

'IMAGINE THIS'

Imagine being in a foreign country when out of the blue you are accused of committing a serious crime you did not commit.

Imagine being immediately arrested, charged, processed and jailed on that accusation alone.

Imagine having your passport confiscated, your clothes and personal belongings boxed and stored away and replaced with prisoner garb.

Imagine being treated as if guilty by fact and denied any procedural fairness.

Imagine the police refusing to investigate your side of the story, ignoring clear evidence of your innocence, and being told by those same police that it's because they "are assigned to the complainant" and that "helping you would be a conflict of interest".

Imagine being told that you have no rights in their country, that if you wanted rights you should have stayed in your own country.

Imagine trying to comply and do everything right only to be made to feel you've done something terribly wrong and denying it only makes them angry.

Imagine being told by your own consulate that they can do nothing to help you, not even to ensure fundamental rights and fair treatment according to International Law and Treaties signed and ratified by that country in good faith.

Imagine having to stay in that country alone with no form of support for over a year awaiting trial.

Imagine being refused Legal Aid for a lawyer or legal advice on their country's laws and procedures.

Imagine being forced to stand trial utterly alone without any legal counsel, legal knowledge or support against the unlimited resources and power of the prosecutor against you.

Imagine having to put your trust and your life in the hands of a jury comprised of local residents who already harbor a certain prejudice against foreigners, compounded by a preconditioned 'better safe than sorry' mentality due to their government's long-standing, rabid 'tough on crime' campaigns.

Imagine having no idea how to defend yourself in a criminal trial, put evidence in your defence, or how to examine or cross-examine witnesses.

Imagine pleading with the judge throughout your 'trial' that you "don't know what to do", "you're not a lawyer", that you "have evidence in your defence" but just "don't know how to show it" – only to be effectively ignored.

Imagine having to ask the trial judge over and over what to do next and how because you just can't grasp the complex trial process and rules as you're "learning through this but (slowly) catching on".

Imagine fighting bouts of angina, anxiety, shortness of breath causing difficulty speaking while the trial carries on with no concern for fairness towards you, the accused.

Imagine finally succumbing to an emotional breakdown in the courtroom due to unimaginable stress, heartache, as well as fatigue from weeks without sleep while you

were trying to prepare for a trial you don't understand and shouldn't be facing if the police had put in the least effort to into checking any facet of your story over a year ago.

Imagine enduring such mental and emotional trauma for five long grueling days completely alone.

Imagine at last being convicted under those conditions by the jury of locals – not because there was evidence to demonstrate your guilt, but rather due to unsubstantiated, uncorroborated slander and defamation of character that merely convinced the jurors that you are the type of character who is likely to commit such a crime – all while still clutching evidence to the contrary that you were never given fair and reasonable opportunity to present.

Imagine then being put on display, condemned and humiliated in their public court by a judge who was effectively granted a *license to damn* by virtue of the 'conviction', although the judge knows nothing about you and never wanted to know.

Imagine being sentenced to 6 ½ years in their prison 10,000 miles from your home country and family. Imagine the numbing shock.

Imagine being taken to and confined in a small cell with other prisoners. Imagine the fear.

Imagine laying on your bunk in the dark, missing your family, crying silently, and asking of that country over and over in your mind 'what did you do to them to deserve such treatment?'

Imagine their citizens accepting this as 'justice'.

Imagine losing everything you've worked for in your life because of that mere accusation: your name, career, future opportunities, people you thought were your friends and any ability to care or provide for yourself or your family and any and all contact with your child.

Imagine *then* being forced by the prison, under threat of punishment, to participate in a special psychological 'Denier's Treatment Program' designed by that country's Corrective Services sector to 'treat' people accused of a crime, convicted in their court of law, but who dare to assert their right to maintain and pursue their innocence through an appeal to a higher court.

Imagine applying to Legal Aid for legal help to prepare an appeal of your 'conviction' only to be automatically refused because, in their opinion, "your appeal is not likely to succeed", even though no one has bothered to review your case, look at evidence or consider the circumstances of your trial. They don't want to know about it.

Imagine your every effort to help yourself to learn their law and prepare your own appeal is deliberately blocked, thwarted or discouraged by prison staff, even against their own policies and a fundamental right to appeal.

Imagine being mocked, belittled or threatened with punishment by prison officers for trying to get resolve on important issues affecting your well-being and legal matters, or for filing complaints through established channels against such officers who routinely mistreat or insult you or ignore your requests for help.

