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Editor Notes

Editors Note: Most of this document was originally written in 2007 when the details were fresh. In 2020, at time of publishing minor edits were made. This document was originally written in third person. The thought was to submit it to a Newspaper, prewritten for their review and publishing.

Introduction

I buy and rehab houses, I'm a licensed real estate agent, I'm a licensed contractor, I have a Bachelor's Degree in Mechanical Engineering and a Masters Degree in Business, but there's one really important thing to remember about my appearance at the time of this arrest...

It was 20 degrees outside. I do 80% of the work on my own houses, and my entire work wardrobe has a value under \$100. I was dressed/layered in some of the crappiest, dirtiest clothes I own. The total value of my outfit that day wouldn't have exceeded \$20 at goodwill (except for my boots and quality long johns). From an outward appearance I'd look just like any other bum or junkie on the street.

Headline

Local Residential Property Developer and Real Estate Falsely Arrested and imprisoned for 18 hours. Released without seeing Magistrate and no charges filed.

Part 1 - The Arrest

Bryan Canary is a real estate agent and a developer who spends a lot of time, money, and energy trying to make Washington Village a better place to live. On Thursday February 8th, 2007 around 12:15 pm, Bryan was driving down the 600 block of Wyeth St., returning to one of four of his active development projects on the block.

As he passed Nanticoke St., the alley which separates 636 and 638 Wyeth St., he was surprised to see numerous police cars and a paddy wagon in the alley.

He slowed as he passed, and saw a black man on the ground in the alley directly behind 636 Wyeth St. The suspect was surrounded by more than 8 BCP officers. The suspect was sitting still, and it was obvious the police were in 100% control of the situation.

Bryan proceeded to park in front of his property, at 623 Wyeth, and then he walked back down Wyeth to the alley to investigate the situation a little further.

Bryan had a lot of reasons to investigate the situation further....

First and foremost, Bryan is currently the listing agent at 636 Wyeth St., and Bryan wanted to make sure his client's property hadn't been broken into from the rear or disturbed in any way.

Second, in the week prior to this event, 628 Wyeth St. was broken into through a skylight, and it's believed the deck system on 636 Wyeth was used to access the rooftop. Since this detention was taking place within 5 feet of that deck system, it seemed to Bryan that there was a good chance that if the man apprehended in the alley was being apprehended on the suspicion of burglary, that Bryan may need to offer further access to 636 Wyeth, and he may need to get up on the roof tops to be sure his houses at 614 and 620 Wyeth St. hadn't been compromised, nor that those of his clients, friends and neighbors had compromised in any way either.

Third, the owner of 636 Wyeth St. lives across the street at 635 Wyeth St., and he's active in the community association and their efforts against crime.

So no matter what was going on, Bryan looked at this as an opportunity to pass along information about the police activity that was making this a better place to live. And that would be especially good news to his client because the neighborhood in general wasn't happy about the recent police efforts to reduce crime in the area.

So having a vested interest in the property at 636 Wyeth St. and 4 other properties of his own on the block, and the neighborhood in general, Bryan walked down to the corner of Wyeth St. and Nanticoke St. From more than 50'

away, he looked on as more police officers entered the alley from the other end, putting the officer count well over 10.

Bryan waited at the intersection of Wyeth and Nanticoke St until he could get the attention of an officer. Finally, an officer separated from the group near the rear of 636 Wyeth St. and made his way more than 40' to the intersection.

The officer wasn't a smiley kind of guy. He was all about business.

He was a very large black male. Seemed like he was 6'2", maybe 6'3", maybe more. He certainly wasn't a young buck but pretty solid. Kind of looked like he ate nails for breakfast, and he looked like he'd burned out on this kind of work decades ago....

Based on his demeanor, Bryan realized this wasn't going to be a long conversation, so he tried to quickly sort all the info in his head to get to a point real quick. When the officer got to within 5' of Bryan, Bryan asked a simple question.

"Excuse me, sir, are you holding that man on the suspicion of Burglary?"

The police officer made direct eye contact with Bryan and then he abruptly turned his back to Bryan and walked away.

