

Interview with Mukha (aka Fly)

Posted on 09.06.2019 by r00t



Today, our guest is a man of whom you probably heard or read about. I present to you the first published interview with the Mukha (aka Fly aka Flycracker aka MUXACC1) after his release.

- Hi.

- Hi.

- **Well, tell me how is business going?**

- Do not ask me about my business affairs.

- **Come on, I thought we had a deal...**

- Well, I will let you ask a question about my business affairs. This is your first and your last chance.

- **Tell me about carding.**

- Well, what can I say, all carders are necrophiles, they've been fucking the corpse of carding for years. Poking dicks in maggots, that's all.

- **Thank you all, Mukha aka Fly was with us, until we meet again!**



Just kidding.

[In order not to duplicate questions, the following is the text from the unfinished and unpublished (therefore, private) memoirs of Mukha]

Backstory

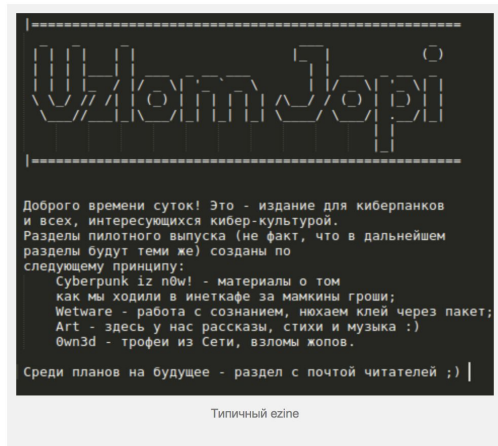
The whole story began around 2001, being very young, I came from western Ukraine [He actually uses a derogatory version of the country name] to Italy to visit Mom who brought me to live with her so I don't cause any trouble, because at the age of 13 I already managed to get a suspended sentence for complicity in petty thefts and robberies.

I crossed the border with a group of young judokas-karatekas, who went to a tournament in one of Gayrope [European] countries. So, under the guise of an athlete, I ended up in Italy and have not returned to my homeland for more than 16 years.

When I came to my Mom in Naples, I could not find a permanent job. Having settled down somewhere at a new job, I would either get kicked out or leave in the first two days. I somehow didn't succeed with employment until I was invited to work in a wine shop in the historical center of Naples, where I kinda had to wipe the dust from the bottles. But in fact, the wine shop turned out to be a real den and a sales outlet of hashish and crack. So my job was to be on the lookout and whenever the cops showed up, take a bag of goods and leave under the guise of a tourist.

They paid next to nothing for this work, but for a teenager who had just arrived from starving Ukraine, it was quite satisfactory. Firstly, you don't fucking do anything all day and secondly, you smoke weed and snort cocaine all day long, and everything is on the house.

Living in Hochlyandiya [another derogatory name for Ukraine], I didn't study well, skipped classes, and spent all my time in computer clubs and Internet cafes, and because of this I've developed an obsessive-compulsive love for computers. After watching movies and reading books about hackers, I really wanted to become a sort of virtual bandit who robs banks without leaving home. From my first monthly salary I bought a computer. There were problems with the Internet connection at home, it was very difficult for an illegal immigrant teenager to connect to the Internet in an illegal apartment, where, in addition to the mother, were 8 more "guest workers". Mobile Internet was not yet affordable for a juvenile hustler and a servant of a drug dealer. I had to go to a cafe to download ezines, sites, and other things.



Caption: Typical ezine

I downloaded all the ezines on hacker and virus maker topics. Here I've gotten everything, Infected Mushrooms and BHC, Defaced and Codepimps, and, of course, the glorious Hacker magazine, because how could you call yourself a hacker without one (lol). All kinds of materials were used - from The Anarchist Cookbook to the talmuds on programming from O'Reilly Media. I really wanted to learn how to code, write viruses, so I spend all my free time at an Internet cafe under the influence of cocaine and hashish, hanging out on forums like Web-Hack, Zekk and others that had been relegated to the dustbin of history.

A typical junkie kid, an inhabitant of near-hacker sites, jerking off on posts describing how to create a cash button. At that time, under the influence of all kinds of ezines, I was more interested in the ideological part of the movement, so I wanted to be more into coding, I even wrote some kind of virus in VBS and BAT. Of course, half the code was snitched from other sources I found on the Internet. Then there was a web scanner written in Perl and all sorts of whistle-farts in PHP.

But all these things did not bring dough.