Imagine having no choice but to return to your cell, remain silent, oppressed, while time passes by without remedy or hope, still holding evidence of your innocence that no one wanted to know about.

Imagine the stress, resentment and bitterness that builds within you.

Imagine suffering a near fatal heart attack while incarcerated due to the intense stress, unfathomable heartache and mental shock you've endured, followed then by bleeding on your brain brought about by an imbalance of medications prescribed for your now permanently damaged heart.

Imagine having to call your family abroad and tell them that you may not live to see them or home again while instructing them with a last request to find and tell your child the truth of what really happened to you, why you never came back.

Imagine your once healthy body deteriorating along with mental and cognitive skills.

Imagine your once darker hair now permanently gray, almost white, while lines have increased on your face where none were just a short time ago.

Imagine looking into the dingy mirror in your cell and not recognizing your own face, doubting with sadness whether your own children would recognize you if they should chance to see you now.

Imagine suffering with severe toothache for weeks on end and given nothing but weak *Panadol* twice per day, nothing at night.

Imagine gradually losing tooth after tooth through the course of your imprisonment because the prison will only extract but not repair them.

Imagine your confidence sinking deeper than you thought possible as you become more and more ashamed to smile or even speak.

Imagine being severely punished by the prison system for merely not being able to urinate on demand during a 'random' drug test due to known anti-diuretic effects of the numerous medications that you are now required to take for your damaged heart and health.

Imagine then being forced to instruct the prison doctor to change your medical status in order to accommodate their unreasonable punishment for not being able to urinate on demand - even though changing such medical status poses a risk to your life and health - or else having to spend the duration of your imprisonment in solitary detention.

Imagine still asking why - why are you being put through this?

Imagine writing letter after letter to politicians, human rights organizations and media in an attempt to bring awareness to the terrible injustices you've been subjected to, only to be completely ignored.

Imagine being mocked and laughed at by a certain culture of prison officers who take pleasure in pointing out that no one ever cared to respond to your letters for help.

Imagine being told by your own consulate not to try to get the media involved because "this state will only make things harder" on you if you do. And they were right.

Imagine coming to the realization that you've been buried alive in a system of secrecy and are wholly at the mercy of your captors with no possibility of help from the outside.

Imagine slowly losing your mind, your will, your identity. Imagine the depth of despair - if you can imagine that deep.

Imagine being denied parole back to your home country because you refuse to admit your guilt or participate in their 'treatment program' for 'deniers', and because

you dared to risk your life by once climbing to the roof of their prison alone and painting a broad message to that country's Prime Minister in a desperate plea for awareness of the horrible treatment you've endured in their country as a foreign national.

Imagine watching helplessly as the years crawl slowly by season after season, day after day, birthdays, holidays, life.

Imagine beloved family members passing away while you languish in prison, unable to mourn with loved ones, offer support or have the chance to say goodbye.

Imagine struggling more and more to remember the names of your children, the things you once loved to do, and sometimes forgetting how you got where you are or how long you've been there.

Imagine forgetting how to speak and communicate properly, but find you've adopted a prison vernacular and slang unbecoming of your prior character in life.

Imagine not remembering how to drive a car or on which side of the road to drive or how to ride a bicycle.

Imagine seeing technologies on TV in every day use that were not long ago – as you last remember – only future possibilities.

Imagine becoming afraid to be released; what you will do, where you will live and how you will survive in a world now as alien to you as the day you were born into it.

Imagine the life you once knew, things you've accomplished, faces of family and friends feeling more like a dream you once had than a life you once lived.

Imagine feeling so alone and abandoned that you come to call murderers, drug dealers, conmen and sex offenders 'friend' just to have the basic elements of socialization and companionship so vital to human existence.

Imagine coming to realize that most of them have more integrity than people you knew and trusted in the community.

Imagine having the time to learn of their background, life stories and circumstances that caused them to commit the crime they did.

Imagine coming to feel sympathy for them and certain responsibility for their actions.

Imagine the moral conflict in your soul where such thoughts and feelings are in stark contrast to everything you had been conditioned to think about those kind of people.

Imagine also coming to a realization that politics, class segregation, prejudice, discrimination and overall decline of social values caused once innocent children to grow up to commit terrible crimes. They were all someone's children once.

Imagine coming to a realization that, in spite of being innocent of the crime you were accused of, you may deserve to be in prison after all because, when you were free, you had committed the worst crime against humanity, your community and your fellow people one can commit: Indifference.

