

This is written by Tristan Nettles of his free will in sober mind and under no duress on February 15, 2022.

This is the true story of the Koh Samui Police Department and an International School CEO's corruption. Everything stated within is easily verifiable by direct evidence.

There is currently an innocent 22 year old woman named Ashley Oosthuizen who is now serving a life sentence in a Thai prison for a crime that I and others committed. You can see her website for images @ www.freeashley.org. She is currently in danger of becoming a victim to some unfortunate 'accident,' unless you help to make quickly her face known around the world. Prisoners often end up killed while in Thai custody so please consider sharing, emailing, screaming this story, anything is helpful except for doing nothing.

I myself am a former international drug trafficker and medical school student with a long criminal record stretching back to an assault with a deadly weapons charge that I received back when I was only 11 years old.

Everything I do is for Ashley. Had I come sooner, no one would listen. Now that I have websites, a business, a book, and more - now Ashley can no longer be ignored. This is her story, but to tell it, I first have to detail part of mine.

Ashley Oosthuizen was only nineteen years old when I met her. I was thirty-two, twelve years her senior and a well seasoned world traveler. Thailand was the first time that she had ever left home, she's from South Africa. She was a kindergarten teacher when we first met at a Halloween party on the tourist island of Koh Samui in Thailand. I was a high-school science teacher at one of the leading international schools there but I made more than most of my money by then from selling party drugs to the expats.

It was not the first time I've sold illicit goods. The first time I started selling weed I was twelve years old. I got expelled numerous times for it during middle and high school, once even for selling a boy oregano. Five middle schools and seven high schools later I joined the Marine Corps Infantry.

After I left I became a mid-level weed dealer down in Escatava Mississippi. I could not find any other work and had no transportation so I traded my laptop for a pound of brick weed and began moving weight. I was moving around five pounds per week before my home was invaded one afternoon and I had to fight for my life against two gunmen who tried to take it from me. After that happened the Police were hot and heavy on the scene so I was forced to close shop and leave back to Atlanta. However the state prosecutor subpoenaed me and had me flown down on charter flight to be states witness in their trial. Once their lawyer heard my story though, he never let me take the stand. The two boys accepted plea deals instead. 13 years and 7 years. It made the first page of the news when it first happened, you can check yourself. Ask the police officers who responded to the scene who was there. [REDACTED] hid in the bathroom and [REDACTED] was pistol whipped unconscious. It was me and the gunman who tore up the house in the bedlam that followed. All is easily verifiable.

I also sold weed in micronesia. I did not need to sell drugs in Jax Beach because my roommate [REDACTED] was a weed/coke dealer. We had a great time in that little apartment right by the beach. In Micronesia however, I would go to a local farmer I was introduced to by a taxi man on the island and purchase whole trees. He would then chop them down and stuff them into a Guam Rose rice bag which I would then carry back to my house and unpack. I hung the trees off my shower rod like it was Christmas. I have pictures.

When I reached Koh Samui, Thailand, and later Koh Phangan that was right next door, I discovered for the first time MDMA and LSD, Ketamine, Ecstasy, 2-CB, ect. There are places and parties that happen on those islands that you could never believe unless you attended yourself - Backyard Party, Floating Loi Bar, Eden, Lost Paradise - these are open air drug parties where freedom and love abound and human happiness is everywhere to be seen. The people are all super cool, beautiful, and friendly. The rich mingle with the poor and all is as it should be for a few hours, or, in the case of Lost Paradise, for the entire week :).

The life I desired was largely unattainable to me on my paltry science teacher's salary at [REDACTED] School however. I worked 6 days a week, at home and on weekends to create extravagant lesson plans and labs in the hopes that my hard work would be rewarded but it was not. I have hundreds of lectures, experiments, labs, quizzes, tests - all made by me and which led to the highest IGCSE science test scores in [REDACTED] history during my second year there. They were 10 points above the next highest test score avg - it was unheard of and yet still the management did not want to pay me more. How would I ever get into medical school like this? I wouldn't have. My goal since starting university for Biology in 2012 was to become an out island doctor like [REDACTED].

