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Continuação do Ser:
modo de Vida

Continuation of Being: Way of Life

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Continuation of Being: Way of Life

True stories by Nelson Brás
Pereira

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Way of life

That which is proclaimed, by which it is destined... way of life, in other words it's everything we inherit from our ancestors, then we have the mission, to procreate when we reach adulthood, that which is proclaimed by the laws society, where we live in a democracy.

In other , everything we can acquire, knowledge, other words, everything we seek when we know what we've built.

Why?

Because when we deal in the society in which we are inserted by force of reason, we always have to live in such a way as to be an acceptable being so that we are seen by society itself as a gentleman, we can't be mean, just more dignified than we can be; that's what we live for, we also know that there has to be help between us.

Why?

Because we are beings to serve each other, that's why there is the acquired problem, to tell the truth when the evils are greater for me.

Why?

Because we can be a social being, but we can live like a savage.

When we're not beaten by equals.

But there is always and will always be doubt, the mistrust that always haunts us, by which we are taught, by which we are taught, and that's where we go as long as we are sure that we really trust, then we serve ourselves well because we do good.

We want to please all readers who can read books, these books of mine, which you can find in any bookshop where you can be fascinated by the topics you want to listen to and read at bedtime.

You'll be good company, you'll never read and see such true accounts.

Like those who feel they have the true experience someone who has made mistakes, but has been able to cure me of all the ills that have haunted me.

What will be the theme of this edition?

Flying Reports, perhaps a topic that won't be too shocking, we don't want to shock the readers, but the reports are true and are told in a way that was experienced a cool way.

Because I've lived within the law, believing, imagining a thousand and one things, feeling the true sense of animal instinct.

We want to win by force, and we feel like .

Outside the law, that being we've all learnt can find us and the weight of that comes from the way we've been used to living together, because despite all the evil we can do, it can never be considered evil.

I think that every being has a reincarnation.

Our ambition is to live in a way that we think is easy, but which isn't easy and becomes difficult when we fall foul of the law and, when we don't have the money to pay good lawyers, we pay a higher price.

Why?

If we can't be funny, we can't be funny either.

This is my story, the story of a young man, the son of a Portuguese father, but born in Africa, I was brought up in Pontinha after my father separated from my mother.

From then on, my real life of wanting to live easy began, and as I've already mentioned, easy can become difficult.

Why?

Because I've always believed that the law favours us when we show repentance.

But when the facts are proven 100 per cent, the law, which is governed by the courts, can only make the crime

that it really happened, apart from various factors that would probably confuse the reader.

Why?

Because it would be difficult to convey to the reader the true sense of the pain of not being forgiven and having the opportunity to taste committing a crime and feel the evil that we are doing.

When we're abandoned by society and we're the eyes of the neighbourhood that everyone likes to look at.

Why?

You have an eye for seeking, that comes from individual abilities. Because we are always born with a heritage progressing in life, so that we can also teach and pass a bitter life experience, and I'm still paying for it!

I was born in Africa and had three sisters: Elvira, Cândida and São. That's a good start to a story that could have been brilliant, but happened to be a not-so-good story of life.

I didn't feel much malice towards the men who carry out this function, the so-called prison guards, I always thought of them as enemies because I didn't want to accept that I really could have got away with it.

I've committed several crimes along the way as I've walked through life.

I used to use this term, which was slang, with whom we dealt, it was a form of slang, or we could also use the term orientated.

They were the places looked for, and because of the way we lived, they were always the docks, where there was no violence or where violence wasn't found in a tempting or provocative way, because we really felt good about what we did. It's not seen favourably in society's eyes, because no society accepts it, that others can make a living out of crime, if it's not seen as a need to consume substances that can be used to make a living.

seem terribly bad, but they do exist.

And as such we all have our vices, but as such we always take it badly when we don't like something that has always been imperceptible to us, as bad, but this has a great insight the places where we are all brought up, they are our milieus and living together makes us want and have the ambition to live well and be better than the other.

There would be a lot of pranks like the kids I grew up with, but among those kids there was a girl, I'd always liked her, ever since I met her, her birthday was the same day as mine.

I always liked her, from the day I met her, I always liked her, she lived with me a lot and with my sisters a lot, we had a very close relationship, it wasn't love at first sight, I believe and would believe that there will never be a woman like the one I loved, the first time I kissed her, I felt like a real lion, we all like to see ourselves on the savannah.

The one who has the right to a life equal to all men, to have a wife and start a family.

Even though she accepts the way of life I've been living and that love only comes once in a lifetime, I don't feel wise, nor have I ever considered myself as such, but I met them all, they were integrated in one way or another, we all have to connect, I paid a big bill but all because I wanted to have a good life.

I was good at what I did, I started doing robberies, I started with simple robberies, I did some armed robberies. But then I degraded with the excessive consumption of cocaine, I felt good smoking it and I didn't want to give it up.

It drove me crazy, but I never assaulted anyone in my robberies, if there was no reaction, I wouldn't have needed to use violence, I would always have to tone it down in court.

I know that if you walk in the rain, you'll get wet.
wanted to get the money or the valuables they were carrying.

As I grew up in Pontinha, Lisbon was always fun for me, I saw it as a city of historical and cultural value, as I had read history books.

I saw the progression of having a good life, of able to live a good life, as such, in other words, I just wanted the money, I knew I was well, I just wanted money and I felt bad about it, I just wanted to satisfy my addiction and feel social, in a social environment, to be well with people and feel normal, normal in a social environment, in relationships with people.

I felt dominant, I thought I was the lion with the mane on my head.

conquering her territory and dominating her life.

That's how I approached the life of having a wife!

Well... I saw this way of life in a positive light in terms of the harm I could do to people, I never harmed anyone in a way that would ruin others in a brutal way and leave them with nothing.

I only took advantage of the circumstance of the moment and I only did it for the money, for the quick fix to smoke cocaine, but I always prolonged what was inevitable, which is that which is not born with a man, or perhaps we can even inherit it, that the cause that we study as a man who drinks alcohol and smokes drugs reacts in the procreation of the genes in the heredity that is left by the consequence of fertilisation.

Im not enough of an expert to be able to decipher all this and pass on this parable to the reader, like talking about it because I had to, these are ways of life. Sometimes they're taken well, sometimes they're taken badly.

Why?

Because the way of life that we have learnt, as I mentioned above, not always to act with malice, but to be forgiven, to be well acclaimed!

Why?

Because we live by this, by standards, we live
It's form of ambition to be able to have a good life.

The relationship began when I was 22, in the army, but I didn't want to go, but the law said so. And that's when I had the real relationship, the passion that I'll never have the same as Cristina, and here began the relationship that we all aspire to, we all want to find our true better half.

I lived intensely, I felt that if she was away from me I wouldn't feel well, and that's when she probably took advantage of having a bit more power over me.

I loved the girl, I was jealous, but it wasn't a sick jealousy, it was a healthy jealousy and there was no real sick malice in that jealousy that could lead me to force someone to stay with me.

Why?

I thought I was alone and if I lost her I would lose the woman of my life, but it happened. I wanted to go to the high street and she wanted to go to a discotheque in campo pequeno, we had a fight and that's when we broke up, maybe it wasn't what she wanted, her older brother never really accepted the relationship. I had a fight with him, but it was before I started to love Tina, but it was a moment of circumstance, but I liked him, but he didn't accept my way of life, he never told me, but he also never showed that he was on my side, knowing that I was on the right side.

It didn't hurt much, but he didn't accept my relationship with his sister. He only lived with me because of the context, we lived in the same neighbourhood so we maintained that relationship, the one we were brought up with.

Her mother was from Nelas, Mrs Conceição, her father I don't know, but he was a good man, Raul.

He learned to live off his wife alone, and at one point we proclaimed him the neighbourhood taxman in the neighbourhood. He was a child, but he already had a sense of time, he was already studying.

And that's when I quickly realised, despite young age, that I had to fight for my life and for what I had: father, mother, home, I never lacked for food, and I never did. Because despite the low salary my mum received, she paid 11 escudos in rent and that's it, my dad only paid the rent, that's it, but I never lacked for food.

So it was the beginning of the end, in other words, estrangement can lead to oblivion, and I think that's what I learnt, losing my father meant I had to react in the same way as he did.

I looked up to him as a hero, a fighting man, the son of humble people. His grandmother, Elvira, was the one I lived with until I was six years , until I went to school, which happened? I got used to my grandmother, I was graduating, independent my father's direct supervision, but at the time my eyes weren't quite open yet, but I had a sense of time.

I was aware of the moment.

They are some of the purest stories in the world. is that?

Nowadays, anyone can be recognised for their way life, regardless of their position or social hierarchy.

That's why we start from the notion that nobody can really be accused of anything without proof.

?

This is how laws are governed and we all have access to them. don't kill, steal or rape.

But we can go back to the dawn of humanity and such events would happen again and again, because history is based on that. We are continuity, that continuity which will always be continuous, that which is destined.

And it is the absolute certainty that we live for a cause, we are not the continuation of remaining and existing on Earth.

I don't know, I could vary the theme, but it could get in the way of the reader's reading, it could distract from the real story that happened.

But these are parables that will always exist throughout the book, because we're going to make the situations that were experienced more specific and understandable.

Why?

So you can see that it was all within a society where there were always healthy lives and understanding, part of society because in the eyes of others we may even be Judases, but there is one very important thing in life: we sow is the fruit we will reap.

My father always saw me and wanted to see me as a king, but I'm the king, the warrior who can't always win and I started very young.

When I said that what's easy isn't easy, but difficult, that's what I called the hunt.

After I slapped her across the face, what I felt was that I had lost her, I really felt it in my eyes, later she tried to get back together with me, but I didn't accept it and that's the real story of the crime began, but I already had a record, I was already separated when I did six months in the military prison in Santarém, it was the military prison.

Arnaldo was condemned at the time, so the story of this individual fits in with my journey through the prison system. As the book goes on, the reader will come to understand the real social environment, in this case the prison system.

Everything was invested so that I could lead a good life, I'd already split up with Tina. And what did I do? I tried my luck.

I even worked in the Pontinha metro as a carpenter's servant. The blacks feared me, I worked with blacks from Cape Verde, good people who wanted a better life that they didn't have in their country of origin.

They were looking for a better life in Portugal, which they couldn't get in their own country, which is why their search led them to immigrate from their own country.

It was easier to look for Portugal because of its proximity.

I began to feel the closeness of the Cape Verdeans, to socialise with them, Cape Verdeans were called bad because they had to fight inequality and when they arrived here in Portugal they weren't well accepted, because the overseas war had taken place and at that time I was still a kid, I was a chavalito, I was waking up and that's when I began what nobody wants from a son, I began to wander, I was never a wanderer, I was a wanderer.

I already had a grasp of my past experience, I saw my parents split up when I was eight years old, I was already studying, and as such I already knew that it wasn't going to go very well for me, I felt the departure of the man I held as a hero.

Seeing this lost, even at a young age I realised that I would have to help my mother, but I truly loved my father.

I spent every summer with him until I was 17. I continued later when I was in the army, but then I began to drift away, which is natural.

At the time he was in Figueira da Foz at the Transport Service Practical School where I spent my holidays with him.

