

For the last 3 years I have lived in fear. Fear and sorrow. Alone in a mass of humanities waste. Castaways. In roughly 60 square feet of an all-inclusive concrete and steel studio, where my toilet almost touches my bed. Most commonly called a cell. My landlord of sorts, the New Jersey Department of Corrections. I've visited five different 'facilities'. Stripped and searched countless times. I've had a couple of rapist/murderers as bunkies (roommates) and have had to shower and shit with zero privacy. My view, endless coils of razor wire, solid saw proof bars of steel viewed through a narrow slice of ballistic proof glass. All combining to help form a vast soulless structure, where the sounds of footsteps and the heavy clanging of locking doors echoes for miles. I've seen horrific beatings and civil rights violations under the 'color of law'. The 'Thin Blue Line' or the 'Blue Code of Silence', what bullshit. No one should be beaten due to their color, sexual orientation or just because they are somehow different or unfortunate. I also find the five deaths to be beyond tolerable, as well as a heart attack that was inflicted by an overzealous officer. The dead are shown no respect. Drug out of their cells face down where they are kicked and shoved in order to roll them over. Let us not forget the birth. A pregnancy that no one acknowledged until the baby was being drug around by the umbilical cord in the middle of the night. It's all chronicled with names, dates, times and places in my personal diary. One that I have to send home regularly in order for it not to disappear. It happens. Trust me.

There are a few perks though.... I've been able to watch dozens of pirated movies well before they have been released to the public. A few officers have some very good illegal connections for these. Along with the movies, I've been a party to some conversations with officers who brag about who's fucking whose wife or how drunk they were and did not even remember driving home. Let alone smell like booze day after day. They laugh at the fact of causing an accident knowing it will be quietly made to disappear.

Overall, it has been quite the experience. It's like a city within a city. Plenty of drugs and violence with the biggest dirt bags having the biggest perks. Just short of being a Muslim. They are absolutely, without a doubt, catered to by our system. But that is something as of right now that I do not wish to waste my ink on. I don't receive many perks myself. I guess I'll never get this jailing thing that they are so proud of. Cest La Vie. Regardless, the following story is a heavily edited snippet, limited to space allowed, taken from the rough draft of my personal memoires:

My name is Nash Williams, a very well trained and experienced security expert and celebrity bodyguard. At the age of eight my dad began to show me how to properly handle and shoot firearms. This included proper maintenance and reloading procedures. This was one of his passions, as a hobbyist and military veteran, he wanted to enjoy with me. I grew up in San Diego County, CA. where there was plenty of open land to enjoy this sport. Unbelievably there was a time when owning or just having a gun was not politically incorrect or a crime. In my lifetime I

have owned hundreds of firearms, not to mention firing in excess of 100,000 rounds with zero accidents. It has been a very exceptional experience to be able to say this nowadays. For roughly 8 years before the 9-11 tragedy, I was privileged to work alongside the United States Marine Corps. At that point, I had a license to sell firearms as well as to teach the B.F.S.C. (Basic Firearms Safety Course) that was required in order to purchase a gun at that time. I have also never sold a firearm to anyone I did not personally know. For over 35 years I have been carrying (respectful of schools, churches and such) a firearms with me. During that time I never once had the need to draw it, let alone touch it. It is *supposed to be* our Constitutional right to protect ourselves, our families and our Country, if need be. As well, I never looked at one of my guns and thought about using it in a crime. Never, ever. Whichever one is longer.

The first 45 years were typically easy enough. I was always working on expanding a business I owned or starting one that I knew I could do better in than what I saw was currently going on. I've cooked well into the professional level, was a national food critic and a Kansas City BBQ Judge for a few years. I've worked in the concrete industry, built insane homes in excess of \$20+ million, built hidden underground structures as well as developed farmland into modern home tracts and so on. Always with smaller businesses running at the same time, like storm shelters, panic rooms, vaults, almost all of them hidden behind moveable walls and rooms, all with the latest electronics and security. And of course, my decade as a professional bodyguard. They made a nice linear tale of success. Which led to exotic cars, toys, travel and homes. The last few years were a bit unfocused, for lack of a better word. The aimlessness. The drifting. The hundreds and hundreds of women. I saw this as a triumph of disengagement. However, I know others who did not and somewhere along the way I lost my Zen superpowers.... Especially in common sense and relationships.

Starting in 2012, my life began to flip upside down with twists and turns of events that I could never have predicted. For example, in early 2013 when I was commuting from Nashville, TN. to San Diego, CA. to help care for my ailing parents and get their affairs in order. This is when I met Ms. Gramas (we'll call her that for now). My mom had given me some jewelry to liquidate and Ms. Gramas happened to be working inside the store I was hoping to appraise the items, or even better, to purchase them. It was the beginning of a very bizarre relationship.