I had enough to go out once a month and party but it was all just pretend really. I was an outsider looking in. I was never on the boats anchored off the beach or the villas sprawling across the mountainsides and besides, even though I could buy the drugs from the Thai people directly at the bar, they were outrageously expensive and the quality was poor. With my history of dealing, I thought to myself more than once what an untapped gold mine existed all around me. Everyday tourists arrived from around the world and they all just wanted to have a good time. All I needed was a way in.

So I met with the owner of a well known local tattoo studio on one of the main roads in Haad Rin on Koh Phangan. He agreed to start selling me MDMA but it was still 2000 baht per gram which was 1000 cheaper than normal but not enough to warrant the risk involved since I had to go from Samui to Phangan to pick up everytime and I did not like being known by the Thai people to be involved with drugs. They are notorious for turning in foreigners.

So it was that time during mid 2017 that I first read a news report about people buying drugs off the internet. Off something called the dark web. My ears perked up immediately at the news and I began to dig deeper. I was astounded. There was some technology called cryptocurrency using a token called bitcoin that I could somehow use to purchase drugs anonymously, directly from the source, and then have it shipped to my door. This was a revelation. This was life changing.

The only issue was Thailand is known for having really strict drug laws so I did not really wish to have drugs sent to my house and even if I were willing to risk it I lived in a little seaside cottage by the sea, far off from the main thoroughfare so there was no possibility of getting mail delivered anyway - I would have to pick it up from the post office. My home was lovely, I called it Coral Hill. The view was spectacular.

The lightbulb moment happened when I realized that I was a teacher in a country where teachers are revered and highly respected. Beyond normal suspicion. I worked at a prestigious international school as their upper level science teacher. They had a mailroom which accepted packages from all around the world every single day and which was staffed by Thais. The amount of foreign teachers and the turnover rate there meant that the Thai women administrators never really knew who was who and there was no system of checking inside when getting packages anyway. You simply walked in, looked through everything that was there, took whatever you found was yours and left without a word or question from

anyone. The office and mail was under constant video surveillance however so for years I was on video walking in and out with multiple boxes each week, none addressed to me.

Thus I had my way to get supplied with drugs. Now I just needed a way to buy them.

I spent months researching how to get on the dark web safely and how to set up a computer with the latest opsecs to browse and purchase securely. I used cash to purchase a used laptop from a computer store off the main road, I still have it. It has made me well over six figures with its counterfeit version of Windows 7.

There was an IT specialist at my school named [REDACTED] who I was work friends. We both had an interest in crypto - his was technology based, mine was simply for buying drugs. So I convinced [REDACTED] to help me set up my new used laptop to be a fort knox under the guise that it was to be used as a secure crypto trading platform. He got me setup with Bitcoin and VPN's, Virtual Box and WhoNix, PGP encryption - the works. Then I spent a few more months learning how to use it all.

Eventually I thought I was ready. I saved up 2000 Baht, or about \$60, which was a lot of spare money for me at the time and I gave it to [REDACTED] and had him send me BTC for it. [REDACTED] never knew what I was doing and later when I begin to try to ask him for larger amounts of bitcoin more frequently he grew suspicious and refused to help me any longer.

My first BTC transaction went on SilkRoad3.0 and immediately I was phished out of my \$60. I was scammed. I had to wait a whole other month before I could afford to try again. This time I used Dream Market and I was able to order 5 grams of dutch mdma crystals. I had them sent to the school under some fictitious name. My dark web handle was Clams88. It had over 80,000\$ in purchases on Empire Market alone before INTERPOL shut it down.

A few weeks later on a Saturday while I was in my science lab working out labs for next week's classes I needed to go to the office for something which I do not recall now, however, while I was there I decided to check to see if anything had arrived and there it was. My heart dropped. I couldn't believe it. Next week's labs went out the window as I immediately went to my house to open up the package in a secure location - I had received 5 grams of mdma for about \$60. Normally that would have cost closer to \$500 at the bars. My God. I called my best friend [REDACTED] and told him to come over. I didn't even know Ashley yet, it would be more than a year and a half before I ever met her.

