

This book is dedicated to victims and their families and friends.

=====DEAD INSIDE=====

===== CHAPTER 1 =====

GROWING UP IN TEXAS

You're cold, muted from unyielding pain, and crouched on a splintered stenchy floor in a darkened room. Visualize your breath vaporizing between your shivering fingertips. Imagine blowing this breath over, and over, around and in between your fingertips, again, and again. Now imagine your mind cannot comprehend that these are your fingertips, or your breath coming from your body. You might be thinking, as I was, is this how one dies a slow death?

Could it be...I'm already dead? I'm in a place fit for no human. My survival here may depend on protecting what's left of my mind. The girl I *was* before and the person I *was going to become* could soon be entirely extinguished. It's best to revert my thoughts back around ten years ago. As a teenager I felt safe, protected, and very eager and capable of taking on the outside world. That's where I'll force my feeble mind to take refuge for now.

"Mom, Janmarie has not finished her stitching and she's made a mess of the whole embroidered theme." "Send your sister to the kitchen-- she can peel these potatoes and cook supper." "You know I can't sit still long enough to embroider. I'm also not good at sewing in general." "Okay, I wanted you to at least give it your best effort young lady." My mother and aunt believe stitching and sewing help young women develop domestic virtues imperative for marriage and motherhood--something my father thought was the only future of all females.

Melinda and Carol Ann, my only siblings, were much prettier and fashionably feminine and

appealing to the boys. However, our parents didn't let my two older sisters date or go out alone with boys until they were 16. Contrarily, they encouraged me to go because I think they assumed I might not get the opportunity to date much or that I might not ever appeal to the opposite sex.

"Janmarie, don't let me catch you playing with those neighborhood boys, again." My mom didn't understand why I thought staying in the house and playing with dolls was boring.

My nose, was broken, or more accurately-- rearranged on my face as a result of a "late-hit" while filling the running back position in a neighborhood football game. Tommy, our quarterback, attempted to reposition the nose, yet changed his mind quickly. He said my face turned deep purple and tears gushed from all sides and rims of both my eyes when he barely moved it. I bit down on the rolled end of the towel to muffle my low whimpers and wiped my blood and tears on the other towel. Crying or yelling with the pain was not an option because I had to prove how tough I could be to all the boys on both teams.

That day, as I sat on the cool black earth peering through the bushes at kids laughing and playing without a care in the world, I realized I would have to grow up and get tougher than kids my age. I would have a facial disfigurement for the rest of my life. My parents could never find out how my nose was broken, because I would be banned from playing football and riding my bike to dirt bike hill where I was recently allowed to compete in the 11-12 year old competitions.

After cleaning up in the bathroom, I braved the fully lit dining room. My mother screamed out, "Did you break your nose?" "No mam, the ball hit me in the eye-- that's why it's black and swollen. Don't worry-- it doesn't hurt too much, I'm fine mom." "Oh, my stars, Janmarie!"

Frankly, I rarely envisioned myself as a candidate for marriage. I only had thoughts about getting a good job and moving away from home and being completely on my own depending on no one, especially a man or a husband.

It was mandatory for us to attend a private "Catholic" grade school and college-prep high school. The cost of tuition per child was around \$500 dollars a month for high school. I have no idea how much grade school cost but with three girls maybe my parents received a discount. Surely hope so.

I wanted to go to public school and have classes with boys and wear normal clothes to school. The public schools had air conditioning--ours did not. We wore navy 100% wool long sleeved blazers. These hot thick blazers were to be worn all day, even when the outside temperature was 90 degrees or higher over a white cotton short sleeve shirt. The hem of the wool plaid skirt had to be below the knee. The uniform shoes were outdated black and white saddle oxfords.

Freshman year, around May 15th, I finally drummed up the courage to ask Sister Loretta why is it mandatory for us girls to wear the full uniform on very hot days. "My dear, self sacrifice helps develop disciplinal character, selflessness and builds strong moral standards." Under my breath I touted, "and lots of heat rashes." Those that heard me-sent laughter sounds following me to

my desk.

