitless possibilities of power.

As you know, it was not easy in our family either. My mother has been paralyzed since 2003. After my arrest, her health deteriorated. You, dad, because of your worries about me, your blood

pressure started to jump, and it affected your vision, you began to see poorly. My love, you had a stroke that caused your legs to fail, and my daughter had to drop out of school and take care of you.

Where to find the answer: who? why? how to protect yourself?

When you read the sentences of others, everything is clear, the person has committed a real crime, knows how to protect himself, knows what to say. And in our case, more questions. We don't know what we're up against, who's behind it.

I have a court again, on illegal actions of the investigation, about the lack of familiarity with the decision on the appointment of repeated examinations. Thus, they deprived me of the opportunity to put additional questions to the expert on conducting the assigned re-examination.

I'm sitting in a cell in the basement of the court. I'm wearing a thin black wool turtleneck, a flared skirt of light gray light just below the knees, and black long boots.

From the cell where I'm sitting, I can see the clock in the courtroom. The clock shows 5 minutes to 10. At this time, the phone rang in the office, I realized that they were calling me. The employee listened to the call and turned to me:

«Kama, let's go out.»

I go up the stairs of the court to the second floor, to the office of judge Kungaa (last name changed). One of my hands is in handcuffs, the other part of the handcuff is put on the arm of the court escort. There are enough people in the hallways who stare at me in amazement. My appearance didn't match the handcuffs on my hands. In the office, the judge turned to the escort.

«Remove the handcuffs.»

After the announcement of the positive decision of the court the judge suddenly turned to me with an informal question:

– I'm interested in your place of birth, a very rare name, like mine. Who lived there?

– This is my paternal grandfather's land.

He looked at me intently and said:

– I'm sorry for you, you got involved with the wrong people at the wrong time.

In these words, I found the answer to my questions. So, I thought correctly, behind Kostyuk there is a customer, even it is terrible to pronounce this word. I need to talk to Anya after the funeral. I didn't want to believe it was a contract. Maybe I misunderstood the judge's words.

The cell was quieter, and the dwarf woman, like Sveta, was quieter. Today we need to go to bed early so that tomorrow we can fully deal with the sentences that have accumulated over the past few days. When receiving sentences from convicts, I marked the deadline for filing a complaint in the calendar, so I could afford to rest today.

In the morning, with the arrival of Breakfast, I was ordered with things, which meant that I was ordered to the stage. I was surprised, but my thoughts worked quickly and smoothly. For some reason, I immediately thought that they wanted to take me illegally out of prison, where? I turned to my cellmates:

– Today's stage, which district?

«To Kaa-Khem,» I was told. According to the Criminal procedure code, there is a territoriality of investigative actions. The criminal case on our charge did not relate to the Kaa-Khem district. I urgently began to write a complaint to the warden that the territoriality of investigative actions is violated, which means that they want to take me out of the borders to force me to turn myself in. If the prison administration gives permission for my removal, it will be a violation of the law. I refused to leave the cell and asked the administration to protect me from illegal actions of the investigation. After I wrote my complaint, I knocked on the door and handed the paper to the hall attendant. Then she put on a tracksuit and sneakers and waited for further action. At this time, there was a knock on our wall from the next cell, where Anya was being held. The cellmate from the upper tier of the bed, opening the window, asked:

– What was that?»

«Call Kama.»

Anya was calling me. I climbed up to the second level and spoke.

– Don't go anywhere, they want to get a turnout.

– I've already figured that out. I don't want to believe what's happening, an.

– Nevertheless, it happens.

– We'll have to talk tonight.»

– Well. Try not to leave the cell, – she repeated.

The other day, women told how in the IVS of this district, a woman committed suicide and hanged herself. When her relatives took her from the morgue, the deceased had signs of beating on her body, and deep wounds from handcuffs on her hands. They must have hung her from the radiator in handcuffs. This method of extracting evidence has become a natural method for applying to accused men. I have repeatedly heard about them from male prisoners. Perhaps that's why I quickly figured it out and wrote a complaint. I heard the phone ring in the corridor, the attendant picked up the phone, spoke, and went to the camera. Opening the peephole, he asked:

– Do you really refuse to leave your cell?»

«Yes, I wrote about it in the complaint,» I said.

After a while, the door to the cell opened and a female guard came in. She looked around at everyone, made a remark to someone, and then looked at me and said:

– Let's go and talk.»

She was of medium height, medium build, and well-groomed. The women prisoners were afraid of her, she could yell at them, even hit them, but there was a good man behind it all. None of the women went to the colony with violations, she herself brought me and Ana the women's sentences so that we could write complaints. There were even times when the three of us, Anya, and I, stayed in the box to talk. Anya and I gave her recommendations about a particular woman who could be left to do household chores in prison.

I couldn't help but believe her. She was aware of all our Affairs and pitied us. On the way, I told them about the investigation's actions over the past two days.

– The chief of operations told me to bring you in.» It's a good thing he's on duty today, because he's the one who refused to let them take you out. You tell him the circumstances.

We went up to the second floor of the administrative building. The security guard took me to the office and left.

At the table sat a thick-set man, apparently tall, with white, neatly cropped hair. He smelled of expensive port and good cigarettes. I like that smell, like your smell.

– Sit down. Do you understand that you do not have the right to refuse to stage? Employees have the right to forcibly remove you from the cell.

I'm silent, I think, let him speak out, show that he is the owner here. He liked my silence, and we seemed to understand each other.

– I'm aware of your case. The investigation sometimes oversteps its capabilities, all this should be monitored so that they observe order here. I hope they'll figure it out in time. How is your husband Alexander?

I didn't expect this question, he knows you.

– He had a stroke after I was arrested. Now here it is.

