

*Dedicated to Dawn Botkins for her tireless support of her best
friend from childhood Aileen, until the end, and forever in her
heart.*

5. Life On The Road

- The Hippie Councilor (Aged 16)
- The Commune in Colorado
- Back in Michigan briefly (Aged 17)
- Back On The Road Again
- Her Brother Keith Dying In Hospital
- Married briefly in Orlando, Florida (Aged 20)
- Sex Work
- Other Jobs
- Alcoholism
- Getting Raped, Assaulted & Robbed
- 3rd Real Relationship
- Toni - 'My First Lezzy Encounter' (Aged 29)
- Relationship with Tyria Moore
- Living The Good Life
- Last Relationship After The Murders
- Final Words On Her Past

Pictures

Acknowledgments

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.

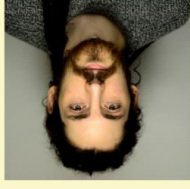
So that's what I've done here. And it's useful in the future to anyone's creative pursuits, like writing non-fiction plays or graphic novels, essay reflections on her life, the 70s, or even fictional stories with characters based on Aileen, then all the better.

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 different people will be alienated from society enough to join this or that campaign, but you can make the best of the journey all the same.



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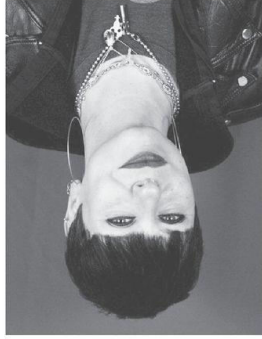
I'll include a forward by Hunter S. Thompson on the hippie counter-culture for this reason anyway. Then the rest is almost all Aileen, with just a few excerpts from interviews in the documentary.

Finally here are Aileen's words on her attempts to write this autobiography from jail:

This is being done like Sound off. But of course like I said, real brief, hitting area's most important. Like looks and character, on Mom, Dad, Lori, Barry, Keith, then to me, and the life I lead. That's going to be really hard to be brief. Do you know how much I've seen? Geez! But, I'll get through. And must, before I should die soon.

I am really close to God. Read the Bible three times all the way through. And even in my young and road days, I got into God (Jesus) and my heart was as good then it as it is now. Even though I became a pro in being a prostitute I still believed on the road anyway, and always willing to give a helping hand to anyone, even "strangers" because of my experiences from my young days and how I was treated. I cannot elaborate how many times sex was forced upon me, but when I do get some time down the road to get a book out. It is going to be about my life, not these crimes. And how people should NOT treat each other like this.

Acknowledgments



Daphne Gottlieb



Lisa Kester

&

Quoting from the Dear Dawn book as this is a continuation of their work, whose editors were Lisa Kester and Daphne Gottlieb:

The editors would like to thank Anne Horowitz for her tireless, brilliant, and ruthless editing; this book would not be here without her hard work. Words are insufficient to express the depth of our gratitude.

Lisa would like to express her sincere gratitude to Daphne Gottlieb for her enormous gift of dedication and focus on this book. She has been the anchor in this project from day one.

A special thanks goes to Jesse Merrill, for enlisting us in this project. Without her gentle nudge, this project would not have been started. Also, heartfelt gratitude goes to Brenda Bass, for believing in this project from the start and helping to make it happen.

Thanks to Susan Seager and Jonathan Gottlieb, who had wisdom when we needed it. Thanks to our agent Katie Boyle, who was there when we needed her.

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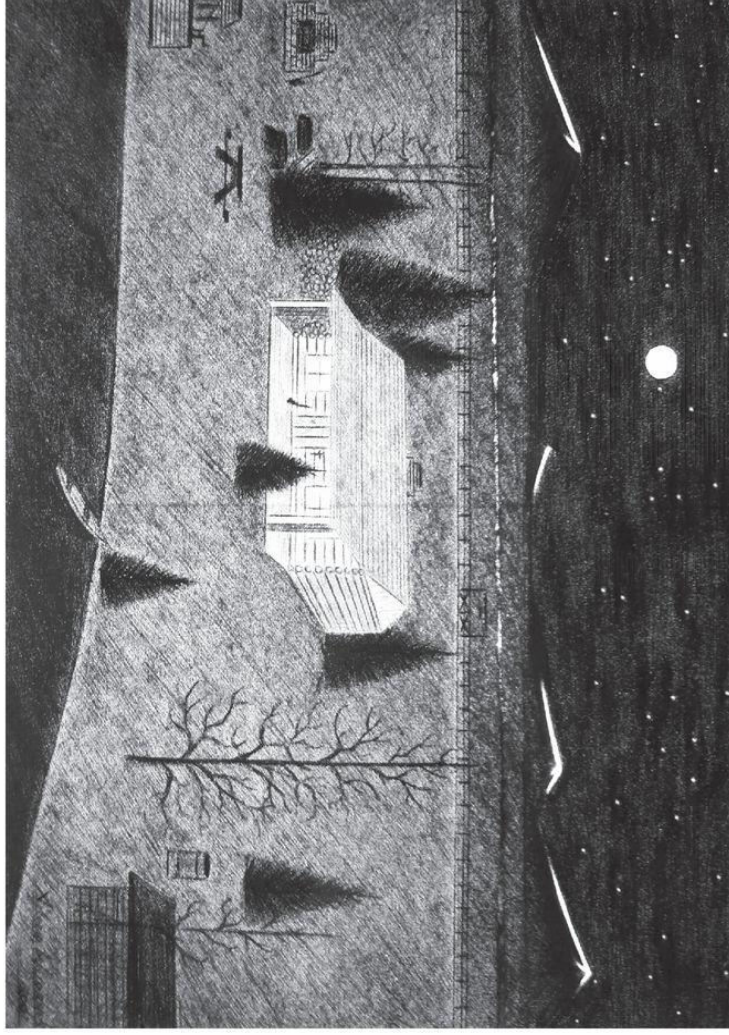
Foreword – The Hippies by Hunter S. Thompson

