



## Chapter One

*\*D*ueling banjos?! Listening from inside my window Deliverance famous for the Dueling banjos otherwise known as "The Feudin Banjos" in the movie "Deliverance" is playing on television. It's loud echoing throughout the cells. Everything echoes in prisons and jails. I hate that movie it's gross, but true. I love banjo playing always have. Wish they didn't put it in such a sick movie.

"The Feudin Banjos" was composed the year I was born, 1955. Arthur Smith first recorded it playing a four string banjo accompanied by Don Reno on a five string banjo. In 1963 it was first aired on the Andy Griffith show it was called; "Briscoe Declares for Aunt Bee." I remember them as the "Darling Family." Which was played by a Bluegrass group, "The Dillards."

City Folk coming into the mountains making fun of us Hillbillies. Genetic deficiencies, incest is true. Fucking animals is true too, but your not going to make out of the mountains. If you do your never the same. Hillbillies can clean their stupid asses like they do all animals. Skin them, quarter them out and barbeque them after they fuck the hell out of them.

It's also true Hillbillies are partial to pig squealing. Yes we are born of incest, but that is not for anyone, but God to judge. Most Hillbillies can play any instrument you put in their hands by nature without any lessons. Most Hillbillies carry a guitar or banjos everywhere.

I'll admit Hillbillies do fuck anything with a hole men, women, children or animals, but so do city men, preachers, men in suits or regular clothes. I know this to be a fact because I grew up with this sick shit. Not all Hillbillies are overall wearing banjo pickers. Many have city jeans, white shirts and claim to be preachers.

We lived in the mountains think about it we don't have much of what city people would call clothes. We wrapped or tied anything we could find around our naked asses. Potato sacks work good. That movie triggers sick disturbing sad thoughts memories from the back woods hills mountains of Kentucky.

*Hillbillies have huge families all blood kin in hollers, backwoods mountain people. The music and song was used in "Deliverance" without Smith's permission which resulted in a successful lawsuit. Billy Reddin who was depicting the mentally challenged inbred could not actually play the banjo.*

*Most real Hillbillies can. Mike Addis was actually the hands on the neck of the banjo. Those city folk got what they deserved coming into the mountains making fun of Hillbillies. These scenes were depicted to be the mountains of the Appalachians, but it's the same in all backwoods mountains. Especially Kentucky.*

*But, we can't fight the system the CO's rule the TVs and the majority rules. So we can't say what we can and can't watch I'll have to listen to the Feudin banjos for awhile. Not so bad where I'm at. I've been in a ton of jails trust me I know I've got it good in here.*

*In the Appalachia mountains incest was reality common as clear mountain water moonshine, mountain brewed beer and whiskey, double barrels, chicken fights and good ole' homegrown green. It was many years before I saw modern conveniences such as out houses. Later they started putting doors on them. No one could watch our naked asses taking a shit anymore!*

*Then we got doors on our houses, but we still slept with our dogs. I was born in Indianapolis, Indiana in the heart of it all. Original Indy 500 was only a few miles. Off and on we lived in the city, but dad wanted us out in the sticks. I spent most my years in Kentucky growing up in the mountains with sick ass perverted Hillbilly kin folk.*

*I never knew at that age being pawned off on Uncles Aunts grandma and cousins was because mom and dad never wanted girls they were getting rid of us basically giving all our cousins and uncles little girl's pussy. I don't candy coat nothing! Guess I never really wonder why none of the boys got to stay at kin folks houses in the mountains.*

*If I told on brothers, cousins and uncles for putting their hands in my panties playing with my pussy or pushing me against cabin walls and trees. Chasing me trying to constantly rape me or threatening me I would take the blame. Even at that age it felt wrong what sick puppies.*

*I was always horrified, but somehow someone always caught us then I have to take the blame because dad says, "Mom, my sisters and me entice men we are whores." Explain to a nine year old what a whore is. Any child would be terrified and traumatized. How do you fight against men taking sex from us when everyone always took their word over mine?*

*Dad would say, "She's a whore entices men." It was devastating when they backed me into trees or corner me in cabins or on long trips and try whatever they wanted. When I came forth and told I was no longer wanted by my aunts, cousins or uncles.*

*No longer could I escape the fury and abuse of my dad with their horrible screaming and fighting over nonsense by getting away to relatives which wasn't any better of a situation. Dad always thought mom was cheating on him. She was. I've some stories thoughts and input on that myself. Mom sent notes by me to neighbor men.*

*I don't blame her dad was a piece of shit. Throughout childhood relatives and*

neighbors came to try to rape us while dad was away. Mom was always trying to get away from dad, but he was obsessed with mom. My dad was a Pentecost oneness preacher. I'm branded as a preacher's daughter for life. Dad was also a volunteer medic with the fire department.

He worked three days on and three days off. Dad also ran a business which was an excellent business called Dependable Fire Extinguisher & Equipment Company. I was tiny, but could hold my own working with dad on his business or whatever he was working on or building. This was all later when we moved into civilization.

Uncles, cousins and older brothers were raping us. If we told the situation would be worse. Dad would blame us for being females natural born whores. Stories you hear about incest abuse and the like in childhood or even adulthood are different scars in all aspects emotionally physically financially and psychologically for life. Our pussies AND minds were screwed.

I looked forward to times when I get dumped on my aunts uncles grandma and grandpa even it was a chance of getting raped because I always ran away into the mountains and wrote in the dirt. I loved sitting in the mountains for hours looking at wildlife enjoying peace and quiet except for the awesome noisy animals.

