

FIFTY SHADES OF WEHEY!

THE
Old Drool
Porno
SPECIAL

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**Holly
Henderson**
IN

"Confessions Of A WAG"

*She was true blue
in the end!*

Also Staring **RAY WINSTONE** as THE SEXY BEAST • co starring **JOLEON LESCOTT** ENGLAND'S TOP MAN
and **DOM JOLY PRANKER** • **SUCKING ON A CUBAN, CIGAR** • and **JODIE MARSH** as JODIE MARSH

TRIALS Words BEN DUFFY

TRIALS

Noodles, needles and a serving of vice, loaded chase the Triad's dragon and tickle his seedy underbelly

Unseen beneath the flickering neon signs, hanging greased ducks and dirty pools of standing water in Hong Kong's sleazy backstreets flows a subterranean stream of vice. A sweltering world of illegal gambling, money laundering, arms trafficking, prostitution, people smuggling, extortion, counterfeiting and - on an increasingly regular basis - home invasion robberies.

Squalid opium dens offer rat-infested solace for punters floating in and out of consciousness after smacking themselves up to the eyeballs on the forbidden fruits of the illicit spice trade. Scores of harshly-painted ladies offer bondage, degrading sex sessions, water sports and humiliation to wealthy clients ready and willing to pay for the chance to sate their bizarre kicks. This is life in the gutter, but the characters pulling the strings are looking at the stars. Cast your eye close and tight to the peephole and behold the warped world of Triads. One gang based in the former British colony - the 14K group - boasts a 20,000 strong army of trained and loyal operatives, ready to maim and kill anyone who fails to pay their dues.

Their modus operandi extends to drive-by shootings, car bombings and assassination. The hallmark of their cruelty is the removal of limbs and dismembering of those who anger them. Despite becoming increasingly present in London, very little, if anything, is known about their inside dealings. We tracked down an ex-

Royal Marine who was forced into the infamous 14K gang in Hong Kong. Chris Thrall experienced conflict in Northern Ireland before serving as part of a high-security detachment on board an aircraft carrier. Yet it was the violent gang-run streets that shattered him. He had created a successful network-marketing business before moving out to Hong Kong to expand. However, fate dealt him a dark hand as he became addicted to crystal meth and found himself destitute.

hired killer

Unsurprisingly, a man with his skills was an attractive target for the gangs and - given his massive debt - there was no other option for him than to go cap in hand to the 14K clan. In 1995 he was employed as a doorman and took a huge stride into the underworld as clinical psychosis gripped his fragile mind. During his ten years as 'security' he came across a chilling cast, including a towering hired killer.

Speaking from the safe confines of a new home, Chris recalls "I had contact with the Triads every day. A fellow doorman was a 6'7" assassin that used to be smuggled into China to do hits on people and the get spirited back into Hong Kong. Just think Butlins for psychopaths. There is so much going on that you don't realise at first." Now he has wiped the slate clean, as much as he can, and begun a new life back in the UK writing a real-life account of the Triads. *Eating Smoke* details his decline into the drug induced psychosis and the mob.