So that is how I got started. With 5 grams of mdma. I broke up 2 grams into 8 125mg pills using vitamin capsules and kept two grams whole to sell. I would always take the scientific scale from the locker in the back of my class home in my bookbag on the days I needed to weigh out drugs with. The last gram was for me and my friends. The drugs were so pure and so cheap, it was unbelievable. Everybody wanted some. I saved the profits from the 5 grams and went back to [REDACTED] to get more BTC. I made up some lie about money from grandparents or something other, anyway he was never really suspicious at first. He would just say okay and send it over. As said before though, eventually he grew unwilling as my excuses became less believable.

I went from 5 grams to 10 grams. Then I did 10 grams and added 25 XTC pills. Then I did 20 grams and 50 xtc pills with 10 LSD. I kept living like a pauper but reinvesting my profits so that each time I ordered I could get larger and larger amounts. By the end I was doing 250g and 500 g packages at a time and the only reason I did not go much higher was because of the risk of losing it in the mail. I had many packages seized, especially lbs that I had sent from Canada that cost me over \$3000 each. I lost well over 15 packs but I made so much from the ones that did arrive that it was still very profitable. I could order 500 grams of mdma

for \$700 and make well over \$20,000 as a return, even when selling it at a 30% discount to everyone else. What used to cost 3500 baht per gram you could get from me for 2000 and if you did larger amounts, I dropped the price even lower. Call them bulk specials if you will.

In the beginning though, nobody knew. I could get drugs but I needed people to sell them too. That first summer was wild and risky as hell. [REDACTED] and I went numerous times to Phangan with pockets full of party drugs. We would walk around all night high as kites selling to foreigners, never any Thai's. We would stay at a party for two hours or so, enough to make a few rounds, and then leave and go to another. Before long all the right people knew who I was. I began to get invited to everything. Villa parties, beach parties, boat parties, sex parties, all kinds of parties where people wanted to have extra fun for a great price.

I was living a total double life. I hardly ever missed a day of work and my students had the highest IGCSE science scores in [REDACTED] history after only my second year there. I ran the entire science week at my school every year I was there and built for them a 3D printer which I then taught other students and teachers how to use. The first 3D printer at the school. I sold drugs up and down the beach at the Full Moon party one night on Phangan, stayed up all night, then I caught the first Raja ferry back in the morning and made it to first class where I taught the whole day with a pocket full of drugs and money from last night's adventures. I still had never even met Ashley - my girlfriend at that time was a beautiful Thai girl named [REDACTED].

I only had drugs sent to the school but I never once had any dealings with students or young people in general - let's be absolutely clear on that. I never sold to non-adults or around or in front of teenagers, students - none of that. I was a very strict teacher, as any of my students would attest to. My teaching and my dealing never once crossed paths and in fact my students can be asked themselves my stance on young people and drug use, I was very clear and vocal on it. I only sold to willing adults and foreigners who were on vacation or who lived there. In the beginning I had to go looking for clients but after a year for so I hardly ever had to leave my house.

I kept two holes in the ground. One hold had four boxes filled with different kinds of drugs wrapped in sealed plastic and further packed inside sealed tupperware containers in case of dogs. The other was filled with baht, euros, dollars, gold and silver. I kept a few hundred thousand baht in the house and some gold plus the weed I smoked for the day but everything else stayed buried until I needed it. Only big buyers came to my house or knew where I lived. In all other aspects I was incognito excepting for the parties where I was playboy. At the parties, everything would happen. I knew everybody worth knowing and they all knew me. Life was fabulous. It was a golden age before COVID.

I started dating a french model and spending entire weeks high on ketamine while enjoying teacher holidays and paid summer vacations. My teacher's salary was my spending money and everything else went into gold, the ground, travels, clothes, furniture, or more Bitcoin and drugs. I had everything setup and on Telegram I was known as *Zen Master*.

So that was my life. I lived the life of a rockstar on nights and weekends and of a diligent and hardworking school teacher the rest of the week. I went to university for Biology because I always wanted to be an out island doctor and so I was trying to save up enough money to afford medical school. That was my goal.

Eventually the french model had to go back to France and I met Ashley at a Halloween party while she was gone. Ashley was only nineteen then, fresh off the boat if you will. As sweet as sweet could be. By this time I had been with well over 200 women. I had sex for the first

time when I was only 12 and I was already smoking weed daily by ten year's old. I grew up rough and fast.