The best year to be a hippie was 1965, but then there was not much to write about, because not much was happening in public and most of what was happening in private was illegal. The real year of the hippie was 1966, despite the lack of publicity, which in 1967 gave away to a nationwide avalanche in Look, Life, Time, Newsweek, the Atlantic, the New York Times, the Saturday Evening Post, and even the Aspen Illustrated News, which did a special issue on hippies in August of 1967 and made a record sale of all but 6 copies of a 3,500-copy press run.

But 1967 was not really a good year to be a hippie. It was a good year for salesmen and exhibitionists who called themselves hippies and gave colorful interviews for the benefit of the mass media, but serious hippies, with nothing to sell, found that they had little to gain and a lot to lose by becoming public figures. Many were harassed and arrested for no other reason than their sudden identification with a so-called cult of sex and drugs. The publicity rumble, which seemed like a joke at first, turned into a menacing landslide. So quite a few people who might have been called the original hippies in 1965 had dropped out of sight by the time hippies became a national fad in 1967.

Ten years earlier the Beat Generation went the same confusing route. From 1955 to about 1959 there were thousands of young people involved in a thriving bohemian subculture that was only an echo by the time the mass media picked it up in 1960. Jack Kerouac was the novelist of the Beat Generation in the same way that Ernest Hemingway was the novelist of the Lost Generation, and Kerouac's classic "beat" novel, On the Road, was published in 1957. Yet by the time Kerouac began appearing on television shows to explain the "thrust" of his book, the characters it was based on had already drifted off into limbo, to await their reincarnation as hippies some five years later. (The purest example of this was Neal Cassady, who served as a model for Dean Moriarty in On the Road and also for McMurphy in Ken Kesey's One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest.)

Publicity follows reality, but only up to the point where a new kind of reality, created by publicity, begins to emerge. So the hippie in 1967 was



Midnight Blue. Ink drawing by Aileen Wuornos. Image courtesy of Dave Botkins:

The next question was "Do you ever pray?" "Oh yes," she said. "I pray in the morning sun. It nourishes me with its energy so I can spread my love and beauty and nourish others. I never pray for anything; I don't need anything. Whatever turns me on is a sacrament: LSD, sex, my bells, my colors.... That's the holy communion, you dig?" That's about the most definitive comment anybody's ever going to get from a practicing hippie.