A colourful cast surface from the sewers of

features

LOST DIGITS CRIME SPECIAL LOADED PROBE

Hong Kong like
Lenny Ball, a
hard-as-nails
Essex boy, the

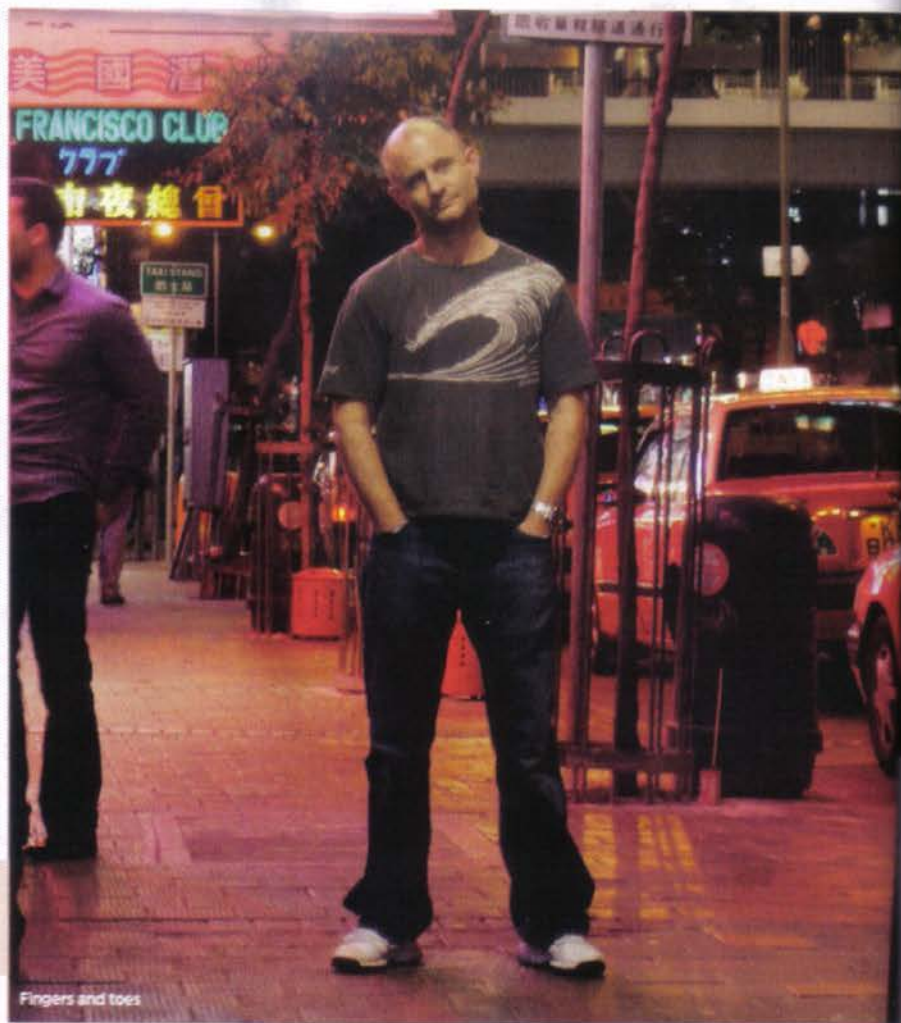
kind who only cares about drugs, German and Swedish motors, and birds – in that order. Sightseeing on the Orient wasn't exactly his bag, but banging out prettily-stamped pills to house-hungry expats for fifteen quid a time was – especially when he could smuggle hundreds of them where the sun doesn't shine and simply waltz through customs. For pocket money, he worked on the door of the Pussy Parlour in Kowloon, right in the heart of Sun Yee On Triad territory – not the sort of chaps you cross if you value your fingers and toes that is.

One night, while working the door beside Chris, a transit van pulled up and a heavily tooled-up mob of Triad foot soldiers piled out and set on him with meat cleavers. Lenny's face was shredded, slashed to bits, and his thumb was left hanging by a bloody thread of skin after he put his hands up to protect himself. As it turns out, they'd managed to get the wrong guy.

rooftop revenge

Visibly shaken by his brush with a sharp chopper, Chris recalls the night with fear in his voice, "I spied a recess set into the roof, some kind of utility shaft. I grabbed a rusting ladder, but only managed to get a foot on a rung before I slipped, falling into the darkness." He was only afforded a grim escape when a pile of human remains – belonging to a woman and child – broke his fall. "I didn't know if it was a mother and her baby, or a woman and a baby. What I did know was she'd been hacked to pieces. Her face – what was left of it – was still contorted with fear, as if she'd realised death was imminent, grimaced and, after the chopper had sliced her from crown to ear, her features had stayed that way. I wondered if her attacker had lopped her arms and legs off before or after that blow, because they were laid awkwardly against her torso."

"The little boy was on his back," he continues. "Draped across her midriff, with his eyes gently closed and mouth slightly ajar. His tiny belly wasn't so composed though. Through a single slash, his entrails spilled out on to the woman's chest, time and bodily fluid welding them together. It was a signature Triad revenge calling card." The 14K employed Chris as a nightclub doorman in the Wan Chai red-light district. One evening, two Thai prostitutes were sat at a table entertaining a mob boss sat drinking with the club owner. Without warning, one of girls drops to the floor. Her friend sits down astride her and begins to shake her. "To my mind, she was a touch too violent for it to be horseplay," shudders Chris. "The face of the girl on the floor turned a greyish shade of blue. Truth dawned that this wasn't frivolity – she'd collapsed. I jumped off the bar stool and ran over. The friend was hysterical, slapping her palms against her lifeless chest. I pushed her aside, bent down and put my open mouth above the girl's. I sensed a slight breath on my tongue. I checked her pulse, the rapid but barely detectable palpitations were racing at a



Fingers and toes

“After the chopper had sliced from crown to ear, the women's features had stayed that way”

hundred-and-sixty beats per minute. Fuck, I thought 'a crystal meth overdose.' The Good Samaritan act was soon thwarted though. "A pair of legs approached," says Chris, almost now immune to the horrors of what he is actually telling us. "I look up to see the Triad boss staring down with these callous cross-eyes. 'Throw her in the alleyway,' he says, with no emotion in his voice. I think to myself 'Like fuck am I gonna do that.'"