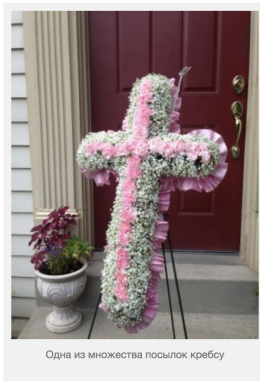
Once, out of curiosity, I wrote an SMS bomber that used a registration form on a dating site, bypassing the captcha through some kind of rookie mistake in the shitty code indocode. The bomber would launch from the terminal and was written in Perl, and upon completion of its work, it gave out my phone number and email. I shared the bomber somewhere on one of my many awkward sites.

And a couple of weeks later they called me. Nah, not the cops, but some guy who comes from Sri Lanka who called himself Enrico. He told me that he used my program and earned a lot of money, and now he wants to share some of it with me and hire me. By a happy coincidence, the guy also lived in Naples.

When we met in person, he told me that he used my bomber to fuck with a telephone company called Wind. This telephone company had such a bonus service: for each incoming SMS you received two cents on the balance. Well, of course, this guy bought a bunch of SIM cards and began to bomb them, getting credits and loading them into his paid lines, similar to how phone sex works.

At the meeting, Enrico gave me 2K euros, and this was the first money I've earned, as it is fashionable to say these days, on "cybercrime". I left my previous job and began to work closely with Enrico. But always stoned out of my mind, I haven't done a good job and struggled with drug addiction at that time. I was addicted to cocaine, as a result, I was pulling a lot more money out of Enrico than my work brought him. And he kicked me out.

At that time I was already earning enough money to support myself and live well without my Mother's support. At that time, I was over the idea of getting a regular job, but the cash ran out quickly and I returned to live with Mom, I somehow tied up with the coke, but not with weed, so I regularly smoked it until 2013.



Caption: one of the many packages to Krebs.

Sometime in 2004, I met in real life a man known in carder forums under the alias "Bomzh" [eng. "Homeless"]. The dude looked to be 40 years old, originally from Moscow, spent a couple of years in an Italian prison and only recently got out. We were introduced by a local smuggler with the funny nickname "Ponchik" [eng. "Doughnut"], a former cop from "sectionsixth" (Department for Combating Organized Crime in Russia and/or Ukraine), who smuggled cigarettes from Ukraine to Italy and served his term with a tourist.

All in all, Bomzh was a typical real carder [of physical goods], who knew nothing more than how to communicate over ICQ and record dumps using an MSR (magnetic reader and writer machine). Since Ponchik was clueless about how to use a computer, he considered me The Hacker, and when he served his term with Bomzh, he promised that he would introduce him to The Hacker.

Although the naive press put me in fourth place on the list of Top Ukrainian hackers, I was far from a real hacker. Bomzh asked me to get the best dumps for him, so that you can immediately

get a million bucks from a card. I realized that this smells like money and began to read up on how to get these dumps, head over heels in carding forums. Likewise, I was frauding the telecom industry, but not very successfully.

To date, I've read carding forums, but somehow without a real example, I couldn't believe people who bragged that they had earned millions. Well, in general, in all sorts of books and on hacker forums, being a Carder was considered to be lame. But when I saw that [Bomzh] makes a pretty penny from dumps, I started looking into it, as they say, the guy had joined the party of carders, and became one of the lads. I eagerly read articles, with the money earned from the phone fraud, I bought cards from "Kardaz" who scammed me from time to time and then changed aliases. I have dabbled in many things, but primarily stuck with carding [specifically, entering compromised credit card data], combining two fields of activity - telecom and carding, I started replenishing SIM cards using compromised credit cards funds and loading credit on hotlines (phone sex). Money started to roll in.

I've never stood still and was not focusing on carding only, with the money I earned, I started buying dumps and testing them at friends' stores. Mules, to whom I signed the hotlines, were also signed up for cashing out the loads, giving them a mere 10 percent for their work. Things seemed to be going well.

[Back to the studio, so to speak]

- Not bad, not bad.

- I don't remember when I wrote this nonsense. But the text ended sometime in 2007. Or maybe 2006. We can do it as "Police Dog" [Belarusian carder] did, a book, and then a vlog. Come visit me, we'll record it in masks. I have all the equipment. You will be wearing a bear mask and I will be wearing an astronaut mask. A spacesuit of sorts. I have a chroma key at home. We'll put something psychedelic in the background.



By the way, do you want to do an interview with "Police Dog" ? Ahahaha. I'm in contact with him. So what, you'll come in a mask, with Doshirak [ramen brand] and Spice. It will be funny :)

- This way you can send anyone and make them learn the script.