In some ways I wish that when we met a person that we were interested in, we could swap *truthful* resumes of sorts that would disclose our skeletons and dirt as it's called from our lives. At that point of it was too much for the other to bear, we could just cut the line before investing too much time. It could save us untold grief. Unfortunately this was not the case, and as our relationship went on I found out more and more things that would have definitely discouraged me from continuing. Some big ones might have been her being a 'groupie' for several bands. Being in this trade myself I certainly saw my share of groupies and what goes on backstage. As well as a missing tooth from a drunken binge around the same time period would have absolutely had me sidestep this virus and move ahead with a positive horizon. I digress, and after several round trips with dates of meeting her friends and family, I moved back to San

Diego and in with her. After several months of living together and seeing her extremely unhappy at work I suggested that she quit for a few years and play mom full time to her illegitimately adopted son. I mean, to me this is quite an offer and of course she jumped on it. Any gold digging whore would right?!?!? (Did I just say that out loud?) I ended up financing the entire picture including her past and present debts of her Jeep, credit cards, cell phones and such.

In mid-2013, my best friend, shooting enthusiast partner and brother-in-law, Dave, stepped in front of an Amtrak train in San Diego ending his life. So many times I wanted to pick up the phone and chat with him but I was too involved with my own nonsense to do it. I mean, I can only imagine being married to my sister was never an easy thing for him, but having her in the family business was insane. I know it was a token job, but my parents made it worse by constantly giving her money. Lots of money to keep the business afloat. Though to this day, I'm still mystified as to why Dave choose that way out. I can only imagine the last few minutes of his life, standing on the train tracks, feeling and hearing the train approach and what he must have been thinking. God speed my brother.

A few short months after Dave's tragic passing I lost my mom to a long and terrible battle with cancer. She fought bravely to the very end. She was an awesome mom and wife and did not deserve that type of ending. I remember her last few days in the hospice care center in Rancho Bernardo, CA. when I would sneak in her favorite Texas sized maple bar donut that she loved. She was having a hard time with her hand movements and really making a mess of things. I helped where I needed to and could have cared a less about the mess. As long as she was enjoying herself that was all that mattered. It's funny what we remember and when we remember it. I miss her every day.

At the beginning of 2014 my dad passed away from Parkinson's and Dementia. It is so sad to see amazing people devastated by these terrible diseases. When your dad, who taught you so much and you have so many fond memories of, forgets your name, it is beyond painful. I could barely visit my dad towards the end to see what his wonderful life had become. A few days after my mom died I went to visit him. They used to enjoy many activities together and dancing was one of them. I had just walked into the facility when I saw him coming down the hallway all decked out in his suit and tie, then proceed out onto the dance floor. He put his arms out tenderly around the imaginary ghost, of what I now see was my mom, and danced the entire song that way. He then turned and just as silently returned down the hall to his room. He looked like a deer in the headlights, and from then on, it never changed. After this, his downward spiral was relatively quick. He mostly roamed around the facility looking for 'Betty', his now deceased wife of 60+ years. The last few weeks of his life he had to be hospitalized and restrained as he was hallucinating and being aggressive, fighting the last of his demons here on earth. We had put him in the best hospice care home in San Diego County but it was still pitiful. While my parents' deaths had been expected, Cancer, Dementia and Parkinson's, as is often the case, is a slow

steady death march with a sudden downhill plunge. At the end, I was too raw to accept all that was happening.

My answer being my demise, drugs and alcohol.

I think we are all responsible, to a degree, for our choices. But that aside, not everything in life is strictly black and white. Right or wrong. Some people blame their parents for their actions. Too much spanking, or not enough hugs. Possibly the kids at school called them names. Maybe poverty or wealth. Genes, devils or demons. I think we all have baggage and we all have extenuating circumstances, but I also think we are all accountable. If not, there would be no reasonable way to serve justice or punish people for their 'crimes'. After all, how can you fault someone for something they could not avoid or remember? Sometimes our remedy to this is what worsens our condition. People turn to affairs, drinking, drugs or even work to assuage their guilt. They buy clothes, cars, houses and gadgets to fill their empty hearts. Even knowing in the end these games of distraction will never work. We willingly avoid the things we know we need and desperately embrace the things we know will never work. Drugs are a cheap kind of magic. A powerboat to paradise, with its wake creating a tidal wave of disaster. I was so involved in myself that I could not see daylight and my recent penchant for making bad decisions was in full swing. When you come out of a chemical haze you see how all your actions created reactions. When you open yourself to someone you're vulnerable, and when you're vulnerable your emotions get the better of you. When you're in this position everything is amplified. It's an intense state of mine and it affects everyone differently. Due to my self-destructiveness, my anger, my selfishness, I had lost something VERY important, myself.

