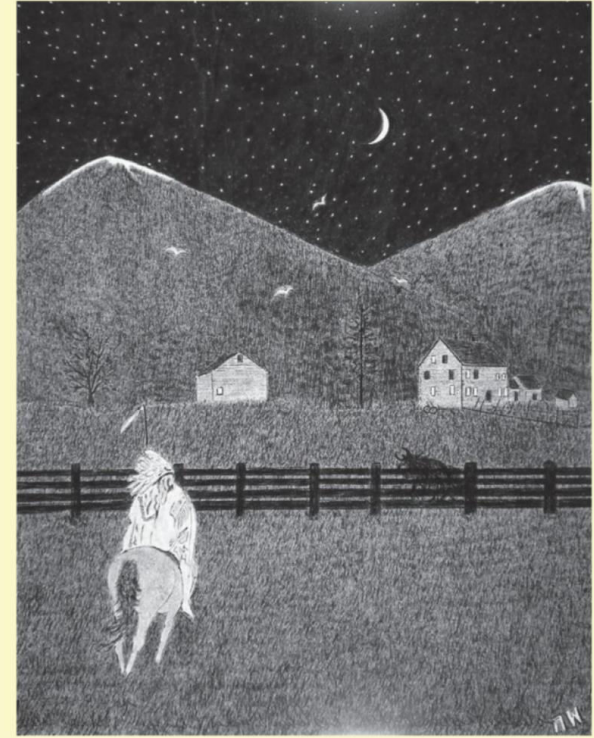


*The Unfinished Autobiography  
of Aileen Wuornos*



*Edited by Theo Slade*

# Table of Contents

## Synopsis

### Foreword – The Hippies by Hunter S. Thompson

#### 1. Life At Home

- Earliest Memories
- The Neighborhood Where Aileen Grew Up
- Rebel Kid

#### 2. Runaway Kid

- First Rapes (Aged 13)
- Unwed mothers home in Detroit (Aged 14)
- Mother's Death (Biological Grandmother)
- Father's Abuse (Biological Grandfather)
- Biological Mother

#### 3. Institutionalization

- Pontiac Juvenile Center (Aged 15)
- Adrian's Girls School

#### 4. Ward of The State (Aged 15-16)

- Friendship with Dawn
- The pits
- Drugs
- Crime
- Sex, Incest & Hooking Up
- Sex Work
- Other Jobs

Most of all, thanks to Dawn and Dave Botkins. Dave did a great deal of preparation for this project by scanning and organizing the letters and photographs. Dawn has courageously opened her letter file and her heart to us and made this all possible.

## Synopsis

A letter correspondence over many years between Aileen and her best friend from childhood Dawn was collated into a book, in the order the letters were sent.

Mixed into the letters were long essays about her life on the road which she asked Dawn to keep safe encase she ever wrote enough that she could start knocking it into an autobiography.

As I was reading it, I found her experiences of the time she lived through so fascinating that I wanted to save each one and see it in perspective to her other memories in the timeline of her life.

So that's what I've done here. And if it's useful in the future to anyone's creative pursuits, like writing non-fiction plays or graphic novels, essay reflections on her life, the 70s, or even fictional stories with characters based on Aileen, then all the better.

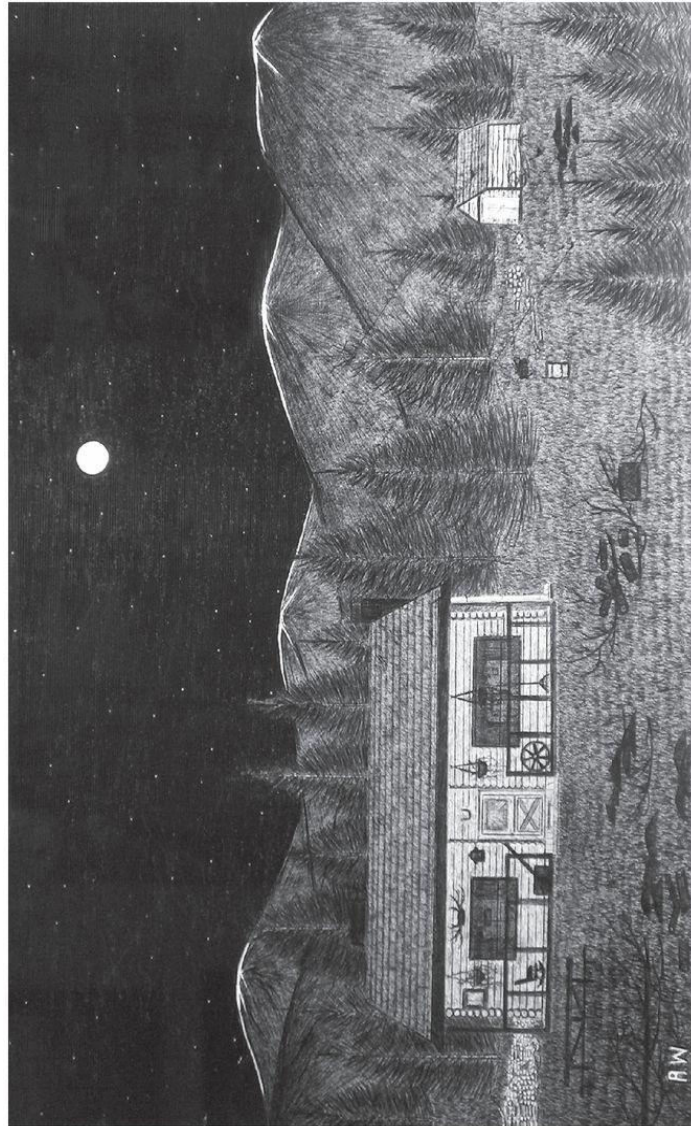
I first discovered Aileen's story through Nick Broomfield's documentary, 'The Life And Death Of A Serial Killer' which gave an in-depth look into the tortured childhood she came from.

The myopic reason it resonated with me is the very tenuous comparison I saw between myself and Aileen, in that she had been setting off hitchhiking and living on communes since the age of 15 with the hope of doing some psychological healing from the circle she was stuck moving in in Troy, Michigan, where she grew up.

And that this was a very romanticized road to take at the time, although I don't think Aileen bought into all of that, as she was simply homeless from the age of 13, and traveling further afield was a nice break from relying on friends in Troy. But, she loved the hippie music of the era and cherished every commune she stayed at for the people who attempted a new more compassionate way of relating to one another.

So for me, that was activist circles, and it left me with the understanding that you don't get a choice in the strange situational reasons that

*Shadows Pine Ridge Resort.* Ink drawing by Aileen Wuornos. Image courtesy of Dave Botkins:



## **Disclaimers**

Putting this together is not an endorsement of Aileen's views or actions, she was failed by society and as a result, was a danger to that society in return. And even though reading stories of her beating up a homophobe or escaping juvenile detention is heartwarming, the way in which she was a danger was by no means always good. She killed for money, was a hateful racist, a controlling abusive partner, and abused animals through neglect.

So, bear all that in mind when you're reading & obviously be very skeptical of whether some of the claimed facts & narratives are even true.

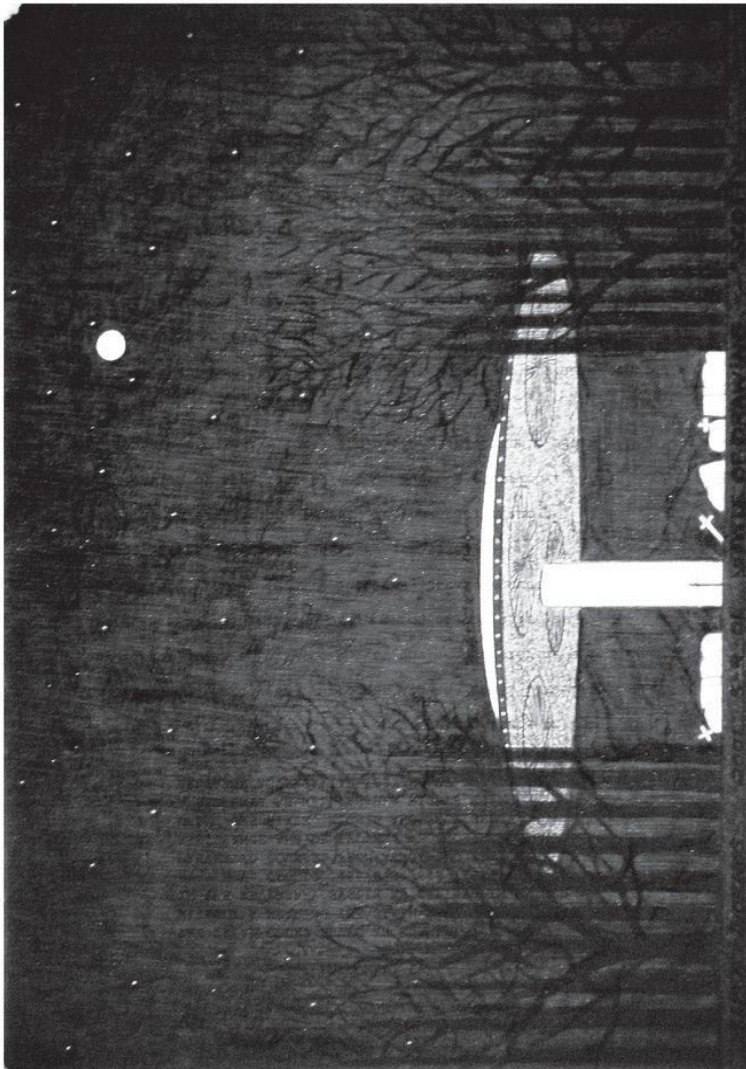
I'm not claiming to own the copyright or seeking to earn money from the original letters.

I grammar and spell corrected it, as Aileen was not very literate, it would have been a torturous read otherwise for many. But, if you want to see the letters preserved with their original spelling, you can simply read the book, *Dear Dawn*.

And if you're simply curious to cross-reference where a specific paragraph from a story fits into the original letter, you can copy a rare word or sentence, pull up an e-book of *Dear Dawn*, hit Ctrl+F, and paste to see.

Finally, I don't know what genre this would fall into, but I think it's fairly close to arriving at what her autobiography might have looked like, had she desired to or been mentally well enough to finish filling in key moments, with a ghostwriter to help. So, unfinished memoir or biography maybe? You decide.

*Beam Me Up, Scotty.* Ink drawing by Aileen Wuornos. Image courtesy of Amber Hogue:



put in the strange position of being an anti-culture hero at the same time as he was also becoming a hot commercial property. His banner of alienation appeared to be planted in quicksand. The very society he was trying to drop out of began idealizing him. He was famous in a hazy kind of way that was not quite infamy but still colorfully ambivalent and vaguely disturbing.

Despite the mass media publicity, hippies still suffer or perhaps not from a lack of definition. The Random House Dictionary of the English Language was a best seller in 1966, the year of its publication, but it had no definition for "hippie." The closest it came was a definition of "hippy": "having big hips; a hippy girl." Its definition of "hip" was closer to contemporary usage. "Hip" is a slang word, said Random House, meaning "familiar with the latest ideas, styles, developments, etc.; informed, sophisticated, knowledgeable[?]." That question mark is a sneaky but meaningful piece of editorial comment.

Everyone seems to agree that hippies have some kind of widespread appeal, but nobody can say exactly what they stand for. Not even the hippies seem to know, although some can be very articulate when it comes to details.

"I love the whole world," said a 23-year-old girl in San Francisco's Haight-Ashbury district, the hippies' world capital. "I am the divine mother, part of Buddha, part of God, part of everything.

"I live from meal to meal. I have no money, no possessions. Money is beautiful only when it's flowing; when it piles up, it's a hang-up. We take care of each other. There's always something to buy beans and rice for the group, and someone always sees that I get 'grass' [marijuana] or 'acid' [LSD]. I was in a mental hospital once because I tried to conform and play the game. But now I'm free and happy."

She was then asked whether she used drugs often. "Fairly," she replied. "When I find myself becoming confused I drop out and take a dose of acid. It's a shortcut to reality; it throws you right into it. Everyone should take it, even children. Why shouldn't they be enlightened early, instead of waiting till they're old? Human beings need total freedom. That's where God is at. We need to shed hypocrisy, dishonesty, and phoniness and go back to the purity of our childhood values."

