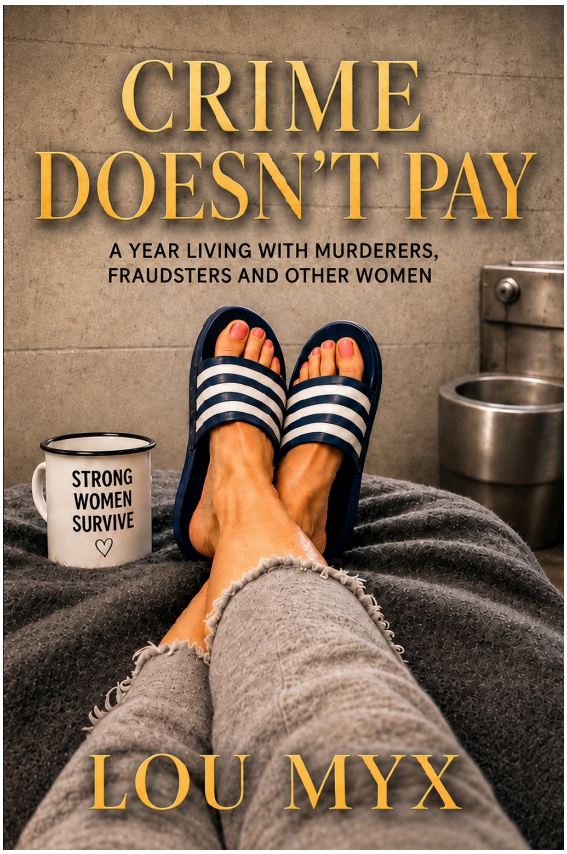

PRESS RELEASE
+ MEDIA PACK

CRIME DOESN'T PAY

A Year Living with Murderers, Fraudsters and Other Women

A very British prison memoir

LOU MYX

Publication 24 September 2026

Media pack contents

Press release · one-page book sheet · author bio · sample extract

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

CRIME DOESN'T PAY

A funny, candid and unfiltered memoir reveals what life inside a British women's prison is actually like

HERTFORDSHIRE, UK - 24 SEPTEMBER 2026

Crime Doesn't Pay: A Year Living with Murderers, Fraudsters and Other Women is a new prison memoir by Lou Myx, offering a vivid, sharply funny and deeply human account of a year inside two very different British women's prisons.

Sentenced to forty-four months for embezzlement, Myx entered prison with no idea what awaited her. She found a world of murderers, fraudsters, fights, friendship, terrible underwear, questionable plumbing, extraordinary ingenuity and some of the funniest women she had ever met.

The book begins with the absurdity of arriving in handcuffs and needing a pee bag in a prison van on the M25, then follows Myx from the high-security reality of Bronzefield to the strange freedoms and contradictions of open prison. Alongside the comedy are the women behind the offences, the failures of the system, unexpected kindnesses and the practical realities families are rarely told about.

“They say crime doesn't pay. But actually, it does - about £1.30 a day.”

Before prison, Myx worked for decades in film and music-video production during the industry's most extravagant era, with productions involving artists including Duran Duran, David Bowie, Tina Turner, Queen, Elton John and Fleetwood Mac. That eye for character, chaos and the telling detail runs through the memoir.

Crime Doesn't Pay is written for general readers, prisoners and their families, book clubs, women's organisations and anyone who has wondered what happens after the courtroom doors close. Myx plans to use the book as the foundation for talks in prisons and communities, helping women understand the realities of custody and the move from closed to open conditions.

Funny without minimising harm, candid without asking for sympathy, and compassionate without becoming sentimental, Crime Doesn't Pay is prison from the inside - but not the prison memoir readers are expecting.

ENDS

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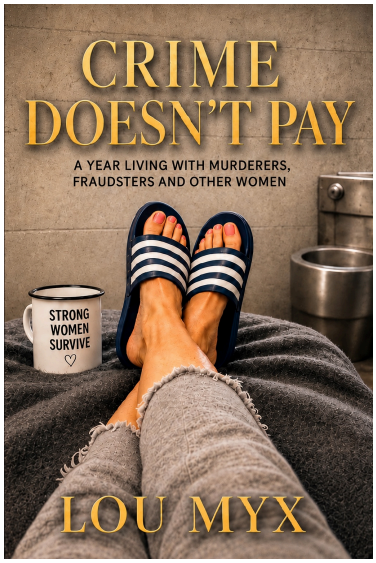
Review copies / interviews: Available on request

ONE-PAGE BOOK SHEET

CRIME DOESN'T PAY

A Year Living with Murderers, Fraudsters and Other Women



Author: Lou Myx

Category: Memoir / women / prison / social issues

Format: Paperback, 6 x 9 inches

Length: Approx. 86,000 words

ISBN (book trade / IngramSpark): 9781066982400

Amazon paperback ISBN: 9798170978052

Price: £16.99

TRADE ORDERING

Crime Doesn't Pay by Lou Myx is available to the book trade through IngramSpark's global distribution network. Availability may take several days to propagate through individual wholesaler and bookseller ordering systems following a new listing/update.