My father was a tough man, he had a tough childhood, he lost his father when he was 14 and it was my grandmother's ambition to grow up in life, to have more support and more money.

My father said that his farewell was a loving one, it was the one he liked because it was a hasty farewell, since the farewell, he would never see his father again, but he grew up hard helping his mother, he was the son who lived in his mother's house the longest.

I lived with my grandmother for six years, but she was tough, she came from the bottom and grew up hard, she never let her children go hungry.

He was a miner at the time. He was looking for ore deals, but he didn't make it there. He was also a cyclist, then he joined the army and continued his career there.

He became a normal man, he went there because of the necessity of life, because he secured what we all have to secure, self-sufficiency.

This happened because he was a tough man, a friend of a friend, a friend of his children, but he didn't say many words, but he was respectful and honest.

That's what he always wanted to leave me, but was, there you go, it was the separation, I moved away a bit, I didn't continue with a more in-depth accompaniment of way of being and the way of life, of difficulties to overcome and the obstacle of life ensured a job to ensure the future to be able to procreate, they're all good children, we're worthy being his children, but there was also a lack of understanding and loyalty on my part, I became the naughty being as I had said.

The psychological whipping of the sensation only aggravated me, because I was never able to see that good is to be practised, but since I only received evil through separation, I was only able to see that good is to be practised.

Evil was on my mind.

And that's how it all went down until the act of condemnation.

Where did it start?

The separation was over, and that's when I started but it was my way of life from the past and there I felt safe from the worry of the disappointment I had felt, but there I swore, you're leaving me, I'll never give myself away again.

My way of life was to consume and steal, and that's when I still looked for her, and I looked for her several times, and that's when she wanted to accept me again, I don't know, you made me suffer, I don't want to have that feeling again, it was painful, but I always had to live and I still have her.

I still have her in the back of my mind and that's why I spent so many years in jail, always thinking of her. That's why I cherish this passion so much, I've never experienced anything like it.

Linhó, after three months on remand I entered the Linhó prison for convicts, my story there begins with the bravery of a being restricted by bravery, by what we have to deal with in the world of others, what happens is , as I knew that the road could be very long in confinement, I turned to the jungle to manage, it was the easiest way to deal with those who commit crimes and are in prison, it's a world where the law of stupidity reigns, and when you're dealing with donkeys you have to know how to deal with them, but if you're too clever you can fall, so life there has to be taken not so much to the land as to the sea, that was my salvation, that was the method I chose that made me win, but my start was going to be long and it was a troubled start because I found myself without a wife, without freedom, I found myself trapped, lost and I was young, I thought about everything that might have to be in the years I could spend there. So what did I do? I started by gaining respect, it's not easy, even though I don't want to get into violent conflicts, they happen because they go through a routine that I later came to realise, the routine that after seeing it I was disgusted to live, I never thought that human beings could do so much harm to each other because some sell drugs, others are consumers because life inside prison revolves around the monopoly of drugs because that's how I started smoking heroin, as I had already entered the prison.

I decided to start heroin, but in a joking way, look I'm going to smoke heroin, but the next thing I knew I was stuck and I couldn't do anything about it, but I learnt how to do it, but that will be told later, so the beginning was this having a life in jail despite the reality that escapes pleasures, I only resigned myself to the consumption of heroin because I knew that it would take me away from the idea of having sex, I was fed by a chemical that wouldn't let me think about it. I've had platonic loves, as is legitimate, and I've had great loves, but it's something that's guaranteed, but it's not enough just to try it, it's not enough just to want to smoke there's always the aspect of wanting to be leaders, of seeing others in a hierarchy commanding what you know you 't, it's painful, it's hard to bear, I decided not to feel sorry for anyone, because I was there too, I was paying a debt of justice, but my path was very bad, if I'd learnt this lesson earlier I would have won and I wouldn't have lost because I'd have got out in the middle of the sentence, but my image was burnt, I had a lot of references, there's an account of my time in jail, it was the beginning of the end, a hard beginning, for which I can't regret years I smoked that drug, it helped me to release a great need that we all feel, it's logical to have pleasure, have the freedom to walk around being beautiful, in these years

I've all had loves that I've built up inside, but that'll be for later, now I'm going to talk about the journey that's long, I don't know how everyone starts at the entrance when they're condemned, which is to seek wellbeing, even within cloistered life, but that's all subjective, because our wellbeing may not please those who look at us, it may displease us on several points, firstly it may be theft, secondly it may be slavery, labour, thirdly it may be becoming a nanny or a housewife by the day, there is such a variety of men in prison that we can't always know what goes on inside the soul or what each one likes, many choose the good so as not to be harmed, but beyond all this there's an even more important point, you can never, never buy a friendship, even if it's paid for inside jail, the confrontation is very tough inside jail, there are those who have nothing, the confrontation inside jail is loose, loose on the one hand and strong on the whole, I'd give a billion or whatever I had to give to go back, to get away with it, but I wanted to walk this way, I wanted to walk the hard way, it was the way I always took a while to understand, my side was more psychological.

From then on, I never found the path to good in prison, I didn't believe in good, I only saw evil. ? Because I felt disgusted with myself, because

In the eyes of others, she was nothing more than a piranha, piranha is a slang term that we used to use, which means bossy, someone who doesn't want to dedicate themselves to any cause other than what they're resigned to doing, they always follow the path that always leads to the divine, the power comes from that, from the belief of hope and faith, and I've always carried it with me, I've seen murders in there.

But I didn't give a damn, and they let me live, they never tried to harm me, truth be told, and that's exactly how it all started, I was very unstable, unpredictable, and the headmistress of the school encouraged me to continue with my studies, but I did, but not everyone studying had family support, guaranteed support.

It always exists when it's guaranteed with a legal way of living and being able to claim what's wrong, that's why it's called guaranteed support, within the law it's those who give us the evil when we're pushed and beaten by the system, because because we don't have money we're pushed into a system where if there's money everything goes very well, justice works, because if there isn't it's gone.

No matter how much they believe in you, there's nothing they can do to change it because they're officials, and they just have to report it, they can't act, without the requirements that are stipulated by the courts, if there's a complaint an enquiry is opened, but if they were to open an enquiry I was always off the hook because I knew my way around the prison, I knew the corrupt guards, those who transported drugs into the prison, some got away with it, others went to jail.

Some of these cops who were arrested I already knew, I stood out and I had an episode with one of them, Alfredo, he was a man of the night, the king of the night, a nightclub operator, that's the real king of the mafia, he deserves a better life, he was a former police officer, only he went down the path crime, I'm very happy to mention him in my book because I learnt a few things from him, even though he was a cop and I had a less positive episode in my life with him, they tried to kill me in Linhó prison, but at the time I was already a veteran, I'd done five years there. I knew all the staff, and they all knew me, and that episode had a bad effect on the whole prison, on the inmates, because I was an encouragement to all of them, I was the example they saw in me, of ensuring continuity within the prison, because we had to keep going.

I was there, and when I said above that the Cape Verdeans were going to be my union, I wasn't wrong, they were, in fact, they wanted to make up for that episode, they tried to kill me, I was invited to be the man at the head, but I didn't want to take advantage of anyone's union, I just made him realise that if I wanted to he would be dead.

But by the irony of fate, none of this happened, they only beat him, they didn't kill him, he redeemed and tried to strengthen my friendship with him, but he knew inside that he would never forget that episode, I only forgave him because he was humble and had been fooled by what they said about me, not by the prisoners, but by the prison guards and management, because he knew he couldn't beat me, he'd pay the price of death in advance, I let him walk and when I realised he was humble I learned to respect and accept him, because he wouldn't be alive if I didn't want him, but it wasn't worth it, it was just a high price to pay,

I was criticised by the ordinary prisoners who hated the cops, I was mocked.

- Nelson, how do you take this guy?

I accepted him because, apart from anything else, he was a professional, he had gained powerful enemies in the environment in which he lived, being a cop, he had a lot of knowledge, he knew people at the top and he knew powerful people who could help, he threatened me to stop talking to this individual or else they would no longer have our respect and they ours, but I let him live, he was one of us, the Cape Verdeans I mentioned were Nelson and Carlos, they lived exactly in the area where I grew up, they were my shoulder to lean on, and the outbursts came later, and they wanted to see this massacred, but I let him walk, I don't want anything from this guy, everything I have nothing against him, and story of these brothers, Carlos, was shot dead by a PSP agent, he a criminal record, he was very beaten up, he played chess with me, he was an "expert" on the subject, he only knew how to play for money, I always told him, it's not worth it, we play for the love of the shirt, but by then he was doing well, he was being sponsored by Manuel and Romão and Badona, We dealt with each other like brothers, there was mutual help, there was everything between us, in the environment where crime lurks at any second, the millisecond, there's a lot and sometimes you can get caught in the middle and after we'd done that, I decided to continue on my way, I did a lot of escorting inside the jail, in other words, I ensured the wellbeing of some, and

to earn mine, in other words, one hand washes the other.

It was the motto, the motto of mutual help, but there was always the risk of getting into a situation if we were called upon to do so, a murder happened in Linhó, I never questioned that, they were good days and days of pleasure because I was even determined to do it, I couldn't do it, I always thought of myself, I never thought of others.

Everything went very quickly until I was transferred to the Valley of the Jews after eight years in Linhó, they never wanted me or accepted me well, they wanted to harm me, but they respected me, they always waited for my carelessness, which I never gave them. There was a woman who worked in the legal department, she liked me and I forgave her, but I forgave her with pleasure, the day they set the trap for me was exactly when I was more powerful than ever, I never talked to them much with the cops, it was a danger, I was willing to do anything.

Regardless of the bad things that might happen to me because I had an education based on the future and was able to live with it, it's a strong factor for us to be like this, to be used to it and to be taught that life is like this, we live to die, we just do the will of nature, it takes us when it has to.

but when I was transferred to the Jewish Valley, but all that was behind me, a new cycle began, this my way of life and my way of thinking, not to allow any kind of abuse, I had my character, I boiled in very little water, and when I arrived in the Jewish Valley, I decided to take a new direction, I wanted to get rid of the nightmares of the past, although I had them, of the past, I really didn't have them, it was a simple way of saying, what goes around comes around, but it's not like that, what goes around, comes around; you just have to let go, let yourself be lulled into the fantasy that you really are a dominating being and you're the owner of the whole galaxy, in other words, everything is dysfunctional and everything is set up for that, because they're employers and they don't control the employees in their adventures of stealing and being able to say that it's legalised, it's a form of deception, one of the moments that I'm most proud of in Linhó was my conquest because as well as securing my name in the square.

I had one more thing, it was an all-or-nothing moment with no escape from winning or dying, that was the motto I had inside me, the strength to live and enjoy what I didn't have while I was locked up, I never used gratuitous violence towards my mates, I almost cried tears at the evil I saw being exercised by other mates who were dominated by violence and were

maybe they forced me to do everything the traffickers wanted, but I didn't take a harder path, even though I was hooked on heroin, I swore to myself that if I wanted to live in jail I'd be willing to kill and live in a dignified way so that they couldn't bother me in the end, in the end it's all adversity of the moment, it's what we have deal with, although I didn't want to create enemies where there weren't any and walk badly with myself, there were those who tried to harm me, the management didn't like me, so that's what they did, they sent their informers to be present at all times when I was open, so that they could be better informed, They had a guilty conscience, but one thing caught my attention and made me change, I based myself a lot on the teachers I had, I felt platonic love for some of them, and that's when it was going well, but then the boat capsized, they took me and put me in a Jewish valley, it was difficult after eight years in Linhó, I left behind a vast prison history, because I knew them all and they knew me and that's why they never wanted to punish me 100 per cent, I was punished with disciplinary punishments, some for aggression and others for verbal aggression against the guards and that's how I realised that I was really dealing with a mafia that was more like a mob.