*The Eagle Has Landed.* Ink drawing by Aileen Wuornos. Image courtesy of Amber Hogue:



love's sake. They object to war and believe that everything and everybody except the police are beautiful."

Many so-called hippies shout "love" as a cynical password and use it as a smokescreen to obscure their own greed, hypocrisy, or mental deformities. Many hippies sell drugs, and although the vast majority of such dealers sell only enough to cover their own living expenses, a few net upward of \$20,000 a year. A kilogram (2.2 pounds) of marijuana, for instance, costs about \$35 in Mexico. Once across the border, it sells (as a kilo) for anywhere from \$150 to \$200. Broken down into 34 ounces, it sells for \$15 to \$25 an ounce, or \$510 to \$850 a kilo. The price varies from city to city, campus to campus, and coast to coast. "Grass" is generally cheaper in California than it is in the East. The profit margin becomes mind-boggling regardless of the geography when a \$35 Mexican kilogram is broken down into individual "joints," or marijuana cigarettes, which sell on urban street corners for about a dollar each.

The risk naturally increases with the profit potential. It's one thing to pay for a trip to Mexico by bringing back three kilos and selling two in a circle of friends: The only risk there is the possibility of being searched and seized at the border. But a man who gets arrested for selling hundreds of "joints" to high school students on a St. Louis street corner can expect the worst when his case comes to court.

The British historian Arnold Toynbee, at the age of 78, toured San Francisco's Haight-Ashbury district and wrote his impressions for the *London Observer*. "The leaders of the Establishment," he said, "will be making the mistake of their lives if they discount and ignore the revolt of the hippies and many of the hippies' non-hippie contemporaries on the grounds that these are either disgraceful wastrels or traitors or else just silly kids who are sowing their wild oats."

Toynbee never really endorsed the hippies; he explained his affinity in the longer focus of history. If the human race is to survive, he said, the ethical, moral, and social habits of the world must change: The emphasis must switch from nationalism to mankind. And Toynbee saw in the hippies a hopeful resurgence of the basic humanitarian values that were beginning to seem to him and other long-range thinkers like a tragically lost cause in the war-poisoned atmosphere of the 1960s. He was not quite sure what the hippies really stood for, but since they were against the same things he was against (war, violence, and dehumanized profiteering), he was naturally on their side, and vice versa.

the inner Man. A Bad seed can only deteriorate further into Darkness. So the inner Man must **Force** itself to change all the corrupt uses of Flesh and Soul. Or forget Redemption. Forget Salvation. For the spirit of God is pure, and will only abide in the house and temple of a soul who "sincerely" only seeks to (as well he) be. A deep seated desire must take in effect. So this is the gross tarnished area I must change. It's take time, but the one I am now - and from the past - must shed. It has been - exceedingly wicked - plus by my tongue and thoughts even behind these four walls - still is. I must push evil of any kind I have been conditioned in throughout some 25-30 years embedded too - by cultural and traditional influences. Besides the great many other sins I practiced into, I and rid them. Become a New Being! A new creature! When you do - The Past must completely - go - Bye Bye. All the wicked things - and tongue - and all. Good Memories are fine. Clean and Decent ones - A-OK. But the other left over that trained you to walk in evil Blind or not. Must Go! This my friend is what I'm working on and trying to Master. Words must become pure - thoughts must become pure - the act must be cleaned up! And while it is - Love must come back in. And All hatred and Malice must be forgiven and forgotten. If others don't forgive you. So what. As long as your inner-self honestly does others, the record then of yours becomes useless in this area. It will show that you "Always" forgive - Regardless what came your way - And in all "True Sincerity". And so this my friend - is what I mean about - if I died today I'd probably go straight to hell. For all that is in me - is still old and evil. It must change.

You Down! Can I borrow your juicer. Em. The stuff your

mentioned that I was on my way out to the headquarters of the Frisco Angels to drop off a Brazilian drum record that one of them wanted to borrow. Kesey said he might as well go along, and when he met the Angels he invited them down to a weekend party in La Honda. The Angels went and thereby met a lot of people who were living in the Haight-Ashbury for the same reason I was (cheap rent for good apartments).

People who lived two or three blocks from each other would never realize it until they met at some pre-hippie party. But suddenly everybody was living in Haight-Ashbury, and this accidental unity took on a style of its own. All that it lacked was a label, and the San Francisco Chronicle quickly came up with one. These people were "hippies," said the Chronicle, and, lo, the phenomenon was launched. The Airplane and the Grateful Dead began advertising their sparsely attended dances with psychedelic posters, which were given away at first and then sold for \$1 each until finally, the poster advertisements became so popular that some of the originals were selling in the best San Francisco art galleries for more than \$2,000. By this time both the Jefferson Airplane and the Grateful Dead had gold-plated record contracts, and one of the Airplane's best numbers, "White Rabbit," was among the best-selling singles in the nation.

By that time, too, the Haight-Ashbury had become such a noisy mecca for freaks, drug peddlers, and curiosity seekers that it was no longer a good place to live. Haight Street was so crowded that municipal buses had to be rerouted because of the traffic jams.

At the same time, the "Hashbury" was becoming a magnet for a whole generation of young dropouts, all those who had canceled their reservations on the great assembly line: the high-rolling, soul-bending competition for status and security in the ever-fattening yet ever-narrowing American economy of the late 1960s. As the rewards of status grew richer, the competition grew stiffer. A failing grade in math on a high school report card carried far more serious implications than simply a reduced allowance: It could alter a boy's chances of getting into college and, on the next level, of getting the "right job." As the economy demanded higher and higher skills, it produced more and more technological dropouts. The main difference between hippies and other dropouts was that most hippies were white and voluntarily poor. Their backgrounds were largely middle class; many had gone to college for a while before opting out for the "natural life." An easy, unpressured

One of Aileen's letters, with her signature emphasis & emojis:

Aileen Wornat  
1150924 DR #4  
Barnard Correctional Institution  
P.O. Box 84-8580  
Pamunoke River Florida  
33084

1-15-96

Dear Dawn,

I thought I'd be writing another letter the same day when I said I'd move on to another one "today" in my last letter. But! How? C'mon! I whizzed out the Duke and became highly engrossed in study. So forgive me my dear. These kinda things (in)trigues do happen to me, when "Ever" I open the Good Cook.

Wrote you Mom yesterday. Wishin her a Happy Valentine's and gettin lost in the Road with her. Your Mom is one Beautiful Woman and the fond memories I have, having met her during our kids days are sentimental to the photogenic past within my mind. Wonderful Lady and so was your Dad. Besides cool headed Duckey. 🐤 — <sup>st. John</sup> <sup>1/15/96</sup>

I notice my writing still is a bit tense around the edges of movement across the page. Guess this is due to alot a lack of exercise. He He He! But my wrist doesn't hurt - nor the joints of my fingers since I've been being "Very Careful" at just what to eat of the prison food trays. No great loss. The food is horribal - at times anyway! Chuckle, <sup>st. John</sup> <sup>1/15/96</sup> chhhhhhh. <sup>st. John</sup> <sup>1/15/96</sup> Bluuuuu. UH.

Wow, what watchin "Real Ghost III" on 33 the other day. 🌟 likes - scary as spit. There real stories of Ghost encounters. Good... Halloween stuff! Better than Freddy's cougar - Man! Needless to say - It's basically demon possession that causes such encounters - Be they ones that are vicious as hell itself. But I've been really pondering in thought to these good encounters. Whether to believe they happened (or) was it another trick in the bag by Lucifer

barefoot, always young, and never apologetic. They would share what they collected anyway, so it seemed entirely reasonable that strangers should share with them. Unlike the beatniks, few hippies are given to strong drink. Booze is superfluous in the drug culture, and food is regarded as a necessity to be acquired at the least possible expense. A "family" of hippies will work for hours over an exotic stew or curry, but the idea of paying three dollars for a meal in a restaurant is out of the question.

Some hippies work, others live on money from home, and many get by with part-time jobs, loans from old friends, or occasional transactions on the drug market. In San Francisco, the post office is a major source of hippie income. Jobs like sorting mail don't require much thought or effort. The sole support of one "clan" (or "family," or "tribe") was a middle-aged hippie known as Admiral Love, of the Psychedelic Rangers, who had a regular job delivering special delivery letters at night. There was also a hippie-run employment agency on Haight Street; anyone needing temporary labor or some kind of specialized work could call up and order whatever suitable talents were available at the moment.

Significantly, the hippies have attracted more serious criticism from their former compatriots of the New Left than they have from what would seem to be their natural antagonists on the political right. Conservative William Buckley's National Review, for instance, says, "The hippies are trying to forget about original sin and it may go hard with them hereafter." The National Review editors completely miss the point that serious hippies have already dismissed the concept of original sin and that the idea of a hereafter strikes them as a foolish, anachronistic joke. The concept of some vengeful God sitting in judgment on sinners is foreign to the whole hippie ethic. Its God is a gentle abstract deity not concerned with sin or forgiveness but manifesting himself in the purest instincts of "his children."

The New Left brand of criticism has nothing to do with theology. Until 1964, in fact, the hippies were so much a part of the New Left that nobody knew the difference. "New Left," like "hippie" and "beatnik," was a term coined by journalists and headline writers, who need quick definitions of any subject they deal with. The term came out of the student rebellion at the University of California's Berkeley campus in 1964 and 1965. What began as a Free Speech Movement in Berkeley soon spread to other campuses in the East and Midwest and was seen in the





The former Fairview Motel. Photograph by David Taylor.



The old Fairview Motel sign lends a touch of nostalgia in 2013 to the motel once frequented by Aileen Wuornos and Tyria Moore. Photograph by Jackelyn Giroux.

elements in Congress, but instead, it was the "liberal" Democrats who got stomped.

The hippies saw the election returns as brutal confirmation of the futility of fighting the Establishment on its own terms. There had to be a whole new scene, they said, and the only way to do it was to make the big move either figuratively or literally from Berkeley to the Haight-Ashbury, from pragmatism to mysticism, from politics to dope, from the involvement of protest to the peaceful disengagement of love, nature, and spontaneity.

The mushrooming popularity of the hippie scene was a matter of desperate concern to the young political activists. They saw a whole generation of rebels drifting off to a drugged limbo, ready to accept almost anything as long as it came with enough "soma" (as Aldous Huxley named the psychic escape drug of the future in his science-fiction novel *Brave New World*, 1932).

New Left writers and critics at first commended the hippies for their frankness and originality. But it soon became obvious that few hippies cared at all for the difference between political left and right, much less between the New Left and the Old Left. "Flower Power" (their term for the power of love), they said, was nonpolitical. And the New Left quickly responded with charges that hippies were "intellectually flabby," that they lacked "energy" and "stability," that they were actually "nihilists" whose concept of love was "so generalized and impersonal as to be meaningless."

And it was all true. Most hippies are too drug-oriented to feel any sense of urgency beyond the moment. Their slogan is "Now," and that means instantly. Unlike political activists of any stripe, hippies have no coherent vision of the future which might or might not exist. The hippies are afflicted by an enervating sort of fatalism that is, in fact, deplorable. And the New Left critics are heroic, in their fashion, for railing at it. But the awful possibility exists that the hippies may be right, that the future itself is deplorable and so why not live for Now? Why not reject the whole fabric of American society, with all its obligations, and make a separate peace? The hippies believe they are asking this question for a whole generation and echoing the doubts of an older generation.



Victim Dick Humphreys' car was found behind this abandoned gas station at the SR 90 and I-75 interchange in Suwannee County, Florida. Photograph by David Taylor.



Look closely and you'll see the spent .22 caliber shell casing in the soil that was positively linked to Aileen Wuornos's gun. Photograph by David Taylor.



A heap of “dead motorcycles” outside The Last Resort Bar. Photograph by David Taylor.



The Last Resort Bar advertises its proud slogan on its trailer/truck. Photograph by David Taylor.

maybe they kept and didn't tear down. The sauna was a steam room, 'Finnish style', my Dad built it along with the house...

Say did you notice if the names on the mailboxes were still our ol' kid friends? Like their parents still live there, or kids took over after perhaps their deaths. Like Kerr's or Maddox's or Farewells.

