

Two years out!

Monday, 09 April 2007

Well, a bit more actually. Although I was given PAROLE at Easter 2005, it was the end of March.

I was due out on the Thursday before Good Friday, but, in a magnificent display of meanness, Surrey Police "mislaidd" my "in custody" papers and I was kept in until AFTER all the holidays, coming out in a burst of carefully controlled publicity on the Tuesday after Easter.

Which didn't matter at all to me as I had two chickens to roast over the weekend and also needed finished pressings of the single I "released" on the same day I was released (just to give the media an irresistable hook and guarantee Front Pages instead of being buried away on p36.

So all the media and the "paps" got glorious CD's of My Love My Life (plus It's Good News Week) which has, I'm told, become quite an E-Bay treasure since.

That three and a half years was one of the best and most valuable times of my life. I learned and observed so much. A privilege at 60. Most people stop learning long before that.

All the rubbish stories of me being beaten up and transferred and insulted were typical, unimaginative tabloid crap. My time in prison was fascinating and rewarding.

Since my parole it's been equally educational. Enjoyable experiencing everything I couldn't during my incarceration. An eye opener as to how blinkered many people can be. Extraordinary how sympathetic and supportive the general public turned out to be, and how few and far between the "nasties" were.

Last Easter my little car exploded. Or, to put it correctly, the fan belt broke (no big problem) and got sucked into the engine (big problem). But it's been mended and working fine for this past year.

Now into Year Three. Many challenges; very exciting. On to 2007, 2008, 2009... God willing!