

From the Darkness of my Mind

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This book is based on true events, however, it has been fictionalized and all the persons and places appearing in this book are fiction. Any resemblance to real places and people, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.



Chapter 1

Introduction.

From deep in my mind I heard someone screaming, from what sounded like, the top of his lungs. He was crying out in deep pain as he screamed. "You bitch, you got what you deserved. I hate you."

That's when the guard walked by my cell and said, "Hey Cody, wake up, you're having that dream again." My shirt was soaking wet from sweat and my throat hurt from the screaming. I wasn't having a dream; it was just that my state of mind that had left me once again for a few minutes. I had gone back to that fateful night that I took their last breath.

Ever since that night I often have a hard time separating truth from fiction, but; my mind doesn't. It has somehow found a way to separate the two from each other, to justify the horrible things I have done.

The angry part of my mind was very satisfied with my violent behavior and was always trying to take more control of me. This actually helped me to cope with my actions. It kept telling me, "You know you did the right thing and if you got another chance you would do it all over again exactly the same way." For the most part, I felt justified in my actions, but; also sad that I had killed someone I loved so deeply. I got some satisfaction in what this part of my brain was saying because I didn't really have to acknowledge the sad and lonely side of how I really felt.

Deep down I knew that from now on it would be easy for that part of me to kill again and again. It would be just like killing those cats when I was young. After I killed the first one, the rest of them were easy to kill. It was just a good thing that I was locked up in prison.

I did feel sad that I would never see my family again outside of prison, but the practical side of me knew that most of my family never wanted to see me again after the way I had gruesomely tortured my victims. Honestly, I knew I didn't really want to try to explain to anyone why I did what I did.

While sitting there on the edge of my bunk, I could feel the violent part of my brain taking over, smothering anything that wasn't dark and angry. I kept hearing, "You know they deserved what they got." I finally decided that from now on I would just try to do whatever that side of my brain wanted me to do. As I sat there in thought, it occurred to me, as I was smiling and saying under my breath, "*You already have.*"

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FROM THE DARKNESS OF MY MIND

Deep in my mind the lightning will strike
I ramble and rage to find what I like

Quivers of time bounce around until they meet
I stumble and fall and leap to my feet

The blood of my love drains from my heart
Withers of pain like a work of art

Love once flowed from my body and soul
But broken halves don't make a whole

I'll forever seek and hope someday I'll find
That love isn't just a state of mind

Overcome by trivialities my brain manifests
I'll find out when I'm laid to rest

Chapter 2

Growing up.

My early years growing up are still a little sketchy as I get bits and pieces that come back to my memory. I was the oldest of three boys. My brothers were four years and six years younger than me and I didn't hang out with them or have a very close relationship with them because of the age difference.

My parents didn't get along very well during my early years and most of my childhood was spent listening to them arguing and fighting over something I thought was just plain stupid. From a very early age I didn't like being with them because of their fighting. My mom seemed to always be angry with my dad except for the short moments she allowed him to hug and kiss her. She was very violent toward him when she wanted her way. At one point in their lives, I can vividly remember my mom stabbing my dad with a butcher knife. He was in the hospital for three days after getting stitches and almost dying. I never understood why he let her get away with treating him that way. Maybe her violent behavior was one of the things they fought about.

My mom would also sometimes become very abusive toward me and my brothers. Her favorite punishment for us was to make us go out to the nearest tree and cut off one of the skinny branches and bring it to her. She would use it to whip us instead of a belt. If it wasn't skinny and flexible enough she would make us go get another one. She liked the ones that were thinner than a pencil and "whippy" at the ends. Sometime I would bring her one that was round and thick hoping she would use it on me instead. Other times, I would quickly run into my bedroom and put on extra pants and shirts. Sometimes I would grab a book and put it in my pants for extra protection. Nothing ever worked because if she knew I had done anything like that she just beat me harder and longer. She would grab us by one arm and hold us in a death grip. Once she had a good hold on us she would then start hitting us across the legs. I would immediately start screaming in pain because it hurt so badly. I would start jumping up in the air as soon as she started hitting me. Unfortunately, that just seemed to make her more frustrated and angry with me. She would then end up hitting me in the back and arms or wherever she could. Sometimes it was across the face. Those little switches always left big welts all over my body.

I remember one day when I was about seven years old, my cousins and I were jumping on my bed after she had come in my room yelling at us a few times to stop. When we didn't stop, she came back into the room in a rage and with a skinny switch. She must've decided she was going to make an example out of me when she started beating me. She did the familiar grabbing me by the arm and then started whipping me, right in front of my cousins. She beat me so bad that I had blood oozing out of my body from every place the little switch hit me. It hurt but I was more embarrassed and angry that she would do something like that to me right in front of my cousins!

After the beating I ran crying and hid in my closet. I remember just crying for hours and saying over and over again that I hated her guts. I was so hurt, both physically and emotionally, over the beating that I wouldn't come out of the closet for two full days and night, except to go to the bathroom. For those two days, I refused to come out to eat or drink water. I just curled up in the corner of the closet and went to sleep most of the time. She did come in several times during those two days to check on me, but I refused to acknowledge her. I believed she

was just feeling guilty for beating me so badly and was only wanting to comfort herself for what she had done.

One day, when I was about twelve years old, she had made up her mind she was going to beat me with the switch. Before the beating, I told her that if she beat me this time she might as well kill me. I told her if she didn't kill me it would be the last time she ever beat me, because I wasn't ever going to let her beat me again. She must've realized how serious I was because she decided not to whip me. That was the last time she beat me or ever took her anger out on me.

I didn't know it at the time, but I figured it out later in life, that she was just taking out the anger she had toward my dad or the fact that she hated her life, out on me. Even though I understood why she did, it didn't really change my feeling about the beatings. I still carried that resentment with me my entire life.

What I remember most are the many places we lived and how lonely I felt as a young kid. It seemed like my parents were never happy being in the same place for very long, but I think that was just because they weren't happy with each other. I was always trying to stay with one of my cousins or my grandparents or anyone, just to get away from my parents during those days. My dad worked at a lot of different jobs, but he never had any type of trade, training or permanent job so we were like gypsies, moving from place to place.

I always loved Oklahoma more than any place I'd ever been and I called it my home. During my early years, we spent a lot of time going back and forth to California because my mom's parents and other family members lived in a little town in the central valley of California. I loved visiting my grandparents during that time. Grandpa would go out back and kill a couple of chickens and we'd have fried chicken, mashed potatoes and corn or some other vegetable. It was great because my grandma was a good cook and always made a good feast for us.

My dad came from a small family with only a brother and a sister and they lived in Oklahoma. My dad was a good looking, clean cut, guy about six feet tall, slender with dark hair. He always wore cowboy boots; Levi's, long sleeved shirts and a cowboy hat. Even though we didn't have much money, he always looked nice and carried himself very well.

My mom was from a small town in Oklahoma and she had several brothers and sisters. She was a very pretty brunette with a bubbly personality. Sometime she embarrassed me with all of her little stupid quirks and the stupid things she would say and do. She was about 5' 4", and had a cute thin figure. Most guys found her to be very attractive and wherever we went, there were guys flirting with her. It didn't matter if she had three snotty-nosed kids tagging along after her. It always made me angry that some guy, she didn't know, would stop her and try to talk and flirt with her. She was always willing to talk to them because she loved the attention. It was boring for me to stand and listen to them flirt with her. When she would turn to walk away the guys would always just stare at her butt. It always made me angry, so I would turn around and spread my legs apart, like I was in a gunslinger shootout, and then flip them the bird with both hands. Then I would just laugh at them. I knew they weren't going to do anything to me. They liked my mom and she was my protection. I loved doing that to those big dumb idiots. It always made mom mad that I would do that to them.

She tried to teach me right from wrong, but it wasn't consistent, because of her own issues and demons she was dealing with. She also tried to teach me about God, by reading to me from the Bible. I don't know if I ever believed there was such a thing. I guess you could say I was more of an Agnostic than anything. I did believe in some kind of higher power, but I just wasn't sure it was God. However, I didn't do a lot cursing because it wasn't something that I felt I needed to do to make me look important or to act like a big shot. The only time I cursed was when I got angry about something or with someone. Even though I didn't necessarily believe in God, I tried not to take His name in vain, just in case He did exist. I didn't want to make Him angry with me.

As I got a little older, I remember a lot of separations between my parents. The fighting and going back and forth with each other got progressively worse. I would hear them fighting about my dad being with some woman or my mom being with some guy when they had been separated from each other. That seemed to be their biggest issue. I thought it was ridiculous to fight over something like that since being apart from each other is what caused them to cheat on each other in the first place.

During their last separation, I remember that my mom got hooked up with a couple of guys. When my dad found out about it, that was the "last straws" for him. He must've finally just said, that's it, "I've had enough of this," and left. I loved my dad, but I couldn't get very attached to him, because I never knew when he was going to take off and I would never see him again.

Finally, all my fears came true and one day it happened. He just left us and never came back. I was around twelve years old when they finally got a divorce. That's when my entire world turned upside down and I had to grow up fast. I felt lost and numb during those years. I had to be the man of the house since my dad wasn't around anymore.

Chapter 3

My first Kill.

After their divorce, mom decided to move my brothers and I back to Oklahoma, somewhere south of Oklahoma City. I don't remember the name of the town; I just remember it was in a rural area near the South Canadian River. Although I loved my mom, I resented her for the beatings and for not staying with my dad.

Right after we moved there, my mom started going to the bars at night. Sometimes in the larger nearby cities. She was always leaving me to watch my brothers. Sometimes she would even drive all the way into Oklahoma City and we wouldn't see her until the next day or sometimes two.

One night, when I was almost fourteen years old, she went to one of the bars and left me to watch over my brothers as usual. When she finally got home, it was around 2:00 in the morning and she had a drunk guy with her. She said he had given her a ride home. As far as I was concerned, he was just another one of those big sloppy drunk guys she'd met at the bar. She told me he was a traveling

salesman from out of state and that he was spending the night. I was very disappointed with her, but this wasn't the first guy she had brought home from the bars. It didn't matter to me, it always made me angry that she did that.

I could tell they were both drunk when they walked through the door. She was laughing and holding her shoes in her left hand and her right arm around the guy. She was acting stupid and he was just trying to suck on her neck. I met them both at the front door and told them to keep it down, that my brothers were sleeping. I didn't want them waking up and seeing what was going on with the two of them. I got in my mom's face and asked her what she was doing with this idiot. When I did that, the guy immediately pushed me out of the way, and said, "This doesn't concern you boy. It's none of your business." I could feel my face turn flush as the anger and rage quickly went all over my body. I didn't do anything at that moment, but I told myself that he had just done the wrong thing to me. I went back to my room, and while laying fully clothed on the bed, I started to formulate a plan on what I was going to do to this guy. Since my dad wasn't around anymore I figured I would take care of this big pushy loudmouth myself.

I could hear them laughing and having sex as the bed made banging noises against the wall in her bedroom. I remember putting my pillow over my head so I didn't have to listen to it. It didn't help, I could still hear what was going on. I hated that helpless feeling as I lay there. It seemed like it lasted for hours, when in truth, it was only a short time. I wasn't very happy about the entire encounter with this guy.

I stayed awake until they both fell asleep and it was in the early morning hours. Then I put my plan into action. It was about 5:00 am and still dark outside as I quietly crept into my mom's bedroom. I didn't want to wake her or she would've ruined my plan.

I went over to the drunken slob and nudged him gently and whispered into his ear. I told him that my mom had come into my room while he was sleeping and told me she wanted him to take me to the store. I told him she was going to make him breakfast when they woke up. I whispered that she wanted it to be a surprise, so make sure he didn't wake her. He grumbled around for a few minutes and, at first, was very reluctant to get out of bed. My mom woke up for a short moment, while he was putting on his pants, and asked him what he was doing. I ducked down so she wouldn't see me. He told her he was going to the bathroom and that he would be right back, as she fell back asleep. I believe he was still drunk and wasn't thinking clearly as he slowly followed my every instruction. I found out a long time before, that when I wanted something from someone, I could be very convincing.

As he got to the front door I told him to hold on a second, I needed to get something and that I'd be right back. As he waited by the door I went into my bedroom and got a loaded .38 pistol, I had stolen a few years earlier, and stuck it in my belt. Before I had gone into my mom's bedroom to wake him, I also had grabbed a small hammer and a chisel from the tool box in the garage and stuck it in my belt.

While we were driving to the store, I knew there was nothing open, except a little all-night quick-stop store, near the middle of our little town. I told the big dummy to head in the opposite direction of the store. When we were away from the

housing tracks and had come to a stop sign, I looked around to make sure there wasn't anybody around. I quickly reached over and threw the gear shift in park. I then took out the .38 pistol and I stuck it between his legs. I shot him at point blank range, right in his crotch. He immediately slumped over in pain and started screaming. I told him to shut up or I would shoot him again, but the next one would be in the head. That's when I put the pistol to his head and told him to drive toward the woods. I was telling him where to go as we drove deep into the woods near the river.

When we got to where I wanted him and had stop. I told him to reach down with both hands and pull his shirt over his head. He was reluctant, but in so much pain, that he quickly did what I told him to do. He was begging me the entire time to take him to the hospital. After he pulled his shirt up to over his head, I quickly took my shirt off and wrapped it around the gun. I didn't want any more blood splatter than what I already and I wanted to muffle the sound of the gun. In a real calm and quiet voice I said, "You shouldn't have pushed me around. Whose business do you think it is now?" I put the gun to his head and pulled the trigger. The blood and brain parts splattered on the driver's side window as he slumped over toward the steering wheel. I quickly got out of the car and went to his side. I pushed him over to the passenger side and jumped in the drivers spot. I then drove his car just a little further into a swampy area where I knew there was some deep quick sand near the river.

I had found this spot a few months earlier, after I killed the neighbor's dog, because it wouldn't stop barking. It was right next to the window where I slept and it barked constantly, all night long. I had asked them several times to do something about it. I told them it was keeping me awake all night and they needed to do something to stop it. They just ignored me and refused to do anything about it. One night, when they were sleeping, I killed it and took it to the river, where I dumped in the quick sand. Now that quick sand was coming in handy once again.

I dragged his body out of the car and over to the quick sand. I rolled him into it, along with all the evidence from his car. I wiped off his blood from the window with my shirt and ripped out the part of the front seat of the car where his blood had accumulated, and dumped it in the quick sand. I waited a few minutes to make sure everything had sunk and was out of sight. I chiseled the ID numbers off of his car and then got back in and ran it into a big fat tree a few times in the front and backed into the tree a couple of times. I then knocked out all the windows with the hammer. I wanted to look like a wrecked car. My heart was racing from all the excitement, as I went about my plan. It was like I was on a mission and everything was falling into place.

I knew about an old wrecking yard, not far away, that had a lot of old beat up cars and it wasn't fenced in. That's where I planned to drop his car off. The last half mile, before I got there, I cut all four tires so it was just riding on bad tires and rims when I parked it. It was in pretty bad shape and I believed the owners of the junk yard might have thought one of their friends or someone they did business with had just left the beat up car for them.

I put the gun in one hand and the hammer and chisel in the other hand as I ran all the way back to my house. I made sure no one saw me as I made my way along the abandoned roads. When a car came by I ducked out of sight. I was hyped up

and very happy with myself, as I made my way back home. I was huffing and puffing by the time I got there. It was just in time, because it was starting to get daylight.

Later that morning, my mom woke up and wanted to know what happened to the guy she had been with the night before. I said, "All I know is, he got up real early in the morning and he didn't say a word to anyone as he crept his way out." My mom just shrugged her shoulders and said, "Oh well! You win a few and lose a few!" That was all she said as she walked back into her room and closed the door.

Since my mom had ridden back from the bar with the guy she had to get a ride from one of her friends back to where she had left her car the night before.

While she was gone, I took a sledge hammer to the gun that I had used to kill the guy and broke it up in pieces. I then took a hack saw and cut the barrel into three pieces. Over the next few days I dropped the pieces of the gun in the trash cans all over town.

That was my first experience in killing a person and I didn't think it was that big of a deal. It didn't seem much different than killing a cat or a dog. I just remember being very pleased with myself because I never got caught for killing him.

My mom bar-hopped around the different towns for a few more years until she finally hooked up with some guy that was willing to put up with her and take care of my brothers. He also had a little money and was willing to spend it on her. He wasn't a bad guy to be around and he kept my mom out of my hair so I decided I wasn't going to kill him. Even though, deep down inside, I still wanted my dad back. Somehow, I felt like this guy was just an obstacle that stood in the way. I also realized that if it wasn't him it would've been someone else. To keep from killing him, I found ways to get out of the house as often as I could.

A few years after my mom hooked up with him, I found out that my dad had gotten remarried to a woman in Paris, Texas. I had just turned sixteen and gotten my driver's license. I found out where they lived and decided to take a trip there to try to talk to him. When I arrived at his house, his wife met me at the front door and said, "Your dad doesn't want to see you." I was in shock. I didn't know what to say or do. I just remember being totally devastated that I had traveled all that way and she wouldn't, at least, let me talk to him. I was also angry that he didn't even have the guts to come to the door and tell me himself.

I made the trip and tried again a couple more times and it was always the same answer from her. I didn't believe what she said, but my dad never made any attempt to contact us after he had married to her.

I never saw my dad alive again and even after he died his wife wouldn't tell me where he was buried. I had a hard time with that behavior, because I just couldn't understand a person being so cruel and heartless. During those trips to their house, I decided I hated that woman. I made up my mind I would kill her someday when I got a chance.

After my last trip to her house I spent some time and came up with a plan on how I was going to kill her. I waited about a month after I got home. I stole enough money to get a round trip bus ticket and money for food to Paris, Texas. I decided I wasn't going to drive my own car just in case someone saw me and could identify me as her killer.

I had already stolen another pistol and some bullets from a friend of mine's father. One day when I was at my friend's house the gun and ammo was just lying on the kitchen table and I stole it on the way out the door. His dad always told my friend that he believed I took it, but when he asked me about it, I always denied it.

On the day I decided I would make my journey to see my dad's wife I stuck the pistol in my pants and wore my black hooded sweat shirt over my head with dark sunglasses. Before I left, I told my mom I would be gone for a few days so not to worry about me. She asked me where I was going and I just said that I was going hunting with a few friends and I would be back in a few days.

I went to the bus depot and purchased the round trip ticket under a fake name. The entire time I was on the bus to Texas, I just sat in the back corner and pretended to be asleep. I didn't want to talk to anyone or bring any attention to myself, with what I had planned. All I could think about the entire way to her house was how angry I was that she wouldn't let me talk to my dad before he died. The hatred I had for her started to overwhelm me the closer I got to her home. I kept running through my plan over and over again in my mind, on exactly how I was going to kill her.

When I arrived, it was in the middle of the afternoon and I thought it was perfect timing. I grabbed a hamburger and a coke at a local hamburger stand and then wait around at a nearby park until it got dark.

Once I felt like it was dark enough I started walking toward her house. When I got there, the lights were on in her living room, and it didn't look like anyone was visiting her because there weren't any cars in the driveway. I figured she must be alone. I walked by her house a few blocks and then turned around and headed back in that direction. I was checking out the neighborhood to make sure no one was watching me as I very slowly crept up to her porch and looked in the windows. Just as I had suspected, she was sitting there on her couch watching television. When I first saw her the rage swelled up in me and I could feel the blood flow to my face. My first thought was, I wanted to immediately burst into her house and shoot her right between the eyes. As hard as it was, I had to control my emotions because I had some questions for her and I wanted answers to them before I killed her.

I went around to all the windows to make sure there wasn't anyone else in the house. Once I believed she was alone, I went back to the living room window and watched from the corner of the house for a few minutes to make sure no one in the neighborhood had seen me sneaking around. When I was convinced it was safe, and I had worked up enough nerve to follow my plan, I made my move.

I went up to the front door, pulled out my pistol and knocked on the door. At first she didn't answer the door so I knocked again. Finally, after what seemed like several minutes, she slowly opened the door and started to say can I help you when I pushed my way inside. I told her not to scream or I would put a bullet in her head. That's when she asked me what I was doing there. I told her to close the curtains so none of the neighbors could see inside. I asked her if anyone else was in the house and she slowly chocked out the answer, no. She had two little dogs and they were going crazy barking and growling at me. I told her to put them in the bathroom or I would kill them. She quickly picked them up and carried them to the bathroom and closed the door, as I followed her. She then said to me in a

very angry voice, "What do you think you are doing, Cody? Are you crazy?" I told her to shut up, that I was the one that would be asking the questions.

I pulled out one of the chairs from under the kitchen table and I used some ties from an apron she had lying on the counter in the kitchen. I ripped them off and tied her hands behind her back and behind the chair. I also tied her feet so she couldn't stand up and run. Now that I had her completely where I wanted her, I began to ask her the questions I so desperately wanted answers too. I asked her, "Why were you so heartless and mean to me when I made several attempts to see my dad before he died? She said one of the things that I suspected all along, "I made the decision that your dad didn't need to see you. According to what your father had told me you had been nothing but trouble since you were born." Her words cut me like a knife so I slapped her across the face. Then in an angry voice, I asked her, "Who gave you the right to keep me from my dad when all I wanted to do was talk to him? I wasn't trying to interfere with your marriage; I had a right to see him." Her voice was quivering when she said that she didn't feel like I needed to be part of his life anymore. He had a good life with her and she felt that his kids from his previous marriage didn't need to come between them. I told her, "All I wanted to do was see my dad. I missed him and loved him and I just wanted to know if he loved me and missed me too." That's when she said the hurtful things I didn't want to believe, "Your dad didn't love you and he didn't want to ever see you again. He felt like you were just a pain in the neck to him and more trouble than you were worth." When she said those words it was almost more than I could handle. I almost shot her in the head at that point, but I controlled my temper. If I hadn't had a plan, I would've killed her right then. The tears welled up in my eyes and I said, "That's a lie, my dad would never have said those things about me." That's when she continued her outburst, "Why do you think he wouldn't talk you those times you came to see him?"

I had enough of her and I didn't want to hear any more from her, even it was true. I still blamed her for not letting me in their house to see him. She could've been a nicer person and tried to explain to me how she felt. Even if I didn't understand her feelings, at least I would know the reason why she felt the way she did. Now I was even angrier with her for saying the things she was saying.

I was through talking to her. I ripped a piece of the apron apart and rolled it up in a ball and stuffed it in her mouth. I said to her, "You could've talked my dad into seeing me if you would've wanted too, but you didn't want me to be part of your little happy family. You just wanted him all to yourself. You didn't want him to have anything to do with me or my brothers. Now look where it's gotten you. You're nothing but a lonely old woman sitting on your couch watching television alone with no one left in your life. I blame you for him feeling the way he did about me. He never felt that way before he met you. I feel like you kept us apart and that's the way you wanted it." She just stared at me as her eyes filled up with tears and they began bugging out with fear. She could tell that I was way past listening to any type of reasoning. My emotions had finally taken control of me and there was only one way this entire ordeal was going to end. At that point, I hit her in the head with the butt of the gun and knocked her unconscious.

I then went into the master bedroom and opened up the closet and some of my dad's clothes were still hanging. For a brief moment, as I stood there, all I could think about was how nice he looked in those clothes.

In one pair of his pants there was a thin leather brown belt so I grabbed it and went back to the kitchen. I thought *this would be a fitting end to her life, using my dad's own belt to kill her*. I looked at her and slowly put the belt around her neck as I said, "You should've been nicer to me and this would never have happened to you." I could feel the anger and rage releasing out of me as I pulled the belt tighter and tighter around her neck. I had choked her for several minutes until her limp body slumped over in the chair. I waited for about five minutes and then checked her wrist and neck for a pulse and couldn't get one. That's when I knew she was dead.

I then went into her bedroom and started going through her drawers and throwing things on the floor to make it look like someone broke in and robbed, and killed her. I took all her jewelry and anything else that looked like it had value that I could stick in my sweatshirt pockets. I went through her purse and took the cash she had and threw everything else on the floor. During my rummaging through everything I found a picture of my dad and stuck it in my pocket. After I was convinced it looked like a robbery, I went around and wiped everything clean, where I may have touched something. I also wiped the belt clean of any fingerprints. After I was sure I had everything cleaned, I checked her pulse once again just to make sure she was dead. After getting no response, and I knew she was dead, I went to her back door and stepped outside and broke it open from the outside. I left it open and went back to the front door and used a towel and turned off the lights and opened the door as I slowly went outside. As soon as I was sure no one was watching the house, I left and headed back to the bus depot.

I was able to catch a bus early the next morning, after sleeping on one of the benches in the park. I did the same thing on my way back home. I just sat in the corner of the back of the bus and pretended I was sleeping. Several times, I pulled out my dad's picture, and cried softly to myself. I was still hurting inside from the stinging words my dad's wife said about how he felt about me. The thing that hurt me the most was that I would never know if they were true, since he wasn't around to tell me any different. During a few of the stops along the way I got off to go to the bathroom and disposed of the jewelry and the other things I had stolen from her house, in trash cans.

I was only sixteen and I had already killed two people. The interesting thing about those killings, was that, I didn't have any remorse about either of them. I felt like both people I had killed deserved what they got.

Even though I had said it several times, while I was growing up, it was during that time of my life, I made a promise to myself that once I got married it would be forever. I told myself that I would never put my kids through what I had gone through as a child. The woman I married had to promise me she would live up to her marriage commitment to love me forever. I had formed the idea in my mind that if my wife ever cheated on me, or left me for another man, I would kill her and the guy she was with.

Chapter 4

Reflections of my Childhood.

When I was in prison, I had to be interviewed by a few psychiatrics. They had to give the court mental evaluations of me, to see if I was crazy. The psychiatrics wanted me to talk about my past and some of the things that had happened to me that they believed led me to the point where I was. I began telling them about some of the best times and worst times that were still vivid in my mind. It was during those interviews some interesting things that I had forgotten about as a child started rearing their ugly heads. Some of my reflections took me back to the darkness part of my mind.

One such moment was when I was about five years old. I always tried my best not to get attached to any animals we would own when I was young. If we were to acquire a new dog I didn't treat it very good because I knew as soon as we moved to a new location we would just leave it there and hope that someone would take care of it. Several times, when we moved, I remember looking out the back window of our car as we were driving off and watching our dog follow until I couldn't see it anymore. That always made me cry to think that the dog wanted to be with us so much and yet we just abandoned it. After that happens a few times you don't really want to be close to an animal that loves you. When dad finally left my mom I felt like that's what he did to us when we were kids, he just abandoned us.

When I was about six years old we were visiting some relatives in Arkansas for a few days. My dad's brother decided they were going to kill one of the young goats they had been raising. It was what we were having for meat for the next few days we were staying with them. I had no idea what to expect, but my dad said, "Come on Cody, let's go watch." I went along with whatever my dad wanted me to do in those early years.

His brother cornered the young goat and tied its two front legs together and its two back legs together. He took this big long knife, from a holster he was wearing, and cut its throat while it was just sitting there looking around. I can still see its big round dark eyes looking at me. The goat immediately let out a horrible scream that sent chills up and down my spine. All I can remember is that its screams sounded like a woman in terrible pain. It scared me so bad that I wet my pants. I didn't let my dad know because I was too embarrassed. He probably knew, but didn't let on to me that he did.

They hung the dead goat up in the barn by its hind legs and started to skin it and gut it. At that point I lost my appetite for any kind of meat. I told my mom and dad, "I'm not going to eat that goat." After a few days of not eating anything, my dad said, "Cody, you can eat the goat meat or you can starve. It is your choice." After much disgust and total dissatisfaction, I ended up eating the goat meat.