I'm very happy to see my house has been so cared for and as creatively kept up with as it has been. Whoever lives there thank you!

\*\*\*

Hellooo! And Thank you for the greatest gift you could've ever given this gal locked up... I love ya Buddy! Last night I went to the 70s and just was flooded with the good old days... I'm curious if the woods next to my house are still there. So are there woods there? These woods we would gallivant through to reach the pits.

I remember saving Lori's butt from some bees in those woods next to Randall's.

Me probably 9 or 10, her 11 or 12. There was this abandoned car, Chevy-looking, we were goofing around by it. We lifted the wood near the vehicle and out came the bees, swarming everywhere, we ran, yet they kept coming.

She was stung about 5 times only! Should have been more. Did I get any thanks for it? Haha, hell no! Only; “It was your fault, your fault, your fault.” Chuckle, chuckle.

Always trying to be a hero to my sis. Carl Maddox had this bow and arrow set. Always was over our house trying to shoot bats with it. I watched the arrow coming down zeroing on Lori. The arrow hit her in the back. It wasn't in far. About a 1/2 inch or less but still had to be removed. So I removed it... she didn't want mom + Dad to know. So I put peroxide and iodine on it, stuck a band-aide across it. And Wallah Some 4 days later she was OK. Was I credited? Heck no! not this time either. It was you and Carl's fault, you and Carl's, you and Carl's. Haha, boy oh boy! Memories!



Wet Willie's Tavern in a seedy stretch of the Daytona, Florida, area. One of Lee's many pool-playing and drinking hangouts.



The shrine that has been erected to Lee Wuornos outside the back of the Last Resort Bar where she was finally arrested by investigator, Larry Horzepa, on January 9, 1991.

Nick: And when you saw her being beaten...

Michelle: Erm yeah that door right there, I was in front of that door, see they've redone the house since then, but that room in the very back is her bedroom, not the first one but the second window, you see how low they are, she used to climb right out of them. XXXX lived there also and we used to go over and smoke pot and do whatever, get in all kinds of shit.

Nick: But lot's of different drugs?

Michelle: Yes! Erm lots of pills actually, LSD, mescaline, bladder acid.



The Wuornos home, above. Nearby neighbors heard Aileen's cries when her grandfather punished her.



What was once the Wuornos home in Troy, Michigan. Above the front door is one of the two windows from which Aileen regularly made her late-night escapes.

asleep. Cause none of us with them placing all the gifts that night, we so faithfully requested to Santa. Every year our ways of doing it up for the Holidays were pretty much likewise. Our imaginations were running wild and free – full of exciting fun. Until we had to learn the truth. Final outcome, Keith got bombarded with snowballs the rest of the winter hahaha.

### **Childhood Smoking**

Strawberries, yum, sounds good. Haven't had lovely strawberries since I was 6 or 7. So it's been a long time. And when we were kids we tried to smoke the rotted vines. It worked a little. You could get a puff or 2. But we started early with cigarettes, so continued to rip em off from whomever or wherever we could. As for having put out for any, no way. And whoever made that one up is CRAZY, period. Anyway, kid days! Ahhhh, they were so heavenly.

### **Playing With Fire**

School became my favorite thing to attend. But when 3rd grade would come along, this would take a turn for the worse, screwing up my joy of going.

I was 9 and Lori was 11 at the time and I decided to play with some flammable liquid in an empty duck shed we had alongside our house. The whole shed lit up quick, being so full of hay and rotted wood. As Lori received a slight burn on her thigh, and me, my face.

1st and 2nd-degree burns they were. Some 3rd around the forehead. Luckily it was basically lighter fluid and not gasoline or I'd of been without one, a face that is, for sure.

I was wrapped up like the invisible man for at least 3 days in the Hospital. Then for a time at home. After about 3 months it seemed, caring for the burns, I'd wind up with scars on my forehead only, thank God! And I always have.



Keith Wuornos with his father/grandfather, Lauri Wuornos, on a family trip.



Aileen and Keith with Britta Wuornos, the grandmother who raised them as if they were her own children, on vacation two years before Britta's death.

## Chapter 2. Runaway Kid



*Aileen aged 13. A happy moment during one of her family's regular summer vacations & Aileen riding her bike in her Troy neighborhood.*

### First Rapes (Aged 13)

My first run-in with rape would be at parties I was considered a stranger to. Out in Pontiac and Detroit. Whereas I'd find myself tied to a bed spread eagle, that is once I awoke and gang-raped. As I'd run into at least 3 of these brutal attacks at 13. Animals.

Then sadly I was running into this with those I knew at parties. And then the last to come which hindered anymore for a while anyway would be from a ride, as I'd hitchhike home from Clawson after sneaking out to party at, some 8 miles away. And this one would get me pregnant. At 14. Low Life Scum Ball.

The guy said he knew my dad, and where I lived. He picked me up out of the pouring rain on 20 and Rochester, across from the Clark station. He pulled me out of it and asked me if I could use a lift. I told him where I lived, not far! Then he said my dad's name, he said he comes to the bar often. Then the rest.. too embarrassing.

## Pictures



Dawn Botkins and the walnut tree she planted in Wuornos's memory where Aileen's ashes are scattered.

## Unwed Mothers Home In Detroit (Aged 14)

It's snowing outside. Way back when I was 14, stuck in an unwed mothers home in Detroit, low and behold just before I had the little tike it was snowing outside. Boy, that kid I had was huge. I can't remember if they said 7 lbs 11 ounces or 11 lbs 7 ounces. But I sure remember well the pain. 24 hours of labor. The stretch marks from him rack my body. They're all over. He pulled me apart!

I wound up naming him Keith Arnold Wuornos. Then later, as I was being sentenced to girls training school. the Judge said that my child was adopted into a wealthy family and that the 1st name was kept. Hmm. Wonder how true that all was. Anyway, it sure kept me happy!

## Final Words On Her Past

I was thinking, I bet Dawn always says to herself, 'God Ty sure was ugly, she wasn't that great looking, so what did she see in her?' Chuckle. Chuckle.

It was basically because she was sooooo sweet. 90% of her whole behavior was just super sweet and innocent, regardless that she preferred a gay life. I wanted to just reach out and hug her all the time. Just every minute if I could! Yet it was all in a "sisterly sense" with no interest in the sex part. No way. It was to against the grain of nature for me and God. So all my love leaned more towards just pure friendship, extraordinarily tight.

And then of course my magnified love for her had me more careful than ever before out there thumbing, just to keep myself in one piece for her. God only knew when I'd see Ty again should I have been busted. So I decided to rip off a gun and risk carrying it 'regardless', as I lugged it around in a tote bag for at least 3 months before reaching up with Richard Mallory.

And then Ty and I were running into problems too. People kept messing with us just because we were gay. While landlords wound up kicking us out continually.

Then we had other problems, be it with our pets! Having acquired in all our 4½ years together 3 cats and a dog. Eventually to wind up with only one cat in the end that some guys next door I know kidnapped to kill, only because they found out we were gay. A gay couple living together. So messing with my beloved pets who were like kids to me also fueled the fire within.

And as we moved from "Rutland Florida" to Ocean Views RV. resort there in Ormond Beach just above Daytona, we bumped into another situation 'because we were gay'. Only then to be told that we were too loud and so had to move out in 24 hours. Our 18 ft. corsair trailer that we wound up with from Homosassa for \$1,500 and a mere 50 bucks a month in payments for.

Then Ty landed a job as a laundry worker for a Motel called Casa Del Mar only to make \$300 every 2 weeks. We then moved just a mile down from the park to a motel that'd accept pets, only for the bills to skyrocket from \$150 a month to \$140 a week.

Only to run into another problem. As it was that every time we went to work, the animals made a mess of the place and a hell of a lot of a racket. Knowing we were surely gonna get evicted for it and did, I headed back out doing the usual, yet knowing now I'd have to make a hell of a lot more than ever before! Like \$1,500 in 3 days, and that just wasn't going to happen unless clients got rolled.

Well, there's more!

My mom was getting interested in planting more trees. She had 2 planted in the back... But here in the early 70s, she wanted to plant more.

So, these people who now live here, have done precisely again – another gig – exactly as my mom had planned but never fulfilled. Woe! Awesome ay?!

I say it's a sign from my mom. Because when we were little and talks on God would come up. she often mentioned that if she was to die, she'd love to be able to leave "Signs" somehow that / regardless out of the body / she's still alive. She even thought of one idea, that. was to clip a rose off of one of her many rose bushes., place it in a vase without water on the fireplace mantel. If the rose didn't wilt in a week but stayed fresh as if just clipped off the bush, it was done by her, as proof, she is still alive "in Spirit". Well, Lori and Dad did do this, and the rose stayed good for not only a week. But a week and a 1/2. At least this is what Lori told me. Awesome Ay?!



Nick: Did you get any idea that she hated men? Or...?

Dick Mills: No, I just got the feeling she was a dyke, which is what she was, but I didn't know she was a killer, there was no way I could know that.

Nick: I mean could you have known that when you made love to her or...?

Dick Mills: Nah, not particularly, she probably just liked it either way, whatever came along, didn't really seem to matter much, it was just another bad experience I'm sure for both of us.

### **Tampa Bay Times Article**

A former lover of Aileen Wuornos, the woman accused of slaying several middle-aged motorists in Central Florida, describes her as a "wild, savage party animal" with a voracious appetite for sex and booze. Dick Mills said he met Ms. Wuornos in Wet Willie's, a biker bar in Daytona Beach, in December 1990 after he separated from his wife, Connie. He said the meeting sparked a five-day affair with Ms. Wuornos, who told him her name was Lee Green.

"There's only two people I've ever met who have met the devil and shaken his hand. One is me. The other is her," Mills, a 45-year-old Vietnam Veteran, told the Ocala Star-Banner.

Ms. Wuornos, he said, was devastated over the recent breakup of a five-year relationship with Tyria Moore.

Mills said Ms. Wuornos would drink heavily and weep uncontrollably while crying out for Ms. Moore. He said he and Ms. Wuornos were attracted to each other because both were depressed about separating from their partners.

Court records show Ms. Moore told authorities that Ms. Wuornos told her in December that she had "killed a guy."

Ms. Moore is in protective custody in an undisclosed area and is expected to testify against Ms. Wuornos, who is being held without bond pending a murder trial scheduled in September.

Mills said Ms. Wuornos, 34, "hated the cops" and "went wild when she saw one."

If mom hadn't died. I bet Lori could've gone to college also. But had we wanted to? No go! So now you see why Lori & Barry would jump on the money to witness against me. Lying for the state and for the money.

Time for me to study my Bible, Stay Cool.

The Kiddo! Love Aileen.

### **A Memory Of One Of Her Dad's Savage Beatings**

Michelle: I don't know how much you want me to say, he was a bastard.

Lawyer: Do you recall an incident when you and Aileen skipped school.

Michelle: Yes.

Lawyer: What happened? Did you go up to Aileen's house?

Michelle: I walked home with her, and we had gotten caught, and I remember looking through the front, they had a screen door view, and the minute she walked in, he had her over a chair, and ah \*sighs\* I stood there and watched him, and he beat the hell out of her with a black belt that was around his waist, he took it off and told her to lean over the chair, and he walloped on her for a good 5 minutes.

Lawyer: Is this what you would call a spanking?

Michelle: Oh no, no, it was like, it left me hypnotized.

Lawyer: Did he know you were watching?

Michelle: Yea he did, he was aware I was watching.

Lawyer: Is that just an example as to...

Michelle: That's an example, yes.

### **Nick Broomfield Interview**

survive like normal middle-class people's wages. Instead of like Ty's, which was \$300 every 2 weeks. \$600 a month. Give me a break! Our rent alone was \$385 a month. Electric was around \$90 a month in the summer and \$190 a month in the winter. Plus food \$70 to \$100 a week. How in the hell do they expect anyone to live off of \$4.25 an hour.

Eventually, people get pissed off. No wonder they have crime and of the ugliest kind today. People's heads are getting messed up.

I'm really sorry to hear you lost your house, Dawn. But if you look at all I've said. You later in the future may be glad you have. For you may own outright, use your head. Don't let yourself go through this again. Please. For now.