Later, in 2014 I moved all of us to Lewes, Delaware to basically get away from Ms. Gramas' unrelenting past and be closer to her family. We were living in a very nice house about a mile from the beach. Almost everything in the house was mine. Looking back there were so many red flags I don't know how I missed all of them, or if I just ignored them altogether. All the purchases of expensive clothes, toys, vacations, restaurants, specialty foods flown in and of course the jewelry, all top of the line.

On December 21st 2014, I received a call from a new client, Ms. Smith, requesting services. Ms. Smith had also just recently lost her parents so we had much in common. Regretfully, two months after starting this contract, Ms. Jones lured me into a brief affair. I broke my number one rule that I had ALWAYS abided by, Do Not Mess Around with Your Clients! Roughly 3 weeks after beginning this affair, I was at home enjoying a few days off. Ms. Smith had some personal business to attend to and I welcomed the break. During that time on March 11th 2015, I received a call, from whom turns out is a very prominent NYC Broadway dancer calling for his friend, Luke, who was the prospective client. Luke is a trust fund baby from Australia whose dad had sent him up to NYC two years ago to get his life in order and clean up his drug abuse. He was 30 years old and was on the verge of overdosing according to his friend. After several calls back and forth they agreed to deposit a retainer and off I went.

Over the years in this career I've seen some insane things. I have also been put into some very awkward positions, later to find out some were even illegal. Oh, the stories I could tell, but never will. I've always told my clients that I am better than their priest when it comes to what I see and hear, or more accurately, to what I DO NOT see and hear! All I can say it is amazing, if not mostly tragic, with what happens behind the scenes with the rich and famous.

Back to the NYC venture... Upon arriving at the Hyatt Union Square I was told to use the valet parking service. I exited my truck and grabbed my go bag. At the last minute I remembered my gun under the rear seat. The last thing I would want is some valet playing with it, or worse, to have it stolen from a public garage. So I did the only responsible thing and buried it under all my clothes in my bag. I spent the next two hours in my clients' room catching up on the current situation and getting a game plan that we all agreed on. Afterwards, I went to my own room a floor below to freshen up and return some calls. After a short while my phone rang and it was Ms. Smith asking what I was doing. I only picked it up as I thought it was going to be a call about future work. I told her I was in NYC with a new client and she stated she was in the city also and she would see me in a few minutes. After Ms. Smith arrived I found out she was there setting up musicians with a local recording studio for one of her jazz albums. An hour or so later Luke calls down and states he needs to go back to his apartment and retrieve the last of his belongings. He, as typically it typically went, forgets to mention the other half dozen errands he wants to run. Regardless of the situation, we finished our tasks and arrived back at the hotel around 5am. In the time that we were out Luke and I have come to terms on a contract and services between us. I am very excited about this new prospect, and more to the fact I am overjoyed to be leaving behind Ms. Smith. I walked in my room to find my bag had been rearranged and Ms. Smith on her laptop. I proceed to tell her about a small amount of the recent developments, namely the new client and I will be moving to San Diego with me being his full time Gatekeeper for the foreseeable future. Holding back that the contract is for \$250,000/year all expenses paid. (Awaiting Luke's father approval of course) Ms. Smith says it all sounds good but her body language is quite the opposite. I can tell she is not happy, but I am way too tired to care and I immediately crash out. At roughly 11am I wake up to the hotels house phone ringing. It is Luke letting me know his father has approved our deal and we will be leaving within the hour, as he was already booking our tickets to CA. While I am still chatting with Luke, Ms. Smith wakes up and taps on my shoulder pointing to her phone and the door. I nod and out she goes. Just a few minutes later there is a knock on the door. Figuring it is Ms. Smith and she has forgotten her keycard, I open the door without a stitch on and without looking or asking who was out there. It turns out the Ms. Smith was so upset with my new client taking me away from her she has gone out into the hallway and called 911 stating that, "there is a man in the room with a gun". A gun mind you she only saw and found by going through my closed bag while I was out at work. The hall is packed with NYC officers barking questions at me. I must have appeared like a deer in the headlights not understanding why they were there. They had me come out from behind the door to speak to them, all while standing there in the buff. Of all the officers, there was not one

that asked if it was ok to enter the room nor if they could search my bag. I was ordered to the opposite wall to answer questions, and the flood of officers poured in. It was absolute chaos.