That wasn't my only experience at wetting my pants. I used to wet my bed all the time in the middle of the night, until I was about eight years old. My mom would get really angry and sometime whip me for it, but I didn't know how to stop it. During the night, I would be dreaming that I had to go to the bathroom real bad. I always found a place to go in my dreams and I would relieve myself. It

always turned out to be my bed and I would wake up soaked in pee. It was totally embarrassing, but there was nothing I could do to stop it.

One time I was staying the night with some cousins and I had to go to the bathroom in the middle of the night. I was half awake and half asleep and I got up and started looking for the bathroom door. I searched all over the room for the bathroom door, but couldn't find it. I finally gave up looking and just peed on the side of the wall in the middle of the room. That's when I woke up and realized what I had done. I was so embarrassed that I never told anyone about it, especially not my cousins. Finally, one day, without rhyme or reason, the entire bed wetting just stopped.

I have always had a huge dislike for cats. I hated them coming around me and rubbing up against my legs, weaving in and around me, and wanting me to pet them. I felt like they were nothing more than just a pest. One day when I was about eight years old, I talked a group of the neighborhood kids into taking one of our old lady neighbor's cats and pulling a trick on it. I got a dried up corn cob and a bottle of liniment. (That stuff burns like crazy when you put it on a new fresh wound). I had one of the kids hold the cat's head, one held its two front legs, and another kid held its hind legs. I began to rub its butt with the corn cob. I rubbed it raw until it was bleeding and then poured the liniment on its butt. We then turned the cat loose. It let out a huge scream and made several circles trying to catch its tail and then flew up into a twenty foot tree, straight to the top. You could tell it was in obvious pain because it leaped from the top of the tree to the ground, and took off running. We were all dying laughing and I was so proud of myself for making all the kids laugh, all at the expense of that cat. It made me feel like I was the most important kid around. We never saw the cat again, but I didn't think it was that big of a loss.

When I was about ten years old, I had another encounter with a cat. There were some stray cats that kept coming to our house wanting to be fed. My mom and dad were always arguing about them because she liked them coming around and my dad didn't. I got tired of hearing them argue over the stupid cats so one day I went outside and found several pieces of wood and took some thick string and made a bow and a few arrows. I decided I was going to get rid of those cats once and for all. I saw one hanging around the back door so I started taking shots at it, and chasing it. It finally ran up into a tree for safety. After several shots, one of my arrows found its target and the cat came tumbling to the ground. I felt great elation and pride as I picked it up by the tail and said to it, "You won't be causing trouble around my house anymore, will you?" I had no feelings for the cat so I was glad to get rid of it. I killed a few more and chased the rest of them away with my bow and arrows. I foolishly believed what I had done would stop my mom and dad from fighting.

I was also a big prankster with my brothers and my cousins. One time we were all out in the chicken barn collecting some chickens to kill for dinner. When our cousins would come over for a visit, Mom would have me go out to the chicken pen and grab a few chickens and then ring their necks. It was fun to watch them flop around even after their heads had been snapped off. On this particular occasion, I had some gum in my mouth and I told my younger brothers and cousins that if they would take a handful of chicken feed and put it in their mouth and chew it

for a while it would turn into chewing gum. I pretended to put chicken feed in my mouth and went through the motion of chewing it. Then after a few minutes I pulled out my chewing gum and showed it to them. I had all of them eating chicken feed by the time it was over. I kept telling them they didn't have enough and that they had to use more of it because it took a lot of chicken feed to make gum. (After trying for about an hour they gave up because "obviously", none of them made any gum).

One day a neighbor friend of mine and I were playing in a fort we had built up in an old tree that was about a mile from our house. It was down in this old, dried up, swamp area and there were lots of brush and over-hanging trees. It was a great place to get away from home and pretend you were cowboys protecting the fort from the Indians. We each had BB guns and we pretended to be the cowboys. It was a lot of fun to just go and hang out there. I didn't like staying around home during those days. I would take off early in the morning, as soon as I got up, and I would stay gone all day. I would eat fruit from neighboring farms for lunch and I wouldn't come back home until dinner time.

While we were in the fort one day, we heard a boy crying, not too far from us. We went looking for the sound and found this boy about our age, just sitting in some bushes and he was crying out loud. We cautiously approached him and asked him why he was crying. We also asked him his name. After he quit crying he quietly said, Billy Joe Farris. We asked him what was wrong with him, but he wouldn't talk about it. We asked him where he lived, and he said that he didn't live too far from there, but wouldn't say exactly where. We invited him to come and play with us and we told him he could become part of the cowboys if he would like. We told him that he could go to the fort anytime he was sad or if he just wanted to play in it by himself.

Every time we saw him he was pretty sad, and after a while he was able to trust us enough to tell us what was going on with him and why he was always so unhappy. He told us that his father had been molesting him for a few years and he was embarrassed and ashamed to let anyone know. He said that his father was not only molesting him, but he was molesting his sister as well. He said he hated his father and that he wanted to kill him. We agreed that his father needed to die for doing that to him, but we didn't know what to do because we were just eleven year old kids.

My friend and I decided we would talk to our parents about Billy and let them know what had been going on with him. Much to our surprise, they wouldn't listen to us about it. They told us we should mind our own business because Billy might be lying about what his dad was doing.

My friend and I talked about it and decided to call the police and tell them what Billy's dad was doing to Billy and his sister. We called the police and tried to talk to them, but because we were just kids, the police didn't believe us and wouldn't do anything about it. They must've thought we were just being pranksters.

We decided to take the law into our own hands so I came up with a plan that we would write a letter to Billy Joe's dad and put it on his front door. We figured this would let him know the police knew what he was doing to his kids. We made two hand written notes that said:

*THE POLICE KNOW THAT YOU
ARE MOLESTING YOUR KIDS.
IF YOU DON'T STOP YOU ARE GOING TO JAIL.*

We then snuck over to his house one night and put one on his front door and the other one in his mail box. For some foolish reason we thought this might scare him enough so that he would stop molesting his kids. It backfired on us. We never saw Billy Joe Farris again after we put the letter on their door and in the mailbox. His father moved the family two days after we left the notes. We never found out what happened to him or his sister until later in his life.

When I was grown I found out that Billy Joe Farris had killed two young people during a robbery. The police report said he ate their lunch they had just purchased, after he killed them. He received the death penalty and was later executed in California.

Just a short time after that, and while visiting some cousins, I took my BB gun with me to their house. While my dad and mom were in the house visiting my aunt and uncle my younger brother, Michael was riding an old bike he had found in the garage. He was going in big circles around the driveway. I decided I would use him for target practice so I fired off a few shots at him. One of the bb's hit him in his left eye and he hit the ground screaming. I thought he was just faking at first, until I ran over and looked at his eye. When I saw it I could tell that I had really messed it up. I was scared to death and thought my mom and dad would kill me. All the way to the hospital I was being slapped and hit by my mom, for what I had done.

Michael ended up losing that eye, and after we got home, my dad beat me with a belt for several minutes and again every day for about a week. My mom would just slap me every once in a while to let me know how unhappy she was with me. The bad treatment they gave me for the next few weeks started making me feel less guilty about what I had done to my brother and the pain he had gone through. I started getting angrier about my own pain I had to endure. I began to welcome the beatings and the slaps, because it helped ease the pain I felt for what I had done.

Not long after that incident, my parents got a divorce. That's when things started to change with me and my attitude. I was angry inside for losing my dad. I no longer had much of a conscience about the bad things I would do. I would do whatever I thought I could get away with without getting caught. I became very sly and calculative, all the while gaining people's trust so I could steal things from them. When I would work for people I would lie about how many hours I had worked. I felt like I was on my own and I knew I had to take care of myself. No one else was going to.

I tried to go to school during those times, but I was always behind the other kids because we were constantly moving or never in the same place very long. That's the main reason I didn't like school. It wasn't that I was stupid; I just had a hard time catching up with the school work. It seemed like some schools were ahead of what I had been learning but some were behind what I had learned. It was always a challenge going to a new school.

When I was about thirteen, I had a girl that I liked, that lived a few miles from my home in this workers camp where a lot of farm labor low housing people lived.

When I was almost to her house, I saw some younger boys playing marbles. They didn't seem to be very happy and a couple of them were crying. I noticed that there was a boy about my size and age that was bending over and shooting the marbles out of a circle. The way we played marbles in those days is that you put your marbles in the center of a 3 to 4 foot circle. You would then flip a coin to see who goes first. The first person would shoot at the marbles in the center, trying to knock them out of the circle. Once your shooting marble was in the circle you could shoot the rest of marbles out of the circle with your marble until yours went outside the circle. You got to keep all the marbles that you shot out of the circle. Once your shooting marble went out of the circle then it would be the next guys turn. The older kid had a coffee can, almost full of marbles, he had won off the younger boys.

After watching him for a few minutes I told him that I didn't think it was fair him playing those younger boys and taking their marbles. He stood up, and he was a few inches taller and heavier than me, and told me to mind my own business or he was going to beat the crap out of me. When he said that I grabbed his coffee can full of marbles and threw them all over the ground and told the boys to pick them up and keep them. That's when the older boy took a swing at me. I ducked and hit him twice in the face and told him to stop or I was going to hurt him. Of course he didn't take my advice and so I ended up beating him up pretty bad with my fists. I blacked both of his eyes, busted his lip and nose. He was bleeding all over his face when I told him that if he did that to the boys again I would come back and beat him up again. I felt like he should've listened to me and he wouldn't have gotten beaten up.

When I was about seventeen years old I went to live with my cousins in California to finish my last two years of high school. One of my cousins was my age and another one was two years younger. The first year it was a lot of fun being with them and going to school. It was just like having my own brothers, but closer to my age. Something about me that always bothered them is that I was constantly getting into fist fights. I even got into fights with some of their friends. I couldn't help it, I had been through hell in my life at that point and no one knew or understood what I had been through. They couldn't understand why I had such a big chip on my shoulder. I didn't even understand it myself. They said I had a real mean angry look on my face when I would get in a confrontation with someone. They said it was a little scary. I have to admit, I would look a little mean when I got mad, but I think it was more about the sadness I felt inside than anything. On the other hand, I always had a very soft sounding or quiet spoken voice and people said it was hard to hear me talk sometimes. My idol during those years was the actor James Dean. I tried hard to emulate the way he talked and dressed in movies.

No matter how hard I tried, I always felt I was a fish out of water at my cousin's school. All I liked to wear during those days was a black body fit T-shirt, a pair of Levi's and cowboy boots. Most guys my age were wearing matching clothes. A lot of the girls liked me because of that "tough guy" persona I had, but for the most part, I just didn't fit into the clean cut high school kid mold. I also liked wearing my dark brown hair a little longer than normal and combed straight back.

I knew my time living with my cousins would be short lived, but we had a lot of fun while it lasted. My cousins didn't share the same type of "it doesn't matter attitude" that I had.

I always tried to use the system to get what I wanted. If I couldn't get it by asking for it, I would just try taking it or find a way to steal it. I never had to pay for gas for my car; I just stole it from the farmers' tanks that lived in the country. They usually had a four or five hundred gallon gas tank behind their houses they used for their tractors. The only thing keeping me out was a little padlock, which was easy to break. I would just canvas their house and wait for them to go somewhere and then go steal what I needed. The key to me not getting caught was that I tried never to steal from the same farm twice.

One night I went to "Shotgun Effie's house" to steal gas. Her place was out east of town. I don't know what her real name was but everyone around town called her "Shotgun Effie" because she had shot at a few people with her shotgun. I watched her house for a few hours and couldn't see anything going on in or around it. She lived in a big old two story house that looked like it was about 100 years old. I don't think it had been painted for about that long as well. I drove very slowly into her driveway and went to the back where her gas tanks were located. I got out of the car like I owned the place and broke the lock on the gas tank. I took the gas that I needed.

When I was done with the gas, I looked over and saw some ripe peaches on one of her trees. I decided I would go over to the trees and steal one or two of them. As soon as I picked a couple of the peaches from the tree I heard the screen door slap the house as it shut behind this little, humped over, wrinkled, and gray haired woman. I looked at her and she had a shotgun in her hands. I immediately started running for my car. I heard her saying in a real high pitched voice, "Stay away from my peaches", as she fired the shotgun at me. She might have been old but she had a pretty good aim. I felt this tremendous pain in my back, like I had just been stung by a hundred honey bees. I ran and got in my car and took off. As soon as I got far enough away from her place and I felt like I was safe, I pulled over to see how bad I was wounded. I wanted to see how much blood I had on my shirt. As I pulled off my shirt, and much to my surprise, I didn't have hardly any blood coming from what I was sure were pellet wounds in my back. My back was still stinging and I was squirming in pain when I realized she had shot me in the back with shells loaded with rock salt instead of pellets. Although it burned for several hours, I was real lucky she used rock salt or I might've been dead. I made sure I never went back there again.

One night my cousins and I got busted by the police for beating on a wooden box with our fists that covered an outside jukebox at the local hamburger joint in town. We took turns hitting the boards to see who could break one of them with our fists. I think each one of us broke at least one. It was about 2:00 in the morning when the police woke up my aunt and uncle up and asked them to go get us out of bed so they could take us down to the police station. We were all pretty scared that we were going to have to stay in jail for a few days. My aunt and uncle talked to the police and they just had to pay a few hundred dollars for the broken boards to keep us out of juvenile hall. I guess that was the last straw with them and they said I had to go. That was during my senior year of high school and I had

worn out my welcome with my Aunt and Uncle and it was time to move back home with mom and my brothers. It seemed like no matter what I did, I never fit in with family or anyone else. I felt very much like a lost soul, like I didn't belong anywhere. I didn't feel like anyone really cared if I lived or died at that point in life. I didn't like living with my mom anymore but I didn't have a choice. I didn't have any place else to go.

Chapter 5

My Cousin Jackie.

My mom had moved into a little shack of a house not too far from my grandparent's house in California so that's where I went to live for a while. I think I was around seventeen and a half years old at the time. That's when I met my cousin, Jackie. She was about 15 at the time and her parents had sent her to live with our grandparents for two months during the summer. She was extremely pretty and I thought she probably was one of the most beautiful girls I'd ever seen in my life. She was about 5'6" with long black hair down past her shoulders and soft blue eyes. She had a body that you would only see in Playboy magazines. As soon as we met each other we started doing everything together. No matter where I would go, she wanted to go with me. I loved all the attention she was giving me. It was the first time in my life that someone liked me for who I was.

After a few weeks of being together, I took her to my old swimming hole in one of the irrigation canals, about two miles from our house. I had learned how to swim just a few years earlier when the cousins I lived with took me to a canal near their house. I told them that I didn't know how to swim. (That wasn't entirely true I just couldn't swim on the top of the water). I knew how to hold my breath and swim under the water for about a minute. They thought they were being funny and grabbed me and wrestled me down to the dark murky water of the nearby canal and threw me in. Before I went under, I took a deep breath and then swam down to the bottom and kept swimming about fifty yards downstream. I then came up for air and found some overhanging weeds and hid in them with just my head above water. My cousins didn't see me after they threw me in the water and they thought I had drowned. They started running up and down the canal banks looking for my body. The entire time, I was just sitting in the water and laughing at them while peering through the weeds. I let them squirm for throwing me in the water when they thought I couldn't swim. They were starting to panic after about fifteen minutes and I could tell they were getting ready to go get help to start searching for me. That's when I swam upstream until I got back to where they threw me in and crawled out. The big joke ended up being on them and not me. After that, they taught me how to do the breast stroke and the free style and it didn't take me very long to learn.

Jackie and I had to walk down dirt paths and dirt roads to get to my favorite swimming hole. It was very secluded and we would swim nude most of the time. She didn't seem to mind taking off all her clothes in front of me. We would lay out

on the edge of the canal bank on towels we had brought with us and just soak up the sun. She was amazing to look at when that hot afternoon sun would just sparkle off her wet body. Sometimes she would turn a certain way and I could just see the silhouette of her body just glowing. I could lay there and look at her for hours and she drove me crazy. She had beautiful curves and nice full and firm breasts.

We talked about everything that young people talk about and she was easy to talk to and to be with. At times I would hitch a ride into town from neighbors just to hang out and she would go with me. She was a blast to be with and I loved every minute of her attention.

Soon our attraction toward each other turned into something more than just cousins. We found ourselves flirting and teasing more and more with each other. We started going into the bedroom when no one else was around and making out. She had great full lips and she didn't mind me putting my hands wherever I wanted to on her body. I really loved touching her and kissing her. The sex with her was a little awkward at first because it was her first time, but then it got really good after a few more times of being together. When no one else was around we were having sex in the bedroom, in the kitchen and on top of the kitchen table, on top of the washing machine and dryers, on the couches, outside up against the wall. We were like two lovers that couldn't get enough of each other. I knew she was my cousin, but I just couldn't help myself, I couldn't resist her. I don't know how she kept from getting pregnant, but she did. Lucky for us, because we would probably had a creepy looking kid. I think what we had for each other was "puppy love" during that two month period. We both knew that it was wrong and it wasn't going to last, but it was so much fun while it lasted.

Our grandparents didn't know what was going on and didn't suspect anything between us because we were cousins. They thought we just liked hanging out with each other. They didn't bother us, even when they would come in and see us sleeping in the same bed. Looking back, it was probably good that she went back home after her two months was up. There's no telling what would've happened if we would've gotten caught by my mom or her parents. We vowed to each other that we would never get together again after that summer, but it was a time in my life I will never forget.

After she left and went back home, I remember feeling that all too familiar, empty and sad feeling once again.

Chapter 6

Hanging out with Buddy.

My mom's youngest brother's name was Harlan but, everyone called him Buddy. He was only about six years older than me and I formed a huge attachment to him when I was young. I looked up to him and idolized him. I always wanted to be around him or just hang out with him. That turned out to not be so good for me

because he was always getting into fights or some other kind of trouble as he got older.

I started hanging out with Buddy when I was only about seventeen years old. At that time in his life he was divorced from his wife. We both could use the company so we started to do a lot of things together. He took me under his wing and said that he wanted to teach me everything about life I needed to know. What he didn't realize was, that I had already been to hell and back living with his sister, my mom. We became more like brothers than anything else during that time of our lives. We spent almost all of our time with each other.

He was about 5'10" and attractive, stocky, and well-built. He had a great country-western singing voice. I thought he was good enough to sing with the best country singers like Merle Haggard and Buck Owens, but he lacked the confidence he needed to be a star. He taught me how to play the guitar and sing, but I didn't have the voice or the talent he had.

At one point we decided to take a trip to Oklahoma. He and I both wanted to go, but we didn't have very much money. He said, "Don't worry about the money; we'll get some girls to give us money along the way." I thought he was crazy and I didn't believe him, but he was right. We would stop in some little country and western bar, go in, and sit down at the bar, and soon we would have girls coming over to talk to us. We would dance a few songs with them and tell them how beautiful they were. It wasn't long before the girls would be sitting with us and buying us drinks. If we didn't go home with them, we would have them get a hotel room. We would get some liquor and then party with them and usually ended up having sex with them the rest of the night. We would then get up early, take a shower and get ready to go on to our next place. Sometimes we would go through the girl's purses while they were in the bathroom or taking a shower before we left. We would take some of their cash then just sneak out and leave them there alone.

Sometimes we would get into huge fist fights with some of the old country boys in the bars that thought we were trying to pick up their girlfriends. Most of the times they were right, but we were both pretty tough and didn't mind getting into a little fist fight now and then. As a team there weren't too many guys that could whip us.

Sometimes Buddy would talk the owner or manager of the bar into letting him play the guitar and sing for a few hours to get extra money or free drinks. He always put on a great show and made everyone in the bar want more. Usually, while he was singing, I would have some wild little country girl all over me, or I would have her out in the back seat of the car. Every time we got low on cash we'd just stop at one of those little bars and hook up with some girls. We always got enough money for gas and food to get us to our next stop. What made it so easy is that Buddy never cared what the girls looked like. He didn't care if they were ugly or pretty, they were all the same to him. He always said, "The ugly ones are the ones that'll give you everything they have if you are nice to them or have sex with them." He always had his share of the pretty girls too, but he never was able to get much money out of them.

When we got to our relatives in Oklahoma, they would get everyone together for a big family gathering and the family members would bring food and drinks. Buddy and I played music and sang. Everyone seemed like they were happy to see

us. We stayed about a week and relatives gave us money to help us get back to California when we were ready to go. We stopped a few more times on the way back and had fun with some of those country girls like we had done before, but at different bars. Buddy and I made several trips back and forth from California to Oklahoma for about three to four years. It was pretty much the same the first few times, and then our focus started to change.

I remember one time on our way back to Oklahoma; we went into a car dealership and were able to talk them into letting us have a new car with no money down! Deals were sometimes done with little more than a handshake or a man's word or promise. We used fake names to buy the car and told them we would be in the next day to make the down payment. They let us drive off with it and we never paid a dime. We had it for about a week or so and eventually abandoned it somewhere out in the country, in one of the states we were passing through. As soon as we got rid of one, we would get another one to get us where we needed to be. Sometimes, I think we did those things just to see if we could get away with it more than anything else. With a little convincing and a slick word, we were able to talk people into giving us just about whatever we needed.

Then things changed and if we couldn't get money from the girls or someone else, we would canvas a store to see if the clerk was alone. If he or she was alone, then we would just go in and rob it, taking what we needed. Or, if we saw a person dressed real nice, that looked like he had money on him, and was walking along the street alone, we would beat him up and take his money. I noticed our trips and activities were becoming more and more violent. When you're living that type of lifestyle, it doesn't take too long before you're going to get caught.

A few years later, we rolled a guy to get his money and that's when Buddy's luck had run out and he was caught. He was spotted and identified to the police as the person that did the robbing. Buddy wouldn't tell the cops that I was with him so he took the full rap for the robbery. He spent a few years in prison in California for that robbery. He had taken the blame for something that we both had done, but early on, we had made an agreement with each other that if one of us ever got caught and the other one didn't, the one that got caught would take the full blame for the job. We both knew that sooner or later one of us or both of us would get caught and have to pay the consequences for our actions. We just weren't sure which one of us it would be. It was just his luck that he did and I didn't.

It was during our last trip together and before he went to prison for a second time that he told me a big secret that he had been carrying with him for a several years. He said that when he and his wife split up for the last time, she started going to the bars and picking up guys to go home with, before their divorce was final. He said even though they weren't living together it really hurt him to see her with someone else. He said that one night; he caught her with some guy in a bar parking lot. He said he severely beat the guy up and then he beat her until he was sure she was dead. He said he just left her there and never went back. He always believed the cops would be looking for him, and eventually find him and throw him in jail for killing her. He said he thought it was odd that he never heard a word from anyone whether she was dead or alive. He said that incident did something to him inside and changed the way he lived his life. I tried to sympathize with him when I told him, "If you were still married to her, then maybe she deserved what

she got.” I wasn’t going to tell him anything any different because that’s exactly how I believed things should be.

While he was in prison the second time, I met a girl from the small valley town in California where my grandparents lived. I ended up having a couple of sons with her. It was sad, but I wasn’t really in love with her. I tried really hard to make it work with her and we lived together for three to four years. I worked in odd jobs here and there, but I just wasn’t happy. Finally, one day I just had enough of living a lie and I left. The hardest thing about leaving her, was giving up my two boys, because I didn’t want to be like my dad. Unfortunately, the ties to my sons would keep me forever attached to California. It was always hard for me because it was a tug of war with my heart, between my boys and my one true love, Oklahoma. That’s the place I really always wanted to be. I loved the fact that you could hunt deer or wild pigs and go fishing whenever you wanted. It was like paradise to me.

After Buddy got out of prison, we decided to make a few more trips back and forth from California to Oklahoma. Every trip we made became more violent than the last. The last trip I took with him, we actually robbed people at gun point, or beat them up and took whatever money they had on them. We figured we needed it more than they did. Fearing that we may spend the rest of our lives in prison, we decided we would lay low for a while, once we got back to California for the very last time. That was when we stopped hanging out together as often.

Chapter 7

Meeting Cori.

Soon after I quit hanging out with Buddy I met the woman I fell in love with, Corinne Compton, of California. She was 23 years old and about 7 years younger than me at the time. She had a son named Jason from a previous marriage and couldn’t have anymore. She was in a bitter custody battle with her ex-husband who was in law enforcement. Her son was four years old at the time and needed his mom and a dad. I was also at the point in my life where I was ready to settle down.

From the first moment that I saw her I knew that I had to make her my wife. I had never met anyone like her before and it didn’t take long before I fell deeply in love with her. She had olive colored skin, long dark wavy brown hair and emerald green eyes. I thought she was absolutely beautiful. She was very friendly, easy to talk to and the best part for me was that she fell in love with me. I finally found out what I had been missing with all the other women I had been with in my life. I felt like she was the perfect woman for me and our bodies seemed to fit just like a glove when we made love. I think the fact that we loved each other so much made that part of our lives even better. Having sex with her was the true meaning of “making” love for me. That was the one thing in our relationship I thought neither of us would ever get tired of. After all the years together, I know that I never got tired of being with her and having sex with her. Sometimes late at night, I still

fanaticize about her whispering, "I love you Cody Dean Walker." She was MY woman, my possession and now that I had been with her for a while I felt like, "I OWNED HER BODY AND SOUL!!" No man could ever have her or ever touch her again.

We both had a lot in common and I guess that's what drew us together in the first place. We told each other that once we made a commitment to each other, it would be for life. There would never be any backing out of the relationship or divorce for either one of us. I told her, "Just don't ever, ever, ever cheat on me because I made a promise to myself when I was young that, if my wife ever cheated on me, I would kill her." She knew that I was serious about the cheating and in my beliefs and threats. Even so, she still wanted to be with me. She used to tease me about being so jealous. I can still hear those words as she said, "You don't have anything to worry about, Cody Dean Walker, I would never cheat on you."

We were living the perfect young married lover's life but something was still missing for me and for her. She was missing her son terribly and wanted to be with him all the time, but couldn't because she had to share custody of him with her ex-husband. I was just doing farm labor work during those times and that wasn't enough for me. I wanted more out of my life for Cori, Jason and myself.

Oklahoma seemed to be calling me back home. I knew if I stayed in California I'd never be the person I wanted to be. At the same time, we were constantly fighting with her ex-husband over her son. That's when we came up a plan and decided she would kidnap her son, and the three of us would go somewhere in Oklahoma and never let him know where we were. After careful planning, and on a weekend she had Jason, we decided to take him and never look back.

On the way to Oklahoma, I told Cori that we should find a place in Arkansas because no one would ever look for us there. They would be looking for us in Oklahoma. She agreed, so that's where we went. We found a little town called Broken Arrow, just over from the Oklahoma line in South/West Arkansas and decided to settle in there.

We were not far from Queensland, which was the county seat. I didn't know it at the time but this area was considered one of the best fishing and hunting areas in Arkansas. It was in the Ouachita Mountains, which consisted of a few million acres of wooded mountains that runs east and west. Ouachita is the Indian name for "good hunting grounds." Queensland had a large lake called DeQueen Lake and large river called Cossatat.

Not too far out of Queensland was highway 70 leading east and west and highway 71 heading north and south. They were the two major roads leading in and out of the area. Broken Arrow was so small that there was only a post office, a small bank and a country store. There was also an old hotel and a cafe. The town and all the people in and around it totaled no more than 500 people.

There were eight small towns within a ten mile radius of the town, but we were about 45 miles from the major town of Texarkana. This little scenic town was perfect for us. It had rolling hills, lots of trees and everyone seemed to keep to themselves, and that was a bonus for us. There were five lakes within driving distance and lots of small creeks and rivers. I soon found this would be a great place where I could hunt and fish. This was just exactly what we were looking for with all the mountains, rivers and lakes. The temperature didn't get much above

the 90's during the summer, but the humidity was high. The winters were a little chilly at 30 to 40 degrees from late December to February but that didn't seem so bad.