- What if they forget the script?

- We can put a piece of paper under the mask.

-Well, I was invited to ZeroNights, after my interview for Vice (by the way, it's full of lulz there). I wanted to do it that way, but goddamn, no one agreed, I wanted to hire an actor. This was before the deanonymization.

-Why the fuck do you need this?

- What do you mean why? Now YouTube is a trend. Who has the most power and money? YouTube? Need to open up your pockets while the money is flowing.

-You're not filming anything right now, are you?

- I want to make a blog like Police Dog does, invite real characters and not masked actors, somebody like Romka Zolotarev, Jax, Kardaz. Well, I want to get out of the criminal circles.

-How are you planning on punching you way out ?

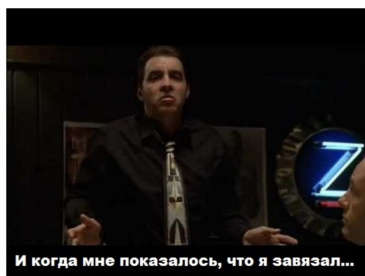
- Well, I think YouTube will start giving me money and I will go to school. Not sure what to study yet. I may even become an Informational Security professional. Or maybe someone else.

- Are you trolling me?

- No, I won't troll you. I really want to study. Not sure what to study yet. You know, I don't want to go back, being locked up is no fun.

- Are you legally in Italy now?

- Of course, not, I was recently caught again. My visa expired while I was in jail for 4 months. They got me for car theft, not cybercrime. I was jailed by mistake, but I was acquitted and now the state owes me 10K euros. Still though, three months down the drain.



Caption: And when it seemed to me that I quit forever....

The arrest, imprisonment, and everything else

- When did you get on their radar?

- On the fed's radar? They started to develop a case against me in 2005.

- Tell me about the packages to Krebs.

That ain't me. Suitcase filled with sketchy money, dildoes, and a bouquet of coffin wildflowers. They sent us all sorts of crazy shit. 40 or so guys would send. When I was already doing time, one of the dudes sent it. By the way, Krebs wanted to see me. But the lawyer suggested this was a bad idea. Maybe he wanted to look into my eyes.

-Hey listen, is it true you sent him letters from prison?

- Yeah, how he wrote in the blog. Three letters and a card. But eventually it clicked. He stopped pressing charges for heroin. I could have ended up in prison for a long time for heroin charges.

- Did they arrest you because of Krebs? Or for what?

- No, not because of him. For the botnet. 30k of bots, out of those 2 were US. Because of shitty GeolP bases. This very one USA bot. Because of it, they took me in.

- Cool story about the mail and keylogger from Krebs, is that how they put two and two together?

-It was Group-IB who leaked it to him. The feds had their own leads. They busted my ass through the informant. Well really, the informant dropped me the list of IP addresses, so I could search it in the botnet. And I found that botnet. And it was an affiliate of Citibank. He said he'll cash out the bucks from there. I gave him the access, 20KK was going back and forth every hour there. Then he disappeared for a few months. Then the news came that he was canned, and then after a few years I was canned as well. Kapish?

- I understand. Was it better to do time in Italy or in the US?

- In Italy. In Italy, I was in my cell between 21-24 hours under surveillance. But the food was decent, visitations were allowed, and packages from relatives and visitors were permitted. There were 12 guys to a cell. But in the States only 2.

- But what about the language barrier?

- I knew Italian. I learned English and Spanish in prison. Well what can I tell you, I know Italian well, my English and Spanish are so so. Well, I understand everything, when I read and when they talk, I can speak but with a thick accent. The benefits of prison. Gotta make the most out of it. Sport, connections, read a shit-ton of books.

- Was the regimen in the US different from Italy?

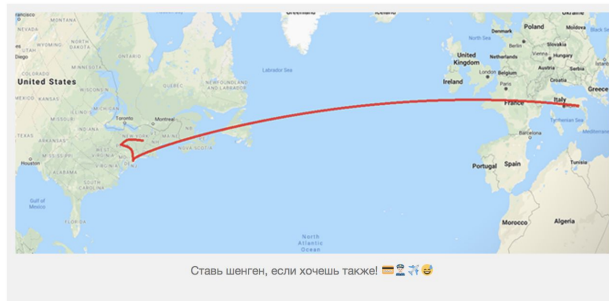
- Different regimen and every place was different. But generally, the slammers lacked fresh air, that is, there wasn't a courtyard there.

- Were the feds beating you up?