I was arrested and booked into Rikers Island Prison. The first thing I did was call Ms. Gramas and explained what was happening. She said she would do everything in her power to get me released. About three days later Ms. Gramas receives information too access some of my accounts from my attorney in order to get my bail in order. While waiting for the Power of Attorney she will need to make it legal, she finds out the Ms. Smith was in the room with me and immediately flips a bitch. Ms. Gramas is now running interference with my friends who are trying to help me and to figure out what is going on. Ms. Gramas also starts to empty all of my accounts and sell off every personal item she can put her greedy hands on for a nickel (or less) on the dollar. All without the Power of Attorney, which she never received due to the attorney and I both realizing what was going on. She wrote herself a check from my Wells Fargo account and signed my name, wiped out my PayPal account and took my stash of @\$4000 in cash I had at the house. She sold my stainless steel double toolbox with about \$20k worth of tools in it for \$500 to the first guy who showed up. Threw away (I'm guessing), my birth cert, drivers license and social security cards, all of my dad's Korean War ribbons and dog tags, as well, took all of my parents jewelry I inherited, including their first wedding rings and such that I was going to have made into a money clip so each time I reached for it I would think of them. All that plus about another \$50,000 worth of various items including all my pictures of my parents and family, my brand new Taylor guitar, my watches, my business suitcase with all my contact lists, several dozen of my music festival VIP ALL Access passes on their respective lanyards, a huge amount of custom fitted suits and clothes, electronics, furniture, my new work radios with lapel mikes, my extensive stamp collection, and all sorts of other very personal items.

After roughly 10 days in Rikers Island, my friend in CA. bails me out. The jail gives a courtesy call to Ms. Gramas to let her know I am in the process of being released. Apparently, she needed more time to move out and sell off my items so she told them that I was "Suicidal" of all things. Now instead of being released I am sent to a mental/psychiatric hospital in Queens, NY. for a mental evaluation. After my 8 hour evaluation I am released into the streets of Queens, NY. at 8pm. I have never been to this area in all my life. No Phone. No wallet. No ID. Basically, no clue. While trying to suppress a panic attack I flagged down a taxi and explained my situation. He agrees to help me go back to Rikers and retrieve my wallet for a very generous "tip".

To this date I am unclear what happened in the NY. courts while I was in Rikers. In the roughly 10 days I was there I had three attorneys. The middle one ended up being a 'family friend' of Ms.

Gramas who really caused quite a few problems. I was never once brought into court at any time. I never saw a judge nor was I asked how I wanted to proceed.

So I am now out of Rikers and headed to a rental car lot in the taxi. Thankfully it all works out and I drive the three and a half hours back to Delaware to find my house completely packed/empty. Everything I have ever bought, or have been given has now been sold, thrown

away or somehow discarded. In between this time, I had reached out to a few of Ms. Gramas' friends, including a few I was helping financially, and learned quite a bit more about Ms. Gramas. She grew up in a nudist home. Her dad apparently is still active in this, along with his forensic law/accounting practice in Red Bank, NJ. They also confirmed her drinking/partying and the ole "open legs" policy to anyone calling themselves a musician. That's a pretty high ranking from your close friends if you ask me. A bunch of this new and refreshed information really let many of the puzzle pieces swirling around in my head fall into place.

Later that month, as I marinate in my sorrows in excess quantities of Xanax and Jim Beam Honey, who of all people should call me but my ex-wife, to tell me her NJ. State trooper uncle, whom I also knew, had died and she wanted me to accompany her to the funeral. I gladly agree to get out of the house. We travel to NJ. and go to the funeral as planned. The day after the funeral my ex-wife wants to grab some breakfast and then go look at homes in Atlantic Highlands to rent for herself. As we are passing by the condos on Riverview Drive in Red Bank, when who else but Ms. Gramas and her son are walking down the sidewalk to go into the condo where her mother lives. Ms. Gramas catches sight of my truck and "freaks out" (her words in court). The windows are blacked out and I wasn't even driving. She did what every other normal person would do in case like this...what else, but dial 911. (Said sarcastically of course) We did not stop, roll down the windows or slow down. I did text her and see if she wanted to talk in the public lobby of the condo and got a reply a few minutes later stating "no". Then all of a sudden I get this text that states that this is domestic abuse. Apparently it was from a female Red Bank police officer. My ex-wife and I were both appalled at the ridiculousness of this, so I replied it was a public street and I was already 5 miles away. I guess in N.J. you are not allowed freedom of speech nor access to public roads where your ex-girlfriend might be walking. Actually, I already know this is indeed a fact as I have already been graciously paid back for the overzealous actions of the N.J. police. Where were we... oh, yes, I am told by this officer that that is fine and we will consider this over and done. But of course it was not. I should not have been surprised when I arrived back home to find a temporary restraining order and harassment order of all things waiting for me. I have never had either of these my entire life, so I faxed all the documents from the funeral and a notarized letter from my ex-wife explaining everything to the courts. It didn't matter, and quite frankly I don't give a shit.