I became infatuated with Ashley for a while and developed quite a fondness towards her. It was intoxicating being around someone so inexperienced and green behind the gills. I had plenty of money, friends, experiences, and good times to show her around with and so it was easy to feel good about having such a young woman to keep your company. However I have never succeeded in long term relationships and I tried breaking up with Ashley on more than one occasion but she would convince me not to! She really grew herself on me even though I treated her poorly and often by doing things such as leaving her places while I went off to have fun or by seeing other women while not allowing her to do the same with other men. I wanted to have my cake and eat it too as it were. Long story short I very slowly fell in love with her. I think she loved me from the very start though.

Does love and intimacy equate to total openness? Do the wives of serial killers know that their husbands are monsters before the police arrive? I think most do not. Ashley was no exception.

Ashley had no street experience. Hardly any life experience either. She'd never attended university and I was the [REDACTED] guy she'd ever been with. I had grown up hood with the resources of a rich kid at my back. I'd been inquisitive and a voracious reader since youth. By that time I'd already lived and been all around the world and had set up for myself an international drug importation business being run out of my school while I worked there using encryption and cryptocurrency technologies that most people STILL do not have a clue about.

I never told a nineteen year old girl what I was doing because one thing I am not is stupid. I never talked to Ashley about any of my business dealings. It was not her place to know and it would have been impossible for her not to go around showing off to her friends about her cool dope dealing boyfriend just like it was impossible not for me to do the same when I was 19. All it would have taken is for one word to get out and it would have been me sitting in a Thai prison serving a life sentence. I'd been to jail before, multiple times. I've been to court before, numerous times. I've been arrested and snitched on, numerous times. I learn from my mistakes. Ashley was kept inside a bubble, just like the wife of the BK killer.

Ashley only ever asked me twice about drugs and I told her not to worry about it both times and that it was not her concern. That second time I made clear there should not be a third attempt at questioning, and there never was because I am not an easy person to go against. Remember I am also 12 years her senior as well.

Let's get back to the story now - So by this time I've been moving drugs weekly but [REDACTED] had long ago stopped funding me with BTC because he was suspicious of the amounts I was asking for and the frequency. He no longer wanted any part and refused to help me further. So then I latched on to [REDACTED], a math teacher at [REDACTED] who I had gotten into BTC and who still works there, unbelievably. He was a nice loser who had no other friends but I liked him well enough and we chatted often. I tried to take him out once to a club but he just stood there awkwardly while I picked up a beautiful girl visiting from Texas and took her to the hotel next door for a night of MD sex.

So I convinced [REDACTED], who needed little convincing, to begin accepting Baht for bitcoin at a 3% commission. I am sure at first I made up excuses but before long there was no hiding it because I needed hundreds of thousands of baht worth of bitcoin a week. So I brought [REDACTED] in as my money guy. He came to my house and we sat around my fire while I laid out the plan, the same way I did to [REDACTED] who all did not want to get

involved. He agreed though. So he would send me BTC for baht, id use the BTC to purchase drugs and continue having the packages sent to the school. This went on for over two years.

During the latter course of this time I met Ashley. She had been working as a school teacher at ██████████ School but work politics led to another teacher ██████████ complaining about Ashley's lack of a four year degree so that the school was forced to let her go. A four year degree needed to teach kindergarten? How absurd.

The poor girl tried everything she knew how to make ends meet. She drove all around the island near everyday tutoring kids for a few hundred baht per hour. Then she got work with ██████████ at an aerial yoga studio who told her she would help get her the work permit she needed to continue living on the island. That never happened and time was running out. It sort of worked out perfectly then that I offered her to become the manager of a new restaurant I was opening called Hot in the Biscuit. <https://www.hotinthebiscuit.com>

At this point I have to pause and talk about breakfast because if you know me then you know there is one meal that I cannot live without and that is breakfast. Not just any breakfast either, I crave American breakfast. Bacon, eggs, biscuits/toast/pancakes - something, every day. Whether I lived in France or Honduras. The only exception was when I lived at Adzom Monastery with the monks in Nepal. They were vegetarian.

As you might imagine there is a severe lack of such breakfast options in Thailand where I was and so I decided to start a business and put Ashley in charge. Two birds with one stone if you will. She had never run anything of course but I had 7+ years of restaurant experience and I knew exactly what I wanted to do and so Hot in the Biscuit was born.

