

I have had a lot of trouble with the self-publication of the book I have written and published, "Above the Law." Of the 1500 I had printed I sold 1400 to the people of Newcastle. These books were all sold by word of mouth to people within the community that knew me and in clubs that I had frequented whilst I was doing my writing, and organising the Newcastle launch in at the Old Police Station at Newcastle. The launch was filmed by Ian Hamilton from production company Limelight Creative Media. Although we had a book shop selling 'Above the Law' in Hamilton and Adamstown, the events that transpired in my life over the past 5 years put an abrupt halt in the continual promotion and distribution of the book to a standard that matches the importance of the issue covered by Above the Law. I was unable to put 100 per cent effort into putting the books message out there! Because of the Newcastle Police Force!

Now I would like to become part of the computer age and move forward, talking to as many people as I can about my life and experiences with the justice system. I do agree that we need the Police force to uphold the law and control society or we would be in chaos but when but when the Police put themselves above the justice system is where I feel they fall short and in these cases they to need to answer for their crimes. I have stood alone against government and courts that have sold us out and by not standing together and people being so dumb as to sell themselves out, every human right has been taken away from us! The justice system is made up to protect itself, but harms the rights of normal citizens! I intend to talk about my life as it is now, but to totally understand you should look at my past. My book 'Above the Law' I named people, and called a spade a spade! I consider myself to be a true Australian Legend. The book Above the Law belongs in Australian history. I lay claim to starting the Nagle Royal Commission into the prison system, which for a while did give the prisoners some better conditions and more rights. However, my right has been covered up by the courts and the legal system.

On the 10th December 2010, I left my home to meet up with my step-son Brett Roby, for the purpose of beach walking as we regularly had in the past for health reasons. As I parked my car, at Cox Lane off Nelsons Bay Rd near the Williamtown Newcastle Airport. I had no sooner parked my car when I saw Brett's car coming in my review mirror. I opened the door and stepped out from my car. A white Ute was following Brett, and a person now known to me as Detective Brad Smith was standing on the running board of the ute, with a gun pointed towards me. (He was dressed in a T-shirt and shorts and looked nothing like a police officer.) He ran at me jumping off the ute while it was still moving and in no time at all the gun was pointed at my head, one of his hands was on my shoulder, saying "Get on the fucking ground!" As I lay on the ground I was being kicked, I said; "Take my watch, take my wallet! Take my money!" I really thought I was being robbed. I looked at the scratches on the butt of the gun and my body froze. My thoughts then went back to my time in Grafton Prison Track Section and all the torture I endured. I was so frightened. I said "Don't torture me, I was tortured in prison!" The kicking to my body never stopped. Brad Smith said "Here's another chapter for your book Johnny." I felt my body being kicked and jumped on by at least 2 people. Then someone yelled out, "Give the cunt a dose of this Smithy!" The something was sprayed in my eyes, and that's when I realised it's the police.

I was taken to Raymond Terrace police station. When later on an ambulance was called to take me to Maitland hospital. To me it only felt like minutes but the paramedic gave evidence it was 1 hour and 13 minutes, because they had to wait for a police escort. I didn't know it but I must have passed out. I had poison going through my body and I had soiled my pants. When I arrived at Maitland Hospital I remember complaining loudly, "I am not the accused here! I am the victim! I have been kicked and bashed by the police!" Though I complained I was never treated by doctors as a victim. I had a broken nose, and broken spine in 2 places and my ribs were broken in 25 places. Some of my ribs had been broken in 2 places.

The complaint I made was the last thing I was to remember, as I slipped into a coma for over 6 weeks. My partner Carol had been told by doctors "My body functions were gone, even if I was to come out of the coma there was a big chance I would be brain dead" and ask her for permission to turn off the life support. Carol refused on both accounts to turn off the life support and avoided talking to doctors.

Had I died my life would have been a death in custody and a constant cover up, by false charges and paper work.

I remember coming out of the coma my brother Jim saying to me "You have been in a coma for a long time now." I tried to speak but only growling sounds came out of my mouth. Jim continued "He's trying to speak give him a pen and paper!" I went into panic thinking, why can't I speak? What's happened to me? Has my brain been damaged? By the time I was handed a pen and some paper I was shaking so much I was unable to write. I was like that for nearly 3 days.

My foot was shackled to the bed and I was under prison guard. When I finally could talk I said "What's going on Carol?" She replied "You've been charged with drug supply and resist arrest." I said "That's bullshit! I haven't done anything wrong! I've been charged to cover up what they have done to me!"

The leg iron in my foot came from the 18th century, it may have been made for walking but not for laying on a bed it went around my leg like a handcuff and extended out where my leg was on the bed, the top section was like a press. Both of my legs were badly bruised the pain was torture! My complaints to Prison officers on guard and Hospital staff fell on deaf ears. When I refused to allow the leg irons to be put on, I was told If you I didn't let them put the leg irons back on I would be held down and they would put them on by force and if need be they would then put leg irons on both legs and then handcuff me to each side of the bed! I had 2guards with me at all times. I was unable to even walk over to the toilet because the muscles in my legs wouldn't support me even though my doctors had said I needed to do physiotherapy so I could begin to start to walk again. The Correctional Services denied me that right and the Corrective Services said I was a security risk!

A bedside hearing was arranged with a magistrate. When she read the evidence she asked;" Where is the evidence against Mr Thornton?" The Prosecutor replied; "At this time I don't have the transcripts." Magistrate; "If that's all you have to show then the charges against Mr Thornton are weak. I set bail at \$10,000!"

I paid \$2000 for transcripts that belonged to Brett Roby. I didn't know anyone on the brief. When I pointed out that fact to Andrew Bright he then offered to the D.P.P. to drop the charges of drug supply. Those charges were dropped but I was left to fight the charge of resist arrest.