The book

A candid, funny and compassionate account of a year inside British women's prisons. Lou Myx takes readers beyond the headlines and into the routines, absurdities, friendships, danger and unexpected kindnesses of prison life.

Why it stands out

- A distinctive British female voice: frank, observant and very funny.
- A rare journey through both closed and open prison conditions.
- Human stories that look beyond offences without excusing them.
- Strong themes for interviews: women in prison, families, rehabilitation, ageing, identity, friendship and starting again.
- A natural fit for book clubs, features, podcasts, radio, prison publications and live talks.

Ideal media angles

What prison is really like • The closed-to-open prison journey • Humour as survival • Women behind the crimes • What families are never told • Reinvention after prison

AUTHOR BIO

LOU MYX

Full biography

Lou Myx is a British writer and former film and music-video production professional whose career began during the extraordinary creative explosion of the 1980s. She worked around major artists and productions involving Duran Duran, David Bowie, Tina Turner, Queen, Elton John, Fleetwood Mac, Culture Club and Genesis, learning early that glamour and chaos often occupy the same room.

Decades later, a conviction for embezzlement took her into an entirely different world. Sentenced to forty-four months, she served a year in two British women's prisons: first Bronzefield, then East Sutton Park. She began writing because so much of prison life was stranger, funnier, harsher and more human than anything she had expected.

Crime Doesn't Pay is her candid account of that year. Lou writes with humour, honesty and a sharp eye for the absurd, while keeping sight of the damage caused by crime and the complicated lives of the women behind it. She now wants the book to open conversations with prisoners, families, charities and the wider public - and to support a programme of talks in prisons and communities.

Short biography

Lou Myx is a British writer and former film and music-video production professional. After a conviction for embezzlement, she served a year in Bronzefield and East Sutton Park women's prisons. Crime Doesn't Pay is her funny, candid and compassionate account of prison life, the women she met and the absurdities nobody warns you about. She plans to take the book into prisons and communities through talks and partnerships.

At-a-glance interview topics

- The reality of arriving in prison and the shock of the first night
- Closed prison versus open prison
- The women behind the headlines
- Humour, friendship and survival inside
- What prison families need to know
- Starting again after release
- From 1980s music videos to a prison memoir

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SAMPLE EXTRACT

CRIME DOESN'T PAY

Chapter One: Day One

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The day started with a whirlwind of emotion and ended with me in the back of a meat wagon, desperate for a pee.

I had committed a crime. I wasn't proud of it. Embezzlement. Two years earlier.

And that morning, I was sentenced to forty-four months in prison.

The possible range had been bleak-up to seven years-but the judge did what he could. After all the discounts and reductions, a bit like a loyalty card for remorse, he brought the sentence down to forty-four months.

That number turned out to matter. Once a sentence tips over forty-eight months, the restrictions after release become much more severe. So, in the circumstances, forty-four months felt almost like a small win.

A very strange win, admittedly.

There is no dignified way to receive a prison sentence. You don't nod thoughtfully and make a note in your diary. You don't say, "Wednesday's not ideal, could we try next month?"

One minute you are sitting in court, listening to people discuss your life as if you are no longer in the room. The next, everything you recognise has gone.

Your handbag.

Your phone.

Your keys.

Your plans.

Your freedom.

The judge finished speaking and that was it.

I was going to prison.

I had a brief conversation with my barrister afterward. We both agreed the sentence was fair. I told her I would not appeal. There was no point dragging it out or pretending I had not done what I had done.

Then I was taken down into custody.

Here's something most people don't know: beneath every Crown Court, there is an entire hidden world of cells, corridors and police officers quietly drowning in paperwork. You can walk into court through an impressive public entrance, all polished wood and solemn faces, and leave through a concrete tunnel underneath it like an unwanted parcel.

The officers I met there were kind. Gentle, even.

I hadn't expected that.

It was one of the most harrowing days of my life, yet they treated me like a person rather than a headline or a case number. I will always be grateful for it.

I was briefly held in a cell. One of the female officers asked whether I wanted a cup of tea.

"Yes, please. Two sugars."

I had given up sugar the year before, but that day was not the day for discipline.

That tea was magnificent. Possibly the best cup I had ever drunk. Hot, sweet and handed to me by someone who understood that there was absolutely nothing she could say to make the situation better.

Tea would have to do.

I have had no intention of giving up sugar since.

I was extremely upset-hardly surprising - but my distress created its own problem. The officers were so concerned that they opened a file saying I might be at risk of harming myself.

I wasn't suicidal.

I was a woman who had just been sentenced to prison.

There is a difference, although the system did not appear to have a box for it.

