

SYNOPSIS

The book begins on the eve of my arrest in September, 1992. It describes the police search, and all my actions, through the search, police interrogation, arrest, first night in the cells at the police station and the following morning, awaiting my first appearance in court, and all subsequent emotions and fears I held during this time.

Section 2, continues from when I am sitting in the cell at court, awaiting the trip to Addington prison, having been remanded in custody. I digress in my mind, to the time in 1986, where I began fostering for the department of social welfare. It starts with the first three kids, teenagers who were placed with me by the D.S.W, the success we all enjoyed. We then move to a new, much larger house, and two more placements arrive. A few other kids are placed with us by their parents, informally, and all goes well, until 1987/88 when I meet a woman, Glenis , who is the mother of one of the informal kids. She seems helpless and is trying to start a new life for herself and two kids, Daniel and Christopher. Out of sympathy, I and the boys help her. We clean up her section and shift her belongings, into a house in Emmett street, Christchurch. It is very close to where we live, and isn't long before the boys are spending most of their time there. Even though the boys are in their early teens (pre 15yrs), She and others supply them with drugs, these being Frisium, and Tegratol which she has, to control Epilepsy. In return, the boys are required to have sex with her, the youngest, only 12 years old. All hours of the day and night, I have to go around to Glenis's, to bring the boys home. This annoys them and they begin refusing to return with me. I call the DSW for assistance, but are told to leave them alone. In the meantime, the boys begin stealing, and doing burglaries to buy their own drugs. I approach the DSW out of desperation, hoping they will help. I'm not believed. A new 14 year old placement arrives from DSW. He is violent, and attacks me with a flick knife. I defend myself and subdue him, and I am admonished by DSW, for using physical force. I tell them he is taking marijuana. They tell me to "Let him. It's better than sniffing glue" He stabs a young person 7 times, gets community work, and talks his way out of it. He then becomes Glenis's favorite. He is given the drugs and alcohol only 6 weeks after arriving. Glenis becomes pregnant. The baby is his. He will be a father at 15. The DSW again, refuse to act. The older boys begin molesting the younger ones. when on drugs. The younger ones try to seek help from me. I attempt to put a stop to it, but am threatened, "You go to the welfare, we'll say you molested us all." Many more incidents, then I commence turning them all in. They carry out their threat, having reached their late teens by now.

Section 3, is the court process, all statements made, the trips in the terrible court van, and all my time in remand, at Addington Prison. Conversations with police, my lawyers (3) and prison officials, as threats and intimidation are used on my family and myself to force me to enter a guilty plea, when it becomes obvious that the complainants have lied. I enter a guilty plea, facing threats from the police, that I will receive 9 years in jail, if I don't. I reconsider and try to change my plea back to "Not guilty. Then, the police use, and content, of the various news media , death threats, fear, attacks on myself, 13 court appearances, I decide to keep the guilty plea, out of extreme fear Finally, after all options are destroyed, conviction and sentencing.

Section 4, will be suitably protected copies of supporting affidavits, police and DSW transcripts and court documentation. This is to protect the integrity of the content, should it be necessary.

Section 4

If you are reading this now, it means I have completed the series and it is live, online, uncensored and ready for public consumption

THE SEARCH

In September of 1992, I was unlucky enough to be caught up in the hysteria of the time, child sex abuse allegations. As a foster parent with the department of social welfare, I was only too aware that sooner or later, it would be my turn to have the finger pointed at me. A group of foster children who were in my care at the time, aged upwards of fifteen years, made allegations to the police that I had committed indecencies upon them. This was to start the worst time of my life, as I headed down the road to prison.

As a foster parent, I was well acquainted with methods of disclosure and questioning, so had the absolute knowledge that there was to be no way out for myself. At a seminar held by the department of social welfare, for the sex abuse education of foster parents, we were told that the word of the child was to be believed, beyond all else.

At around 4pm on a Tuesday in September 1992, I watched out the kitchen window in horror as several police cars swooped on my home in Christchurch. Seven or so policemen climbed out of the cars and walked briskly up the path. Some went to the back door, some to the front and one began searching in my garage.

I had known for several days that allegations of a sexual nature had been made about myself. I had no idea by whom or what the exact nature of these allegations was. All this time, I was living in the most terrible fear imaginable. I was so frightened, my stomach tied up in knots. I dry reached often at the terror and became a quivering mess. Never in my life had I had such a strong desire to take my own life, as I felt when the knock came on my front door.

The terror was unimaginable as I slowly made my way through the house. Slowly, I opened the door. Before me stood three policemen. One of them was in plain clothes and the others in uniform. The one in plain clothes was Detective Power. He showed me a slip of pink paper, identified himself to me and asked me if I minded if he searched the house. I was made to feel that I had no choice. I had nothing to hide, so I simply said "Help yourself."

I felt so invaded, and although Jason N who was an 18 year old ex foster child of mine, and who I later discovered was a complainant, was there with me, I felt terribly alone. Other officers came in from outside. They had been searching the garage and grounds. I supposed it was all quite legal. After all, that pink paper was a search warrant wasn't it? I watched these policemen rummage through my home, and poke into every corner of my life. Every now and again the detective would look at me and smirk, as he held up something that belonged to one of the kids. As he did so, he said "Jason again," and "Notice it's always Jason?" I had no idea what he meant. He would tell me nothing. It was all so impersonal and degrading.

