

To the Honorable Brian S. Miller,

My name is Hamis Alsharkey your my Judge in Case no. 4:09cr00021-01 BSM. I'm writing you this out of fear for my life. The stuff I'm going to tell you are true facts of what happened. I feel like you're the only one (other than GOD) I can trust at this time. I've meet you, your an up standing guy, I like the way you handle your business and most of all I can tell your a man of truth. Please I NEED YOUR HELP! Please take a few mins. of your time and hear what I got to say. I was forced to do something I didn't want to be part of. I have seen these people mess a man up with millions of dollars and if they can do what they want to him, well then i'm a nobody. If tomorrow they find me hang in my cell, well I believe and trust in you and want to let you know if anything where to happen to me, you'll know before hand the "Why". Your Honor I'm scared for my life. I don't trust my lawyer or even to tell my wife over the phone, or even write her in a letter. My lawyer is a part of this criminal offense.

At first I thought they came to me with an future, an opportunity for me and my wife

and kids. I don't have nobody else here in America, my mom, dad, brothers, and sisters got deported back to Yemen. I've been locked-up for over a year, all my friends I had, gone. They offered me an immunity so I can be with my wife and kids here in America. But at the same time I was scared because they told me "if you don't take up on this offer, you would regret it" So what other choice I had? I was scared and I did what they wanted me to do and say, out of fear. It all started on Aug. 28, 2009....

~ Aug. 28, 2009 ~

One that Friday in the afternoon I was moved from cell number P-311 to P-317 with Ben deep Mann. We became cellmates and we got to know each other better. Six (6) day later...

~ Sept. 3, 2009 ~

I was one of the unit's clean-up crew. My job that night was to clean the showers. I have did the showers because I need some bleach (so called "clorform") to wash my clot. They keep the bleach in the deputy's bath room just cause we (mates) keeps on take

it, but only brings out just enough for a spray bottle. I had went to the utility room and grabed a small trash bag and poured th bleach in to it. I went by our room (P-317) and asked Randeep if he needed some and he tells me 'NO, I'm alright'. I then asked him if I should sell it, he says "Whatever, do what you want". I had took it in to the room and put it beside of the sink and had put a face rag on top of it (in away was try to hide it). The next day...

Sept 4, 2009

After eating lunch me and Randeep was in the room. Deputy Evins and Sgt. Tensley and Sgt. Bangs came in to the cell and told us to step out. There was 3 U.S. Marshals' waiting to search our room. The Sgt. put me in the cellyport and Randeep in to a shower for a strip search, I thought I would be next but the Marshals' never searched me or said anything to me. The deputy asked me what was my stuff in the room, when I was still in the cellyport. They (Sgt's and U.S. Marshals') walked Randeep out of the unit and move him to a suicide cell by himself in another

unit. The deputy let me went back to my room (P-317). I had changed rooms and moved back to my old room (P-311). Six (6) days later....

Sept 10, 2009~

I was in my room (P-311) and was told to get ready to go to court. So I grabbed my paperwork thinking you wanted to see me. One of the Sgt's that's in the transport department, Sgt Redmen came and got me from the unit and walked me to where the Marshal always come and get the inmates for court, but on our little walk we talked a little bit. She asked me how I was doing and I told her I was fine and asked her the same but then I asked her "was the Marshals' down-stair already?" she said "No, not yet but A.T.F. is comin' for you". So, I was like "huh, what's the difference?" she said "I don't know, but they called and asked to get you ready, they was on the way". So, I get down to the holding booth and the family come. Two (2) A.T.F. agents (still don't know they names, but one is 5'9, 150 lbs, w/m, about 30-35 years old and the other one is about 5'7, 190-210 lbs, buld body, w/m,

about 40-48 years old) comes and tell me "Hi, how are you doing?" I tell them good and then asked me "You ready?" So they put the ankle cuffs on but no handcuffs, I thought they was kind of wiered because every time I wen to any court, they'll have both on. On our way out I asked them "What's the differens between you two and the Marshalls taking me to court?" They say "we'll tell you in a few mins". So now I'm like "What the hell is going on?", "What's happening here?" I get in the a gray Impala and they tell me "Were going to have a meeting with you, your lawyer Omar Green, and US Attorney Karen Whatley in the front building, when we get there we'll talk about this some more." I was like "well, at lest Omar will be there?" We get there and Karen Whatley hasn't showed up yet so the short A.T.F. agent says "Omar, I'll let you bring him up to date and we'll be out here until Karen shows up." He leaves and I start talking; (note: Omar Green (O.G.), Karen Whatley (K.W.), short A.T.F. agent (S.A.), and tall A.T.F. agent (T.A.))