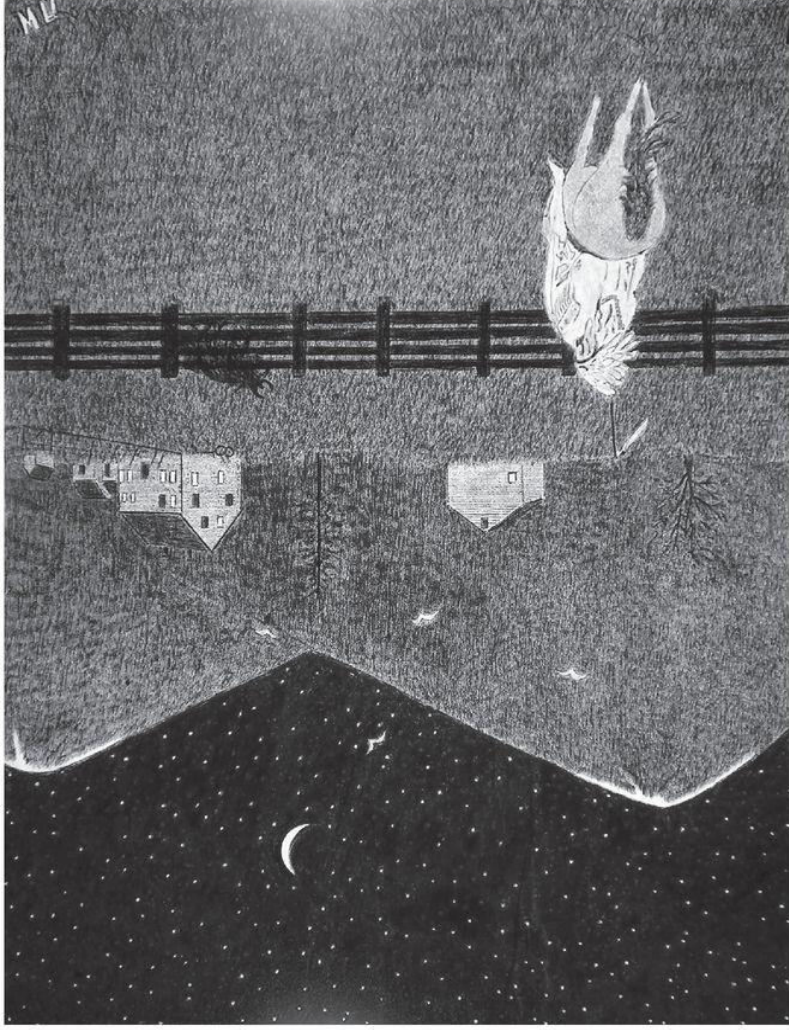
Unlike beatniks, many of whom were writing poems and novels with the idea of becoming second-wave Kerouacs or Allen Ginsbergs, the hippie opinion-makers have cultivated among their followers a strong distrust of the written word. Journalists are mocked, and writers are called "type freaks." Because of this stylized ignorance, few hippies are really articulate. They prefer to communicate by dancing, or touching, or extrasensory perception (ESP). They talk, among themselves, about "love waves" and "vibrations" ("vibes") that come from other people. That leaves a lot of room for subjective interpretation, and therein lies the key to the hippies' widespread appeal.

This is not to say that hippies are universally loved. From coast to coast, the forces of law and order have confronted the hippies with extreme distaste. Here are some representative comments from a Denver, Colo. police lieutenant. Denver, he said, was becoming a refuge for "long-haired, vagrant, antisocial, psychopathic, dangerous drug users, who refer to themselves as a hippie subculture a group which rebels against society and is bound together by the use and abuse of dangerous drugs and narcotics."

They range in age, he continued, from 13 to the early 20's, and they pay for their minimal needs by "mooching, begging, and borrowing from each other, their friends, parents, and complete strangers.... It is not uncommon to find as many as 20 hippies living together in one small apartment, in a communal fashion, with their garbage and trash piled halfway to the ceiling in some cases."

One of his co-workers, a Denver detective, explained that hippies are easy prey for arrests, since "it is easy to search and locate their drugs and marijuana because they don't have any furniture to speak of, except for mattresses lying on the floor. They don't believe in any form of productivity," he said, "and in addition to a distaste for work, money, and material wealth, hippies believe in free love, legalized use of marijuana, burning draft cards, mutual love and help, a peaceful planet, and love for

Moon Eagle Valley Ranch. Ink drawing by Aileen Wuornos. Image courtesy of Dave Botkins:



There is a definite continuity between the beatniks of the 1950s and the hippies of the 1960s. Many hippies deny this, but as an active participant in both scenes, I'm sure it's true. I was living in Greenwich Village in New York City when the beatniks came to fame during 1957 and 1958. I moved to San Francisco in 1959 and then to the Big Sur coast for 1960 and 1961. Then after two years in South America and one in Colorado, I was back in San Francisco, living in the Haight-Ashbury district, during 1964, 1965, and 1966. None of these moves was intentional in terms of time or place; they just seemed to happen. When I moved into the Haight-Ashbury, for instance, I'd never even heard that name. But I'd just been evicted from another place on three days' notice, and the first cheap apartment I found was on Parnassus Street, a few blocks above Haight.

At that time the bars on what is now called "the street" were predominantly Negro. Nobody had ever heard the word "hippie," and all the live music was Charlie Parker-type jazz. Several miles away, down by the bay in the relatively posh and expensive Marina district, a new and completely unpublicized band called the Matrix was featuring an equally unpublicized band called the Jefferson Airplane. At about the same time, hippie author Ken Kesey (One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest, 1962, and sometimes a Great Notion, 1964) was conducting experiments in light, sound, and drugs at his home at La Honda, in the wooded hills about 50 miles south of San Francisco.

As the result of a network of circumstance, casual friendships, and connections in the drug underworld, Kesey's band of Merry Pranksters was soon playing host to the Jefferson Airplane and then to the Grateful Dead, another wildly electric band that would later become known on both coasts along with the Airplane as the original heroes of the San Francisco acid-rock sound. During 1965, Kesey's group staged several much-publicized Acid Tests, which featured music by the Grateful Dead and free Kool-Aid spiked with LSD. The same people showed up at the Matrix, the Acid Tests, and Kesey's home in La Honda. They wore strange, colorful clothes and lived in a world of wild lights and loud music. These were the original hippies.