My high school, Bishop Duncan, was very close to the public high school, Bryan Kiest. Three of my girlfriends had brothers that were allowed to go to Bryan Kiest. Therefore, I was lucky to hang out with the cool crowd and asked to attend quite a few of their parties. My parents thought these guys were from Bishop Duncan so they let me date them with very little restrictions.

Some public school friends took pictures of us girls in our preppy uniforms. They posted them on their high school bulletin board for all to laugh and make fun of.

The boys drove their hot rod cars and burned rubber stripes on the side street outside of the all-girl classrooms of my school. Sometimes my friends would shout out really loud, "This is for Mathis, Janmarie Mathis." They would rev their engines, shout out again, slam their brakes and screech their tires. Black clouds of suffocating smoke from the burned rubber would eventually permeate through the open windows of our classroom.

Because of the loud commotion, some of the girls would abruptly leave their desks just to see the convertible cars full of teenage boys. Sister Corena even remarked one time, "Goodness gracious those public school boys sure are good looking!" This comment made all of us realize Sister Corena was a very "cool person."

Consequently, Sister Nora would use the classroom intercom system and sternly say, "Miss Mathis please come immediately to the principal's office. Attention all girls be seated and resume your studies." My fellow students and friends would cringe, and some would stare contemptuously at me and say, "You're in trouble again, Janmarie".

Luckily, my parents did not find out about the times I was called to that office. Sister Nora asked me once why none of the other students were ever called to the office because their boyfriends were being disruptive. I replied, "I simply do not know Sister."

"Do you know these boys names?" "No I cannot be sure, all I do know is that some of the cars involved were a red Malibu, a red Ford Mustang, and a black Cutlass." She stepped backwards, folded her arms, and pitched a very stern glance. I tried to swallow my rebellious demeanor.

"Sister, believe me, I cannot be sure of which guys were riding in the cars, or who shouted my name." "In that case, Miss Mathis, I will speak to the principal of Bryan Kiest. That is where you think these boys attend high school?" I nodded yes and tried to look as subordinative as possible. "You may return to your classroom." "Yes Sister Nora."

I was always abnormally curious about the real world. Back then I thought there was very little, or sometimes no existence of freedom, nor outlets from one's daily routine. My life felt regimented and I constantly yearned for relief of all the rules at home, school, and from the ten or more commandments from the church.

Being poor didn't bother me. I didn't want for anything or yearn for things that I recall. In fact, I didn't think we were poor until I went off to college and was able to compare what many of the students had-- like-- their own car, money to spend at their will. They did not have to work their way through college on a strict budget.

College meant freedom from too many rules so I certainly didn't mind working my way through. I considered it a challenge and liked solving the obstacles and problems I encountered as one would on an adventure.

After working at a bank in just about every department, and with many hours of overtime pay, college became possible. Saving money and buying clothes was not easy, so I lived at my parents' house for two years after high school graduation.

Did not date much in those two years. Honestly, because the only men interested in me were either engaged or married. Oh yeah, there was one single guy with a huge interest. The city bus drivers warned me about a weird man constantly asking anyone if they knew where I lived or worked.

He would show my photograph to them and ask if I still rode that bus route. He dressed in a military-like uniform, although he was not in the military. One time he grabbed me by the arm and forced me to sit next to him. I did but vowed never to sit next to him again. His name was Herbert. The army discharged him for medical reasons. I responded to very little of his conversation and could not wait to leave the seat when he explained he was discharged to have brain surgery. There was a scar starting at his forehead and continuing further down his neck. I felt sorry for him. However, wondered if he was like that (mentally off) before the surgery or afterwards.

The bus drivers wanted to know if I wanted them to call the police. "No thanks," I said, "But thanks for helping with my stalker." I think he was a harmless stalker, and I always thanked the bus drivers for not dropping me off at my parents' house when he was aboard the bus. I actually quit riding the bus solely to avoid the "stalker." Never saw, nor heard from him again. Thank goodness!