I wrote about everything that was happening to me. If I wrote about it I felt I would never forget it, but it would just all go away if I just stayed right there in that mountain and wrote about what uncles cousins even my brothers had done to my mom, my baby sister Darlene and me. Everyone back then had huge families.

Women were always pregnant around the same time it was common. Big families many sisters brothers aunts uncles and cousins. Women had 11-18 children. Our grandmothers, grandfathers, moms, dads, cousins, uncles and aunts were relatives, blood kin before they were marrying, fucking and sucking within family with their gross incest.

The women were always pregnant at the same time or near. Told you incest was alive in the mountains. Men hillbillies fucked everybody like animals they fucked animals too. Mom and dad's screaming and arguing are common ground in abusive backgrounds I want it to be different better for any kids I have.

Most arguments according to dad were mom's fault they had three whore daughters never to amount to anything except drugs alcohol and men. Turns out he was pretty much right so be it. Dad always had that fear of mom leaving him for another man and she would.

How could dad, a Pentecost oneness preacher who was once the well known Winchester local drunk and drug addict on the streets have the right to condemn and judge little girls who had no idea what was happening? Horrible nightmares of our entire lives. As far back as could I remember all that I went through were my first proverbial straws of life.

My proverbial camel's back will be loaded down with proverbial straws for many years I hope proverbial straw prices don't go too high like all else. Incest and abuse was not the hardest for me most times I was rescued escaped interrupted or got away before something worse happened.

Hardest for me was my baby sister, Darlene whispering in my ears telling me she's

*sick. I was the only person she could trust even if I did make her sleep in the closet because she snored really loud, but God got even with me for that a few years later. She would fall to the floor shake tremble violently. Her body jumping twitching swallowing her tongue.*

*Dad always beat her till her bowels and bladder gave way all over her and the floor. I was hiding around corners watching trembling scared crying not able to help for fear I would be beat too. Wish someone had whipped dad's ass back then. Harder for her than me when I was hiding on the stairs of our basement hardly breathing for fear they would hear me.*

*I was watching my older brothers rape Darlene taking turns not understanding fully what they were doing to her till later in life. The thing I did understand was afterwards she would need me to hold her lie to her tell her everything would get better it would someday be over while cleaning up blood and semen covering her.*

*They tried many times to trade me school supplies and many other tactics over the years to have sex with them. There should be a law all male hillbillies should have their dick and balls cut off. Perverted city men too what the hell. Men you should not let all this offend you if your not a rapist pervert and don't do incest your excused.*

*Dad always bought everyone else school supplies clothes and shoes, but told me I had to work and earn whatever I get in life. Okay I will ass hole. I never saw Darlene again I thought maybe when we're older we could hunt for each other. Dad accused her of being a whore tramp saying, "We entice the boys."*

*Darlene was always pretending to be sick dad said. She was epileptic and diabetic this was what the seizures were. Dad committed her to some kind of place for people not in their right minds. How could she ever be in her right mind? I missed her and didn't know where she disappeared to. My oldest sister had gone through all this and gone on to prison many times.*

*Been married a number of times and went with other women's husbands. She escaped four times from prison climbing into my bedroom window scaring me to death hiding in my closet long as she could. I don't remember her ever living at mom and dad's house which should have been our home. I never considered anyplace mine.*

*I remember she was kind of crazy overly jealous of her husbands or boyfriends. She always thought I was looking at one of them. She came at me with a knife one time thinking I was looking at her man. I threw the mop bucket at her full of dirty water kicked her in the stomach then ran out the back door. I got on my old bike rode to a preacher friend of dad's.*

*I was dating his son though I didn't know what dating was. His son protected me if he could. His sister was my best friend Eva she later married one of my older brothers John. John after dad's death overdosed. He was raping my little sister my little girl-friends and tried me many times. I didn't EVER give a damn what happened to him nor my dad.*

*I was pregnant for the first time hitchhiking through Indian this same preacher man became a cab driver tried to rape me. I was sick on the streets homeless starving dirty*

*a hurting tired. Giving out pussy to an old bald fat wannabe preacher was the last thing on my mind. His son wasn't like that.*

*Neither was his daughter, Eva who was gorgeous with long straight brown hair. She was a faithful friend. She married my brother, Johnny Rae. My sister Carolyn was like mom she could sing play the accordion any instrument without lessons. She was beautiful to me what I can remember of her. Her body was always covered with cigarette burns and prison tattoos.*

*I never knew or realized till it happened for many years I would later follow in dad's footsteps for many years be the new well known street bound Winchester drug addict and alcoholic with an added street whore reputation. Mom tried to escape dad many times only putting eleven kids in danger.*

*An example is when dad was driving towards a cliff trying to scare mom to get her in the car to go home with us with ALL us kids in the car. I don't remember who won that one. Years ahead uncles brothers cousins and neighbor men raped mom my sisters and me. Never understanding till later in life. Mom never helped us nor prevent them from doing sexual things to us.*

*Nor did she care how she or dad treated us. She encouraged them to give us money. My mom was a piece of shit! I was the only girl uh female whore left in the house for dad to continue trying to get rid of. Take this never ending revenge against women out on mom and me. Pentecost preacher my ass. Why would mom let all this happen to us?*

*It's no excuse that she had not had it so good either. Grandpa Martin raped her as a child many times. Maybe this was why I've never known Grandpa Martin to say one word to anyone EVER. I've never heard him speak never heard that man talk. He sat around with a fly swat in his hands. Us kids ignored him he wasn't shit to us only memories you bury forever.*