He didn't acknowledge Bryan's presence, he didn't acknowledge the question, and he made no verbal response whatsoever. He just turned and walked away.

Surprised to say the least, Bryan followed the officer, and said, "Excuse me, sir" and the officer just continued to walk away.

Again Bryan said, "Excuse me, sir".....and the officer just continued on his way....

At this time, Bryan and the officer are about 30' into the alley. They are only about 8' from the rear of the paddy wagon and right under Bryan's very own for sale sign posted on the side steps of 636 Wyeth St. They are still a good 25' from the man on the ground in the alley the crowd of BCP officers that are socializing around the suspect.

Knowing that he had just a little more time to get this man's attention prior to going a little too far, Bryan tried another tactic. "Excuse me sir, if you'll just give me your bosses name and your badge number, I'll just follow-up with him"....

Well. That elicited a response.

The officer turned around. Bryan noticed the small, red stripes on his patch about the time he spoke.

"Before I put my hands on you, I need to let you know you're interfering with a police investigation"

"Excuse me!?"

"You're interfering with a police investigation!"

"I asked you a valid question out on the street, and you turned your back to me and walked away. I said excuse me 3x, and then I asked for your badge number and that's interfering with a police investigation? "

"This is a police investigation, and you're interfering"

"You've got to be kidding me!?"

"Turn around and put your hands over your head, you're under arrest"

In a matter of 20 seconds, Bryan went from looking out for his interest in his client's property as well as his own, to being cuffed by a Sergeant on a sidewalk in Nanticoke St.

In the background

Cop - "If you weren't, why did you try to run??"

Man on ground - "Come on man....you guys got the wrong guy.....I work here!!"

Cop - "So you're working on this house?"

Man on ground - "Yeah...I work here"

A few seconds go by....

Cop - "Hey Sarge. looks we've got the wrong guy. This guy says he's a laborer working at this house on Archer St, and he was just eating lunch and looks like it checks out..."....

"Yeah, well then that guys probably going to go free then, but this guy's going to jail. I told him he was interfering with a police investigation and he just wouldn't listen!"

A few other officers circle around Bryan, they stand him up and start padding him down.

Bryan utters, "You've gotta be kidding me. He can't really do this can he?"

A response comes back from a white officer in plain clothes. "He's the sergeant. He can pretty much do what he wants. Sorry man"

"I'm the listing agent on this house, see that sign right there? that's my sign! and I own 4 other houses on the block. We had a burglary on the block last week involving that deck back there and I was trying to make sure that neither my client's house nor my houses on this side of the block were compromised, and I'm going to jail?"

To this, another officer replies, "Hey man, I just drive the truck".

The sergeant takes off to the corner of the alley where he and Bryan first met. He made some notes on a piece of carbon copy paper that looks like it's about the size of a 1/3 of an 8x11" paper.

He walked back towards the paddy wagon. He handed the paper to someone and says "Tell him my name and badge number are on this sheet and he'll get it from his charge papers at central booking."

And with that, Bryan was put into the paddy wagon.

Part 1 Summary

The Sergeant never personally spoke to me nor asked me a single question about who I was or why I had any interest in what was happening behind my clients house and on my block.

Story Summary

18 hours later. at 6am the following morning, I was released from jail without any charge papers. I was a "walk through". They walked me right past the magistrates and out the door. The only thing I had even showing I was in jail was 1/3 of a piece of paper that was a property receipt used to return his jacket, shirt and shoes. What I learned from that experience and conversations for 18 hours in jail altered everything I thought I believed about criminal justice. And I was lucky.

It tooks weeks (months?) and involvement by the ACLU to get a copy of the arrest report.

The arrest report indicated I was casing the scene of a drug bust looking for dropped drugs.

Part 2 - The Paddy Wagon + 18 hours...

There was one black male, ~30 years old, already in the rear corner of the paddy wagon. He was sitting quietly. I sat next to him. They closed the doors, and we pulled off.