===== CHAPTER 2=====

COLLEGE LIFE

Finally saved enough money after two and a half years to get a good start in college. Hopefully,

I could find a kind of career course fulfilling and interesting to last a lifetime. Helping others and getting paid to do so sounds perfect. I wasn't looking for glory, fame, nor fortune. Finding justice, or relief for those born into or slung suddenly into a very bad crime or heinous situation was my primary objective. Little did I know at that time I would be one of those slung into a very similar crime, and afterwards a particular situation.

Psychology worked out to be a good minor in college. I ended up majoring in a new field called Criminology/Forensics. The first two years of college were fun at times and scary at times.

I placed-out by passing a test on certain college courses and did not have to take most of the basic entry level freshman courses. There are so many courses and varied degrees available. Slowly, I'm grasping how little I know about life and the world.

A distinct feeling of exhilaration came over me when trying to grasp or figure out all things entailed in our world. Thinking about what lies ahead in life makes me smile whenever I see, hear, feel, or learn something for the first time. Life seems fascinating and certainly not boring!

My fun and entertainment was kept to cheap outings because of a scarcity of money. My girlfriends and I were regulars at most frat parties. So far I've met some really good people and some are becoming good friends. The different types of people and personalities found on campus also peak my interest. I love the differences in people and really like being around people and getting to know them. At least now I know I don't want a job or career unless it involves social interactions.

Shortly after my roommate and I attended a couple of parties we started getting prank phone calls. Sometimes it would be right before we shut out the lights for bed. Other times it would be right after one of us took a shower, usually around 10:30 pm. The other girls in our dorm were not getting any prank calls. Our room was on the second floor, which had a fire escape ramp underneath both of our windows freshman and sophomore year.

Annette, my roommate, had a new boyfriend and sometimes stayed at his apartment on weekends. The scary calls were getting more frequent after the end of sophomore year. Both of us stayed at the same school as well as the same dorm because it was very old and the most inexpensive dorm on campus. Junior year we upgraded to a larger room on the third floor directly above our old room.

Sometimes these phone calls caused nightmares. One where I was being *kidnapped and thrown and kicked*. I would wake up shivering and gasping for breath. The helpless feeling of being constrained and the blows from being kicked felt real. It was a recurring nightmare. Most of the time I woke up in the middle of the dream and eventually went back to sleep. If the dream was not interrupted and I didn't wake up before the ending--- It actually felt like I **died!**

One night as we were getting ready for bed around 11:30pm we could hear the phone ring over and over in our old 2nd story dorm room. The caller would hang up and call back every ten minutes. Our dorm captain told us our old room was not occupied this year. "That *dang blasted*

phone is still ringing,” said Annette. “I will not be able to sleep with our windows open if it doesn’t stop.”

Annette loves fresh air and prefers sleeping with the fan and the windows open, which is also fine with me. The air conditioner is sort of loud and smelly-air comes out the vents. The air smells musty. “Dang it, that’s it! I’m stoppin that darn ringing.” Annette slipped her shoes on and said, “I know that window is unlocked. All I need to do is flip down to that fire escape ramp, open up the window, and take the phone off the hook.” “You’re crazy girl, but go ahead. If you aren’t back in five minutes, I’ll come get you.”

After I used the bathroom and brushed my teeth it had been about five minutes or more since she left. I heard the phone ringing again. I flipped my body down to the ramp below the second story window. I peeped in and called out for Annette. “Netty are you in there? Netty answer me! Pick up the phone, make it stop ringing!” “Em, oh, emm.” I heard moaning so I slowly lowered my body down past the bed to the floor. Whispering now, I asked, “where are you Netty? Netty.. answer me.”