In trying to protect me, they unknowingly made the beginning of my prison experience more complicated. I would discover later exactly what being labelled "at risk" meant. For now, it simply followed me onto a piece of paper.

From sentencing to departure took less than an hour.

That astonished me.

A court can remove you from your life with extraordinary efficiency. Everything else in the criminal justice system takes months, forms, phone calls and unanswered emails. But sending you to prison? That part moves like Amazon Prime.

My transport was ready.

When they took me from the court area into custody, they put me in handcuffs.

For two steps.

That is not an exaggeration.

I literally walked two steps wearing one cuff, from one door to another, performing a deeply undignified little shuffle before they removed it again.

No dramatic escape attempt.

No chase through the corridors.

No heroic struggle.

Just two pointless steps in handcuffs.

Skipper, take note. No victory here.

Then I met the meat-wagon drivers.

They were kind too, and even quite funny, which helped. I had the van to myself, another small mercy on a day when I had begun counting mercies in teaspoons.

The inside was divided into secure compartments. Hard seats, hard surfaces and tiny windows. Nothing you could pull off, open, hide inside or use to regain any control over your own circumstances.

The doors closed behind me.

That sound mattered.

A heavy metallic slam. Final and physical.

Until then, part of me had still felt as if I were participating in a terrible administrative misunderstanding. Once those doors closed, there was no mistaking it.

I was a prisoner.

They were taking me to Bronzefield.

Bronzefield is the nearest women's prison and the place where new arrivals are assessed and categorised. It was only about forty miles away, but this was England and the M25 was doing what the M25 does best: not moving.

The van juddered forward, stopped, crawled a few feet and stopped again.

I sat inside my little metal compartment trying to understand how the woman who had walked into court that morning had vanished so completely.

I had no phone.

No idea what time it was.

No way to tell anyone where I was.

No control over the route, the destination or what would happen when I arrived.

Outside, people sat in their cars complaining about traffic, changing radio stations and wondering what to have for dinner.

I would have given almost anything to be one of them.

Then, because the day had not yet stripped me of quite enough dignity, I realised I desperately needed to pee.

Of course I did.

Of course the traffic was stationary.

Of course there was no toilet.

I tried to ignore it at first. I shifted position. Crossed my legs. Uncrossed them. Concentrated on anything else.

It did not work.

Eventually I had to tell the drivers.

This was when I was introduced to the pee bag.

For anyone unfamiliar with a pee bag, it is exactly what it sounds like, although surprisingly more efficient. They work very well for women and I can highly recommend keeping one in your handbag at all times.

Not that I had a handbag anymore.

Using one inside a prison van while wedged into a secure compartment on the M25 is not something I had ever pictured myself doing.

I had to use it twice.

Twice.

There are moments in life when you realise you have entered an entirely new phase. Marriage. Childbirth. Buying your first house.

For me, it was urinating into a bag in the back of a meat wagon while traffic crawled around Heathrow.

Welcome to the system.

Eventually, the traffic began to move and we continued toward Ashford.

I knew very little about Bronzefield then. I knew it was a women's prison. I knew it was secure. I knew I did not want to go there.

What I did not yet understand was that Bronzefield held everyone: women awaiting trial, women serving short sentences, lifers, murderers, drug smugglers, fraudsters, women in severe mental distress and women detoxing from substances they had used for years.

Until you were assessed and categorised, you were all put into the same system.

Lifers next to shoplifters.

Arsonists next to benefit cheats.

Murderers next to me.

Like being thrown into a blender labelled Women's Issues and set to purée.

They don't explain that part when you are sentenced. They do not hand you a brochure called Your First Murderer: What to Expect. They simply take you downstairs, give you a cup of tea and wave you off in the van.

The journey seemed to last forever.

I watched what little I could see through the tiny window. Pieces of ordinary life slid past: road signs, cars, grey sky, people heading somewhere because they had chosen to go there.

I thought about the people I had left behind.

I thought about the house.

I thought about everything that had brought me to this moment.

Mostly, though, I was numb.

Not calm. Not brave. Numb.

There is only so much emotion the body can process at once. Eventually, it shuts a few systems down and concentrates on keeping you upright.

By the time we reached Bronzefield, daylight was fading.

The prison appeared ahead of us: walls, gates, cameras, fencing and locked sections opening one at a time.

The van stopped at the first gate.

There was a pause while someone checked who-or what-was being delivered.

A gate opened.

We moved forward.

It closed behind us.

Then another opened.

And another closed.

Each one took me further away from the world I knew.

I had entered court that morning as a woman with a life, a home, a husband, friends, possessions and plans.

Now I was sitting alone in a locked metal box while strangers decided which door I would pass through next.

The final gate shut behind the van.

I had arrived at Bronzefield.

And I had absolutely no idea what was waiting for me inside.

END OF EXTRACT

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