I spent the next two weeks sleeping on the landlords couch (the only item left after Ms. Gramas' evacuation) drinking and over medicating while planning my move back home to TN.

I am now back in TN when I realize Ms. Gramas' birthday is quickly approaching. I happen to be watching the new series "The new black is orange" (when the lead character insults the cook in jail resulting in a surprise breakfast dish) when this, then brilliant, concept appears to me. I then proceed to clone this item in a much bigger and better way, and send it off with a DVD of a few samplings of us enjoying each other, her enjoying herself, you get the idea. I also enclosed a letter asking her, and I quote here, "I want the money back you stole from me the same way you stole it, \$20,000 (a small token payment) back into my PayPal account or I'm going to

release the videos I have and publically tarnish you. I could have sworn that property that was attempted to be obtained, that was honestly claimed as restitution under the circumstances, or as lawful compensation for property taken was not extortion.

Ok, so maybe the threat of the videos was a little over the top, but how else do you get someone's attention?? Well, for future reference, or for those who might be interested, and I know you'll never believe this, in N.J., this is extortion. Gasp. As me again if I care....let me think about it, nope...not even a little bit. So ridiculous.

A few weeks go by and I finally get up the nerve to call Ms. Gramas to see if we can work all this out. I'm actually down in Florida staying at a friend guest house on the water in the Jacksonville area so the drive would be pretty easy. The funny thing is we talked for 5 hours. Then again the next day for 2 hours. Ms. Gramas stated in her email to me "I was told not to contact you, but I am doing it anyways...." in another she stated "It is just like when we first started dating" (our recent communications). Back and forth over 10 days, roughly 100 emails and a dozen calls. Little did I know that when I replied back to Ms. Gramas she would print it out and run down to the police station to file another violation of the restraining order. During our calls and emails she suggested that I come up and we could meet. In another call she stated that "they (her son and herself) were not making it and she could not even afford to buy milk today". This one really hits home as I could never imagine them in this position. In my mind I am obligated to help. Though looking back, she acted with malice by encouraging and luring me to her home for my imminent arrest. At the end of the emails, we agreed I should drive up so we could talk things out and at least be friends. She stated to come to her place but that she "lives in a shitty area in a shitty house, so bring protection". As well, she is going to fix our favorite first dinner with our favorite bottle of wine. She even went down to the cheese store and bought my favorite ridiculously priced cheese for me. Yes, I know (now), can't afford milk but bought the cheese. I swear it all made sense back then...

For the record, my intentions are purely noble for this trip. Ms. Gramas was never under any threat of harm. Was not, is not and will never be from me or anyone I know. I have brought, as requested, "protection" for both of us, including a stun gun/flashlight combo I used to leave for her when I was at work. I was going to leave it permanently for her safety. I also have approximately \$13,000 in cash on me. I wanted to chat with her and then decide what her true situation was. I didn't plan to just show up and throw money at her but I had always promised her that I would take care of them regardless if we were a couple or not. The last thing I would ever have wanted would be for her son to suffer from our actions.

So I drive the 13 hours from TN. to reach Middletown NJ just after 5:30pm. I am greeted with a hug and tears. I set my backpack down and while she takes a very short call, I use the restroom that is only about 10 feet away. When I come out, she is in the kitchen pouring us each a glass (of course she was using MY Waterford Crystal) of our favorite wine. She then showed me a drawing that her son had drawn for me that was very sad. I guess it was just another dig before the climactic ending yet to come. I had been there probably 15-20 minutes, and was gently

rubbing her back explaining I would never have released the videos much less hurt her, when there is a knock on the door. It is the US Marshall and 3 Middletown N.J. police officers. I didn't know who it was, so out of respect I had taken 3 steps into the entrance of her bedroom, when I hear "Is he still here?" and then more yelling. Finally, I understand they are yelling my name and I come out slowly to face 3 guns and flashlights aimed at me. The next thing I know I am on the ground being handcuffed. I felt like a deer in the headlights in a surreal dream, especially after just finishing a large glass of wine after a 13 hour drive and my normal overuse of Xanax.