I picked the phone up and slammed it down to stop the noise. The closet door was barely open. I tried to hurry over to the closet but tripped on something in the pitch dark room. After bracing my fall, I turned to look behind me. I saw nothing but a black image on the floor, barely visible. I crawled with my right hand extended outward, feeling outward ever so often. It was Netty’s head. I tripped over her body!

Suddenly the dorm mother turned on the light in the hallway and unlocked the door. She promptly turned on the lights in the room. “What have you done? What has happened in this vacant room,” asked our astounded dorm mom? Netty was semi-conscious by then, so I picked her head up slowly and tried to find out what happened.

“Call the police,” I said, “Call the police! Something has happened to Netty.” My stomach muscles wrenched, a repulsive odor swirled up my nostrils and my eyes fixated on my blood bathed hand that just held the back of Netty’s neck.

“Yes, I’ll call an ambulance too, immediately,” said the dorm mom as she hurried away.

Now there were several dorm sisters looking over the shoulder of our dorm mom, Leona. She held everyone out of the room until the police and paramedics arrived. The campus cop arrived with the policemen. There were two detectives and four paramedics. Netty went unconscious again. “May I ride with my roommate to the hospital?” The head detective said, “no, you have to stay for questioning. Get everyone else out of the hallway,” said the detective to Leona.

“Ms. Mathis, tell us exactly what happened here.” “Netty opened the closed wind” I told them I tripped over her body after I came to see why she didn’t return to our room. The phone started ringing when we were still there. “No...do... not... *answer that phone!*” yelled Willard, the head detective, to Henry, the younger detective. “Let Ms. Mathis answer the phone!”

When I picked up the phone Henry listened quietly on the same receiver. "Hello, ... hello." Hearing no reply I started to hang up but then heard breathing, real heavy breathing. A man cleared his throat and said, "Janmarie is that you?" "Who is this?" I asked. "Your relentless admirer." "Have you been calling Annette and me all this time?" "Yep, but Annette ain't who I wont. I wont you Janmarie."

"Want me for what?" "I think we could be soulmates." "No I already have a soulmate." "No ya don't. Ya gonna pay for lyin to me bitch! You ain't got no boyfriend. Oh, I hear the damn cop radio in da background. Gotta go now, yal can't trace my call. I'm com'in' to *get ya fairly soon blondie.*"

"Wait... do I know you?" "Ha, oh no not now, but we're gonna meet soon. Ya can dream about me til then bitch." He hung up. I was stunned still and dropped the receiver. The detective hung the receiver up for me.

Henry Yeager, the younger, nicer detective said, "you did good Ms. Mathis. How long has he been stalking you?" "I don't know. We started getting prank phone calls after we attended several parties here on campus." "When did they start?" "Around the beginning of sophomore year until tonight." "How often?" "At least one or two a month, maybe more this last month. That is why Netty and I moved upstairs so he wouldn't have our number." They questioned me for another 30 minutes in our room on the third floor.

The hospital called and said Netty was doing fine but needed to sleep. No visitors until morning. Detective Henry stayed later after all the forensic officers and Detective Willard left. He asked what were the other phone calls about. "Honestly, I don't think he talked that much. There *seems to be two guys--maybe three-- taking turns* placing the prank calls."

"You mean giving *you* prank calls." "What?" "When I was listening on the call with you, he said you were the one he wants." "Oh, yea, right." One voice I remember sounded older and well educated and less yokel compared to the other two. He said, "Young woman, I want you in my club." He hung up sounding an evil laugh.

I remember one call scared both me and Netty for quite some time. There were two different voices on the same call, one said, "Don't cut your hair like the other bitches do." "The other voice remarked about the exercise outfits showing our firm butt in self-defense classes and the jogs Netty and I would take in the mornings before class."

"Do you remember any guys that sound like the pranksters in your classes or at parties?" "Detective I will have to think about that question for a while." "I suggest you leave a notepad by your desk or in your purse to jot down when or where you might have had contact with the prank callers. However, Ms. Mathis, after tonight they are not just harmless phone callers.