### **One Reason For Carrying The Gun That Would Later Be Used In The Murders**

When I met Toni & Ty, I learned an excellent remedy for preventing getting IDs or cash stolen. 'Wear a wallet.' Chuckle, Chuckle. So purses went out the window. It worked well also on the road hooking. If any guy rode off with my purse & duffle bag while in a store getting a beer, or taking a piss, he'd get shit. When I got the gun, then my bag went into the store with me. And so this is how I kept my funds and ID and my protection safe from being stolen. Good idea Ay?!

split sister and brother stuff and all that, it was all true blood, all of that blood and everything was, financially stable, and everybody was really tight... I [pauses for effect], would have become more than likely an outstanding citizen of America, who would have either been an archaeologist, a paramedic, a police officer, a fire department gal, or an undercover worker for DEA, or did I say archaeology? Or a missionary, but I'm not a Christian freak, so scrub missionary, because I'm just thinking you know, if I would have come from a decent, ye know I would have done real decent.

## **Cycle Adventures To The Beach**

Hi there! Bicycle riding, how cool! I used to do it all the time. Use to ride 29 miles to Flagler from Daytona and back, like every other day. I'm glad ta hear you're getting into some real exercise. In my early 20s on days off from work, I'd pack 4 mellow yellows on it, with a beach towel wrapped around the handlebars, with bungee cord and a Bible. That was it. Except for me, dressed in Ts and shorts with a bathing suit underneath. Eventually, I'd strip down to just my bathing suit, and cruise out to Flagler. Then once out there at a beach area so deserted from any walking life. I'd hang out and read the Bible, as the beautiful ocean's shore of waves crashed in, making the most sublime tranquil sounds. Just reading and laying out, God, and the heaven-lies with Christ was always on my mind. Ty went with me once. Had a ball. Most of the time she was working though. And a lot of times I cruised out there on a 12 speed just to ditch my bike out in the woods and hit the freeway for the day, hooking around, then dropped off near where my bike was, and cruise back. It was relaxing to my nerves. Before I went and after I'd be done for the day tricking around. And check this out. Never bought any new tires for it. And never had a flat. I knew God was holding those tires together. And I was glad. 'Ding, Ding, Ding! Look out! I'm coming through hahaha.' Love Aileen

## **Sunbathing & Treasure Hunting**

Needless to say, besides rock, I also love tropical-sounding music. Reminds me of the Keys when I lived out there.

There I was every day when I first arrived – lying out under the bridge of US 1 and near the Oceans 80(s) motel resort. Oil all over me, black bikini on – and binoculars. Radio jamming as I'd pass the Sunny day of ray soaking with imaginable thoughts of Pirates aboard ships a sail at sea or Treasure's of many lost in. And I'd take the binoculars. and walk out waste deep in the water, then set my binoculars. in it as well, checking out the oceans floor, hoping like hell, I'd just get lucky and find an old Spanish coin – as I was. hahaha.

Crazy?! Oh well, this is how I kicked back and tried enjoying every breath I took out there in this tropical coral reef (tail end) of Florida. And now here I sit some 100 miles from (on) Death Row. Life.! It's so strange at times. Isn't it? Never know what that future will hold in store. Geez!

Nick: She didn't say that. I think she's confused because on the one hand says it had nothing to do with her childhood, but then on the other hand she was sleeping out in the snow for a while and living in the woods.

Dianne: She was sleeping in the snow and living in the woods?

Nick: Immediately after she had the baby.

Dianne: I know nothing about that? I never heard Barry tell me that.

Nick: After she had the baby she couldn't move back into the house with your father, then she was living in the woods in the snow.

Dianne: Didn't agency find her and take care of her?

Nick: No, and then she ended up hitching around.

Dianne: Which she liked.

(long pause)

Dianne: Do you know the exact date of the execution?

Nick: I think it's soon.

Dianne: OK, I think I'll rest better.

Nick voice-over: As we were leaving, Dianne asked for Aileen's forgiveness.

## **Nick Broomfield Interview**

Nick: Just before we came here, we met with your mother Dianne

Aileen: You met with my brother and Dianne, I could give a...

Nick: Your mother Dianne

Toni + Tyria were both materialistic and money-hungry to the core. This is one of the major fights we'd always get into. This is the royal mistake I made by her wishes, I had enough regulars to get by, but do you think Tyria cared? Hell no! She'd ask me to still go out! So, I was in love. She had me easily manipulated. Yeah! I was a fool. Such a waste. Wish I never would have met her.

### **Hurting Over Break Up Letters**

Ty sent me 2 flicks of herself with new front choppers in. Man, what an improvement. She looks really different now, in a really good way. Amazing what 2 front teeth can do for real! She's really hurting over our breakup in all of this. I can tell with her letters. I am too, but I'm trying to hide it from her, so she won't hurt as much. I tell you, I love her so deeply. Like you. These feelings are more 'sisterly', like our friendship. For I swear, I now am totally against lesbianism. It's a 'royal' strike against God and his laws of nature. So I've tossed any sick ideas like these, way out the window. But I really love her 'bad' as a sisterly image thing.

### **Ty Sent Her A Fancy Gold Watch**

I received Ty's package. Aw! The sweetheart picked out a real cool-looking watch. It's got these roman numerals around the gold ring of the watch's outer cover, has a gold hand on it, one for minutes moving around and its backdrop face of it is marble looking. Green streaks like a tiger look. Cool!

### **Letting Go Of Ties To Ty & Lori**

I see you've finally got in touch with ties to Ty. I guess she'd prefer to let things go too. I'm just glad to hear through her mom that she's doing good and working a lot. She loves to work because she loves people. It helps her to socialize and create friends. By now she has dozens and they've helped her get over me! All of which makes me that much happier. I know she's doing well and is fine. so I'll leave it at that I guess. And so if you would. Go ahead and quit calling. Don't want to piss her off. And please do the same with Lori.

## **Chapter 3. Institutionalization**

### **Pontiac Juvenile center (Aged 15)**

Well, as you know, way back, at the age of 15, I ran away from home for the 3rd and last time. The other times were at the age of 13 and 14. Now Mom cared, but Dad didn't. But, for themselves not to get in any trouble with the Law, they did as any normal parent should do and finally filed a runaway report. With Dad having a plan behind it once I was caught, which I had no idea of.

Then of course, as you know, during this 3rd split from the house, Mom dies. Unaware to! I had no idea she was so sick. As she died in the morning, and I was at the pits about to be hunted down by Lori and some of the Shelley girls in Dad's Maverick that Lori was driving.

Now you may have been with them Dawn, but I can't remember everyone there. I was beginning to get way burned out from the whole mess, so please forgive me if you were and I've forgotten. Anyway, from the car someone came down to the beach and told me Lori was up there and needed to talk with me. So, I made my way up the embankment to the car, only to find her full of tears. Then she laid on the shocking news and split, just to leave me likewise.

The news got to the cops fast, that I was around the area after that. Surely by Lori, Barry or Dad. But because of an uncle or cousin, I can't remember what kind of king he was, being one of the Cops in Troy I believe I was overlooked for a while as a runaway, so I could attend her funeral.

Yet it wouldn't be 24 hours later after I did that I'd sure enough be rounded up on my way to a juvenile facility out in Pontiac.

Now let me tell ya, that center was something else. Full of yuck and disgust. Hate was everywhere! And nothing was being accomplished because of it.

And it wouldn't be 2 days there, that I'd get locked down in a tiny cell away from the others for giving a Matron the finger. I believe they left me in there around a week or so, as the one I gave the finger to, knew

## **These Shoes Were Made For Walking**

My shoes? Well, buddy, those babies didn't walk as many miles as the ones I threw away. Dick Mills who I met and stayed with for only 4 days, had bought those for his girlfriend. I was in need of shoes real bad, he first decided to give them to me cause he & his girlfriend broke up. Then as I was about to leave his place he changed his mind. So I ripped them off. Hahaha. So there are not many miles on them.

Now the ones I threw out! They had some royal miles put on them! 1,000s! All of Florida was my turf, so the ones I threw out were ragged and torn royal. You're probably thinking why didn't you get a new pair? Well, because I was too busy hustling and too lazy too.

Just eat - work - party - sleep. I didn't much care about anything else. Only Tyria's happiness and stuff for her. When she had to split, well, then I really didn't care about anything! At all! Needless to say, life sucks. You find yourself true love and happiness, then eventually it slips away. The world is a wasted place. Lucifer has caused it to serve no purpose. And that's why my friend I cant wait to be where Christ is, where life there is all full of meaning.

## **Love Her Forever**

You lucky babe! You got to see Dateline. But not I. Boy was I pissed. About me, and couldn't even see it. So I have no idea, what it had. Was anything edited, did they chop, distort? I hope you're right, that I did OK.

Knowing me, I'm not very photogenic, so I probably was pretty funky looking.

How did Tyria look? Dorky I bet! She's not a good looker. But oh did we ever party, and do most everything together. I still love her. Can't let her go! She could shoot me, and if I survived it I would've had open arms, still, with lots of love to give. That's just the way I am. I love to give love. I know I've hurt myself over being this away. But the pain doesn't feel so bad when you know you're struggling to give love, for a cause that really pays off.

I know for a fact Ty and I would've stayed together for life. If this shit had never have happened. She told me on the phone, in one of the recorded phone calls at VCBJ. Lord did I cry on that phone. Cut me up like a machete attack to the heart. Arlene wants to keep her away from my funeral. I want Tyria at my funeral more than anything. I'll die thinking of her, as well as you. I don't believe much thought of anyone else will come to mind.

over with and to never have to see me again. As if I was going to be hanged.

But I guess it wasn't gonna work for ol' Dad the way he wanted it. When the judge asked if he wanted me back home, he shouted from the rooftop "no!" And to "do as you like to her, but she'll never step foot in my house again!" So the judge sentenced me to 6 months in Adrian, to a place known as a girls training school. Leaving me and my Dad with these words before pounding the gavel, "Maybe by then you'll change your mind about her, And me about running away from home."

I'd stare Dad dead in the eyes and tell the man I hated his guts. As he'd stare back and tell me he never wanted to see me again. And it'd be nearly the last too! With the exception of a few more run in's now and then before he commits suicide over everything! Especially the loss of his beloved wife.

Then the place I was sent to. Man. Was it a trip...

## **Toni – ‘My First Lezzy Encounter’ (Aged 29)**

### **Beating Up A Homophobe**

I've got to tell ya a story about Smart Alex bar & a fight I got into unexpectedly, so you'll know how much I changed, from a teen, when it comes to fighting. This happened around 85.

Well, after I bought Toni, my first lezzy encounter and the girl I'd been living with for a year, a pressure cleaner and all the equipment. Around 4 grand or so was spent. She up and left me. I was so in love with her, her leaving that is, the ripping me off didn't bug me, I just wanted her back, bad!

Around 4 days later, from her up and running, I was hanging out sudsing up all the pain. Now, this bar was a regular of ours. Well, it was around 11 a.m. Things were still slow in the bar, not much of anyone there, we were all kicking back, shooting pool, listening to the jukebox.

Me, I was settled down at the corner bar, resting away with a long neck bottle of bud. Suddenly this guy wearing all this army fatigue jazz walks in. Big guy, around 6'3" and around 275 and decides to order a brew.

Around 10 minutes go by. I'm not paying any attention to him, Just nursing my memories and pain of Toni being gone.

Suddenly, he turns to me and mouths off. "You Look like a lesbian to me." And I said "yeah, and so what if I am?" He said "I'm gonna kick your lezzy fucking ass black and blue all over this bar!" I slammed my beer down, and flew off the bar stool, pushing away the 3 bar stools between him. and I and jumped his ass. I threw him over 2 pool tables that were in the bar. beating him with my fist or standing over him, kicking the fuck out of him. I dragged him off by the arm, and hair, of what little he had, and dragged him to the back of the bar. Now everyone was watching me, cheering me on. "Kick his ass Lee," and so on! I was in the most violent rage you've ever seen.

As I dragged him out the door, and into the dirt, dust started flying everywhere.

Everyone was at the back door watching. I said "if you ever come back to this bar, I'll kill you!" Then Skip cut in, a biker dude, and he said "no! If you ever come back to this bar, we'll kill you! Get outta here!" Needless to say! I got royal respect, then I knew for certain, if I go off, I could whip anyone's ass. I was shocked afterwards myself in other words. Smart Alex bar was a trip anyway. A lot of wild times I had in that bar.