- Nah, they were not. If you didn't fuck around, they would not touch you.

- It turns out there were numerous prisons?

- 5 in the US, 1 in Italy. Which means I only spent one day in the first one. Then a year or so in the second one. Then in Brooklyn when they were sending me to the joint..4 months in the joint. And 4 months in the immigrant detention center, in Clinton. Meaning, I was moved around three states - New Jersey, New York, and Pennsylvania.



Caption: Get a Schengen visa, if you want to take the same trip

And In Italy, before America, a year and a half. Maybe even more. The fight for extradition, more than 100к was spent on lawyers. I had a lawyer in Italy who defended Sylvio Burlisconi. The faggot scammed me.



- Did you make anything off of Zeus? Or did it turn out you dropped all your money on the lawyer?

- Obviously bro. We used Zeus up until the very end. Licensed. Well also used 2.0. Which isn't public. Well the second version was normal, but the first - a dead end, but back then work was easy. Well, besides Zeus, we tried every bot.

- How much you rake in?

- Who the fuck knows. Who's counting? Always good to be in the positive numbers. Of course, there were dumbasses and screw ups.

- A friend found out that the article was planned. He wants to ask, what was the biggest jackpot?

- Oh fuck bro. Who remembers? All sorts of things happened, I think it's best to leave jackpots out. That's because generally, jackpots are associated with people, who most likely want me to keep my mouth shut.

- Well, most people, at best, make a coder salary per month.

- That's because they don't put their soul into it. I had that, too. There are procedures that still work fine. You just know, taking some public crap and fucking around with it, but with soul, it produces some results.

And if you actually do this with decent stuff, decent exploits, and decent software... Then you can do a whole lot. You just need a team. When the team has a decent hacker, a decent admin, and a decent carder, then the cash starts pouring in.

Most of the time, when a team is formed, ain't shit work from the start..And the friendship falls apart. But work needs to be banged out till results are achieved. Because if in theory, you read everything, then in practice, it should be as close to the calculation as possible, but if the profits are shitty, then you gotta find a new topic.

Therefore, beginner's luck works. I don't know fucking why or how, but I believe in it. I met this one guy while in the can, he's been locked up less than a year. Hangs out on the WWH forum, doesn't understand a damn thing, but the money is flowing in at a crazy rate.

- But maybe he's like a fucking woodpecker or a worker ant...

- Once he buys a credit card in the shop, then always lands on a working BIN. Because if there are no BINs, you can hammer away till you shit yourself. A friend of a friend, wanted to card last year, spent 1k on credit cards and didn't card shit. Couldn't even buy a damn train ticket.

- How do you feel about the popularization of carding?

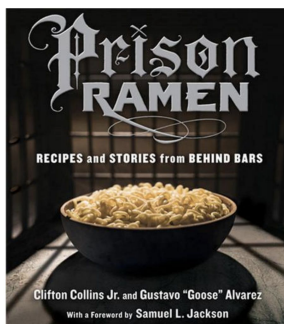
- Very shitty. I'd prefer if there were a few of us, and we make a ton of money. Right now bro, you post a fake, didn't even put it up yet, instantly flagged for abuse. No matter how you obfuscate it. It's the same thing with bots. Fuck knows where you can crypt normally. Well, my friends told me this, I myself am a no-no.

- It's always interesting for my audience to read about (doshiraki) ramen, can you tell me something about it?

- Hmm...Ramen's a pretty big deal in prison. It's like currency there. 1 ramen equals a buck. But every joint's got their own exchange rate.

For example, in Jersey, 1 ramen cost 70 cents, the price was rounded up to a buck. Just like that, inmates sit there and play poker for ramen. And this isn't banter, really.

There's also a book on prison chow. A list of recipes of what's sold in a closed prison. You can buy it online. And there's a ton of recipes with ramen. Ramen - is the main ingredient in the entire book. You can really buy this, too. I'm not kidding. I held the actual book in my hands in prison.



Sometimes people commit murders over ramen. I saw a guy get banged up so badly for owing 50 ramen packs, that he was released from prison, that is, he became handicapped.

- He wasn't able to work it back somehow?

- Yeah, the fags will fuck for ramen. 5 packs. But I've only met guys like this twice. They say it's only with consent, rapes are rare there. If they must punish you and show you your place, then they'll just beat you up.

- Do they voluntarily come out as fags for good old ramen?

- Yes, like the white hats. Like if you are out free and a fag. And there's not shit to eat.

- And this was also pretty cool.