We rounded the corner onto Cross St. and came to a quick stop. I went flying across the paddy wagon with arms bound behind me and landed face to face with my new friend across the aisle. He didn't take offense. I was able to get my balance and find my seat back across the aisle.

It's easy to see how a lack of seat belts combined with arm restraints could end badly given that type of driving with folks in the back (think Freddie Gray).

I could look around to see that there was some kind of house raid going on. The doors open and 4 black males were put into the vehicle/. They're all trying to figure out what the heck was going on and how/why the police raided the house. There seemed to be a lot of confusion. None of them had been caught with drugs in their possession, but apparently there were some in the house. None of them seemed to think there was a search warrant served.

We left pretty quickly and headed towards central booking. We arrived and got out of the truck, but the processing room was full.

We stood outside in 20 degree weather for about 15 minutes waiting to make it in the first door. I thought that sucked. But an hour later, when I saw the group outside the door wait outside for more than an hour, I realized, I had arrived just in time to beat the rush...

So after I made it in the first door, I shuffle from one bench to the next until about 20 minutes go by and I'm seated in front of a non English speaking nurse or nurse tech. He takes my blood pressure and pulse. They're both high. Maybe it had to do with the fact that I had no feeling in my hands because the cuffs were jacked so tight I'd lost circulation. Who knows.

He proceeds to mumble his way through 1 page of questions .and I just answered 'no' because I always do on medical questionnaires. If I'd really had some issues, not sure how we'd communicate.

After that, the next bench was full. So I'm sent back to the receiving room. And that's when I notice about 20+ people standing outside in the cold still waiting to get in. Boy am I glad I beat the rush!

Everybody seems to be staying orderly except this one guy who keeps trying to jump in line. And of course, 50% of the guys have to go pee but they're not getting much attention.

An older white man is the next man brought in from outside.....and just after he walks through the receiving detector and turns his back to me, I see he has two pretty nice streams of blood running down his hands. His hand cuffs are too tight. (I mentioned he was black in a tweet in 2020 without refreshing myself with this document. It seems he was white).

I'm told I get to move to the next bench. I tell the officer that's moving us that he should look at the guy's hands. The 3rd guy from the wall. The officer listens to me, gets the guy, looks at his hands, and takes him directly to the nurse, in front of 10 other guys.

Well. These guys aren't so bad...

From my new bench I have a much better view of operations. It's a corridor. Maybe 15' wide and about 50' long, 'Ticket Windows' along the outside wall, and various doors and small hallways leading off the inside wall. An office at one end of the hall and a small stand up screen at the other blocking the view down a long hallway.

"hey man, do we get to make a phone call?"

"Yeah. You'll make it down the hall after they check your property and you get photoed and fingerprinted"....

"How long am I from that call? Maybe an hour?"

"Nahh....probably only 30 minutes or so"

Wheww. That's good. If I don't get Holly at work, I'm screwed cause she doesn't keep her cell phone on!

It's probably only about 2pm now and she works til about 5pm. Ahh crap. We were supposed to get massages tonight! And hers is at 5pm, so she's probably leaving work no later than 4:15. I hope that guy was right about 30 minutes.

Humm. If I don't get her, I can call Heather (my massage therapist). She always checks her phone, and worst case, she can pass a message along to holly.

And if I don't catch Holly, I guess I need to tell Heather that I won't be making my 6pm appointment anyway.

Uh oh. I'm sure I don't get to keep my phone. I wonder how they are about giving us access to those to write down some phone numbers!?!?!? Without those, I'm hosed!!

To the same guy I ask. "How long to see the magistrate. .8-12 hours or so?"

"Nah. It's slammed right now. Could be her as long as 24 hours.."

Ahh crap.

Ok, only about 8 people in front of me on the bench.

We're getting called into a room down the hall that's about in the middle of this 15x 50' corridor. Hummm! Going in 1 or two at a time, and when people come out of that room, they have less clothes on, and they are escorted across the hall to the 'ticket booths' where they're handcuffed to the ticket booth -- and a clear plastic bag of clothes/possessions are passed through a window to the processing clerk.

