

My Story!

Myself and him, planned to have it done earlier, but it didn't happen, so I took it as a sign, so I said forget about it, and he agreed. ~~the~~ ~~the~~ the next day, he and I went down to a spot on chicken run road, and shot my grandfathers .45, got drunk, and high. I left there, went to Amocco, and filled my car up, then, simply went riding. I went past my ex-girlfriends house in Brownsville, then went to Corinth and cruised the town for awhile, but nothing was happening, so I decided to grab my 1/2 a 1/2 of Jimi Beam, and take the long way home. I hit Hwy. 350 at around 9:00 P.M. that Thursday night. ~~just~~ just me, Mr. Bear and a joint ~~and~~ and a joint ~~of~~ of vodka.

~~Robinson's boat dock. I sat and watched the night, like a ~~drunken sailor~~ ^{drunken sailor} and the time flew. It was so beautiful. It really relaxed me a lot. so I sat, and cried, and drank, and cried some more. I remember turning the radio on and seeing the clock at 1:45 A.M., and decided to go home. So I took ~~my~~ backpack home, and parked my car, went in, and took my pants, and shirt, shoes and socks off, turned on the T.V., and was fixing to go to bed when my dad came in, and said, "What do you think you're doing coming in at this time?" and before I could answer, he shoved me down,~~

back
and my ~~hand~~ hits the ~~door~~
~~door~~ back shelf, and I begin
to get up, and he grabs me and
slaps me twice, and says, "You were
a fucking mistake to begin with!"
and shuts my door and leaves.
Yes I was drunk, but that
was no reason to hit me, I mean
hell, we've split \$'s before. He was
always like that. All the shit
I had to put up with? I got
myself into bed, and soon after
the tears of rage passed, I passed
out. I woke up Friday morning, listening
to mom and dad fighting, and tried
to pay no mind to the cursing and
screaming, but mom came in, and said, "
Edward, dad's taking me to the hospital,
so come and see me when you get up,
and bring your guitar." I heard the
car door shut, and went back to

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sleep. I woke up at 8:30 A.M., by my clock, and felt like shit. Right after I got up, went to the bathroom, and snagged 4-5 aspirin, I got back into bed, and turned the T.V. on. I guess 2-3 min. later, I heard the sliding glass door open and shut, and Joey comes in all happy, and says, "You must have had more fun than I did last night, cause you look like hell." and I said, "I feel like it too." then he asked if I wanted to go riding around, and I said, "maybe after I get rid of this headache" so he sits down, and starts watching T.V., like he's waiting for my headache to go away, so I get up and grab a shower, and as I'm brushing my hair, he says, "let's go shoot your other gun" so we did. And we got

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back around 10:15 or so, and we're
outside smoking my last joint, and
my cousin pulls up and wants
to go get more dope, so I say
alright, and tell Joey I'll see
him later. We're gone about an hour,
and come back and dad's still
not home. While we were coming
back, I told my cousin, that
we had planned to get rid of
my father, and then we decided
not to, and he made some crack
like, "yooh, cause orange isn't your
color," and that's all that was
said. Right as Eric was leaving,
Joey comes back up, and we
smoke one. Now, it's 11:35, I'm
high, and I'm hungry, and my headache
is gone. So me and Joey go to Jack's
and get a couple of meat cleats go
to my house and eat, around 12:15

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my father comes in, doesn't say a word, but goes to his room. I tell Joey to go on out town, and I'll find him later. I sit in my room for a good 1 1/2-2 hours, and dad comes in my room, and goes off on me, calling me bastard, no good, mistake, and telling me I'm inconiderate, and just care about my self, and he slaps me, then goes back to his room. As I sat on my bed, tears of rage flowing, remembering my childhood, my anger kept building and building, and I went to my car, got the 9mm, and walked to his room, peeked in, and he was asleep. I walked about 2 steps in the door, and screamed, and shut my eyes, when I heard him move, I started firing. when I opened my eyes

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again, I freaked! I grabbed what
casings I saw, and threw them into
the bushes, grabbed the gun, and went
to town. I saw Joey, told him
to hide the gun, and he said he'd
take it to his spot, which I knew
from when I'd sell him stuff, and
went and told mom, that dad
was dead, and before her teary
eyes could let loose, I ran out
of the hospital, and headed for
the house, I was so confused.
My mind was going a million different
ways at once, I saw bones, so
I stopped, he asked if I wanted
to go burn one, so I said sure,
then headed straight to my house
to see if he might still be alive,
and I also was thinking if I
had a witness there when I found
him, it would be better, so I did,

he was dead, and I called 911,
then my mother, and before
I could hang up with her,
I heard sirens.

When they got me here,
I gave them a bullshit story
after another, trying to save
my own ass, but when David
Smith started questioning me, and
told me what happened, I was so
scared, confused, and high, I just
started spitting the first thought
out, which turned in to this big
conspiracy thing, for money, which
was all BS, that's why I had
so many different stories. Why
Joy said what he said, I think he
was trying to hold up for me,
but he didn't do anything, and
neither did my mother.