I built a business and set it up and taught Ashley how to run it and even signed a large portion into her name under the stipulation that it would only come into effect after I had been paid my initial investment plus a sellers fee which she would earn herself. That way she would have a way to make her success in the world. She did a fantastic job too.

Now, by this time, my headmaster and the school ██████████, they had taken a strong disliking to me. That is because I call a spade a spade when I see one. Thailand does not like that. Thailand likes to save face, even when it's disgraceful. I do not subscribe to such pernicious behavior however. I did such a good job and the students loved me so much that there was little they could do but whenever they could injure me they did. They rejected allowing me to ever do a biscuit sale to the students for example, on ridiculous grounds. They never supported me or my endeavors once despite all the effort I gave for them. In fact, despite the rest of the teachers and staff all coming at least once to my shop, and many regularly, ██████████ never once even tasted my food. That was the level of their spite towards me. The feeling was mostly mutual, especially towards ██████████.

During this time as well, while I was a full time upper-level science teacher who taught Biology, Chemistry and Physics with full laboratory experimentals and with record high test scores, I was also an international drug dealer, and a full-time business owner with multiple employees and salaries to keep up with. I was also studying for my medical school entrance exams. I ordered the complete MCAT test preparation guide and spent over six months studying so that I could finally be accepted into various medical school programs around Europe. I decided on Ukraine because it was one of the cheapest places to live and it would be a six year program which I would have to fund completely myself. As I did everything else. All of this being done simultaneously.

In these last six months or so when I was I was pulled in all directions at once multiple things happened. COVID became the end all be all and our school was forced into closure leaving

me to teach via webcam at my home. The only benefit to this was between classes I could smoke weed, go into my garden or otherwise just enjoy the day with a trip to the beach or something other. Sometimes I made sales but not many since by then all my customers knew I was a school teacher and my only customers were mid to large level. I never nickel and dimed anymore. I hardly moved for less than 20,000 baht.

Ashley meanwhile was working at the shop six days per week. She still lived in her own apartment, we never lived together. Her salary was only 25,000 baht per month with the understanding that once we became profitable the salary would increase as well as profit sharing begin. With the COVID pandemic however Koh Samui was shut off from the world and an island with 700 hotels became an island with 100. We were decimated and did everything we could but still lost money. Every month. It did not matter though because losing 50,000 baht a month when I was making 450 - 500,000 was hardly felt.

Eventually the school reopened as a sort of dystopian hazmat facility where the teachers were expected to act as gestapo and walk about all day wiping, cleaning, and wearing a mask at all times admonishing children for being children. I will spare the details as this is Ashley's story but I was unable to continue in such an environment and so despite having a month or so left before school ended and my two year contract was over, as well as having a wonderful relationship with my students, I resigned and forfeited \$5,000 in end-of-contract bonuses I was set to receive. I knew that I was to be leaving for medical school in July anyway and it was already towards the end of May.

This did not sit well with [REDACTED] the CEO who attempts to bully his way to achievement but who was always unable to with my person. Our last meeting which was attended by my friend [REDACTED] as well as the Headmaster [REDACTED] was extremely acrimonious and bitter. We did not leave on good terms.

I left for the US to visit my family and then to the nation's capitol to take in the scenery before directly heading to Ukraine to begin medical studies. I arrived in August. Once I left however there was a tremendous pressure on me to continue supplying the island as I was the major non-thai importer for everything except thai weed and cocaine. Money was going fast and I was used to a nice lifestyle as well and so this is where I fucked up.

I could no longer continue sending packs to the school because after I had left one of my packs, a small order of 50g mdma inside the mail room at [REDACTED], it went uncollected so that eventually it was retrieved, opened and discovered by the CEO [REDACTED] who reported it to the Koh Samui Police Department.

So I got in touch with a friend [REDACTED] who I had purchased the business license from and who I had sold to for years. [REDACTED], like me, lived far off the main road and so no mail was delivered there. So while I always used the school for my mail, both legal and non, he always used his shop which I had purchased and was now mine. This meant that Ashley was well used to him coming by. So I decided to use the shop. I had used [REDACTED] for more than 2.5 years and never had any problems. In fact - one time a kilo of weed from Pleasure Island, an Empire Market UK based vendor, apparently did not have enough shipping to cover the fee so the delivery man left a receipt in the main office of school telling me I had to go to the Koh Samui Post Office to pay the fee and pick up my package there. It was very risky but knowing Thailand I went and sure enough they did not even ask me for my ID. It was wild times.