Me: Omar what's going on here?

O.G.: I got good news for you.

Me: What?

O.G.: These people is fanna ask you about Randeep Mann and in return they are willing to give you a "time-cut" on your sentence. But I advice you it's in your best interest.

Me: What? Like what plus my time is already short, I ant got nothing but like 6 to 9 month and plus I'm facing deportation anyway.

O.G.: Really you only got that much left? I believe they can help you get imubate to stay here in the States.

Me: Man, I wouldnt know what to tell them anyway, it's not like I knew him from the free world.

O.G.: Just answer what they ask you.

By that time they all walked in the room, the two unknown A.T.F. agents and Karen Whalley. We all said our "Hi's" and "How are you doing's" and then it went on like this:

O.G.: He doesn't have a lot of time to get any "time-cut," but he do has an immigration hold and they're going to deport him back to Yemen. He's been here 18 years be

all his family had got deported not so long ago and he don't wants to go. What you think?

K.W.: We can grant him invite to stay in the States.

O.G.: It sounds like an opportunity of a life time to me. What you think Hamis?

Me: Yea, but what I got to do?

S.A.: Answer to what we ask you?

Me: And if I don't?

S.A.: Well, it's like this off the record if you help us with what we need, we will give you invite to stay here with your wife and kids in the States and will not get deported to Yemen, but if you don't take up on this offer you would regret it.

K.W.: I'm going to make sure every thing works out with immigration, I got a lot of friends in that department.

Me: Okay, where do we start?

(*note*) They wouldn't tell me what to say but as you'll see, they were telling me how to say what they wanted me to say. This is what they were

asking and me answering.)

S.A.: Did Mr. Mann send anybody to do the bombing on Dr. Petres car?

Me: I don't know

S.A.: No, try again

Me: Yes

S.A.: That's better

S.A.: How does he feel about Dr. Petres?

Me: He don't like him

S.A.: Better

S.A.: Have you heard him say; "Good thing come to an end", or "It starts one way but it ends another way", or "People get what they deserve", or even "An eye for an eye". Do you think he was talking about the bombing?

Me: I might or I might not have heard him say them, but I even say stuff like that —

S.A.: We're talking about him

Me: Well, okay

S.A.: Do you think it had something with the bombing?

Me: No, he couldn't have been talking about anything

S.A.: Nope, that's not it

Me: Yea, it did

S.A.: Your getting better at this

S.A.: Who's Clorform was that?

Me: Mine, I got it from a spray bottle

S.A.: No, try again

Me: It was his

S.A.: Who put them gennades there?

Me: Somebody

S.A.: Was it somebody he knows

Me: It could be

K.W.: That's real good today. You did a good job. We advise you, that you should not talk to nobody about this, even your wife. Do you have anything you want to risk anyone here?

Me: No

K.W.: Well, then if you want to get in contact with us, you could let Oma know and he'll let us know then we'll set up a meeting. But we'll be telling the county that your going to court because we want to keep this between us only.

Me: Alright

We had said our good byes, and then the two A.T.E. agents brought me back to the holding booth and then they left and I'm back to the unit.

Your Honor I was scared what else I was suppose to do, when they told me "... if you don't take up on this offer you would regret it". I did what they wanted me to do out of fear, I mean after my lawyer said "It sounds like an opportunity of a life time to me what you think?" I knew he wasn't there to be on my side and after he seen and heard the whole thing and knew it was wrong, he didn't stop it at all but let it happen. After that day I didn't hear nothing from them not until...

- Nov. 2, 2009 -

On this day I had come back in front of you but before I seen you I was caught in to an interview room (the re where I would talk to my lawyer before we go in front of you). I wasn't appricized when I seen the two unknown

A.T.F. agents, Karen Whortley with Omar Green in the room. We said our "Hi's" and "How are you doing's"; and then we got in to it;

S.A. We see you've been getting letters from him.