I called my father on the phone. I felt dreadful and shook uncontrollably as he answered. He asked me what was wrong and I struggled to find the words to tell him. All I could say, was the police were here, and it was something to do with me committing sexual crimes on some child. I could not tell him who, because I didn't know. He told me not panic, he would be there shortly.

Dad was very fast arriving. I looked out of the window, fighting back my tears. I felt relieved at the sight of a friendly face. As he walked in the back door, I felt less alone.

Dad asked me what was going on. I told him all I knew, which was very little. He went into the room where the police were searching, and asked the detective what it was all about. I listened as the detective told him to mind his own business. Dad told him who he was but that made no difference. The police had no intention of disclosing any information. My elderly dad told the detective, he worked for the police, and I had a right to know why they were turning my house upside down. The detective said, "Then you should know, we don't have to tell him (me) anything. If you don't mind your own business, you will be arrested for obstruction." I was now not only frightened for myself, but for my father. Dad tried to comfort me. He could see and feel the terror sweeping through me.

It was about then, the detective went to a pile of washing I had just done and was about to fold and put away. Picking up two pairs of kid's undies from the pile, he sneered, "What have we here?" I told him that obviously they were underpants. He asked me whose, and I told him they were Jason's. He responded with, "Do you notice how everything's Jason?"

I felt that comment was leading to something serious. Jason was 10 years old. He was the nephew of a high profile Christchurch police inspector. I was confused that detective Power had shown interest only in the underpants. In that pile of washing, there were many other clothes. I was a foster parent. I thought it would be -obvious there would be children's assorted clothing. However, he read something into it which was not there. It was very clear to me; I was being forced into a one way trip to jail.

The search went on for what seemed hours. Items of a sexual nature were found upstairs. They were the property of one of the residents, Scott B. He would later be convicted of sex crimes. He was 15 years old and in the care of the department of social welfare. Years earlier, he had been accused of committing sexual acts on his two sisters. I had trouble convincing the police that these items, which included sexually explicit literature, photographs of naked little girls, underwear and empty alcohol bottles and cans were Scott's property, not mine. Luckily, one of the boarders, Jason N, was able to tell the police that these things were indeed Scott's. I had followed the police from room to room as they searched for what seemed an eternity. My dad was at my side. I was sad that he had to be put through this with me, but ever so grateful he was there. I could not have survived without him.

As we got back downstairs, police were loading possessions of mine into black, plastic rubbish bags. At this time, Detective Power told me he would like me to accompany him to the Papanui police station to answer some questions. I asked him if I was under arrest, he said, "No, but I'll arrest you if you want me to. You wouldn't want that, would you?" He told me to call my lawyer, who advised me to say nothing, then asked to speak to detective Power. I could not hear the conversation. The phone was handed back to me by the detective. My lawyer told me allegations had been made to the police and I should accompany the police without fuss. He did not tell me what those allegations were, although by now I had some idea, but he did tell me it was highly unlikely I would be released once I got to the police station. He told me he would be there as soon as possible.

Now a new terror struck me. Were all those stories about police beating up suspects if they didn't tell them what they wanted to hear, true? Would I be locked in a cold, dark cell with others who would attack me? What would I do? What would I say. I was a mess. My knees turned to jelly as my dad tried to comfort me.

Finally the time came to go to the police station. I was led down the path to a waiting police car. If nothing else, at least the car was unmarked and no one would be able to tell where I was going.

Getting into that car was an uncomfortable feeling. I felt like a little kid on his way to the headmaster's office. I had no way of knowing what was in store.

As we headed off, I turned my head to look at what had been my home for the past seven years. That would be the last time I would see it. A tear came to the eye as I saw my faithful old dog 'Pooh' watching bewildered, as I was taken away from him by that fithy, disgusting, lying, freedom stealing pig piece of shit Power! I bet he gets off on his name – asshole scum cunt motherfucker!

I was in the middle of a mental breakdown which I had been suffering for months, and being treated for and this cunt pig exploited my shockingly weak condition to advance his cuntly lying career! Fucker! That's pigs for you.

I saw dad get into his car and follow us. He was going to be at the police station, for me. I really needed support. I think any of us who are in that situation, need to have someone there.

As we drove along Hills road towards Papanui, I looked up at the sky. I couldn't help but notice it's deep blue colour. It was so friendly and warm, yet at the same time, cold and sad. I wondered how many years it would be until I again stood free beneath it.

From the moment I got into the police car the detective changed dramatically. He was so friendly now, and I was very suspicious of this, especially when he asked a few seemingly unimportant questions. I resisted answering them and in hindsight, I am glad that I did. They all related to what would later become the reason for my being arrested. I took the cigarettes from my pocket. I noticed I had very few left. I had been chain smoking through the extreme tension of this crisis. I asked the detective to stop at a shop so I could buy another packet. He agreed and the car pulled up outside a dairy. I went in, bought some smokes and returned to the car. Shortly after, we pulled into the back entrance of the Papanui police station.