I played ball a lot, for my own amusement, in fact played everything there was to play, I played the highest trump card you could ever , Ace of spades, some people told me that I could realise that I would be unlucky with that card, and I was told that I could be unlucky with that card, times change and that's when I began to realise that life is not inside jail, but outside, but I never wanted to internalise it, but I knew that was my strong point; a dramatic story began that ended in murder, there were three brothers and they all used heroin and heroin for them was the need of the moment, in other words, they were dependent on it, they were drug addicts.

But deep down, they were humble people, they had good hearts, because they needed to be helped because in the life they led, and I also led it, it was a hard life, we could even say it was slavery, because of the life was done, every day we had to smoke or we'd get a hangover.

But all of this is the result of a way of life, the one that drives the cause, because I've even written poetry about it

All of them asked me for a poem, whether it to write to their girlfriend or whatever, they always asked for a poem, but I lost my way and it was at the time of consumption that I adopted this way of life, I know what I know and I'm not willing to teach anyone because I had the experience to do it in the past, it made me a hero of someone who was in the rubbish and managed to get up.

It all came down to that, the way we experienced it, the way we lived, the way we had to get the drugs to smoke, because if they were offered and given to me I wouldn't buy them, I became a pimp for the dealers, in order to sell they had to guarantee me my daily hangover, It was then that I became a pimp for the dealers, I was nicknamed for it, they all wanted to help me, they gave me drugs to sell and I consumed them, I had the greatest leisure that any drug addict can have, being addicted to drugs to smoke.

But I was known for my sportsmanship, for my practice in training, because I trained every day and that confused the people who saw me and looked at me, they always had a paranoia, the paranoia that I've already mentioned in this book, the mistrust that is doubtful, when we do evil we are always worried, will evil happen to me?

Honestly, I got used to this way of life and it was difficult for me to integrate into the social environment after prison, because it's an environment that we know, it's a very small space where daily interaction leads us to get to know each other, but physically.

We all want to be in charge because we think it's our right to want to conquer a space that gives us self-assurance, to be inserted in an environment where we always deal with fear, but it's not fear, it's simply reassurance, we can overcome the situation by knowing how to be, knowing how to talk, knowing how to be in the darkest business you can think of, in the world of drugs, it's very vast it's immense and it's immensely vast, everything you can think of when you talk about crime, so everything you can think of in business that doesn't serve to make a profit, In this case, stealing, trafficking, in other words, difficult charges, hard things to do, it also involves exploitation when there's a chronic dependency in which the people themselves know that they have no way out, they're cowed by the dependency factor, they're commanded, they're subjugated, to extort money from their families who feel the pain of seeing a loved one in a situation where they're not able to make a living.

son who is addicted to heroin and assumes that everything that can be lost in terms of human dignity, in other words, losing all the values of the upbringing we've had to be someone in life, living the way we've been taught to live because those are the values we're used to honouring in terms of the social order and ethical values that our parents left us and that we'll proclaim no matter how many children we , that's the upbringing we'll teach is always the prolongation of life.

It is written in the Bible that we are born to procreate, but we can also read in the Bible that Cain killed Abel, his brother, but he was blessed and forgiven, he was misled. Sometimes it happens in life that we are led error, the fatal one, the one that is actually written, because it was written by the experience and the form of the laws that we lived and grew up with.

Why?

The force of reason always wins out, and all the judgements that can be made about life can sometimes not be the right ones, everything is weighed down by one factor: defamation, not being funny, not being the one that everyone thinks is funny.

they want to despise, to humiliate; they feel good like that and when there's a lack of economic power we're always limited to playing, because it's also assumed that this is a game, in other words, there are those who say that you have to know how to play - these are popular sayings - so that luck can strike us if we something good, and that luck can give us what we're looking for, wellbeing, being well with , being able to help because we've been taught to do so too, we share a common life with our parents, our brothers, sisters, grandparents and grandfathers, because this is our generation, because we're the continuation of their seeing us as beings generated from their offspring, in other words, they know that we have the capacity to know each other, to know that they are ours and that they are always on our side, but they never like to look at or have a member of a family that they don't like, they have an image of preserving life, which is made up of progression, unity, well-being, nobody likes to have that, or seeing someone who is part of our family or close to us, because at the end of the day we're all human, we have to deal with each other and the family environment sometimes wants to take us in too much, they feel they own what they've generated and they make it a way of life that is written about in every theological reading you can read, in other words the study of religions.

We all take moral lessons, it's appropriate that those who feel so close to us, who do everything in their power to see our loved ones well, no matter what, and never wish them harm, in the face of the image they preserve and the one they've been taught, the values they've been guided by, don't allow them to take a good look a situation that could perhaps be resolved if it weren't sometimes misunderstood. In other , it's all very pretty and the media also conveys it like this, just like the façade, we're going to show a pretty picture, they're also pressurised by a power that we all accept as being in charge, a very tough subject, but one that has do with everything that's going to be reported, it exists, we exist, we'll continue to exist, education is also given to those who claim to be the masters of reason and sometimes convey and want disunity, they all have one thing in common to maintain: well-being, a well-being that can give them mastery of everything they can aspire to and want well-being for society, but they have all lived and been raised with a father and a mother, they have been given the appropriate conditions to be able to progress in a career that they aspire to, but they also fail, but they always forget and are governed by image; I have maintained this discourse because my vastness is enormous in this life, I have learnt a lot, I have developed what I had to develop

although I was locked up I never thought about the end, I always wanted to have direct contact with the staff of the establishments where I was, my prison career I can call it that, it will be better interpreted in the terms of the word like that, but it will have to be, it will have to be interpreted in the most honest and sincere way that there is in life. It's related to bilateral relations, which are relations that govern all nations, which are matters of community interest in order to safeguard goods, so that they can provide the well-being that has been instituted in the world. Freedom is the hardest subject to talk about, we can give away all our freedom, the most beautiful thing in the world, it's the greatest pleasure you can have in life, it's being free, we just have to know how to overcome all the obstacles that we encounter in life. There are a huge variety of them, I'll start with the main one: the social good, we all have one thing in common, we like ourselves, we can be ugly, beautiful, it doesn't matter, we get used to living together, appearance isn't everything; sometimes, behind a good appearance, I can find a less good side, but it was the side of Apollo, the side of beauty, described by Nietzsche, I followed his autobiography, there's no reason it, the side of beauty is the one that makes us dream, that makes us adore, it brings everything good, but there it is, good goes hand in hand with evil, as Nietzsche said

When we talk about all the beings that exist on top of the Earth, whoever they are, whether they are politicians, judges, mayors or presidents of associations, they can all be, Even television presenters can be charismatic and have a sense of gratitude, but no one can be forgiven, the word "forgiveness" means that we all have a reason and when questions are asked we have to assume that everything we do is in favour of the laws that govern a society and that we can live up to the word "law". That's where they got the right not to be punished and to be defined by the law because it all fits together, abuse exists, has existed and will exist is the prologue.

And the prologue comes from transcendence, a learning of the beyond, we all live because we know that transcendence is more than the beyond, it's being able to be, it's being able to be, it's being able to teach, 's having everything, but there's a key word that designates all of this: philosophy, a way of life, the pleasure of living, this is what makes up one of the factors of transcendence, we continue to be and we continue to live in the same way, in the evolution of being, having been generated, being abandoned doesn't make anyone badly blessed the good that we can practise is the divine one, the one we have learnt, it is our destiny we have learnt

everything is left to us as an inheritance of great values, so they exalt themselves in the words they write, but this is all glorification of maintaining power and being in exaltation, because all this could be beautiful, if everything were really fulfilled and written down it would be very good.

Why?

We would be entering the broadest path of human rot, we are the slaves of legalised democracy, taking advantage of the situation of being enclosed and being subjugated to stricter rules; sometimes we don't react in the same way as normal in an appeasing way, it's called the transcendence of being, the transformation to the cruelest side of being, that's what I felt, I learnt from my own experience that anger is a sustenance for living, for living and surviving it is seen and thus proven by the values of science that is dominated as a safe way to live when it has to be that way, we can't escape the issue, our characteristics are diverse, but they all stem from the same thing, mystification, there are no beings more perfect than anyone else, everyone knows how to live, for that they need guaranteed and credible support for every being, we work in co-operation, we cash in so that others can have a better life, unemployment, a cause

Just, this is an experience that all of you will share with me, I've called this story the continuation of being, it will be the extension of this edition.

It all started after my parents split up, I was admitted to a nuns' school in São Miguel, that was the name of the school, I spent holidays with my father, I was close to there, but after the separation I didn't have a good relationship with my father, and 's where it all began, my mother had moved to Pontinha after the separation, I was about 10 years old, when I arrived and got to know Pontinha, I ran away from the school, I didn't accept that way of life, but they caught me, I was an innocent, I knew that the force of law existed, my father was in the military, I dared to go along the road because of the stories my father told me, about being a man who served in the military, he served the nation, a hard man as I've already said, but he let himself be carried away by his passion to love another woman, a good man, physically powerful, intellectually too, I benefited from having inherited his genes, I had him as a hero, this was all the learning that later came to be transformed.

Why?

I knew I could dominate, from moment I separated, as I stayed with my mum I became independent, I got my mum a lover, a hard-working man, he worked at the post office and he works, he's a man of value, it started there too, I needed to help my mum and I became the dominator of the cause, everything was well taken care of, I regretted it, I cried, but I won, I think this is the most appropriate topic, I loved them like no one else, fortunately they're fine, they have their own lives, it was normal for there to be arguments, but they were always right, I was the one who was numbed by the transcendence of wanting more, I wanted to have without doing anything, I thought that was easy.

I started working to help my mother, but I soon realised that I wasn't going to let myself be dominated, so I started working as an upholsterer's assistant, which is the one who makes the structure to be moulded and upholstered, I worked in my neighbourhood in Pontinha, I worked there with Toninho, a boy from my generation, I had several brothers, but I was the favourite.

There was a guy who worked there who was the frame maker so he could upholster the sofa, he was robust in appearance, and I didn't want to put up with him any more, aggressive ways of

I had already experienced this with my father, so I chose to reverse the situation, I felt I had the capacity to progress in life, it didn't weigh on me, but I could have disgraced myself that day, out of a desire not to him, but to safeguard myself, I threw a stone the size of a hand, but I threw it wrong, I wanted to give the warning.

They still accepted me there, I continued to work and then I left by choice, but the owner also died of HIV, it was a situation I didn't like, I saw him suffer in his illness, but I always respected him, I lost my job, I started in active labour, that is, in slang it's used as being in charge, and not putting up with bosses, we want independence, I felt like the son of a lion, and I acted like one.