Me: Yea, he's been writing me since Sep

K.W. Anything you want to add?

Me: No, he's not saying anything about his case, you got all the letters I ever got from him.

Me: Do you want me to stop writing him?

K.W.: It doesn't matter, other then you can't be asking him about his case and that's because you haven't read him his rights and that's only because since you with us, your concerned an agent and that would be unuseable in court because most likely he'll show the court, what you asked him is on paper.

Me: So, it's alright to write him?

K.W. Yea, just don't set-your self up.

Me: Alright

The 3 left and Omar stood behind me and him talked about my case for a little bit. He told me he had got the P.S.R. that day and I was going to plead guilty and put in a motion for a continuance on my sentencing. A few mins after that I came in front of you plead guilty and then Omar and the U.S. Attorney had approused the ba- rch and informed you that, I'm being used as a leading witness in another case and if I would to get sentence that day then immigration will deport me and need a continuance for that reason.

Now the next date will be when I was put in front of the Grand Jury, but I was never told about seeing the Grand Jury. . . .
- Nov. 7, 2009

On this day, I thought something appened with my case and you wanted to see me. Again I was seen by Omar, aren Whatley, the two unknown A.T.F.

agents and a male prosecutor ("I don't remember his name, but he looks like about 5'7, 150 lbs, looks about 25 years but is about 30-35 years, w/m and pink in the face). Before they put me in front of the Grand Jury the male prosecutor (M.P.) asked me the same questions I was asked in my first interview and when I heard the first question, I already knew what I had to do because I was scared of what they said in the first interview ("...you would regret it"), so I said what they wanted me to say out of fear. And it went like this...

M.P.: Did Mr. Mann send anybody to do the bombing on Dr. Petres' car?

Me: Yes.

M.P.: Do you know who?

me: No, but it was somebody.

M.P.: Did you ever hear him say, "People get what they deserve", or "Good thing come to an end", or what about "It starts one way but it ends another way" Do you think he was talking about the

coming?

Me: Yea, it did

M.P.: Who put them Gercoades there?

Me: Somebody, he knew

M.P.: Who's e lor form was that?

Me: it was his

M.P.: Karen tells me you'll be getting an invite to stay in the States for doing this. Right

Me: Yea

K.W.: You will be asked "Why are you doing this?" and you would respond with "I want to stay in the States and be with my wife and kids. That way it will help me get you the invite when you go to immigration court.

Me: Alright

K.W.: You ready to do this, so we can get you back to your family and stay here in the States?

Me: Yea

I was then brought in front of the Grand Jury in minis, they told me after we finished that I did a great job and proud of me and it went

well but I swear Your Honor I felt like I could jump out the window. I know that was wrong what they had me do, but it was like "do it or you'll pay" and I just want to tell the truth why now? Because it's eating me up from inside-out, at first it was just a name but then that name gets a face and the face gets a wife, kids, a mamma and a dad, and maybe a brother and a sister. I'll never forgive myself for letting them send a man to prison by using a name. The next date Your Honor, was my last and resent visit by them and then when I grow some balls...

- April 22, 2010 -

I was brought down to the kitchen booth that morning. The two A.T.F. agents was already there waiting on me. I come down from the unit. I was joking and said "I didn't do it" to the agent because I could tell there was something on their minds and the short agent said to his partner "Well, he already knows why we're here", and that kind of free

me out because with these guy you don't know what to expect. They asked me what have I been up to and told me my lawyer won't be there and Floyd Hancock - Chief of Investigators of the F.P.D. office will be there instead and also Karen Whortley. We all got our seats but this time the short bodybuild agent grabs a chair and sits besides of me and says "I'm gonna sit here just in case he acts up" (I noted all the other time he and everybody else sat across from and only my lawyer would sit besides of me, but now he's putting a lot of pressure on me already knows I'm uncomfortable as it is) Karen Whortley starts;

K.W.: What's new with Mr. Mann these days?

Me: Well, ever since he got his discovery and found out that there was no evidence he's been very careful of what he says.

K.W.: Has he spoken about Dr. Petres or the Med. board?