THE INTERVIEW

When we arrived at the police station, I was ushered into a small interview room and told that my lawyer would soon be there. I asked to see my father and was told I could not. I asked why and was told that I would see no one until the interview was over. I really needed to see dad, then. I had gone completely to pieces and didn't know what was going on. I asked the detective what I was supposed to have done. He told me I would find out as soon as my lawyer had been. I told him I would not be answering any questions until I was told why. I had been brought here. He said, "You know why you're here. How do you live with yourself"

He left the room. The door was left open and another officer stood out in the hall. I tried to put it together and in my head, I knew that I had not been arrested. I knew I had not been read my rights or cautioned. I knew that although I had not been arrested, I would be if I didn't answer the police detective. None of this made any sense to me. This was not how I thought justice was supposed to work. I was in for much worse than this though.

It was now around 5:45 pm. I had to wait for about 15 minutes before my lawyer, Mr Bunce arrived. Waiting in that little room was nerve wracking and they do it deliberately to fuck you up. Cops are shit and don't ever forget it. My lawyer arrived and went off somewhere with the detective. After 10 minutes or so, he returned. I sat with bated breath as he asked me if I knew what was going on. I had no idea. He then advised me not to answer any questions. If I must say something, it should be, "No comment." The lawyer then asked if I'd understood what he'd said. I told him I did. He looked at his watch. Announcing his evening meal, "Would soon be on the table," he left.

With my lawyer gone, I felt more alone than I have ever felt in my life. There was only myself and the detective now. He had a long red note book which he placed on the table, looking at me and smiling. He sat down on a chair at the other end of a small table, pulled out a pen and looked me squarely in the eye. I felt so intimidated as he sat there silently for what seemed an eternity. I felt that in his eyes, I was the lowest form of animal life. God, I wished my knees would stop shaking.

The first thing the detective said to me was that I was in fact aware of the reasons for my being brought into the police station. I repeated I had no idea of anything specific, or who, if anyone had made any accusations. It went like this.

Det- "you know why you're here, don't you."

Me - "No, I have no real idea."

Det- "Then you must have some idea."

Me - "You heard what I said when the lawyer was here. I told you I had no intention of answering any questions."

Det- "Something to hide!"

Me - "Nothing! Why don't you tell me what this is all about?"

Det- "I will ask the questions. If you are innocent then you won't need to know; Will you?"

I was very frightened. I didn't know what he was going to say next. I feared he may physically assault me, if I didn't do as he said. He had by this time, become annoyed with my refusal to answer questions.

Det- "Look Foote! If you're unwilling to help me in this enquiry, I'll see to it that the judge is told that you were very uncooperative. That will get you an extra year or so, don't you think?"

Me - "For what? I've done nothing wrong!"

Det- "Come on Tony, you know what I'm talking about. The Waimak. The boys underpants in your bedroom. You've got a problem. We both know that, don't we!"

Me - "The only problem I've got is, that you won't tell me why I'm here. You're threatening me that I'm going to jail. For what? I don't know."

Det- "Ok, you answer two or three questions for me, and I'll tell you what you want to know. As if you don't know already."

I agreed to this after the detective told me I could stop any time I wanted and there would be no more questions asked. I quickly discovered, once you begin to answer questions you can't stop. Every time you try to stop the questions, the detective accuses you of having something to hide. The other thing I discovered is that the answers you give, are not always written in the appropriate place in the note book, relative to the questions asked. The detective will ask you a serious question, then tell you to think about the answer carefully; He will then ask you a benign question, which will have the required answer for the serious one. Because the first question may be quite difficult to answer, and all questions are asked in a most leading and provocative manner, you will automatically answer the second, easier question. That answer will then be written down in the note book into which your statement is entered. Your head is spinning by this time and you may have just made an admission to a crime, even if there had been no crime committed by you.

Another thing I noticed was that the detective left several lines between questions and answers. It is in these spaces that entries can be made after you have been arrested. If you have already signed the statement, you are really in trouble. There is no way of denying anything that has been written, when you have signed it. I know this because I made that mistake.

Most people have heard the warnings about making and/or signing any statement to the police. From someone who has been there, believe it!

After one or two seemingly innocent questions, the detective hit me with the first of the allegations. Out of the blue he simply said, "What would you say if I told you that Daniel B has accused you of performing oral sex on him on at least 25 occasions?"

I was totally stunned. I felt I'd been hit in the face by a truck going at full speed. A cold, clammy sweat covered my body. I'd had no idea of what I'd been

accused of until now but had believed it to be about the Jason Ng assault earlier, and now knowing what it was, blew me right out of the window. It was a complete lie. What struck me at that instant was nothing short of blind panic. I didn't know what to say or think.

Forcing my lips to move I said, "I deny that." It seemed to be the only thing I could do. Instantly I thought of standing in the dock while this charge was read out before 50 people I'd never seen before. I felt as though I could just crawl up in a little ball and die. It didn't stop there. Another young person, a close friend of the first, had made the same allegation. Then a third and a fourth. I was asked if I knew why they would make up these allegations. I said I did and began to give the reason I thought they would accuse me.