*Mom married an abusive man, Dwayne to get away from grandpa. Mom married another abusive man my dad to escape that abusive man. It's a no brainer why I can't tell the difference between love and abuse their was no difference. Is it hereditary choices or is life dealing us bad cards?*

*All my life I've had a saying which may be true I've said; "I got left behind in the old year." Born 11:59 December 31 New Year's Eve on minute till midnight. My twin brother was born a few minutes in the new year. I've become the best at everything I've done in my opinion a perfectionist to a point anal some friends now days say. Everything still goes rotten.*

*One minute I would have been a New Year's Baby. My twin brother David made New Year's baby. Maybe life would have been entirely different if I had not been left behind in the old year cheated out of one minute. I say, "Mom put me behind one minute in life always missing opportunities of anything good in life."*

*Is there something so out of the ordinary about me that every minute of my life has been continuous chaos traumas violence abuse incest pain sad chain of events? No wonder I'm an insomniac too much drama, rapes, incest, violence, trauma, abusive marriages or relationships.*

*Courts, jails, prisons, probations, wrecks, fines, court cost, DUI traffic schools, counselors, purges and bonds. Children taken violently. Losses of homes, properties and vehicles. Drugs, deaths, alcoholics, cheating, lying, scams, robberies all with malicious intent, assaults, hurricanes, tragedies and anger. WOW I give up there is a really long list of turbulence.*

*I've written my story many times just for it to end up in trash cans or shredded for shipping. Then floppy disks which go bad unreadable or the computer crashes having to rebuild, rewrite and deal with repeated stories transferred in with wrong programs not compatible with older programs, notepad or wordpad always crashing, always starting over just like life.*

*Once I wrote it during a two year stay in jail in Winchester, KY. When I was young that jail was just a hang out for me. Jail was small and old so was the jailer. Ole' Jim Boyd, the jailer took good care of me. I wrote on Kotex boxes.*

*Once again I wrote it during a two year stay in jail in Bradenton, Fl. Written on whatever scraps of cardboard, toilette paper or Kotex boxes. Another two year stay in jail in Sarasota, Florida I wrote it. Another two year stay in jail in Bradenton, Florida. They need to stop putting trash cans on the outside of jails. Another two year stretch in Orlando, Florida.*

*I wrote my story again. First I had nothing to write on except court papers they kept giving us. Nothing good comes of anything I do in life no matter how good I am at it. Between some of those stays in the crossbar hotels in the outside world I typed it manually literally on a manual typewriter over and over losing it many times.*

*Never staying long in one place it's hard to keep anything. I started on the outside free world writing in pencil on tablets I collected up compliments of the county during my two year stay. Later graduated to another manual typewriter then to an electric one and much later computers. All these years I've been writing trying to tell my story.*

*These days my problem is my books won't keep their format during cut and copy. I've written it many times, but don't keep it published long because it always loses it's formatting. I have to keep starting over. Going by Faith it's someone more powerful spiritual that keeps driving me to keep writing.*

*And to tell what happened to my two nine year old card playing Hillbilly girl friends, me, mom, my sisters and sisters in Faith. Dueling banjos seemed endlessly echoing throughout the jail. I watched Deliverance it's gross. Hillbillies in the mountains raping fucking city dudes in the ass who wandered into their neck of the mountains forcing them to squeal like pigs.*

*Exaggerations? Not hardly it's true Hillbillies are nasty violent animals. Makes me have cringing nightmares, horrors of my past knowing that I've lived through that before, but it seems in another life now. None the less I'm proud to be a Hillbilly. Many women in jails/prisons the entire world have horrible heart wrenching nightmare stories of abuse most can't imagine.*

*What happens to us in life plays a big role on our state of mind then now and later. Abuse and violence play on our minds and hearts making us think this is all life is ever going*

*to bring for us. We sit behind glass while the mayor, government, state, county and city officials walk by us everyday staring at us through glass.*

*Looking at us with contempt like we're caught animals, criminals, drug addicts, dealers, prostitutes, alcoholics, violent crime offenders. We are creatures society wants to get rid of lock up forever or study and pick our brains to see where the criminal element started, what the fuck ever. Did they find a cure for the criminal element? Which is what they think we are.*

*They want to pick our brains attempt to rehabilitate those who are rehabilitative. They learn from studying us to find where the criminal minds birth. They make speeches of how they love us and the Lord and oh yeah by the way keep those votes coming. They love money, prestige, pool parties, lies and votes this brings.*

*We are societies cast outs making them richer more liked more votes for doing society a favor by catching us try to rehabilitate us. Many women die or commit suicide in jails or prisons. Some I had gotten to know over the many years of staying in different county jails/prisons. Many had been to prison many times and are going back to prison.*

*Or they are taking breaks to take care of older charges then going back to prison. These are prison or jail war stories hid from society. Many of these women are talented artist singers construction workers chefs and cooks. Some owned businesses only for the death drugs to take it all leaving them with no other recourse, but to prefer this life.*

*They give up after the drugs society men street life family aides alcohol sex abuse and violence have stripped them left them numb not caring what happens. Most is of their own doing yes, but it don't help them become any better of citizen when the system family and men beat them/us down rob and rape them/us along with the system.*

*I tried escaping dad's fury his disappointment of me being a female whore abandoning the incest of brothers relatives the beatings on all us kids from dad by running away time and again. Going as far as I could start a new life. California sounded good.*