I guess we're getting searched in there. Ah Hah! They don't have cuffs on any more! Cool. I'm only 8 people from getting these dang plastic cuffs cut off!

Finally. I'm up. Man, I hope this doesn't include a full body search!!! Room smells like a locker room. Two rookie guys standing in there. They cut off the cuffs and tell us to go across the 10' room to the black mat and strip to our undies. Humm. Lots of plastic gloves in the trash. Tell me this isn't a body search...

Okay. I'm down to my long johns. No undies below those. Guy sighs a little.
"Arghh"

The other clerk says to the first "you're nice. I follow the rules and you're supposed to...."

Other guy says, "Yeah. I don't know. If they guy aint wearing anything else, he's in his undies".

"Okay, that's fine. .take your belt out of your pants and put them back on...and you can keep 1 long sleeve and 1 short sleeve shirt."

"I guess if I only have on long sleeve shirts, it means I only get to keep 1?"

"yep"...

He holds open a clear plastic trash bag and I deposit 4 shirts, an extra pair of long john bottoms, a jacket, a hat liner, a hat, and my boots into the bag (it was a cold freakin day!)

He starts to put my phone in another bag. Oh crap.

"hey man...can I get some numbers out of that phone...."

"yeah. I'll get you a paper and pencil, but don't write down the whole phone book!"

Hummm. I need at least 5 numbers out of there!! I need 3 for holly, 1 for my masseuse, and 1 for my attorney!.

Ok. I write fast.

After phone number number 3 he starts to rumble a little. Im hurrying. He lets me finish/

And we go across the corridor to the ticket window. Great to have those darn cuffs off. I cant feel my hands, but im sure that's only temporary.

Lady at the window is nice. Uh oh. If I don't get a hold of Holly, my guys have no idea where I am....."maam...could I get another number out of that phone".

"Yeah...let me finish the screen first."..

"ok"

pause...

"Whats the name of the person..."

"Katracho..."

There's all kinds of cellphones these days. I'll bet she knows how to use almost all of them!

"Heres your number" -- she reads it out...

I add it to my list.

We're done. She yells "Escort"!

She gets up and walks away. I stand there.

5 minutes later, she yells "Escort". I stand there..

Well shit. Glad to have the cuffs off, but those darn seats over there are looking pretty good!! Wish I could get over there!

Hummm...what am I going to say to Holly.

She's gonna think I must of lost it and went off on this guy, and I didn't do anything wrong!! And somehow, I'm going to have to convey all this in 2 minutes or less. Hummm....that might be challenging.

Finally. An escort. I get taken down past the curtain at the north end of the corridor and take a right into the room for prints and photos.

Finally. I'm in the system! ☺

It's shift change. Oh crap. Shift change on the street is 4pm. If they are the same in here..it's 4 o'clock. if I don't get through this quick, Holly's going to gone!!! Ahh crap...

5 minutes later I step up to a really neat fingerprint machine. Luckily, it's running windows, and in the bottom right corner I see the clock. Ahhh. Only 3pm. Shift change in here is an hour earlier. Wheww...

Fingerprints done and photos taken, it's out in the hall for a photo....

"step into the cell"

Huh? What about the phone call?

"ma'am, when do we get to make a phone call?"

"I'll be right back for you, and you can make it then, I just need to run down the hall real quick"

Wheww. I guess she was telling the truth. She seems nice enough...

Sure enough she was. 4 of us stepped out of the cell and to the phone bank.

"Dial 9, area code and the number. You've got 2 minutes"

Ah shit. I really do only get two minutes.

"Place Lab"

"Hey Holly, it's me"

"Hey!"

"Grab a pencil and paper real quick...I've only got a minute or two"

"oooooooookey"....

"There's been a mistake, and I'm in Central Booking. I've been arrested"

"you're kidding"

"They were arresting a guy behind 636 Wyeth, and I was trying to see if anything was wrong with Todd's house or if I needed to check on the roof of my houses, and this cop came out of the alley to speak to me, and when I asked him a

question he looked straight at me, and then just turned around and walked away....”