Stalkers that act out and harm people are very different from prank phone callers. "Yea, I see what you mean Detective Henry." "Ms. Mathis call me Henry, okay?" "Alright then, call me Janmarie." "I need to go interview Netty tomorrow, if she's up to it. Would you like to ride with

me?" "Sure, thank you, that would be great." "I will let you get some rest now, Janmarie. What a pretty name, it suits you." I smiled and said, "thanks."

"Lock your windows and doors." "I will detective. I mean Henry." "Goodnight, I will be here to pick you up at 9 am?" "Yes sir, I will be ready and out front." "No, I will come and escort you to the car, please mam." He saw I was still shaking and patted me on the shoulder. "Get some rest."

Netty told Henry she remembered being hit in the stomach. When she doubled over she was kicked in the backside of her head by a rounded hard shoe. She heard hideous laughter before she blacked out. She said she thought one guy said, "no Ernie that ain't the right one, we got plenty brunettes. We need the blonde."

"Did it sound like the laughter on the prank calls?" "Yes," she answered. She said there were two men in our old room but she could not describe either. "It was too dark," she mumbled. The nurse asked us to leave. It was time for Netty's MRI. Henry and I left and went to the police headquarters per Detective Willard's request.

Detective Willard motioned for Henry and me to come in his office. He explained that he had the phones bugged of two different girls at two different colleges in town. He had me listen to the voices to see if these were the same men calling us. My answer was, "yes-absolutely, sounds like the same sick callers." "The other reason I told Henry to bring you down to the station is to inform you that one of the coeds who was also getting very similar calls, was kidnapped late last night. We will put extra security around your dorm for the rest of this semester."

A nauseous feeling came over me immediately. I felt like as though I could pass out. Henry squeezed my arm and asked if I wanted some ice water. "Please, that would be good." Willard explained there was a witness that provided a partial sketch. It was more like a *profile view* of the suspect. "We would like you to take a good look at it and see if you *recognize him being on campus or at any of the college parties.*"

Knowing that I was in a state of shock, Henry suggested that my answer could wait. "Let's take a walk to the park across the street and see if that calms your nerves." Afterwards, he took me to lunch. He comforted me by assuring me my dorm would be patrolled regularly. That made Netty feel safer when she returned home from the hospital. When Netty regained her strength, Henry took both of us to the police station to look at the witness's sketch. Neither of us recalled ever seeing a man's face similar to the vague sketch.

It wasn't long before Henry came over quite often to take me to a movie or dinner. He was single and we dated for a good part of the year off and on. Henry even came to Dallas when I was on spring or summer break and visited with me and my family. We were more like friends than dating partners, I thought. However, we began somewhat of a relationship when I came back to college at the final semester of my junior year.

He is not much of an outdoor person. He reads and plays some sports and works out in the gym for entertainment. We played other couples in racquetball which I found to be tons of fun. This same group of couples invited us to attend basketball games, play tennis, and go dining and dancing with them. Becky, one of the women we played racquetball with, told me Henry hasn't dated anyone since he joined their group two years ago.

She asked if we were getting serious. My reply was, "yes, we are becoming seriously good friends and are having lots of fun together." Becky laughed and said, "good that is a good way to start a relationship, trust me." "Has Henry said anything about us?" "Not a word but that is typical for him."

Strangely enough, I was not physically attracted to him. I liked kissing him, a little, but he was the one that initiated our "making out" sessions. It seems we were not alone very much which made our relationship work, in my opinion. He was more like a really good comforting companion or a friend that I could possibly grow to love over time.

Although he is about five years older, we had a lot in common. Our music and movie choices were similar. He likes to read fiction and factual books and is curious about scientific findings like me. Towards the end of our dating spree he shared a lot of his past experiences with his job, career stepping stones, and even his life with his wife.

He married his childhood sweetheart. Sadly, she was unstable and committed suicide after they were only married a year. She had depression problems all her life. No one knew she had stopped taking her medication until after her death. Henry still blames himself for not paying closer attention to her when they were married. She was actually about three months pregnant with his baby before they married. She lost the baby at seven months, it was "still born".