*We were not aloud to watch TV go to ball games watch movies or go to carnivals. Never hold a deck of cards play with a toy hold a doll read a comic show our necks wrist legs or ankles or do things other children do and crave. The only toy I owned was a doll with no head I kept hid a man in the fire department gave me for Christmas.*

*My dad made me believe our hands would swell if you held a deck of cards. I had a deck hidden under my mattress for a long time. I wouldn't go near it for the longest. I really believed my hands would swell up. Now days it's habitual to play cards or games on the computer or Internet with people across the world.*

*If dad knew my oldest sister played Michael Jackson and let us listen we would all have taken a beating! We had a little record player the only 45 record we owned was Michael Jackson. We loved Michael Jackson before he got himself into all the latest trouble he's in these days. I still love you Michael Jackson and ABC I have Faith in you!*

*Archie's in my eyes and heart were real with their "Aww Sugar Sugar Aww Honey Honey You are My Candy Girl." Later in life I drove everyone in sane in the bars with this song. It was just such a good dancing tune. Monkeys stole my heart then broke my heart splitting up. I had a fan club for each of the Monkeys for all Monkey lovers.*

*Unpopular girls hung around together. We picked names of the Monkeys we loved the best. I was Davy Jones. Davy was gorgeous, but all of the Monkeys have my heart always. I've been to a lot of the concerts everywhere anytime I hear one of the Monkeys is going to be there.*

*King of the Road and Hang on Sloopy, Jerry Reed, Jerry Lee Lewis, "Great Balls of Fire," Shirley Temple, Hank Williams Sr., Bobby Bare, Charlie Pride, Conway Twitty, Loretta Lynn, Dolly Parton, Soggy Bottom Boys, Waylon and Willie, Boxcar Willie, Grand Ole' Opry. All these have been here and are here to stay legends. Oh and Three Stooges.*

*Comic books, Sunday comics, theaters, drive in movies, ball games, dances, gym classes, music, movies, cards, television, radio or whatever dad considered entertainment or material was taking our minds away from God. These things are of the devil, dad believed. We were severely beaten for doing anything or saying anything concerning any of these subjects.*

*God forbid me show my ankles wrist or neck a small kid a preacher's daughter marked for life! Ripping the hems from my dresses wasn't cool dad. I wanted to go far away. California sounded good to me. I didn't know on foot it would take so long to get to California. I also didn't know hopping in box cars don't work they don't go anywhere.*

*I never got to California by the way. The only thing always running away accomplished was a life on the streets or highways getting raped with guns, knives, violence, drugs, alcohol, sex and men. Men were always pulling knives or guns to my head or neck.*

*If I had known what was out there in the world it would not have mattered. Home was NOT where any heart was. Highways and streets were better than a life of beatings, rapes, incest, being thrown against walls for being female whores. Wait what? Where was the difference? A child should I stay home or run? I always chose running.*

*It's not like the kids today we spoil with expensive clothing these days are into HOT TOPICS, expensive games, VCRs, DVDs, computers, drugs, alcohol, sex, tons of food, personal items etc...even if we do without they still complain wanting more. Bored no matter how much you buy to entertain them with.*

*Highways streets the concrete itself loved me when no one else would. Alone even on rainy, stormy, snowing or scorching sun I was happier there than anywhere because it was freedom. I was most happiest when I could climb the Appalachia mountains in Kentucky and sit there alone with animals and mother nature long as I wanted. Write in the dirt what was happening.*

*I can't find my way back to those mountains. I was supposed to be left some of that mountain, but when I told on everyone for being perverts I lost that. I was no longer considered family to be left anything. **Kiss My Ass!** Fuck their perverted asses.*

*Still a child I was always found by the law at their mercy bound by laws returned to dad each time who beat me for running away time and again. I felt loved wanted by the streets and highways I thought concrete was the best friend I've ever found. Snow rain or heat I would always return there.*

*Hitchhiking or walking far as I could from state to state amazed at how far I'd get turn around and go back the other way or any way not caring where it would lead or take*

me to. I loved my freedom. I never thought about proverbial straws my proverbial camel was collecting till a perverted killer rapist monster outside my family added horror in my life.

I don't know where I got this camel with the strong back carrying straws for me that would multiply over the years. Hope that Camel plans for a long haul and lots of straws. I have a feeling he's going all the way with me till the end when that last straw will be the last straw that breaks my faithful camel's back. Good thing proverbial camels are free.

Dad bought acreage in the back woods of Spencer, Indiana wanting to get mom and me away from neighbors city and men. We were whores remember? Miles away from anyone or anything. He didn't care if we had water food clothes or made it to school. He was then a fireman working in Indianapolis, Indiana still preaching too.

I rarely saw humans aside from mom and my brothers unless we went to school which was rare. Two nine year old hillbilly girls my age on the bus actually likes me and plays cards with me and gets into trouble with me everyday over it with the bus driver. I wish I knew their families so I could tell them the story that I was the one who survived this tragedy.

I loved those two girls. Sleep with the angels I'll be there with you soon. Me nor my brothers and sisters go to school often because dad drags us to different counties and states to preach and do his famous Indian dance. Me and Daniel a younger brother daily took jugs walking miles to get mountain water.

I talked Daniel into running away with me going to grandma's in Kentucky. Grandma called them and snitched us out. They assumed Daniel talked me into running away and blamed it on Daniel so I let him take the blame and the beating that came with it. I have no good excuse okay?