I had turned them in only a week earlier, after they had stolen a car, explosive caps and several cycles. The detective expressed no interest in this and said, "We'll get back to this later." We never did. Instead he made use of my emotional state to try and commit me to saying that I had done these things. Between questions he would make sexually explicit comments and smirk. As I continued to deny the allegations he became more frustrated and annoyed. Finally he said, "Look. I know you're guilty, you know you're guilty so why don't you just admit it and save Jason from all the trouble of court. I broke down as he said, "Look man, Jason cried. He really cried. You can save him from all of that in court. I know you would want to."

I knew in my heart that the allegations were not true but felt powerless to do anything about it. I said, "Some of the charges are true, but for Scott. The rest are bullshit."

That is not how it was written in the statement – **pigs lie!** but I didn't find that out, until the next morning. At this point the detective told me to ring my lawyer again. I did. Mr Bunce told me to say nothing else, he'd see me in court the next morning. He then spoke to the detective who informed him it had been, "An excellent interview."

After the phone call ended, the detective told me there had been threats made on my life, from friends of Jason's mother, Margaret who were gang members and drug dealers who had been told I narked on them because they were supplying drugs – as you will read in another section I did only what was necessary to protect the kids.

He (pig Power) said, "I shouldn't have said anything to her really. I wouldn't have if I'd have known she was going to spread it about." He went out of the room and returned with a slip of paper. Sitting at the other end of the table, he filled it in. I did not know what it was and was too shattered to even think of asking. After he had filled it in, he asked me if there was anything I wished to add. I said, "No." I was relieved that the interview was over and was looking forward to getting home.

"Thank God it's over," I said, meaning the interview. That was added to my statement later and was made to sound as though I had been caught out at something, and was glad it was over. That was not the case. One must never, ever make a statement to the police, without a lawyer present throughout the interview. That ensures nothing is added after you leave.

I was told the interview had terminated. I was also told I was to be transported to the Christchurch central police station where I would spend the night until court, next morning. I asked to see my dad. He had been in the waiting room at the Papanui police station for the duration of the interview,

some two and a half hours. He was told I was being taken to the central police station, that I was being placed in protective custody. I was then quickly whisked away by detective Power, who insisted his shift was ending.

My dad was told to leave. It seems the police have a real aversion to families providing moral support in sex abuse cases. This would surface again as police threatened my elderly parents several times, they would be arrested if they continued to help me. The police called it, "Attempting to pervert the course of justice."

Dad left and I was escorted to a waiting police car. I got in as did detective Power. We drove out of the police compound and onto the main road. The whole trip was an unreal blur in my head. The detective asked me things like, "Why did you do it?", and "Was it only boys, or girls as well?", and "You know you've got a problem." Then out of the blue he said, "Jason cried his heart out. He really loves you." That was really cruel. I began to cry. How could someone love you and say these terrible things. It was impossible to contain the emotion. I had not done these things yet I was on my way to jail. He also told me Jason continually denied any sexual act had taken place between he and I. He told me that in the end it was Jason's mother who broke him, after pressuring her son for several days to tell the police what they wanted to hear.

I knew there was no chance of bail. The detective had not said why but he had told me the police would be opposing it.

That was the saddest, most terrifying and confusing ride of my life. I tried to recall the events of the last two days, but it was impossible. Everything was so cluttered together. I felt I was suffocating. All the extreme pressure and stress during the search and the interview, and the humiliation and perversion I was forced to listen to, had taken its toll.

I had known for several days, something was coming, but I had no idea what it was going to be like.

Pig Det Power had earlier promised me a meal when we arrived at the police station in town. I had not eaten in several days and was terribly hungry. The ride seemed endless. Suddenly we were at the police station. As the car pulled into the police yard, I barely managed to pull myself together. I did not want to be seen as a quivering 'woofier' by any other prisoner. I did not feel like a man. I did not feel like a human being. Inside, I was dead.

This is how accused are treated in New Zealand by cops we are all programmed to trust from childhood. My experience is this...

**YOU MUST NEVER EVER TALK TO POLICE IN
NEW ZEALAND OR YOU WILL END IUP IN TROUBLE
WITH THEM!**

LOCKED IN A CELL THE FIRST NIGHT

It was about 8:30pm. I was led from the police car to the loading bay, at the back of the Christchurch police station. I was fighting to retain my composure, as the loud "clank" of the electric lock on the door to the cells, signalled it had opened. The detective ushered me through the door and along several, pink corridors, to a counter. A policeman in uniform waited there. The slip of paper which the detective had earlier filled out, was presented and I was told to hand over all my personal belongings to this uniformed policeman. I felt tears in my eyes as I did what I was told. I handed him my wallet, drivers licence, the cigarettes I bought on the way to the Papanui police station, my money and so on. I was told to take off my belt and hand it over. Apparently people are often in such a distressed state, they use their belt to hang themselves in the police cells. After signing the receipt for my belongings, the officer noticed I was wearing a watch. I was ordered to pass it over too. Again I did as I was told. The policeman behind the counter looked at the slip of paper, and then smirked. "Another one," he said looking at the detective. I was directed to follow a corridor. As I turned to go, the detective said, "If anyone asks what you're in for, tell them you stole a lawnmower from a garage down the road, or something. Don't tell them why you are here or you will get bashed."