Suddenly... the dog looked up from sniffing and stared right at me. He just stopped at all that he was doing and stared right in my direction. Then the farmer said: "you see something boy?!". as he began to look in my direction too. I nearly fell out! My heart was in my throat! I kept eyeing them and thinking... I'm busted. But not without a fight! when next the dog went back to snooping the tracks and moving on, as the farmer took the dog's word for it, and followed on behind him.

I started laughing. Here they both passed me up, right from under their noses.

Booooo! Out the back door I flew! Running my ass off! Crossing the dirt road, flying over the ditch into the woods, just running as fast as I could. I was flooring it right through the pine, brush, and shrub, slipping along the way on broken limbs and pine cones laying around!

This running was Hard. My legs were growing tired, as my chest was wretched in Sweat and Pain. Burning Bad! This burning ripped down my throat and licked flat into my lungs like fire.

I knew I had to keep running and get a good mile or two before I could stop, but feeling ½ way there is when I heard the hounds.

So the more I heard those hounds, the faster I ran. My body felt like it was gonna just drop...

I knew then too, that I had to hide out near the tracks and just hope for the better.

And as the hounds were getting closer and closer – I feared only 2 things bad! The pounding of my heart. and sweat. Wondering if the dogs would pick up any of it.

Eyeing the ties, I began to see what was hunting me down. it was one huge fat guy with farmer jeans and a flannel shirt on. With one dog! They were so close, I could hear the dogs panting.

Don't get scared now. Cause later on there's even scarier hahaha. I swear. Enjoy my stories, buddy. What a life I lead. For sure.

### **3<sup>rd</sup> Real Relationship**

Did you know, did I ever tell ya? I was shot by a 22 bullet. I shot myself with a 22 caliber rifle at that, over cough cough cough. spittle gag. Yes. A GUY.

What?! You heard right. A guy man. haha. I was lost in love, and he was gonna leave me because his "Mommy" told him to. I was around 22, maybe 24. He was like a year or 2 older than me. I was sloshed when I did it. I have to admit. A drunk Aileen does me no good. I always "get in trouble."

Well, let me go on to something else.

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Then my 3<sup>rd</sup> was in my 20s. Mick Loder, who I shot myself over. Geez! What a waste of time. He joined the Coast Guards and turned fag. Yuck! Hahaha like I've room to talk. I started the gay scene at 28. though there were other guys before 28 off and on in my life I was with for a while. But these 3 were the only ones I 'really loved'.

Oh memories, memories! Even the bad ones. Great experiences. Gave me plenty of wisdom down the silver cord of this life's living in.

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Shit! I gotta tell ya this one, once upon a time, long ago and far away! Well, there was a girl who was close to me. Like you & I! Nick-nick, we called each other sisters. One night we were in this bar, and she had her purse ripped off. She asked me if I could help her get it back. So I go up to the thief and tap her on the shoulder and told her "alright! My sister here tells me you've got her purse. How about Just given it back, and all will be cool!" She was like a viper, beginning to yell. So we went outside. She had these pointed toes, steal (I believe) tipped cowboy boots on with her 2 piece outfit.

We're standing there, I am mouthing off to her, to just hand over the purse. She kicks me! She does this with all her might and Just miss's my clit by fractions. Hits the lip. I bend over slightly, and immediately straightened up. and said, "that didn't hurt!" And punched her. We're fighting away! They break us up eventually. Ouch!! So the next day. One side of my puss was black, and I mean blackish/blue/black, as well as my leg all the way down to my knee/inside my leg. Talk about lucky!

The hair of my head started risen with my adrenaline as well. I must have looked like a scared horse, when I said, "No." He said. "Yes you are, Cause you see here I've got a picture of ya!" And he handed me the picture. I glared at the Juvenile Mug shot and thought to throw it and run. But he must have sensed it, cause he suddenly grabbed me by the wrist and held on tight saying; "Don't try it, see those cars down there, they're full of hounds!" Best give up cause you're surrounded. They've got ya hon." Looking around, and realizing he was right I gave up all my hard efforts and surrendered.

We slowly walked over to around 4 carloads of dogs and people, as I was then placed in one and back on my way to Adrian.

Thinking. how much I struggled to get away and how fruitless it all became I then had to ask and said. Hey! By the way! How far are we from the School?! He Said 3 miles.

### **2<sup>nd</sup> Run**

I was positioned at the door, readying myself for this fly-by-night run...

As my heart jumped in my mouth and my Adrenalin rushed to my head. I went for it! Yanking the door open having it smack against the wall.

Then, The chase was on!

Flooring it to the exit, With the girls out in the hall cheering me on, as I could hear them saying Go Go Go Go Go. Runnnnnnnnnnn!

I kept flying on down the stairs and could hear each step snapping under the Weight having me trembling to the ground.

I was bolting across the road, on into the dense forest debris, stumbling over this and tripping over that.

I couldn't see a thing! As a sense of direction seemed easy to be impaired. I wasn't liking this at all!

But, hey, I couldn't turn back now, it was Troy or die. My senses were desperate, as I went on to tough it out.

Having fallen asleep along the cruise, when all of a sudden I was jolted up by him entering the sleeper jabbing a knife to my throat as another assault was on the verge to begin.

It was an instant reflex of course to defend myself. So we fought. You should have seen that huge truck! It was weaving back and forth all over the place which had me wondering why nobody was coming around or being concerned. Here he had pulled his truck. way off to the very end of the exit ramp.

And as it was going on he kept saying: "I don't want to hurt you, but if I have to I will!" While I kept pushing his hand holding the knife, away from my face, bitching royal.

I thought psychologically I'd win this one with a bit of a huff and a puff put into it, but there was just no way. He pressed it hard enough then to let me know he was willing to kill.

Man I tell ya. I'd really like to know just what the hell they've got down there between their legs that'd cause them to become so violent.

And in the course of it all, he kept threatening to slice my throat or choke me to death. So off-balance in his assault that he couldn't decide which he'd like to do.

And although I was pretty beat up. I knew that since he was "teasing" in the situation that if I kept my cool I'd walk outta it all. Alive. So cut with the defense and dropped myself to his level, as low as I could go. Using the psychological method now to keep from serious stuff happening, sexually. Only for it to assist me, from sodomy.

His imagination was running wild under his psycho craze of sexual rage. Pushing it way beyond the word exotic. Flat strange and fully retarded. Drumming up practically anything he could with his semen all over me. Insane! As he'd ejaculate and copulate to these continual orgasms just to spill it all over on me. Be it in my hair, my face, my chest, or my stomach. Anywhere he could! And forcing me to hold his cum in my mouth, slide it around, then swallow, when he said so. So he was insanely bizarre and sick, to say the least. But grateful his sick ass self erased any ideas of sodomy. I take it his ideas with the semen kept him from wanting feces on it.

Then to top off the humiliation that he wanted me to endure, forced me out of his rig right then and there at the rest area. Having to walk in front of all those people who could only guess what happened, which wasn't hard looking like death run

And the damage being extensive just to help their hounds catch their prey. To do then what?!

Abuse the hell out of once it's caught. Well, they weren't going to get me!

It became useless, to hope the pain would end, the throbs tore through me.

But I was strung out to get away from that school and back home. As my home was Troy itself. So I kept hauling ass through everything!

When Low and Behold another swirl I'd smack into! Again! God was I mad. Woooooo!

This time landing spread eagle. Arms extended. Legs extended. Pillowcase went flying. And there I was.

Boy was I ever in pain!

I pushed myself off, as cloth sounds ripped through the cool of the midnight air. As I could hear the hounds gaining.

I immediately changed course, I went straight for the highway.

The start of my plan's from the get-go. To clear 3 miles of wood then hit the highway...

I figured the most I gained was ½ mile or so. As I kept cutting through the woods in my cut-up mess, searching blindly for the highway like a bat outta hell and a scared rabbit, as well.

Searching for signs of any highway nearby, I could hear the distant sounds of traffic and smell their fumes, so knew I was getting near.

But there was this one huge gouge – gored along my right Wrist (inside)... that left me in fear of bleeding to death...

Only to then frantically pull off my T-shirt, rip a piece off, and hopefully put a good tourniquet on it to stop the flow.

I hit pay dirt. There it was! Without a car in sight. And while I stood upon the road, from the light of the moon, for the first time could see the



I laughed, then on a serious note mighty pissed said; "I really don't give a damn man! One thing I know is I don't put out for anyone unless they pay! And even if you did the way you acted on me. no dice. It's pay or forget it! Bottom line, man."

He started sympathizing and apologizing for the threats he put me through. Next taking out his wallet to let me know he'd run outta bread and needed to wire for more. And that lastly he was just horny as hell.

After listening to it all, I excepted his apology as I'd eventually wind up giving him some anyhow! Using the "Psychological Method" on him. With too many miles up ahead still before I could get outta this storm and away from him.

Yet I'd run into others where that wouldn't work. Or would come close to a situation that would fall apart. Let me tell ya about the time I was hitchhiking outta Lexington Kentucky.

I was dressed to the hilt for such weather. Putting on plenty of socks, thermals, boots, scarfs, Cap, gloves, besides the nice thick coat I wore. I was still too cold. Yet because of all the clothes I was wearing it was hard for me to cop a ride. Well, they'd say they couldn't tell if I was a Boy or Girl standing there. Well, I fixed that little number later on when I could get a hold of some cardboard and marker. Posting then across it Girl or the State I was cruising to while I thumbed. And it worked out well too.

And as the cars kept creeping by because of the slick of the road, some honked at me. I could see way on the emergency lane through the flurries flying around, the back of Semis tail lights. I then headed over to see if the ride was for me.

When I reached his truck, I must have looked as though I had shovels of snow thrown on me standing there thumbing for so long, and surely had the weather been different I would have refused this ride, because of his size. He was toooo big! At least 310 or 340 it seemed. I mean HUGE! So much so, for 16, it scared the shit out of me! But I was already in the truck.

Reaching his final destination I was then asked if I'd like to stay over as we started rolling into the outskirts of this City. It would've been nice but kindly thanked him and preferred to be on my way.

While he started on a sexual track with me that caused me to feel there was double trouble coming. I noticed him grab something from the door. A .357 Magnum. Glaring at me full of hate with it inches from my head. Saying; bitch I'm gonna get some of that pussy tonight!

It was a slow process. being so tattered and Battered, I could see way up in the distance (a) beam of rays – glowing Hoping it'd be a closed gas station, most gas stations were leaving their restrooms open for the public.

When I finally reached its sight spread across the midnight blue I came upon a drive-in. I began to receive the wildest stares, I knew I'd have to do everything fast.

Reaching the restrooms, you wouldn't believe what I saw!

Upon first notice, was my hair. It was bunched together in one matted mess – complete with sweat and blood.

My face. I could see whiplash lines across my cheeks and forehead by all the branches.

Lordy, My arms, Front, Back, and Legs were scratched, scraped, beating bloody and blue – from the gouges off of the razor wire spools.

I know I had to get with it though and move fast. I started hiding in one of the stalls and proceeded to wipe the blood off my torn-up body. Changing clothes wasn't easy.

I could hear girls coming and going when suddenly I heard this soft voice whispering at the door asking if I needed any help. And then proceeded to ask me if I was from the school just a mile down the road; "Me and my boyfriend want to help you out. My niece was in there. We will take ya anywhere ya need to go."

I was so grateful, as we split—with a cop being seen passing as we left...

I wound up spending the night at their place being that she was a nurse, and him a firefighter. I was. Awestruck too all over again.

A guardian angel perhaps?! As I then immediately thought of Mom.

The next morning, as they said they'd do, plans were on the way to drive me into

## **Alcoholism**

### **Drinking Every Day**

And sure hope none of you's had any terrible hangovers. I can recall some pretty hairy tricks to get rid of off the road. Lordy, I must have tried them all too. But only one I really liked. Alka-Seltzer. hahaha. But I can't really say if it actually worked or not because I basically got drunk every day! So by noon, I was back to a buzz on the stuff. I swear once I had one so bad, I didn't even feel human! hahaha. I couldn't wait to feel human again. hahaha. It was a Terrible Hangover. Big-time bad one.