In March 1996 I was found in the avenida metro, there had already been a series of robberies in the metro, there had been reports of the crimes that were happening there and on that occasion a PSP came by and asked us for identification, and that was it, there was already a record, a week earlier I'd been in the Benfica superbloc accused of robbing a reader, but the boy who accompanied me, Ricardo, was cautious, inexperienced, he'd come from Ovar and didn't know the city, but he knew his way around, he was a drug addict, and at the time he was a drug addict.

As I was using cocaine, I thought it would be good to have a safety crutch, in other words, to safeguard myself well for the future, in other words, to have a strength, a union for progression.

But now here comes the structure, one of the main factors in one's capacity for loyalty, the digression begins, that's how I discovered what I already knew, that you can't trust if you don't know, but my experience was vast, it was huge, I was sure of myself, I was good at what I did, I had already carried out several armed robberies, I chose a path of not harming anyone, just getting the money.

What for?

In order to live, I joined this way of life and in March 1996, more specifically on the 28th, I was notified of an arrest warrant that had supposedly been reported, I just need to add the introduction to this topic, a week earlier I had been arrested in the Benfica superblock, I was sleeping in a car, the owner of the car was a lieutenant colonel in the air force, a man who had already been overseas, I was used to sleeping there, but I still had my house in Pontinha, in fact that night I was with Ricardo, and we stole a reader and fell asleep in the car, we were

surprised and woken up by PSP agents, they belonged to the Benfica super police station, but I didn't get scared and I told Ricardo not to get scared, he had to be strong and say no until the end, there was no proof to the contrary, but he warned me that the cops might show up, but I reassured him, I told him everything was fine, I'd had a lot of whisky and I wanted to sleep and I didn't feel like going home and I lived near there. This happened, it was the worst doubt a man can feel when he teaches and trains the situation of the moment that could happen, that day I got away with it. He managed to obey my rule of not having anything to say, but they weren't convinced and went to get all the car valets in the neighbourhood to find out if they knew of any robberies, a blue CD player, but we'd already committed several crimes before and they were all part of the robbery and kidnapping. We went to the enquiry in the avenida metro, the police station was in Marquês de Pombal, Lisbon's metropolitan police station, we were questioned, I didn't say anything, I don't know Ricardo's conversation, but as I already had a history of having been in an identical situation a week before, I trusted him.

That day, we left the police station, I had nothing to say, I trusted his testimony so that I could get away with it, I was getting my driving licence at the time, I was working, but I was already receiving unemployment benefits, I kept going

I got my licence, I went to do the code, I passed, I was already driving, I felt good, I had a lot of fun and that's when I was served, I got an arrest warrant from the judiciary, they picked me up at home, I'd come from the gym, I'd been training for over a month, when I went into the judiciary, I understood, When I was at the Marquês de Pombal police station, I didn't say anything, but Ricardo everything, I continued my testimony, at the pre-trial stage it was a judicial enquiry, I had nothing to say to them, nothing had been proven by the flagrant factor. That's why I couldn't accept such a decision, it would have been like giving myself up, perhaps it have been better to have had a different attitude, to tell the truth, to be cooperative, to repent, but I judged myself by my wisdom, I also wanted to play with justice, the judge who sentenced me was a man who had had some unfortunate experiences in life, one of his daughters died of an overdose and other remaining children were also hooked on drugs, I was warned by the lawyer, either I spoke the truth or else I would be hard done by, but I trusted myself.

She didn't me as she should have, she didn't know how to be operational in the legitimacy of the duties she has to fulfil, as a representative of the law, at the time I didn't have a personal lawyer and I was never given one, I had to hire one after prison, after I was convicted, after I was sentenced.

I knew I was at a crossroads, there was testimony, I didn't want to take it on, I paid an expensive price for my lack of collaboration and it all came down to my great condemnation, I even thought about killing myself.

It was a sad day for me, I swore to myself that I would survive all the adverse situations that might come my way, it was the beginning of the end for me, I lost my freedom some time ago, I took a heavy chain and I managed to survive.

It was when I won that I learned the art of being able to defend myself through myself, everyone respected me, including the administrative power that carries out the functions of the prison, because that's who you have to deal with when you want to win something, they're the masters of the piece, in other words, they're the masters of the territory they dominate, they think they are, They're commanded to do what has to be done, to follow the path of loyalty, regardless of how it may seem, how it may be and how everyone may , but there's a subjugation that's disqualification, when they hold this position they think they can be the masters of the situation, they don't resign themselves to the simplest being has to live, it's the prognosis of what's to come.

they studied and the disasters they committed, not one, not two, not four, they were several, very many, I called them the crucifixion of the most unfortunate, but I raised my morale because was always high, it all started with my entry when I arrived at the I.P. Linhó it was a hard entry, very hard, I was full of anger and the will to win, I even thought about running away if I had the opportunity, I managed to keep myself, all because I managed to get the respect of the veterans who were at the I. P., and they were the true pillars of my learning cloistered life.P, and they were the real pillars for me to learn the cloistered life, I fought, I battled, I succeeded, otherwise I would be forgotten, everyone remembers me, everyone likes to remember me, I was the characteristic image, I became a dark and cold leader who didn't know how to love and that's how I won glory inside the prison, they were cold acts of those who had to know how to live and stay on top of the Earth to win. I quickly showed the educators, the assistants, the guards and the warden to help me win the difficult battle, I didn't feel any support, I just looked at the circumstances of the moment and the assistance was barbaric, what couldn't have happened happened, I became the devil in myself, but I wasn't looking for trouble, I just wanted to live and survive, it was the moment of .

Isabel was the name of the headmistress of the school where I had a healthy and pleasant respect for her. She always accompanied me, always helped me, but later became a fury in me, but I always respected her. And this was all due to the strong pressure that was being exerted by the administrative system whose headmaster's name was João G. the man who had come from overseas, got away with it when they tried to kill him, his story is well known, he was in charge of the Linho administration for several years, until after my transfer, I got to know him well, he was even a man you could talk to, he was a communicator, he took an interest in the subject, He misinterpreted me, perhaps because of the deputies, I was well regarded in the professional circle, everyone respected me as a mate and this director wanted the pinnacle of his career, in other words, I'm here to dominate, I'm here to win whatever it takes, I'll be well regarded, that was his aim, among other things he could say more. One of the causes he championed the most was drug trafficking, he liked to help drug addicts, but he demanded a price in return, he played with the law, he had influential power it came to assessing the application for provisional and conditional releases and open regime releases, he wasn't a bad guy, only those who take after their own don't degenerate and I chose the hard road, the road that no one likes to follow, but I chose to follow it, to follow the road that suited me best.

I was predestined, when you talk about destiny sometimes you're right, you're not too far from reality, I had many dreams when I was a kid and they were dreams turned into nightmares, a passage in the desert I had already foreseen, I had already seen my future, but it was all portrayed to me in a dream, I was even accompanied by witches who were called such, they passed on my dreams because they had to, the woman's power was great, she helped me, but curiosity was aroused following my arrest, I had a big dispute with my brother and I wanted to be better than him, a healthy dispute, he wanted to be and is just like me. At that time, we used to go hunting against water snakes to take aim, we used to play snooker, sometimes we faced tough opponents, but we always won, I knew he was good; today he's a lieutenant in the army. My father managed the most direct support he could give me, he gave it to him, he helped him with his training, all because there was a separation. We're in the middle of my entry to Linhó, it was tough, right from the start the guards wanted to get to know me in depth, it was a normal entry if we talk about the atmosphere there, it was an atmosphere of demand, both guards and prisoners wanted to win, there was a good director there, Manuel, but he was corrupt, but he didn't harm anyone, he just won and did his job and also helped, for three years I was under his wing

he was removed from the post warden, but went on to become president of the parish council, but he could never get rid of what had led him to leave Linhó, he was a good man, he wanted everyone's well-being and at the same time he didn't harm anyone, there was a need to do some work, in B wing, considered the killer wing, it was nicknamed the killer wing, for everything, for the infrastructure on top and when you received a visitor in the parlour, water would fall, it was the result of the lack of , we had to keep our umbrellas open, because we lived in such a corrupt environment that the warden accepted a proposal based on money he could exploit from the general directorate of prison services, he got away with it, the proposal was based on the arrangement of the training ground, that is, the football pitch, it was muddy dirt, very heavy, that was his nickname, you could also call him Slender, but he was good, he also knew how to walk, he knew how to manipulate the system, if there was corruption, we should take advantage of it. At the time, I was halfway through a 16-year sentence, having served eight years for keeping the secret, but it wasn't going to end in the best way because there were those who would be harmed because that's the way it has to be, it's part of the system, the system is set up in this way there has to be a justification, and with that another year passed, it was the third year that I was in Linhó and the real dilemma came

of corruption, the sale of drugs authorised by the head of management, they manoeuvred everything using the inmate, who was trusted by them, a powerful drug dealer who had made a living out of selling drugs, his name was Luís Torres, he even had a son in prison, there was an offer from the SKIP company when they made and filled the bags, they paid xis, I was invited to work there, I didn't accept it

the fact that the men who were to fulfil this role

They authorised the payment in drugs and they kept it.

the money was immediately transferred via computer, and that's when Manuel T.'s real problem arose. director until then; there wasn't much we could do, there was a judicial enquiry, there were deliberate transfers, in other words, let's clean up our image, but they couldn't clean it all up, they went to court, the judicial enquiry had defendants, and a wide range of testimonies, but I didn't testify, I wasn't even called to testify, I wasn't going to say much either, I was just going to safeguard my assets, I felt it was worth handling the case, I could gain something from it if I kept quiet, little did I know that I was going to pay a heavy price.

Constable Pardal stayed out of the prison service, Chief Amorim had to take early retirement, Manuel T. even managed to become mayor of a parish.

There was a change of management, João G. was the next name in the E.P. administration. I had an ambition, too great even for the context, as work began on wing B to remodelling the conditions, half the wing was closed for work, I found myself in the cell with Carlos - he was the son of a university professor's mother, he was secretary to the school headmaster, but he was a drug addict, time to time, He was a chronic drug addict. I felt compassion for him, because I saw him losing all the time, he couldn't evolve, he was resigned to consumption, but he was intelligent, he was an astute person, but in the drug trade the blacks were in charge, he had problems with them, he even asked for protection when I was in his cell with him, but it's funny that no one ever spoke to me or demanded money or debts that he had to pay, I even defended him, but he was betrayed, he left me a debt for heroin to the man who had already beaten him up for debts, I accepted it and I owed him, I didn't fear it because heroin turned me into a wild being, total domination, it was from then on that I had to lead a hard life, it was the height of my fury to see someone suffer because they all gave me the reason, I had several hand-to-hand fights, they couldn't beat me, I won the case, they all needed my support afterwards to function and sell and be well with the people.

I had free heroin, I was satisfied because I had spectacular values, I was a mate, I was a friend and I defended the cause, but I had a very strong feeling that nobody would contradict me even when I was using heroin. They all learnt to respect me, they were criminals, they all knew each other in the environment we were in, they were respected, they themselves hated me, they offered me heroin to go and study, it was the only way they thought I had of having a healthy occupation and learning, it was the continuation of the cycle of consumption, I was feeling good, I was used to it and it took away desire to eat and have sex, it was the ideal way to spend time in confinement without having to bother with the problem of having sex and eating.