Dad and my older brothers were running a big machine called a bush hog trying to mow down the endless fields of brush. That machine looked huge to a tiny girl not much older than nine or ten. Many years while growing up I loved working with and for dad. I helped him build that three story house us kids grew up in Indianapolis, Indiana, Spencer Ave.

I worked with him on his company "Dependable Fire Extinguisher and Equipment Company. I don't know why he hated me cept he thinks I'm a whore. Before sunrise this day I wanted to make dad be proud of me maybe like me. I got on that big bush hog taking down as much of that field as I could to impress dad thinking this should get dad to like me.

I stopped taking a break watching the pigs/hogs and horses breed thinking humans wasn't much better than cruel animals taking whatever they want from the opposite sex whether they want it or not. My thoughts were interrupted by a strange man stopping to ask me where the McIntosh's lived. I thought it was very strange where did a human come from way out here?

Where are these people he says live out here? How and why would a man get lost all the way in the mountains back woods of Indiana? I told him we had not lived here long

people were far away we don't know anyone yet. He asked where my mom dad or family was.

Not knowing what he was leading up to I told him dad was in Indianapolis working, mom and my brothers were still asleep. I watched him walk back to his car and get in. I turned for a moment continuing my break watching the animals thinking of the endless fields of bushes and brush not knowing this man had other plans.

Seemed only a minute his hands covered my mouth he was hurting me he had a gun to my head forcing me into his car making me lie down so no one would see me. It was all happening so quick! How had he returned so fast? I was allowed to get up he grabbed me violently forcing me with the gun to my head with hands full of my hair in his other hand.

He drove for awhile with the gun and steering wheel in one hand a handful of my hair in his other hand. I was scared out of my brains! We stopped climbed over barbed wire fences to a path going back into the woods going further into the privacy of the woods there was a large area had been mowed. Like this was planned or happened before.

How many other little girls had he taken here? How many more was he going to take here? We got where he wanted to stop a large area also mowed down I was scared couldn't stop screaming and crying which only made him mad. He pulled out his penis. With the gun in one hand a handful of my hair in the other he kept forcing my mouth to his penis.

I clamped my mouth shut I thought my teeth were breaking. I was cutting my lips hurting my mouth trying to keep this thing from going into my mouth. The more I screamed and cried the harder he hit me with the gun. By the time his semen squirted all over my face my clothes had been torn to shreds.

I was naked and badly beaten my body had cuts and bruises, but somehow I was lose. I don't know how, but I was lose. Shaking falling crying screaming in hysterics. I ran barefoot naked in creeks and fields cutting my feet and body as I fell. Running screaming crying not knowing how far I had gone or where I was at. I saw a big house on a hill I ran to the house.

A nice lady with a horrified look on her face answered the door and wrapped me in a blanket. The sheriff told her not to feed me or give me anything to drink and not to clean me up till after they got there. They took pictures and scraped stuff off my body. Then took samples from my vagina, my mouth and took blood.

Exactly who was going to be on trial? Me or the man who did this? Was I being tortured and raped then or now? I was more scared of what them and dad would do to me. I returned home the law left dad beat me accusing me of being a whore enticing the man. I was eight or nine I didn't know what enticing nor whore even meant.

I was wearing a huge dirty T-shirt which belonged to one of my brothers and a huge ugly purple skirt that belonged to my mom. I was bush hogging down a field how was this enticing him? Someone should explain to a nine year old what enticing and whore means. This day I was riding the bus with my girlfriends. We get off to walk a long ways to our houses.

That man was waiting! He took me and my two girlfriends to that same wooded place

over the torn down barbed wire fence through the first mowed area further into the woods to that same mowed wooded area he took me to. I watched him violently beat, rape and shoot my first friend. While he was beating and raping her sister I got away.

I knew which direction to go this time to get to that house on the hill. Next day I went to identify the man they believe done this. I walked in I saw him fear ran through me. They knew when I ran this was the man. This man took three little girls when we stepped off of the school bus he violently beat, raped and killed them.

THIS WILL HURT AND EFFECT ME ALL MY LIFE! We played cards on the bus everyday and our hands didn't swell up. I looked at their hands before I touched the cards. They said; "They have been playing cards for a long time" they were good at it too. We played poker spades and hearts you name the game these two girls knew how to play it.

They said; "Their hands never swelled up." I started playing with them everyday. We had no other way out here in no where land to entertain ourselves. Those trips to school with my two girlfriends was the only excitement any of us had. It was against the rules to play cards on the bus or on school grounds this was our way of rebelling.

These girls would tell them to **kiss their ass**. They wasn't preacher's daughters huh? I didn't care they were a lot of fun to be around. I thought their card playing cursing asses was no reflection on me. I scraped my initials on his gun for evidence identifying the gun.

Mom and dad said; "That man only got two years ran out of the state he was free again." This was the story I was told. Dad said; "This was all my fault because I was inticing the man." I guess According to my ass hole dad I should name my story; "I was a nine year old Hillbilly whore."

There is no justice in life I learned it early in life. Not even the system is what it should be or was meant to be once upon a time. The system then and now SUCKS! What is this life I've been given? I never went to school much what with dad being a preacher drug from state to state town to town preaching the word of GOD. How could he believe all he preached?

He's a lying ass child abusing hypocrite. It wasn't the work of God he was lying about, it was we knew that he knew what went on in our home. He did not live what he preached. I was the only one out of eleven children who listened not to him to the word of GOD mesmerized by what he was saying. I HEARD! God's seed was planted.