### **Happiest Memories**

Going back to the old days. The 'Good ol' days!' I used to watch Leave it to Beaver, Lassie, Bowery Boys, Ozzie and Harriet, Ed Sullivan, American Bandstand, Land of the giants, twilight Zone, lost in space, voyage to the bottom of the Sea, Bat Masterson, Wild West, Bonanza, Wagon train, I Love Lucy, Dick Van Dyke, Jackie Gleason, and so many more with even Lawrence Welk, because my Dad had it on whenever it was on. Both my parents were into waltz-type music. Mom would listen to laid-back stations with some of our music we were growing up with like Love 93 out here. Soft, smooth, and real mellow. A station I also listen to now because of the junk there coming out with today.

The good ol' days. Like the Happy days series, they use to hang out at the soda, shops, while we use to hang out at the mall, bars, and head shops. hahaha Learning how to shoot pool was fun.! For Sure. I grew up as a shark. I was using the talent I picked up for bread & butter when hustling sex would get old. I did real good. Once walked out of a bar in buffalo Michigan with 99 bucks. Played for some 4 hours at a dollar a game. Lost the table only once. For Real. Old raggy pool tables + sticks I played best on

Had a technique for beyond the pro-way. The by the rules in shooting was out. I had a way of my own and loved betting pool. Had a ball, but turned into an alcoholic, I began to love bars with a passion. The socializing and pool playing, getting slouched did me in. I was hooked on the suds up to my arrest.

## **Scars**

As horrific as it was, with me still at 15 and scarring me up pretty bad (Because of all that barbed Wire) seemed only a wee pack of a punch to all the massive amounts of blows I'd receive and be shocked with the rest of my life.

I mean Rape. Gang-raped. Getting pregnant. The unwed home. Adrian. Scarred by fire. Scarred by barbed wire. Man. What next?!

## **First Real Relationship**

Say do you remember a boyfriend I had back then that use to hang with me at the pit? Bobby Rowland. He had Beatles styled hair blond, blondish red mustache? Curious. He was my first. While I was at Adrian he overdosed on heroin. Died.

Bobby had Blondish/Brown long hair almost to the shoulders, and a blondish/Brown mustache. around 5'8" then, always wore a leather jacket.

My nickname was Apple as a teen. Bobby my teen boyfriend gave me the nick. When I met him he wasn't in any motorcycle club, but along the way of our dating and partying in all our puppy lovely stuff he joined them. Anytime I met a member of the club they'd call me Apple. Bobby overdosed on heroin and died when I was in girls training school and I was lost in love. My luck always dies out doesn't it?

## **Other Jobs**

### **Working As A Topless Bartender**

They had a company out in Daytona on Ridgewood Ave which I tried getting a job at, a long time ago and far away! And wound up instead getting a job as a Topless Bartender at a juke named Sam's. What?! Chhhhhh. Yeah, had to bend real low ya know, I was hard up back then...

So I for a while was a Topless Bartender. That is until "Bike Week." 2 creeps came up to the bar, Drunk Royal. Well recognizing there 2 like that I began to tell myself they're gonna have to be 86'd. So as I started to, one of them sloshed out of their minds said "bitch! I'm Mouse and this is my partner in the outlaws Motherfucker! Now if you don't give me and my pal here another drink we're gonna tear this bar down ya hear! Now get us both our drinks and shut your mouth!"

God! I was shell-shocked. Shitting purple nickels. Only 2 weeks on the job. And the first time I've ever been a Bartender. Man. I didn't know what to do! So, then I figured OK. Just to keep the peace from a riot. Give them their drinks. Then of course I had to call the manager, and he came in and took over. God was I embarrassed. I wanted to pound those 2 bastards in the ground if only I could! Had I have been the hulk I would of! Geez! humph. So. that was quite an experience FOR SURE.

Anyway! Such were some of my jobs in Daytona. As I was also a Topless dancer for one solid day. God that's all I could handle. I was full of shame and stage fright, Royal! Hahaha, Oh was I. I held on for an 8-hour shift. Got 80 bucks for it. And that's all she wrote. Chuckle. Chuckle. I quit!

### **Trying To Enroll In The Army**

You know I missed getting into the Marines by 2 messily points on my aptitude battery test/ 40 was as low a score you could get and still get in. I made a 38. I was 20 years old. I was running down a T or F questionnaire and missed a box. By the time I realized it, I was some 15 or so questions down. Retracted by erasing all I just answered. Started over. So I lost out. the Marines was my last try. After taking all other tests for the Army, Air force + Navy. So I finally said "Foohey!"

But best of them all was, The Hole and the Pool Hall located in Rochester Michigan, These 2 places were our favorites. And if you wanted to find us, normally you could there.

Now "The Hole" was a bowling alley located underneath Rochester Movie theater. It was nick-named this because of the few lanes it had. Which had like only four. And for a pastime and a little quick cash, a lot of us kids would set up pins for 75 cents an hour. Because ½ the time their machines wouldn't work to drop the pins back down. So they hired us to manually do the job as we'd in the meantime, get high and secretly sell drugs in the place, chuckle.

As for the "Pool Hall," it was beside the theater. Another favorite of everybody's. I'd learn to shoot exceptionally well – the game. So dam good It'd later be used as a tool to hustle with. Especially while on the run, when needing food or a room for the night. Making 50 cent Bets or a dollar on the game, and rarely ever losing.

The theater we hardly hit. There were too many other things to do! But as a youngster, I can still remember the prices for the few times we did see a flick there, with coverage, a quarter. And a box of popcorn only a dime.

Nothing like the good ol' day's ay?! For sure.

As Dawn would become a wonderful friend, I'd come to find out her parents were cool, with two more kids in the family, Billy, and Don.

And since Dawn, Ducky, Keith, Lori, and I were all the same age we all fit in well together as a group to goof around and party with. And that we did. Starting at the pits.

These pits we hung out at consisted of three man-made lakes that were nestled deep in the middle of the woods of some 435 acres running alongside our neighborhood. Man talk about kick-ass! It was Helter Skelter.

So we kids were left to the pits to run. Be it to car racing or dealing drugs.

Yet as each party rolled away, winter rolled in to quell the raucous we revved up.

## **Sex Work**

### **Hitchhiking Hooking**

Now I know you're saying to yourself, what about hooking. Didn't it embarrass you then or anything?!

Well Dawn, no, if you're thinking it because of the way I worked as a hooker.

I did it in a way that wouldn't embarrass me, using this hitchhiking method. See. This method first of all, with everyone passing ya by had them basically thinking. That's all you're doing?

So it's like all these 'guys' knew what I was doing! And that just didn't bother me at all! I was just one of the guys so to speak. And plus they were guys, who knows guys any better than me! I know very well how they tick. Having dragged myself through so many personalities and all. So having them eventually learn what I was really doing out there wasn't a problem. It was "Society" as a whole! So this "hooking" in incognito worked! When I headed back into town in Daytona. I kept it all under my hat. There wasn't hardly a soul that knew this was how I was bringing home the bacon. I could relax and not feel ashamed see! So it's different altogether from 'street hooking' and 'topless joints' with all the slut and trash.

### **The Beach**

Boy do I miss the beach. The Sand. The Sun. The Waves. The Water. I used to sit out on Flaglers with the Bible, drinking up Soda's all day. My favorites Mountain Dew and Mellow yellow.

When I hooked I was real natural-looking, with my natural self. Only wore mascara. And just a hair of eyebrow pencil on my eyebrows. Only because the sun bleached them out so bad. And I wore basically T-Shirts, Blue jeans, and Tennis shoes. Like I did in my teens. Cut-offs from blue jeans for shorts. I don't get why these hooking broads wear high boots, mini skirts, fishnet stockings, and all. Man. It really cracks me up. It all looks so stupid! And all the guys I ever went out with, having met hookers out on the road said those kinda gals turned them off. They look stupid and into drugs.

### **The Clark Gas Station**

The Clark gas station! Boy, look at it now! Jet set Ay?! hahaha. And I bet the bathrooms are thoroughly in order, as in our days they were as crappy as a shit house in the backwoods somewhere! hahaha. Today to drink in the bathroom before heading out somewhere to raise hell, we'd need "Champagne" to go with the flow of this jet-set! hahaha. Wow, plush isn't it?...

The Alibi. Oh man, they really decked it up didn't they. Super! And yes their pizzas were so juicy, just the right pepperoni grease taste and cheese on. I loved taking you there and getting some with that hooker money I made. Hahaha, now don't feel bad. It was good sex and good food too. So I can't complain. Only the bad and hairy times I had with men. I wasn't always hooking though. I also won the bread and butter pool hustling. I remember trying to teach you how to shoot. Good Memories. For Sure.

rocks turned into some type of shoreline wall. There I cried my eyes out and dumped his remains along that rocky wall. then just drove off – crying wildly out of my mind. Oh boy was I EVER!"

### **Blowing Through The Money Keith Left Her**

Oh my god! Amy Fisher's some big wig now Ay?! Bigger than us capital cases. Well I'll be Darn On the program, yes that is "Disgusting" the families greedy like that. Yuck. I for one would never be like that. Wasn't even when Keith died. The 10,000 he left. I blew in one month to get rid of it. I just wanted him alive. But fate wouldn't have it.

I'm reading about Lori and you back in our kid days. Well, give me a break! You say here; 'you and Lori didn't hang all that much around together'. Sure you didn't. Lori scooped you up and away from me. I was 'pissed' and that's when our friendship faded. Now you can say 'that's not so' all you want. But that's how I remember it, Dawn.

### **Ending Her Friendship With Dawn**

The last time we saw each other was Keith's funeral, but our last hang out together was a snowy day, cold windy, and wet, when all my 45s and other personnel belongings were trashed out at an apartment. Yea! that set me off! That was the day I decided I never wanted to see you again. Sorry, But it's true.

off. When I got back to the room. Keith heard everything. But he didn't bicker on it. So I knew he was glad then that I told an army personnel off hahaha!

He said I know how you're getting your money, Aileen. I know you're hustling. And I want you to stop it. I'm leaving you 10,000 dollars in a beneficiary. I said I won't take it, Keith. I don't want your money...

I just want you to live. Anyway, I stayed three days visiting him. He said I was the only one who'd come to see him in nearly 8 months now. This broke my heart. So I told him. I'd come more often. When I could. Four months later when I was really doing good hooking, wanting to rent out an apartment in San Francisco so I could be near him. They transferred him then to Ann Arbor medical center screwing up my plans. So I hitched from Florida.

Now. Ducky, I think you, and others were dropping in. So I didn't have to worry about his spirits as much. I just thought I'd lay this story on you.

Many many of them. I bet you've got a lot of them too. So you see that's why I'm writing so much old friend!

### **Her Brother Barry's Torturing of Keith**

Once again I want to thank you with all of my heart for having visited Keith and helped him as you did. I can't believe what Barry did to him. Sick Motherfucker. I can't believe you had to bring him a "Pillow!" My god was that bastard insane or what?! Had to bring my bro a pillow.

Barry also! Barry and Dad, man, it seemed Dad was the only one he liked outta the entire family! All of which had me always look at him like the womanizing pig he was. So when Keith became ill like that. I bet Barry thought this was a good opportunity for revenge. So he tortured him like that before he died.

They hated us so much in the family they wish we were dead. Well! Their wish finally came true, didn't it? I personally don't see any salvation in their bones either. So, whatever will be, will be. The future looks bleak you see, I'm sure it will be, hee hee. Hahaha whatever Jesus decides.

Man Dawn, what Barry did to Keith. Had I ever known this – I believe a barrel of a gun would have stared in his face before Mallory any day, I hated him before you ran me down on all this info, but surely you can imagine how much now. I'd reload and reload on his scummy fucking ass.

Nick: So, Aileen would come and visit you?

Dennis: Yep every now and then, she'd come and find one of my camps. In fact, the last camp I was at when Aileen found me was, what we called the little round lake, it was way down at the bottom of a gully, ye know it was round, and I had a piece of plywood that someone had left there, and I just made a lean two, with two posts, and put that upon it, that was the last place, in fact, Aileen, last camp I had she came to, I had that one

Nick voice-over: This is a photo of Chief the local pedophile, he was rumored to be the father of Aileen's child, chief later committed suicide.

Nick: He was kind of a bit of a strange old man wasn't he?