“I followed him and said ‘excuse me’ a few times and then I asked for his boss’s name and badge number, and he didn’t like that too much. He told me ‘before he touched me that I needed to know I was interfering with a police investigation’. I said you’ve gotta be fucking kidding me and he put the cuffs on. I’m fine and I’m not worried about this. The folks here are nice, but I’m going to be here over night”

“Are you serious?”

“Yeah. I got two minutes, Write down this number....xxxxx.....call Dave, he’s my attorney. Just let him know what happened. I don’t think he can do anything for me but just let him know. Also. Please go over to Wyeth St. and tell the guys there’s no work tomorrow, but we’ll pick up on Monday.”

“Oooooookayyyyyy What about Roberto?”

“I know. He just started today. He’s going to think I’m a fruit cake. He was waiting for me to come back so we could grab lunch!! Whatever you do, try not to tell him I’m in jail. Just tell him it was police emergency. Tell him I’ll call him as soon as I can. I don’t want to lose him!!”

“Ooooooooookkkkkay....”

“I guess you know to tell Heather I won’t be making it for my massage?”

“yeah. I can handle that. I’ll tell her you were ‘detained’ “ (followed by a chuckle)

“So you’re telling me you were trying to get the attention of a cop who was walking away from you, and now you’re in jail?”

“Yep. Listen, looks like my time is up. I gotta go. I’ll be fine. I’ll give you a ring when I get out of here”

“Okay. I’ll head home tonight to check on my cats, but I’ll come back up to your place to spend the night just in case you get out early”

“Okay, sounds good!”

"Have a good time in there!"

"Thanks!"

Whewww. What a relief. Now I can get on with enjoying this experience a little more.

Only thing I'm little worried about is Roberto. That guy's going make my life so easy!! I sure hope I don't lose him!!!

"Okay guys. it's down the hall to a holding cell to wait for Medical".

We go back into the corridor and down a hall just after the strip search room.

I get to meet my new cell mates. 7 of us.

1 asian kid, ~25. Long beautiful waving black hair down to the middle of his back.
1 white guy. Mid 40's. Working heroin addict. 5 black guys. 30-45. Mostly addicts, but one who probably did his share of dealing.

Come to find out, all but the asian guy were picked up for drug bust gone bad. They were in an alley. 19 of em. Lining up waiting to be served (waiting to buy drugs), and the cops raided the alley, but did it before the service started.

Cops found almost no drugs on the guys, although a few had some minor possession charges coming because they had some other pills in their pockets. But for the guys with me, they found no drugs on them.

They all thought they were going to get let go. And then they cuffed 'em and put them in the wagon. When asked about the charge, it was 'trespassing'.

Yeah...

I'm in central booking with 5 guys who got picked up with 19 others, and they are all being charged with trespassing. Only a few from their entire group had more than 1 or two items of any significance. They were in an alley. There were no 'no trespassing' signs anywhere around, and none of the owners of any of the properties in the area were working with the police to enforce trespassing issues.

Wow. That's kind of fucked up.

The asian guy finally speaks up. He was caught in a house raid by himself. They took 2 pounds of pot and a small scale from his house. Said he was from California and he claimed he smoked pot for medical reasons. The guys all laughed a little, and reminded him he wasn't in California.

He again reiterated the medical stuff. And one guy, an older black addict, was real nice. He went over, sat by the asian kid and gave him encouragement.

"look, I been through this system a lot. And I don't know how it is in California, but this is Baltimore...and these guys....they're not as progressive as you folks from California. And although I don't think it'll fly, stick to your guns!!! Tell' em it was for medical reason. Who knows. It might actually work!! If anybody can do it you might be able to, because you look like you're from California"

Time ticks by. We get to know each other a little. They get some 'working men' to sneak a few apples and some crackers from the pending lunch bags into our cell through the little crack at the bottom of the door track, and we all enjoy a snack.

They tell me about the process, and they discuss each others charges. They tell me I'm a 'walk through'. Should be out by 8-9pm. Likewise, they're guessing those with 'trespassing' charges will also walk throughs.

