

102 Days

Sakiusa Basa Viaviaturaga.

The buinigone had screamed once, when I heard the fifty patrolling that walkway, calling out again to the guard positioned at the front gate 'Vatagica tale'. Oooow-a-n-g, Oooow-a-n-g the buinigone waited again, and then it deadened up.

I was standing in Cell-3, D/Wing, looking across my right towards the walkway; waiting in expectation of a storm that I hoped would be just a petty king coming my way. Just one hundred and eighty seconds ago I had committed in self-defence, a serious offence according to the law of the Prisons Regulations. Now I am trying to strategise a justifiable excuse amidst the mixed pulsating of my heartbeat, given the fact that the emergency alarm had been raised, alerting the whole fiteez campus in Naboro.

For five minutes after the siren howled like a woman in labour, there was pin drop silence in the entire Maximum complex. Not even a trifle sound could be heard from the two hoodz accommodated beside me. I could breathe, and felt an unusual breeze passing through the nerves and systems of my staid composure. But I kept my mind positive hoping nothing drastic would unfold within the next few seconds.

The grille on the right entrance of D/Wing slid open. Subsequently the sound of stomping boots chorused through the passage, rushing in my direction. Five fiteez from the E.C.U armed with black batons staring in rage at me. 'O na mate nikua. Dolava na katuba!' a fiery husky voice said. The cell door was opened. My head was greeted with a whack from a baton. I tried to position myself in defence from the coming onslaught, but I was outnumbered and over-powered. A fist connected into my lower lip, cutting its right tip like a razor. The sound of flesh thudding in explosive vibrations and another hit of the baton struck the left side of my ribs. A thundering blow on my nape by the black faggot holding the baton,

knocked me down on the floor of my cell. Immediately a bastard kicked my temple and a hand grabbed my feet and dragged me out of my cell to the passage pathway. I manoeuvred a quick stunt to get back on my feet, to avoid the boots trying to smash my crown and temple.

When I stood up I saw a group of reinforcements entering the passage. One of them yelled out to the five 'kaisies' who were still indulging in this aggression, 'Laivi koya mai....cici mai!' He growled, 'Nikua o na mate kina. Tamata dau vacu ovisa o iko.'

More than fifty fiteez stood along the wing passage, right up towards the main corridor, compelled me to tread past them, so I might feel the brunt of their long awaited vengeance. I trod past them covering my face, exposing the rest of my body to their violence. Thick dark red blood had already soaked my blue shirt when I encountered the reinforcement poltroons. They seemed not to care about the blood flowing like a river from my nostrils, but all the more eager to inflict more cuts and bruises and even fractures on my body. Like a lamb to the slaughter, I passed these scumbags in anguish and pain, until a high ranking fifty intervened to terminate the brutality.

It's an obnoxious disgrace to face a chastisement without a trial properly conducted. Or even the side of my story being told before any actions taken. In this incident, I stood no chance in trying to justify the reasons for my actions, for the law had been set aside in order to satisfy the craven of revenge already rooted in the hearts of my green foes. And this was to be the moment they yearned for.

I was rushed to the hospital soon after the aggression. Blood continued to stream down my nostrils on the journey. The big cuts on my lips and left eye were oozing out blood too. My face had swelled into a balloon and was wretchedly deformed. Likewise the colour of my face had begun to metamorphose into a purple hue. The pains in my nape and ribs were unbearable. My world had become tense and edgy. And silhouetted by an opaque ray of agony.

An iTaukei female doctor examined my injuries; she then directed that the external injuries be treated first, before the x-ray machine look into the internal ones. The nightingales nursed and dressed my injuries and injected me with penicillin. Thereafter I was taken to the x-ray chamber.

It was a relief for me when the doctor said that there were no fractures noted in my body. Even though I thought that there would be a few. Later on I reasoned that the almighty Elahim might have wrought some miracles in protecting each bone of my body from breaking. 'And I've always thanked Him for that kind generosity.'