Dennis: Yeah, people thought he was, but his house was a gathering place for kids, cause they had kids from everywhere that came there all the time. And I remember when I was little, see he'd wanna pick up kids and put them on his lap, and tell them stories of this and that, and I never would allow it, cause I just, he kind of freaked me a little bit, I can remember one time, he had some chicken eggs because he had chickens and all this kind of thing, and he'd pick em open when they weren't ready to hatch, and I couldn't stand it, him doing that.

Nick: He picked them open?

Dennis: He would pick the shells open, as they were trying to come through, and it would be too early for them still.

Nick: And they'd die?

Dennis: A lot of times they would, they weren't really ready to come out of there.

### **The Family Unit Was Gone**

Our family was falling apart.

Mom was gone. And us kids left with broken hearts. While Dad was going off in a 90-degree turn for the worse, under his own crush and despair.

OK?! Crazy idea ay? See what desperation will do? Make you think the wildest. So, I cranked it up and started rolling to I-75. I could see a state trooper near one of the construction areas on the freeway. So I told Laney, hide down! Maybe with one passenger it'll fool this guy, encase he knows about us. Waiting for the bread or to the clink we go haha. So she did.

Dawn! I kid you not! I floored past the crew. The Cop looked. Shook his head and went about his business talking to another guy. I thought for sure there was gonna be a chase. But, no such luck hahaha! And on to Troy we were once again. OK, to be continued.

Even after I couldn't stay over many times and had sleepless nights of cold, sleet, snow, and rain. Those were some ROUGH nights. And had many throughout my lifetime. It's like being a soldier/sleeping out on a battlefield. Only no gunfire, Just "Silence" you must at all times keep a keen ear on, in case someones coming.

There was a time I was sitting out at the pit. Oh, around 1:00 in the morning. Cops from Troy noticed me. Beaming their flashlights in my face, they asked who I was, what I was doing out here, and where I lived. Well, I was at the pit next to your house! Lights were still on at your place, and the porch light too. So I told them, my name was "Dawn Nieman" and I live right there! I'm just out for some fresh air. They asked me for your parent's names. Where did your dad work? Well, they left. And so did I real fast. Took off into the woods.

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I did get the part slightly on Kim. What is this? Running away jazz! Listen, please! I remember winters when I was a runaway. Sleeping in the snow. No money, no warmth, nowhere to go, hungry as hell. I remember a time I awoke in the spring sleeping at the pit, (near Atkins) Raining like hell, plus thunder and lightning. I looked up and saw the hills sand turning to mud sliding down at me, and swirling mud around me. I was so tired, and weak from lack of eating. I said! Screw it, I'll go back to sleep Running away doesn't do anything but give you the freedom to turn wild. Burn your brains out on drugs, and, booze. Turn pregnant. Be an ass hole! And learn as you grow up. What a loser you were.

Lastly, besides hundreds of the hellish deals that I had to go through as a runaway. I remember a guy from High School offering me to stay at his place, since he lived outside of his parents' house, alone, in an apartment in Clawson. He got me drunk, he got me high. I passed out! He must have carried me to his bedroom. During my unconscious state friends of his, that some I knew some I didn't, must have started to come over to party. Apparently finding I was in the bedroom they all conglomerated a plan of raping me. They tied my wrist to the bedpost. Spread Eagle tied my ankles to the end bedpost. I awoke with cum all over my chest, face, stomach, crotch (stinky all over) mouth hurting. They must have forced head on me in my unconscious state as well.

Yet that wasn't all! They were building their image as the rough and tough that they wanted to be feared as up in the movie gigs they were offered in...

Along with copping a bit of sidekicks off of dirty deeds in pay-offs to bump off or whatever for the extra.

Yet between all of the 3 days I spent, much to my amazement I was never sexually harassed. Ever! It blew me back royal too, considering who I was mingling with.

So after 3 days, I was back on the road again thoroughly impressed with the opportunity. As they aired much kindness my way, that'd I'd like to say back; thank you!

### **Staying with celebrities**

Say. Remember the song. Slow ride by Fog Hat?!

I was in my teens thumbing to Lauderdale when off of I-95 early in the evening came to this boss-looking vehicle – similar to this one enclosed. And guess who it was who picked me up!

Still guessing?! Good. Keep on for at least 5 more minutes! Aileeeeeen! Geeeeezez! Chhhhhccchhhccchhhh. OK OK OK OK. Turn the page. And don't get jealous.

It was. Lonesome Dave, Lead Vocals for Fog hat!

FOR REAL

He took me over to his place where he and basically all the band lived in Uno beach Florida. This joint was huge, like a mansion! I got so stoned with him I can't recall how long I stayed with him. But anyway the place was Al Capone's old stomping grounds. And it was specially equipped with a Helicopter landing on top and likewise came with some more mafia tricks of the trade, off the river it sat on an underground boat entrance.

Nick voice-over: After the baby Aileen became the local untouchable, she spent 2 years living in the woods at the end of her street.

Dawn: Aileen used to have a fort back here, as a matter of fact.

Nick: With Dennis?

Dawn: Yeah.

Nick: So, Aileen would just sleep Rough?

Dawn: she either had to sleep in the cars or go around prostituting at night to keep warm, stuff like that and hopefully she'd get a hotel. You know some of these guys would say come on, let's go get a hotel, then she could get a shower, that's how she'd wash and stuff like that or she would go to that gas station up there, which is still there, by the way, used to be the Clark, that's where we used to go up there and pinch our noes and drink, what was it?

Friend: Moonshine?

Dawn: Peppermint schnapps, it was disgusting, it was the only way you could drink it, get a quick buzz, I mean sounds sickening, it was sickening.

Nick: Must have been freezing in the winter?

Dawn: Yea well it was for her, I mean I didn't come out here in the winter for sure, none of us did.

Nick: She was out here in the winter?

Dawn: Yea it's why she left.

Nick: Did the other kids pick on her a lot?

Dawn: Yeah they always picked on her, or she picked on them. Cause they always had something terrible to say about her, but that's because she had a baby and they naturally assumed, well she did get, she slept with people for money and all that, so I imagine the girls in our days probably thought, well she sleeps with everybody, they just didn't like that.



When the cops finally came the first thing one said to me was "man, I can't tell if you're male or female, this guy must have really laid into ya! I can hardly describe your face it's so swollen." So I handed him my ID and said "look!"

I found out I was some 50 miles outta town. I'd also find out the guy had been wanted for the murder of two teenage lovebirds who were both raped and killed, then put in a bathtub filled with cement and buried then in the back of another place he once lived in. Then to also find out he'd been likewise wanted for the beating rape of a fellow officer's daughter, who wound up so beat up by the guy, that her face couldn't even be reconstructed with plastic surgery, he crushed her face in so bad.

Then I could hear off in the distance, thugs with moans, as I then looked over to where he was up for arrest, and could see flashlight swinging, knowing clubs were too. When a cop then said to me "just ignore it!"

Only for me to scream back "I don't give a dam if ya kill him!" And started crying.

Well, needless to say, I lost my job and staying with the gal, only then to move in with a chick who ran The Outlaws. But, when she realized I just wasn't going to be able to find a job for a while and help her with any rent, out I was with my face, all black and blue.

Leaving me then forced to head back out on the road in this condition. And as I was hitchhiking out to Louisville a couple pulled over for me, thinking I was a guy who had been in a bar fight. Then when they found out I was female and all that, I was offered a place to stay. A good 3 weeks before my face came back somewhat enough to hitchhike in, then back I was out all over the roads of America.

### **Living with Hells Angels**

It was Bakersfield California, thumbing through when up came along this guy on a motorcycle without a helmet and of all things wearing a ski mask.

## **Drugs**

### **The Head Shop**

Say – do you remember somewhere on 10 mile and Woodward some head shop we all use to cruise through – looking for drugs or just to have a browse or steal stuff. Hey! I can't help it if I'm honest. Chuckle... Chuckle.

Anyway! Do you recall the floor-designed "Water fountain fish tank" deal they had? It was round, water running over rock as a water fountain deal – With fish swimming around there / open view – can touch fish deal – they set up in the middle of their head shop.

OK.! If you do.! Were you with us when Jenny Kerr – "drunk as hell" – fell in it. When we pulled her out. The fish was floating on top of the water – deader than a doornail – or knocked out royal! She was staggering away – all soaking wet – as we all gazed at the fish in Amazement – besides laughing our butts off.!

I remember Keith was with us, Ducky too, and they were just standing back laughing away. I was staring at the fish – thinking – geez! I hope the owners of this place haven't caught on yet to what just occurred, and that we need to split before we get kicked out of here. All of which I didn't want to happen – because I was hoping to cop some dope.

But if my memory serves me right – I believe we were kicked out. Jenny was too drunk causing a royal scene. I know you remember the theater, bowling alley next door below, and record shop above the bowling alley that was next to the theater, in Rochester. But were you ever with me – ripping off albums outta that record shop. There were pianos next room over. So I'd gather albums together – then roam over to the next room over and pretend to be checking a piano out! then I'd hide the albums behind one! Once I got enough – I'd put em under my huge coat. Never got caught. But my dad was picking me and someone else from Rochester, and I remember when I got in the car – my dad said – why is your coat square looking. I told him it was just the way I was sitting. acquired one hell of a collection – eventually. Poor Mom. Whenever she'd ask where I got all the albums I'd always say. "Borrowed" For now Love Aileen.

## **A Near-Death Escape With A Serial Killer**

And as the days went on wandering on to nowhere, winter rolled in, and I was now 17 somewhere off a highway just outside of Louisville Kentucky when up pulled a van for me having a guy and gal in it. And as we cruised on with so many things said—I was offered another chance to get off the road for a while, and this time hopefully find a job. Carrying always that "Motto" to try anything once, so at least I could say I've been there and done that! Whether a lesson been made to gain the Wisdom or a sour note struck, for a grudge, remained to be seen, as I'd give it another try.

So I stayed with her and her Mom for a time, while we both looked for work. And not finding anything in Louisville, went then across the bridge that bordered with Indiana, heading over to Jeffersonville, leading then two topless waitress ones. How to be one wasn't much. Just had to put brown tape over your nipples ———then wear bikini bottoms———"and presto" you were in the biz. And if ya could entice the customers to buy the most expensive stuff you were tipped then by the boss himself!

And as we started to get the hang of it, I could see that clients were more interested in us than the drinks, always asking us out while I really didn't think much of it! Man———I just figured the guy was lonely———and just looking for a good time, like I was and looking for. So when asked out———I excepted.

Now this guy who asked me out seemed to of had an interesting background, running it quickly on me then (as a) 7th-grade school teacher who was as well a 3rd-degree Karate instructor [or so he said]. And with that, I was pretty much impressed and convinced that he was just one good Joe looking for a fun-loving gal like me to have a good time with. So off I was then with this guy in a pair of jeans - T-shirt - and boots with - spurs. we hit one nightclub after another way on into the wee hours of the night right on through to Morn, until the money ran out, and him bent on getting more from home. Yet to do that would take us a good 50 miles outta town.

Arriving, I could see two other houses sitting right beside his, in the eerie dark, off a dirt road he was on, miles from the main. And throughout the silence in the dead of the night—had me pretty scared as I felt a bit

## **Selling Drugs**

50 Bucks for 6 pills. Geez! Drugs have really gone up haven't they since we were kids! It used to be only 50¢ a hit remember haha?! And speed for a quarter hahaha.

Did you ever cruise with me to 10 mile and Woodward to the Zoo? I use to once in a Blue Moon back then, go there and sell. It was easy Just hitting the pavement and cat-calling drugs for Sale hahaha. The Woodstock days and early 70s were a trip!

I miss the hell outta our teens! But now that I've found the true meaning of this world's division of Good and Evil. I would love to walk through my teens, Same family - place - people - everything! but just much more cleaned up...

## **LSD**

Do you remember 'window acid' LSD? Was so small, little crystal-like deal. Super hard to cut 4 way.

Did you ever go with me to the Amboy Dukes house on 20 and Rochester? They lived right next to the Clark gas station. Yes, good Buddy. The Amboy.

Dukes - the group lived there and I use to always head over to cop drugs and party. Plus spend the night over from the cold as a run-away! I hope you were introduced to them, and remember. They were the ones who sang "Journey to the center of your mind." I use to go over and watch them practice. This song was my favorite. Bob Seager used to live 2 streets down South or 20 miles from Hartwig. Vince Lawsons street...