tables and chairs

This was not how Chris envisaged things turning out. "My friend, Josh, and I were very different," he tells *loaded*. "The sensible type, he'd come to Hong Kong for a daring work travel experience, and probably got a buzz from doing just that. As it turned out, we did have one thing in common. We'd both bore witness to the wrath of the Triads. Josh asked me how my Hong Kong experience was going. I was hesitant to tell him, particularly that I'd fallen foul of a crime syndicate. I thought he'd think me crazy if I told him the brotherhood even existed it was the exact opposite. When I said, 'I've had a few problems with the Triads, but it's not something you'd be aware of, by

crikey did he snap, stopping dead on the pavement and giving me the stare. 'Triads! You think I don't know about Triads, Chris! I'll tell you about Triads,' he shouted. He carried on, 'I was in a restaurant once, yeah? Normal scenario, place packed out, everyone sitting down to eat, everybody happy, then all of a sudden, on...like...some invisible cue or something, everyone, I mean everyone, stood up and threw everything they could at one poor guy. Everything! Chairs, tables, cups, crockery, cutlery – everything! It was the most horrific thing I've ever seen. So don't tell me about Triads, all right!'" Chris made up my mind never to lecture Josh about Triads. It seemed to be a bit of a sore point."

battle of lockhart road

At 32 years old, Droopy Eye I Io was young for a Dragon Head, the boss of the Sun Yee On Triad. He knew he had to make a name for himself, particularly in this city where the issue of face – respect – is everything. So when members of the Wo Hop To clan move in on his turf, threatening the owner of a seafood restaurant under his protection, he tells them straight "You have mistaken a passive tiger for



Got a light boy?



Unlucky cookie

a sick cat," then broadcasts a single codeword that triggers off pagers and phones in every business and tenement block in the area. Unperturbed, the Wo Hop To mobilise their soldiers, and over a hundred of them converge on Lockhart Road, matchsticks stuck in the corner of their mouths to differentiate them from the enemy.

"Not to be outdone, Droopy Ho calls in a favour with the 14K, another of the areas violent clans, asking them for back up" Chris recalls. "Two hundred thugs, identified by a turn-up in the left leg of their jeans, swarm down Lockhart with butcher's knives, hammers, bottles and nunchucks shoved in their waistbands." Wan Chai is set for the biggest showdown in the history of the Water Margin; only the sound of wailing sirens chuck a roach in the rice cooker. As the bloody battle rages on, Chris continues to describe the horrifying scenes. "Tommy Shek Lau Wing, a Sun Yee On lieutenant, runs a comb through his hair, the Triad signal for yam cha tea break. As the cop cars pour into the street seconds later the boys have disappeared."

These warped tales barely scratch the surface of this protected gang Triad fiefdom. Over the past decade they have swiftly moved to control swathes of gangland Britain. Tried and tested formula for brutal dealings is blighting inner cities as they become involved in every illegal money-making scheme imaginable. British crooks have been slain and bent businessmen have found themselves with digits sawn in a very clear sign of Triad intentions.

home threat

Its not just on the mainland either. In February this year, police in Northern Ireland raised concerns that women are being forced into sex slavery under threat of extreme violence. Gangs are tricking women to travel to the country by promising them cleaning and nannying jobs. Yet for Chris - one of the only people to talk out - describing his involvement in one of the most cut-throat societies is a therapy which has yet to finish. **loaded** *Eating Smoke: One Man's Descent Into Drug Psychosis in Hong Kong's Triad Heartland*, by Chris Thrall, is available now.

A BLACK RAIN'S GONNA FALL

ON THE BLOODY TRAIL OF HONG KONG'S TRIADS

MONEY MEN

Ancient Triads have dominated the Chinese criminal underworld since the late 1700s. Wherever there is a strong Asian population there is a presence of the group. From Hong Kong, China and Singapore, to the US, Canada and the UK, the Asian Mafia is believed to be raking in around \$200billion a year from illegal drug sales. Human trafficking in Europe also reaps around \$3.5billion, add to that the sales of counterfeit goods, bootleg DVD's, opium dens and brothels, and the futures bright.



TRIPLE THREAT

Named the Three Harmonies after the trio of gangs set up to take control of the crime across China. After migrating to Hong Kong the term Triads was first used by British police because of their triangle symbol. Today there are an estimated 300,000 members in Hong Kong alone and almost a million worldwide. A trademark calling card is the removal of fingers from victims paws.



BLOOD BROTHERS

For '49ers', who are just ordinary members to the 'Mountain Masters' who run entire gangs, there is nothing off limits and the gang have committed countless murders. Their initiation ceremony has remained the same since the early years. There is usually burning incense and an animal sacrifice, often a chicken, pig or goat. After drinking a mixture of wine and the blood of the animal, the member will pass beneath an arch of swords while reciting a Triad oath. Being a Triad is in almost all circumstances a lifelong commitment.



BRIT BOTHER

In the 1950s the infamous 14K Triad gang set-up cells amid bustling business communities in London, Manchester, Liverpool and Scotland. In 2007, a UK student was sentenced to life in prison after joining the Wo Shing Wo Triads and beating to death an 18-year-old over a £800 debt. Although quiet, they can be noticed by rolled up jeans and tattoos on their upper shoulders. They lure young members to join with promises of beer and women.