Me: Nope, not a word

K.W.: Gernades?

Me: NO

K.W.: How about the bombing?

Me: Not that either

K.W.: Bullshit! We know he likes to run his mouth, and you're the closest person to him. He likes you, trusts you, and you two have been waiting to each other for a long time.

Me: Yes, that is true. But like I said, he's not saying a word about the case.

K.W.: Clorform, what about that?

Me: It was mine, I got it out of the spray bottle, I brought it in to the room.

K.W.: Really, where was it in the room?

Me: By the sink

K.W.: Was anything on top, beside, or under it?

Me: Yeah, a face rag on top of the bag. I was kind of hiding it in a way.

K.W.: In one letter he asks you to find out about a person but then on the next he's thanking for the information. What is that information?

Me: O' that was a name he needed

18 of 20

and I happen to come across him.
K.W. Why him? What did he do? What's
his name?

Me: The dude had got over on him and
wanted his real name not nickname. I don't
remember his name right now, it was some-
thing I had wrote down because I was
in a rush, but when I get back to the
unit I'll call Omar and let him know.

K.W. We believe your helping him.

Me:

K.W. We need that name.

Then up and gone, and I was on my
way back to the unit, no good-bye's
where said, no hang-in there, no nothing.
The next day I called Omar and I tel-
ed to him, he tells me he couldn't be
there because he had jury trial and I
told him about the interview and how
they were putting putsker on me and
the short A.T.F. making me uncom forbile
and he says "Its how the case is goin
and from what you said yesterday its ge-
ing down the drain and don't take it
personal its just business and don't wo-

everything will be alright," but then the phone cuts off and I've tried to call back a few times that day and a few times this past week.

I would like to end this by saying I'm sorry for what I was forced to do and should've spoke up earlier, but trial for this case is still 7 weeks from now and I pray it's not too late. But please understand what I'm doing now. I didn't and never did want to be apart of this, to send a man to prison without evidence, that would be very wrong and I don't want to be the person to help them. NO! Not, no more! But your honor you see why I'm coming to you, I need your help, I can't trust no body at this time. Your Honor I'm more than willing to do whatever you need me to do, if that mean to get a lie detect test I'll do it, get on the stand I'll do it, whatever you want. Yea, I won't get to stay here in America and get sent back to Yemen, but in my heart I know that's the right thing. Thank you for your time, and please Your

BY COMMISSIONER OF SUPERIOR COURT
SALINE COUNTY
NOTARY PUBLIC
ELIZABETH M. CROUCH
OFFICIAL SEAL - #1591030

Honor, let me get some type of resp-
ounds letting me know you got this.

I'm doing this on my free will. The
right here, I can say I wasn't forced,
bribed, or even threatened to do this. I
just want to tell the truth, and let
it be known to you.

Respectfully,
Hamis Alsharki

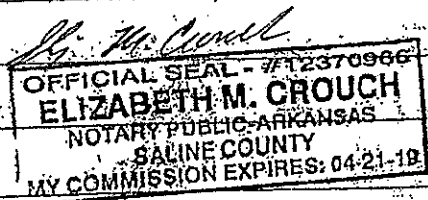
In witness wherefore, I hereunto set my hand
this 12th day of May 2010.

State of Arkansas)
(ss
County of Pulaski)

Hamis Alsharki
Hamis Alsharki

Subscribed and sworn to before me this
12th day of May 2010.

My Commission expires 04/21/2019



5/18/10

To the Honorable Brian S. Miller,

My name is Hamis Alsharki, I've written you the last time about all the events that's been going on with me being a witness in a case in your courtroom.

Today, I had a feeling about giving my lawyer Omar Green a call, so I called him and he tells me how he's going to get me a court date so I can go ahead and get sentence and deported back to Yemen. Also Karen Whatley and the others will not be using me to testify in court.

Your Honor, I truly believe they want to get rid of me, now they see that I'll be telling the truth, they don't want me now. I want to tell the court my side on what happened and how they did me. Now they don't want me to be apart of the case.

Your Honor that's wrong what they trying to do now and I want the truth to be told. I'm coming to you again for help. I don't know who else to

fun to. I trust you. Thank you for
your time.

Respectfully,
Hermis Oshaka
8/18/10