At no point did Ashley ever know that I was having drugs sent to her little biscuit shop. At no point did she know I was ever shipping drugs into the school. At no point did she ever know I was an international dark web drug dealer. She was barely 21 years old when I left with no

street smarts whatsoever and all the tendencies of young and bubbly youth. To tell her would have been the epitome of folly. None of the other many women I was with knew either. I told no one. Only ██████ knew that my packs came to the school but he had no idea who I sold them to or the amount I made. He was only my bitcoin money guy. Others handled distribution. No one else knew where I got my drugs or bitcoin. That way I maintained overall control of the enterprise.

What happened then was that a 50 gram package of mdma arrived to ██████ after I resigned which I never picked up. After it sat uncollected in the mail room for a time someone decided to open it and discovered the drugs. This was reported to ██████ the CEO who considered my new found wealth (which I told everyone came from investing in BTC and profits from my business) and he suspected correctly that I was in fact selling drugs.

Please be clear on this point. When these discoveries were made I was already living in Ukraine. I was no longer in Thailand and no longer worked for ██████. However, ██████ called the Koh Samui police dept and put in a tip that my restaurant was smuggling drugs without any proof - he simply wished to cause me injury and I put myself in the position to allow myself to be injured by proving his hunch to be true. As I said, I fucked up. ██████ admitted that this is what he did in a voice call and the police transcripts make it clear as well.

So ██████ set up my shop up to be raided to try and get back at me. That is the real story. Ashley is just the poor and unwitting victim of our animosity. When Ashley was arrested, and he was confronted with direct evidence showing clearly, on top of the package he himself found on the premises, that ██████ and I had been running drugs from his school. He worked with the Thai owner ██████ and the Koh Samui Police to keep the evidence buried, which it has remained, until now when I have finally acquired the skills required to make websites that all the world can see.

On October 8th there was a 250 g package of mdma delivered to the shop addressed to ██████. Ashley was working her regular shift serving numerous tables simultaneously. It was always only a two man crew, Ashley and ██████, with 11 total tables to service. When the delivery man approached her, he was adamant that she needed to sign for the package that was addressed to another man. Seeing the package addressed to ██████ who she had been used to seeing come to the shop for his mail since we opened, and also being interrupted during a busy shift while being pressured to sign all at once led this 21 year old girl with no priors or experience in the world to sign her name as demanded.

She placed the box down by the wall, untampered with and unopened, and went back to work. Ten minutes later the police came.

The premises were searched, nothing else was found. Ashley was searched and drug tested, nothing else was found and her results returned clean. The box was not tampered with and unopened, addressed to another person, clearly a man.

Ashley's only crime was being my girlfriend. The rest is all my fault and the fault of others who continue to try and bury the truth.

The police took her. They took her then after making her pose first for pictures. They carried her to her house where it was searched top to bottom. Nothing was found, not even marijuana. Then they took her away to some black box interrogation dungeon somewhere on the island where she was interrogated under threat of harm and without a lawyer or interpreter present and where she was forced to sign documents that were written in Thai which later turned out to be a confession of her guilt.

Once they had her signature a second time they took her to the Koh Samui jail where she was kept for two days without any phone calls and then was moved to the provincial prison on the island.

The lawyers were a whole other nightmare. I had just spent over \$40,000 on my move and medical school cost and I had lost another \$55,000 that year on starting the restaurant during a pandemic. I only had \$20,000 left with me and another \$60,000 buried in a hole on my property plus crypto currencies and gold and silver. I still paid for my house in Thailand, it was a great spot and too cheap to give up. I had a beautiful river front apartment to pay for in Ukraine as well, not to mention all my medical school supplies and equipment. The problem was no one knew about the buried money except me.

I was in panic mode. I got conned by [REDACTED], someone who poses as a lawyer in [REDACTED] who agreed to fly down and get her bailed out immediately if I sent him \$3,000 which I promptly did. [REDACTED] never got on a plane though. [REDACTED] made up a story about how the prosecutor's office agreed to a bail but that it was 2 million baht and had to be paid within a few days.