It was hard not to listen. Dad danced around like an Indian holding his hands on one ear or the other. Jumping through and around the audience or congregation like he was doing an Indian dance. For awhile on one foot then the other, one ear then the other. And in between each sentence was some kind of sound that sounded like a loud HUH.

Then on with the story he would go screaming the entire sermon. That amazed me in itself by how long dad could dance around like that. Other kids, my brothers, sisters and were scared to death of the dancing and screaming involved in these gatherings.

My brothers, sisters and me were forced to embarrass ourselves in front of congregations to show everyone how we had no talents and we were totally useless in this

area, we were the worse, but we would wing it and stick a kazoo in our mouth.

We pretended to be keeping up with this little stupid thing dad made us blow in. It made stupid sounds that wasn't even music it was similar to a party favor noise maker. We should have been holding signs saying; "We hate our parents." Dad played an electric guitar mom played an electric accordion and sang.

Silliest thing my mom had a harmonica strapped around her neck she played it at the same time while playing the accordion and singing it was amazing. Mom, dad, Carolyn my oldest sister and my oldest brother Herbert Jr. could sing and play any instrument you put in their hands without any lessons. Carolyn could sing and play any instrument like my mom and dad.

Herbert Jr. could sing like Johnny Cash. From Johnny on down 6 kids had zilch talent. We ALL hated going to church including mom. Add Johnny Cash to the list of singers we liked as children. He was my hero of singers! Your always first in my heart Hank Williams Jr.

Your my idea of a heart throb, your every woman's dream man and my ideal of what our child hood love should be. Hank Williams Jr. you make my hands shake and my heart beat too fast! Your my ideal of a perfect man! I know of your scars in life, hurts and heartbreaks. I've followed your life since your daddy was young when Waylon and Willie was young.

Many years later I did get to see Hank Williams I was pushed down by huge women while I pushing my way to the stage to throw a western shirt I bought for Hank Williams. My entire family sang and played instruments country or gospel music. By entire family I mean uncles cousins aunts etc...I play a pretty good kazoo.

Country singers we all go way back all you country stars and singers. I know your daddies and mommas. Dolly you always make me smile when I think of you and your music. We grew up together Dolly. And Loretta Lynn I loved you song; "If ya don't wanna go to fist city." Stevie Nicks I'm not gay and would never, but you I would seriously have to think about.

I still listen to Hank and Johnny's songs to this day I'm 60 now revising my story. Hillbillies by nature don't know grammar or punctuation. I didn't know at the time through the horror dad put us through screaming and dancing like an Indian that the seed had been planted.

No matter what kind of person was preaching what he did not live by what in his mind was living by I believed what he was saying about this man called Jesus the seed was planted." I watched my brothers for many years take my little girlfriends to abandoned cars in fields raping them taking what they wanted. I was desperately wanting to get away.

I wanted to escape and find a better way to live. I wore clothes of my mothers which had safety pins holding everything together around me. I was embarrassed to change in gym classes my panties were being held together with safety pins. We wasn't in school much and we were poor. I was always bruised from beatings.

Not going to anything with other children because we were never allowed to go to anything at school made other kids hate me, hit me, throw things at me, make fun of me,

*call me names, draw ugly pictures of me with ugly names below it wad them up throw them at me, push me up against walls once breaking a watch a teacher gave me.*

*Kids yelled at me from the bus so many so loud I rarely had the heart to get on the bus I usually hung my head and walked all the way it was a long way. The girls in the gym classes made fun of me for having a bra with so many safety pins and panties with safety pins to hold them up. I swore if I ever had children they would always have new underwear and clothes.*

*Girls especially are mean. They were spying on me taking a shit. Laughing make fun of the way I was taking a shit and wiping my ass. One of them had their finger in the space where the hinges are when I opened the door I broke her fingers, oops.*

*These days the more safety pins on your clothing the cooler you are so why was I made fun of back then if it was going to become fashionable one day? These days safety pins little hands cuffs and chains are the thing it's called Hot Topics or Frederick's of Hollywood or Victoria Secret.*

*I would never say no to my kids in stores nor I would never buy myself something to drink if they didn't have one I never eat anything buy myself food or snacks unless my children had them first. I would not let the kids on the bus see me cry they didn't deserve to see this emotion giving them the feeling of victory I walked to school every day.*

*I didn't have the heart to get on the bus. All the kids screamed at me called me nasty stupid names no way I was getting on that bus. The driver sometimes wouldn't let me on and kids are truly mean. Many times the janitor's wife gave me pretty dresses and clothes I knew dad would tear them saying, "I can't show my ankles legs arms and neck."*

*I could never wear anything pretty like other kids. I saw my mom doing ironing for neighbors, cleaning homes, repairing TVs and radios in our home and doing laundry for people to buy clothes pretty dresses from the neighbors. They had more money than us and bought their daughters new dresses and only let them wear them once.*

*I saw them ahead of time before while hanging in the neighbor's house thinking they were for me. I guess that's what I get for thinking only of me being greedy they were for my sister Darlene. Never for me. Dad was buying shoes for everyone I asked him to buy me a pair they were only \$1.00. He told me I could go work for them get them myself.*

*I swore from that day I would never ask no one if life for a hand out. I would never do what a lot of people do today called panhandling. I would never ask no one for nothing the rest of my life I vowed to work earn whatever I get in life. I would never ask dad or mom I wanted nothing from them anymore.*