It was also in 1965 that I began writing a book on the Hell's Angels, a notorious gang of motorcycle outlaws who had plagued California for years, and the same kind of weird coincidence that jelled the whole hippie phenomenon also made the Hell's Angels part of the scene. I was having a beer with Kesey one afternoon in a San Francisco tavern when I

eventful with that thing would. Mountain, Sam, "OK... no
 what some of the other's you've picked up. Ought to drum up some
 funds to your contractors, Mr. Mc. Mc. Don't forget to vote down
 what you did. You may hit on something to put on for government &
 some. a slick button idea! So like how. Lug it man, look
 what I dreamed up, when's... . Mc. Mc. for the neck!!!
 Mr. Mc. Mc. you could rub a little knockout mitts.
 down certain kitchen's pattern. Trick to blend. as receiver.
 Uncle fire already want through as connections. ! what!
 If you have you must be water-bogged. Favour must be fall on you.
 Mr. Mc. Mc. Mc.
 Well, the golden olive to man around here. Chuck and Doc,
 will be on the next episode. No guess you else or up and get
 ready for some newbies - than a group. Mr. Mc. I wish they
 would spend. I've & make the time above. [redacted] planned me. Sam.
 I always enjoyed the smell of cigars in. Middle. R. R. R. R. R. R. R.
 OK, you after here.
 You've from my friend,
 Give you with all my heart.
 Until the next time
 Hope so.
 Xiquing the biggie!
 Hope I mean that.
 Love Wilson

existence on the fringe of the money economy. Their parents, they said, were walking proof of the fallacy of the American notion that says "work and suffer now, live and relax later."

The hippies reversed that ethic. "Enjoy life now," they said, "and worry about the future tomorrow." Most take the question of survival for granted, but in 1967, as their enclaves in New York and San Francisco filled up with penniless pilgrims, it became obvious that there was simply not enough food and lodging.

A partial solution emerged in the form of a group called the Diggers, sometimes referred to as the "worker-priests" of the hippie movement. The Diggers are young and aggressively pragmatic; they set up free lodging centers, free soup kitchens, and free clothing distribution centers. They comb hippie neighborhoods, soliciting donations of hammers, saws, shovels, shoes, and anything else that vagrant hippies might use to make themselves at least partially self-supporting. The Ashbury Diggers were able, for a while, to serve free meals, however meager, each afternoon in Golden Gate Park, but the demand and soon swamped the supply. More and more hungry hippies showed up to eat, and the Diggers were forced to roam far afield to get food.

The concept of mass sharing goes along with the American-Indian tribal motif that is basic to the whole hippie movement. The cult of tribalism is regarded by many as the key to survival. Poet Gary Snyder, one of the hippie gurus, or spiritual guides, sees a "back to the land" movement as the answer to the food and lodging problem. He urges hippies to move out of the cities, form tribes, purchase land, and live communally in remote areas. By early 1967 there were already a half dozen functioning hippie settlements in California, Nevada, Colorado, and upstate New York. They were primitive shack-towns, with communal kitchens, half-alive fruit and vegetable gardens, and spectacularly uncertain futures.

Back in the cities, the vast majority of hippies were still living from day to day. On Haight Street, those without gainful employment could easily pick up a few dollars a day by panhandling. The influx of nervous voyeurs and curiosity seekers was a handy money tree for the legion of psychedelic beggars. Regular visitors to the Hashbury found it convenient to keep a supply of quarters in their pockets so that they wouldn't have to haggle about change. The panhandlers were usually

against the returning jokers. You're the problem. You're having to believe these spots ended for Christians passed on, but come back & let them know them (w) up after death. And may someone sit of appt contact. who that. . . . The one you had appointed in their out of body you demonstrate - who's out there? who's in of their side! "Only your death experience frame, but not the dead in contact with the living. They only say they never than used not deny for any had video they mean of had on one another while they live alone. do you but in just what to believe on their personal gony. But it was - skimming, skimming - & watch. Hippies still heart woken. Under just what up for alive now, you know - the first need of things - then contact. Only on a never - these type when they find it for some bond by the world will purpose. Now. In just about for now. I know!

you were keeping how in spirit to me feeling that if I had night now - I'd probably go to hell. And you giving love for a wordly & incident. Well all I can say is they once again & make you better understand my meaning - in - the the journey of my cell and my mind. I think I think had frustrated me to the max. . . I could be disoriented in retrospect to my life and the hell that in my, with of - sense as the impact regardless that the just in hell - I did kill 7 men. "After! my dear buddy! Cuz you me to cut in the world every "to myself". . . and that's something meanly "to myself" I can't die like this. "for the spirit of god" WILL NOT DWELL (me) SEAL SOUL & SOUL. . . . And you that I do know look word and

did in general. I must change in this) upon death just the just of such a person who continues to be. . . . I'm sorry, but with the father wife, what's only map what they know. . . . Wood word can only change

national press as an outburst of student activism in politics, a healthy confrontation with the status quo.