This frightened the hell out of me. I'd heard of the violence dealt out in prisons, to those accused of sex crimes. I began to wonder if I would get out of this alive.

I walked quietly along three corridors. At the end of the third one was a pile of blankets. I was told to take three of them, then shoved towards a cell at the far end. Before entering the cell, I was told to take off my shoes and leave them outside the door. As I was crossing the threshold of the cell I felt an enormous rush of fear. The remainder of my will wanted to struggle, but my common sense told me the police would use force, if it did so. I slunk into that cell like a weak, helpless lamb. Inside the concrete cell, was a combination stainless steel hand basin and toilet. There was a concrete slab for a bed. On this slab was a blue and white pin striped, plastic covered mattress, with a matching pillow.

I desperately needed to have a piss, but there was no way I was going to use 'that' toilet. It was right in front of the cell door. Anyone walking past could see me. I was a very private person and had been brought up to know there are some things you don't do in front of other people. Using the toilet was one of them.

The cell door was of the type shown on American TV shows. Nothing but steel bars. A video camera in the corner of the cell, watched my every move.

I lay on the bed with my hands clenched in fists in my pockets – that's all you can do when you have been dragged from your life and mentally shit-kicked by pigs. New prisoners came in over the next few hours. I felt defiled, as they stared at me on their way past. I said nothing at all. This was new to me and I was growing more frightened as time went by. I spent what seemed hours lying on that slab, fists clenched, contemplating suicide. Desperately I tried to rationalize what was happening and dreading what was to come. No matter how tough you are, on the first time in this situation, the child in you comes out. I cried, I despaired and I asked myself, "Why?2" BEach time I heard footsteps

approaching, I quickly wiped my eyes. I shook uncontrollably, my sadness profound. I knew, whatever happened, there was no way out.

There is nothing about being thrown into prison for the first time you could even remotely perceive, unless you've been there. The moment one is put into jail, his life will, most definitely, come crashing down. Nothing I had ever experienced could have prepared me for the tremendous rush of emotions which struck me, with such power, in such a terrible and continuous onslaught, leaving my spirit in tatters.

Shock is the first response. Shock at being invaded by police in your home as they poke and pry into every corner of your personal life. Shock at being dragged into a hostile police station by very intimidating policemen and interrogated for hours. Shock as you hear the charges and shock as you are taken into a little cell and the door slams shut. "Crash!" Then, bewilderment when finally left alone in the cell to contemplate what is coming. Shame, as you, a man, cry. Fear, as you lie on a small concrete bed and listen to other prisoners shout, pound and kick the doors, and vomit.

That was a terrible night. I had not been given a meal as earlier promised by the detective. A policeman came to my cell at about ten o'clock, though I could only guess the time since I now had no watch. He told me I had a visitor. I was shown to a small room with nothing in it but a concrete bench, and a Perspex barrier between me and the outside.

The visitors were my father and brother. It was a .shock to see them. It was an acute embarrassment for me. Them too, I suspect. I tried to explain the events of that fateful evening. Dad didn't seem to understand. I didn't either. The visit was short. Dad and my brother told me they would be in court, next morning. I felt consoled at the soothing words. I felt less alone and more likely to get through the night in one piece. We said our goodbyes. I remember telling dad that I could handle it. Even though I knew I probably couldn't.

After dad and my brother had left, I waited in that cold room, barefooted, until a policeman took me back to that horrible cell. Alone again, I burst into tears. Later, another policeman led me away to have my fingerprints taken. I really felt like a criminal as he took my hands and dabbed them on an ink pad before pressing each finger, then my palm, onto each allotted space on a file card. After this, I was photographed and taken back to 'that' cell. I had still not been fed and was ravenously hungry. I asked a passing policeman for some food. He told me I had to wait until morning. I told him I was supposed to get something to eat when I arrived. He simply said, "Tough luck."

I tried to sleep for the rest of the night but it was impossible. The cops don't want you to sleep as you may make a good decision as opposed to a bad one in court if they tire you out with all this banging, crashing and shouting. It's tantamount to torture and it's going on here in New Zealand – right now! One of the night officers repeatedly dropped something heavy, with a loud, resounding crash. Between this and all the yelling and screaming from other cells, I got little sleep.

More crashing, as this hellish limbo turns into movement. At last, it is morning.

THE NEXT MORNING

I awoke, stunned and confused. Two officers were bringing around a breakfast trolley. Cornflakes and yogurt were provided for those who wanted them. I didn't. Later, it was time for a shower. Again, only if you wanted it. Again, I didn't. I waited in the cell, dying for a cigarette. An officer came to take me to the 'day room'. I asked him if I could have a smoke. He told me I would be given one, soon.

I don't know where the 'day' comes into it. This was a large, fully enclosed concrete room with no windows – again, designed to crush the spirit of prisoners in police cells so they won't fight back. No daylight entered it. There were many video cameras, so any trouble would be quickly handled. Concrete tables and benches, were part of the structure.