*Mom used to send me to McDonalds when it first came out everyday to get her a soda and burgers. She wanted the soda to arrive fresh a certain amount of ice in it the burgers had special orders too. If we needed bread or anything I had to go the store to get it. She would send me to the store everyday to get her Pay-Day candy bars and boxes of Pop-Tarts.*

*Or bags of assorted different candy and we never got to have any of that. One day I was pissed about always going to the store for her never getting nothing for doing it.*

*I bought myself with the change a bag of paraffin and went across the street to share it with the little boy across the street and got in big trouble by his mom for it.*

*It got blew up that I stole my moms change and tried to hurt that little boy with paraffin. I didn't know curse words yet I do now and that was fucked up! That nasty neighbor girl Sherry always wore pretty dresses everyday brought her huge collection of Barbie dolls over. I had to watch her set them all up houses furniture and all.*

*I was to watch her dress and undress them and play with them. I was never allowed to touch or play with them just watch. I always had a stupid crooked grin on my face thinking how much of a selfish dork she was. Wishing she would take her stupid dolls and go home.*

*I told her one day; "I don't want to play with you anymore this isn't sharing nor is it playing with you take your Barbie shit house and all go home." I swore then when I grow up no kid will do without a toy that I know about and they haven't. No wonder there is that saying, "Preacher's children are the worse especially a preacher's daughter."*

*My twin brother, David and I were the middle children. I gave the bus and kids another chance, but kids and adults are cruel cold hearted I wanted to get the fuck out of home and school. Fourth grade I was fed up with life mom dad people relatives kids and school. The bus stopped in front of the school.*

*I walked to the other side of the bus and walked right off and returned to the highways. Where I felt love, security, freedom and happiness more than any place on earth. When I got to the highways I drew a deep breath while crying to myself I said; "I'm home." I went to my oldest brother Herbert Jr. in Ohio this was a huge mistake.*

*Both older brothers Herbert Jr. and John were there. They took me to the bedroom I remember screaming kicking crying while John held me down. Herbert Jr. on top of me with his penis out my clothes ripped off. I kicked screamed so hard thank God they got mad gave up took me to grandma Martin's house in Kentucky.*

*Grandma Martin was my only safe haven in life. Above all people I loved grandma Martin, but she always made me go home. I'll always run away. I became a great thief hanging with pros no one could ever see my slick hands take anything slicker than everyone else. Later in life there were larger scams made the front pages our gangs were responsible for.*

*Headlines were; "Barnett Boogies," "Bud Heighst," "Waterford Crystal to go," "Nurseries emptied" and "\$9,000.00 fireworks gone disappeared!" There are slicker thieves out here today most of them are called crack or rock heads.*

*Our entire family was gathered for my other grandmother's funeral. Three of my aunts and grandma told me to go steal them all an outfit so I did. They loved their outfits. Everyone was trying them on then I over heard them talking of how bad I turned out. They told me to steal they were trying it all on loving how it all looked. In the same breath how bad I was.*

*I walked out the back door swore I would never see any of them again. I didn't and haven't. I hitched back to mom and dad. What a mistake again. I ran away many times the law found me and my soon to be sister in law and best friend, Eva in Chicago. Two*

men followed her and I as we walked down the street. We thought they would hurt us, but it was the law.

We were too young to wander streets late and alone. They took us to the police station. Mom and dad said; "We want our daughter in law, but you can keep Mary. She's ungovernable always running away let her go or keep her. I went home again.

I thought I was in love with Bobby, the son of people who owned a country church in Spencer, Indiana where my dad was preaching. I owned a huge double cymbal tambourine. I loved this nice tambourine. It had a key to keep all the hardware tightened or tuned with and tight, pretty new skin.

Dad bought it for me, but never let me play it the way I wanted I was good at playing it. I could make that thing sing. Most of the churches dad preached in were black I was raised in black churches. This is maybe why I have high opinions of black people. Good people!

For many years I jammed out with the churches bands drummers singers when the entire church sang together or when dad, mom, Carolyn Herbert Jr., Johnny or David was singing. Dad hated the way I played it. I was a perfectionist it sounded good to everyone else. I loved playing that thing.

I donated it to this church it was too boring the way he wanted me to play he refused to let me play it better so it was of no use to me. He was mad I put him on the spot in front of them by donating it to them. These people killed their own hogs and cattle. They had a breakfast lunch and dinner every Sunday. Bobby their son was having sex with his cousin.

He had a hook on one arm. He was shot in a war. His arm saved the bullet from going to his heart. I was determined to get him away from his cousin have him for myself. Not knowing this would add more straws on my camel's back. I was dating his best friend Rick. If that was what you would call dating.

I was going to marry him when he returned from the service, but I wanted Bobby. Mom and dad agreed on me staying home if I dated Rick. They liked Rick. They wouldn't if they knew what I learned later. Rick went to the army. He wrote quite often, but I never answered him. I wasn't interested in him.

I spent the night with Bobby in a funeral home where him and Rick lives. There was a huge party happening downstairs. Johnny, my next older brother, the one involved in raping my baby sister and trying to rape me many times, married my best friend Eva.

They were there along with a lot of big men who were huffing paint from bags, taking drugs, drinking alcohol and beer. Bobby was in the kitchen drinking beer with his cousin. I was told by Bobby do not participate yet he could and everyone else could.

Johnny and Eva snuck out to call the law and snitched on everyone wanting the law to interfere before I got caught up in all this. The law hauled them all out. Bobby and I were upstairs on the fourth floor in an old funeral home he lived in. We did not have sex nor even kiss.