Upon my return, I was heralded straight into Dooms-bat. The pitch-black dungeon of this penitentiary. A grotto where you don't see sunlight. Nor can anyone notice or distinguish the change of night into day, if it ain't for the birds and bunigones cry every morning. This is the holy grill of blood-bath, beatings and torture. A place feared when situations are already baleful. But this is a place where these poltroons love playing their nasty despicable game. Because it is well concealed from the eyes of those who care to stop such criminal undertakings. However, this was the place where for the next hundred and two days from the incident, in which I was compelled to abide.

Before I left for the hospital, the shake down crew had already raided my room at D/Wing. They'd confiscated all my property and taken it away and it's still with them until now. The only remnants they left were the prison issues given to me: two blankets, a mattress, a pillow and a cup. But the valuable possessions that had significance to me were snatched away by the shake down faggots. They were stolen!

When I entered my gloomy dungeon, I saw my bedding scattered on the floor as if it had just fallen out from a trash truck. There was no bed in here, so I had to sit on the floor with my beddings. I strategised an appropriate lay out for my beddings, settled my exhausted painful body on it and snored the night away in discomfort.

Boom! My cell door swung open. *'Yadra, tolo yadra. Kua ni vakamocemoce tiko, tamata viavialevu o iko,'* ape man snarled. *'Curu mai tuba, o na moku vinaka tale nikua tamata dau vacu ovisa.'*

When I stepped out of my cell, I saw more than fifteen green fags crowding the small portico outside my dungeon. Some were holding black polythene hose pipe and baton. Like hungry lions attacking prey, they tore my clothes and ripped more of my flesh. Beating, whacking, kicking, punching, rained like hail storms all over my body. They seemed not to care about the injuries that were visible on many parts of my body. They wanted more. And they were having the time of their lives, grabbing every opportunity. I just slid my body to a corner of the cement wall. Crouched, and covered my face well. Letting the raging storm drown its ire on any place except my face.

For fourteen consecutive days this malicious undertaking was a daily part of my rehabilitation. Yes, that's what they thought. That their gruesome tortures would teach me a lesson. But they were dead wrong and badly mistaken. Trying to make me learn the hard way, wouldn't change me in the slightest. For I'm a person who rebels even more, when I'm treated in that manner. But oddly the soft things are the likes that can

touch my heart and convict my mind to alter the way I behave.

In that dungeon there was to be no other book or magazine allowed in my possession, except the Bible and Case Disclosures. I was strip searched every morning and evening, including my cell too. My shower was strictly monitored and not allowed to exceed sixty seconds. If it did, I would be provoking the fags to sting my body with those polythene pipes. And it might boil up to something more drastic, given the volatile situation hovering around this place during that time.

But my seclusion was a blessing in disguise. It was a time that I felt so intimate with my heavenly Father. For four years the Bible had always lay dormant in my room. Yet I began studying it from Genesis to Revelation. My orisons are now offered three times in a day. And I can almost hear God talking to me when I meditate upon Him every day.

Smoking weed was a habit that I had tried so hard to break. But now I've conquered it! Today is the eleventh month of ridding off that deadly habit. And I've never rued making that decision. Thanks be to the Spiritual light that shone on me in that lightless lodge. That helped changed me in many good ways, up to this date.

But one of the outstanding things that happened to me in Dooms-bay was the honing of my writing skills. For the hundred and two days I stayed in there, the only thing I was bidding my time on was, reading and writing, reading and writing...non-stop. My mind was opened up into a different world. And I can feel it when I'm composing the lyrics of my songs and the poems. The words to use and the storylines just bubble up into my brain like never before. My God gifted spitting talent was crafted into a new dimension. And I had no other resource apart from the Bible to help me use the appropriate grammar needed in my writing. I would look up the vocab in the English version and find its meaning in the Fijian translation. The Bible was not only my Spiritual guide it also became my lexicon that helped me compose many songs and poems that I wouldn't have written so well, if it weren't for that hundred two days in Dooms-bay.