We get called for our second medical trip. We go back into the corridor. Still busy as heck. Three or four nurses working, and they process the 7 of us pretty quick. Same stuff. BP, pulse. questions.

After this, we're taken to the north end of the corridor, into the hall, past the fingerprint and photo room, past the phones. Our new holding cell is just down on the left.

10x14 block room. Walls on 3 sides. Metal door and two 3'x4' plexiglass windows on the entry wall. 3 block benches in a u-shape on the right. A lavatory hidden behind a 5 wall straight ahead and a 6' bench on the left.

Time to get cozy.

It's a concrete room -- concrete benches -- .and a butt load of air blowing into the middle of the room at about 60 degrees. It's cold as heck...

All the guys talk about how things are getting dumb.

People are getting picked up for stupid stuff like this all the time. It use to be if you didn't have more than 2 or 3 pills in your possession, they wouldn't waste your time and theirs. They'd just make you step on the pills and send you on your way. Now, they bring you in for one pill -- make you go through the whole process -- detain you for 12-24 hours -- and then send you out the other end without any charges.

Hummmm. This really doesn't sound right. If these guys are correct, it means any cop can basically detain you for any reason and effectively sentence you to 12-24 hours in jail, and at the end of it all, you walk out the other end without any charges. So you couldn't protest to a judge about anything, because they didn't even charge you with anything?!

Hummm so basically...you're guilty from the time you're picked up -- you spend 12-24 hours in jail -- and then you're set free.

Hey wait a minute. If these guys are right, the same thing's gonna happen to me!?!? And this cop can basically send anyone to jail for anything petty which he knows will get a walk through, and he'll never have to present his side of the story to a DA or to my attorney!?!?!?

So he doesn't have to be accountable for what he's doing.!?! And if he just wants to fuck with someone, he can pick them up, assign some BS charge like Trespassing or interfering with a police investigation, both of which he knows get walk throughs, and he can basically sentence someone to 12-24 hours in jail anytime he wants!

Waaaooooohhwww...

Another guy joins our cell. Older black man.

"What'd they get you for?"

"Trespassing..."

"oh...were you with us in the alley"

"nah...I wasn't in an alley. I was walking across a parking lot coming home from work."

"Huh...' said the group collectively...

"Yeah...you know where xxxx apartments are? "

"yeah" says the group....

"I was halfway across the parking lot and these cops come up. I wasn't worried because I didn't have anything on me"

"They searched me...come up empty, and I figure I'm heading home. Next thing you know, I got cuffs on. I ask them the charge. They say I was trespassing"

"Was there a posting on the property?"

"I was in the parking lot!! I walk through there every day!!! I wasn't even near any building to be trespassing!!"

"Yeah. But that's a hi drug area and that parking lot is part of those buildings. Guess they're just using that as an excuse for stopping folks"

"I guess I understand that, but come on. When they don't find anything on me, why take me to central booking!!! That's a warning violation or a written citation at best!! You don't cuff a guy for walking through a parking lot!?!?"

At this point, I ask these guys if they are bullshitting at all, and they proceed to share stories that would blow your mind.

None of them ever claimed to be clean nor perfect, and they also never told a story in which you couldn't see both sides of the story.

The current tactics being taken by some members of the BCP were barely even sketchy at best.

And what about me!!! I was just arrested for asking a cop for his badge number!?!? What is this a police state!?? (2007...) This is stuff you'd hear about in the Soviet Union when I was visiting there in the late 80's before the wall fell. No wonder these guys on the street don't trust the BCP!!!! Why should they!!!

Another guy enters our cell.

"What are you in for?"....

"Trespassing. I was walking across a parking lot...."

Do you know how that story finished? It wasn't even the same parking lot....

Then night started to set in. We got joined by some more jail worthy detainees.
.Lots of dealers and some guys that were coming back in for breaking parole.
Mostly drug related....

Finally. The moment we're all waiting for. Charge Papers!

When you're in the holding cell, one of two things happens. You either get charge papers or you don't.

if you do, you're going to be charged with a crime, and the charge papers document the charges. After you receive your papers, you'll eventually be taken to another holding cell to await your meeting with the commissioner to set your bail or to be released on your own recognizance.

