



## Haslar (Preface)

### Description

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There were 5 of them. I was standing completely naked on a sickly coloured tiled floor and they weren't happy, they *really* weren't happy. I think it was a result of them not being able to give me the shaven head treatment. Unlike my fellow victims, I didn't have any curly locks to chop cos I was a skinhead back in 1980. The water was hot; very very hot, and they knew it.

I lowered myself into the tub, cringing with the pain of the heat and began to wash with the green carbolic soap they had so kindly provided. I wasn't exactly in need of a bath, but it was all part of the ritual humiliation visited upon young miscreants at the newly created [short sharp shock](#) establishment of [HMP Haslar](#), a former naval hospital in Gosport, just outside of Portsmouth but now a Detention Centre for kids like me. I had just been transported from HMP Exeter, where I had committed my crimes and was on remand over the Christmas period whilst awaiting the beak's to finish their festivities.

It was Thatcher's fault; it still is, but I could never have known the damage she would eventually do to the country, never mind my teenage insensibilities.

The home secretary of the day, Little Willie Whitelaw adopted a hard-line approach to law and order. He improved police pay and embarked upon a programme of extensive prison building. His four-year tenure in office, however, was generally perceived as a troubled one. His much vaunted [short, sharp shock](#) policy, whereby convicted young offenders were [detained in secure units and subjected to quasi-military discipline](#) won approval from the public but proved expensive to implement.

Courtesy: [Wikipedia](#)

How the fuck did I end up in here?

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