We rented a little three bedroom house in town and settled in. We figured that her ex could never find us there. Cori had faith and believed in me and being together was all that mattered to both of us at that time in our lives.

Because of my ability to manipulate people, most of them felt like I was just an honest and good hard working guy. It didn't take long and I met the Mayor of Queensland. I lied to him and told him that I had been in Law enforcement when I lived in California. (Even though it was a total lie, he didn't know it and never checked on me). He was so impressed with me; he soon called me to say that they needed a deputy Sherriff in Queensland. Lucky for me, he used his influence to get me the job. I was always grateful to him for helping me out. I was trying really hard to be that good old family man and give up my hidden unlawful ways.

We found out from family members in California that there was an arrest warrant out for Cori for kidnapping her son. From then on, we had to lay low because we didn't want to lose her son and she didn't want to go to prison for kidnapping. We knew, because of that, she would never be able to set foot in California again.

For the next few years, I spent all my time either with Cori and Jason or learning my job. I would take Jason with me everywhere I went. I taught him how to fish, how to ride a bike and how to hunt for deer. When he was about five years old I taught him how to shoot a rifle and pistol. I really liked spending time with him. He was a real good kid and we couldn't have been any closer than if he would've been my own flesh and blood. The three of us would spend our week-ends having barbeques and enjoying each other's company. Cori and I were getting along great and we were very happy and in love with each other. We spent a lot of time at night, when I wasn't busy, just cuddling on the couch and watching television together. Those were really great times and the ones I remember and loved the most.

My job as a Deputy Sherriff was pretty quiet most of the time, but I had to do a lot of driving every day to cover all the little towns in my county. Most of my arrests were for poaching, growing pot, speeding or some domestic disturbance of some kind. Whenever I caught someone with pot I usually confiscated it and kept some of it for myself. Then I just let them go. I didn't figure that was a big thing because I enjoyed smoking pot from time to time myself. It was a pretty easy job and I really liked it. After a few years on the job they promoted me to county Sherriff. I then had full control to do whatever I wanted.

Chapter 8

Encounter at Albuquerque.

A few years had passed and I really missed my two sons who were still living in California with their mother. I didn't want them to think I had abandoned them

the way my dad did me. I after I discussed it with Cori, I decided I would drive out to California for a few days and see them. I took one of my week paid vacation times I had earned from work and left the following Friday morning. It was around 4:00 am when I left, before the sun came up. If you weren't familiar with the roads in that area you would usually just head up highway 71 to Fort Smith and then take highway 40 straight through to California. I knew the roads pretty well so I took a short cut and went up through McAlester, Oklahoma and then caught highway 40 heading west. That saved me some time. I figured I could make it to Albuquerque, New Mexico by nine or ten that evening, then stop and take a quick nap in my car, before going any further.

After driving for about sixteen hours, I finally made it and started looking for a place to take a cat nap. I found a country bar with a big, dark, parking lot and crashed there for about an hour or two until some drunken people woke me up with their laughing and loud voices. I had to go to the bathroom so I decided to go into the bar. There was a lot going on. They had a small western band playing and people were dancing and having a good time. This was my kind of place, it was kind of dark and it had a big long bar against one wall. I loved country music, so I enjoyed it. I grew up listening to country music and I'd been in bars like this for as long as I could remember; mostly when I was hunting down my mom in the bars. I hated bars when I was a kid but now that I was older, I actually liked them, and I liked the people who hung out in them. I loved the country type of home grown girls that were always hanging around. They were easy to talk to and very easy to pick up and take home.

After I went to the bathroom, I found an empty stool at the bar and ordered a beer. I really wasn't planning on staying too long. I thought I would just have a couple of beers, listen to the music and then head out. As I looked over at the dance floor, a real pretty little blond caught my eye. Her hair was long and she had a real nice body. She was wearing a short skirt, boots, and a tight top that showed off her nice full breasts. She looked like she was between 25 to 30 years old and she appeared to be a little tipsy. She looked real sexy while she was dancing by herself, on the dance floor. I must have caught her eye because she kept looking over at me and smiling. I smiled back a few times but then turned my attention back to my drink. I knew I didn't have time for this and I didn't want to get involved with her right now. The next thing I knew she was standing against me with her body pressing against my leg. She slurred her words as she said, "I like you cowboy. What's your name?" I told her and then took a drink from the bottle of my beer. I felt flattered that she liked me but that was it. However, she was sexy and her body did feel really good against mine. While I was enjoying our little talk, some big guy slapped me in the back of head and said, "Hey that's my wife you're flirting with you SON OF A BITCH!!" He didn't realize it, but that was something you didn't call a person where I came from. I was six feet tall and weighed about 190 pounds, but this guy was still a little bigger than me. I wasn't scared of him, I just didn't want my boys to see me covered in bruises and cuts from a bar brawl. I calmly stood up and said, "Hey man, I'm not looking for any trouble. I'm sorry if I did something to offend you." The blond quickly scurried away when that happened. At first I thought that was pretty much it. He had made his bid to get me to fight him, but it didn't work. I had seen this mouthy type of guy a lot of

times before and had actually whipped a few of them just for being so stupid. I sat back down to finish my beer and he went away grumbling obscenities at me.

The bartender came over to me and said, "Pay no attention to him he comes in here a lot with his wife and he's just a big loud mouth, troublemaker."

While I was sitting there, the words S.O.B. he'd said to me weren't sitting very well with me. They kept replaying over and over again in my head and they were eating at me. Maybe unconsciously, I really did feel like my mom was a bitch and those words, son of a bitch, stung like one of those switches across my back. It hurt me somewhere very deep inside to feel that way. Still, I wasn't going to let someone else call my mom that. Sitting at the bar, I came up with a plan in my mind and decided I was going to do something to get back at this big loud mouth. I couldn't let him think he could get away with saying that to me. I waited for the right moment, as his wife made her way near me again; I reached over, gently grabbed her by the hand, and pulled her close to me. I whispered in her ear, "Meet me alone, outside, in fifteen minutes and I'll show you how a real cowboy can give you a good time." I kissed her on the neck and then stood up, threw money on the bar for my drink, thanked the bartender, and left.

I didn't know if she would really meet me outside, but it was worth a try. Sure enough, after about fifteen minutes, she came running outside by herself. I waved for her and she came running over to meet me. We immediately started kissing each other. I walked her over to my car and I started passionately kissing her on the neck. Even though she was a little drunk, she was sweet. As I was kissing her, I lifted up her skirt ran my hand down inside her panties and rubbed between her legs. She let out a gasp as I started rubbing her soft spots and firm body. She was already a little wet from dancing, but I didn't mind that. She was breathing pretty heavy as she whispered, "You better hurry, we don't have much time." I then turned her around and leaned her forward up against my car and pulled her skirt all the way up and her panties down then unzipped my pants and pulled them down. I grabbed a handful of her blond hair and started to hump her real hard. She had a nice firm and tight body and it felt really good. The more I thought about her husband and what he had said to me, the harder I humped her. She seemed to really like it, but was scared her husband was going to catch us. She was a good sport and waited for me to finish and then quickly pulled up her panties and pulled down her skirt. I didn't think she got much out of it but maybe it was just the excitement of someone new for her. Sometimes with sex, that's all you need. As she left she said, "Thanks cowboy", kissed me and ran back into the bar. Just like that, half my plan was now complete.

I got into my car and drove it about two blocks away from the bar and parked. I grabbed a tire iron out of my trunk and headed back to the bar to finish the second half of my plan. I decided I would hide in some bushes until they came out. I didn't have to wait too long when they came stumbling out, they were alone and he was pretty drunk. I followed them to their car, making sure no one else was around to see me. Just as he started to get into his car, I hit him in the side of the head with the tire iron and he went down. As soon as I did that his wife took off screaming toward the bar. I didn't hit him hard enough to kill him because I wanted him to hear what I had to say to him and I wanted him to think about it once I was gone. I then hit him with a breaking blow to his right knee cap and

then one to his left knee cap. I could hear the crunching sound as each one shattered. I knew it was going to be a while before this jerk could walk again and that's exactly just what I wanted. As he was laying there squirming, screaming and crying in pain I leaned down and said, "You shouldn't have called me a SON OF A BITCH. You don't call someone's mother a bitch unless you know her." I then got in his face and said, "Thanks for letting me make love to your wife while you were in the bar getting drunk, you stupid idiot. She was great and I really loved having sex with her. You should take better care of your woman. She's a real catch, but it's too bad you don't appreciate her." I just wanted to let my words sink in and haunt him like the words he had said to me.

I knew some guys from the bar or the police would be there soon so I took off running to my car as fast as I could go. I threw the tire iron in the back of trunk and was back on the main road heading to California. I was out of sight before anyone realized what had just happened.

The adrenaline rush kept me going and I was wide awake for the rest of the drive to California. I couldn't help it, but the more I thought about it the more I kept laughing out loud about the whole ordeal. I thought, *the big tough guy got what he deserved and I got to make love to his wife*. I kept thinking about what a big dummy he was.

I did have to make a few pit stops along the way but I made it to California the next day. I was really glad to see my boys. They had grown so much I hardly recognized them. We spent three good days together and I really enjoyed being with them.

On my last day there, I told my boys that I wouldn't be able to see them for a few years and then I headed back to Broken Arrow. I had to be at work the following Monday. I left Friday morning and was back in Broken Arrow by Sunday morning. I didn't sleep much on the way back.

Chapter 9

Incident with the homeless guy.

When I got home, I got into a nice routine of working, coming home and being with the family. We spent our weekends fishing and having BBQ's. Occasionally, I would go out hunting and take Jason with me and most of the time I would get a deer or a wild pig so we would have enough meat for the freezer. We always had the freezer full of some kind of meat and never had to buy any unless we wanted something different.

One day we heard that our elderly neighbor, who lived down the road, had died and her son was selling the property. He was willing to carry the mortgage note with very little money as a down payment. The price and terms were right. This was just what we needed because we didn't have to record any deeds. The property was a twenty acre piece of fenced in property. It was in the country and about three miles from town. It had a three bedroom older house at the end of a winding dirt road, which sat about a quarter of a mile off the main road. The nearest

neighbor was over a half mile away. It was perfect for us. It gave us the privacy and freedom we'd been looking for since we arrived there. I began doing repairs to the place up so we could have a few head of cattle and raise our own chickens for meat and eggs. I loved that place. I finally felt like I had a permanent home for the first time in my life that I didn't have to move away from. I just had to make sure Cori was happy and that she never got caught for the kidnapping of her son.

During my time on the job, I let a lot of people get away with things that they might normally have had to spend some time in jail for. I felt like that was okay, because I gained the reputation around the county that I was tough, but fair. Being the Sherriff, I had to work the entire county, not just my little town, so I made sure I spent time in all the little towns in my county.

Sometimes things would get interesting, especially when I would catch a young married girl for speeding. They almost always wanted me to let them out of the ticket so they wanted to "work something out with me." Most of the time I would just give them a warning and send them on their way, unless it was the second or third time I had caught them doing the same thing. Occasionally, if she offered, and if I was really attracted to her I would have her follow me to a turn out in the woods. If she was married I would just have some quick sex with her and let her out of the ticket. I always told the girls that if anyone found out about what we had done I would come looking for her and tell her husband that it was her idea. I knew that would be enough to keep me safe. Those sex acts were never like the intimate relationship I had with Cori and I just considered them pure sex and not the same as making love. That was the way I justified it in my mind.

Sometimes I would get a big guy that had too much to drink and he would be driving while drunk. If he reminded me of one of my mom's old boyfriends or he was being belligerent I would pull him out of the car and rough him up a little. If he gave me any trouble, I would just beat the hell out of him and say that he resisted arrest and then I'd throw him in jail. I always made sure there were no witnesses around to see what I had done.

I would sometimes catch guys killing a deer out of season and I'd make a deal with them to share some of their meat with me and then nobody had to know they were breaking the law. Most of my days working were just routine and pretty boring because not much happened.

Things went on like that for a few more years and then I started getting the urge to go see my boys again. They were almost 10 and 11 years old so I talked to Cori and decided to use another week of paid vacation time and take a trip to California. This time, I told myself, I wasn't going to stop in Albuquerque, New Mexico. I decided I would drive all the way to Gallup, New Mexico before stopping to rest.

I left again real early in the morning and arrived at Gallop about 19 hours later. It was around midnight and I needed just a little sleep. I would then be okay to drive the rest of the way to California. I found a nice quiet place near a city park to take a nap. It was pretty dark there, but I thought I would be safe and away from everything. Besides, everywhere I went, I had guns that I carried with me, for protection. I even had a few illegal ones that I had taken from a few guys that didn't have permits. I also carried a baseball bat on the passenger seat.

After about an hour or two of sleep I heard a tapping on my window. I still half asleep when I woke up and found a dingy, dirty looking guy asking me if he could get a ride from me. At first it startled me and I said, "No, I don't want anyone riding with me." I just wanted to be left alone. I figured he would just get in my way or try to rob me. I had some cash with me and I couldn't afford to lose it.

When I said he couldn't have a ride he soon became very violent and hit my window with his fist. Luckily for me, it didn't break. He then started kicking my car and shouting that he wanted a ride. I looked around to see if there was anyone else in the park or near-by that might have been watching what he was doing. I didn't see anyone so I grabbed my baseball bat and jumped out of the car. When I did that, the guy saw the bat in my hand and pulled out a big long knife. He then said he wanted my money and he would cut my throat if I didn't give to him. When he said that, I hit him in the right shin just below the knee and he went down, moaning. Once he was on the ground, I got in his face and asked him why didn't he just leave me alone? I wasn't looking for an answer, I was just angry. I very calmly said, "Really, are you that stupid? You would've been much better off if you would've just walked on by." He started to say he was sorry when I hit him with two killing blows; one to the side of his head right above his right ear and he stiffened up. Then I hit him with another one right across the bridge of nose, while he was lying on his back jerking around. I know I crushed his nose into his skull because I could hear the crunching sound as the hard wood met his nose and face. That was it and it was over just about as quickly as it had begun.

I left him with his knife still in his hand, took my bat and put it back in the car. I made sure there were no witnesses when I headed out of that place. As I left I said, *what a stupid idiot, he should have left me alone. He deserved what he got.*

This time I didn't have the same thrill that I had on my last trip through New Mexico. I was pretty emotionally drained from driving and the ordeal with the homeless guy. The rest of the trip to California was pretty tiring and uneventful as I made it there the next day to see my sons.

We were all very happy to see each other and again, I couldn't believe how much they had grown. I went back to see them a few more times as they got a little older, but on those trips, I didn't run into any trouble coming or going. Cori and Jason were always real happy to see me when I got back home. I was always real happy to get back home and settle back into my routine of my family and work.

Chapter 10

The Child Molester.

One of the things that I was adamantly against was child molesters. I knew a few kids like Billy Joe Farris growing up, that had been molested for years and somehow the scum bags had gotten away with it. Now that I was a Sherriff, I wasn't going to let someone in my county get away with doing that to a defenseless child.

One day I stopped an old beat up Ford car for having a busted tail light. It had a car full of kids and a female passenger. The guy driving the car wasn't very friendly when I asked him for his license and registration. I could tell from his driver's license that he lived away from town and deep in the woods. I told him I wasn't going to give him a ticket, I just wanted him to get his tail light fixed. He had four kids in the back seat and I didn't want someone running into the back of them and hurting the kids.

The more I tried to talk to the guy, the more agitated he became. His attitude started to anger me, so I asked him to step out of the car. As he got out of the car he became angry and I could tell by the way he was dressed that he didn't go into town very often. He was wearing worn out overalls with a long sleeve shirt underneath that was buttoned up to the top. He wasn't that old but he looked older than he really was. He had a couple of deep wrinkles in his forehead.

I looked in the back seat and noticed a couple of the kids had bruises on their arms, neck and face. You could tell that someone had been abusing them so I put cuffs on the guy and had him sit in the back seat of my patrol car. I asked him who had put the bruises on his kids and he claimed up and wouldn't say a word. I told him that I was going to talk to his wife and asked her questions about what was going on with the kids. He then yelled back to his wife and kids, "Don't tell him nothing!" When I went to the car I could tell they were scared to death to talk to me. They didn't want to tell me anything. I tried to ask his wife a few questions and she just wouldn't answer. I asked the kids in the back seat why they had bruises on their arms, neck and face. There were three little girls and one young boy in the back. The oldest girl was around eleven or twelve years old. Not one of them would say a word to me when I first asked the same question I had asked their mother. I could tell that they were more scared of their dad than they were of me. I asked the wife once again, if she or her husband had been hurting the kids. She still wouldn't answer, so I told her that if she didn't start talking I was going to take her and her husband to jail and charge them both with child abuse. I told her child protection services may come out and take their kids away from them once they see the bruises. All four of the kids started crying when I said that.

The oldest girl very slowly and reluctantly spoke up. With her head down and her hands in her lap, she very quietly said that their dad had done the bruises to them and not their mom. I asked her why he would do something like that to them. "Have you kids been disobeying your dad or doing something that he didn't want you to do?" She very sadly said, "No sir, sometimes he just likes to do nasty things to us and if we don't do it the way he likes, he gets mad at us, and beats us. She said, "Please don't take our mom to jail, it's not her fault. Please don't tell him I told you, or he will kill me if he finds out." I asked the little girl what kind of things he did do to her. She spoke very slow and she had tears in her eyes as she said, "He makes us put his private part in our mouth and then he puts it in our private part and it hurts." I asked the wife if this was true and she very tearfully just shook her head yes, and started crying. I asked the wife if they had any other kids at home and she shook her head no. I also asked her if there was anyone else from her home that was doing this to the kids and she shook her head no again. I promised the little girl that I wouldn't tell their dad what she had said. I told them

that I was going to let them go and that I wasn't going to arrest them for anything. I told them to keep our conversation to themselves and they all agreed.

I went back to the car and I very reluctantly un-cuffed him and let him go. I told him to get the hell out of there before I hurt him. He was not a very happy person as he drove away cursing me and flipping me off. Normally I wouldn't have put up with his bullcrap, but I had given his kids and wife my word that I wasn't going to arrest him. I just let him drive away, even though I was really angry inside about what he had been doing to his kids.

I went home and that night I thought about what I was going to do to put an end to those poor little kids' torture. I knew there was no way the wife and kids would testify in court against him if I arrested him and put him in jail, especially if it went to trial. I had to do something to stop this abuse and I had to do it soon.

The next day I checked in at work and then I drove up to the area where he lived and started to see if I could figure out his daily routine. I hid my car in the woods and waited about a half mile from his home for him to drive by. There wasn't any traffic on the narrow dirt back woods road the entire day. I did the same thing for the next three days until it was starting to drive me crazy with rage. I was at the point where I just wanted to drive up to his house and put a bullet in his head. While sitting there waiting for him all kinds of things were going through my head. I was hoping he didn't force the poor little girl or her mother to tell him what I was asking them when I pulled them over.

Finally, the afternoon of the third day, my plan started to come together. He came driving out and he was alone just like I'd hoped. By then, I could hardly contain my anger at him any longer. I pulled him over and had him get out of his car. He asked me what the hell I was doing up in neck of the woods, just harassing him? I didn't say anything to him, I just hit him in the side of the head with the Billy Club that I carried in the car. He immediately fell to his knees. He started spouting garbage about how he was going to have me arrested for using excessive force on him. I just ignored him and I asked him how long had he had been beating and molesting his kids. He said that was none of my business, "Those are my kids and I can do whatever I want with them." I said, "That's the wrong answer! That may be true in another county but not in mine. Did you think I was going to let some low life scum bag like you get away with molesting his own kids in my county?" He said, "What the do you think you're going to do about it? Put me in jail? My wife and kids won't testify against me." I replied, I know that, you piece of crap, scum bag, I am going to kill you!" He looked up at me in total shock as I hit him two more times as hard as I could on the side of head with the Billy club. I just remember thinking this could be Billy Joe Farris's dad that I was killing and not some stranger I hardly knew. I heard the crunch of his busted skull from each hit of the club. He immediately went limp but was still breathing. I hit him one more time in the same spot and he stiffened out and started jerking like one the cats I killed when I was a kid. After a few minutes his breathing finally stopped. I waited a few more minutes to see if he had a pulse. Once I knew he didn't I picked him up and threw his limp body in the front passenger side of his car. I jumped in the driver's seat of his car and buckled up. I drove the car into a big tree at about 50 miles per hour. I was a little shaken up at first but I got out

and pulled him over to the driver's side of the car like he had been driving and left the car against the tree.

I waited about 10 minutes until I calmed my nerves down a little and then called my office and reported the fatal car accident. I said, "Some hillbilly just ran into a tree at about 50 miles an hour and it doesn't look like he was wearing a seat belt." They asked me if he was dead and I said, "Yes, just send the coroner." I gave them the approximate address in the woods.

Then I drove up to his little shack in the woods and honked my horn as two big guard dogs angrily came rushing at my car, ready to attack me. After a few minutes, his wife very sheepishly came out of the house wearing an old dingy looking dress with an apron wrapped around it. I told her that I had come back to check and see if her husband had gotten his tail light fixed when I found his car against a tree about a half mile down the road from their house. I said, "You may have heard the crash, it didn't seem like it was too long ago that the accident may have happened." She said that she hadn't heard anything. I then broke the news that her husband was dead. She turned white as a ghost and almost fainted. I had to grab her as she stumbled toward me. I couldn't tell if she was sad or relieved about his death, but it didn't matter to me. All I knew was that he wouldn't be raping and beating those poor little kids anymore. I thought *it also didn't matter to me that they would be without a dad and she would be without a husband. I just figured they would all be better off without him around.*

I told her that I had already called the coroner's office and they would be coming to pick up his body. I said that I would her give a ride to the car if she'd like to see him before they picked him up. She said she would rather just stay with the kids. I told her that I was going to come back in about three weeks and check on them to see if they were doing okay. She said that would be fine and turned to walk back into the house.

I knew I had to come back soon because I wanted to make sure there was no one else in the family that was being abusive to those kids. No uncles or cousins or other scum bags hanging around. I went back to the car and waited for the coroner to pick up the body. While I was sitting there by myself waiting, I said, *you shouldn't have been such a nasty and belligerent person. Maybe I wouldn't have killed you. Maybe I would've just hurt you real bad instead. Maybe not! I don't think I would've done anything different!*

Once the coroner got there and I left the scene, I felt that old familiar rush once again. All the way home that night I couldn't stop thinking that poor sucker had gotten exactly what he had coming.

Chapter 11

Spencer is killed.

A few years went by and things were going pretty smooth for me, Cori and Jason. We were enjoying our life together and we were happy. Then I got a call from my youngest son, Travis who was 15 at the time. He told me that my oldest

son Spencer, had been killed. I didn't really have a favorite son but Spencer was my first born and I did have a special attachment to him. I asked Travis what had happened, but he was too upset to go into it on the phone. He did say that Spencer was killed by two boys from a Mexican gang, but that's all he would say. He said he would tell me all about it when I got there.

I immediately made arrangements with work, let Cori know what was happening and I headed to California. The entire way there a million things were running through my mind. I had heard about Mexican gangs before but, I thought they were mostly in the big cities like Los Angeles or New York. I would've never guessed that my son could've been killed by some gang member. I had tons of emotions driving me crazy as I made the drive. It felt like that drive was taking me forever to get there. For some reason, I felt very alone and sad, almost like I did when I was a kid growing up. A few times I had to pull the car over, and get out and walk around just to stop the tears that were pouring down my face.

I was feeling guilty about not spending more time with my boys and now it was killing me inside. I tried to justify in my mind, why I had left them when they were so young. I was trying to tell myself it was because I didn't want to take them away from their mother. I could try to fool myself, but I knew deep down inside, it had nothing to do with that. I just didn't want the responsibility of raising kids at that time in my life. I knew that I wouldn't make a good father or husband and I wasn't in love with their mother. I would've been doing to them what mom and dad did to us, just fighting and arguing all the time. Now, I was feeling like a real bad father. I wasn't there to watch my sons grow up or protect them from the evil in the world. Even though I had hurt and killed a few people I always felt like each of them deserved what they got. I didn't feel like a 16 year old kid deserved to die at the hands of some gang members.

The closer I got to California the deeper my hurt and rage became. I knew that I wasn't going to let those punks get away with killing my boy. I had to restrain my feelings when I arrived to meet Travis and his mom.

We went through the usual motions when you lose someone that is real close to you and you love so deeply. It was a weird next three days, spending time with them. Making arrangements and going to the funeral.

During that time, I was able to find out from Travis exactly what had happened. He said that Spencer liked this little Mexican girl and she was about the same age as Spencer. They had been sneaking around and spending a lot of time together. She had dated a Mexican boy a few times before she met Spencer and he was in a gang. The reason they were sneaking around was out of fear and retaliation from this boy and his gang members. She said that he had threatened her and warned her not to go out with Spencer.

Travis said that Spencer kept getting braver about being with her and would walk her home after school. Sometimes they would stop in the park on the way home and make out. The Mexican kid actually saw them together in the park and that really made him angry. Spencer told Travis that the Mexican kid had threatened him a few times and told him to stay away from his girlfriend. He didn't take the threat seriously, and in fact, the last time the guy threatened him, Spencer got into a fist fight with him at school. Some guys broke it up and

Spencer thought that it was all over with because he didn't have any trouble with the kid after that. At least not until the day they killed him.

Spencer's Mexican girlfriend was at the funeral so I had a chance to sit down and talk with her. She was very broken up over the whole thing and felt guilty for what had happened. I told her it wasn't her fault and that Spencer must have cared a lot about her if he was willing to fight her ex-boyfriend over her. In between the tears, I was able to find out the boy's name and the friend that she thought helped him kill Spencer.

After the funeral, I went to the local police department and introduced myself as a Sheriff from Arkansas. I told them that it was my son Spencer that had been killed a few days earlier, by what was believed to be some members of a Mexican gang. I gave them the names of the boys that I got from Spencer's girlfriend that she thought killed him. I told them that, according to everyone that knew my son and his girlfriend, we were pretty sure these were the two guys that had pulled the trigger. I told them the ex-boyfriend's name was Jose Miguel Garcia. He lived with his mother and five brothers and sisters in a little house on the north/west side of town. He was the oldest kid in the family. I told them I heard that he was pretty involved with a Mexican gang, but I didn't know for sure.

The other boy involved in my son's murder was Jose's best friend Carlos Martinez. They had been friends since early childhood and he lived with his mom and dad and a couple of younger sisters, just a few streets over from Jose. His dad was a farm labor worker who worked in the fields. From what I was hearing, I don't think his dad was too involved in his son's life. Maybe he just gave up once he knew he couldn't control his son any longer or once he became involved with the gang.

The police told me that there were no witnesses to the murder of my son and it would be real hard to convict them. They said they would have to have someone come forward that saw what happened in order to do anything about it. I already knew that would be the answer, but I just wanted the police, to at least try, and see what they could do to solve my son's murder. I knew that one way or another, these boys were going to pay for my son's death.

I stayed for an extra week with my son Travis and his mom just trying to give them some comfort, but most importantly, I was finding out more and more about the gang and about Jose and Carlos. I found out where Jose lived and I staked out his house. I soon became very familiar with his routine. I knew what he looked like, how he walked and watched his every move. I found out what time he left during the day and what time he came home at night. I found out what days he would be alone. I did exactly the same thing with Carlos. I found out what he looked like and where he lived.