On the strength of the free speech publicity, Berkeley became the axis of the New Left. Its leaders were radical, but they were also deeply committed to the society they wanted to change. A prestigious University of California faculty committee said the activists were the vanguard of a "moral revolution among the young," and many professors approved. Those who were worried about the radicalism of the young rebels at least agreed with the direction they were taking: civil rights, economic justice, and a new morality in politics. The anger and optimism of the New Left seemed without limits. The time had come, they said, to throw off the yoke of a politico-economic establishment that was obviously incapable of dealing with new realities.

The year of the New Left publicity was 1965. About the same time there was mention of something called the pot (marijuana) left. Its members were generally younger than the serious political types, and the press dismissed them as a frivolous gang of "druggies" and sex "kooks" who were only along for the ride.

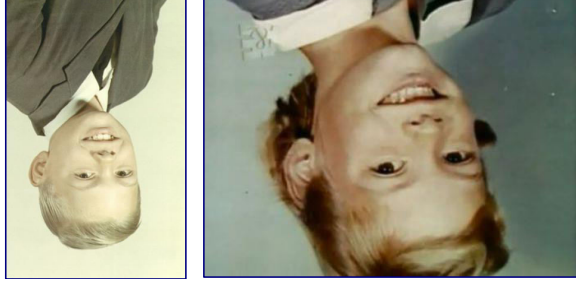
Yet as early as the spring of 1966, political rallies in Berkeley were beginning to have overtones of music, madness, and absurdity. Dr. Timothy Leary the ex-Harvard professor whose early experiments with LSD made him, by 1966, a sort of high priest, martyr, and public relations man for the drug was replacing Mario Savio, leader of the Free Speech Movement, as the number-one underground hero. Students who were once angry activists began to lie back in their pads and smile at the world through a fog of marijuana smoke or to dress like clowns and Indians and stay "zonked" on LSD for days at a time. The hippies were more interested in dropping out of society than they were in changing it.

The break came in late 1966 when Ronald Reagan was elected governor of California by almost a million-vote plurality. In that same November the GOP gained 50 seats in Congress and served a clear warning on the Johnson administration that despite all the headlines about the New Left, most of the electorate was a lot more conservative than the White House antennae had indicated. The lesson was not lost on the hippies, many of whom considered themselves at least part-time political activists. One of the most obvious casualties of the 1966 elections was the New Left's illusion of its own leverage. The radical-hippie alliance had been counting on the voters to repudiate the "right-wing, warmonger"



Movie producer Jackelyn Giroux signed up the rights to Alién Wurnos's life story soon after her arrest. In 2013, the film-maker revisited Alién's old haunt The Fairview Motel in its new, spruced-up incarnation as The Scoot Inn. Photograph by Jackelyn Giroux.

Chapter 1. Life At Home



Allen & her brother Keith.

Earliest Memories

My memory of my kid days can go way back. So far back I amaze myself! Such as, I can recall being held in a boy's blanket with 3 women standing around staring at me and playing with my hands and nose, all of which I didn't like at all haha.

Then I remember another scene being real little. I was in a crib where my diapers were on too tight and the safety pins were digging into my hips, with me wanting this taken care of royal. As I cried my heart out for them to come and rescue me.

And as I moved on into the growing pains of life, I'd come across a hot interest that intrigued me so. All of which would be music. I fell in love! Dazzled in Rock and Roll. I was gonna be another Janis Joplin or Jimmy Hendrix. You name it...

Then I started getting musical equipment for Christmas. I was gearing up for a band! I had acquired now Bongo's, a flute, and a harmonica. But best of all... a windup guitar! Yet low and behold, I could never master those frigging strings and the fancy art of playing it. So I'd wind it up instead, allowing it to strum itself. "This land is your land" as I'd pretend I was Hendrix haha.



Room 8 at the former Fairview Motel—now called The Scoot Inn—where Allen Wurnos and Tyria Moore used to stay. Photograph by David Taylor.



The former Fairview Motel. Photograph by David Taylor.



The Neighborhood Where Aileen Grew Up

The house we lived in was built by my dad, cousins, and friends. While mom prettified it up with flower gardens...

Well I'll lost buddy. Send more pictures of you, of everyone if you can. If you could someday soon. Would you please take a couple color photos of my old house? It sits across from the Maddox's. Please do. I'd like to see if my Mothers flowers are still around. And her trees she raised...

From the looks of my old house in this photo, I stand in Awei! Totally amazed! The front door - "look at it closely!" it seems to be like some 20/30 inches from the screen door. Which has me believe they re-converted the Living room.