He had to work a lot at the start of his career and left her at home alone. She was alone because she had no desire to leave her home or be with other people. Virtually, she was a recluse with extreme mental depression. I told him you can't blame yourself for her suicide. "She was ill, which certainly wasn't your fault. You had to work to support her and yourself." He had tears in his eyes when he said, "if only I had a clue she stopped her meds."

"Stop it Henry. She planned her own death. No one knew or helped her succeed. You have to move on from grieving about your wife and unborn child. You did nothing wrong. Are you still in love with her or her memory?" "Oh no, I loved her but probably wouldn't have married her if she wasn't pregnant." I felt Henry had a slight self-pity attitude which to me is not attractive in a man. I do not see how you can have a relationship with someone based on pity.

While I was dating Henry, Netty and I stopped going to frat parties and did not receive any threatening phone calls. Eventually, Henry's captain told him there was little hope of the case being solved. There was little evidence, no bodies, and no leads on the missing girls. This case would probably go cold. I thanked Henry for his dedication and all the long hours he and his team in Austin had spent trying to get some leads or suspects on the kidnapers and those

who hurt Netty.

The only information besides Netty's recollections of that night were my voice verification and my notes that Henry told me to take. I turned them over to Henry when he was told the case officially went cold. She and I both remembered a strange deep hideous laugh, a staunch Texas drawl, and a constant clearing of his throat, like a tobacco chewer. Netty also remembered a sort of mildewy odor from the obscured figure of the taller man.

Henry was transferred to Seattle right after the semester break. It was a big promotion and he couldn't turn it down. He actually surprised me at our farewell dinner and asked me to marry him. "Oh my goodness, you have certainly surprised me with a beautiful ring! Henry while I do have feelings for you, I'm not ready to make a commitment like this in my life right now. I have really enjoyed being with you and getting to know you. I hope that we will definitely stay in touch and hope we continue seeing each other."

"Janmarie, I know you have ambitions of your own. But I love you and hoped you would have similar feelings for me." "Well I do have strong feelings for you. Right now in this period of my life, I want to be independent of a man or a husband and want to try to make my own way in life. A career is very important to me before marriage and having a family. You are a very good man, and I do have deep feelings for you Henry."

There was an abrupt silence. I leaned over in the booth and kissed his cheek softly. His disappointment was obviously subsiding as he gave me a sweet caress. "You know, Seattle has a lot of opportunities for criminal forensic psychologists," said Henry. "Really, no I did not know that." After we indulged ourselves with a delicious dessert we walked arm and arm to the car.

Henry smiled and said he would keep the ring in a safe place for a later date. He then said, if luck goes my way your feelings will eventually change in my favor." We hugged goodbye and the next morning he left for his new life in Seattle. He made me promise to come and see him and said I would not have an excuse because he would send plane tickets.

It ended up where *I did miss him and his company*. We did keep in touch and I told him I could probably come up there on spring break or maybe during summer break. He mentioned he was really glad that his new position, head homicide detective, was really keeping him busy. "Staying busy is the best way to get over the hurt of being rejected," said Henry as he ended one of our phone calls.

There he goes again putting the guilt trip on me, but I told him that is not the way to change my mind. He tuned me out when I suggested he check out the bar scenes in Seattle. Several times I suggested he join a singles club or dining and events group. I think he likes wallowing in his own misery more than being with people.

I did receive two alarming calls in my new room on the fifth floor. Had one call after he left and one last night which was my first night back to school senior year. I had no roommate this year.

Henry was angry that I was just now telling him about the stalkers calling again. So I told him that is exactly why I waited to tell him after he had been gone for four months.

“Do not come back here, I demanded. They are not scary calls, and I am very careful in my room. I’m keeping everything locked and have alerted campus police. Recently, they installed several panic buttons, one near my dorm, and others throughout the campus to help keep crime down.”