One day when they were both together and I was watching them, I whispered, *boys, your days are numbered*. However, I knew that if I killed them while I was still in town that I would be the number one suspect. I decided that I would go back to Arkansas and let things cool off for a little while.

It was during that cooling off period that I came up with a plan and started formulating it in my mind of what I was going to do. I decided I was going to put my plan into action on the next four day weekend. I told Cori that I was going to California to take care of some business. I think she knew exactly what kind of

business I was talking about, but never said a word to me about it. She had learned a long time ago that once I made my mind up to something, there was nothing anyone could do to talk me out of it. I told her that if anyone called asking for me while I was gone, just tell them that I went out hunting deer.

I left on a Wednesday after I got off work and headed for California. I figured I could make it there in 34 hours if I drove straight through, only stopping for gas. I used cash to pay for my gas and I had Cori cut my hair shorter than normal. I wore a baseball cap and sun glasses to somewhat hide my identity. That was different than the usual cowboy hat I normally wore.

When I got to my son's home town in California, I decided I would spend a few hours sleeping in my car before I did anything. I also wanted to just lay low and observe my targets the next several hours. I never let Travis, his Mom or anyone else know that I was in California. I had brought with me a 12 gauge shotgun that I had taken from our confiscated weapons room at work. I was going to use it to kill the boys. I had learned from being in law enforcement, that a shotgun was the hardest weapon to trace back to the one that used it. Just about the only way to find the killer is to be caught with the gun in your possession and some of the shells.

That evening, I waited until it was dark and according to my last calculations, thought I knew about what time Jose would be coming home. My timing was just about right because it was about 11:00 pm, when he finally came driving in alone. I recognized his car as he parked it in the street. I pulled up opposite of him on the other side of the street. I made sure it was him and as he got out of the car. I stuck the shot gun out of the car window and took quick aim. I shot him once in the head and once in the chest from that close range. I didn't have to check him; I knew he was dead. He went down without even a sound. I watched his body squirm around on the ground gasping for his last breath before I left. I said, *I got you punk, you're dead now.*

Then I quickly headed over to Carlos's house. His car was parked out front, so I knew he must be home. I waited for him to come out, thinking that once he got word of Jose's death, he would be heading over to his house. I figured that if he didn't come out within a half hour, I would just let him go until I could come back and finish my plan another time. It was just as I thought, and I didn't have to wait too long. He came flying out of the house and he was carrying a gun with him. As soon as I saw him come out of the front door and started heading for his car I knew it was him. Just before he got in his car I started driving past him. Just as he reached his car, I stopped my car, stuck the shotgun out of the window and shot him twice, at close range. Once in the back of the head and the other one in the back. I didn't waste any time as I headed out of the area like nothing had ever happened.

As I left, I thought, *those two punks weren't going to kill anyone else ever again. They got exactly what was coming to them.*

I headed back to Arkansas without anyone ever knowing that I had even been in California. I was pumped up from the adrenaline rush most of the way back. That made it an easy drive home for me. I didn't sleep the entire way. I was able to make it to Arkansas by Sunday night, but by the time I got home I was exhausted from no sleep. Lucky for me, Monday was a holiday and I was able to sleep all day.

When I went back to work on Tuesday, I waited until everyone was at lunch, then I slipped the shotgun back into the evidence room. No one would ever know or even have a clue that gun was used to kill the two guys in California. My plan was complete.

That Tuesday afternoon, I got a call at my office from the police department in the little town of California where Spencer died. The police officer informed me the two boys that were suspected of killing my son had been killed. I asked him how it happened and he told me that they looked like a drive-by shootings. He said they thought it might have been members from another rival gang. I told the police officer that I wasn't disappointed to hear that it had happened to them and he said he could understand my feeling. That was pretty much the entire conversation and the call only lasted a few minutes. I also think he was checking up to see if I was in really in Arkansas. When I answered my phone at work I think he was a little surprised. I believe that I was probably one of their major suspects before he talked to me. I never got a call from anyone after that conversation so my plan must have worked. I was never investigated for the two murders.

My son, Travis called me a few days later to let me know the two guys had been killed. I told him the police had already called me and notified me, but thanked him anyway. I told him that I was happy they were killed and that I thought they got what they deserved. He agreed with me.

Chapter 12

Meeting Frank Callahan.

I got a call from one of the mayors of a small town in my county called Clarksville. It was located between Mena and Norman and was way up in the most wooded part of the Ouachita Mountains. He said he wanted me to come and talk to him about some folks that lived up in the woods who were brewing up moonshine. I didn't know much about moonshiners except that the people that made the stuff's descendants were from Scotland or Ireland from back in the 1700's. They brought their whiskey making ways and settled throughout the hills in the south. They developed their own way of talking in America and that's why they had what I thought was such an unusual accent. They developed their own way of speaking English with their Scottish and Irish accents and it always sounded long and drawn out to me.

Before I hung up the phone, I told the mayor that I would meet him the next day at his office. It was over an hour's drive for me, but I headed up there and met with him. During our conversation he told me there were some hillbilly folks that lived further up in the woods. They were located down a little dirt road and hidden away from everyone. I asked him, "What's the problem you're having with them?" He said that one of the families had three boys that were in their late teens and early twenties and they had been giving moonshine to some of the young high school girls in town. They were also selling it to some of the boys in town.

One of the boys sold some moonshine to a local high school kid who got drunk on the stuff. He ended up beating up and raping a girl from his school. I told the mayor that it probably could have happened regardless of the moonshine. He said, "I know, but the guy whose daughter was beat up and raped, beat up the kid that did it and almost killed him. He also told me that he was going to take the law into his own hands if I didn't have something done about those *damn hillbillies and their moonshine*. I asked, "What exactly do you want me to do?" He said, "I don't want you cause any trouble, I just need for you to go tell the boys to lay low, and stay away from town until this whole thing blows over. You have to be careful when you go up there because they have guns. If they feel you're a threat to them, they might kill you. They seem to follow their own law up in those hills." I told him I would take care of it and that I would call him in a few days and let him know how it went.

I wasn't really sure what I was getting myself into, but I immediately headed up to their place. When I first got there; I looked around and could see that they didn't have any electricity coming into the place and no running water. It looked like they just pumped their water from a well and they still used oil lamps for light. They had outhouses for toilets behind the two little brown shacks that looked like they were built about 200 years ago. You could tell the places had never been painted. There were clothes hanging on a couple of close lines that had been strung together. Each house had front porches where it looked like they spent a lot of their time. There were several homemade chairs and rocking chairs out on the porches. The place was pretty clean around the yard and in between both houses, there was a big fire pit made with rocks. It had a light smoke ring that was slowly drifting out of it as it faded up into the sky. I could smell the smoke in the air along with the sweet smell of the Hickory and Pine trees. It appeared to me that they used this pit a lot because of the all the logs and homemade chairs that were circled around it. This entire area didn't have any lawn or flowers. It was just natural vegetation and trees. It reminded me of a large, double campsite in a campground somewhere.

As soon as I drove in with my patrol car, four, big, Red Tick and Blue Tick Hounds came barking up to meet me and they didn't seem too friendly. I was hoping the owner of this place was a little more hospitable. I soon found out I was wrong; the owner stepped out of his house with a rifle in his hand. As I slowly opened my car door, I could see three other men with rifles in their hands and they were pointed at me. I could tell that these guys had no respect for the law and would kill me if I made any wrong moves. I raised my hands in the air and slowly, with my right hand, took the pistol from my holster, showed it to them and then tossed it on the front seat of my car. I yelled to the guy on the porch and asked him if he was Mr. Frank Callahan. He nodded with his head, yes. I told him that I was County Sherriff Walker and that Mayor Stonewall had asked me to come and talk to him about his boys. I asked him if he would take a few minutes and talk to me. I got his attention when I said something about his boys so he motioned for me to come forward. He yelled something to the dogs and as soon as he spoke, the dogs immediately walked away and found a place to lie down. I very slowly walked up to the porch, with my hands still in the air. I wasn't going to take any chances with these guys.

As I got close to him he said, "What do you want with my boys?" I replied, "Do you mind if we just sit for a minute so we can talk?" He told me to put my hands down and join him in one of the chairs on the porch. He wasn't that old but he had wrinkles and lines in his face from what I thought was a rough life. It was either that or maybe it was from the years of smoking and drinking moonshine.

Once we got past the formalities, and he saw I wasn't a threat, the three young guys slowly approached me. He told the boys that everything was okay, that I just wanted to talk. They put down their guns when he said that. I began to tell him what Mayor Stonewall had said to me about the girls getting moonshine from his boys, and his boys selling it to some of the kids in town. I told him about the incident with the girl and the girl's father was putting heat on the Mayor to do something about his boys and their moonshine.

When I told him the story, he got real angry and had all three of the boys join us on the porch. I introduced myself to them and repeated the story. Of course, their first reaction was one of denial and anger. I very calmly told them there was no need to get defensive about their role in what I was talking about. "I'm not here to arrest anyone," I said, "We just need to come up with a solution to the mayor's problem." I told them that the Mayor told me he thought it would be better if the boys were to stay out of town for a while. Stay close to home and avoid being seen in town with any girls or any moonshine. He felt the most important thing was to not sell any moonshine to the local boys until this thing blew over. The Mayor also said he couldn't guarantee the boys safety if they didn't do what he asked. He suggested the boys go to another town if they wanted to meet girls and sell their moonshine.

I could tell Mr. Callahan was not aware that his boys had been selling the moonshine to the kids in town or giving it to any of the girls. When I talked about it, he didn't say anything he just had his piercing, angry eyes glare from one son to the next. There wasn't any doubt with any of us that he wasn't happy. It appeared to me that he may have had this conversation with the boys before. I thought, any minute now, he was going to jump and start beating and cursing the boys. I knew these boys were going to be in big trouble once I left, so I didn't really have to say much more about it.

I told Mr. Callahan that I was aware of his moonshine stills and that I didn't have a problem with it as long as he didn't put me in a position to have to do something about it, (like a mayor telling me to do something, or else). He understood exactly what I meant. I told him he didn't need this kind of attention brought upon him and his "livelihood". Especially, since he was doing something that was illegal in the eyes of the law. He said, "I appreciate you coming and talking to me about this. I'll take care of things with my boys. I damn well guarantee you that." I replied, nothing more needs to be said, "I figured you would."

I then changed the subject and started talking about other things. I asked him about his hound dogs and if he used them to hunt raccoons. He said yes, "We go coon hunting just about every few weeks. My dogs are the best "coon hounds in the country." I told him that I had gone "coon" hunting when I was younger, with my uncles, who lived near Caddo-Gap, Arkansas. He asked me if I liked it and told him I did. I thought it was a lot of fun. He said we don't do it for fun. We do it to

sell their skins and get things we need from the store. If you're okay with that you're welcome to go with us anytime, you would like." I told him that I would really like to take my son, Jason along with us sometime if he was okay with that. He replied, "Sure that wouldn't be a problem, just let me know when." After a while, we were all laughing and talking and I realized just how much I really enjoyed my conversation with him and his boys.

After we all became friends, Mr. Callahan offered me a drink of his moonshine. I told him that I had heard about moonshine, but never tasted it. He had one of the boys go get a jug of his finest. They brought out a few mason jars and poured all of us a drink. We toasted one another, and I took a big swig of it, about the size of two shot glasses. I didn't realize it was around 180 proof and almost pure alcohol. The moment it reached my tongue, it burned like I had just swallowed a ball of fire, and even worse, as it went down. I could feel the stuff every inch of the way, until it hit my stomach. It sat in my stomach and burned, like I had just eaten hot chili peppers. The first thought that crossed my mind was of the cat I had poured liniment on its butt, when I was a kid. I know that cats butt must have burned just like the moonshine did as it blazed a trail down my throat!! I had never tasted anything like this before in my life. I thought *it might almost be like drinking pure rubbing alcohol*. I wondered how those young girls from town could stand drinking the stuff. If I wanted to get high, I'd much rather just smoke pot than put up with burning my guts out.

I stayed there for another hour or so and had about a quarter of a jar of that "rot gut alcohol." When I got ready to leave, I thanked Mr. Callahan and the boys, and then headed back to my car. I was having a little trouble walking straight, and realized that I was almost drunk. They were all laughing at me, as I left. Mr. Callahan said, "You're welcome up here anytime, Sherriff." I thanked him for his hospitality, time, and especially the moonshine.

As I headed out of his place, I decided I'd better pull over in the woods someplace down the road, and sleep it off for a few hours. I knew that I had no business driving home drunk. I didn't want to end up crashing into a tree, or even worse, into another car and killing myself or a few people. After a few hours of sleep, I was able to get home without any problems.

A few days later, I called Mayor Stonewall, and told him I had taken care of everything with the Callahan boys. I told him he wouldn't have any more trouble with them. He thanked me and said he was happy to hear that I had it all under control.

Chapter 13

Sweet Becky of Las Vegas.

A few days later I received a note from the Mayor of Broken Arrow. He said they were requiring me to attend a four day convention in Las Vegas. It was a requirement for all law enforcement officers. It was to be held during the week, and they were going to be talking about sexual harassment in the work place.

Apparently, there had been quite a few lawsuits starting to pop up all over the country, regarding police officers making advances toward the girls working in the offices and especially toward the female officers.

They made arrangements for me at the Flamingo Hotel, on the Las Vegas strip. All rooms and meals were to be paid for three nights. They were also paying for our gas or flights, whichever we chose to get us there and back. It was supposed to be a big event, with hundreds in attendance, each day. I was hoping this would be a rare trip where I could bring Cori with me. I thought we could have a great time after the meetings, each day. We could go to a few shows and she could gamble a little. I thought it would be great for the two of us, like a vacation.

When I discussed it with her, she said she couldn't go. It just happened to be the time of year when Jason was in school. We didn't know anyone that we trusted enough to watch Jason for that length of time. After we discussed it the decision was made, and much to my disappointment, I would go alone. I had never flown in an airplane before and I had a little bit of a fear of flying. I decided I would take my pick-up and drive to Las Vegas.

When the time came, I was actually very excited to get away for a few days. I never had a company pay for me to stay in a hotel plus all my expenses. I was really looking forward to it. On the drive there, I became more excited the closer I got to Vegas.

Once I arrived at the Flamingo it was even better than I'd imagined. It was a huge place and when I went to check in, the valet asked me if I wanted them to park my pick-up. I said, "Sure" as I grabbed my suitcase from the passenger side of the truck. I had only brought one suitcase for the entire trip. I gave the bellman a couple of bucks to park my truck and he gave me a ticket with a number on it.

When I first walked into the hotel casino I couldn't believe the excitement in the air. I could hear slot machines going off, people talking loudly, and tons of other noises. It made me feel like I was in the middle of a huge party. This place gave me a rush similar to when I had stolen something or beaten some guy up. I wasn't much of a gambler, although on a few occasions, I used to play stud poker with Buddy. I knew I wasn't going to gamble too much, because; I didn't like losing money that I had worked for. I felt like that money belonged to me and Cori.

After I checked in and received my key, I took my suitcase up to my room. I had a huge room with two beds. After I put my clothes away and stuck the suitcase in the closet, I decided to head downstairs to check the place out. I couldn't believe how big the casino was, it was like it was alive, and everything was in perfect harmony. There were tons of slot machines everywhere you looked, all making noises. They were up against the walls, in the middle of the floor, everywhere. There were also tons of Black Jack tables, Roulette tables, Kino areas, and a several bars. Almost every table was packed with people. They were so busy gambling they didn't even look up to see what else was going on around them. There were pretty young waitresses dressed in skimpy little outfits, scurrying around carrying drinks, to different tables. This place was absolutely crazy and I loved it!

At first, I didn't know what I should do with myself. I remembered that I had passed a bar, while I was walking through the casino. I decided I would go back there and have a few drinks and kill some time. I sat there and took it all in for a

while. After a few drinks, I realized it was getting a little late and I was tired from the long drive so I decided to go back up to my room. Once I got back to the room, I called Cori and told her what a crazy place this was and that I wished she had come with me. I told her that someday we would have to make this trip together. She agreed. I told her I loved her and we said our good-nights.

I called the front desk to find out what time and what room tomorrow's meeting would be held. They said they could give me a wake-up call if I wanted one and I said that would be great. I lie down on the bed, turned on the T.V. and soon, I was fast asleep.

The next thing I knew, the front desk was calling to wake me up, just as I had requested. I got up, took a shower, put on my nicest jeans, white long sleeve shirt and the cowboy boots I had polished at home before packing for Vegas. I was feeling really good about how I felt and looked. I went down stairs to get some breakfast and coffee before the meeting.

When I got to the meeting, it was already packed. There were tons of people, mostly men, who were dressed in suits. Some even wore nice slacks, sport coats and ties. I felt a little awkward, for not being dressed like them. After I found a seat at one of the tables, I introduced myself, and sat down. As I began to have a conversation with the guys at the table I realized we were all in the same boat. Everyone was a little nervous.

I looked around the room, and there weren't many women in attendance, but there was one at my table and her seat was right next to mine. She was a very petite, attractive, young woman, about 30 years old. She had long dark hair, brown eyes, pretty smile. She was exactly the type of woman that I liked.

She was holding a professional, very expensive camera in her hands and was looking nervously around the room. Occasionally, she would glance over at me and smile, and then quickly turn away. It seemed by her actions, that she liked me. I was wearing a wedding ring on my finger, and I wasn't trying to hide the fact that I was married. I wasn't trying to hide anything. I enjoyed the attention she was giving me but couldn't help thinking *why a well-dressed and, I assumed, well-educated lady like her would be interested in a cowboy like me?* I told her my name was Cody. She said her name was Becky. She giggled and said, "Is that like, "Buffalo Bill" Cody, and I said "exactly," and we both laughed. She then got up and started taking pictures of different people in the room.

The meeting finally got started and it wasn't very interesting, but I did my best to sit through it without getting up and walking out. I was very relieved when we finally broke for lunch. The food was brought to the tables and all of us made small talk as we ate. After a few minutes, Becky came over and sat down to eat. She started asking me questions about where I was from and how long had I been married, how many kids did I have. The normal things you ask someone when you're interested in them. I played it very cool, trying hard not to give her any type of "come on" signals. The more I ignored her, the more questions she asked me.

She started telling me about herself and her work. She told me that she was a local photographer and had been hired to take pictures of the convention. They were going to be sending a little souvenir publication out, with all the pictures she had taken of the convention, to all the attendees. She said she was single, didn't have any kids and lived alone with her little dog in Las Vegas. She said one of her

jobs was taking pictures of the tourists visiting the Hoover Dam. She said, "It's only about forty five minutes from Vegas and it's beautiful to see." She was real fun and interesting to talk to.

The meeting started again and went on until about 4:45 that afternoon. I was really glad when it was over. I was dreading the fact that there was going to be two more days of this boring stuff.

Some of the guys from my table said they were going to the bar, and I decided that I would join them. As we all got up and headed over, I told Becky that we would see her tomorrow.

We'd been at the bar about an hour, laughing and telling jokes, when Becky walked up and asked if she could join us. We said sure, we didn't mind having her around. Besides, she was easy on the eyes. After a while we were all getting pretty hungry so we decided to go to the buffet and have dinner. Becky left and went to join some other people she'd already made plans with for dinner.

After dinner I decided to go over to the bar and have a few more drinks. It was starting to get late and I'd finally had enough to drink. I knew that I needed to go to bed. When I got up to my room I fumbled around with the key for a minute trying to get in. Just as I opened the door and was walking into my room, I heard this sexy female voice say, "Hey cowboy, wait up!" It was Becky. She strolled into my room before I realized what was happening. I could tell she had a little too much to drink as she said, "I figured you could use some company, I know I sure could. Do you have anything to drink?" I looked around the room and said, "No, it doesn't look like it." She said, "Oh well, It's your lucky day cowboy," as she started taking off her clothes and heading for my bed.

I was starting to see a different side to the sweet and innocent girl I had met downstairs. I thought *what the hell is she doing?* I told her that I had to go to the bathroom, but when I got out she was lying naked on my bed. One look at her naked body, poised to show off her incredible sexy, petite figure, and I knew there was no more turning back for me. I'm not sure if it was because I'd also had too much to drink or if it was because she was so inviting, but I started tearing off my clothes and by then she had her breasts pressed up against my body.

I could feel her nipples harden, as she leaned up and kissed me. As soon as she did that I started to get really turned on. I ran my hands down her back and squeezed her firm butt cheeks with the palm of my hands. I kissed her deeply and hard, bent over and kissed her very softly on the left side of her neck. I gently ran the tip of my tongue up her neck and around the outside of her left ear. She started squirming and said she couldn't take it anymore. The excitement of it all felt so good that, for a moment, I even forgot who or where I was.

We went at it for about thirty minutes and afterwards we stayed curled up in each other's arms and kissed for a while. In my somewhat drunken stupor, I thought it was really nice having sex with her.

Then something strange happened to her and her mood immediately changed. She stood up and said, "I really like you cowboy and I loved having sex with you, so from now on YOU ARE MINE!" At first I thought she was just kidding around and I laughed. I soon found out she wasn't kidding and started saying some pretty weird things to me: Like, "Once someone sleeps with me they are mine until I let them go. I know your wife's name is Cori and you have a son named Jason. You

live in Broken Arrow, Arkansas.” I knew she probably got that information from the bio card I had filled out, but I didn’t know how she got her hands on it. She said, “You’re MY man from now on. Call your wife right now and tell her you have a new girl.” Those words instantly made me start to sober up real quick.

I sat up in the bed and said, “Hey Becky, you knew that I was married before you came into my room and we had sex.” She seemed offended when I said that and she replied, “What do you mean? You made love to me; you’ve been watching me all day. You wanted me, too, I could tell!” I tried to be very gentle with her because I realized in her state of mind, anything I said wrong might set her off. I told her that I did find her very attractive and I did love having sex with her, but we didn’t make love. WE JUST HAD SEX!! I told her that it was “just raw sex to me and that was all it was and nothing more.” I told her I wasn’t looking for someone to replace my wife. She was starting to get very agitated and way out of control at that point. She said she was going to call Cori and tell her that I had sex with her while I was at the convention in Las Vegas. I didn’t understand what was going on with her and where all of this was coming from. I tried real hard to talk to her and calm her down, but no matter what I said, I couldn’t reason with her. She was like a completely different person. I said that I thought she just was really sweet and just looking for a one a one night stand and I was the guy she wanted to have it with. She said, “Do you think that I do this with every guy I meet?” I replied, “I don’t know. I just met you, so I haven’t had a chance to form an opinion of you. I do believe you’re a real nice person and based on what I’ve seen of you, no, I don’t believe you have sex with every person you meet.” I could tell that she wasn’t buying my answers and kept getting louder and more irate by the moment. I now understood why she was still single. For a second time, she said she was going to call and tell Cori that I had sex with her in Las Vegas and that started to scare me and also make me very angry.

This had very quickly turned into a nightmare for me. When she said it the second time it was almost more than I could stand and I could no longer control my temper. I snapped and hit her as hard as I could on the left side of the temple with my closed fist. She went down like one of the deer I had shot and killed back home. I instantly realized there was no turning back after I hit her that first time. I’d have to kill her to keep her quiet. Before I realized what I was doing, I hit her three or four more times in the same side of the head as hard as I could. She started jerking and gasping for air and in a minute she went silent. Just like that, she lay dead in my hotel room. I felt for a pulse but couldn’t get one. I didn’t really want to kill her, but she pushed the wrong buttons with me. I was pumped up and still angry as I sat down on the bed and tried to figure out what I was going to do next. I had to figure out how I was going to get her out of my room, and out of the hotel without anyone seeing me take her body out. As I was trying to figure it out, I noticed she had brought her purse and camera and it had been thrown into a corner of my room. I looked through her purse and found her wallet and ID with her address and keys to her car and house.

I checked her again to make sure she was dead and then picked her up and laid her back on the bed. I grabbed her keys and went down to the parking garage. After about a half hour of searching, I finally found her car. I drove it out and parked it a few blocks away in a dark area. I then went back to my room and

dumped everything out of my suitcase and tried to put her body in it, but it wasn't big enough. I'd hoped her body would fit in it but it was way too small. I decided I had to have a large suitcase so I left her there in the room again, and went looking for one.

I left the hotel and walked down the street toward some of the larger, busier hotels that had people checking in and out at all hours of the day and night. I spotted a suitcase that was just the size I needed, sitting alone, outside the hotel. I waited a few minutes to see if someone was watching it. I didn't see anyone, so I went over, casually grabbed the handle, and strolled back to my hotel. The entire way back, I kept looking over my shoulder; just to be sure no one was following me. Along the way, I dumped everything that was in the suitcase in a dumpster, before I took it up to my room. It looked like it was just big enough for her body so I carefully took her nude body, folded it into a fetal position and stuffed her, her clothes, her camera and purse in the suitcase. It was tight, but I was able to zip it up. You couldn't tell there was a body in it. I could still pull the suitcase and not have to carry it.

It can get pretty cold at night during that time of year in Las Vegas, so I threw my coat over the suitcase just to camouflage it a little. I also knew I would have to walk back to the hotel once I disposed of her body so I needed something to keep me warm. I took the suitcase and left the room as I made my way down the elevator and through the back entrance. I went down the street to her car and popped open the trunk and lifted up the suitcase and put it in. My plan, at first, was to take her up to Hoover Dam and throw her and everything, over the cliff. The only problem I was having with that, was, I couldn't figure out how I was going to get back to Las Vegas without catching a cab or some other type of ride. Those witnesses could've tied me to the location and possibly her body.

Now the big question was, what do I do with her body? After several minutes of contemplation, I decided I would drive to her house and leave her there. She lived about 10 miles from the Flamingo Hotel, in a nice, but inexpensive neighborhood. I found my way to her home and I waited until it looked like most of her neighbors lights were out and it was safe. I then drove into her driveway with the lights off. I slipped into the house through the front door, checking to make sure the lights were off in the house. I opened the garage door and quickly drove her car in and parked.

After I got the suitcase out of the trunk I took it inside and into the master bathroom. I took her body and placed it in her master bedroom tub. I wanted it to look like she had gotten ready to take a bath and slipped and hit her head on the side.

As I was waiting for the bathtub to fill, I went in search of bleach. I found a half full bottle under her kitchen sink. Before I dumped her body in the tub, I emptied the bottle of bleach in the water. I'd heard that bleach gets rid of evidence. I let her soak for about 10 minutes and then drained the water and filled it up again. This time, I used some of the foamy soap she had for her baths.

At first glance and to the untrained eye, it appeared that she had slipped, hit her head on the tub and drowned. I figured that when the coroner found the blows to the side of her head, they would think she got them when she fell. If for some

reason they thought she was murdered, it would be hard to pin it on me because no one ever saw us alone together. We were always with other people.

I went around and wiped all of the places I had touched, including the car, the keys and steering wheel, and grabbed my coat from the car. I wiped down the bleach bottle and put it back under the sink. I went into her bedroom closet, found a night gown she had hanging and put it on the toilet next to the bathtub. I took her clothes out of the suitcase and threw them on the bed as if she had just taken them off and went to take a bath. I locked the front door from the inside and after wiping them clean, I left her keys and camera on the kitchen table. After surveying the room I thought everything looked pretty normal as I left. I took the suitcase out the garage side door to the back yard and locked everything behind me as I went.

I started walking back to the hotel with the suitcase dragging along behind me. Every time I saw car lights coming my way I would hide in some bushes until they passed. After a several minutes, I was able to find a dumpster and throw the suitcase in it. I walked the rest of the way back to the hotel and got back around 3:00 in the morning.