We read Superman comic books all night. Still a kid comic books was an amazing new and awesome thing. Don't you wish kids these days were so easily amused and made happy?

*Those huge alcoholic paint huffing guys got out of jail the next day. I watched them break every rib maybe a few other bones in my brother's body.*

*I watched them beat the holy shit out of Johnny. I was crying, but my thoughts were; "It was wrong he snitched and wrong what he did to my baby sister, me and my little friends so I felt he deserved it." Rick was back from service now and fucking a friend of Bobby's.*

*Bobby, Rick, their girlfriends and those big guys tied me up, beat me then poured beer, alcohol, mustard, mayonnaise, ketchup, eggs and everything in the refrigerator or cabinet all over me then took me down town and tied me to a light post and left me. Some time later the law untied me took me back to Bobby. He let his friends beat me all the time.*

*Bobby, Rick, their girlfriends and their friends were all partying he told everyone to throw watermelons and rinds at me. That caused a lot of bruises all over me. He hit me a lot with that hook on his arm. We had not had sex yet dad accused us of having sex. He said; "I was a tramp a whore worth nothing used damaged." Being a preacher he could legally marry us.*

*Dad got out his double barrel shot gun and we had a real double barrel shot gun wedding. I lived with Bobby and his friends beating me, drinking alcohol, doing drugs, huffing paint and him having sex with his cousin. They all treated me bad. He would get mad if I asked for something to eat. We went to a store he bought some food.*

*He was eating those little precooked sausages. When I asked for one he said; "Hell no I gotta feed you too what the fuck?" I didn't understand nor was educated or experienced at what Bobby wanted. If I did maybe he would stop mistreating me, maybe he would love me. I couldn't figure this sex thing out.*

*Rick's girlie friend tried to explain it to me so Bobby could have sex with me. I didn't know nor understand none of this nor did I want any part of it all. She kept saying, "I needed to lay underneath of Bobby and let him do what he needs to do to me and wiggle like crazy."*

*Well hell for the life of me I couldn't picture this! Why would I let a heavy man lay on top of me? Why would I want to wiggle under him? Hmm just couldn't picture it happening. Tired of this I went to my old love the highways. Bobby saw me on the highway he pulled next to me then followed me for awhile trying to talk me into getting into his car.*

*I was crying and pissed off. He had just let a bunch of his friends throw watermelon rinds at me again then tried to drown me. Strangers pulled over I jumped in to get a ride out of there back to mom and dad. They said; "I could not stay I was used and damaged." I hitchhiked to my oldest sister Carolyn in Ohio where she now lived and owned a small restaurant.*

*I had periods now no one ever taught me how to take care of this new problem. By the time I got to my sister's house the crotch of my cut off jean shorts were rotten. I didn't know what was wrong. I freaked out thought I was hurt inside. I didn't know what to do about this new horrible problem. She would not loan me anything to wear.*

*She said; "I had to earn it working in their restaurant still wearing those shorts." I asked if I could cook myself a hamburger. She said; "After a couple more hours of work I had not earned anything yet." She finally told me I could. I was starving didn't know when I had ate last. Must have been at least a couple of months or so.*

*Bobby would get irate sometimes hit me with the hook if I asked for something to eat or mentioned I was hungry. He said; "He was not going to support me." While cooking my hamburger I over heard Carolyn talking to her husband saying, "She has a lot nerve coming here asking for food and clothes."*

*I left the burger on the grill my oldest friend was waiting out the back door. I was happy to be with my love again the highways, concrete, air, open space, freedom, no humans and loved. Never caring all those years whether it stormed or knee deep in snow.*

*I was free, loved, wanted, welcomed secured by the fact the highway's pavement would not take from me, won't hurt me, won't lie to me, won't yell at me, don't beat on me it truly loves me AND let's ME walk on it! The pavement never complained about the snow or rain why should I?*

*The only times I was happy were walking down highways never caring where or how far they took me. Most times I would never accept rides. Every time I did it would turn into violence some way or another. Couldn't seem to ever get back to my mountains paths this concrete path was all I had. I cried more tears than the storms. My mountains turned into concrete!*

*Felt good mixing rain or snow with tears. Still in the same cut off shorts an Italian man offered me a ride. All I had been through in life could anything happen to me that had not already been done? I thought this man had fallen in love with me. I was still young, still pretty and still a virgin.*

*He bought me a back pack, three pair of jeans, three panties, three shirts, shoes, socks, a kitten and a hotel room for three days. Still young and dumb I thought I would get some sleep. Cheap price to pay for what he got! He took me to a meeting he was bragging showing me off. I thought he would be my new husband, lover would be ok.*

*In that cheap hotel room a few miles from my older sister Carolyn's place with a complete stranger for the price of clean clothing, something to eat and a little attention I lost what later in life I learned you could never get back. What everyone knows is truly something worth more than money could have paid for, my virginity and dignity!*

*I thought I was going to finally get to sleep though I was feeling totally violated and was losing all self respect and esteem if there was any left and hiding, holding tears while in severe pain. Being tossed around like a rag violated over and over. What the fuck just happened?! I held my own through it all.*

*I should have been thankful there was a shower, towels, clean clothes to put on instead of dwelling on what he took from me he did give me clothing, something to eat and my life. Which was no longer worth anything after that first guy who killed my nine year old card playing hillbilly girlfriends I played cards with now this.*

*I didn't know I was trading my virginity for food, clothes and a place to clean up after it's all over. I guess in his mind I was a whore he paid in advance. This is the story*

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