Imagine becoming aware in hindsight that you had countless opportunities to have changed it all by simply raising your voice, but instead went about your own affairs believing that someone else will surely do it anyway, that justice will always prevail.

Imagine realizing that you are in fact in prison now because you failed to raise your voice against injustice and oppression when you were free.

Imagine realizing that you are in prison now because no one raised a voice in your defence when you needed them most. They are still just as you once were.

Imagine coming to terms with the concept that if you don't walk a mile in someone else's shoes in your heart you are destined to do it in life. And now you are.

Imagine being haunted by thoughts that your precious child may one day end up in a cell like yours somewhere in the world because you failed to teach them by example to stand up for themselves, human rights, freedom, justice and for the underprivileged and those who can't speak for themselves, but instead taught by example that someone else will surely do it even if they don't.

Imagine finding that your accrued bitterness, heartache, despair and sense of helplessness is more and more transforming into a passionate determination to ensure that what happened to you never happens to another person.

Imagine *Rising*.

Imagine turning your newfound energy toward helping those prisoners around you instead of yourself – those whom you had been conditioned through life to despise – because you realize that it is *there* that you should begin to amend for your past indifference.

Imagine realizing from the depths of your own self pity that it's not about you anymore, but rather about something much, much bigger that you helped to create through your indifference when you were free.

Imagine seeing yourself, as you once were not long ago, in the frightened eyes of every first-time prisoner you encounter.

Imagine reaching a point where you no longer care about fighting for yourself but instead for prisoners like you who just shouldn't be there.

Imagine coming to a resolve that, as much as you yearn for home, family and freedom you're exactly where you need to be if change is to occur for the better - for your community, family, children and your generations. You had to see and experience this for yourself to believe it really happens.

Imagine knowing that even if they opened the steel doors and let you go today you can never simply walk away and turn your back on what you've come to know and personally experience.

Imagine realizing that you can do far more damage to the faults and corruption in the 'system' from the confines of your cell than you could if you were free – by documenting it all, teaching prisoners of their rights as human beings, to read, write and communicate, understand and comprehend law and their legal matters, take responsibility for their own actions and behaviour, feel genuine remorse for crimes they might have committed, change themselves for the better while in jail where they might not have had opportunity to do so in life - because you now understand that not only did you likely contribute to putting them there in some large or small way but that one day they will eventually be released back into the community. One day.

Imagine realizing that in spite of having lost everything in your life through deceit, corruption, selfishness and indifference you have now also been simultaneously trained and provided with all the tools necessary to begin a new life and career with

purpose, meaning and a determination to change it all one person, one community, one country at a time.

Imagine finally understanding the reason why you were put through it all – someone had to go through it, live it, survive it in order to change it.

Imagine realizing with certain contentment that no matter how frightening such an endeavor might be, you are not alone in that battle; you will never be alone or voiceless again.

If you can imagine *this* you've imagined my life over the past 6 years.
Now all you need to imagine is that you or your loved one is next.
Imagine that reality.

My name is John Victor Ramses. Perhaps you once knew me. I am a US citizen incarcerated in Acacia Prison, Western Australia. I *am* a father, grandfather, brother and son. I *was* a producer, author, Internet marketer, IT professional, business owner, entrepreneur, artist, musician and upstanding member of the community. Today I am either a fierce advocate or nemesis, depending on which side of the fence for human rights, freedom, equality and justice you might stand. Everything I've invited you to 'imagine' I have personally endured since being arrested off the street on an accusation alone on July 2, 2010 following a divorce. It has happened to hundreds more. I know many of them in this prison. It will happen to you or your loved one if this type of injustice is not stopped. All Lives Matter.

If you know my daughter tell her I love her and I never left her. I was taken.



November 11, 2016.

John Victor Ramses
Somewhere over the rainbow in a land called 'Oz'.

Google: (About:) 'John Victor Ramses' or 'Ghost Radio Network', '11:11 – the Love Story', 'Quest for Peralta Gold', 'I-Prodigy Communications', 'Symmetry Media', 'Alien Cow Shop', 'Haunted Australia', Other – Take 5 Magazine, Sunday Times (Perth), ABC Stateline, The Couch (Perth), Web Site - Americandownunder.com / Amanraya.com / SalemsGhost.com

By the author (pending publishing): 'Not On My Life' and 'Salem's Ghost', and 'My Daughter's Country'.