After a couple hours of sleep, I was back up and on my way to the scheduled meeting. I continued to follow the agenda for the next two days and no one noticed anything unusual. The rest of my time there was pretty uneventful. We did have someone come to our table and asked us if we'd seen Becky and everyone just said no.

I was a little anxious to be getting out of there and when the time came; I packed my suitcase and headed down to the lobby to check out. The valet pulled my truck around to the front entrance; I tipped him a few dollars and then I drove away and never looked back.

On the way home I couldn't wait to get back to see Cori and Jason. While driving I was thinking, *I really liked Becky and I didn't really want to kill her, but she was a total fruitcake and should never have threatened me. If she would've kept her mouth shut, none of that would've happened to her.* I never heard anything more regarding Becky.

Chapter 14

Meeting Bruce and Kathy Tuttle.

A few days after I was home from Las Vegas, I was having coffee with Cori in the morning, before I went to work. She told me that since Jason was in school, she felt like she needed something to do besides sit home alone all day long. She talked to me about the new factory that had just opened up in Queensland. She said she had talked to them about going to work for them while I was in Vegas. At first I was against it. I didn't really like the idea of my wife working. I always felt like it was my job to take care of my family. We went back and forth about it for a few days until I reluctantly gave in to her wishes.

At first, when she went to work, I missed having her at home. I missed her company and her taking care of me and Jason's needs. When she got her first paycheck, I could see how happy and excited she was to be contributing to the family income. Even though I still didn't completely like her working, I slowly began to accept the idea.

One day, after she got off of work, she came home and said that she had met a real nice family down at the local grocery store. Their names were Bruce and Kathy Tuttle. They were about our age and had two daughters, Ashley, and Stephanie and they were about the same age as Jason. She said that they were real friendly and seemed like very nice people. Cori said that she thought that I would like Bruce a lot. He seemed like a real nice guy to her. She went on to say that Kathy's grandmother was old Mrs. Fisher, who had passed away a few months earlier and she had left her farm to Kathy. The farm was just a few miles down the road from our place.

Kathy said that she had spent almost every summer with her grandmother, from the time she was about 10 years old, up until she married Bruce, right after high school. She told Cori that she loved the old farm. Bruce had lost his job in Hot Springs a few months earlier, so they decided they should move to the farm and try to live the simple, country life with no mortgage payments. Her girls weren't very happy with the move, but seemed to be adjusting. Cori told them we loved that place and every time we drove by that old farm, we wondered what the house looked like on the inside. She told Cori that after they got things a little more organized, they would invite us over for a BBQ and we could see for ourselves. Cori asked if that would be alright with me. I was very apprehensive, at first, because we hadn't socialized with anyone since we moved to Broken Arrow. We pretty much kept to ourselves out of fear someone finding out we'd kidnapped Jason. I didn't want Cori facing charges and going to jail.

The only visitors were my mom, who would come and visit once and a while. She would stay about 2 or 3 days and then go back home. That was fine with me, because I couldn't stand having her around for much longer than that. She wasn't married or with anyone anymore, and lived by herself, in Little Rock, Arkansas. My brothers each lived in small towns in Oklahoma and would also come and visit us once in a while. They usually just stayed for the day and then drove back home. That had been the extent of our social life.

I've never been real crazy about making new friends. I didn't like the way men would gawk at Cori. They acted like they weren't used to seeing a pretty and sexy woman like her around those parts. Since Cori was showing some real interest in Kathy and was excited about possibly having a new friend to talk to and confide in, I told her that I thought it might be a good thing for both of us to make some new friends. We'd already been living there for several years, and no one had discovered our secret. I told Cori, the next time Kathy invited us to a BBQ, she should accept.

A few weeks later, when I got home from work; Cori told me she had seen Kathy at the store again. They wanted us to come over Saturday about 4:00 pm for a BBQ. We both agreed it would be okay.

When we first drove up to their house, I saw a real bubbly and excited woman come running from her house and practically bouncing up to Cori. She had a

smile from ear to ear, as she hugged Cori and Jason. She said, "Thank you for coming, we are so excited to have you guys over." Kathy was about 5'4" with short blond hair. It was obvious that it was dyed because of the inch or so of dark roots that were growing out. She had a real pretty smile and with her warm personality, I felt relaxed and welcomed by her right away. She was a little chubby, for my taste, but I could tell that at one time she had been very attractive. She reminded me of some of the cheer leaders from my high school days. As I slowly walked up to her, she stuck out her hand to shake mine and said, "You must be Cody?"

After the introduction formalities, I followed them into the house. That's when I met Bruce Tuttle. He was a nice looking guy about my size only a little more muscular. He looked like he could've been a running back for the football team in high school. He had longer, wavy black hair with a little greying around the temples and a "Colgate" smile. For a moment I took a step back and thought *I don't know if I want Cori around this guy, he's a little too good looking to be hanging out with her.* Then he shook my hand and said, "Hi, I'm Bruce, thanks for coming. What can I get you to drink?" I said, "I'll take a beer or a Jack and Coke, or whatever you have." He made me a Jack and Coke and said, "Come on outside and we'll let those girls talk while we BBQ the meat."

Jason was a little shy and didn't want to hang out with his mom and all the girls so he came out back with us. He was being a little standoffish around Bruce and kept a guarded attitude toward him. We grabbed the folding chairs Bruce had by the BBQ: began to get to know each other. The more he talked, the more I liked him. We had a lot of similarities. He told me that he came from a broken home and that his mom and dad had gotten a divorce when he was about eleven or twelve, just like me. He said his mom had raised him and his dad got remarried a few years after the divorce. He said that still got to see his dad as often as he wanted because they all lived in the same town. He told me that he did play football in high school, but he was the quarterback and not the running back. He said that he and Kathy met in high school and they started dating their senior year. She got pregnant right after they got out of high school and that ended both of their college plans. He said he didn't regret anything, he has two beautiful daughters and a beautiful wife. He said that he and Kathy were happy and still in love with each other after all their years together.

I asked him if he liked to go deer hunting, fishing, and if he had ever been "coon" hunting? He said that he had never done any of those things, but would like to try it someday. He said he had a county job as a building inspector for the last 18 years in Hot Springs and didn't have any friends that did that sort of thing. I told him that Jason and I go fishing and hunting every chance we get. He said, "I thought you could only hunt deer in season." I smirked and replied, "That's true, but when you're the county Sherriff, you can get away with a few things now and then." We all just laughed when I said that. I told him that Arkansas has some of the best fishing and hunting areas in the United States. I suggested, that since he wasn't working, maybe I could teach him how to deer hunt and fish on my days off. He seemed very excited about the idea as he said, "I would love to start doing something like that."

I asked him what he planned to do for work and he said that when he lost his job they gave him a good severance package and that he didn't have to work for a

while, if he didn't want too. He said, "We don't owe anything on the farm so that helps. I can afford to take my time and look around for something I'd really like to do."

We spent the rest of the day just talking and getting to know each other. I was starting to really like Bruce, and Kathy was also nice to be around. While sitting outside, Kathy said, "We should make this a regular thing. Maybe we could also play cards or something after we get through eating?" Cori and I both thought that sounded like a great idea. When we got ready to leave and I was walking out to the truck and Cori was saying good bye to Bruce and the girls, Kathy said to me, "I am sure glad we ran into Cori at the store and invited you guys over."

To my surprise, we had a great time with them. On the right home, Cori said that she really liked Bruce and Kathy and that she was so glad that we had made friends with them. I felt the same way and was looking forward to meeting up with them again. I hadn't had a close friend since Buddy and I used to hang out, and that was several years ago.

Cori started hanging out with Kathy on her days off work, and it seemed like they were together practically all the time on the week-ends. If Cori wasn't at her house, Kathy was at ours. Kathy even talked Cori into going shopping in Texarkana with her, which was about an hour away. Cori would never have done that before she met Kathy. She never went to Texarkana or any place else without me. They would sometimes be gone all day long on a Saturday or Sunday and be exhausted when she got home. Kathy taught Cori some new card games and we played them when we all got together. I could tell Cori loved the new friendship we were developing with the Tuttle's. Cori had a new spark about her and her face would light up, when she talked about them. This was good, because I was busy at work, just trying my best to catch the "bad guys."

The following week, after our BBQ with Bruce and Kathy, I asked Cori what she thought about me taking Bruce fishing on Saturday. I said, "Why don't I take him fishing and after we catch a mess of fish, we'll have a good old fashioned fish fry." She thought it would be a great idea, so I called Bruce and asked him if he would be interested in doing that. He said he would love to, but didn't have any fishing gear. I told him not to worry about it, I had everything he needed.

I told him I would pick him up about 6:30 in the morning on Saturday and to make sure he wore jeans and boots. He knew about the snakes in Arkansas, but didn't know how dangerous they were where we fished. I told him we have six kinds of poisonous snakes in our area, Coral Snake, Timber Rattlesnake, Pigmy Rattlesnake, Western Diamondback Rattlesnake, Copperhead, and the Cottonmouth/Water Moccasin. Any of them could kill you with one bite if you didn't get to the doctor in time. I explained to him that they could be down by the river, where we'll be fishing or along a trail on the way to the river. I told him it's hard for them to bite through leather boots so I told him it would be better to wear a pair of them if he had them.

I went by the store on Friday afternoon and picked up our bait. When we got to my favorite fishing hole Saturday morning, I took a few minutes and showed him how to put on the hook, sinker, and worm. Then I showed him how to cast the line. He had a little trouble at first, but it didn't take him long, and he was casting his line right where he needed it to be. When he got his first fish hooked he was so

excited he didn't know what to do. He forgot he had to start reeling it in. He finally got the hang of it and after he caught about 5 or 6 fish he settled down and acted like he had been fishing his entire life. It was fun to watch how excited he was to catch those fish and how much he enjoyed it. He acted just like a kid.

We took the fish home and cleaned them and then he went home to take a shower so he wouldn't smell like fish when he and Kathy came over. His girls said they didn't like the taste of fish and decided to stay home. Cori took the fish, rolled them in a flour and cornmeal batter and cooked them in a big frying pan. They were delicious. Bruce said he didn't think he had ever tasted fish so good. I know he liked Cori's cooking but, I think he was also doing a little bragging about the fish he caught. Kathy and I just laughed greed with Bruce.

After dinner we sat around and had a few drinks and talked for a few more hours. We found out they didn't mind smoking a little pot once in a while, just like Cori and me. I brought out a joint and lit it up and each of us took turns taking big drags on it and passing it around until it was only long enough to hold with a pair of tweezers. By the time we finished the joint we were all laughing and enjoying each other's company. We finally said good night to Bruce and Kathy about midnight. It had been a really nice day, especially, after Bruce learned how to catch fish.

Before we left, I told him if he ever wanted to teach Kathy and his girls how to fish, he could borrow anything he needed from us. Kathy looked at me and didn't say anything. She just raised an eyebrow and when she did that, I knew she and the girls wouldn't be trying their luck at fishing any time soon.

After a couple of months of hanging out together, I asked Bruce if he wanted to learn how to kill and clean a deer. He said he would love to go out and try his luck at it, but didn't think he had the stomach to gut and clean one. He said he knew one thing for sure; he couldn't bring it back to his place and clean it. The girls would probably shoot HIM if they knew he killed "Bambi." I got a good laugh out of that, but I knew there were a lot of people that felt the same way. To me, deer meat was just like eating beef, but it does have a little different wild taste and you have to get used to it. It's very good once you acquire the taste. Killing a couple of deer every year saved us a lot of money on meat.

I asked him if he owned any guns and he said he had a couple of hand guns, but no rifles. I told him I would let him borrow one of mine when we went hunting. I always kept an extra rifle stored in my gun case that Jason would use from time to time.

I knew where the deer crossings were up in the woods. I had set up a couple of deer blinds, a few years earlier, so that I could go to that location and get a deer, just about every time I went out. I hunted out of season, most of the time, so I didn't care if it was a doe or a buck that I brought home. Since it was going to be his first time, I told him we'd make sure it was a buck.

I had to take him out to a place to test his skill with a rifle before we went for a deer. I took him to a spot where I always went to test a gun. I set up targets about 50 yards away and had him take some shots. He wasn't very good at first and I could tell he'd never fired anything like one of these big guns.

After a couple of week-ends of target practice we were ready for his big day. We made arrangements with our wives and decided to go out one Saturday morning,

before daylight. We hiked back up to the deer blinds and set everything up. Most deer don't move around until just after day break and just before dark. That's when they like to feed. I told Bruce we would stay out until he had gotten his deer. We let several does go by before we saw our first buck. When the young buck came slowly strolling down the path toward us, I looked over at Bruce and he was shaking like a leaf on a tree. I whispered to him to just relax and take a deep breath. I told him to take a dead aim just like he had done with the targets. When the buck got within 40 yards of us, I told him to shoot it. When the bullet hit the deer it buckled and went down on its front knees. It let out a cry and I told Bruce to shoot it again. On the second shot it went down for good. I gave him a pat on the back and I told him "That was a good shot. You got your first deer." We went over to the deer and I took it and strung it up in a nearby tree by its heels. I cut its throat and let the blood drain out of its body, just like what I had seen with the goat, when I was a kid. I then cut out its intestines and put them in a gunny sack I had brought with us because I didn't want to leave anything in the woods. The buck wasn't very big and after it was cleaned, it only weighed about 100 pounds. I cut it into two sections, one for Bruce to carry on his back, and the other one for me to carry. Once we hiked back out of the woods with the deer we threw it and the gunny sack in the back of the truck and we headed back home. Bruce was pretty pumped up about getting his first deer. He talked about it all the way back home.

We went back to the house and I threw the gunny sack in the garbage and took the deer into the garage where I had a table set up so I could skin it and cut the meat up into pieces like steak. Cori saw that we were back and came running out all excited. She said, "Did you get one?" Bruce just smiled this huge grin and said, "Yes ma'am, I got my first deer." She was very excited and happy for him. *I thought she was being a little too happy about it*, in my opinion. Teaching him how to kill the deer was just like what I had gone through with Jason when he was about 10 years old. I think Jason's reaction was very similar to Bruce's. I asked Bruce if he wanted to take some of the meat home with him. He scratched his head, as he thought about it for a moment, and then said that he didn't think it would be a good idea, just yet. He just wanted to get Kathy used to the idea of him killing a deer, before he did anything else. I told Bruce that we would have deer meat at our next BBQ and see how he liked it. He thought that was a great idea.

About two weeks later I decided to take Mr. Callahan up on his offer to go coon hunting with him. I went to his place to talk to him about it and I received the same familiar greeting but, when he recognized me he put down his gun and motioned for me to come up to the porch. I could see the apprehension in his eyes. He was probably thinking *what the hell did my boys do now?* I immediately told him this was not about the boys. It was a social call. His demeanor instantly changed and he became the same friendly guy he was when I last saw him. I told him that I wanted to ask a favor of him. He looked at me apprehensively right in the eye, with that cold stare of his and said, "What is it?" I replied, "I have a new friend that moved down the road from me. He would be what we all call, a city slicker. I said, "He's a real nice guy, but hasn't seen too much about the way country folks like us, live." He said, "You mean he's like Mayor Stonewall?" We both laughed as I said, "Yea, just like him." I told him that I had taught Bruce how

to fish and how to hunt deer, but I would really like to take him on a “coon” hunt. I asked him if it would be possible if Bruce and I could join him on his next hunt. I told him that I didn’t want to keep any of the raccoons; I just wanted Bruce to see what it was like to hunt and tree them with the dogs. He got a little excited and said, “Why don’t we just plan a day and time right now?” We set a time to meet him the following Friday night at 5:00 pm. He said, “Be ready to hunt all night because once we leave here we don’t get back till morning.” I asked him if there was anything we needed to bring. He said, “No just bring your feet, because we’ll be walking all night.” As I was leaving, I told him that I wouldn’t be coming back up to see him until the next Friday, so just expect us to be there. He said, “We’ll be waiting.”

I could hardly wait to get home from work that night as I went by Bruce’s house to let him know that I had set up a date and time for us to go hunting with Mr. Callahan. He checked with Kathy to make sure that date was okay with her. She said, “Sure, Cori, the girls, and I will find something to do that night.” Kathy asked me if we were going to be bringing one of those dead critters home with us and I told her no. I replied, “We’re just going for the fun of it.” She wrinkled up her nose as she turned her back and started doing something else, whispering sarcastically under her breath, “Ooooh, so much fun.” I guess women just don’t understand the excitement guys get out of doing things like that. I told Bruce that we didn’t have to bring anything, but make sure he wore his boots, jeans and a long sleeved shirt and a coat. I could tell that he was very excited.

The next week I asked Jason if he wanted to go with us, but he said he had plans to do something else on Friday night at the school. I think they were having a football game or something and he wanted to go. I could tell he was starting to get interested in the girls and I was actually a little relieved he didn’t want to go because I didn’t tell Mr. Callahan there were three of us that may be going.

On the way up to Mr. Callahan’s place Bruce and I rode in my truck. We were both pretty excited. We talked about things that guys talk about when they’re away from their wives. We talked about each other’s wives, the kids, our families and our backgrounds. We talked about other women we had been with in our lives, but for him that wasn’t many since he married Kathy right out of high school. We were becoming very good friends and I was starting to really like and trust him.

We finally got to Mr. Callahan’s and his truck was out front and two of his dogs were in the back. They seemed pretty excited about going on the hunt because of the way they were going back and forth inside the bed of the truck. They were barking like crazy. You could tell they couldn’t wait to get started. Mr. Callahan was happy to see us and came over and shook Bruce’s hand as I introduced them. He said, “We hunt with oil lanterns for light. I’ll give each one of you one to carry once we get started. We’ll be driving about 10 miles deeper up in the woods. I don’t like to hunt close to home because the dogs would just take off during the day and hunt by themselves and we may lose them. Then we’d have to go hunt them down and bring them back.” That made sense to me. He handed us each a gunny sack and said, “Hang on to these in case we get a couple of coons.”

He stopped for a moment and looked at me and asked me if we wanted a shot of moonshine before we took off. I figured that Bruce probably never tasted

moonshine before so I said, "Sure, but just a swallow for me." I couldn't wait for Bruce to try it. I was snickering under my breath when Mr. Callahan handed us each a glass. I quickly gulped my down like it was soda pop and quickly looked over at Bruce. He was watching me and followed my move. After he swallowed his drink in one large gulp he immediately stuck out his tongue and let out a yell like someone had just punched him in the gut. I couldn't help it, by then I was dying laughing. Mr. Callahan got a kick out of it too, as he laughed at Bruce. Bruce looked over at me and said, "Thanks a lot, you asshole!" I was still laughing as I said "What did I do? You're the one that swallowed the stuff."

Mr. Callahan went and got one of his boys, a couple of rifles and we took off. Since there were four of us we took two vehicles. Bruce and I followed him and his son as we drove deep into the woods. Bruce was still talking about the moonshine when we arrived at our hunting location. It was dark by the time we got there. Mr. Callahan lit the oil lamps and handed each of us one. He also had one that he was going to carry, along with a flashlight that he stuck in his back pocket.

We grabbed the gunny sacks and they grabbed their rifles, then he turned the dogs loose. As soon as they jumped out of the pick-up they started barking and sniffing around. It didn't take them long before they had gotten a scent of a coon and took off baying as they ran deeper into the woods. Before we knew it, they were about a half mile away and you could still hear them baying as they were hot on the trail of a raccoon. Mr. Callahan said, "Come on boys, we got to catch up." We took off in a little jog at first until we got a little closer to the dogs. It seemed like we had walked for over an hour until Mr. Callahan said, "Stop" and we all stopped walking and listened for the dogs. He said, "They have one treed." He could tell just by the sound of the dogs bark. Their barking had changed once they had one treed. They were way off in the distance and it took us about another thirty minutes to catch up with them.

When we got to the dogs they were under a tree going around and around the trunk and occasionally jumping up on it and making that half-bark and half-howling sound when they've trapped an animal. Mr. Callahan took out his flashlight and shined it up in the tree. Sure enough there was a coon way up, high in the tree. He asked Bruce if he would like to shoot it down. Bruce was more than excited to give it a try. He took a couple of shots at it and finally killed it and it dropped. The hounds were all over it as it hit the ground. Mr. Callahan gave them a verbal command and they immediately backed away. We had just bagged our first "coon." I think Bruce was on cloud nine, and I have to admit, I was pretty excited too. I forgot how much I enjoyed doing this.

It didn't take long and the dogs picked up another scent and we were off to the races again. As we were running to catch up with the dogs, I almost fell into a big round hole that was in the trail. It was about 8 feet in diameter and about 30 feet deep. Mr. Callahan grabbed me just before I fell in. We took his flashlight and looked over the edge of it to the bottom. It had water in the bottom and there were a couple of copper head snakes swimming around. I asked Mr. Callahan what it was and he said it was an old abandoned Uranium mine. He said they had them throughout the hills in Arkansas. You have to be careful or someone could fall into one just like you almost did. He said, "That's just one reason we never hunt

alone." I was very thankful that I didn't fall in. If I didn't die from the fall the snakes would've bitten me and killed me.

After about another hour, the dogs had another one treed. This time Mr. Callahan let me shoot it out of the tree. We ended up getting three that night when Mr. Callahan asked, "Have you boys had enough?" Those were happy words to my ears! I felt like we had already walked about twenty miles through those hills. I looked over at Bruce and could tell he was ready to head home too. Now the big question I had and I was thinking *how do we find our way back to the trucks?* Mr. Callahan's son had the dogs on a leash so they wouldn't take off after another coon. Mr. Callahan seemed to know what I was thinking as he said, "Don't worry boys, I have been hunting up in these woods all my life, I know exactly where we are. We'll be back at the trucks in about an hour." I was really happy to hear that because I was getting tired and anxious to get back to the trucks. It was about an hour before dawn when we finally got back. We both thanked Mr. Callahan and his son for the successful hunt and the moonshine. We were soon on our way home.

We were still on a little bit of a high from shooting those coons out of the trees, but for now, the only thing that was on both our minds was getting back home and catching up on our sleep. I dropped Bruce off at his house and headed home. After several hours of sleep, Bruce called our house. He first talked to Cori and told her how much fun he had. I got on the phone and he thanked me for taking him on the hunt. He said it was one of those "once in a lifetime" experiences for him and that he really enjoyed it and would never forget it. I told him that he was welcome and that maybe we would get a chance to do it again, sometime.

It seemed like everything we did from that point on was with Bruce and his family. Bruce and I spent a lot of our spare time either hunting or fishing. We also spent a lot of time with our families having dinners together and playing cards.

Jason had also formed a very good friendship with Ashley and Stephanie. When we got together as a family, they always went into the other room to watch TV or just hung out together. Jason was almost 15 at the time and when I wasn't doing something with Bruce I was teaching Jason how to drive. It was easy because we didn't have much traffic on the little dirt roads where we lived. It didn't take him long and he was driving like a pro. I couldn't help but think, *I wished I would've been able to do that with Spencer and Travis, but that was another time and another world to me.* I hadn't seen Travis for a few years, but I talked to him occasionally on the phone.

When I asked Jason what type of vehicle he would like to drive to school he said he thought he would like to have an older model pick-up. I knew he was like me and liked pick-ups, and preferred the color black. I talked to Cori about it and we started keeping our eyes open to get one for him.

I got a call from the Mayor of our little town and he said he was going to be retiring soon and he was going to put my name in for the nomination of the town mayor. I told him thanks, but no thanks. I didn't need that kind of attention brought upon me so I told him that I didn't really want the job as mayor. He said he thought I would be perfect for the job. I was thinking, *if he only knew about some of the things I'd done, they would've put me in jail and thrown away the key.*

A few days later I got a call from Bruce and he jokingly said, "It's a good thing you didn't run for mayor, you would've had keys to the city. We would've all been in trouble then. I wouldn't have known what to call you, Sherriff or Mayor? I think I would've just called you "MayShiff." Then he started laughing like crazy. He wasn't the only one that thought the whole thing was a big joke. Cori and I laughed about it for days. Jason started calling me Mr. Mayor instead of dad and would crack up every time he said it. That lasted for about a month before everyone had there laughs.

Chapter 15

Working with Bruce.

A few months went by and a job came up for a Deputy Sherriff in our County. When opening was made official, I immediately went to Bruce and Kathy's house and told Bruce about it. I knew he didn't have any training in law enforcement, but I figured I could spend some time and help train him, just like I taught him how to fish and hunt. The pay wasn't as much as I was making but, I figured with the money Bruce had put away from his severance pay and the fact that he didn't have a mortgage payment, they could live good on the salary.

I told him he would be driving a county deputy Sherriff car with the gas, maintenance and meals included. Even though Bruce was a city employee at Hot Springs before he moved to Broken Arrow, he was still a little apprehensive about taking the job. I told him that jobs like that didn't come along in our area very often, and that he should consider taking it. I told him I'd use my influence to see if they would hire him and then I would take some time to let him ride with me for a few months. At least until he got used to everything.

Bruce and Kathy wanted to talk it over and I understood that because I talked over everything with Cori before I made a commitment that involved her or my job. That night when I got home, Cori was talking to Bruce on the phone and she seemed excited. She said that he had called wanting to talk to me. When I got on the phone with him he told me that he and Kathy talked it over and they thought it would be a great job for him.

The next day Bruce went to the office and applied for the job. After a week or so, he was notified that he had gotten it. He called me to let me know and thanked me for thinking of him. I said, "You're my best friend and the one I thought of first. There isn't anyone else that I would rather work with." He asked me if I knew when he was going to start to work and I told him that he had to go through all the formalities one would have to go through when they were hired. It would be the same as I did when I got the job. They would have him go down to the county office within the next few days and swear him in. I said, "You'll then be part of the law enforcement world." You could tell in his voice that he was excited and yet a little apprehensive about what lay ahead for him. Now, he not only was going to be my best friend who I hung out with on the week-ends, but also during work hours too.

I knew that after I got him trained, he would have to cover all parts of the county just like the other deputy. He was going to be just one of the two Deputies under my supervision. We already had Bobby Goldsmith in our office, which had been with the Sherriff department for a few years.

When Bruce finally came to work, I spent a few days getting him used to the office and the staff. I showed him where the holding cells were located, the evidence room and where he would have his desk to operate from. The office girls were very excited to hand him the keys to his car and he was assigned a pistol, shotgun and a Billy club.

Once he had everything he needed, I started taking him out with me, to get him used to the different towns that we covered. The first month or so, we did a lot of driving around. We pulled over speedsters, answered domestic disturbances, and went out and checked on illegal pot growing areas. I showed him how to keep peace with the people by giving warnings to the ones that just needed warnings and tickets to the ones that needed tickets. I showed him how to keep himself out of a tight situation in case someone would try to kill him for pulling them over. I told him he had to be careful for something as minor as an argument over what someone thought was a "bogus arrest." He picked up things pretty fast, so training went quickly.

One of the major problems we had in our county was that in one of our towns they had a country and western bar called, "The Dump House." We were always being called to help the local police to take care of a huge fight that had broken out or to pick up someone that was being drunk and disorderly. I found out a long time ago that anytime you have alcohol and women together in a bar, with a bunch of young guys, you're going to have some problems. Most of the time, when we were called to respond to a fight I would just call the local police and let their departments handle the problem.

The bar was always dark, even during the day, but I liked that about it. It had 4 pool tables and a big dance floor and wrapped around it in an "L" shape was the bar. It had bar stools that held approximately thirty people at a time. I told Bruce that I liked to go in the bar sometimes, after I was done with my day, just to have a drink or two and relax. I asked Bruce if he wanted to go check it out sometime. He said, "Sure, anytime."