All of this has been one big plan to set me up for a fall by inviting me over under false pretenses on Ms. Gramas' part. She met, in person, with the U.S. Marshall 10 days before my arrival to let them know she was working with me to set a date to come up. She contacted the Middletown police several times over the next few days and as well as the Marshall and a few of her friends. In these 10 days before my arrival not one of the law enforcement officers thought of getting a search warrant. But yet they came right in without any consent. This is entrapment to the letter by Ms. Gramas keeping everyone in the loop of info and setting this all up, she was acting as an agent for the police. No one wanted to hear anything about it on my end, especially the public defender who only wanted me to take a deal to be done with me. It is standard practice to keep the machine moving regardless of guilt or innocence....if you believe different you are a fool.

For a moment I want to clarify Ms. Gramas' adoption. I was told this by Ms. Gramas herself and have read numerous documents confirming this. About a year before I met Ms. Gramas she was living in Las Vegas with husband number two. According to Ms. Gramas, they had been trying invitro fertilization to have a child of their own. She had contact several adoption agencies but at this point her husband, a meth head/short order cook, were living apart in their home and she was planning on moving to San Diego soon. In the last week of her stay in Las Vegas, Catholic Services of Las Vegas called and said that they had a Hispanic newborn boy, of all things from a hooker who has handed over at least eight other children over to the agency, and if she wanted him, he was hers. She brought the baby home, her husband played the last part of 'dad' for a few interviews and off she moved to San Diego. I would imagine she was in CA no more than a month or so before she signed up for several dating sites. It would make me laugh now if it weren't so disgusting. I do remember finding full boxes of condoms and sex toys after moving in. In hindsight I never did check Backpage or Craigslist for ads.... Hmmm.

While I was in custody of the Middletown PD, I was left in a locked cage while being harassed, belittled, and shoeless. Cuffed and shackled for three shifts of officers. I had no access to food, water or facilities. A row of functioning cells was not 20 feet away, but they refused to put me in one. At the end my ankles were swollen almost twice their normal size and both my wrists and ankles were bleeding due to the excessive use of the shackles and cuffs. Each time I asked for relief I was told it was standard operating procedure and had to leave them (cuffs and shackles) on. The main officer that was dealing with my property brought the backpack downstairs and asked me if there was anything in it that would hurt them. He asked me this twice and both times I told him "No". It is obvious the backpack was closed. While being

interrogated, AFTER asking for counsel, I was lead down the path they wished me to be on. Looking back, what question I do remember was ridiculous. The police were asking about my hunting knife and they asked me

"WHO was I going to hunt?" It was a \$20 hunting knife, and I'm from TN and hunt as well as use it for an all-around tool of sorts. Later when I received my charges they called it a "Dagger" because it sounds so much worse I'm sure. Personally, I think these cops need to stay away from shows like CSI or NCIS and the likes. Pssst, they are not real. Just sayin. At the end I was shipped to Riverside Hospital. I've asked for those records for 2 years and just like all my property that was seized, they have conveniently disappeared or are not available. I find it despicable after witnessing the actions of the N.J. officers.

I spent 22 months in MCCI with no life and going from landing the contract that would have been the pinnacle of my career to getting and starting over. While I was there I passed out due to my drug withdrawals and lack of proper nutrition, and was woken up with smelling salts. I have scars on my wrists and ankles from cuffs and shackles. Several extended Gout episodes due to substandard medical care and I'm still having a hard and painful time walking as they would not allow me to use my orthotics. Basically, I am in some degree of pain 24/7 due to MCCI and CCS (the medical provider) not allowing me to wear my orthotics, nor after me giving the medical department the info to my Podiatrist in TN and DE to get the records, they refused to send me to their provider, the Cocco Clinic in Trenton NJ for any sort of diagnosis. I have dozens of sick call slips trying to get proper care and relief. At the time of my arrest I had my specialty shoes and orthotic combo which somehow disappeared from my property as well.

On the date of my sentencing, remember that we are 22 months down the road now, low and behold Ms. Gramas shows up. I am told she is there and they (my attorney and court) are not quite sure what to expect. I was hoping after almost 2 years she might have come to her senses and would say a few decent words in my behalf to the court. Well, again I misjudged her intentions. She was called and insisted on sitting next to her new BFF, the state prosecutor. For roughly 20 minutes she put on a show of crying, shaking, and hysterically speaking how this still affects her. Hell, it was a pretty decent performance, but in all reality, it was one of the more pathetic acts I have ever seen. Her ability to act-a-fool was almost award winning. I actually think she might have missed her calling. She was so over the top it almost convinced the judge to set aside the plea deal, which she herself agreed to moths previous. Thankfully, he stood firm on the agreement. It was interesting to watch her friend she has brought with her (a guy, I know, imagine that) mean-mugging me the entire time. I couldn't help but to wink at him a few times. I mean, if I wasn't so distracted by him, I might have caught more than two words of her performance. But really, do I care? That would be a no.