“You need to call me more often or I will call you and wake you up. You hear?” “Yea, I hear you and thanks for calling and checking on me. I promise if there is another threatening call, I’ll call you.” I certainly didn’t let my family know about my phone threats, they would make me drop out and come back to Dallas to finish college. I never told them how I met Henry either.

Henry had a detective call me from the Austin police department. Detective Moss, his ex-partner, told me to call him if any more calls came in, or if there were any suspicious guys at or around our dorm or campus.

It seems I’ve become somewhat of a hermit or recluse this year. Probably because of the recurring dreams, I felt someone waiting, watching and wondering why I was never alone on campus or at work. Walking across campus alone in the daylight is even making me jumpy and paranoid. Most nights I would stay in my room and study, read, or watch TV down in the living room with the other girls in the dorm. Us dorm sisters played spades and sometimes went to see movies. It was tons of fun.

At the beginning of senior year, I paired up for study sessions. The leader of our statistics/physiology study group was a hunk named, Carl Smith. Carl and I had a lot in common and we paired up together for more study sessions. He had pretty blue eyes and was very well mannered and patient. Most likely he had to be patient for he was the youngest of eight siblings. I don’t remember ever being physically attracted to any guy before I met Carl. I liked his personality, except for his desire for power. He was determined to be a judge. “The reason I want to be a judge is that you rule, people stand when you enter the courtroom, and no one questions your decisions. You don’t have a boss or anyone telling you what to do,” said Carl.

Henry has an attractive face but his frame is smaller and he lacks in the charisma department. However there was something about Carl his sexy body, so irresistible. When our study group went to dinner he was the life of the party, always telling jokes. Rarely did I see Carl alone. We studied in a group or met in groups. Don’t think I would get a lot of studying or be able to concentrate if Carl and I were alone. He was a big distraction as it was. Wish I knew what, or if, he thinks of me.

Seniors with good grade point averages were allowed to test-out early. That means before spring break, if you apply, you can be approved to take finals three months before graduation on certain courses. Just about everyone in our study group decided to test out early. We all passed, yet Carl and I didn’t join the group’s celebration at Sam’s Pizza Parlor. The place we all

usually hung out after most study sessions.

“Hey Jan there’s something I need to tell you.” Carl grabbed my wrist and pulled me from the group. We walked hand-in-hand to the parking lot. He leaned me gently against his car door. My emotions stirred as I waited in anticipation. With both palms pressing on his car window, he slowly leaned in and pressed his mustached lips to mine. “Jan, I’ve been wanting to do that for so long. You know, I’ve had strong feelings for you since the first day we met.” He gazed closely into my eyes and asked if I felt the same for him.

I placed my hands around his neck, pressed his body to mine and kissed him slowly. “That’s how I feel.” Carl’s face lit up and he said, “let’s have dinner tonight alone, just the two of us.” “That sounds great!” “Good, I won’t have to cancel the reservations I made at Silvanos. The reservations are for nine o’clock. May I pick you up at 8:30?” “Yes, I’ll be ready. Carl this is exciting, I can’t wait!” Wow, he winked and gave me a roving seductive look.

As soon as I returned to my room, I called Netty and told her all the exciting details. She is the only one who knew I had a crush on Carl. Netty said she would be right over and bring the perfect dress, shoes, and earrings.

“This dress looks so much better on you than me.” “Nonsense Netty we have the same figure and you have longer legs which always look better.” It was a sleeveless two piece cocktail dress. The tight fitting skirt was made of an emerald green velvet material with a hem stopping about three inches above the knees. The top buttoned down with three sequined buttons and encompassed the hips with a scalloped edge.

Netty styled my hair in a french twist and helped me put my make-up on perfectly. “Thanks Netty, for the beautiful dress, satin heels, earrings and evening bag.” “You look so glamorous Janmarie. Go and have a great time. Can’t wait to hear all about everything. No matter what time yal get back, call me.” “Okay, I’ll be sure to let you know everything.” We hugged goodbye. “Thanks, bye Netty, luv ya.”