So I called [REDACTED]. I told him what had happened and assured him that he was in no danger since Ashley knew nothing about anything and the package was to [REDACTED] who had luckily been out of Thailand on vacation and who I had already warned not to return. [REDACTED] was completely insulated because I was in Ukraine. I told [REDACTED] the situation and he agreed to help. He went and found the money after I described to him where to dig it up from.

I then had a convoy set up to go deliver the bail in cash to the court house as I had been instructed. [REDACTED] representative [REDACTED] showed up along with another lawyer named [REDACTED] who had promised he had connections and could ensure the bail was accepted for \$150,000 baht, which I promptly paid as well.

The bail was rejected. It was only after they had got the bail rejected twice, basically ensuring Ashley would never get it since superior courts in Thailand almost never supersede lower court decisions, that the actual arrest affidavit explicitly recommended that no bail be offered until after the initial hearing because they deemed Ashley a flight risk. It was only when I received this from yet another layer, [REDACTED] with Thailand Bail, that I realized just how monstrously [REDACTED] had acted.

Not only had they ripped me off, but they ruined Ashley's chances with a needless lie so he could profit a measly 30 and 150,000 baht on top of the \$3,000 [REDACTED] was already paid for doing nothing. [REDACTED] thus got \$4,000 and [REDACTED] \$5,000. [REDACTED] was sent the money from Western Union in Dnipro Ukraine and [REDACTED] was paid in cash from my chef [REDACTED] who worked with Ashley at the biscuit shop. There are pictures of the payment occurring with confirmation texts as well.

I asked [REDACTED] to keep the rejected bail money because after [REDACTED] failed I went with the choice of [REDACTED], the ambulance chaser at [REDACTED]. They extorted me for over \$30,000 dollars in legal fees and promises, none of which were delivered as Ashley was not even defended competently and was given a death sentence commuted to life in prison. [REDACTED] is not a real lawyer, he is a scam artist.

Then [REDACTED] absconded with the other \$30,000 one week before Ashley's trial bill was due forcing me to liquidate most of my remaining crypto wealth to pay [REDACTED] in Bitcoin, which he was duly paid.

When this betrayal from [REDACTED] occurred I went public with his involvement. I published facebook postings and contacted the police who I sent photos and text to. I contacted the school and provided irrefutable evidence to all parties but no one wanted to undo what had been done to Ashley because the alternative is not only a big story that makes many people look incompetent, as they are, it is a Hollywood movie that would light the islands on fire. The life I lived was unbelievable and it was all being done very slickly. Real Walter White shit. I used to get a real kick in the irony of paying for medical school through selling drugs.

However it looks much better for everyone involved if it is Ashley who gets caught importing drugs from a biscuit shop, even though I only used that shop for less than six weeks. Ashley, the 21 year old former kindergarten teacher and biscuit lady - That's who they wanted. It looks much better for them that way.

I used [REDACTED] for well over a hundred weeks. I used my shop for less than six. The alternative story that an "American playboy runs an international drug ring for years between three islands in the gulf of thailand and gets away with it scot free," is simply not acceptable to many parties there on the ground. So Ashley's innocent young life is the price they wish paid for their precious face to be saved a dirty day. [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] Ashley though? Denied bail at 2 million baht for being coerced into signing her name by a delivery man ordered to get a signature by the police.

That is not justice, **that is entrapment.**

The fact the Koh Samui Police and [REDACTED] *willfully covered the truth* for so long while Ashley has suffered endlessly behind bars should not be allowed to go unpunished.

Ashley was railroaded. Denied bail for signing her name to a box while during the same time a Koh Samui police officer was caught raping a Burmese woman in a holding cell ON CAMERA and was given bail at 500,000 baht *the next day*. I'm not making this stuff up.

Ashley was kept quarantined for two weeks everytime she was taken out of the prison for a hearing. In her sixteen months of incarceration, more than three months have been in complete isolation due to COVID protocols.

Listen - I did 11 days of isolation in the brig in Quantico, VA once and by day four I was having auditory hallucinations. They put that poor girl inside for 28 days and left her there. I ask you, is this justice? Is this the world we accept? I don't. I hope you won't either. Once you know, inaction brings culpability. So I beg you will take action for a poor and defenseless young woman who is now inexplicably unable to even write letters to the outside world.