In the end, even with the No Contact Order, Ms. Gramas called my ex-wife and told her that "Nash is in jail so I can get on with my life now." If I were to have broken that order I would have been on the local news as a wanted person.

My entire life I have helped people. My bodyguarding career was specifically spent protecting people as well. I guarantee I've saved at least a half dozen people from an early death by intervening. I was known in the trade as one to call when things were dire. Several have been top 10 artists (bands), movie stars, the cast of The Jersey Shore, a Saudi Prince, Judges, several housewife and other reality TV stars including many very wealthy private individuals.

(sorry, I will never name names) I am proud of all my work. The things that I have seen would amaze you, and you would absolutely be surprised at, regardless of gender, who is hiring escorts and hookers. Over indulging in drugs, and other dangerous behavior. It's mind-boggling. As long as no one gets aggressive and hurts anyone else, I'm for the most part, good. Some examples of my work:

When hurricane Sandy hit NJ, I was the one who started thejerseystrongfoundation.org. I brought in hundreds of thousands of dollars in supplies donated by my network of friends and clients. We set up shelters for the homeless. We did Christmas for Washington Street School in Toms River where roughly 300 people were affected. This is a prime example of how I enjoy working... After hearing of the struggling families I contacted the school and asked them to please get in touch with the families effected or displaced by Sandy that needed help. To please assign them a "Family number" from the school and give me a list of family members by age and sex only. This way my shoppers could shop and organize accordingly. Each family was to bring their return letter from the school that had their "Family number" on it on the date set to pick up their packages. TWO semi-trucks FULL!!! Neither the volunteers, the organization, nor myself, were ever mentioned by name. Neither were the names of the families. This way the parents could either say they got the gifts for their children or Santa brought them. It was their choice to play it out as they wished. It was one of my proudest moments as I watched it unfold. It was truly amazing and heartwarming.

I also found out that many of the Tons River residents that had been displaced by the hurricane were being housed in the, then, newly refurbished Comfort Inn. By traveling throughout the nation as a KCBS judge and foodie, I knew just the people to help us with this. I called up my good friends at Local Smoke BBQ. They donated their time and grills while the foundation supplied all the food and other items. We fed everyone that was being housed there and more! Again it was amazing to see the smiles and heartbreaking to hear the stories.

When the towers in NYC fell and our soldiers went overseas, I gathered up all my co-workers in California that had the same style of raised trucks and installed 8'-by-12' USA flags on poles behind the cabs. There were eight of us driving around all together. It was quite a sight, and still makes me proud of our Country. Everywhere we went people loved it. In the end, we were able to gather almost 1000 boxes of Girl Scout cookies that were then sent overseas to all of our troops.

Back during my stay at MCCI my ex-wife was one of my main supporters. She was sending me money and books every week. She knew many of the locals, and was networking to get me a good paid attorney to have this handled properly. She was able to get my new, totally paid for, Nissan Titan, as well as all the cash I had on hand back from the corrupt Middletown PD. They wanted to keep both because I was the new Charles Manson on the block. She had to actually pull some political strings by speaking to the chief of police before things were handled properly. It's absolutely pathetic that the cops can act like this and continually get away with it. Bullying people around and breaking the law themselves.

I told her to please sell the truck, hire one of the attorneys we had been discussing and then use the rest to keep my account funded. It was an easy decision and she stated that we would just buy me a new car when I got out. Easy right? For the next couple of weeks I had issues getting ahold of her. When I did, I found out that she had traded the truck in on a new Mini Cooper and received \$5000 back as overage and was done with me. Come to find out months later, when she popped in for a surprise visit (don't ask), that the Monmouth County Prosecutors office had called her and told her that "her life was in eminent danger from me." As a result of that call, she also parked the Mini I had bought her years before in her parking garage, called the dealership and told them that I was in jail and where to pick up the car. Which they promptly did. Do you hear that crashing sound? That is my prefect credit doing a crash and burn.

I did bring this nifty tidbit of information up at my sentencing, but after Ms. Gramas' performance, again, no one cared. My ex-wife was my main witness, she knows I was never in NJ after the Red Bank charade for all those fantasy 'stalking sightings' that I was indicted for. She knew that Ms. Gramas stole from and deceived me. Though her feelings for me were 'over', she wanted me to know the entire story. The problem is that without my ex-wife the defense for my case goes out the window...which it promptly did.