When Carl arrived promptly at 8:30, several of the girls ran up and told me there was a “knock out” looking guy waiting for me downstairs. Even though I wanted to hurry downstairs the high heels made me move slowly down to the parlor. “Wow, you look awesome! I can’t wait to show you off tonight.” “Thanks Carl, and you look absolutely stunning!”

I’m smiling and thinking he looks so attractive in that tailored black suit. He had no tie but a starched white oxford shirt, opened just enough, revealing his muscular neck and protruding masculine Adam’s apple. “What beautiful red roses..emmmm...they smell so good! Let me put them in some water.” The dorm mom brought out a vase with water. “Thanks for the vase Leona.” “Sure, come here Janmarie, one rose for you, and another to put in his lapel dear.”

Henry had taken me to nice restaurants, bought me flowers, and expensive meals which were fun and entertaining for both us. However, this night and this exclusive dinner and dancing date will forever stay in my memory and heart. I might be falling in love with Carl, I thought

sometimes. It was just an attraction at first but now it seems more intense. Of course I won't tell him I love him, that is until I'm absolutely sure. Maybe it's solely an infatuation or sheer lust. It's just dawning on me that I could be normal like other girls who fall for guys.

That very cool winter night of February 1st we could have been on the way to a really lasting relationship. Yeah, we probably would have made love and had breakfast the next morning. Instead here's what happened. Carl and I had a great romantic candlelight dinner. On the way home he said he didn't want the evening to end so soon.

"Would you care to come to my house to break open a bottle of Robert Mondavi? I've been saving it for a special occasion." "Yes, I'm not wanting this evening to end so soon either." My heart pulsated with curious expectation. Henry actually introduced me to that wine. It's good.

When we pulled up in front of his house Carl put the car in park, leaned over and cocked his head slightly. When his lips touched mine, a burning tingling sensation rushed through my body. This was an exciting new experience which I had never felt from any kiss. My body was quivering with desire. That seducing kiss proved we are not just friends; we are going to be lovers. He held me so close when we slow danced at the restaurant. If you want to call it slow dancing. I think we were both holding each other tight and pressing our bodies into one.

Can't believe it, *me, with a real boyfriend!* After all, I am 23 years old, about time for me to enter into a romantic loving relationship. All the others were just "friends" to hang with, go places, do things, and experience life together. Well, Henry was more than just a friend he's a good friend.

Our mood and circumstance suddenly changed to horrific when, Carl, was helping me out of the car in front of his house. *Two masked-men bolted from a parked car across the street and ran forcefully fast and attacked Carl to the ground, stabbing him viciously, time and time again. Blood was pulsating everywhere, hitting my mouth and face, as I bellowed out screams, of help, help, help us!*

The last vision I had of Carl was him looking toward me with hopeless distress. A look as though he was more concerned for my safety than his dying ravaged body on the bloody pavement. My body was frozen from fright.

The two figures suddenly grabbed me and one pressed a cloth on my nose. I tried to take the shallowest of breaths when I was struggling to get loose. Instinctively, I thought to bite the fingers holding the cloth-yet this made me draw a huge breath. My kicking and screaming ceased. I *blacked out*.

When I awoke, my body was being tossed from side to side, up and down, and my head and body were bouncing on the bed of a pickup truck. The truck slowed to turn onto an even bumpier road, stopped suddenly, sliding a bit on a slight incline.

The motor stopped, doors slammed. I heard sounds of footsteps on gravel or chalk rocks. Suddenly the tailgate dropped open and two black masked-figures pulled me from the

floorboard to the ground. They laughed hideously as my body, *then head*, hit the sharp rocky ground and rolled over near a smelly horse blanket by the ditch of the road. The tall masked-figure picked me up by my waist and held me while the short guy slugged me in the face with his fist. I blacked out again.