A few weeks after that, we had driven around all day, and it was about 5:00 in the afternoon. We were both a little tired of driving so I took him to the "Dump House" bar. As soon as I walked in, the bartender waived and yelled out, "Hey Cody." I said hey back to him as I walked up to him and asked him how he was doing. I then introduced Bruce to him. I told him that Bruce was a new deputy and that he would be coming by from time to time, so if they had any trouble he could call Bruce too. He asked me if we were going to have a drink. I said, "Yes, my usual good old Jack and Coke." Bruce told him he would have the same. We took a couple of stools at the end of the bar, back where it was a little darker and away from the main floor.

We'd only been there a few minutes when a couple of the waitresses came over and said hello. They asked how things were going with me. I said things were good and I introduced them to Bruce. After talking to us for a few minutes, they went about their business of serving drinks to the other customers.

After Bruce and I had our first drink, I asked him if he wanted to shoot a game of pool. We grabbed a couple of pool sticks and flipped a coin to see who would break. We were in the middle of our second game when a young dark haired girl, I had met there before, came slowly inching up close to me. She wasn't paying any attention to Bruce as she nuzzled right up against me. It was wintertime and she had on short cut-off, tight jeans, a tight top and a zip up sweater. Her breasts were sticking out of the sweater top and she was looking and acting extremely sexy. She had been sitting over in the corner with some friends and I hadn't noticed her, but she saw me when we first came in. She waited a few minutes to let Bruce and I have time together before she came over to say hello. We stopped our game of pool for a few minutes and I took a little time to talk to her. She whispered in my ear, as she unbuttoned my shirt and slid her hand inside and rubbed my chest, "Would you like to go outside and take care of me, Cody?" I was a little embarrassed that Bruce saw what she was doing. I'd never told him that I'd ever cheated on Cori. I very quickly dismissed her and said, "Hey Stacey, this is our new deputy, Bruce Tuttle." I looked at Bruce and I could tell that he was in a state of shock from the way he was looking at me. I pulled her aside and told her that I couldn't talk to her right now, that I would come back and see her in a few days. She smiled and said okay and then quickly scurried away.

Bruce and I finished our game of pool and went back to the bar and finished our drinks. I threw some money on the bar for our drinks and a tip, and then we left. We said a quick good bye to the waitresses on the way out the door. I told the bartender to be sure to call me if they had any trouble or if it got too rowdy. He laughed and said with a knowing smile, "You know I will, Cody."

On the drive home, I could tell that Bruce was having some problems with what he had seen at the bar. I asked what was bugging him. He said, "Your business is your business, but I was just a little surprised by the fact that young girl was coming onto you like she knew you. I always thought you and Cori were tight with each other that you wouldn't do something like that. To me, Cori is one of the most beautiful women that I've ever met, both inside and out. What could possibly make you ever want to cheat on her?" I told him that the girl didn't mean anything to me. She was just a bar girl. I told him I had sex with her a few times and that was all. It was just about sex with her and me and that was it. I told him what Cori and I have together is special. IT'S NOT JUST ABOUT SEX. To me, making love to Cori is sensual and almost erotic.

That's when I asked Bruce, "Haven't you ever had sex with another woman since you've been married to Kathy?" He was somewhat reluctant to tell me, but finally admitted that he had. He said, he did, but it was a long time ago, when they were first married. He said one of his old high school girlfriends kept after him until he finally broke down and had an affair with her. He said that he and Kathy had gone through some rough times over it and weren't sure if they wanted to stay together when it happened. He said that they even separated for a few months, but decided it was too hard on the girls having them apart. He said that he had a few sexual encounters along the way during their marriage with other women but, like me, they didn't mean anything to him. He said, "Kathy can be a little overbearing at times and a little pig headed, but we try hard to keep our marriage together."

He kept going on about what a great person he thought Cori was and that it was hard to believe anyone would ever want to cheat on her. He asked me if Cori had ever cheated on me and I told him not that I knew of. I said, "If I knew about it, she and the guy wouldn't live to talk about it." He looked shocked when I said that. He said, "What do you mean?" I said, "I told Cori when we first got together, that it was forever and if I ever caught her with another man, I would kill them both." Bruce could tell I was serious about what I was saying, because I had a seriously mean and angry looking snarl on my face as I said it. Just the fact that he asked me that question and thinking about it, made me angry. He said, "But don't you think that's being just a little two faced since you've had sex with a lot of different girls? I said, "Yes, I suppose so, but that's just the way it is." I told him that it would be better if we didn't let what happened back at the bar and the conversation we were having go any further than just the two of us. He could tell that I wasn't going to take much more of this interrogation from him. He agreed it would be best to keep everything to ourselves. That was what best friends are supposed to do. We never spoke about it again or brought up the subject of cheating on our wives again with each other.

One day we were at the office and got an APB (all-point's bulletin) that a couple of guys had robbed a bank in Hot Springs and killed a police officer as they were fleeing the scene. They put out the bulletin for us to be on alert for an older model white Chevrolet. The guys had gotten away with an undetermined amount of cash and headed out of town. The Hot Springs police department didn't know which direction they would be heading, but told us to keep an eye out for a suspicious vehicle with two white males in it. They also said to be careful because they were armed and dangerous. Since they had killed a police officer, it became personal for me and for everyone in the law enforcement field. I told Bruce to jump in my squad car and we would go out and patrol some of the roads and see if we could spot them. I told Bruce we might possibly be able to stop them if they came through our area. We really didn't think they'd head up our way because of the large number of pot holes in the dirt roads and the winding roads up in the hills in our area.

The police department secured the roads in Queensland and we headed up on highway 71 that headed north. We set up a stakeout a few miles out of town and on the side of the road. We waited to see if they crossed through in the vehicle. We were waiting a few hours and then we saw what we thought might be the suspects' car as they passed by us at a high rate of speed. I threw on the flashers and pulled in behind them to see what they would do. The idiots took the bait and they took off at a high rate of speed. Their car climbed in speed and was soon going over 100 miles per hour as they tried to out run us. It wasn't their lucky day as we stayed right behind them. Bruce called in on the radio that we were in hot pursuit of the suspects.

I pulled my car up as close to them as I could get, without hitting them, trying to get a good look at them to see if they were the two guys we were looking for. That's when the guy on the passenger side stuck out his head and shoulders and fired a couple of shots at us. I momentarily backed off to where we were about 40 yards behind them. It really angered me that they tried to kill us. I told Bruce that we were going to put an end to their little "Bonnie and Clyde" joy ride. I told him

we weren't going to wait for back up. I said, "They had just shot at the wrong guys."

I told him that I knew about a deep ravine about a mile or so up the road on the right and that I was going to run them off the road straight into that ravine. Bruce was scared and he said, "You're crazy! You'll get us both killed." By then my adrenaline was pumping. I was jacked up, just like I had been before, when I got rid of a few other scum bags. I told him to make sure he was buckled up. I held back a little until we reached the marker indicating the ravine was coming up. I sped up to where my right bumper was just about touching their left bumper. The passenger was just getting ready to take another few shots at us when I floored the gas and rammed their car real hard in the left corner. By then we were both going over a 100 miles per hour. When I first hit them our car started to weave back and forth and I was fighting to control it as I slowed down. Their vehicle turned sideways and went flying off the road. It flipped several times as it did a swan dive and landed on its roof in the ravine. I think Bruce was hanging on for dear life, as we came to a stop. I backed up my vehicle to where they went off the road and we both jumped out of the car with our weapons drawn. There was still dust flying in the air as we made our way down to the vehicle. When we got there the vehicle looked like a pancake from the flips it made and landing on its roof. The guys looked like they were dead from what we could see. At the speed they were going and the shape of the car I don't think anyone could've survived the plunge to the bottom of the ravine. There was no way to get them out of the vehicle so we just went back to our patrol car and waited. Bruce was just sitting there white as a ghost. I was a little surprised he didn't wet his pants. I could tell that was the scariest thing he had ever gone through in his life. I was thinking *this big tough looking guy is just a pussy*. I think Bruce was finally starting to realize that I was not just the ordinary guy next door. He was seeing that I had just enough crazy in me to make me dangerous.

We got on the radio and called to let everyone know that the guys were stopped up on highway 71. We told them that we had rammed their vehicle when they were shooting at us and it was at the bottom of a ravine. It didn't look like anyone survived.

We waited about ten minutes until back up arrived. We soon had Police and Sherriff cars at the scene. It was a real big deal for our county. Everyone was happy those guys were no longer a threat to anyone else.

When we got back to the office, everyone was clapping for us and saying, "Way to go guys." It was the first time that I was able to make a big deal out of killing someone. Sure I was glad to get these two thugs off the street, but more importantly; they got what they deserved for shooting at us and killing the police officer.

The following week, I turned Bruce loose and he was on his own. He didn't have me to "babysit" him anymore.

Chapter 16

Cori's changing.

It wasn't too long after killing the two thieves when Bruce's attitude toward me started changing toward us. We were still friends with him and Kathy, but we were no longer spending all of our spare time with them. I thought it may have been because of running the two guys off the road and Bruce thinking I was a little crazy. I figured he just didn't want to be around me as much after that. I scared him and he was a little of afraid of me.

During that same time something was happening with Cori. She dyed her hair back to her original color to get rid of a few grey areas and she lost a little weight. She was wearing real tight jeans again I thought she looked sexier than I had seen her in a long time. I was having a hard time keeping my hands off of her.

The hours at her work had changed and she was now working from 4:00 pm to midnight, five days a week. I really didn't like her working that shift because the only time I got to see her for very long was after midnight and on the week-ends. She would get up in the morning; see me off to work and Jason off to school then go back to bed until she had to get up and get ready for work.

Our relationship was starting to become a little strained. For the first time, since we had been together, she was starting to not go along with the things I wanted from her. She became a little agitated if I said something that she didn't like or if it was something that she didn't agree with. Our sex life was diminishing to the point where she would get frustrated at me for touching her in places that I had been touching her for years. It seemed to me like was she spending as little time alone with me as possible. I tried to talk to her about it, but all she would say was, "Everything is fine with me Cody. Just leave me alone and I'll be fine." I remember feeling a little suspicious that something else was going on with her.

I was like most guys, when things are wrong with their wives or girlfriends, all I wanted to do was try and fix it. The harder I tried the worse things got. It seemed like all I was doing was a lot of kissing up to her to try and make things better. Nothing was working and I was becoming more and more frustrated with our relationship.

I told her that I thought she should quit her job and just stay home but, she got angry with me when I suggested that. She said she loved her job and didn't want to quit. For the first time, since we'd been together, she refused to do something I asked of her.

I tried to get her to take some time off of work and go away with me for a few days out of town. She told me she didn't think that was a good idea either. There was nothing I could do or say to make things better. I finally started developing the attitude, to hell with it, there's nothing I can do to make her happy right now so I'll just leave her alone.

I started spending more time at the "Dump House" bar every chance I got. I knew that Jason was pretty tied up with his friends at school and Cori was at work until midnight and I didn't want to come home to the lonely four gray walls that were closing in on me.

The more I was alone the more my mind started to play tricks on me. I started thinking all kinds of things about Cori. I started believing that she had a boyfriend from her work and that was why she was pushing me away. I started inquiring

around to people we knew, asking them if they noticed anything going on with her. No one seemed to know anything about Cori or her personal life. They sure didn't know about her having a boyfriend from work or any place else. I talked to the girl from her work that used to pick her up and take her home. She told me that Cori was spending a lot of time on the phone with someone during her breaks. She didn't know who it was, but assumed it was me, because she said Cori was always pretty happy after she got off the phone.

I waited a few days until the week-end and sat down with Cori and confronted her about the way she had been treating me. I asked her about the person she'd been talking to on her breaks while she was at work. She said that she had been talking to Kathy on the phone during her breaks and that was all. That made sense to me because they were such good friends I felt they had a lot to talk about. I was starting to think that the suspicions in my head were just that, figments of my imagination. The darkness was creeping in and trying to take over my brain and make me believe things that weren't true. I depressed those feeling and decided I would just ride it out just as Cori had suggested. She told me things would get better with time and that we shouldn't push it. I still didn't know what things she was talking about, but I let it go.

While all this was going on, I got a call from my mom saying that her brother, Buddy, had died of a heart attack in California. All my thoughts and memories came rushing back about the good times and the bad times I had spent with him. My mom wanted to know if I would drive her to California, so we could go to the funeral together. I talked to Cori about what happened and she thought it would be a good idea for me to go to the funeral.

I was still a little apprehensive about our relationship and leaving her but I decided I would go. I made arrangements with work and called my mom back and told her I would pick her up the next morning and we would head to California.

The thought of being with my mom for several days, was working on my brain. I wasn't sure how I was going to get through it. I was hoping I didn't lose it with her and have to kill her and dispose of her body somewhere along the way. I know it was just crazy thoughts, but you think of things like that, especially when you're with someone that pushes your buttons and you have a love/ hate relationship with.

When I picked my mom up, she had been crying for a few days over the loss of her brother. She actually made me feel sorry for her for the first time in my life. I tried to comfort her by telling her that everything would be okay.

On the way to California, I told her about some of the really fun times Buddy and I had together, that no one else knew anything about, except me and Buddy. I had her laughing a few times about what we did. She also told me stories about him when he was a kid. I wasn't really interested in them because I only knew the Buddy I saw when he grew up. I listened to her just the same. I told her he wasn't the nice guy you and everyone else thought he was. I told her about some of the dark things he and I had done. I tried my best to be sympathetic to her, to give her the support she needed.

We got to California after about a day and a half of driving. I tried to drive straight through without much of a rest. Cori had already been trying to reach my Aunt in California to see if I had gotten there safe. That seemed a little strange to

me because she hadn't talked to my Aunt in several years. Plus, she had never done that with any other trips I had taken before to California. I used my Aunt's phone and called her back to ease her mind. I told her that we arrived safe, that I loved her and would call her later that evening. She said she loved me too and was happy we got there safe.

The next day we went to the funeral home and viewed Buddy's body and then spent some time saying our good-byes to his stiff and well-groomed body. I spent some time alone with his body and I told him that he didn't have to worry about anything anymore, that his time here on this earth was done. I told him, "Maybe we'll meet up again someday. In that place in the sky." I wasn't sure if what I meant was heaven or hell, but I was sure there would be a place we would probably see each other again.

That evening, I got another call from Cori saying that she was just checking up on me to see how I was doing. She said she knew how close I had been to Buddy during my life and wanted to make sure I was doing alright. I told her everything was fine and that everyone was a little shocked that he had died so suddenly at such a young age. We talked for a few minutes and I told her I was going to stay a few more days to let my mom have some time with her other brothers and sisters before we headed back.

I told her that I also wanted to visit with some of my cousins and catch up on their lives, and what they had been doing the past several years. Some of my cousins owned their own businesses and were doing very well, financially. I wanted to renew some of the bonds we had built when we were younger and it would be really good to see them. I also wanted to spend at least one day with Travis before we left.

Cori called every morning and night for the next four days I was there. It was starting to bother me a little that she was giving me more attention now than she did when I was home.

After we buried Buddy, I spent time with Travis and the rest of my cousins and Aunts and Uncles over the next few days.

We decided to head back to Arkansas after been gone for about a week. I called Cori on the phone before we left and told her we would be home in about 36 hours. I told her I was going to drive straight through and only stop to take a short nap someplace along the way, before dropping my mom off.

It was a good thing that my mom was with me because some bizarre things were going through my mind on the way back about Cori. *Why did Cori keep calling me every night and every morning to make sure everything was ok with me? Why was it so important for her to know where I was?* I was becoming very suspicious of her. I even talked to my mom about some of my suspicions. She wasn't much help and told me it was all in my head.

My mom was like a sad little chatterbox all the way back to Arkansas and I was really glad to finally drop her off. She told me she loved me and hoped that she didn't lose me like she lost Buddy, while I was still young. I told her I would be fine and not to worry about me. I laughed as I said, "You couldn't kill me back when I was a kid, from the beatings. I guess I will survive this old world now." She didn't think that was very funny, but it was my way of letting her know that I wasn't happy with the beatings she gave me as a child. I got home and Cori was at work

and Jason was at school so I just went to bed to catch up on some much needed sleep.

Chapter 17

Jason's Truck.

Jason was turning sixteen soon and since he was wanting to drive a pick-up to school we decided we would look around and see if we could find a classic model 1953 Ford. That one was my favorite of the old trucks, but it was also hard to find. I had been looking for a few months and had put out inquires all over the state looking for one. I finally got a call from an older woman in Little Rock. She told me that her husband had just died and he had one of those old trucks in their barn and hadn't driven it for years. I asked her if it would start up and she said, "You're guess is as good as mine, Sonny."

On one of the days that I was supposed to be working, I decided to drive up to Little Rock and take a look at it. When I got to the old woman's house, (she lived in town but had an old barn out behind her house). She was in her rocking chair on her porch waiting for me when I got there. This old gal was in her eighties and had stories to tell. She was anxious to tell them to someone. She told me all about how her husband had bought the pick-up brand new back when it first came out at the car dealership. She said he drove it around town for years, but that was about it. He never took it on any long trips so it didn't have a lot of miles on it.

When we opened the doors to the barn I could tell this was just the pick-up for Jason. It was dark green on the outside, with black interior. The interior was still in pretty good shape but the tires needed to be replaced. There weren't any dents, dings or scratches in the paint visible on the outside of the pick-up. The old man had taken great care of the truck. I brought a battery with me and some cables because I knew that if it had been sitting for a while it wouldn't start very easy.

I drove my patrol car into the barn and hooked up the cables. She gave me the keys and said, "Give it a whirl Sonny." After the engine cranked over a few times, I finally got it started. I opened up the hood and looked at the engine and it looked almost brand new, except for some serious dust. I asked her how much she would take for it and she said that she would sell it to me for \$800. I didn't have to haggle with her over the price because I knew that was a good deal. I gave her \$200.00 to hold it for me and told her I would bring my wife back with the rest of the money on the week-end and pick it up. She said that would be fine and I left.

That night, I told Cori and Jason all bout the pick-up and she was pretty excited about it. I made arrangements to take the pick-up in on Saturday afternoon to a paint and body shop in Texarkana because I wanted to have it painted. We got up very early on Saturday morning and drove to the old lady's house. I introduced her to Cori and they instantly fell in love with each other. While they were talking, Cori paid her the rest of the money for the pick-up and I went out and aired up the tires and put some fresh gas in it from a 5 gallon can I brought with me. I started the engine and pulled it out to the front of the driveway. I let it run for a few

minutes while we were saying our good-byes to the old lady. I thanked her for letting us have it, but you could tell she was also happy that we fell in love with it. She knew it was going to a good home. I told Cori to follow me to the nearest gas station and I filled up both vehicles with gas. I checked the water in the pick-up and we were soon on our way back.

We finally made it to the paint and body shop in the late afternoon. The guy took a look at it and said, "Nice. What color do you want it?" I replied, "We would like to have it painted shiny jet black." After looking it over, he said he would have it done by the following week-end. I also asked him if he knew where we could get some nice rims and tires for it. He said he would line it up for me and when we came to pick up the truck; he would send me over to the tire and wheel shop.

The next Saturday came around and Jason, Cori and I went to get the truck. It was beautiful and the paint job came out perfect. We took it over to the tire shop and had Jason pick out the new rims and tires. By that time, Jason was biting at the bit to drive it. Even though he didn't have his license, I let him drive it once we got close to home and the entire time Cori followed close behind. I told him that we could work on the engine together on the week-ends if he wanted to change it or something different to it.

For the next month or so, before he got his license, he brought all of his friends over and they drove the pick-up around the dirt roads near our house. He was pretty proud of that pick-up and I was too. I felt like he was a great kid and he deserved something he really wanted.

Soon he got his license and was driving himself to school and back. I was happy because neither I nor Cori had to do that anymore. He was starting to show his independence and growing up. Along with that comes the old familiar arguments with your parents. For the most part, I understood what he was going through but Cori and Jason were starting to get on each other's nerves. I thought it was because she was having a hard time letting go of her little boy.

The problems that Cori and Jason were having kept escalating to the point where their arguments didn't seem to make a lot of sense to me. After watching and putting up with them for a few months, I decided I'd had enough of what was going on between them and stepped in to see if I could help. I told Jason that I wanted to take him deer hunting the following Saturday and that we should have a man to man talk about what was going on between the two of them. I figured, maybe he had a girlfriend that he liked at school, and she didn't like him or something like that. I was totally unprepared for what he was about to tell me.

We got up real early on Saturday morning and headed to our favorite spot in the woods. It wasn't daylight yet as we set up our position in the deer blind. As the morning sun rose, I started asking Jason to tell me what was going on with him and why he had been fighting so much with his mom. I told him that I would keep it between the two of us and no one else needed to know, not even his mom.

He was apprehensive to tell me what was causing all the problems with him and his mom at first. I swore to him I wouldn't say a word to anyone about it. He then told me that it was actually something he thought his mom was doing. I said, "Yea, I figured that, but what exactly is the problem?" He started to break down in tears as he choked out the words. "I think there's something going on with Mom and Bruce." I was taken aback by what he said. I never expected him to say that. I

was in total shock when he uttered those words to me. His words shot through me like a bolt of lightning and they cut me like a knife in the heart. I just sat there looking at him for a minute, trying to absorb what he had just told me. I thought, *there's no way that could be true. "Not Cori, she would never be interested in another man." And Bruce? He was my best friend. Best friends wouldn't do things like that to each other. I had been with Bruce day after day and month after month for the past few years. I just couldn't believe it would be possible for something like that to be true.* I was thinking that maybe Jason just had a wild imagination. I asked him why he believed that. He went on to say, "I never have trusted that guy with mom since we first met him. He's always had his eye on her."

I held Jason in my arms and comforted him; I tried to gather my thoughts and my emotions as best I could. The silent rage started building inside me as I asked him why he felt that way. He said that he had been talking to Ashley and Stephanie about it for a few months and they also thought it was true. He said that they started to listen in on conversations that the Cori and Bruce were having with each other and it didn't seem like it was still the "Just best friend," type of conversations. They were pretty chummy with each other on the phone. Now I was starting to get angry. I asked him if Kathy knew anything about what was going on and he said they hadn't told her anything about it and didn't know if she suspected anything.

I composed myself and told Jason that whatever issues Cori and I were having with each other, he didn't need to carry that burden upon himself. I told him that I would start keeping a little closer eye on Bruce and Cori to see for myself if there was anything going on between them. I told him he didn't need to worry about it, if there was a problem, I would take care of it. The entire time I was telling him this, my brain was beginning to relate what was going on with Bruce and Cori to the way she had been treating me for the past several months. I was thinking that Bruce must've told Cori about the girl at the "The Dump House" bar and about our private conversations we had with each other concerning other women. Things were starting to look a little clearer and make more sense to me.

I think Jason felt a lot better about telling me because he was able to get it off his chest. I told him that I wouldn't let Cori know that we had talked about any of this and he was very relieved to hear that. I told him that he could stop arguing and fighting with his mom about things. From now on, it was my problem and not his. He agreed that he would try and do that. We didn't get a deer that day but, we got a lot more out of that day than just killing a deer.

When we got home we both acted like everything was fine, that we were just bummed because we had come home empty handed. When I first saw Cori, after we got home, I wanted desperately to confront her and choke the truth out of her about Bruce. I kept my promise to Jason and I didn't say anything to her, but the anger was building up in me like a raging river toward a dam. I was dying inside to confront her and ask her all about what was going with the two of them.

I spent a lot of time, over the next few hours, thinking about what Jason told me and the other things that were now starting to make a lot of sense. Now I knew why she had been so short fused and irritable with me. I decided I would have a little talk with Bruce to see what he had to say about it. I decided that if he said he was having an affair with Cori I would take him up in the woods by Mr. Callahan's

place and torture him before I killed him. Maybe even take him to one of the thirty foot holes and kill him and dump him in the hole.

The next day, when we were at the office, I asked Bruce to ride with me. I said I wanted to go up into the woods and check on the woman whose kids had been molested by their father. He said, "That would be great." As we were driving, I was so angry that I could hardly speak to him. He could tell that something was bothering me and asked me what was wrong. I didn't tell him that I was ready to kill him.

We drove for about an hour and when we were deep into the woods, I pulled over in a turn-out of the road. I was bursting inside to hear just how he was going to answer my questions I was going to ask him. I was hoping he was going to say the right thing or else he would soon be dead.

I slowly started asking him how things were going with him and Kathy at home. He said, "Things are good with us. We're just getting things ready for Stephanie to graduate from high school and go on to college." I said, "You know, you're my best friend, Bruce, and if you're having some marriage problem then you can talk to me about them." He said, "No. Really. Everything is fine with us. It's just the normal things people go through."

That's when I confronted him about the phone conversations with Cori when I said, "The kids have voiced concerns to me that you and Cori have been spending a lot of time on the phone talking with each other for the past few months." He looked a little surprised as I said that. Then he replied, "Yes, to be honest with you, she's been talking to me about you and couldn't figure out what was going on with your marriage." I said, "What do you mean?" He replied, "She just wanted to know what was going on with you and I told her everything with you was fine and that you loved her very much." That didn't make sense, I thought, *why didn't she talk to me about her concerns and why would they spend so much time talking about it?* I wasn't buying his explanation when I told him that I didn't feel very comfortable about the two of them having long conversations about me or my marriage. I told him I wanted it to stop. I told him that it really hurt my feeling and angered me that they were talking to each other about it. He said, "You're my best friend, Cody. I wouldn't do anything to hurt you or Cori." He said, "If it makes you feel uncomfortable, then I will stop." I asked him if he'd said anything to Cori about the private things we'd talked about and he said no. I told him one more time, them talking to each other did make me uncomfortable and that I wanted it to end. I was also angry that Cori had gained enough trust in him to talk to him about our relationship without discussing it with me first. It was obvious to me now that the two of them were closer than I wanted them to be. I asked him if anything was going on between him and Cori and he said "no, I would never do that to you Cody." I wasn't sure if he was being honest with me, but I couldn't kill him based on just my suspicions.

I drove around for a while on the dirt road and pretended I couldn't find the house we were looking for and then headed back to the office. On the way back, I thought I would put a little validity into the way I believed about Cori and someone having an affair with each other. I told Bruce again about how I felt with other guys hitting on Cori. I started telling him a story about the new guy that worked in one of the markets in Queensland. I told him that he was a good looking young

guy, in his mid to late twenties. On one of those rare occasions, when I went shopping with Cori, I was getting something on the other side of the store and this young clerk started coming on to her. He knew she was married, but that didn't stop him. He didn't know I was with her at the time and I came walking up behind him. Just when I got close to him, I heard him ask her if she would like to go have a drink with him some time. She didn't have time to answer him when I touched her on her waist. I didn't say anything to him; I just glared at him in anger, as Cori then politely said, "No thank you, I'm married."

A few days later, I went by the store and found out, from the manager, what time the clerk got off work. I told the manager it was official business and not to let the clerk know I was asking about him. When he came out of the store, later that evening, I met him just as he started to get into his car. I didn't say anything to him, I just punched him in the face a couple of times and knocked him to the ground. Thankfully, he didn't try to fight back or I was prepared to hurt him. He looked up at me with a surprised look on his face and said, "What the hell is wrong with you? Why did you do that?" That's when I told him I didn't like him flirting with my wife. He didn't say anything because he already knew exactly who and what I was talking about. I said, "If you want to be alive next week, you'll find another job, far from Queensland. Don't let me see you around here again and don't let anyone know I had this conversation with you or I will find you and kill you. I'll dump your body up in the woods where no one will ever find you." After that incident, I never saw him again in the store or any place else in Queensland. He was lucky that he got my message or I would've killed him.