I filed several motions with the court, and wrote many letters to the judge, to try to get them heard. My attorney did nothing, and never replied to my letters or my motions. I even wrote to the judge asking him to make sure that my attorney 'joined' my motions to be heard, only to receive a form letter that stated the motion was dismissed for lack of interest.

On April 11th, 2017 I was told to pack it up and I was heading to prison from MCCI. As I was getting strip searched for the hundredth time, changing into my nifty new jumper and once again being cuffed and shackled, I was told I needed to fill out and sign a document that designates a certain person to come by and retrieve my property. If not, within 60 days they 'donate' all of it. I told him I was from TN and had no one local to do this. He didn't give a crap and told me to put any name on it. So I put a local guy's name there that I had met at MCCI that seemed the type to possibly help.

My property was a new iPhone6s, my wallet with all the typical stuff plus my passport card and some prepaid credit cards with about \$1000, my custom orthotics/shoes, and some clothing.

The issue isn't really the value of the items, it is the intellectual/proprietary property stored inside the phone. In that phone I had about 1200 contacts that were primarily celebrities, VERY wealthy people, a menagerie of specialty people around the world, including my concierge contacts, along with my friends. That was my entire network for my livelihood that took over a decade to build. I will never be able to get it rebuilt, not even the ones I currently need to restart my life when I am released.

During the '60 days' I had to get my property picked up, my friends in CA. and TN. tried numerous things to help get it all returned. They offered to ship in a prepaid, self-addressed shipping box, pay someone handsomely to ship it, talked to a few of the upper management at MCCI and called a dozens of times. They would play no part in any of those ideas. My CA. friend even talked to Sgt. McKittrick at MCCI, who said he could override the rules if he wanted to, but then refused to do so with no reason given. He reached out to an attorney in N.J. that he knew and asked for help too. The both received the same answer that only the person on the list I signed could retrieve the items. Finally, THAT PERSON was able to get to MCCI, they found the items but told him he could not have them unless he knew my passcode for the phone. After all the emails went around to get him the passcode (4 days) he returned to MCCI and was then told I did not have any property and never did. I guess I went in there naked? Um no. Regardless my property has now completely disappeared. I have since then personally requested from the 'booking Sargent' a copy of the log book for that day to verify my accusations. No surprise. No reply.

My dad always said he would rather be tried by 12 than carried by 6. Obviously he was never in NJ. We live in a triple tiered justice system. Money or fame lets you buy your way out of legal issues with little fanfare. I mean just look at the news any day of the week. Out of the last handful of NJ Governors (and politicians in general) how many were involved in scandals? Oh, right, that would be just about all of them. The color of your skin unfortunately hurts you in this system. The presumption of innocence is now the presumption of guilt. The burden of proof is a travesty because the proof is often lies. Guilt beyond reasonable doubt means he probably did it, so let's lock him up. There must have been a time when being an officer of the court meant something. When all the participants involved shared a common respect and goal for the truth, for justice. Obviously no longer. Just look at the celebrity trials on the TV daily. Lawyers now do everything they can to subvert justice, intentionally trying to convince jurors to believe the hypothetical when there is not a drop of evidence. Hypotheticals that the attorney know are lies and it's just to get someone off. Because of TV were all able to see these corrupt practices for what they represent, a single expediency on the part of the trial lawyer to enhance their reputation in order to charge higher fees. The reason they are so blatant about it is they think no one cares. Obviously, no one does as everyone is doing the same thing. I don't see how the people stand for this. But I will tell you this, I have some things that will change a large portion of this incredibly wrong anti-Constitutional attitude. Unbelievably, it's legal! Stay tuned, wink.

Maybe I will never be behind bars again, but I will always be in another kind of prison. One that I'll never be free of. The prison of distrust. The prison of expectations. The prison of doubt. And as my eyes have stung from the countless tears that I have shed, I no longer try to hide them. Never again will I slip my belt over the light fixture on the ceiling to see if it will hold my weight. Never again will I get down on my knees and start confessing my sins or ask for forgiveness and strength.

Never again will I trust.

Never again will I let my heart be open to the pain inflicted by another.

Sorrow has made me who I am. It has been the refining fire that has honed my resolve and sharpened my purpose. My walls are up and the doors to my heart are closed. I'm always reminding myself, as I often do, that life is transitory and I am lucky to be living the life that I do. And that I almost destroyed myself with drugs, alcohol and a handful of psycho women. No whining, the past isn't a straight-jacket. But for those breast fed on misery it can be an awfully tight sweater.

For me, a life not put to the test, is not a life worth living.