

Felipe Osiadacz, charged with culpable homicide in Malaysia: "I spent six months locked in 14 square meters, with the door closed, unable to leave"

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Body

Philip Osiadacz was expected by his father and sister at the airport last April. He returned to Chile after 15 months and 11 days in the High Security **Criminal Sungai Buloh, Malaysia**, for the culpable murder of **Yusaini Bin Ishak**. But that reunion, they recall today, was strange: even though he kept repeating that everything was fine," he seemed programmed like a robot, as if he wasn't really there," said her sister Nicole. The reasons would be understood in the following months. And they will be embodied in a book that Osiadacz began to write as soon as he settled in his house in Concon and that today accumulates more than 300 pages about his hard captivity.

It all started one night in Kuala Lumpur. "I saw coming to my friend Fernando, followed by one more person; I asked him 'what's going on' and he told me that He was following it for several blocks and that I had offered him sexual services. He told me he didn't know how to get him off his back. I asked this person what he wanted and he replied 'before you go up to the piece you have to pay me'. I said, in English, 'before I go up to the piece so, if my friend has said no, what are you talking about.' Then this person locked the doors on us and shouted, 'I followed your friend for 10 minutes, they have to pay me for the time I lost.'"

The rest is known history: after a struggle Yusaini Bin Ishak died after being held on the ground by the Chileans. A lengthy judicial process is still ongoing against Osiadacz and **Fernando Candia** – of whom the former refuses to speak – who returned to Chile while an appeal by the Asian country's prosecutor's office seeking to apply a three-year sentence to both Young.

PHOTO: JUAN FARIAS

How were your first days at the police station at the start of the investigation?

After we were arrested we were passed an orange clothes, defecate, with urine, broken and you have to sleep on the floor without pillow sores, with temperatures that made you sweat all day and, at night, very cold. In those days I counted on the body more than 120 stilt bites; then I didn't even worry about any more telling them. He was literally like a dog. In the first few days I dropped four or five kilos, there was nothing nutritious to eat. But the worst were the gendarmes who threatened me and simulated with their hands the figure of a gallows; they'd say, "You think you come here to kill people, well, you're going to die."

And what did you feel when you're sure you're going to jail?

When 12 days the consul arrived and told me that he was sorry about what was going on, but that he would be prosecuted for murder. He said he had to be strong and thank you for being alive. When I heard "jail", rapes, murders, beatings, drugs, destruction came to my mind. I couldn't believe it.

How was he trying to handle it?

I started meditating, which helped me manage anxiety. I wanted to keep my sanity for my family. It's a survival issue, you have to repeat yourself that this isn't death, it may be close, but for now you have to hold on to life. For

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the first six months I cried every night, but I used to dream that I was free, and when I woke up and realized I was in a prisoner, I could cry for two more hours.

Did you feel guilty about what happened to who you ended up being a victim?

Yes, but I also went into shock and despair; I don't know how to describe it. Imagine going from such a good time, that you have your plans, your illusions, and suddenly through an argument, for something you didn't even look for, your life changes. But yes, I felt guilty and regretted the situation. When the months passed I always felt guilt because a person ended up dead; it wasn't a black eye, here a person died and that's never going to change.

How was your relationship with the other prisoners?

There were mishaps, as I was locked up with pure men coupled with not opening the doors for us to walk or exercise, so it was unlikely that there would be no arguments or fights. One of the few days they opened the cell door, I peeked out the window with bars and in front of me I saw two Nigerians breaking their faces. If someone caught up with combos, the gendarmes closed the doors for a month, and usually when they opened the doors, something happened, because of all the stress we carried. I'd tell you every six months they opened the door ten times.

What other episodes of violence did you experience?

Always after going to court I had to be quarantined, which means that I entered a different block than I normally was, in pieces 30 meters long by 5 wide, where the drugs went everywhere. There were approximately 180 people. There I took advantage of showering at night, always worried about drying well so that I would not get mushrooms. Once I heard screams in another cell, very loud screams, I saw many gendarmes running back and forth, for at night, to avoid riots, they took the keys to another block. They ran to get the keys because something was going on. That's one thing I'd like to highlight: if something happened to you at night, if you were dying for example, the gendarmes, even if they wanted to, couldn't get in, because they didn't have the keys. I finally saw someone get killed on a stretcher. He had killed himself. Again, also at night, when I had only 3 days in Sungai Buloh, a myanmarino stole a paste from me for one who had bought me. When the boss of the piece found out I was robbed, it was where this person had been robbed and hit him for forty minutes, with kicks, combos, I was frozen. I never expected to see anything like that.

PHOTO: JUAN FARIAS

How did you deal with the presence of drugs?

There was methamphetamine, marijuana, ecstasy sideburns. The way they had to get the drug in was to pay the person for x-rays; they also paid the gendarmes to open the doors so they could make the sales. In fact, that was one of the reasons why cell doors were always closed, as it was lucrative for gendarmes to charge for opening them. They offered me free drugs to try to get addicted, but I never accepted. It was a matter of seeing how the addicts lived to know that I didn't want to end up like them.

What was the hardest time?

There were six months that I was locked in the piece and they didn't open the door for me, half a year we couldn't get out of a cell of 14 square meters! We didn't even have permission to go out for 15 minutes to walk right there on the block. Six months, there were ten people, and the only space I had was where my body fit. I was with Ukrainians, Chinese, Nigerians and Malaysians; there were fed up with conflicts. They could be two hours arguing whether the wall was white or brown, for giving you an example.