I was transferred to Vale de Judeos in 1998 to take a carpenter's course, but I didn't finish it after ten months and returned to Linhó.

I went straight into punishment, it was the so-called 111 regime, the hard regime, in which we wait for an enquiry that could lead to sanctions or disciplinary consequences, I paid, I paid the price of claiming a right that I had, which was to have television, radio, but they took all that away from me, and everyone knew me by the name I called my house.

Susana had been given to me by my mum, it was amazing because I always had the television in my cell. Sometimes I invented things, I took it and pawned it, I rented it so that I could use it on days when I felt weaker, but I had an infinite love for it, I'd be willing to kill it if someone spoilt me, I did it a few times, I didn't feel well.

I went into 111 and was heard by the head of the prison, the head of Amorim, of Mozambican descent, but Portuguese, a tall man, but thin, he wasn't a bad guy, he just wanted to have the territory under his control, he wanted it quiet, that's how he said to me stop talking like that or we'll get upset, I said yes, I could get upset, I was willing to do that, that's when I left the head's office, that is, his desk, he had been working there for many years, the guard Baptista, He drank a lot, but he was honest, he didn't want to hurt anyone, he was like the boss, he wanted to be , I was surprised by this guard, he tried to assault me, he didn't succeed, there were some other guards who were there, at the PBX and they saw the confusion, they surrounded , they tried to assault me again, they didn't succeed, it on for a few more minutes, but their insistence was my resistance, it was then that a guard in his 50s appeared, the guard Ferro, he spoke to me,

He told me to stop and that no one was going to hit me, but I had already hit the guard Batista and the head of the prison, Chief Amorim, I didn't cause them much damage, I knew I was going to lose, so he told me, you're going in handcuffs to the security pavilion, I was handcuffed by the presence of the chief, he was the one who ordered it, he ordered the guard Ferro and I went to the security , the chief told me to take off the handcuffs and ordered me into the cell, because I would be in security until the enquiry was concluded.

Honestly, I gained respect for the man, he was a man, he was a boss, he set an example, as the institutions that represent the forces of repression, must be well commanded by everyone, so that everyone feels good. For me, he was the most humane boss I've ever met. I was punished as would be logical, I would have to pay for the act itself, but I also gained their respect, they stopped interfering in our direct lives, that of having to survive, even inside prison we live, I called it the inhospitable place, the being identical by the phrase itself, to a place where nothing exists, We're alive just for the sake of living, but we have to believe, I'd already heard of homicide, there had been several *mareações*, this is a slang word to use in the life of crime, in other words it means murder, so I'd already committed a few situations that could go down badly in the prison environment, accompanied by

with Hugo Rasta, Rasta is his nickname, he went to prison when he was 16, he lived in the Hungarian neighbourhood, I met him at a time when he was serving a punishment in the security pavilion, I saw a young man who was already a few years old from Linhó, and I got in touch with him

He gave me a cigarette, but I stopped seeing him because we were locked up for so many hours, it was an acquaintance, it was a moment, because I'd seen him there, he was there, in B wing, the wing considered to be murderous, he was in A wing, a quiet wing, it housed inmates who worked and wanted to be calm in prison, but there were consumers, there were drug dealers and there was one who is still in prison today, his name is Delfim, I'll explain story in a moment, he sought me out, I saw him quickly the first time met him, he was cunning, He was a good chavalo, but he'd also had a wild childhood, because of the path his parents had taken, back to Cape Verde, looking for a better life, because of the historical ties that exist in the knowledge and seen as such they had the hardship of having lived, they didn't lead a life that was very easy, they had to live in the Hungarian neighbourhood, a neighbourhood with people mostly from Cape Verde, the construction of the houses wasn't very good, but they offered the minimum conditions not sleeping on the street, having a roof, no matter how miserable it was

that is to say, they had an education, their houses were kept clean and tidy like those who had a real education, but was social inequality, they had to work a lot and these people were good people, they liked to spoil their children, but they didn't have time for them, they had to work to have an honest life, a life of well-being. It's proper and sometimes the distance can cause a shock, the children start to grow up, they spend a lot of time away from their parents, the legitimate power of attorney when you want to grow up, to be independent, to be self-sufficient, to look for that which was good, but it fell into drugs, it was a contact like the one I had when I was serving detention, but which I then let of, As I lost eye contact and as I hadn't had time for more direct contact, I didn't remember him, but he came to me, I was in ward B and I was doing a lot of sport and he passed me and said if I wanted to play cards, the typical Cape Verdean game of *bisca*, and I became friends with him there, but it lasted much , it still does today, but at that time he was also using heroin, and that's when I remembered that I'd seen him at the *intendente*, there were dark deals going on there, the black market where everything is fine, as long as nobody harms anyone, it was at a bad time that I realised right away that the boy was cunning, he had soul, his appearance had a rasta

big, wild, but well groomed, that was the image when I first saw him, and I realised that he was a boy who, in the eyes of society, was seen as such, the outlaw, the man who lives on the margins of society, but all like to have our wellbeing so that we can protect ourselves, so that we can take care of our wellbeing. But we also know that good goes hand in hand with evil, and the actions that come from that make it harder to live, he had been transferred from ward A to ward B, he was in the cell next to mine, he was in the cell with Tiquinho, another Cape Verdean, bravo had also been in the cell for some time, after meeting him, I knew that he had been in the cell for a long time, they would have different stories, I'll tell you Tiquinho's story later, that same morning after the night of the transfer Tiquinho returned to ward A, he had made a deal with the management, collaborating by putting the other one in the bull's head, it's another expression also used in slang which means to leave the other hanging, so that he can save himself, he didn't look bad, he was in the middle and we got on well, but Hugo stayed in B wing, that night we spoke through the window, we were able to contact each other that way, we were very close, and I heard a lot of noise in the cell, it caught my attention, inside the prison we have to have the perception of what's going on.

danger is what makes us live and helps us win, it brings us the soul of the will to be, the soul that we all like to embody, a strong soul full of courage dexterity and cunning.

The night before the next morning, we spoke for the first time in a while.

window, as I heard a noise I asked:

- Who's there?

I'd heard noise, he told me:

- I'm Hugo, plus Tiquinho.

It was their way of sanctioning him for the offence they had committed that same day when they were transferred to B wing, it was routine, that's when he told me when they open the doors, in this case the cells, come with me to A wing, but he told me to keep quiet, but I thought, this was Hugo, he was the star, he was the man of the moment, he was addicted to heroin, he demanded that the dealers supply him with drugs without money, it was an obligation, he demanded it, a rebellious boy in a huge way, that's when the robbery happened, I let the doors open, I didn't go out, but I knew he would, I knew he had some hotness in A wing, a slang word also hotness, which can be understood as in the jargon of crime a routine event of those who walk around in the streets.

you get wet in the rain.

Then I left the cell, did my normal routine of having breakfast, then going to train, going to school, going to classes, that morning at breakfast, I was surprised not to see them because this was my routine, I was also looking for them, I was addicted, but I wasn't really addicted yet, but I had already done some robberies and had already extorted some money, During the morning they came to tell me, the boys who were also consumers were called piranhas, they sought life in a more honest way, but always deceitful because addiction also led them to it, Hugo went to the security pavilion with Tiquinho, but another came along, Zé bola, Angolan, living in Chelas, I never had a good feeling about him because I had given him some tracksuit trousers from Emilio's neighbourhood and he wanted to rob Emilio, he knew the trousers were mine, he had teased me several times, but I never cared, I never took any notice, they had a nasty fight, Emilio from the Bairro Alto grew up there in the Bairro Alto, he was cheeky, we were from the same upbringing and he wanted to defend what was mine, he wanted to defend the honour of being from the neighbourhood, of having a childhood connection, followed by several others, Profeta, also from the neighbourhood and that's when the nasty fight broke out: Zé bola was robust and weighed around 90kg., Emilio

he was a dry, typical African boy, as he was thinner, he defended his honour, he faced the situation, Zé bola wanted to send him down from the 3rd floor, that's where the argument took place, it wasn't easy, but he knew he had the cunning to live and have to survive the issue. After Zé bola had taken off his tracksuit trousers and was holding them in his hand, they argued; I knew Emilio was going to win, but I never thought it would end like this, Zé bola wanted to send him from the third floor, he grabbed his legs, Emilio did what hed learnt, in the last resort, I'm the one who has to save myself, he grabbed his neck and forced it to break, in other words, the moment he grabs his neck he doesn't let go, there was a handrail in front of him or at the entrance to the cells, whatever, and it didn't offer much security, in this case it became unpredictable, from the first moment I thought they were going to fall, in other words I anticipated the action, But then I thought, and I still had a few seconds after seeing and predicting it, and I thought it wouldn't happen, but it did, Emilio grabbed his neck and didn't let go, and with the strength Zé bola showed, he combined two monumental forces, not running away when you're right, that's always been our upbringing, they fell from the 3rd floor, I even thought the damage would be greater, I even thought one of them might die in that situation, but fortunately they were saved, the force of reason always wins, I think that's how life is, I've gone off topic a bit now, to

to be able to explain the whole journey that has been made, within this context in which we are always meeting people, we keep in touch because they are the ones who help us to talk and discuss situations, it's all nice if it's seen and done that way, we may even have a life linked to drug addiction, but we feel good, because we are dependent on drugs, but we are people who debate topics, on a wide variety of topics, we read a lot so that we can discuss things, it's always been our forte to read, but as I said earlier, I just wanted to demonstrate why I say that I never had a good feeling about Zé bola, Zé bola broke his arm, Emilio didn't suffer anything, he was unharmed, but he went to hospital that day, just in case. Zé bola spent about three weeks in the prison hospital, they put platinum in his arm, it was the biggest problem he had, I was honestly happy to see that they got away with it, I forgave him the action, but I know he always had a grudge against me, but that's , I understood the situation, I let him walk.

It was that morning, maybe around 11am, that Zé bola had also gone to the security pavilion, I knew Hugo was with him, I'd seen him a few times, they were in the security pavilion

and they took the most rigid sanction in prison, which is called "manco", it's isolation, you don't have to have anything in your cell except the basic things, you have a towel, you have sheets, you have a book to read, you can't have lighters in your cell and you're locked up for 23 hours a day, it's always hard get over but you end up getting used to these sanctions, because you've been through it before, being in punishment, being in that situation, but you didn't like living like that, you knew that whoever walks in the rain gets wet.

All harm done to him and to those who had served their punishment and things would stop there, but no, Hugo stabbed Delfim twice in the stomach during the robbery, they treated the man badly, to rob him of little, a few grams of heroin and about 30 escudos, that would be about 10 grams, a man who would pay the price for his nickname Delfim, o patinhas, patinhas because he was in prison for robbing a train, he was killed, it was much talked about and known at the time, a top robbery, because it involved a lot of money, it was exorbitant amount, at the time it was the trains that transported the money from the banks between Sintra and Lisbon. The robbery took place just outside the Sintra-Lisbon train station and there was a dead man, but they were never able to prove that he was the one who committed the murder, never

They managed to prove that he was the real mastermind of the murder, but he was convicted and during his time in prison he was raided several times to get the drugs, he didn't give the drugs to anyone, he sold them, he kept the drugs himself, he found safes inside the cell, only with a lash they could get there, but that's all for now.