I told him about the investigation. At this point we parted, and I promised him that I would certainly contact him if anything happened. I didn't even ask him how he knew you. If he doesn't say it, then it's the right thing to do. I didn't see him again, because he went on a well-deserved vacation three months later. After all, there are good people in this system.

Usually on Monday, the prison stages in several directions. Andrey and Valera were aware that they tried to take me to the IVS of the Kaa-Khem district on Saturday. On Monday, they and Anya were ordered to the stage. It was not known whether we were going to the IVS of the city

or somewhere else, that is, according to the law, we could only be taken to the IVS of the city. So they did nothing, just waited for further action. For unknown reasons, they were not taken out of the cell. Later, we learned from the prisoners that they wanted to take Andrey to the IVS of the Barum district, Valera to Shagonar, and Anya to the city IVS. They encouraged the prisoners to put physical pressure on Andrey and Valera.

The application for phasing comes in a few days, perhaps my complaint and the actions of the head of the operational part of the prison stopped the lawlessness of the investigators.

SVETA

On Sunday, a General meeting was held in the cell about Sveta's behavior.

Sveta was 5 years older than me. Her face shows that in her youth she was a beautiful woman, slightly above average height, moderately well-fed. She has a lot of fans in prison by correspondence, she actively conducted correspondence. Sveta received gifts with sweets, which she gave to her cellmates, and she was provided with paper and a pen.

I was never interested in who corresponded with whom, what they corresponded about, I was far from it. My occupation is my and other people's papers, courts. I tried to read a book to relieve my brain. From hand washing clothes, I immediately got calluses, so Sveta helped me with the washing.

So, cellmates opened her Mulk (as the letter is called) to a young guy. One of the cellmates began to read aloud the contents of the letter in Tuvan. I understood from some words that it was a sexual letter, with a detailed description of svetkina's Masturbation under the blanket, in the toilet. She also described her desire to give him a Blowjob.

I see that the cellmates are listening, silent, probably each in their thoughts lusting for their men. This is the nature of the human body. After the end of the letter, Sveta's condemnation began, and each expressed her own opinion:

– You're a grown woman, how can you write that?» This man is reading your letters in full view of the camera. What will they think of our camera?

– We should forbid her to correspond.

– You have a son sitting in the colony, the rumors will reach him, shame on you, Sveta!

«Kama, what do you think?»

Usually there is a woman in each cell who is responsible for what happens in the cell. Such a person was appointed by the criminal authorities of the prison. No matter who was in this position, my cellmates always listened to my opinion.

– To be honest, I am ashamed that I participate in reading a private letter from a stranger. It doesn't matter what she writes, what matters is that she didn't consent to her letter being read in public. I don't think this is also welcome in terms of prison. I don't know what prompted you to open someone else's letter. Secondly, I think that Sveta's letters give pleasure to the natural needs of men who have been sitting here for years and who knows how many more will not see women. If one of the men complained to you about it, it means that he is not a man. This is my personal opinion, which I do not impose on you. It's up to you what decision you make in prison terms. Third, I think Sveta needs to hear what She has to say.

My mind, my mentality, was different from them, or maybe not. I was just saying out loud what anyone can feel.

Sveta, who was standing with her head bowed guiltily, cheered up when she heard me. She understood Russian well enough, since she had lived and worked in Krasnoyarsk in her youth.

The cellmates calmed down and turned to Sveta.

– Well, what do you say, Sveta, what should I do with you?

– I ask not to forbid me to correspond, I will not write such letters any more.

– As a punishment, you will not correspond for three days, think about your behavior.

This is a rash decision made by Soyana, a recidivist, my countryman and a good person, who looks after the camera.

– Her fans will raise the question of why she is forbidden to correspond, will perceive it as a violation. Perhaps she didn't have sexual correspondence with everyone. You're not going to tell everyone why you banned her from texting, «I said to Soyana, who waved her hand at the Light and told her:

– Sveta, I very much hope that you will keep your word, think about your son, how he will be ashamed of you.

They say that mentally ill people have a higher sexual need than normal people. If so, it is unlikely that she will stop writing such letters, maybe it calms her mind.

GUESSES

Today we were informed of the conclusion of the re-examination, which indicated that this time the examination of the skull of the alleged corpse of Pavlova was conducted by a more experienced expert. The expert indicated that the death occurred presumably in May. The shape of the skull indicates belonging to the Mongoloid race.

The examination was adjusted in the interests of the investigation. They corrected mistakes made with our complaints. On the one hand, this was good for our subsequent perception of the fabricated criminal case. On the other hand, it became terribly scary from the scale of illegal actions, so the customer is a person from law enforcement agencies.

We were also called together for a review. On the way back, we were locked in a box to wait for the escort to the cell.

– Anya, I have a feeling that someone is behind the costume for a long time. How do you know he is?

– In the 90s, the three of us, I, Andrey and Valera, were sitting here. We were convicted of murder.

Anya, before she came to work for me, informed me that she had served her sentence. I didn't ask what she was doing. Her bold honesty was enough for me, and I hired her on a free schedule. Ani's family had a Fazenda of 150 hectares, where they kept a large farm.

– I worked as a Prosecutor in those years, Andrey worked in the traffic police, and Valera as an operative. On weekends, family picnics were held on the Fazenda. Once Valera brought his friend an operative. The two of them got drunk and started swimming in the river. Valera's friend and Valera himself were very drunk, and it so happened that his friend drowned in the water. The relatives of the deceased did not believe us, found a lot of reasons for our alleged interest in the murder, and we were sentenced strictly, from 8 to 12 years. When I was sitting here, they brought a suit into our cell. She's a repeat con artist. Gradually, Kostyuk began to turn the camera against me for the fact that I am a Prosecutor and should not sit at the common table, that you need to drive me under the bed and much more.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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