## **Getting Caught Smoking Weed In School**

"Can you remember the time!" Do you remember the fight me and greasy-haired Penny Dole and I had at the front steps of troy Union Grade School? Do you remember when Lori, + Ducky got in that car accident? Do you remember a guy with really long jet black hair named "black sheep" at the high school? Well, one day. He and I went

## **Back On The Road Again**

### **Finding The Dismembered Body Of A Woman**

Fall was coming along now of "73" – With me just outside of Chicago – this time off an interstate called I-80, heading towards – Detroit. I came across a foul odor coming out from under the bridge, only to sit next to a viaduct full of red. Now at first, I thought it was paint – yet upon closer examination, I could see it was more than just that, but blood, while my eye's trailed up to where it was coming from, only to then see something bundled up in blankets between bridge and cement, as the traffic just whipped by without a care in the world to anything that was obviously very visible.

So with all of that, off I went to inspect. Looking around then for something to poke it with, and in finding a stick nearly proceeded up this blood-soaked slab of cement, as the stench only got thicker and thicker. So much so it started to burn up my eyes, nose, and throat.

Yet up I continued until I reached its bloodied bundle – full of maggots and flies. And as I examined its shape wrapped up in what appeared to be several blankets, it seemed to me to be that of a female with her head, arms, and lower limbs missing.

Well, I tell ya, through a combination of things, the smell, the horror, the fear, the flies and maggots, besides all the rest that came with it, I wasn't up to unraveling the blanket to find out any more of this sick scene. So on I headed down now to look for a mile marker or the exit sign to give a trooper the location if I could just flag a trucker down to get them to get on the C.B. to give it. Be that of Channel 9, a station used by local troopers everywhere.

But, boy when the trucker pulled over for me, shit did he ever show a careless lack of concern. Telling me he had an overload that was way late, and so wasn't up to checking the bridge, to see if all that I was saying was ever to be true or not, stuck there under that bridge to rest. And neither did the trooper when I finally got a hold of one on the C.B.! Explaining everything to him seemed as if it were all a hoax as well. Leaving it then at that, her whereabouts and on down the road ever to wonder if he ever looked.

## **Crime**

We were innocent back in our days, weren't we? The most our little horns did then... Well for me anyway was hmmm. Come on, Come on, Aileen, Confess. Oh OK, Gulp.

Threw toilet tissue up in a guy's widely spread-out oak tree. Threw green tomatoes at passing cars. Then older got real courageous and – B-B's/ out passing cars – Lying out in the woods off of 20 mile. Near the house.

Aileen! Why that was MEAN! I know. I know. I feel terrible today. So how about you. Lay it on me. And no lying OK?

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Did I ever tell you what Heidi and I did in Apopaka Florida! Probably not. It's another criminal offense. A trucker with his little boy with him picked us up. He felt for us out on the road and offered a place to stay in Apopaka he had. He said we could live there if we liked – rent-free – as long as we cleaned it up, and did whatever else in fixing it needed. Young and dumb we thought it was a fantastic idea!

So the night was beginning to fall upon us. We fixed the bedroom up as best we could to prepare for some Zzz's. But as we were doing that, we found a huge rat in the bathroom toilet. And realized all the little things we were finding all over the floor of the house wasn't hamster food, of which it looked like, but rat shit!

The next morning we awoke to rat shit all over the blanket. They crawled over us throughout the night! Yuck! We were petrified and totally pissed off. Revenge was now settled in our hearts.

So what we did. My idea. Was decided to sell his furniture and kitchen appliances, and use the bread for food along the way up to Michigan we contacted a company interested we wound up getting 200 bucks in cash.

Needless to say. The trucker lost a Kitchen Range, a huge deep fryer, a refrigerator and the rinky-dink bed we slept in, all of which was new-looking, except for the bed.

## **The Commune in Colorado**

Now here was an adventure to express in the complete fulfillment of utter joy I felt. I had a ball up there. Man, let me tell you. A blast!

It all started with being picked up outside of Denver heading south on I-25 by Sam, who was studying to be a certified electrician. He offered me a brew and then asked me if I was a runaway. He was so cool, and kind, I laid my recent history on him. He told me he wanted me to stay with him, his wife, and their 9-year-old boy named Peter. At first, I was like, no. I need to check out the states and sightsee. Then on second thought, I agreed.

He lived up in "Sprucewood." some 30 miles up in the mountains from Sedalia. I started to fall in love with the creator and his creations.

As time passed by in these Colorado Rockies, I would soon learn much from these mountainous gypsies who loved cribbage (the card game) and having hootenannies night, (singing in a group and jamming out with all types of instruments).

Rose would walk me through the wilds and teach me about land animals and shooting. Shooting from a 357 mag. as well as a 15 shot Winchester and even cross-bow 80 lb pull.

There were times that Rose would take me to the only bar up there around for miles, to shoot some pool. there I was a 16-year old kid with a non-registered gun strapped with rawhide around my leg from the bottom of the holster, shucking balls around the pool table like Annie Oakley. Loved it!

I was then handed a key to a storage shed, and campsite combined, for 10 dollars a month. (Electrical bill). (One light bulb/inside.) located just down a ravine from their cabin...

my life. And smoked about 20 joints. Zip! That's it. Nothing else. When I hustled I only drank beer. A couple times mix. But wasn't really too into it. Because when I was 21 or 22 I got hooked on white lightning for 2 weeks. Decided to quit. And it took me a month and a half to just get over the shakes from it. I realized then. the hard stuff wasn't worth it hahaha! I was a trip in my early 20s. Had a lot of fun.

All motels said vacancy, but each time he came out, he'd say there wasn't any. Eventually, he conned me into crashing out in an abandoned house outside of the beach area, near Dixie Hwy. Once there he showed me/by flashlight/around this dilapidated hole, and amazingly it had cold running water. Other than that, only a mangled joint with a mildewed mattress in one of the rooms.

He told me that he'd let his other fellow officers know I was here and not to bother me, and that he'd check in on me, just to make sure I was OK. I was grateful, and he left. who knows how much time passed as I was sawing logs, but suddenly here came blonde head – with his long flashlight in my face still in uniform, the conversation was quick and simple, stating he brought some of his buddies over to meet me, and not getting into a most humiliating and utter devastating event, I was gang-raped by his ass and other officers in uniform.

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I see, Perry "Beard" was the creep's last name. I had consensual sex with him up in Ted's attic. He was terrible. Little pecker too on that jerk. So honey, you sure didn't miss anything with him in the back seat that night haha. And now confession time, who was it I had sex with in Troy? Well!

Gordon Marks, Mike Fairchild, Carl Maddox, Jack West, Derek Anderson. That's all! Jack and Derek were just once. Mike, oh about 3 times. Carl Maddox, lord he was my first, can't count them all. But good and full of fun. Gordon Marks was huge and oh about 5 times. Erm Erm Erm had to prime myself! What can I say! Teen urges! We all had 'em.

### **Danny Cornwall**

Nick voice-over: Danny Cornwall, like many other boys in the neighborhood lost his virginity to Aileen, Aileen was trading blowjobs for cigarettes from the age of 9.

Danny: I was just heading over there to see who was there and I got up to the fort and the door was kinda closed, so I opened it up, and Keith and Marc had Aileen in there.

Lawyer: What do you mean Keith had Aileen in there?

Danny: Well they had here in there and you know she was naked.

Lawyer: And what was happening?

Danny: Well, Keith was having sex with her.

Lawyer: Did you stay during that?

Danny: Yes.

Lawyer: Did you ever have sex with Aileen again?

Danny: Erm, just that day.

Pondering away as I enjoyed the scenic cruise in each car and thinking just what I was gonna tell her, as I hitchhiked out to her place. All of which looked like a Hippie's pad. Full of oriental rugs. Curtain beads. And incense always burning.

Well, let me tell ya I wasn't surprised that she didn't care about the fact I ran. Nor of the idea about school. But what I was surprised about was her willingness to see me through it all. Be it so she could make sure I'd never go back to juvenile or Adrian again.

She'd fix me up really good with a shower, only to relax next with a bowl of pot, music, and good home cooking. Boy, could she cook too! As our conversations stayed on home and school with problems and solutions. All of which only came to conclude. that the need was to leave Michigan.

By leaving Michigan, crossing the border would surely then eliminate "Ward of the State." As it likewise eliminated my need to wait until 16 to quit school.

Then Christmas came along for the usual commercialism with her and me both knowing I needed clothes. So she decided to charitably spread a bundle for me to receive a new look, for better rides.

Man. I lost my beads, bandannas, jewelry, fringe jackets, and slogan patches. You name it! All was over with. Even possession of drugs. And with shopping all done, next on the list was "Wait." I'd have to wait the Holidays out. Just one more sacrifice I couldn't stand. January 2nd would be the date chosen to leave the Big Mitt behind. With Florida on my mind. Knowing the snow was getting too much for me to handle.

I cruised over her house hitchhiking again.

And once I arrived she kept asking if I was sure I felt up to splitting. As I reassured her that today was the day. There was no backing out now! Not with just an abandoned car to call home, buried in snow. So we packed in the car and off we were.

Man. I remember it well. Close to a whiteout, but we kept going.

Jerry: I dno, if someone was with me I'd turn round and throw rocks at her and tell her to get the fuck out of there, go home.

Lawyer: Why would you do that?

Jerry: Because I didn't want to be seen by her, didn't want to be associated with her

Lawyer: Do you know whether she was having sexual relations with anyone else at the time?

Jerry: Yes I did.

Lawyer: And who was that?

Jerry: Erm, her brother Keith.

Lawyer: Is that her uncle or her actual brother?

Jerry: That's her actual brother.

### **Dawn Expressing A Common Ignorance Of Gay Or Bi People At The Time Which Explains Why Aileen Didn't Date Women Until She Was 29**

Nick voice-over: Dawn insisted that gays hadn't been invented when she and Aileen first became friends.

Dawn: They weren't invented, or whatever, there were no gay people.

Nick: Well what were they all doing?

Dawn: They weren't gay, there was no such thing as gay.

Dawn's friend: They were in the closet.

Dawn: No they weren't, there was no such thing, I don't remember a single person at school who was gay. I didn't hear this gay stuff till 10

## Chapter 4. Life On The Road

### The Hippie Councilor

Well, I was due for an overload. I'd become a ward of the State, Until 18. Yet Dad, all he'd say is "go ask her," as he'd hand me the address of a place that was located in Pontiac. And off I was to find out.

Summer had come and gone, and fall was coming in. And the Winds were whipping up some Cold chills, while I hitchhiked in the brisk of it all. Searching away for this place Dad gave me. and eventually finding the address, to be no other than located next to the juvenile facility. And in searching for her office, among the rows of many so conglomerated down the hall. I knocked, was Welcomed in – only to then be completely shocked to the 10th degree.

I stood as pale as a ghost I'm sure, as I stared in at this Lady who had to of been in her early 30s/ and resembled the singer Carole King to a T.

What knocked me back about five was the fact that the "Song" "It's too late" was dedicated by me to my mom – Just moments AFTER I was told she died. And after I was "This Song" came on next, which seemed a very appropriate title. To be then dedicated to my beloved Mom so dearly missed by me now.

I mean check it out!

The day she died, I was told she did (at the pits which was unexpected with me. I had no idea she was ill.) only then (out at the pits with the radio on) Have This song come on as I'd then spiritually dedicate it to her (as soon as I'd hear it) To then hitchhike to her funeral, only to next be busted for running away. Then from there, to be sent to Adrian for 6 months. Get out! Only to then find out I'm now a ward of the state until 18. Next, be given her address of this counselor to see until then. Hitchhike out to her address and see her, only to then step in her office and stare at a woman who resembles the singer of the song I dedicated to my mom, just months ago. Awesome!

### Sex Work

No one, I repeat, no one ever got in my draws for cigarettes. I ripped off cigarettes from gas stations or bought them through hooking chink. Change from the wad of bucks I made. But I fucked No One for cigarettes. Geez! I wasn't that hard up! Stealing cigarettes was easy! And besides, if I was going to choose to fuck for something back then, since I was underage, it would have been for a case of beer or 2, or liquor before a pack of cigarettes or a carton.