He had the Patinhas, given to him because he didn't trust anyone, he didn't give to anyone, he knew that one hand could wash the other, in other , he could give to earn, he could help when people asked him for help and Hugo was a rebellious boy, he was stuck up. There was a sequence after these events, Delfim was transferred to Coimbra, Tiquinho to the Jewish Valley, and in the meantime so was I. We were in 1998, more precisely; It was 1998, June, the 27th, I'd already split up with Hugo, he was in another cell, there were factors that led to this, the other comrades who were looking for him were piranhas themselves, because every day they stole around 30 to 40 grams to smoke and consume, they attracted the crowds because they were always orientated, it's called the sequence of drug addiction and it was at that time when he left the manco, we decided that we would stay in the same cell, but these piranhas always talked about it.

I had taken away their room for manoeuvre because they knew I was the real piranha, I attracted friends because I knew how to get along.

I knew how to get along with the context of the situation and that's what these people who lived with me at the time did, they said bad things about me, they spoke badly about me, all with the intention of making the most of what the kid got, they wanted the attention for themselves and they wanted to have the attention for themselves so that they could be the ones to be well, I didn't mind that, I knew life was like that, everyone wants to be well and be grateful for what they get for their own benefit, but they were the ones I always needed, they needed me too, We became a united force, in other words, if they wanted a robbery they'd have our help, but they'd also have to pay for it, and that's when I was transferred to take a course in Vale de Judeos, I was already two or three months into the course when Hugo Rasta was transferred to Vale de Judeos, When he arrived, I welcomed him as a brother, because of the friendship I already had with him. There are four wards in Vale de judeus, wards A, B, C and D, I was in D, I was in the ward with Delfim who had already been transferred from Coimbra to Vale de judeus and that's when I told Hugo if he wanted to stay.

in my cell, he wanted to, but there was another issue he was afraid of, because he had already tried to kill Delfim in Linhó, as well as stabbing him twice, he wanted to send the man from the 3rd floor down here and his cousin, Bento, stopped him from doing that, but he didn't want to stay with me in my cell, not because he didn't want to, but he was afraid of Delfim's revenge, He'd already done various things in prison, he had respect, he was a man who took revenge easily, he was known as such, but I told him forget it, the man won't take on you, nobody will, I had a good relationship with Delfim, I told him several times that I didn't like what they'd done to him and he told me he'd forgotten about it.

I was doing my degree, and these transfers came from a bust-up that happened in Linhó. Hugo Rasta and Cadete were accused in a murder case that took place in Linhó. We were quite young and had come from Linhó, I could mention all their names, but I'm not just going to mention a few, Tiquinho, Jonhson, the real footballer, he represented all the teams in the jails where he was or had been, Toni Gaivota, he'd been transferred because he'd also carried out several robberies in Linhó against drug dealers, there was also Zé Tó, this one I'd lived with a lot, he wasn't in prison yet, I lived with him under the same roof, with a few friends.

I had mine, he had his.

But the curiosity of this story was reversed for me, I was seeing a girl who used horse drugs and she also prostituted herself, in fact they were both prostitutes, I didn't like living dependent on a woman, but I liked her to the point of living with her. At the time I only used cocaine, I didn't take too kindly to her using heroin and cocaine, but I kept the relationship going, I liked her and Zé Tó and Ana were also drug addicts and the curious thing about this story is that I always told Zé Tó to leave the horse, I always said I wouldn't use heroin, later I became addicted inside prison and during that time I was in the Jewish Valley, Rasta and Tiquinho were there, there were good times, there was a lot of material on the market, in other words, there were a lot of drugs and Vale de judeus is a respected prison, where many men who have been sentenced to maximum sentences pass through and it has always had a reputation for being dangerous prison, there have always been murders there, so it was a prison with a heavy reputation.

As was a lot of material on the market, everyone wanted to sell in order to be supplied with more material, and so a dispute began between Delfim and Pinocchio, who was in prison for international drug trafficking,

he was the ringleader and since the man already had a record in prisons from the north to the south of Portugal, that's when what I didn't want to see or know began again. Pinocchio paid Hugo a large quantity of drugs to beat up Delfim, and he got into it and violently assaulted the man in the changing rooms, all out of jealousy; Delfim sold the bigger packets and theirs were weaker, that's why Pinocchio paid him to beat up Delfim.

It wasn't a very pleasant event, but the time had come, as I already had an internal record and had already served several punishments, I started problems, I started being chased by a guy called Marcão, he was in prison for murdering his brother, And as I needed to smoke every day, I started making collections and it was on one of these collections that this Marcão turned up, he didn't want to let me take the money, he thought he had the right as he had been there for more years than me, he set me up, in other words he wanted to prevent me from not taking the money from the collection, as he also had money to collect. We had an exchange of words in which he showed his physical power, but nothing happened and I left with my money, but that was the beginning of winning an enemy, I even played a game of football in which a volume of tobacco was at stake for the team that won, he played for the opposing team and I met him.

I went to play with the group that had come from Linhó, mine was made up of Toni Gaivota, Jorge, Zé Tó and Luís and we were athletes and we knew how to play, we wanted to win even if we had to underestimate the opponent and that's what happened, we lost, we lost the game because I was the head of the bet, I had committed my television in the greed of winning a volume, I had committed it to Ramon, I didn't want to lose, I said I wouldn't pay, they all got annoyed with me and demanded the volume of tobacco, but they kept quiet, that's when Marcão kept saying he wanted the volume and I accepted because I wasn't right, it had been the agreement of the game, he was an athlete, he always fought for reason and problems when he had to. I carried on, but that boy kept trying to provoke me; one day I was about to go to the carpentry course, that's why I'd gone there, to the valley of the Jews, that day the inevitable happened, the guard went to open my cell, it was rare for me to stay in the cell, but that day I was frustrated, I hadn't smoked enough drugs, I was about to go down the stairs to the course and Marcão appeared, he bumped into me because he was frustrated and since there had already been provocative material towards me, I didn't hesitate, I threw a punch and he reacted, but he didn't do anything.

had a chance, he had already studied him, he was a fighter, but he was desperate to provoke what happened, it was sensational, in words, I didn't carry out any punishment because the head of the ward was there that day, Eduardo, that was his name, a man about two metres tall, physically strong, he was an honest man, he was an upright man and he left it at that.

I continued on the course, always on the lookout for any advances him, because I was aware that he had taken some time to provoke me and so I took precautions, which we all have instincts, common sense has called women the sixth sense, but men also have it. The sixth sense is the unforeseen, it's knowing how to play and knowing how to be and respect, nothing happened after that, I tried to provoke afterwards, but it didn't succeed because my core was strong, it was secured by Hugo Rasta, one of the most respected men in the time I lived in cloister, I just didn't consider him the first because the first, me; Everything he learnt, the courage he showed, I had already had the bravery and I had already passed, I absorbed, I absorbed the courage of knowing that I had a warrior there, a loyal man, a poet, a man who liked poetry, but even in that I was better than him. I liked listening to him, I wrote several verses, one of them dedicated to him,

I was the best, I was the charismatic figure of the times when I ran, I was cunning, I was strong, I was uninhibited, I managed to take revenge in the middle, where I lived with the rest of the prison population, I caught many, but they were all peaceful people, people who worked, but not me. When I stopped working and got my degree, I became what I didn't want to become, the lion of darkness, I went back to Linhó, that's when everything went in my favour because I had returned to the house where I had already been and had dominated, that was the confirmation of my being, the rebirth of the dominance that I had already had in that house, because I had maintained respect, it was tough, so I decided to look for easier ways to survive than the difficult ones I had already found.

It's a central jail in Lisbon, it houses all kinds of bastards that exist in life, some of them went into crime by coincidence, others went into crime out of conscience, there was always the good factor, I feared nothing more than myself, because I had already done everything, from being the good one, the friend, the protector, the conciliator, the one who understood all the situations, which were bitter, which were said by those who vented to me, because I felt great compassion, I had taken on the sense of unity and I didn't want to enter into disillusionment. I continued on my way to get parole, but there was still a long way to go.

I made a decision that I wasn't going to do anything that would harm me, but I was going to work to get my freedom. Everything became complicated because I was up against a well-structured management, but I could have won everything with that management. At the time, I didn't accept that the motive behind this management was so rigid, that it was an authoritarian regime, because I wasn't ready to accept that regime, I wanted to get out of jail as quickly as possible, but it became even more difficult, but I'll leave that for later readers so that they can understand whole journey that I never tire of repeating, which was hard, because it was at the time of Manuel T.'s transition; the director I had met; the director I had met, was replaced by João G., a man who had come from Macau, a former inspector of the Judiciary, a man who had already experienced an attack by the mafia that was established in Macau, nicknamed 24 Kilates, there were some guards killed, in the exercise of the function because it belonged to the Portuguese administration, that's why they sent public reinforcements to serve the nation.

He suffered the attack, escaped, but his bodyguard was killed, he went up, reached the administration of Linhó, an upright man, he liked me when he saw me, he sent me word that he had confidence in me, but I didn't care because I realised the transformation of being, I considered myself the king

scorpion, the one with poison in his blood, I didn't call him and because I didn't, I lost.

It started with a minimal punishment in the housing cell, it was a punishment, it wasn't harsh, it was considered a very normal punishment in the sociable rhythm of the prison, but for me it became a nightmare, I didn't accept such a punishment. Warden João G. came to my cell to talk to me, to help me, I didn't accept this help, I was suspicious of belief, because he was right, he demanded in return a direct collaboration in whatever he wanted to know, I 't willing to do that, because it was never my place to collaborate in these services, but it was proof of what a good man he was. From this punishment, the worst came, I had taken two psychotropic drugs, at my window were: the hunter, Chibanga and Piranha, it was the hunter who gave me the two psychotropic drugs, a senior passed by, he was the man who had led me to be in the cell punishment, Sampaio was his name. As the effect of the psychotropic drugs was still on me, it infuriated me to see Sampaio pass in front of my cell, I broke the whole cell, set fire to the mattress, got out, when the guards went to help me, I ran away, went into the courtyard, picked up a stick and two stones and had written on my right arm, revenge, cruel desire. That day, I was ready to kill the guards or anyone else who came along.

But they were clever as always, they came to talk to me, they had no other way out, because they knew I was enraged and had a whole wing to defend me if I so proclaimed, but I didn't stay on my , as I didn't know how to fight without being right, after a few hours I accepted redemption, that is, the period in which we ended the negotiations and so that I wouldn't do too much, I accepted that they would give me 20 days in a disciplinary cell, that is to say limp, because that's when I met Alfredo M., the PSP, the ex-goon, a rascal and a parochial, he took advantage of his state to work as such, to start his job in the mafia, he was a tough man because he had already been a medium-heavyweight boxing champion, I knew him well, and that's when, when I fell into the disciplinary cell, I had an episode, which I didn't want to have and which could have taken his life, because he already had a history with the blacks who had gone to serve disciplinary sanctions, It was a tough time, I already knew what was going on and I'd already said out loud that I wouldn't take such a beating from him, because the management was dodgy, the mafia was set up, all the blacks who fell foul of the punishment and had committed or received some punishment for disrespecting the guards or services, staff or management, would pay through Alfredo M., he had been an ex-psp, an ex-cop, he knew many of them and I already knew him as such, but when he proclaimed out loud

I knew that Alfredo M. would come to me, but that's when I made a mistake. They tried to kill me when I was going to the changing room to have a shower, they didn't succeed, there were two other cops with him in protection who couldn't stop me. It was then that I showed them that I wanted my reason for living; it had been instilled in me as a matter of being a bairrista, because I had already lived in the neighbourhood.