- In short, there is a library where you can study law. These are two computers for 64 people. Well, basically, they are open because you can't surf the Internet there and you can't do anything meaningful, you can only study your own case. And in short, if you have a digital evidence base, then they give it to you on a flash drive. And you can view it there.

So they put one guy on pornography charges in our sector. The evidence against him was on a computer. So you know... the guy had a flash drive full of porn. 128GB of the best porn. Basically, he started selling it. For ramen. One clip - 10 packs of ramen.

Ah, well fuck, there was a shit of a circus there. Lines to the library. As you can understand, the library in the building, like with everything else, was under heavy surveillance. And goddamn, these fuckers weren't shy. They jerked off in clear view. I was in utter shock from this bullshit. The line of blacks to the library, to jerk off. They fought to get in line. This was shit. This was until both computers broke and they moved the porn guy to another building.

- Did the sperm soak everything around?

- Ahaha yes, everything was smeared. I stopped going there. Before I would go, tried local hacks. But there were no exploits to lift the rules.

- The second favorite topic of my audience is spice, is there anything to tell on this?

- Prison is heaven for a carder, it also has spices. Only they were not brought in through weed, but were put in paper and letters. There are no cigarettes in prison; smoking is prohibited. So, the paper comes to you. You take the tea and toilet paper wrapper. You put the paper sprinkled with the spice substance into the tea and wrap it with a toilet wrapper. It turns out to look like a joint. But there are no lighters. Therefore you run into the kitchen and snag a pack of bread. In the clamp of a packet of bread there are wires in isolation. You attach this wiring, bare already, to the batteries. And voila - it turns red from the two batteries and you can light it.

- Do you generally believe in anything?

-What do you mean? In God ? I believe in God, in one God . But I'm not religious, that is, there's not one religion that suits me at the moment. Maybe someone will come up with something decent, God exists 100%. I can feel it. Well you know the sensation. Everything that exists - is God... Like from that one Jewish philosopher. Einstein adhered to his point of view ... Shit, I can't remember the last name. Spinoza! Here, Baruch Spinoza.

- Einstein, by God, meant nature, well, i.e. completely not the religious meaning of the concept.

- Well, I'm pretty much the same. Like I believe in God, but not in any religion.

- The reason why I asked, I noticed for a long time that there are a lot of superstitions in carding and the less a person understands, the more of them there are.

- Well that's how it is, really. You know when I was doing physical work (not online), I had this type of superstition: if the card has a defect when printing, then the dump is shitty. Well, it's either fate or God didn't let it print. To protect the card holder or us. Carding violates some kind of cycle in people. A person was walking home. Maybe he was supposed to buy milk for the kids. On the card- Bam! No money. So he went home and got some cash. And this saved him from getting hit and killed by a car. Well, you get the point.. Butterfly effect (crober effect).

- You said that you read a lot of books, but what type of books did you read? Are you reading anything now?

- Now I have no time. I read everything without contemplating. The last thing I read was "The Hero with a Thousand Faces". I was impressed. Ah, no, I'm bull-shitting you.... the last thing I was reading was about Giordano Bruno. But I didn't finish reading it, half to go.



- Did you study mnemonics? This is right up Bruno's theme.

- Yes, It all started with that. The book "Moonwalking with Einstein".

I read the book in English in prison. Got my mnemonics from it. I adore Bruno and everything to do with alchemy, hermeticism. I have a feeling that there's something to it.

- Do you practice memorization?

- Right now nah, in the slammer, yes. I even have my own method, I collect everything by cells, like an American prison. I imagine that I am a guard.

When you're in his shoes, you see all the cells. All 32. And then 4 sectors by 32. And in the cells, you know, you place personalities and objects. Mnemonic prison, in short, where nothing disappears until you release it. And plus, I don't practice right now, just remember passwords.

- In prison it's easier, no one bothers you when reading, It's almost like going to school if you want to eat/nap, it's always possible, especially in America. Children's Camp, just instead of kids, murderers. There's a lot of murderers in America. A lot. In my building, we had 29 out of 64 guys. This was when I was in Jersey. Murderers and fraudsters were the most common. Blacks.

- Oh, tell me about the gangs.

- The crips had control in my building. There was almost everything that you see on TV: MS13, Crips, Bloods, MM (Mexican Mafia), Latino Kings. They were all there. Aryans, too. There was one Aryan in Jersey. He walked around in cheap sneakers and barely left his cell, so he wouldn't get his ass kicked.