I used to be able to write to her twice per week. Then it went down to once.

The South African embassy used to help me schedule the calls with the prison. I got two per month. Then they grew weary of the repeated request and had me contact the prison directly via line. The prison ignored my request for weeks causing me to have to contact the embassy who would restart the whole process over so that two calls a month eventually became one and then became none. The last time I was allowed to speak with Ashley was on Dec. 16th. 2021.

They moved Ashley in the middle of the night during her appeal from the prison on Koh Samui where I had money, books, and letters regularly delivered to a mainland prison. They put her in 28 days of isolation citing COVID. During this time, the South African embassy

was made aware of the same injustices which you readers have now and instead of responding, I was met with only silence. I sent nine separate emails requesting how to send Ashley letters, books, and funds and the most recent one I received back said that Ashley can only receive 2 phone calls per year for 10 minutes each. That she can receive no letters - security concerns were cited.

Yet, other prisoners at the same prison have been receiving letters and funds for years, proof has been posted on the website. A prison where the prisoners are not allowed to write sounds more like a concentration camp where atrocities are committed and the authorities do not want it exposed. They cite security concerns just like governments cite righteous protestors as terrorists and racists.

Ashley is 22 years old now. She turns 23 next month. It will be her second birthday in prison for a crime, for an entire life, that she had nothing to do with. Just a victim of corruption and the evil ways of man. The government is trying to bury her under illegal and atrocious procedures which afford her less rights than convicted murderers, who are allowed free on a quarter bail. For rape and for murder. Ashley though, who has never had any prior convictions or trouble even in school was sentenced to death, commuted to life without parole.

This is mercy?

I have not seen, heard from, or spoken to Ashley since January 9th when her last terrified letter arrived. I do not even know if she is still alive.

Please, do your part. Remember that a drop creates a trickle that forms a stream which fills an ocean.

Every drop matters. Ashley matters. Justice, truth, and accountability do matter. Love matters.

Therefore I beg each and every reader who has made it this far to share this outrageous evil on every platform you are able. You really do make a difference. We only need one person of power and influence to take up our cause and we can ensure that Ashley is given freedom instead of continued misery.

Everything I do now is devoted to her. However she needs more than my help right now. She needs good and decent people the world over to know and to speak out on her behalf to bring this terrible ordeal to an end.

So please, contact your local and regional government officials, business leaders, influencers and even celebrities and let's get Ashley's story out to the world and save her from further misery.

I do not need help, Ashley does. I am just the only one willing to risk my life to save her since I have no life while she suffers for my wrongs. Using the shop and putting her in this unforgivable position is a stain that will never wash away.

The rest I lose not a wink over. I never sold crack, meth, heroin, opiates - no bull shit. I sold party drugs to consenting adults, I did not force them like the governments just did with 0 liability, and after the last two years of forced vaccinations with experimental drug cocktails. The continued hypocrisy surrounding the drug usage of responsible adults such as LSD,

MDMA, Ketamine, and XTC is out of this world wrong and must be resisted by freedom loving adults everywhere. It is YOUR life. Doing Ketamine on the beach does not hurt anybody so please fuck off with all your ethanol and tobacco and anti-depressants and fucking booster shots.

When I was a kid I was called a degenerate for selling and smoking weed. Now the government gives permits to rich people so they can sell weed to everyone else after they go to the doctor and pay a tax to the same state that spent decades convicting felons for the same privilege. Lol. The hypocrisy these days has grown overwhelming. *Mort omnibus tyrannis.*

Of course, if we can make this international news, which I will, then chances are no money would be needed at all. It is outrageous that rapists walk free and little girls are locked away and thrown away the key for the rest of their life to cover for incompetent men's dirty faces. Every person involved should be ashamed and more than a few held culpable. People only do what you let them. I refuse to let this continue. I hope for Ashley's sake that you will to. It all starts with a drop.

My life is devoted to Ashley's freedom. Please help her see that freedom won sooner than later, when the flower of her youth has already gone and died away. Everyday she is there. Everyday.

Please help to fight for her. **Thank you.**

Tristan Nettles

Fighting for Ashley
#FreeAshley