I lost my father early, I became an adult early, and this had repercussions on the life I later led, because it's the experience and transcendence of the future, the way of life of upbringing falls on it and when it's harsh, we're forced to have a harsher upbringing, early on it brings what no one probably wants.

It was then that the Marcão phase had passed, it was then that I began to want reason more, there had to be a decision at mate and management level, but I knew that the surveillance, which was made up of guards and managers, would get in the way, I managed to acquire and get in the way of another being, but who was no more than a being like me, sometimes it's a question of opportunities, I sought, I seek and I will seek to have the soul of the Lusitano, I am a descendant of the Portuguese breed of the wild breed,

It's obvious that heredity exists. Sometimes we ask ourselves the following questions: why do we exist, who are we, where do live? These are questions that make us doubt whether we can live, but we know that we have to win, everything was programmed to be this way, I continued on my prison path, later after Marcão's fight, the group that made up the surveillance services called prison guards appeared, I caught good guys, I caught everything, but honestly they also just wanted to live, they never wanted to harm me and I wanted to ignore it, there you go, I didn't learn early on that you can't always win, I was in an inhospitable place, a place where life was worth nothing, I had no interest in valuing the true meaning of man other than to serve.

I served, I served everything I had to serve, I was obedient, I knew that in political power, in social power, in repressive power there is always one thing, you have to know how to forgive. I could have been a hero acclaimed by them, I returned to the Jewish valley until I was expelled from the course, I returned to Jewish valley, I found the same leadership in Linhó because they were what I didn't want to find, I rebelled against everything and everyone for everything I had been through, that's it was done, I lived with everything

I might have do to survive it all

what he could face because the enemies were powerful

They were the machines that consumed everything, they were called piranhas, in other words, they had to survive everything, there was the diplomatic part, the establishment of relationships, in other words, we have an educator, we have an assistant, a psychologist, a doctor and a lawyer, what good is that if there's really nothing to say. I've had loves, platonic loves that get in the way of being, in this case a man, I'd already had all the pleasures of life, I loved a woman who still remains in my spirit in my soul in my life, it was an intense passion, one of the most lasting relationships that can exist, which are prolonged. Loving, fun, loving the being is the need to love the being at your pleasure in order to survive.

The story goes straight to the last circumstance of being, everyone already knew me, they wanted to put me to the test, I faced everything I had to face, from the worst nightmares, which we learn before going to bed, they are stories told by the father and mother, so that we can live in harmony and well-being so that well-being can prevail and we can preserve the gifts of heredity from the beginnings of being, everything although it is absorbed by size, the vastness is immense if we talk about the union, the equal rights of

be. We've all been entrusted with a mission, it persists, it will continue to grow, I will continue to see it grow, with vigour, precision of the moments of action, for that I will have to have accuracy. It's with forgiveness, I continued life as I had to and I caught honest, true people, it was all great, I caught people capable of anything, they were determined to do everything, because I had the sense to live as they did, but they wanted to be smarter, I surpassed them in everything, I knew how to combine their cleverness with my wisdom, they were cunning, but they always wanted to be more me, but I combined their cleverness, I knew how to play, I also played with their knowledge with mine. I continued to live in seclusion, cloistered away, it was a hard time, no matter how much beauty I could see, no matter how much compassion I had to have, I knew there was only one way out. I never wanted to harm anyone, I just wished they would let me live, so I set off into the battle that was constant, because they were all strong, they were all beings, but I didn't care about that, nor did I have anything to do with the rest of the story that will . I was hard on my mates, on all of them, I didn't choose anyone, I just wanted to maintain the hierarchy of the prison and I did, everyone obeyed me if I wanted them to, but I also let them live, it was my way, drugs for me to smoke and they could walk well, there were those who cried to me to stop because the road was hard, a hard road

There was no other choice, there was no escape, it was win or die.

Despite all this, I managed to find the hard way, I knew that I could get out in the middle of my sentence, I knew that I could also get out at the end of my sentence, I reversed everything, in other words, I didn't worry, because I was fine, I had the jail under my command, all my mates were there, that's when I became more enraged by the sense of being, I knew I had allies. I followed the path of evil, I was interpreted as such, I thought I was the lion, but I was addicted to heroin, a hard thing to do, to consume. I went into combat, a combat that has no equal, I faced judges and educators and assistants, the head of the guards, I benefited from them a few times, but not many, but they weren't enough to say that I was fine, because the follow-up brought me a problem, the biggest problem of all being, I am or I'm not, I want or I don't want, in other words, everything that we can aspire to, was the continuation of everything, I had learnt, better still, I had experienced a situation after the separation of my father and mother. My father was in the military, my mother didn't work at the time, then she came to work as a cleaner at Curry and Cabral, she still works there. I liked my mum, I didn't learn to live with my dad, in other words, I lived, but I stayed

I was always in doubt, because he didn't have a good character, in other words, his character was fickle, he was a military man who had a job in the Portuguese state, and I wanted more, in other words, more than what he had built. However, heredity was generated, or rather we got used to being small, we always take into account who gives us, it will be what all the philosophers have said, the approximation to the example of the parents, because the example that is given to us when we are born is that example to follow of the one who puts us into the world, in this case it will be a global case, there being a father and a mother, it was the work that was the conclusion of me growing up. I became what I am, a humble, peaceful being who knows how to live, I'm considered a type, the one who walks and has to feed himself, I became the real beast, I never faced jail the same way again, I became the perfect killer of all situations because I was about to live, and they knew I was willing to kill for a living, they chose the real type as always, the one who dominates all situations, I swore to myself that I wouldn't hurt them if they didn't hurt me. I carried on, enraged, always attentive to all movements, or reactions, whoever they might be, at the global level of companions, direction at the level of everything that encompasses all being in the world of justice, for all this I paid a price that was hard to pay, for all this it was all put into my event, everyone knew me and I knew them too.

I knew everyone, it was the perfection of the game, it was unity, the unity of those who live together and are in daily contact with the population, regardless of the situation; like the tiger I was, I didn't know how to forgive, they actually feared me, they were respectful towards me, it was nothing to do, we're talking about a prison, we're talking about a lot of things, it encompasses a value that is difficult to gain, freedom, unless we don't have to go through the most difficult situations in life addictions, habituations that can lead to exaggeration when we talk about consumerism, we are consumerist beings, as such I became the invincible beast, I called myself the lion, I fought against beasts just like me, with even tougher knowledge, but I didn't know how to forgive.

I knew that there were many sons of bitches and that their life experiences had been different, some had been the children of good people and others had been the children of bad people, like all this I want to confirm the presence of everything that society has to give, they let identical situations go without doing anything, everyone needs to be well, We live in a society where everyone wants to be , but that's the beauty of seeing your neighbour, closeness, if you come for good, I'll welcome you, if you come for bad, I'll welcome you badly and you'll take everything, all my badness, but I also know that I have to walk, I can't be so hard, they're more than my children.

the mothers, I also had to respect them, I set up a rule for everyone to be well, knowing that crime persists and the need is great, I let myself be carried away by events, I became the so-called drug addict, the one that everyone despises, but I had value and was recognised, no one, no one was going to disrespect me, regardless of the weakness I felt at the moment. They all acclaimed and respected me, they wanted more from me, I had to be an example, I had to be kinder, more docile and affectionate.

I paid the price not showing them what they wanted to see from me, I was tough, I was rude, I did everything in favour of my decision, I could have earned more, I could even have benefited more from everything, they liked me, they even told me their dreams, but I became the beast I wanted to be. It was because of the situation I was living in, the confinement, the isolation, I had women too, everything was subdued with platonic love, I loved them, I love them.

It was all a question of living in the moment, I had great platonic and amorous crushes to the point of contact, but I always avoided spoiling someone's life so that I could get the beautiful pleasure, didn't think it was necessary, I was already trapped, I wasn't going to spoil anyone's life if they didn't spoil mine. I was still in love, I was still

to love as I only knew how, they were all part of my love, because they loved me, sincerely, they respected me, it was I who didn't live well, I was imprisoned, I knew I had to fight to win back everything I had lost, freedom, but that's when I didn't know how to stop, the directors, assistants, educators, guards wanted to make me soften up, I would have understood, but I also had to stop, stop everything, stealing, using, ruining other people's lives, But I was always good, I never mistreated anyone, I never beat anyone up if I didn't have a reason to, and even if I did it would be difficult for me to do it, because of humanity itself, I always took into account moral values, the values of each scene, because I am also a being, but they knew they were going to have the biggest beast they had ever encountered, but it was all programmed by me, because I wanted it that way, I left them waiting, in fear that they would lose. It was all about expediency, it was an expedient of getting up, consuming and dominating, I realised this early on, even before I went to jail, they were difficult hours, days that never passed, years that I had to serve, I dominated because I had to control the situation that came next, I even joked, but the joke was costing me. Because the monkey playing, the monkey playing with his mum's cunt, I was dying in a game, because I knew how to control. I was at my workout for the day, I wanted to practise a bit and I asked him to come and practise with me,

I was a weak figure, it was just for fun, I squeezed his neck, he lost consciousness, but at that moment I felt a tightness in me that I didn't want to do, as I was being shown, I played, I looked at him I got up and he walked with me, I told him if everything was okay, there was no answer in contradiction, but when I looked at him I got the feeling that had really happened, because he lost consciousness. I was , I didn't realise how strong I was and that was the beginning of the hell I'd already been through:

- Are you all right? You had me worried.

I always showed him compassion for the moment, I didn't want to hurt him, I looked at him to appease all the evil, I had misunderstood him from training, it was exaggerated on my part, he ended up killing himself, it was all in the hope of one day in a valley of Jews.

I was hoping that I would live in a Jewish valley, it was a simple diversion for me, in other words, it was training for which I wasn't prepared, my strength was at its peak, I dominated, because I knew how to dominate, but as in life there is a price, I paid a high price for being too much of a man in prison, I served up to 5/6 of my sentence, in other words, any

Prisoners with a sentence of more than six years can take advantage of the 5/6, it's a law.