But when I was in Clinton, there was a lot of Aryans. One with a swastika on his chest wanted to kill me because I read Tanya [book on Hasidic philosophy], wore a kippah, and ate Kosher. But he didn't get lucky, I had people who defended me. Dudes from Congo. They were in there for illegal immigration. They were awaiting extradition. There were only two and the whole building was scared of them.

- And what things were they doing?

- They literally didn't think long, would just start hitting. In Clinton - 80 percent of the guys were rednecks, half of those were skinheads. The other 20 percent - was me, a bunch of Mexicans, and those two blacks from Congo. So, I was going to the bathroom, and that Aryan stood there with a blade, I said something like, dude, chill out, and he just came after me, I was able to somehow dodge him and he hit himself hard against the door. Homeboys from Congo heard the noise, ran over, and beat him bloody. Then he was put in the punishment cell - for attempting suicide because the door was smashed, his face was bloody, and he fell on the blade. We said that he was slamming his head against the door and attempted to cut himself.

- And was there a lot of this?

- Well, with someone trying to fuck with me, only once. Ah well. One was killed with a hair clipping machine, they slashed it through his skull. It was in the next building but the whole prison suffered. I also saw a lot through the glass. The biggest - in Brooklyn, when MS-13 and MS-17 scuffled, 7 bodies, all done with plastic spoons and socks with batteries.

When something like that happens, the whole prison suffers. It's called lockdown. You're sitting in your cell, farting, that is, they close everyone up, until the investigative committee figures it out. Sat for a month and a half like that in Essex (Essex County Correctional Center) when there was a fight that left some handicapped.

Shit happened in Italy, too. One African from Tunisia came after us. One versus 12 people with blades and sharpened tools is fucking stupid, and at the end, in front of the guard, ripped his stomach open. Like to show that he's not some kind of rat, and won't rat anyone out. They stitched him up and sent him to a different pavillion. But he didn't cut himself to death, just to show off or something. But there was a river of blood. All of this over a pack of cigarettes.

- Tell me about the "bloody liver".

- [Крoвaвый ливер](#) Bloody liver is a collective blog, Jabber confirmed Zekk. I recently deleted it. First, I posted the post, and the boys started wining about deleting the fucking Liver, so I deleted it.



- What's a blog without donations. Were there donations?

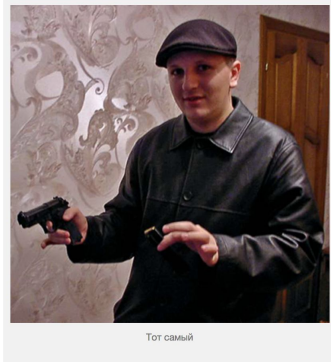
- The best donation was 1 bitcoin, but it was not the only donation. And not only in rubles. I have served my motherland well, so when I was locked up, 100k was donated for a lawyer. And when I got out, the same people donated some decent amount. Because I got out of prison with no money.

- You wrote about Vega on the Liver (Bloody Liver). You communicate with him?

- Yeah. But I shouldn't have listened to him. I communicated with him while I was locked up in Italy. Regular letters. He suggested that I fought till the end, and that was a wrong move. You have to be very sly, in order not to do a lot of time.

- Well, since you remembered Vega ... Script the a member of the Parliament now.

- Zelenskiy will get to him, like to Abdula. I think that Script will get away. Ahhh, I remember how he defaced the page of his party, with his own hands. Posted a picture, where he's with a gun, in a leather jacket, and a hat. Russian carding at it's finest.



Caption: That very one.

- Ok, checking the list, we got spice, talked about ramen, we're just missing the glue.

- You won't believe me, but in my younger years, I used to fuck with it, when I ran away from the pen. The highs from glue were very real. One time when I was a little older, I fucked with glue one more time and got really scared. I felt like my head was cut off by the guillotine, that's how bad the high felt. We fucked with glue for the models, this was already here in Italy, I was about 18. I got super high with one buddy of mine, and we both had a bad trip. After that - not once.

- And now, are you using anything?

- Nah. As soon as I left prison, not even smoking. I quit cigarettes a year ago. I love good wine. Drugs are boring. Now my drug of choice is travelling, but right now I'd call it mini travels around Italy. Different awesome spots, thankfully there's a fuck ton of them here.

- Well, let's end there. Do you want to say something else or wish something to the readers?

- Dudes who generously donated money for me, I remember all of you, no one is forgotten, I remember and love all of you more than friends in real life! And to the dudes who want to get into the hustle and haven't yet made many mistakes, find something else to do, carding is bad for your health and shortens your life.