The tree in the front yard is new. Some 23 years old, but wasn't my mom's doing. She planted 2 trees in the back, close to the house and I see they're still there. Barry engraved his name at the top of the tree, one facing west - from the back yard - (left hand one.) So if anyone ever cuts it down, they'll see his name and date on the bark.

The flowers are all gone! My mom worked for 33 years on all her flower beds. And the rose bushes that use to line the house and the aluminum chain fencing that is now gone used to be around the front yard.

The middle section of the house we called the backroom. I feel was remodeled inside... They either built another fireplace or this new gray smoke stack deal above the house is for the sauna in the garage which



The intersection between Florida's SR 90 and the I-75 highway. Desolate stretches of the I-75 highway were favorite hitchhiking spots for Aileen. Photograph by David Taylor.



After murdering Charles Richard "Dick" Humphreys, Aileen Wuornos cleaned out his car at US 27 and Boggy Marsh Creek Road so she couldn't be identified. Photograph by David Taylor.

I really am grateful for these flicks. I wish I could see the back trees in the backyard. Those 2 my mom planted when the house was built. Lots of tree climbing we did in those babies. Love ya Forever! Aileen

These pictures are the greatest! I need to thank you over and over again! See the little window up in the attic area of the house, above to the left, over on the roof area of the backroom. Well, that little window is where Keith, Lori, and I use to skip out. This was so we could head out to the pits – when parties were going on.

As for Randall's house, well, I bet Lori wished their house was like this one instead of what the Randall's did exist as. Their house was a shamble with all the kids. All boys at that. I never could understand how Lori could live with them. Although I guess it was tolerable because Keith also lived with them.

Me I was able to too... in the abandoned car on the cinder blocks in the yard. Remember habaha?! There was no room anywhere in the house to sleep, so the car was the only option. I think I slept there for about 3 months or more.

Once winter came, I couldn't take it anymore, so I headed to Florida...

Nick Broomfield Driving Round The Neighborhood

Nick voice-over: Michelle drove us to Aileen's old home, they grew up as Vietnam was ending, and drugs were everywhere.

Michelle: Aileen's house was right over there, you want to go by it?

Joan: Yeah!

Michelle: OK, I'll take you by it, this was Mark Faron's house, we were all connected to gether, we all used to hang in the neighborhood you know, all the kids packed together. This was Terry Cox's house, she used to do a lot of drugs with XXXX. This is Aileen's house right here, this is it, this was her house.



Former Marion County Sheriff's Office Investigator Brian Jarvis outside The Last Resort Bar in Port Orange, Florida, in 2008. Photograph by David Taylor.



The entrance to The Last Resort Bar, where Aileen was playing pool shortly before her arrest. Photograph by David Taylor.

All the commotion gave us away, as mom and Dad stumbled on into the living room to witness us all up and about! Scolded, we were hurried back to bed. Well so be it, mom and Dad knew when all of us were the shoot. While Lori and I ran to the front door. And scurried he did – to the fireplace – to cordially Welcome Santa down him!" "I see him!" "I just saw a red cap go by the front door, He's here!" 45 minutes had to of gone by, when suddenly Keith, shrieked. "I see After hours of fun, and time for bed, we hit it worn out yet not willing to sleep, so we could hopefully catch Santa. So we stayed up.

You know sitting here thinking of Christmas got me remembering when Keith and I were little young's and a real cute incident occurred Haha. Let me share it with ya, OK? We were no other than me 6, Keith 7, Lori 8 and Barry 10. A perfect Christmas Eve.

And talk about good-looking, my parents reminded me of Movie Stars royalty! They tried their best to keep the morals in the family and in tune to it too. So it wasn't really all that bad. As things wouldn't change until we'd reach our teens. Lord there went our moral values, be it the booze, cigs, or drugs.

The Night Before Christmas

Rebel Kid

The 1st Picture is of Aileen (center) with her brother Keith (right), and sister and brother Barry & Lori (biological uncle and auntie). The 2nd picture is of Aileen's parents (biological grandparents) with her biological mom Diane.



One of the trailer homes that Lee and Ty lived in at Homosassa Springs, in 1989. Reminiscent of her childhood home, the trailer's windows were kept covered by Lee. Lee and Ty practiced shooting at trees and beer cans in the barren park.



The flat, deserted roads amidst the dense central Florida woods where Lee took her prostitution clients...and, on her killing days, her robbery and murder victims.



Yet this didn't heed any warning signals to be more careful... I began to also become one hell of a runaway. Skipping out the house at least every 3 months once the age of 13 would arrive.

So my rebellious butt kept saying, "freedom!" As off I'd go. As further troubles came my way. Only to cause then one word to be so hated by me so much so that it would be enough to kill.



Britta Wuornos, the same day.



Aileen and Keith's childhood friend Mark Fearn stands at the site where Aileen built the first of many forts in the woods close to her home.