There were several other prisoners in the day room. One came up to me and asked what I was in for. I said, "Cheque fraud." I became very anxious. There were quite a few other prisoners listening. This man was not satisfied with the answer I had given him and asked a few pointed questions. I answered with inventiveness, exercising care not to overdo it. Luckily he believed me this time. I was scared to death as a feeling of impending doom surged through my body. I walked around a bit, more like stalking really, as others passed disbelieving glances in my direction, and talked among themselves. A very large man walked up to me. He asked why I hadn't got bail since fraudsters usually do. I panicked a bit and yelled to a policeman, "Where's that fucken smoke?" The policeman replied, "You'll get one later." I shouted, "Fuck you!", hoping he would take me out of there. I was right. A moment later, he and two other officers came and took me back to my cell. Thank God! I'm sure I only just evaded a beating. I lay on the bed for about half an hour until I was taken out of the cell again. I picked up my shoes from outside the door and put them on, then I was taken back to the day room, where the other prisoners were still waiting. Not wanting to piss me off, they said nothing.

Several police came into the room. One at a time, the prisoners were taken through a door. Soon, it was my turn. Through that door was a viewing room. I was told to stand on two, red painted footprints on the floor. Several police sat watching. I was told to hold a card, which contained my name and a number, in front of me. On the wall behind me was a series of height graduations. The watching police were blotted out by a blinding light, glaring in my face. The whole procedure was videotaped.

Through all of this, I felt utterly degraded and humiliated – obviously part of the cops degrading and dehumanising strategy against prisoners. I nearly collapsed as my charge was read out. A policeman said, in a loud mocking voice, "Foote, Antony Robert. Charged with having anal sex with a boy under 10." Prior to this time, I had no knowledge of what it was. As it was read out I heard, "tsk tsk," followed by a snigger from those unseen faces. I could see the faintest glimpse of a shaking head as I was taken back to the day room.

One man protested, 'they couldn't make him do this!' – I later discovered he was right – this was illegal without agreement of the prisoner. He was thrust at the door by a policeman who said, aggressively, "Get in there."

Finally it was over. The others were marched to a police van. I was taken back to my cell. I was on 'protection' and was to be kept apart from other prisoners so I would stay in one piece so the cops could start convicting me with their bullshit.

I was ordered to take my shoes off again. I was locked up for about ten more minutes, then two policemen came and took me out of the cell. Yet again, the order to put my shoes on, then I was marched to the loading dock and into the court van. Up until now I was terrified what would happen to me in the back of that van. My fears were lightened at least partially, when I discovered the van was divided by a Perspex partition. I doubted it would do much towards keeping me apart from those in the back, if they decided to smash their way through it.

I sat in the front part of the van and tried not to panic. I felt those in the back were watching me. I turned side on, trying to catch a glimpse of them without looking directly at their faces, but it was difficult to avoid their gaze.

As the van moved out of the loading dock onto the main road, the men talked quietly among themselves. I heard them discussing me, and the fact that I had told one of them I was in for fraud. Suddenly, one of them asked fiercely, "Are you a dirty kidfucker?" I automatically turned to face him. It was the guy from back in the day room at the police station who had asked what I was in for. I was shit scared as I tried to tell myself, they couldn't get to me through the partition. All I could muster was a blank look. I had never been in that position before. I had no idea what to do or say. Trying to look unbothered, I turned to a small window in the door and stared out. Freedom millimetres away, and me held captive from it.

It was a scary ride. An uneasy silence had crept into the van. Although I heard nothing, I felt they were all staring at me. The tension grew but my fear could grow no more.

My fear was almost indescribable. It was a combination of all the worst emotions. There is an extreme tightness of all the muscles, like being in a small room for hours, with a stereo playing on full, and you can't turn it off. It's like the excitement when you're watching 'lotto' and for an instant, think you have won a million dollars. It's standing on the edge of a thousand metre cliff with your eyes closed, then suddenly opening them and seeing where you are. I was standing on the edge of a razor blade, waiting to slip.

The ride to the court took only a short time. I was relieved the partition had held and the other prisoners could only shout and threaten. The van turned into an underground car park at the court house. The driver placed a card key into the lock, pressed a few numbers and the door opened. It was quite dark inside. The van reversed through another doorway, coming to a halt at a loading dock. An officer got out and opened the rear door. Those prisoners were taken to a cell next to the court room. When they were gone, I was put into an isolation cell, alone,

It was about 8:30am. Court was due to start at 10:00am. All I could do was wait. For what? I had no idea but knew that I had never been treated this way before, and felt like an animal. All I could see in my future, was cages and despair.

THE FIRST COURT APPEARANCE

That cell was like hell on earth. It had been bad enough in the police cells, but was much worse now. I had no idea what to expect next. Slowly but surely I felt myself slipping. I looked around me. There was nothing in the cell. The walls were gray concrete. They were adorned with much graffiti, left there by previous inhabitants. There was a white steel door, with a peep hole, through which I could see only part of a corridor. There were black burn marks, where others had ignited their lighters and held them up to the ceiling, writing their names in soot.

I sat in the corner of that cell and wept. Only now was I beginning to realise, there was something happening to me. Something very big and completely outside my control. I sat on the floor, listening to the sounds of people moving around downstairs. They were the other prisoners who the police had brought to court for the mornings session.