If you don't receive any papers when all the other guys in your cell do, it means you're a 'walk through', .and based on what I've pieced together...that means 1 of 2 things

1 -- .no formal charges are going to be filed....and you're going to walk out the door after 12-24 hours of detention, and it's as if you didn't do anything wrong.

OR

2 -- no charges worthy of meeting with a commissioner are being filed and you're being released on your own recognizance. You'll either be told a court date or issued a citation...or something like that, but bottom line, you're now in the queue to be walking out the door, and you won't be seeing a commissioner. (this is more logical, but not what happens. #1 is what happens)

hummm. That seems kind of odd. Detention for 12-24 hours and no charges filed?!?!? Nahh...

OK. So now we're back in the cell. The CO's walk down the hall yelling names, and when they yell your name, you speak up. The guys sitting next to the windows and doors bang a little to let them know where you are.

This part about the whole yelling thing for distributing charge papers seemed kind of odd considering we're all bar scanned into each cell?

Guess they don't have the inventory system tied to the 'charging' system yet. Maybe that's in the next phase of the rollout, but if they can't connect a charge paper to a cell, what prevents someone from getting a little lost in the system!?!?!? Hummmm Now that's a scary thought.

Anyway.

Out come the charge papers for our group. The asian guy gets his. Turns out he forgot to tell us about the pound of Hash they found along with the two pounds of weed.

Oh well...he's going to see the commissioner.

And the two guys caught walking across the parking lot. To their surprise, they too get a trip to see the commissioner. Two of the other guys read their charge papers to help them figure out they indeed we're only being charged for trespassing.

Although it was worded as if they had done more than they had, they indeed were really only being charged with walking across a parking lot of an apartment complex that had posted no trespassing signs. (and the police were doing the monitoring for them?)

The other guys. The ones rounded up in the group of 19. They didn't receive any charge papers and neither did I.

One other guy in the cell with us had gotten randomly stopped outside Lexington market was surprised he got charge papers. He got stopped because they 'thought' they saw him make a buy. When they searched him, they found 1 pill of 'sufrix' (sp)....a prescription version of morphine.

Of course, he wasn't carrying his prescription with him, so they felt that was worthy not only of being locked up, but of a trip to the commissioner!

Hummmm. Bet that one gets thrown out in court.

All the 'walk throughs' are confident we'll be out by 8-9pm at the latest, and if not, certainly by shift change at 11pm.

Time ticks by. Small talk. Some loud guys get tossed in with us for a while. The addicts all get a little quieter and try to catch some z's. A few of the heroin addicts are starting to show some symptoms of getting 'sick'. At the high point, there were 14 of us in this 10x12 cell....

11pm comes and goes. Everyone's complaining a little now, and then it happens.

They come and get the first of the walk throughs, .and now there's some hope.

And then nothing.

And then they come and get the rest of the walkthroughs .except for me.

They all tell me I should be next and wave goodbye through the glass.

I'm hoping like hell I haven't gotten lost in the system.

Im now in the cell with 4-6 black guys (depending on the time). About 20-24 years old. Decently dressed, intelligent kids, who all have more experience with hard drugs, the police and the system, than one could imagine.

They're talking shop at the top of their lungs. Every other word is the "N" word. They don't bother me much. They kind of go about business as if I'm not there.

The kids were coming and going at different times, but amazingly, although none were arrested at the same time in the same place for the same thing, almost each new the other through the system or through mutual friends.

You know. Kind of like you might have been when you were at the drive-in movies as a kid!?!?

I ask one officer to check to make sure I hadn't gotten lost, because I didn't' have any charge papers and all walkthroughs I came in with had been processed. She never came back.

An hour or so later, about 4am I guess, another guard opened the door to do some cleaning. He had a nice energy about him. Black guy. Shaved head and an Islamic type beard. Probably late 20's....

I asked him if he could check the system for me. He asked what I was in for. I told him. He told me I was probably on the 'no charge' list and it was just a matter of time.