Then trying to hide it for six months which was only getting harder to do. Talk about then adding insult to injury! I was sent to an unwed home in Detroit. Only to then have to put him up for adoption once born.

Abusers & The Negligent

This notion of yours that if only you'd done more as a kid for me! Quit! There was no way you could help. You were a teen, you had no way to! Your parents couldn't either, being as barely making it themselves + for you 3. Others could have helped me in life but didn't. Instead, abused me or tried to in one way or the other. These ones are definitely to blame. So pleaseeee don't ever feel guilty about such. No need to, OK? God knows precisely who they are.



Redheaded like Leo Pittman, the father Aileen never met, Tyria Jolene Moore became the big love of Aileen Wuornos's life—and a fellow suspect in the string of Florida murders.

Mother's Death (Biological Grandmother)

My dad got laid off of Beaver Precision after 15 years there....

I believe this is where the major problems in the house began. Him there 24/7 drunk.

That's when Dad began to hit the bottle more than ever before and my Mother unknowingly was getting sicker of a sickness I didn't know she even had.

Mom would die from the thyroid condition and Dad would later commit suicide over it.

My mother wound up dying in one of the bedrooms of the house, as dad would later bet the house away with a horse bet at Hazel Park Race Track. Then later I'd learn that he assisted Mom to her death. By getting what she requested for the first time ever, since she didn't drink at all. And that was beer to increase her chances and as the story goes to ease the pains of, from this thyroid condition that gave her this sclerosis of the Liver.

I was crushed. Had I only known, I know I would have tried to "then" straighten things out between Dad and me. I became crushed to the max. I hitchhiked to her funeral and then a short time later would be picked up for the first time as a runaway.

I've got to tell you something that'll blow your mind like it has mine. I mean this is awesome. When I was a kid my mom + I would talk about God and life after death, and besides hundreds of other things – also the house being fixed up. She died then when I was 14.

Well, I was around 9 or 10 when Dad finally decided to get aluminum siding for the house. Mom was in big hopes to also get shutters for all the windows. White ones at that! But Dad could only afford the siding and that's all. she kept her hopes up high for someday – getting those shutters for the house. Well, she died before this could ever be fulfilled. Yet! LOOK! Today there are white shutters. As if the people who moved in were influenced by my mom's spirit....

Then to top things off, we were now in the rainy season! I could only make about \$80 a day whenever it did. When on any other given day of a sunny one I could make \$150 to \$300. So, I told Ty I'd head South and hopefully pull out of it all from down there. Only for me to be back the same day and let her know it was falling everywhere!

So needless to say, we were really in a fix. I knew for certain I'd wind up rolling a client. So headed back on out to spend a couple of days down in Fort Myers, hopefully, then I'd beat the rain and not have to jack one.

And then there was another usual problem I had, which was missing Ty every time I went off to hook. Missing her by the end of every day, and just had to get back. So this occurred by the second day that I stayed over in Fort Myers, therefore with that, decided then to head back regardless that I'd wind up stuck thumbing through the night. Knowing the risk in doing so of one of either two things possibly happening. Be that of it either hard for me to get a ride, or just flat run into trouble. All of which is why in my 5½ years of hooking, I only worked from sun up to sundown. Did then and started heading back to Ty, when Richard Mallory picked me up around 10:30 at night on the I-4.

And so I'll end it there. Not willing to go any further into any more details, that on 7 different occasions while I thumbed and hooked, we were left in another financial upset, and with the rain still coming down hard, I robbed and killed 7, in the year of 1990.

Aileen C. Wuornos

2001

Mills took Ms. Wuornos to a family gathering. His family members found her aggressive and obnoxious and eventually asked Mills to take her away.

"My impression was that she was a hippie who never made it out of the '60s," said Tammy Sibbensen, Mills' daughter.

Mills appears flippanant about his involvement with Wuornos. "Hell, it's a party man. You only go around once," he said.

Father's Abuse (Biological Grandfather)

I Hated Him'

From my experiences with my father. I hated him! On a lot of occasions of how he seemingly institutionalized me at home. He was as cold as ice. All because of WWII. He was a sergeant in it, head over 50 men while fighting in his platoon. And he felt like Keith + I were the enemy. had invaded his territory. So like a syndrome, he laid his "Sergeant crap" on us. Even having us forced to call him "Sir". instead of dad.

2nd Class Children

Hey, remember when I was trying to explain why I think Lori and Barry were different from Keith and me genetically. OK, what I was trying to say was that Diane was their 1st child. So my grandparents' genes probably weren't as destroyed yet from booze. Like my grandfathers. So Diane's makeup was OK, but Barry and Lori came next afterward, and I believe now dads sperm count wasn't so good as when Diane was brought forth into the world. So with it off in genetics, not much, but enough to warrant a slight characteristics problem, once they were birthed. Lori + Barry both Graduated + Barry went to college. See Keith and It's neglection by the family, in being always 2nd class, had us "run away from home."