Have you ever experienced a direct threat in prison to your physical integrity?

Yes, an Indian mafia threatened me to kill one of the many times I was quarantined. They came up to me and said, "Change your position, we're going to get here." I said no. Then one of them asked me, "Do you know who I am?" I answered again no and they said, "We killed the prosecutor who was involved in the case of the former prime minister of Malaysia, and we can kill you at night and nobody will say anything; in fact, I'm going to kill you tonight." Later that day other people came to my piece and told me that I had to change because if someone died in

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quarantine all the people in the piece were going to be under investigation, so I decided to change. That same night, when I thought I was being killed at any moment, the same mob person came up to me and apologized to me: "In jail you have to assert yourself," he told me. It's not to believe it, but we ended up making friends and he told me to have any problems with them.

Was there any activity, other than reading, that you did in your cell?

I made a world map on the piece that generated a stir, it was one meter by one and a half, with all the islands and countries of the world. When the gendarmes and insmen passed by, they asked "who did that," they were crazy about the map, it was very detailed, they even asked me to replicate it in other cells. At that moment I became acquainted people saw me meditating, with books every week. I read a 1,300-page book in two-and-a-half days, on average I think I read 10 hours a day.

Why did you plead guilty if you claim to be innocent?

I would never have pleaded guilty because I and the lawyers knew that I had not intended to harm anyone and that the evidence corroborated what I said from the very first moment. But I did it because justice in Malaysia wasn't going to let me go like that.

How was the actions of the Chilean authorities in your case?

Excellent, was very nice to us and I am very grateful for everything you did. Once, however, we had a problem because he came to see me in jail with an Ipad, without realizing it. When I noticed it I asked if I could record a happy Christmas video for my family, which was perhaps reckless of me. In less than ten seconds I managed to tell them not to worry and that they were happy. Neither I nor he noticed that there were cameras in the room. Soon the gendarmes arrived and told Juan Francisco that what was in his hands was illegal. I went back to the cell thinking I wished they didn't do anything to him, but it was actually me who was in trouble. They sent me to call the place where the punishments were being issued and told me I would be locked up for seven days in Tawakal, where the pieces are half the size of the regulars of the prison where I was. There the food was worse and the cell light, which was very intense, was always on. It was very difficult to sleep.

How did you receive the appeal to the judge's ruling, filed by the Malaysian Prosecutor's Office?

The Prosecutor's Office appealed 2 hours and 15 minutes before it closed on the last possible day to appeal in court. I mean, last minute. I was notified by the consul. That same day in the morning he had visited me in jail and said, "Felipe, forget the appeal, this ends today, your family is preparing to spend Christmas with you somewhere isolated." And there I was, happy, and I returned to the cell, which was not easy since in advancing 200 meters I took two hours for bureaucratic things from prison, such as the prohibition of looking the gendarmes in the eye and the obligation to kneel in front of them. When I got to the cell, it was two minutes past and I heard "Chileans, phone call." They've never said that before. It took me half an hour to get back in check and there the consul tells me, "You don't know how sorry I am to tell you this Philip, but they just appealed." I started crying and I went into shock, it didn't fit in my head, I didn't understand why. After that I was taken to the piece and I ended up getting sick; I stopped eating, started defecating blood, had spasms in my stomach; I was already skinny before, but at that time I came to weigh 59 kilos and I measure 1.81. I wasn't in the mood for anything, I didn't want to live, I was begging the universe to take me in the dream.

PHOTO: JUAN FARIAS

Why did you decide and how did you manage your return to Chile with the trial pending?

I'm not going to address that issue right now. I don't think it's wise.

Now that you're back, what are your plans?

After living something so extreme you start to appreciate the simplest moments, such as watching a beautiful sunset, and appreciate the new opportunity to enjoy that landscape. But people don't normally live their lives that way. I feel like I lived an experience that should be conveyed, in the sense of sharing the importance of thanking you for what you have, of understanding that life is not a competition. That's why I want to do motivational talks that

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help people cope with adversity when they think everything is lost, because if there's one thing I know, it's that after the storm the sun always comes out, but that depends on one, the attitude with which you face life .

Are you grateful for someone in particular?

I am very grateful to all the people who got involved, my father, my sister, my family in general, and in particular the lawyer Jorge Boffil, for their advice and support even before I returned to Chile. There were also people who sent me books, who gave a word of support to my father and sister at the most critical moments, people who without knowing me or my family supported us emotionally and financially. Without all that support, without that good energy, I wouldn't be here.

Is it your experience that you portray in the book you are writing?

The book tells how I managed to get ahead in a hostile environment, with a different culture and language, with the prospect of dying by hanging and away from all my loved ones. The book, in turn, can be interpreted as a denunciation of the living conditions of the Malaysian prison and judicial system; I want readers to realize how human rights are run over in these places and not just my particular experiences. There are those who live something like this and say "well, somebody's going to take care of it." I couldn't keep working and make a clean slate if I know there are people who still live it for years, day after day, hour after hour, until they die. I have a moral and social commitment to help you.

The entry Felipe Osiadacz, charged with culpable homicide in Malaysia: "I was locked up for six months in 14square meters, with the door closed, unable to get out" was first published in La Tercera.

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