When I told Bruce that story, I was hoping he understood just how sincere I was about my threats. I told him, "As you can see, I'm not kidding around about killing someone if they are caught with my wife. I would've killed him if he hadn't done what I told him." I could tell Bruce was a little nervous as he said, "I know how you feel, Cody, and I'm not ready to die." We both laughed, but mine was more of an apprehensive angry laugh. That was the end of the conversation about Cori. As we made small talk all the way back to the office the rage in me started to subside a little. I still wasn't sure if he was telling me the truth, so I decided I would start keeping an eye on him from now on.

I talked to Jason about a week later to see if Ashley and Stephanie had heard anymore conversations between Bruce and Cori. He told me that they hadn't noticed anything unusual in the past week. I talked to my friend from Cori's work and she said that Cori was still talking to someone on the phone during her break, but it wasn't every day, like before. I was starting to think that I was just being a little paranoid about Bruce and Cori so I started to relax a little.

Chapter 18

Finding out about Cori.

Several days later, I was at the office and I got, what I thought, was an unusual call from Cori. She asked me what my day at work looked like and I told her that I

was pretty busy and would be working up in the Northern area of the county and probably be gone all day. She said that she was going to go shopping in Texarkana and was checking to see if I wanted to go with her. I told her I wouldn't be able to because of my full schedule.

After I hung up the phone I started thinking about it and called her back. I said, "If it's really important to you that I go then I'll take the day off and go with you." She then started to back pedal. She said, "No, that's ok, you just get your work done and I'll see you after midnight, when I get home from work." I said, "Are you sure? I can put this off until tomorrow, and go with you if you want me too." She was more than insistent that I go ahead and do my job. She was so insistent; it raised a red flag with me. It made me very suspicious that something just didn't seem right. After thinking about it for several minutes, I thought it was real odd that she called me and asked me to go with her. She'd never done that in all the years we'd been together. "Why was she asking me to take a day off and go with her now?"

I couldn't get it out of my head that something just didn't feel right so I asked one of the girls in the office where Bruce was working that day and she said he was working in another part of the county and would be gone all day. My brain was starting to work overtime and I thought, *maybe the two of them were going to meet each other somewhere*. I asked the office girl if I could borrow her car for the day. I told her that I would put gas in it for her, before I got back and I also gave her money for lunch. I told her that if Cori or Bruce called not to let them know that I borrowed her car.

I took her car and headed out to my house. When I drove past my driveway I could see my pick-up was still there. I drove down the road, on past my house and hid in the tree line. I was waiting to see if she was going to leave. After about fifteen minutes, she left the driveway, heading in the direction of Texarkana. I slowly pulled in behind her and kept a safe distance, so that she wouldn't see me following her. When she got to highway 71, she headed south to Texarkana. I kept following her at a safe distance until she got almost into Texarkana. The closer I got to Texarkana the more I thought, *what the hell are you doing, are you nuts? She's just going shopping, like she said*. Feeling foolish about not trusting her, I pulled off the road and turned around and headed back toward the office.

I had gotten only a few miles, when I saw Bruce's patrol car coming from the opposite direction toward me, and heading into Texarkana. He didn't recognize me because I was in the borrowed car and I ducked down when he passed. I went up a short distance and immediately turned around and started to follow him. He was a little easier to follow because of the lights on top of the patrol car. Even so, when we got into the main part of Texarkana, there were lots of traffic lights and a lot of cars on the road. Somehow, I lost sight of his car near a shopping center. I was pretty pumped up and agitated at that point. I knew something was up with him and Cori.

I started driving all around the area and couldn't spot his car. I was getting angrier and more frustrated by the moment that I couldn't find him. Finally, I decided I would go into the shopping center parking lot, and sure enough, as soon as I drove in I spotted his patrol car. It was there, but he wasn't in it. I started to look for my pick-up and it wasn't in the parking lot. I was a little relieved I didn't

see it, but my mind was telling me something wasn't right. I looked all around for them and even went through all the stores looking for either of them. They were nowhere to be found. I decided I would just wait in the parking lot near Bruce's car to see exactly what was going on with him. He had no business in Texarkana, he was supposed to be working. I knew sooner or later he had to come back and pick up his car.

I spent the rest of the morning and part of the afternoon just waiting and going crazy. I was so upset I couldn't even think about eating lunch. Tons of scenarios were running wild through my mind, *Did Cori pick him up and then they took off somewhere together? If he and Cori are together, did they just go to lunch? Are they at some hotel or at a park somewhere kissing and having sex?* My mind was so messed up that it was starting to consume me. I was full of anger and rage and at one point my body began to shake with anger. I had to take deep breaths to calm myself down. I could hear my heart beating loudly, as I sat there all alone. I knew the truth and I was hurting so bad inside I felt like I wished I was dead. The pain was almost more than I could bear.

It was about 2:00 in the afternoon when Bruce came driving up in my pick-up and Cori was sitting next to him. My heart immediately hit the ground. I felt like someone had just kicked me in the stomach. I felt like my biggest fears had come true. As soon as he parked, I went running over, grabbed him by the collar of his shirt and pulled him out of the seat and through the open window. Before I even realized what I was doing, I slammed him on the ground and kicked him in the ribs a couple of times. Cori had a defiant, "oh crap!" I've been caught, look on her face. She looked like the kid that got caught with his hand in the cookie jar. The first words out of my mouth were, "What the hell are you two doing together?" She said, "Cody, stop, stop. It's not what you think." I was having a hard time trying to focus on what she was saying I was so angry. "We've been out shopping to buy you a birthday present for your birthday. I knew you wanted a new rifle, but I didn't know what kind so Bruce met me here and showed me the one you've been wanting." She then pulled this wrapped present from the passenger seat and I could tell it was the size and shape of a rifle.

Now I was beginning to feel like the biggest fool in the whole world. I was the one that looked like I had just screwed up, not them. Cori asked me what the hell I was doing in Texarkana. She said, "You're supposed to be working up north." I quickly made up a story and told her that I was checking out a guy that was a suspect in an armed robbery. I just happened to drive by and saw my truck with the two of you in it. She said, "You big dummy, nothing is going on between Bruce and I." I felt like I had egg in my face as I said, "I'm sorry for jumping to conclusions." I tried to apologize to them, but they both were pretty angry with me. Bruce started walking to his patrol car and as he left, I apologized to him for kicking him in the ribs. Without saying a word to me, Cori took the truck and headed back home.

I got in my borrowed car and headed back toward my office. I felt like a dog with its tail between its legs. I drove very slowly on the way back because I was so embarrassed for making a complete fool out of myself. I'd never felt so much like a complete idiot. All the way back to the office I agonized over what I had done.

When Cori got home around midnight, I apologized to her again and again. I had already called Bruce and apologized to him a couple of times. After kissing up to them the rest of the week it seemed like they got over it by the week-end.

Cori told me that we were having a BBQ at our house on Sunday with Bruce, Kathy and the girls to celebrate my birthday. She laughed and said that I was getting a new rifle for my birthday. I didn't think it was that funny. By that Sunday everything seemed like it had been forgotten and Bruce and Cori were back in happy spirits with me again. It was almost back to the way things had been before with me and Cori. We all had a great time together.

After dinner, Cori, Jason and the girls, took in the dishes. Bruce was in the bath room, when Kathy asked me if I was happy with my new rifle. I said, "Yes, I love it, and it's exactly what I'd been wanting for a long time. She said, "I know, it was so hard to find. It took Cori and me almost all day trying to track it down for you. We finally had to get it in Texarkana."

I looked up at her in shock. I couldn't believe what she was telling me and her words took me by complete surprise. I looked her right in the eyes with a stunned look on my face. I said, "What do you mean? I thought Bruce and Cori picked it up just this past week in Texarkana." She said, "Heavens no, Cody! We've had it for weeks, just waiting to give it to you for your birthday." I was trying to comprehend what she was telling me when I asked her again, "Are you sure? Cori said that she and Bruce just picked it out for me last week." Kathy said, "I'm sure. We went into Texarkana one Saturday while you were deer hunting and picked it up about four or five weeks ago."

All of a sudden the anger and familiar pain I had felt in Texarkana slammed me right in the chest. My whole body visibly shook with rage. I was right the first time; I had caught the two of them together and right in the middle of their affair. One of the worst parts about it all was, that they tried to make me look and feel like a fool. Now, I was even angrier! They lied to me, and tried to make me feel like I was the one that had done something wrong. After I kissed up to both of them all week, I bet they got a good laugh out of that. I was beginning to see the game they were playing and what was going on with the two of them. They were sneaking around to different places having sex and just hoping not to get caught.

Kathy could tell I was visibly upset but I told her not to say anything about our conversation to Cori or Bruce. She agreed.

That night when we got home, I didn't say anything to Cori about what Kathy had told me. Inside, even though I loved her, I was dying to choke her or crush her head in with something. Their secret was killing me inside. It was ripping me apart and I wanted to do something.

I lay awake, after she went to sleep, thinking about the two of them being together and Bruce kissing her and her kissing him. I could only imagine the things they were saying and doing with each other. I was torn apart inside, as I lay next to her. I kept wondering what she saw in him that caused her to want to cheat on me. *Was it the fact that he was good looking? Was it his body or the way he dressed? Was it the way he kissed or made love to her? What was it?* It was driving me crazy.

After several hours of no sleep, my pain turned into one of deep seated hate and rage. I got up in the middle of the night and just sat on the couch, alone and in

the dark. I had to figure out what I was going to do about their little secret that they thought they had so cleverly kept from me. I thought they both had a lot of guts sneaking around behind my back, especially, when they both knew I would kill them if I caught them. I had warned them both over and over again, that I would kill her and the guy she was with; if I ever found out she was cheating on me. They had done the wrong thing to me and now I was going to figure out a way to make them suffer the same kind of deep, agonizing pain, I was going through.

The next day I went in to work, I couldn't concentrate, so I just went into my office and closed the door. As I sat there, I started planning how I was going to kill them. *Maybe I could take Bruce hunting with me and while we were hunting, I could shoot him in the back of the head and tell everyone it was a hunting accident. Maybe, I could set up another "coon" hunting trip with Mr. Callahan and push him into one of the steep ravines, and say he slipped. Maybe, I could take him up in the hills and kill him, tie some rocks to him and throw him in one of those 30 foot deep abandoned Uranium holes. No one would ever find him or know what happened to him. Maybe, I could sneak some explosives out of the evidence room and plant it under his car and blow it up when he got in it and turned it on. Everyone would think it was some crazy person he had given a ticket. Maybe, I could take him fishing, knock him out and tie him up. I could have a deadly snake bite him several times. Once he was dead I would untie him. I would tell everyone that he was fishing down the river and couldn't get out in time.* I had a lot of different ideas of how I could kill him and get away with it. I just needed to come up with something that made sense.

As for Cori, I could make it look like someone broke into the house to steal things. Maybe she got in the way so the thieves killed her. *Maybe, I could run the pick-up off the road into a tree and then make sure she was dead by bashing her head into the steering wheel. Maybe, I could drown her in the bath tub and make it look like an accident, just like Becky, the photographer from the convention in Las Vegas. I had a lot of different ways I could kill her too.* The only problem with all these plans is, how it would look if they both turned up dead within a short time period. I really wanted to kill them while they were together. I had to find a way to do that, and from what I had been hearing and seeing it wasn't going to be that hard. I thought, *if I caught them while they were having sex, I could shoot each of them in the head and then just tell the jury that I had temporary insanity and killed them in a jealous rage. Or, maybe, I could put a knife in Bruce's hand and say that he tried to attack me and I shot him several times and one of the rounds killed Cori by accident.* It would look like I killed him in self-defense and her by accident. Maybe the courts would accept that explanation. I had to plan it all out very carefully in order to get away with it. The first thing I had to do was make sure I had enough money so that I could hire a good lawyer that could get me off the murder charges, once I killed them. That wasn't going to be easy because I didn't control the money in our house. Cori took care of the money and all of the bills.

Chapter 19

Getting Money from my Cousin.

I decided what I needed to do was go to California and see my cousins and come up with a way to convince them to loan me the money for attorney fees, once I killed Cori and Bruce. I couldn't tell them I was planning on killing my wife and her lover. They understood real estate so maybe I could tell them I had a real estate investment deal? I wasn't going to let Cori know that I was going there to get money from them.

A few days later I went to Cori and told her I was going to California to see Travis and my cousins for about six days. She didn't ask me very many questions about it so I figured she was glad to be getting rid of me so she could carry on her love affair with Bruce.

I was on to her and Bruce now, and I was really, really angry! It took everything I had to keep from saying anything to either of them without killing them. I desperately wanted to just kill them both, without waiting. I had to get out of there soon or I would've killed them without any of my plans having a chance to come together. I also needed time to think about exactly what I was going to do and how I was going to do it, in order to get away with it.

On the drive to California, something in my head kept saying to me, *she's the woman you love. Maybe you could go to her and talk to her about everything. Maybe you could just forgive her and all would be forgotten.* Something else in my head was telling me, *just go back and kill them both as soon as you get a chance.* All the good times we had shared together and the nice perfect life we had worked so hard to build, kept running through my mind. I kept thinking about how we couldn't keep our hands off each other, how our bodies felt like they were made for one and another, how I thought she was mine forever. Then the ugly side of me thought, *Yeah right! She's been screwing Bruce, for who knows how long. The same time she was making love with me and pretending that everything was okay with the two of us.* I knew that everything was all going to change when I got back from California.

As I drove along the angry side of me took over and starting thinking about the lies, sneaking around, the hiding that Cori and Bruce had been doing. *How many times, while sitting by the BBQ talking with Kathy, during some of our late nights, that Cori and Bruce were in the house having a quickie in the bathroom or laundry room? The whole time they were probably laughing to each other and saying, "Look at those fools out there, they're clueless that we're having sex right under their noses!* How many times, while I was working or out of town, had he been sneaking over to my house and having sex with Cori, IN OUR BED! It worked pretty well for them because if they got caught, all they had to say was that Bruce dropped by to pick up something he or Kathy left at our house during the last BBQ. What really angered me, and pushed me over the edge is, he pretended to be my best friend the entire time he was getting into my wife's pants. I loved him, trusted him and treated him like a brother. I told him on more than one occasion that I would kill someone for messing around with my wife. Either he thought I was just bluffing or maybe he just wasn't scared of me? Maybe his love for her just blinded his judgment.

While on the way to California, I was mentally exhausted from all the different things that were going through my head. I decided I was going to stop at that same

cowboy bar in Albuquerque, New Mexico where I had broken the guy's knee caps, several years earlier. The way I was feeling, I didn't much care if someone recognized me and had me thrown in jail, or if someone beat the hell out of me. I was like a whipped puppy and an emotional wreck.

When I first walked into the bar, I noticed they had a different bartender and new waitresses. I looked around and I didn't see the little blond or her big sloppy husband, so I figured I was safe. I didn't sit at the bar this time. I had the bartender give me a Jack and Coke and I found an empty table hidden in a dark corner of the bar. It wasn't too busy, and was just what I needed. I was hoping a few drinks would relieve some of the pain and simmering anger that was about to boil over in me.

After a few drinks, I came up with the idea that picking up a girl to have a one night stand might make me feel a lot better. I looked around the room and saw a couple of girls sitting by themselves at another table. I had the waitress send them a drink from me. Soon one of the girls came over and thanked me for the drink. She wasn't the prettiest girl I had ever been with, but she was being real nice and had a good figure. She sat down and started asking me where I was from and what I did for a living. The normal things you ask someone.

It wasn't long before she and I were kissing and I was asking her if she had someplace we could go. She said, "Since you're a Sherriff, I think I can trust you, to follow me to my house." She said, "You have to promise me you won't use your cuffs on me." We both laughed and I agreed, as we left the bar. I followed her home and spent a few hours just having empty sex with her. I thought being with her might help the sad and angry feelings I was having about Cori. When I was starting to sober up a little I told her I had to get back on the road. We thanked each other and said our good-bye.

Once I was back on the road, I realized that I didn't feel any better than I did before I stopped at the bar. I thought that I had done something that would've made me feel like I was getting even with Bruce and Cori for what they had done to me, but it didn't work. It was just sexual release and that was all. It didn't give my brain the relief and satisfaction I was hoping for. I was still hurt and angry inside and as hard as I tried, I couldn't stop dwelling on them. It was eating me up, like nothing I had ever experienced before in my life.

I pulled over on the side of the road and parked as I contemplated my own demise. I wondered if death would've been better for me than what I was going through. I had my pistol with me and thought maybe everyone would be better off if I just killed myself and ended my misery. After a great deal of thought, I put the gun under my chin and started to pull the trigger. Then something inside of my brain said, *go ahead and do it, you coward. You'll give them just what they want and that's you out of the way. I thought you said you would kill her and the man that she was with.* When I heard that it shocked me back to reality and it was enough for me to put the gun down. I got out of the car and went into the bathroom to try and calm myself down for a few minutes. I then went back to my car and took a nap in my car for few hours, before I headed on to California.

Once in California, I saw Travis and spent several hours with him. I told him I may not be seeing him for a while. He was okay with that and said, "Well, I guess

I'll see you when I see you, Dad." I spent the rest of the night at his house and we talked about a lot of different things that was going on in his life.

I called my two cousins and told them that I'd like to have lunch with them the next day. They were surprised, but happy I called and we set up a time for the following day. During our lunch meeting, I told them that I had found a real great deal on a piece of property and I needed \$10,000.00 cash to buy it. I told them the property was worth 5 times what they were selling it to me for. I said the guy had to have the cash right away or he was going to sell it to someone else. I told them that once I had it in my name; I would put my other place up for sale and pay them back as soon as it sold. One of my cousins had a line of credit and he said he would loan me the money, but said had to get it back. We went straight down to his bank from lunch and he pulled out \$10,000.00 cash and gave it to me. Just like that, I had the money I needed for my defense, once I killed Bruce and Cori.

I knew I was never going to pay my cousin back, but that was the least of my worries. I felt like it was his fault for trusting and believing me. He was a fool, but I was glad he gave me the money. Neither of my cousins knew that I had planned to kill my wife and her lover as soon as I got back home. The cousin that gave me the money said that I looked like I was a little down and wanted to know what was wrong with me. I told him that I'd been having a few issues with Cori, but that was no big deal and I would have them worked out soon. We hugged, shook hands and I said, "I'll see you again soon." I knew I would probably never see him again. After that, I was on my way back to Arkansas.

On the way home, I kept running things through my mind about what I was going to do to Bruce and Cori. I figured the best plan was to just kill them once I caught them together. I liked the story that Bruce tried to attack me when I caught them together. I shot him in self-defense and Cori was accidentally hit with one of the stray bullets. That story made more sense to me than any of the others. I just needed to be patient and wait until it was the right time.

Chapter 20

Confronting Cori.

When I got home, I pretended that I was happy to be home and acted like nothing was wrong. When I was alone, I hid the \$10,000.00 in my secret hiding place. I avoided any intimacy with Cori over the next few weeks.

I started following Bruce on some of the days he was supposed to be working to see where he was going. It was just as I suspected, one day when I told Cori I was going to work in an area about two hours from home, Bruce ended up at my house. I was outraged to see his car in my driveway, but it just didn't feel like the right time to kill them.

Once I knew they were together, I decided to drive over to Bruce and Kathy's house to talk to Kathy about things. I wanted to sit down with Kathy and have a talk with her and let her know what I had found out was going on with Bruce and Cori. I also wanted to find out everything she knew. Both of her girls were at

school, so when I got there she invited me in. We sat down at the kitchen table and I began to tell her what I knew about Bruce and Cori's affair. I was very surprised to hear that she already knew everything that had been going on between them. She said she had known about their affair for a few months and was surprised that I hadn't found out a lot sooner. She said that she first found out when her girls made her aware of the phone calls Bruce and Cori were making to each other. I said, "So when you told me about shopping for my gun with Cori that was no accident, you were letting me know what was going on with them?" She had tears in her eyes, as she said, "Yes, but I wanted you to find out by yourself. I didn't want to be the one to tell you. I know how much you love Cori." I replied, "I can't believe them, she was your best friend and he was mine." She just shrugged her shoulders and said, "Sometimes friends are the ones who often betray you the most. I guess we made it easy for them."

I asked her what she planned to do about her marriage. She told me that she and Bruce had already talked about it and decided that as soon as Ashley finished her senior year he would have to move out of the house, and find his own place to live. She said she had already made up her mind what she was going to do with marriage, but it would be up to me to decide what I was going to do with mine. They were going to file for a divorce right after he moved out. She said he's already moved into the spare bedroom and that they were not sleeping with each other.

I asked Kathy what she thought I should do. She said that I needed to sit down and have a talk with Cori and find out exactly what was going on and what she wanted to do about our relationship. She said, "You'll know better, once you talk to her."

We talked and cried together for a little while, until I had gotten everything from her I needed to hear. As I got up to leave, I thanked her, gave her a hug and told her that if she needed anything I would be there for her, and the girls.

Now I was really angry, hurt, and confused, but I thought Kathy might be right. Maybe I needed to confront Cori and see what her version of the truth really was. The only problem with that was, I wasn't sure that I wanted to hear what she had to say to me. I didn't know if I could keep from killing her if she told me everything that had been going on. I had been through a lot of painful things in my life, but this one hurt me to the core. I had never felt pain like that before.

It was getting close to Christmas so I decided I would wait until a few days after that to confront her. We went through the motions of Christmas, but to me, it was just a blur. All I could think about the entire time was that Cori wanted to be with someone else and not me. I was thinking back to the times when Cori started getting upset with me for little things that before, didn't matter to her. I tried to remember when she started getting edgy and upset with me and I should have realized it all started right after we began hanging out with Bruce and Kathy. I didn't understand, at the time, why she had changed. I thought she was going through some early change of life or something similar. I never even imagined what was really going on with her. It was all a big puzzle to me, but now all the pieces fit into place.

A few days after Christmas, and when Jason was visiting some friends, I decided I would confront Cori and see if she would tell me the truth about her and

Bruce. I was trying very hard to keep the demon inside me under control, and not let him come out in a fit of rage, and kill her.

I sat down with her and I very quietly and calmly asked her what exactly was going on with her and Bruce. At first she acted like she didn't understand my question and what I was asking her. She said, "What? Why? What do you mean, Cody?" "I bit my lip and angrily replied, "I've been hearing things from different people about the two of you." She asked me who I had heard that from and I said, "It doesn't matter who told me, I just want to know what's going on between the two of you." She kept wanting to know where I heard my information so I finally said, "Kathy already knows about you guys and she's one of the people who told me. Jason, Ashley and Stephanie also know something is going on between you two." She asked me, "What have you heard?" I said, "I've heard and seen enough to know that you've been sneaking around and seeing each other behind my back. Don't try to lie to me about it. Just tell me what you've been doing with each other." She finally broke down and said, "You really don't want to know, Cody." I said, "I have a pretty good idea, so why don't you just go ahead and fill me in. If you don't tell me, I'll go over to Bruce's house and beat it out of him. I'll make him tell me the truth even I have to torture him or kill him."

After a lot of threats and prodding she began to break down and tell me that they started out as just friends, but said the two of them had an attraction toward each other. She said it began with just innocent flirting and teasing and they eventually ended up kissing and hugging to comfort each other. She said the deciding factor for her was, when Bruce told her about all the women I had been with and had sex with, over the years we'd been together, which I had shared in private with him. She said he even told her about the girl at the "The Dump House" bar. She said it hurt her very deeply to hear all those things about me. She said she thought that I loved her enough that I would never cheat on her. She said Bruce was there to comfort her and help her through it all. I was outraged and I thought, *that low life, no good, back stabbing prick, he sabotaged me and my marriage. He did it all for the purpose of getting in her pants. He should've kept all of that to himself, like we promised each other.* I dismissed what she was saying about the other women, and asked her, "Is there something wrong with me?" She looked at me with a puzzle on her face as she said, "No, there is nothing wrong with you, Cody. It had nothing to do with you. It just happened the way I told you. He met my emotional needs and you haven't been there for me for a few years now." I yelled at her as I said, "What the hell does that mean." I thought I'd been meeting all of her emotional needs since we had been together.

We fought back and forth for about an hour and then I asked her something I knew I couldn't deal with the answer. I asked her the dreaded question, but I believed I already knew the answer too, "How long have you been having sex with Bruce?" She looked up at me with tears in her eyes. She was full of fear and shame, and reluctantly, said, "For about six month, and I'm sorry, Cody." At that point, I couldn't take it anymore. I slapped her across the face as hard as I could. I busted her lip and it started to bleed. Right then, I knew that I had to get out of there, or I would have killed her.

I went into my bedroom and pulled out a suitcase and told her that I was going to California to think about things for a while. I just needed time to absorb

everything she had told me. She was holding a small hand towel on her lip as she followed me into the bedroom begging me not to leave. She said, "I love you Cody, I'm sorry this all happened. We can work things out. Let's don't give up on our marriage." I said, "Yea, but apparently you love someone else and you've already thrown it away to be with someone who is supposed to be my best friend." She was crying as she said, "He's not your best friend. He never has been." When she said that it took me by complete surprise and I didn't have a response it. Maybe she knew something I didn't. *Was Bruce just pretending to be my friend the entire time, just so he could get next to her?* The mere thought of him being a conniving and manipulative worm made me even angrier. I knew there was nothing left in our marriage that I could ever get over or accept again. I knew if I were to pretend everything was okay, it would eat at me and eventually drive me insane. At that point, it wouldn't matter if I forgave her or not, I knew I would someday snap and kill her and Bruce. Once I had my things packed, I grabbed my guns and told her, "I have to get out of here or I'll end up killing you both." She knew what I was saying was true so she didn't say anything else to me, but that she was sorry, as I was walking out the door. I could tell she was afraid of what I might do to the two of them. She knew what the consequences of her actions meant to me. We'd talked about it ever since we first met.

I was so angry and upset that I could've gone over to Bruce's house that instant and killed him, right in front of his entire family. I had to get away and think about things before I did something I couldn't back out of. I took my suitcase and threw it in the back of the pick-up and left. I felt like I was in a time warp or another dimension. I felt like a zombie you would see on television where they are doing things, but don't look like they have any control over what they're doing. It was like I was on auto pilot. My thoughts were going in circles and my heart felt like it had a knife sticking in it. I didn't even know where I was or what I was doing.

I just started driving and before I knew it, I was across Oklahoma and into Arizona. I'd been driving for about 18 hours by the time I snapped back to some sort of sanity. I suddenly remembered I didn't get the \$10,000.00 I'd hidden in the house. *The anger side of my brain was telling me to turn around, go back and get the money. It was also telling me, that I wasn't going to let them get away with hurting and deceiving me like they had done. I needed to go back and wait until they were together and then kill them just like I planned.* I was hurting so bad inside that I didn't know what to do. The anger kept building and before I knew it, I had turned around and I was heading back to Arkansas.

Chapter 21

I can't control myself.

I was emotionally and physically drained from all the driving but, I made my way back to Broken Arrow by about 2:00 in the afternoon. I drove past my house, just to see if anyone was home. Unbelievable as it seemed to me, Bruce's car was

in my driveway. I immediately went into a blind rage, grabbed my pistol and loaded it. Now, I knew that she wasn't sorry for anything at all and their actions now proved it. She just didn't want me to kill them for getting caught. I couldn't believe those two only waited until they thought I was in California to continue their little love affair. They were either insane or just plain stupid. They hadn't believed a word I told them all those times when I told them I would kill her and the person she was with if I ever found out she did something like that.