An hour or so later, a policeman came and took me downstairs to another cell. It was very small, and contained a stainless steel basin and toilet combination, identical to the one in the police cell, and a wooden bench. The wood stained walls were covered with graffiti and slogans such as, " Fuck the world (F.T.W.)", and, "J Bloggs, 2 years, No Effect." As I sat there listening to the police talking outside the door, other prisoners swaggered casually past. Without exception, they all looked in at me. Because I was not in the main cell with the others, it announced I was on protection, therefore, must be a " kidfucker," Several passing prisoners shouted insults as they looked in. I couldn't help but notice the hate on their faces. It frightened me badly, I winced each time. At that moment, I knew what it felt like to be an animal in a zoo.

I shuddered with fear and embarrassment as a policeman loudly read out my charge in the corridor, so everyone could hear. He spoke my name very clearly and said, "Shit, boys. He needs shooting, eh?" They laughed and read out a few other charges, making snide comments.

Soon after, a big policeman came and took me to yet another, much bigger cell. It was empty, and had yellow and gray walls. Like the other two, the walls had the usual graffiti over them. There was a small peep hole in the door. I looked out through it as the policeman shut the door and locked me inside. All I could see outside, was the corridor and lifts. There was nothing else. No life. No movement. No sound. This was the first chance I had in eighteen hours, I could rest in silence. My nerves were shattered. My whole being was incredibly tense.

In the next twenty minutes I calmed down completely. The absence of sound was totally relaxing. I felt the enormous stress, suddenly turn off, leaving my head spinning. There was no way to tell the time, since the police had taken my watch. It nearly drove me crazy pacing up and down that cell. I couldn't sit on anything but the floor, so I kept pacing for what seemed like ages.

All kinds of things went through my head. Depressed again and with a deep feeling of distress and dehumanisation, I cried. I was a large, 34 year old man, now I felt like such a pussy. I always believed that men don't cry. I was doing it all the time and I felt weak and gutless. I thought to myself, 'Why can't I handle this like a man?' At the time it was not clear to me. Now though, I know why. I was in the midst of a total emotional breakdown. Everything seemed so hopeless.

Unknown to me, almost everyone who is arrested for any child sex allegations, will break down. This is what is meant by the police when they say, "The suspect broke down and confessed."

I repeatedly asked myself the same questions, "Who is accusing me of what,?" and, "What have I done to deserve this?" I didn't know the answers because the detective had not told me anything which made 'any sense. They don't like to tell you too much, in case you can find a way to satisfactorily explain the allegation, during questioning. By this time, I had eaten nothing for two days. It was just as well, because my stomach was so badly churned up that I would surely have vomited.

My mind was numb. My heart pounded heavily, as the names of those to go into the court, was called out over a loudspeaker. I had only a short time to wait. My name was third on the list.

I stood at the door, panic stricken, as a policeman approached. He called my name from outside the cell. I answered weakly, "Yes." The door opened and I was marched quickly downstairs, to a small ante room off the side of courtroom 1. I was shown in and the door shut and locked. My lawyer, Mr Bunce, was seated there on the other side of a perspex partition. He told me I would not be pleading today, and he would not be applying for bail, which he told me had been opposed by the police. He said there had been threats made to the police, against my life, by friends of those who were making the allegations, I would be safer in custody. He then stood up and left the room. The door opened and the policeman who stood there, told me to move. He steered me through a short corridor. As I floundered past the main cell, other prisoners hurled obscenities. I flinched at every one of them, trying desperately to retain my composure. I felt I had wet myself. Thank God, I hadn't.

The door to the courtroom was opened and I was led through. The sounds of abuse from that cell were clearly audible in the court. A policeman told the prisoners to be quiet. There's nothing quite like being told you're going to be killed, and that you're a "dirty kidfucker," when you are already falling apart in a room full of strangers.

As the 'holding' charge of 'having anal sex with a boy under ten', was read out, a fake charge later thrown out for all allegations made, I all but passed out. I managed to stay on my feet. My lawyer stood up and told the judge I was not ready to plead, and there would be no application for bail. I attempted to keep my gaze from the many people in the gallery. I +tried unsuccessfully, to hide my incredulity and disbelief, by attempting to appear casual. Eventually, curiosity was too great. I looked into the gallery. The people in there stared at me; I saw disgust and hatred in their glaring faces. I watched as two women whispered between themselves, and sniggered.

Finally, the judge said there would be no bail. There was also to be no name suppression. That alone, would cost me any chance of defending the charge, since the media jumped at the fact I was a foster parent, who had been arrested on sex abuse charges.

The media made mince meat out of me right from day one – those lying cunts do this deliberately with the help of police to create what's now called "click bait" and ad revenue for the financial enrichment/profit of the news company. How do I know this – simple. I work in news media and I have seen it all. The police used them as a very powerful weapon, to gain a conviction.

The Judge ordered that I be remanded to Addington prison for one week, to plead. I was led out of the court. As I struggled to remain upright, the policeman led me back to that quiet cell upstairs. I was almost happy to be safely locked away again. I knew no one could get to me in there.

It would be 3 hours until I was taken from my cell, to prison. All I could do was sit, wait, and try to rationalise what was happening.

My mind wandered back to the beginning of my time as a foster parent, for the Department of Social Welfare, and all that had happened between then and now. I guess I prayed it would shed some light on all of this.