But we have the middle of the sentence, about 2/3 and then 5/6. I got out at 5/6, it was all a programme designed to benefit my biography during my life of confinement, locked up, I dealt with good people, people with whom I negotiated, who were part of the management, people I could even love if I wanted to, then since tobacco and it didn't go any further, I felt an immense hatred for those people. They were people who nothing to me, only to the bosses because of the duties they performed. There was a deputy head who I held in high esteem, she was the first woman to have a challenge from me, I was loyal, but then I thought I'd made a mistake, she was the one who refused me my first precarious release in 10 years of imprisonment. She didn't appreciate me and demanded that I take a drug test, but I was too cunning to realise that it would stop there, so I was granted early release after an application I made to the judge. She granted me four days of temporary leave, on condition that I was heard by the manager, and they ordered it, granted him four days of temporary leave, extended on condition that he took the drugs test, in other words, the manoeuvre, they always knew, and I also underestimated him many times, but I always respected him, because he deserved my respect. They were beings who

they were doing their best, but it happened, the test came back positive for opiate use, that is heroin, cannabis, hashish use, but I was playing in my favour when I applied, I claimed everything I had to claim, because I was a consumer, I had asked my doctor Ana F. for a medicine, because it was under or over a heated argument that I went to her for help, because of everything she had helped me with, I asked her for the medicine, called Tramal, and that was the moment when I felt I had an ally, Dr Ana F. or the Tramal accused opiates in routine circumstances, that was the situation in which I would be clean. I had tested positive for opiates in the drugs test, that's when I put 2+2 together, in other words, I was cleared of the drugs test by my doctor, she helped me, she passed on the affirmation document to the question, the drugs test, like me, appealed against the decision that had been made, my right was to , I appealed and applied to the highest court, the judge of the sentencing court, it's the highest court for prisoners to be sent free, with the benefit of enjoying the middle 2/3 of the sentence, a battle ensued, I physically assaulted a prison guard, it wasn't because I wanted to, he looked for my reputation was great in a prison environment, respected, but I also built this respect, respect, by respecting I knew

I couldn't play against the system. The system prevails on its own because there has to be social order, everything could want, well-being, the decisions were diverse, I had everything, everything in my power to be able to take advantage of the 2/3 sentence, as my reputation was vast among the guards and among my mates, there were guards who also wanted to challenge me and everything on a psychological, physical level and everything else you can think of, because I knew it could happen in the instances I had to follow, the hearings were called for the middle of the 2/3 and 5/6 sentence as well, the application was based on the cleanliness of my report on the issue of cannabis screening; in that application I told the judge that the analyses had shown chamon or hashish, but as I'm a social being, I've never lived in protection inside prison, in other words I had to relate to the rest of the prison population and I told the judge that I didn't consume anything at the time, it only showed hashish, so it was logical if I was with people who consumed and we lived together in a closed space, it was very normal for me to show hashish because I breathed the air. They postponed the decision on my temporary release because it was Christmas time and the judge was going away for a fortnight. Christmas holidays, but she beat me to it and gave me After almost two and a half months, it was a long time of anguish, as I wanted to get out of , because

I'd been in for many years, ten years. But I overcame it and held out well until the day I left the precarious labour market, I was given four days of extended precarious labour market leave, which I successfully completed. But it was going to be a tougher subject for me, because I had to be more respectful and stay out of trouble, but as soon as I joined, two months my temporary contract, there was someone who wanted to get in my way, and it happened. I got involved in a fight in which the boy was treated a bit badly, but I was lucky that he was an individual, an individual with a man's repertoire, we were locked in the cells, by order of the enquiry, with this we were heard, I sent a paper apologising so that he wouldn't get me stuck, there was no need for that. At first he didn't want to listen to the boy, because he said it couldn't be, it couldn't have been a joke, because he had tried to hit me with a knife. Then he managed to accept the boy's version and called me and I told him the same version, that it was a training session, a joke, that it could have ended badly, he didn't take the version I had told him very well either, in other words, as he was a beat guard, he already had many years of service and dealing with "casdatrolas", in other words, it's the name given to those who already have many years in jail, nothing happened to me or to the boy, they took us out of punishment.

I went on to lead a normal life, I started to avoid problems even more, I managed to successfully take four more days off, and then it happened again, in March 2007, I had 11 days left before could take another day off, at the beginning of April, I had cheated an individual with drugs, in other words, I gave him sand instead of the real stuff, he came charging at me, I couldn't hit him or I'd be sanctioned this time, I'd already been warned, I just defended myself and was that.

But a problem never comes alone, I let it go, that's what happened as a result of this reason, couldn't have happened unfolded, a riga again, but this time I wasn't going to get away with it, they were going to cut me off and that's what happened. I called an individual to my cell to get some information, because this individual didn't like the way I , and I had sworn to the man who gave me the information, Nuno Maluco, a true warrior, he also had precarious conditions like me, I had sworn to him on my nephew's behalf, that I wouldn't do anything, that I just wanted to know his name, I insisted for a whole day on promise that I wouldn't do anything, we were almost at cell closing time, I called the individual to my cell and asked him why he was talking about something he hadn't done.

I knew that Nuno Maluco would never lie to me in a situation like this, he was one of the men I always respected, because he was also a true warrior, I felt angry at him denying me and denying Nuno. I assaulted him and it was then that the guard came into my cell and saw the man lying lifeless on the floor, because of the punch I had thrown at him, but the guard saw nothing, he only saw the fallen man, he couldn't say anything without having witnessed it, but this guy was a rat, that's what would complicate my situation, But even so, I knew I wouldn't get away it, because I had never snitched on anyone, and they were keen to penalise me for everything, the management, the bosses, because I never shut up when the prisoners complained about . I was always seen as such, as a promoter of these causes or forms of struggle, and that's when I was given five days' punishment, I served them in the cell, it was a punishment, I defended myself by claiming that the individual had felt bad and fallen and he said his version, that he really had been beaten, and this happened at a time when my 2/3 was about to be assessed. I'd have a good chance of getting out if there was nothing wrong with me, i.e. no disciplinary sanctions in between. But this time I really would have to plead not guilty when I was heard for my 2/3, and I told the doctor that I was innocent and that I hadn't done anything,

I didn't take this into account, I felt aggrieved by the situation, but I waited for the decision and the decision cut off the possibility of me getting out at 2/3, so that I could only benefit from a new assessment, an assessment of my 5/6 of the sentence, in other words, I would get out at 5/6 because the law favours it, favoured in this case, I'd get out at 5/6 anyway, but it would cost me almost 3 more years in prison, instead of insisting on filing an appeal to annul the judge's decision so that I could have a new review before 5/6, for which I'd have to spend at least six months quietly. My punishment was handed down in March, I was heard in May of the same year for parole, the decision on the 2/3 cut hadn't yet come, that's when my life could have become even more complicated, I felt anguished, sad, but I also knew that the bulk of my sentence had already passed. That's when situation happened, this time with a guard, it could have been a situation that could have passed, if it hadn't been for the fact that the guard spoke to me in a rough and harsh way, I didn't follow his order, I punched him in the face, he was alone with me, but another guard appeared, he joined his colleague very quickly and they joined me to attack me, I didn't punch him anymore, they also quickly stopped trying to attack me, they just asked me to go to the infirmary waiting room, they came bosses

I told them that nothing had happened, only that I hadn't followed the order, because as the guard was still bleeding from the mouth, they knew that it had an aggression in any way, from a simple aggression or to an accidental situation and that's what I told them, I had no reason to attack the guard, I even spoke well to him, I also told them that it had been an accident and that's what I always claimed.

They had me locked up waiting for the enquiry, called the Jewish valley security section, called admission. But I was prepared to go ahead with my thesis that it really had been an accident, I couldn't admit that it was an involuntary act, I would have lost. So I had to base myself on the fact that if I wanted to go ahead with this thesis, there had to be a contradiction between the guards. The guard Leite was the one who was assaulted, but he also never wrote that I actually assaulted him, it was the other guard who made the report, who had taken a boy there who was in protection, he had gone to the infirmary as well, it's routine, as the prisoner is in protection, he has to be accompanied by guards, I really know that he saw what I did, because he witnessed everything, so it was he who made the report to me to be punished with a disciplinary sanction that took me to court as well.

But on the day I was heard at the public prosecutor's office, I learnt that a case had been brought against me for an alleged assault on guard Leite, but the person who accompanied me that day was guard Oliveira, this guard's story with me was a friendship I formed inside the prison, I was on a computer office applications course, I had a monitor called Lina, I fell in love with her unintentionally and this guard, Oliveira, also liked her and he cut her. He knew that I liked her and she liked me, so that's where the bond began, he befriended me, he could have spoken badly about me in order to get with her, he started talking to me more, and he listened to my statements at the public prosecutor's office, and he wrote down everything I had said, I maintained that it was an accident, because I would never have imagined that this guard would help me, he to like me, after that he ended up in Monsanto, a jail that had been remodelled from an ordinary jail to a high security jail, it was there in May 2007 that the jail was inaugurated, in the meantime I went to Monsanto because I had to wait for the process to unfold, a complicated jail that was made to house terrorists, more violent crimes, criminal organisations, we are always watched, constantly, because we live in a harsher regime, that is, at first the prisoners are in a harsher regime.

They were all handcuffed to leave the cell, they only had one hour of recreation a day. But I only went there in May 2008, and I also took this regime of being locked in a cell for a long time, but I didn't get the handcuffs any more, I got a regime that wasn't open, but we had other activities, we had football, handball and gym, we could also go to the library, but it was all interspersed, it wasn't all on the same day.

I went to answer and defended the same thesis again, but when I got out of the van to go to the , I saw that Constable Leite, the offender, was accompanied by Constable Oliveira and I was far from imagining that I was in for a lovely surprise when I started listening to Constable Leite's testimony, I heard the thesis that I had defended when I was questioned at the public prosecutor's office and that's when I felt that Constable Oliveira had helped me. The court also claimed that they weren't convinced that it really was an accident, but they did what they had to do, and if there's no proof to the contrary, nobody can be condemned. I was acquitted and my lawyer was excellent too, as I had been waiting for the trial in the Monsanto high security prison, they gave me an assessment, I was exactly two months away from release and they transferred me to the I.P. in Alcoentre, I had already spent time in that prison, I had a transfer that I didn't need.

It was following several demands that I had already made in prison, it's an open regime prison called the prison colony, when I had two months left they sent me back there, to go out on the street, I left.

I really wanted to be in an open regime prison, because I spent a year and a half in Monsanto and no matter how many jobs we do there, it's a very closed regime.

It was impossible to get drugs in because no food or anything from the outside could get in, the visit had a glass that didn't allow physical contact, but I always told myself that of all the bad things that happened to me, I benefited giving up heroin.

*** CLOSURE ***

PINK FLOYD - US AND THEM

" Us and them

And after all we're only ordinary men Me
and you

God only knows

It's not what we would choose to do Forward
he cried from the rear

And the front rank died

And the general sat And
the lines on the map Moved
from side to side

Black and blue

And who knows which is which and who is who Up
and down

And in the end it's only round 'n round

Haven't you heard it's a battle of words The
poster bearer cried

Listen son, said the man with the gun There's
room for you inside

"I mean, they're not gonna kill ya, so if you give 'em a quick short, sharp, shock, they won't do it again. Dig it? I mean he get off lightly, 'cause I would've given him a thrashing - I only hit him once! It was only a difference

of opinion, but really...I mean good manners don't cost nothing do
they, eh?"

Down and out
It can't be helped that there's a lot of it about With,
without
And who'll deny it's what the fighting's all about?
Out of the way It's
a busy day
I've got things on my mind
For the want of the price Of
tea and a slice "
The old man died

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