I was shaking so bad that I could hardly control myself. I made up my mind this was going to be the time that I confronted them. I smoked a little pot to try and calm my nerves before I pulled into the driveway. I made my way slowly down the driveway to the house, not really wanting to see or hear what I feared most in my life. I parked on the opposite side of the house from where the bedroom was located. I got out of the pick-up, being very careful not to make any noise. I pushed the pick-up door shut enough to make sure it didn't close all the way and make a noise. I slowly walked over to the kitchen window, with my pistol in my hand and behind my back. I very carefully looked in. They weren't in the kitchen. I then went to the living room window and peaked in and they weren't in there either. There was only one place left for them to be and that was in, MY BEDROOM. I realized there was only one place for them to be and I had caught them in the act. I went around to the side of the house and slowly and carefully peeped through the corner of the window in the master bedroom. There they were, right in front of me and, obviously enjoying themselves, just laughing and having sex. She was on top of him with her head tipped back while she laughed at something he said. It instantly made me sick to my stomach! All the tears, apologies and begging me not to give up on our marriage had been nothing more than an act. She was a lying, conniving, sneaky bitch. That was why they didn't hear me drive up; they were too busy having fun, thinking I was on my way to California.

My brain couldn't believe or even comprehend what my eyes were seeing. I turned around, with my back up against the wall, and slid down the side of the house in pain. I was crying deep inside, but no sound was coming out. The tears were pouring from my eyes and down my face, as I sat there for a few minutes, trying to get my thoughts together. Their laughter was echoing through my brain like the beating of a loud drum. Hearing about them and now seeing them with my own eyes was two different things. I never thought, in my wildest imagination, I would actually catch them having sex. For some reason, I thought after I had the confrontation with Cori a few days earlier, it would've been enough to scare her into staying away from Bruce, at least for a little while.

I was in shock as I tried to compose myself and stood up. I bent down, trying to stay below the window, where they wouldn't see me. I slowly crept to the back door. I took my keys and very quietly unlocked it. I slowly made my way to the master bedroom being careful they didn't hear me. Once I got to the bedroom I stood at the doorway. I just watched them for several seconds and then cocked the trigger of my pistol and held it in the air. Now that I was this close, in the same room, watching and hearing them have sex, sent me into an uncontrollable rage. The anger and pain took over my entire body and mind. I was so angry and hurt my entire body was shaking. It was like I had left my body and someone else was

in control. I'd never been in this state of rage before. With the others I'd killed, I was always under control. Now, it seemed like I was watching myself from above, in some corner of the room. At that point, there was nothing I could do to stop myself.

All the thorough planning to make sure their deaths looked like an accident and self-defense went out the window. Those plans were no longer relevant. I said, "You guys having fun?" as I pointed the pistol toward them. Cori screamed "Cody, don't," and immediately jumped out of the bed. She said, "I thought you went to California?" All I could see was her nude body that I cherished and loved so much, standing right in front of me. She quickly put on her skirt and was trying to find her top when I said, "surprise." She started to come toward me, apologizing. She was screaming that she was sorry as I hit her in the side of the head with the butt of the pistol and knocked her unconscious. Blood was pouring from the spot where I hit her. I looked at Bruce as he started to get out of the bed. He was saying, "Hey, Cody wait a minute, let me explain," In a deep and uncontrollable voice I was not very familiar with, I started yelling, "You were supposed to be my best friend. You were supposed to stay away from my wife." When he rose up to say he was sorry, I shot right at his head. I was trying to kill him but the bullet just grazed his forehead and knocked him unconscious.

I went over to Cori and turned her over on her stomach. I stomped on both of her legs, right above her ankles, and broke them. I could hear the crunching of the bone as I stomped each leg. I knew this would stop her from trying to run from me. I then pulled Bruce's limp body out of the bed and put him face down on the floor and stomped both of his legs right above the ankles, the same as I had done with Cori. I could hear the same crunching sound so I knew neither one of them was going anywhere. They couldn't walk and would only be able to drag their bodies with their elbows. I had them right where I wanted them, totally helpless, just like a wounded deer.

Soon, Cori woke up screaming in pain from her broken legs. I told her to shut up, or I would put a bullet in her head. She saw the rage in my eyes, and one look at my face, she knew that I'd lost all control. She was whimpering in pain and started pleading with me not to kill her. I squatted next to her and in a very calm and quiet voice, said, "I warned you not to cheat on me." I told her I was going to kill both of them, but I was going to make them both suffer before I killed them, just like they had made me suffer.

A few minutes later, Bruce woke up and he was yelling in pain from his broken legs. He cried out, "What did you do to me, Cody?" I said, "I broke both your legs, you prick." He started begging for his life and I told him to shut up, as I went over and put a bullet in his left elbow, almost blowing his arm off. The bone shattered in pieces as the bullet entered his arm. It was now just hanging by the skin and a few tendons. Blood and bone splattered everywhere as he screamed out louder in pain. I told him that he didn't need to worry about the pain much longer because I would be putting him out of his misery in just a little while.

I then grabbed Cori by her hair with my left hand, while holding the gun in the other, and dragged her into the bathroom. She was screaming and begging me the entire time not to kill her. As I held her up to the sink, I put her hand on the bathroom vanity cabinet and said, "So you liked touching that sorry piece of crap

with your hands?” I took the butt of the pistol and smashed her fingers, breaking them in pieces. I then took her other hand and did the same thing.

I flipped the lid of the toilet down then sat her down on it. I took a pair of scissors from the drawer and said to her, “You know what men from other countries do to their women when she commits adultery?” She didn’t answer my question; she just kept on pleading with me to spare her life. I took the scissors and began to cut off her long beautiful hair. I could hear the pain in her voice as she said, “I deserve this Cody, but if you stop now we can watch my hair grow back, together.” At that point I was so out of control that when I was done cutting, it looked like what some little kid would do to their own hair, if they were left alone with a pair of scissors. It looked totally ridiculous, but at that point, that’s just what I wanted.

I carried her back limp body back into the bedroom and threw her down on the floor next to Bruce. I yelled at Bruce, “Look at her, how do you like the bitch now, you piece of crap?” I grabbed him by the hair and lifted up his head so he could see her. All I could hear from him was pathetic whimpering and just like Cori, he was pleading for his life.

I started telling them how they committed the ultimate betrayal anyone could ever do to me. I said, “I knew that something was going on when I caught you together in Texarkana. I should’ve killed you both then, especially, after you both made me feel and look like a fool.” I got in Bruce’s face and told him, “I warned you several times that I would kill anyone that I caught with my wife. Why didn’t you listen to me, you stupid, arrogant prick?” He said in a choppy voice, “I couldn’t help it, Cody; I fell in love with her.”

Hearing those words outraged me even more. I went over and shot him in the other elbow. Now he had both elbows just hanging by skin and tendons. He screamed out again and that’s just what I wanted to hear. I told him, “You should have stuck to the man code, you dummy, which is, “YOU DON’T SCREW AROUND WITH YOUR BEST FRIEND’S WIFE.” “She was off limits and you knew it. YOU DIDN’T LISTEN TO ME. Did you think you could get away with sneaking around with her?” I screamed at them, “Do you really think having sex with each other was worth dying for?”

I was shouting at Bruce as I said, “We have had private and intimate talks about our wives. You knew how much I loved Cori, and that she was MY WOMAN! Did you think I would just give her to you and walk away? You should’ve stayed away from her. I went over and kicked him a couple of times in the ribs with my boots. He was bleeding all over the floor and I knew that he would bleed to death soon and I didn’t want that to happen. I wanted the last thing that he saw before he died was me, pulling the trigger and putting a bullet in his head.

I made Cori watch all the pain he was going through, and at the same time, suffering her own. She had blood running down her head. Her lip was split open again and it was bleeding. I very calmly asked her, “Didn’t you believe me when I told you I would kill you if I ever caught you with another man?” She wrenched in pain, as she said, “Yes, but I always thought you loved me enough that you would forgive me if I got caught.” I screamed at her, “You knew how much I loved you, how much it would hurt me, and you still did this anyway. You’re just a cheating

bitch!” She slowly breathed out the words, “I’m sorry Cody, I didn’t do it to hurt you. I’m sorry, please, please, don’t kill me.”

I told them that if they had any prayers to say they better start saying them now, because they would both be dead soon. The entire time I was torturing them, it was almost like I was in some kind of bad dream that wouldn’t end. I was so pumped up from the adrenaline and anger that my heart felt like it was going to explode. I was breathing heavy and I couldn’t think straight. I felt like I was disoriented and disconnected from the person who was torturing them. Everything was a blur, like a fast moving train. I was shouting at the top of my lungs. I was kicking and throwing things around. I let them suffer and plead for their lives for several minutes as I went back and forth from uncontrolled anger to complete calm.

I went over to Bruce and kicked him in the ribs a couple more times. I was so angry that I also kicked Cori in the back of the head. I knew that I wasn’t going to leave them that way and I didn’t want Bruce to bleed to death. I desperately wanted to put a bullet in him. They were like wounded deer; I had to put them out of their misery. I also had to finish the promise I had made to myself when I was young.

I went over to Bruce and I said, “I thought you were my best friend, I hope you rot in hell!” I lifted his head by his hair as I had him look at me, and put a bullet right between his eyes. I then went over to Cori and said, “Are you happy now? The cheating scum bag is all yours! You can have the, sorry prick! You two deserve each other! I loved and trusted you above anyone else in the world. You made me feel like a fool! Now, you can go join your lover you cheating bitch! I held up her head to look at me as I pulled the trigger.

After it was over I sat down on the bed and watched as part of her brain started oozing out of her head. She was still breathing, but I knew it wouldn’t be long and she would be dead. It was done and the cheaters wouldn’t hurt me ever again. I looked around the room, at the hair on the floor, blood and pieces of bone everywhere, and the two bodies in front of me. I thought *THESE TWO CHEATING LOVERS DESERVED WHAT THEY GOT*.

After sitting there for a few minutes and realizing the consequences of what I had just done, I began to panic and went running out to my truck to head out of town. I didn’t have a clue what I was doing or where I was going. All I knew is that I wasn’t going to stick around and wait with their bodies for someone to find us together. In my crazy mixed up state of mind, I decided I would go to Little Rock and see my mom and let her know that I had killed Cori and Bruce.

When I got there, three hours later, she told me that she had already received a call from Jason and heard what had happened. He said the police told him, when Carolyn Waters, the girl Cori rode to work with, went by to pick up Cori for work, she saw Bruce’s car out front. She couldn’t get anyone to answer when she knocked on all the doors. After a few minutes of knocking she noticed the back door was unlocked and she went in. She found the bodies of both Cori and Bruce, lying on the floor in the master bedroom in puddles of blood. She called the police and then waited outside, until they arrived.

The police looked over the crime scene and they asked Carolyn who she thought might’ve been capable of doing something horrific as this. She said, the only

person she knew that would do something this gruesome, was Cori's husband, Sherriff Cody Walker. She said that Cori told her on the way to work, just the day before, that Cody had found out Cori and Bruce were having an affair. She said that Cody was outraged and told her he was going to kill them both. She told the police that Cody became so angry that he hit Cori and split her lip a few days earlier. She said it was the first time he had ever been violent with her. Cori told her that he went into the bedroom, got some clothes, guns, and told her that he was going to get away from her for a while. He said that he just needed time to think about things so he said he was heading to California. Cori told her she knew Cody was going to kill her and Bruce the first chance he got and that it was just a matter of time. Carolyn told the police that Cody would be her first guess, but he was supposed to be on his way to California."

Chapter 22

Turning myself in.

The police put out an A.P.B. for my arrest saying that I was armed and dangerous. That wasn't true. Just because I had killed Cori and Bruce didn't mean I wanted to kill anyone else. I didn't feel like anyone else had done anything to me to deserve to die. I spent a few hours vacillating at my mom's house about what I should do. I kept listening to my mom telling me to go back to Broken Arrow and turn myself in. She said I should face the consequences of what I'd done. My brain was telling me to run, but I didn't know where.

After going back and forth on what to do, I decided to go back and turn myself in. Before I left, I told my mom where I hid the \$10,000.00 and told her to go and get it. I told her that I would need it to hire a lawyer for my defense. I told her to hang onto it until I had to give it to my lawyer, once I found out who it would be. I told her that I could be locked up for a long time unless I could convince a judge or jury and everyone else of my version of what happened. I told her, the only attorney I knew was Michael Jones, of Queensland." I asked her to call him and let him know I was turning myself in and to also ask him if he would represent me. Little did I know, he was actually the deputy prosecuting attorney that would be working against me in my trial?

After saying my good-byes to my mom I got back in my pick-up and headed back to Broken Arrow. On the drive back, I was trying to remember if the plan I had thought through so carefully beforehand, would even work once I started piecing it together. In my mixed up, unstable frame of mind, it still made sense to me. I kept rehearsing my version of the story, all the way back. Also, on the way back, I disposed of the gun I had used to kill them, so it would never be found. I don't know why I did that. I wasn't planning on denying that I was the one that killed them. I obviously wasn't thinking clearly.

I entered the city limits of Broken Arrow about 9:45 pm and was immediately met by Douglas Fairbanks, one of the local policemen. He had his pistol pulled and aimed toward me and he was shouting orders at me to get out of the pick-up

and lie down on the ground. He was treating me just like I was another common criminal and I did as he said. From my position, lying face down on the asphalt, I said, "Hey Doug, it's me, Sherriff Cody. You don't have to worry, I'm not going to resist arrest." He didn't say anything; he just cuffed me and threw me in the back of his squad car.

Now I knew exactly how other people felt when they broke the law and I had arrested them. I was nothing more than a killer to him. I was the low life scumbag that everyone used to talk trash about in our morning meetings.

On the drive to the police station, I had a compelling need to tell my version of what had happened to Officer Fairbanks. He told me that I shouldn't say anything until I had my attorney present. I knew I had to tell my story to someone, just to see if it made any sense and if it was believable. I figured, if Doug believed it, then maybe I had a chance that other people would too.

I ignored his warnings not to say anything and started telling him my version of the story. "I told him that I did kill Bruce Tuttle, but it was in self-defense and that while shooting at him, I accidentally shot my wife Cori and killed her. I told him that the day before all this happened Cori and I had a huge fight and I was going to stay in California for a while to get my head together. I was already to Arizona by the time I realized that it was a bad idea to run away from my problems. I decided to go back to Broken Arrow to see if we could work through some things in our marriage. I got there around 2:00 in the afternoon and noticed Bruce's car in front of my house. I drove down my driveway and got out of my truck and went to the front door, but it was locked. I went around to the back and unlocked the door and went in. I met Cori coming out of the master bedroom, adjusting her skirt. I asked her what was going on and she said, "You don't really want to know." After arguing with her for a few minutes, she admitted to me that she was with Bruce and they had been having sex. I slapped her, knocking her against the wall and busting her lip. I then told Cori it was over between us and went out to my truck to get my suitcase so I could put more of my things in it.

When I went back into the house, I noticed Cori's split lip was bleeding a lot so I took her in the bathroom to help clean her up. We then talked about making amends with each other and all would be forgiven and forgotten. That's when she admitted that she had been having sex with Bruce for several months. At that point I lost it and I shoved her against the wall, which injured her head. When I saw what I did, I apologized again for hurting her and causing the cut on her head. Because the cut on her head wouldn't stop bleeding, I took her over to the bathroom sink. I got a pair of scissors out of the drawer, and started to cut the hair away from the wound. While I was trying to get all the hair away from the gash, I flashed back to a movie I'd recently seen. A woman accused of adultery had been publicly humiliated by having all her hair chopped off as a symbol of her sin. I told Doug that Cori didn't say a word as I cut chunks of her hair off until the last bit fell to the floor. That's when she whispered, "it's okay, Cody, now we can watch it grow back together." I left Cori in the bathroom to sweep up the mess and I went into our bedroom. I found Cori had left her hand gun lying on a night stand. I chastised her for leaving her gun just lying around where a child could get a hold of it and she just nodded in agreement.

She was done sweeping her hair so we went back in the bedroom for her to change out of her bloodied shirt when I heard a noise. At first I thought it was a big dog but, instead, it was Bruce coming at me with a knife. He'd been hiding in the closet. I fired warning shots over his head, but one of them grazed the top of his head. I told him to leave or he would be a dead S.O.B. He acted as if he were going to leave and then hesitated because he was a little dazed by the wound to his head. He then came at me again with a knife and I fired 3 or 4 more times. I believe only 2 of the bullets hit Bruce, but I saw that one of the stray bullets must have hit Cori. She was laying on the floor, and at first, I thought she had just fainted, until I tried to lift up her head and realized bits of her brain were coming out because she'd been shot in the head. I went over to Bruce and put a bullet in his head just to make sure he wasn't going to come after me again. I panicked, left the house and drove up to Little Rock when I finally realized the severity of what I had done. I had gone to my mom's house and she told me she'd heard what had happened and convinced me to come back to Broken Arrow and turn myself in."

My version of the story made a lot sense to me. It really sounded like the whole thing could have just been a case of self-defense and an accident. It probably would've worked if it hadn't been for the way I tortured them before I killed them. They each had broken bones throughout their body, in addition to the bullet wounds.

Douglas Fairbanks didn't seem to care about my side of the story as he took me straight to jail.

Chapter 23

My Appeal.

They charged me with, "capital murder for having caused the deaths of two people with the deliberate and premeditated purpose of causing the death of a person."

I told my defense attorney that it was an accident and self-defense, but in my heart, I knew what really happened. He asked me, "If that's the case, then why were they so brutally tortured before they died?" I said, "I don't know what you're talking about?" He replied, "The way you had allegedly killed them by breaking each of their legs, all of her fingers, shooting Bruce Tuttle in both elbows, and cutting off all of Cori's hair, didn't corroborate the way you described it to everyone. There was never a knife found on or near Bruce Tuttle." I said, "Maybe I went a little insane when I was killing them." He said, "Not just a little, you've got to be kidding me! If you would've just gone into the house and killed them, and not have tortured them, then, MAYBE your story would fly with the court." He was agitated with me but said, "Don't worry; I'll do the best with what I've got to work with and see what we can do to get to get you off on these charges."

A few days after I was locked up in the city jail, they let Jason come in to talk to me. I gave him my version of what had had happened and told him over and over again that I was sorry for killing his mom. I didn't tell him that I was really still

very angry with the two of them and believed they both got what they deserved. We cried a few tears together and I told him I was sorry to leave him all by himself. I told him he was now on his own and from that point he would have to make all of his own decisions. He was almost 17 by then, so it wasn't like he was just a little kid. We talked for several minutes and I think he was trying hard to come to grips with everything that had happened. He was like me, still very angry with Bruce, for all of this happening to his mom. I told him that my attorney was going to try and get me off the charges.

My mom and brothers came to see me while I was in jail and I told them the same story I told the police and Jason. I told that story so many times that I was starting to believe it MYSELF! I even wrote letters to a few of my relatives and gave them my version of what happened. Even if it wasn't true, that version made me feel a lot better and helped me to accept what I had done.

I didn't see Kathy or the girls again until we were in Court. When they came in and I first saw Kathy, I could tell she was hurt that I had killed Bruce. The girls were hurt and angry that I had killed their dad, but there was nothing I could do to ease their pain. I knew that even though Kathy was unhappy with Bruce, she still didn't want him dead. When I saw them, I tried not to look at them. I knew there was no point in making up excuses or saying I was sorry, (which I wasn't). He'd deceived me and made me feel like I was his best friend but, according to Cori, it wasn't true. I was actually very pleased with myself for killing him.

While sitting in prison, I thought back about the times I took Jason deer hunting and the fishing trips we went on. I couldn't help but think of some of the bad things that had happened to me while I was growing up. I knew this place was eventually going to drive me crazier than I already was.

I believed that my sentence was just, but I wasn't going to tell anyone I felt that way. I appealed the verdict and brought up several errors or items of the trial that I thought were relevant to my case. What did I have to lose? I was going to be in prison for the rest of my life so I didn't have anything else to do with my time. I figured there might even be some little loophole that could get me set free.

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Below are some of the points that were brought up in the appeal:

Sufficiency of the evidence and instructions—I contended that the evidence to support the conviction of first degree murder and instructions were erroneous. Statements I gave Michael Jones, the prosecuting attorney, when I gave the statements to the police officer on the way to the police station should have been suppressed. My arrest warrant was dated the day after my arrest was made. I contended it should have been suppressed. I contended that a briefcase of occult information found at my home was relevant because it showed Cori and Bruce were involved with the occult and were planning to kill me. I contended that the knife used to attack me was found, but stolen from the evidence room.

There were several other contentions that I brought up but, they were all thrown out or overturned by the court. After several months of going through the information all over again, I lost the appeal. I received a sentence of life

imprisonment for the murder of Cori and Bruce. That's when I realized I was never getting out of prison.

Chapter 24

Time in Prison.

After the sentence, I was handcuffed, shackled and taken to Little Rock Prison to serve out my sentence. Now my new family was going to be armed robbers, thieves and murderers like myself. Upon arrival at the prison facility I was processed at R & D (receiving and discharge). I was placed in a private holding cell with no other prisoners. They did fingerprinting, photo processing and an in-depth written questionnaire. The questionnaire, I found out later, was placed in my file and used for evaluation by the psychologists and security staff. After processing I was placed in an eight by ten cell. It had a toilet, sink, and a bunk and that was it.

During the first ten days or so I wasn't allowed any phone privileges or mail. During that time I was interviewed by the division staff members. Because I had been in law enforcement, they felt there was a safety issue with me. I had a target on my back. They decided to keep me isolated and not a member of the general prison population. I was allowed to take only two showers per week. I was issued four towels, four washcloths, four pairs of underwear, four pairs of socks, four uniform pants, four uniform shirts, four tee shirts, one pair of boots, a belt, a pillow, a pillowcase, two sheets, one blanket and a laundry bag. I was also issued two bars of soap, two small tubes of toothpaste, a small toothbrush, and two plastic razors and two rolls of toilet paper. I was allowed to replenish soap, toothpaste, razors, and toilet tissue two times a week. I was allowed to exchange towels and wash cloths twice a week and my blanket once a month. It was an oppressive and humiliating place to be. I was beginning to wonder how I was going to survive in a place like this for the rest of my life.

The biggest thing that I was worried about when I got to prison was being raped by a group of inmates. I knew that if they tried to touch me, I would fight to my death, to protect myself. I soon found out the inmates that were targeted for abuse, were either child molesters or smaller built, young and naïve, shy and often times gay or first time offenders. I knew that I was a good fighter and could handle myself, if I was put in with the general prison population.

I found that being in Prison was almost like being a member of a tribe. Most inmates quickly aligned themselves with a group, for protection. For the most part, I didn't have to worry about it because I was kept in isolation most of the time. The only time I came out of my cell was for meals, watch television in one of the recreation rooms, or in the music room to play the guitar. I also was allowed to spend time at the prison library.

After a few years, I asked for and received a job in the laundry facility and I worked there 8 hours a day. In turn I got a small amount of money to pay for a few things I wanted and needed. The prison life was boring and lonely and I spent

most of my time, when I wasn't working, day dreaming about Cori and my life before I went to prison.

I was stuck in prison in Little Rock for the rest of my life. I settled in and realized I would never see the outside world again. Over the years, I spent hours with different psychiatrists and going over the murders, my childhood and every aspect of my life. I guess they were trying to figure out how a person of the law who appeared to be so "soft spoken" and "easy going" could've killed the people he supposedly cared for and loved the most. Maybe they were trying to rehabilitate me?

Chapter 25

My Final Plan.

The years went by so slow in prison that it felt like I was in a slow motion movie. I hated the prison life and I sometimes would wish that I would get sick and die, have a heart attack or cancer, anything to get me out of the hell I was living in. At that point I had been in prison for 12 years and I was in my mid 50's.

I had nightmares every night, without fail. They were always the same and always about Cori. They began with the happy times of our marriage when we were crazy in love with each other and unbelievably happy. It always ended up with me quickly turning dark, yelling at her and Bruce after catching them together in our bed. I would be screaming that she got what she deserved, reliving the torture I had inflicted upon the two of them.

That was exactly what happened the night the guard walked over to my cell and said, "Hey Cody, wake up, you're having that same dream again." I would always wake up exhausted and be soaking wet from sweat. I was always pulling out fresh clothes to change into, I couldn't help but think of how exhausting these dreams had become. They've taken a toll on my brain and my body. The daily battle of guilt verses justification for what I had done was playing out in a recurring battle of good against evil. At times the guilt was so overwhelming it was all I could think about and at other times the anger and feelings of betrayal would surface and anyone or anything within reach could become another victim. It was all just becoming too much for me.

I was tired all the time, rarely smiled and I felt I had very little left to live for. It was then, that I came up with a plan to stop this endless cycle of self-torture. I made up my mind that I was going to get myself killed by one of the prison inmates. I met with some of the prison staff several times and told them I thought I'd be safe out in the general prison population since I'd been here so long. I told them I didn't think I'd be a target after all the years I'd been locked up. After much pleading and persuading I was finally able to convince them to release me into the general prison population.

It didn't take me long to figure out that Truman Jones was the biggest and the meanest guy here. He was also the leader of the black gangs in the prison. He was serving a couple of life terms for murder. I found out he always had someone to do

his dirty work for him. If they didn't do what he told them to do, then they would be the next one on his list. I'd been around a lot of scary people before, but he was one of the worst. He was just the guy I was looking for to do the job on me. He and his "homies" had nothing to lose if they killed someone. I studied his every move for the next few months, while I was in the general population yard.

I watched how inmates were attacked by his thugs, with just a nod of his head. They made shanks (knives or weapons) out of anything they could get their hands on. I thought the best way to get this guy after me was to insult him and also let the prison inmates know that I used to be a County Sherriff. After a few weeks of poking and prodding him, it started to work. He had guys that were starting to antagonize me. They would try their best to bump into me whenever they got a chance. On one occasion, one of his guys tried to take my food at lunch and I threw my entire plate in his face. He jumped me, started punching me and the guards broke it up. They put me in solitary confinement for a few days and then turned me loose after I promised it wouldn't happen again.

I started calling Truman and his thugs names and insulted them every chance I got. I called them punks, and other derogatory names. I knew these guys were getting really tired of me and they weren't going to let me get away with it much longer. I knew it wouldn't be long before they decided they had enough of my insults and kill me.

One night I sat on my bunk and I talked to, what I thought was Cori. I told her that I would be seeing her soon. Even though I believed she deserved what she got for cheating on me, I still loved her and the memories we shared together, before the cheating started. Now, none of that really mattered anymore. I was tired of the torture I was putting myself through and just wanted it all to end.

The next day, I was walking alone in the yard when I spotted Truman. I walked over to him and called him a few choice names and then walked away. In a few minutes, a couple of his thugs came up behind me. One of them started stabbing me with his shank. I didn't try to fight back because that was just what I wanted. As I fell to the ground, the other guy joined in the stabbing. At first, I felt the pain when the shank went deep into my chest. I could tell one of them had pierced my heart and I knew my life would be over soon. At that point I couldn't feel anything and everything around me started to go black. I was gasping for my last breath and the last thing I can remember seeing, as I lay there dying, was the image of Cori. I looked up and softly said, "I Love you Cori."

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CODY'S LAST AND FINAL PLAN WORKED JUST LIKE HE'D PLANNED

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Corinne S. Walker died on December 28, 1988 at the hands of her husband, Cody D. Walker. She was 35 years old.

Bruce D. Tuttle died on December 28, 1988 at the hands of Cody D. Walker. He was 38 years old.

Cody D. Walker died in the Little Rock State Prison on June 22, 2000. He was killed by fellow inmates while serving only 12 years of his life sentence. He was 55 years old.

Jason had a hard time accepting Cori's death and went to live with his biological father in California.

Kathy Tuttle remarried several years after Bruce's death and still lives on the little farm in Broken Arrow, Arkansas.