Neutral summary

Overview / structure

The manuscript is a first-person account describing the author's arrest in September 1992 on child sexual-abuse allegations and the lead-up, legal process, and earlier foster-care history that the author believes is relevant. The text is organized into sections: a synopsis explaining the book's parts (arrest and police procedures; background about fostering and problems with some placements; court, remand and plea decisions; and supporting documents), followed by a detailed narrative of the search, interview, first night in custody, and first court appearance.

Key factual points (neutral tone)

- ✚ The arrest and search: In September 1992 multiple police officers executed a search at the author's Christchurch home, removed personal items, and told the author to accompany them to a police station. The author describes intense fear and shock during the search and while family members were present.
- ✚ The police interview: The author was interviewed by a detective, advised by a lawyer to say "no comment," but then cooperated under pressure. During the interview the author was told several specific allegations (including repeated oral and anal sexual acts involving young people). The author denies the allegations, describes being led and guided by the detective, and reports feeling intimidated, confused, and coerced.
- ✚ Custody and remand: The author was taken to police cells, describes in detail the physical conditions, feelings of humiliation, threats about safety in custody, limited food and sleep, fingerprinting and photographing procedures, and being transported in a court van. The author states police opposed bail and name suppression, was remanded to Addington prison, and expected further court dates.
- ✚ Foster-care background (summarized from the synopsis): The narrative backtracks to the author's foster-care experience beginning in 1986 — caring for multiple teenage placements, a move to a larger home, and additional informal placements. The author recounts problems with one woman (Glenis) who lived nearby, allegations that she supplied certain prescription drugs to minors and sexually exploited them, and escalating youth offending (theft, violence, substance use). The author says these issues were reported to the Department of Social Welfare (DSW) but that the department did not adequately intervene, and that some fostered young people later made accusations against the author.
- ✚ Court process and plea: Later sections (described in the synopsis) cover the court process, remand conditions, interactions with multiple lawyers and police, alleged intimidation of the author and family, media coverage, and the author's decision to enter a guilty plea under fear of longer incarceration and threats — with the author noting later attempts to change plea and claiming complainants had lied. The book promises to include protected copies of affidavits, transcripts and court documents.

Tone and recurring themes in the excerpt

The writing is highly personal and emotional. Recurring themes are shock,

humiliation, fear for personal safety and reputation, distrust and hostility toward police and media, frustration with welfare authorities, and a sense of being overwhelmed by the criminal-justice process. The author frequently emphasizes feeling coerced, dehumanized, and unsupported.

What the excerpt delivers to a reader

The passage offers a detailed, subjective account of one person's experience of arrest, interrogation, and early custody, plus contextual background about their foster-care work and conflicts with some young people and social-welfare authorities. It frames those experiences as explanatory context for the subsequent criminal case and legal choices the author made.

1. Ultra-concise one-paragraph summary

In September 1992 the author was arrested in Christchurch on multiple child sexual-abuse allegations. They describe the search, interview, and custody process as frightening, humiliating, and coercive, and deny all allegations. The book sets this within their earlier foster-care background, where they allege problems with certain placements, inadequate oversight by welfare authorities, and conflicts with some young people who later accused them. The narrative continues through remand, legal advice, media coverage, and the author's eventual guilty plea, which they say was made under pressure and fear rather than admission of guilt.

2. Neutral timeline (based on provided text & synopsis)

- ✚ **1986–early 1990s** — Author fosters multiple teenagers, reports problems with local woman (alleged exploitation, drugs), escalating youth offending, and inadequate intervention by social welfare authorities.
 - ✚ **Sept 9, 1992** — Police search author's Christchurch home, seize items, arrest them.
 - ✚ **Sept 9–10, 1992** — Police interview conducted; allegations presented; author initially advised to remain silent, later responds under pressure.
 - ✚ **Sept 10, 1992** — Author held overnight in police cells, describes poor conditions and intimidation.
 - ✚ **Sept 10, 1992** — First appearance in court; bail opposed; remanded to Addington Prison.
 - ✚ **Subsequent months (1992–1993)** — Ongoing court proceedings, multiple lawyers, reported intimidation, and significant media attention.
 - ✚ **Later (1993)** — Author enters guilty plea, later attempts to challenge plea, asserts innocence and coercion.
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3. Bullet list of the author's claims (potentially verifiable with documents)

- ✚ Police removed property and notes during search.
- ✚ Police interview contained leading questions and intimidation.
- ✚ Denials of allegations recorded but allegedly downplayed by police.
- ✚ Custody conditions were humiliating and unsafe.
- ✚ Welfare department failed to act on reports about exploitation and drugs supplied by a local woman.
- ✚ Media coverage was damaging and prejudicial.
- ✚ Author entered guilty plea out of fear, not admission of guilt.
- ✚ Supporting affidavits, transcripts, and court documents exist (to be included in later parts).

Here's what I learned from this experience as a highly vulnerable,
innocent human being.

Fuck the dirty , lying police!

Here's my advice on pleading.

**ALWAYS PLEAD NOT GUILTY TO
ANY AND ALL CHARGES AT THE
EARLIEST POSSIBLE TIME!**