I told him all the guys I was in with had already walked. He acknowledged that and said he'd check up on it, but that unfortunately, they had up to 24 hours to process charges. So worst case, I could be in there for quite some time.

And then it happened. I had to take a shit. I apologized to all my fellow cell mates before the only white guy in there had to drop trow in front of them and poop. I felt a little uncomfortable but they all looked the other way for me. I appreciated that.

An hour later, my chariot arrived!

She wasn't real friendly. She assumed that I knew she was there for me, but after we got past introductions, it went okay I guess.

We walked down the hall and I joined up with a few others. She told us to walk straight ahead.

I stopped about every 30 feet at each point that might have made sense. She'd yell to keep moving.

The guy behind me says, "hey man. we're getting out of here. just keep on walking. "

so I did. I eventually walked past small holding cells and a line of 'ticket booths' with commissioners sitting behind glass.

Out through another door and there I stood, in an out processing room -- 12x15 with 4 other folks.

Kind of like being in a gas station with the attendant behind a glass wall.

I saw our belongings behind the glass wall. They called the first person. Two minutes later they've signed a few forms, they're putting back on the rest of their clothes. After that, they go through a few glass doors controlled by a gatekeeper and then they are gone.

As the 3rd person steps to the glass a small woman joins us. About 25 years old. Really bad teeth but smooth skin. Looks like she wasn't blessed with a brilliant mind, and just passing through this lifetime in poverty.

She speaks out. "This is bullshit. This is the 2nd time this week they've locked me up".

The other guy waiting to be processed starts a dialogue with her.

"What'd they get you for".....

"Trespassing!"

"Where were you"

"In the alley next to my house"

"Where do you live"

"xxxx" (didn't recognize the area)

"Man, that's a heavy drug area. That's why they locked you up. You gotta stay out of there"

"I'd love to...but that's where I live and the only place I can afford!! I'd love not to live in a slum!!"

"Well you gotta get out of there and they won't arrest you anymore"

Then I chime in....

"Hey. It doesn't look like these guys are getting any court papers or citations or anything"

She looks at me and says, "No. We're walkthroughs. We don't get charged with anything. We're free to go. "

"We don't even get any documents claiming we were here or why?"

"Nope. Only thing you got is your personal property receipt, if you want to keep it"

Then the processor called my name...

"Bryan Canary"

"Yep"

"Sign these forms to acknowledge receipt for your goods "

"Okay"

I look up. It's 5:15 am..

I put my extra shirts and jacket on and throw my extra long johns over my shoulder. I work my way through the gatekeepers doors and into a nice lobby with a few seats. Kind of feels like walking out of security in an airport. I turned right, went up the stairs and out the door. And damn, it was cold.

That son of a bitch. He lied to me. I went through all this and I still don't have his name and badge number!!

;-)

Part 2 Summary

In order to maintain Control of people via Government, people have to either be employed or be happy.

When there aren't enough jobs to keep enough people employed, governments will oftentimes fabricate jobs.

This tends towards a Communist/Fascist mindset. Fascism has private industry, unlike communism, but that industry is fully aligned with the Government.

The Government basically becomes the HR department for that industry.

The jobs are easiest to create in Government Systems and in "non-competitive", emotion based industries like Healthcare and Security.

The fake Cancer Industry employs millions.

The fake Fear industry employs millions.

Remove those two industries alone and we have 50% unemployment.

In this case it's clear. I came into conversational contact with approximately 60 people that were arrested that day. In reality, maybe 9 people should have been arrested, and that's stretching it AND it assumes you believe we should be locking folks up for low and mid-level drug possession issues.

So they were fabricating arrests for 85% of the people that walked in and out of central booking that day.

The entire system was built on illusions and not a single Media Person did a thing to expose this.

The story gets more interesting. My attempts to get my arrest records were bizarre and then it was exposed that there was a 10 year case open with the BCP for fabricated arrests.

They asked if I wanted to join the lawsuit if they had to refile it. I declined and started losing interest in our society about that point in time.

Rome needed to burn.

This was in February 2007.