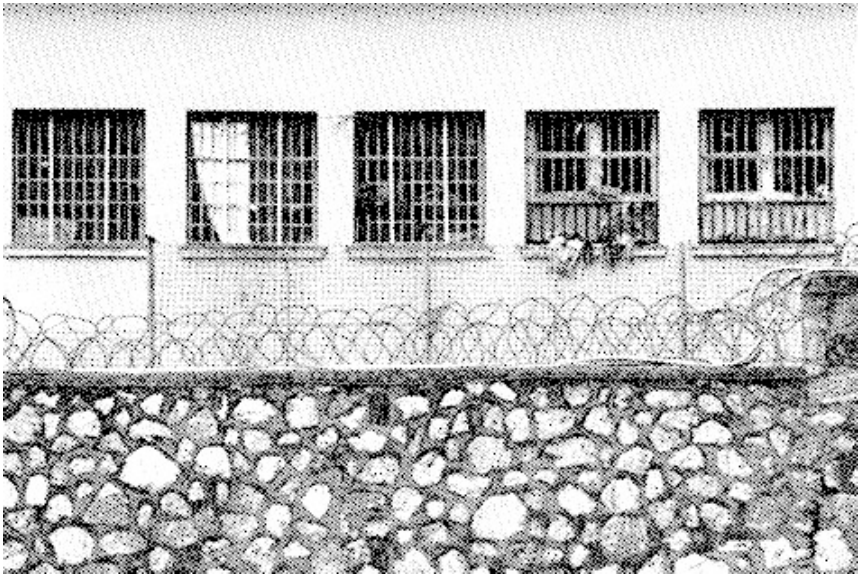
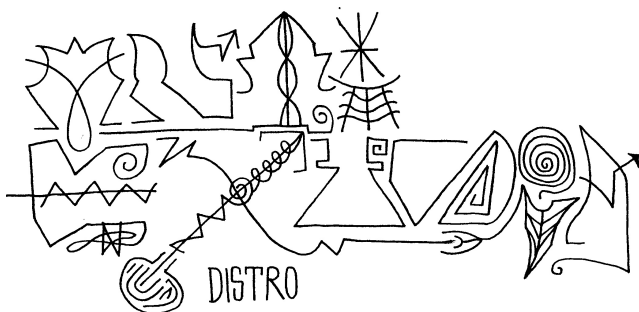


Voices from the Prison Galleys



Dungeon Scribbles
from Korydallos to Terre Haute



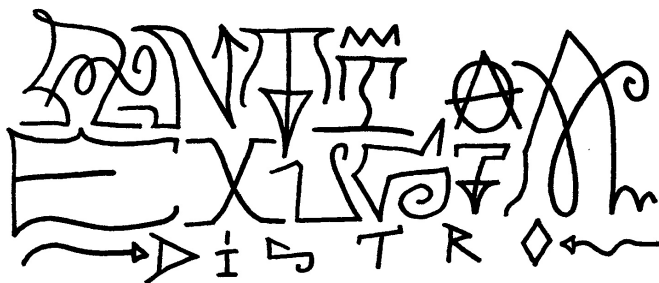
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exusia@bastardi.net

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4 Texts from Behind Bars

"When the first few rays of warm sunlight struck me in the courtyard — where an ambulance and its packed escort cars were already waiting to securely transfer me to Agios Pavlos Prison Hospital — it felt truly liberating, and seemed to make up for my three weeks of cohabitation with uniformed guard dogs. Those few seconds I spent outside before they put me in the ambulance were my last opportunity to breathe fresh air and see the sun without bars and barbed wire between us. With the sun as my comrade, I bid a final farewell to freedom, and entered the longest winter of my life."

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