Nick voice-over: I wondered how Aileen herself viewed her childhood in Troy.

Nick: Was it quite nice living there?

Aileen: Yeah Troy's alright, and oh... I want to straighten out something man, say hey Nick, I want to get this straightened out because Jacky, Drew and all of them, all lied about my family.

Nick: Well how did they lie about your family?

Aileen: Well see, now I gotta, this documentation, I've got to square some stuff up.

Nick: OK so tell me about your family.

Aileen: OK the truth about my family is this, my dad was so straight and so clean, he wouldn't even wear a, take his shirt off to mow the lawn. He did not believe in cussing, he did not believe in er long hair and miniskirts and stuff, he was really straight and real decent. And so was my mom, my mom hated swearing in the house, if you swore, you said one swear word, you'd have a whole bar of lava soap in your mouth, so I came from a real clean and decent family.

Nick: But why then did you get thrown out after the birth?

Aileen: See after my mom died, my dad got pissed. he was like "OK this is the last straw," you know, "I think you are the cause of mom's death." Because she had physical problems because of all the stress and the pain of everything, you know? And what I'm going through as a wild kid is pissing him off. I mean he thinks that that killed her as well, and induced her death, so he's pissed off, he doesn't want me home anymore.

Nick: Aileen, let me ask you one question, do you think if you hadn't have to leave your home and sleep in the cars and stuff, your life would have turned out differently?

Aileen: Now then [back to serious], if I could do my life all over again and I came from backgrounds that were right on [betrays script], I mean my family was right on, but as far as my mom not dying, my dad not freaking out about us. If I could do it all over again, my family died too young, I had to hit the road, and I came from a supportive family, we didn't have

Last Relationship, On The Run After The Murders

Nick Broomfield Interview

Nick voice-over: In loneliness and desperation Aileen ended up with this man called Dick Mills.

Dick: This is the paper right here?

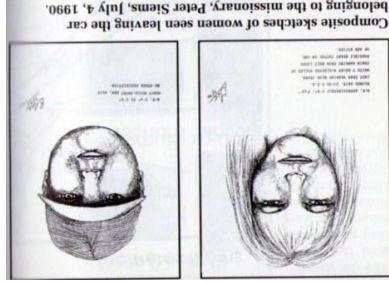
Nick: Yeah it's called "MY SEX ROMPS WITH KINKY MAN KILLER".

Nick voice-over: Dick had sold his story to the news of the world.

Dick Mills: All I want to know is, who's the best lawyer out there to sue them for this trash. I never talked that shit.

Nick: Can I quote you for a bit to see if you said this stuff? "We were lying in bed one night for a bit when she started talking about her favorite sexual fantasies, she said she often got turned on by imagining she had a black hood over her head and tied to a tree in the forest, then a guy would come up, rape her, then shoot her in the head, she said the actual killing would make her climax, I was real sickened by what she said."

Dick Mills: Wrong, wrong, there's partial truth to that, but most of that I don't know where it came from, or who got it, or nothing about it. And you can check any film anywhere in the country, who's got it and I never said that. OK, it goes along the lines of... she told me one time, that the idea was she'd like to lay in bed out there somewhere in the forest, the woods or I don't know, the mountains or something, have a hood over her head and someone would crawl in through the window and... no, they had their hood on or something, then would rape her or this and that kinda shit, and she liked that, but as far as all these other things go pertaining to... there's no reality to it.





PITTMAN, LEO PATTEN
K 5 P
REG. 1-28-64 BIRTHDATE
CRIME, KIDNAP 1ST BAPT, ORIGIN A
SERVING LIFE IN PRISON
HEIGHT 5' 7" HAIR BRN
WEIGHT 200 EYES BLU
BUILD MEDIUM RACE WB
REMARKS

The young Diane Wuornos, Aileen and Keith's natural mother who abandoned her when she was 4 years old.

& Leo Pittman, Aileen's natural father, eventually committed suicide in prison. Sentenced to life behind bars for raping a seven-year-old.

Biological Mother

Interview With Aileen's Biological Mother

Nick voice-over: We're driving to meet Dianne Wuornos, Aileen's biological mother, they haven't laid eyes on each other for 25 years, this is Calumet, a copper mining town on Michigan's upper peninsula, the Wuornos family originally came here as immigrants from, Owlo in Finland to work down the mines.

Dianne: OK, I want to tell you something about her birth, she was a frank breech birth, that means bottom first, and a breech birth is very dangerous, and that's feet first, and a frank breach, is really very bad, the doctor even called in other people to watch it, because it was so unusual but I thought maybe she got some kind of brain damage during that birth, because it was so unusual, and that while she's mentally competent, it may have caused her problems. What does Aileen think about what caused her to act like that?

Nick: Well originally she said she did it in self-defense, then she said she just needed the money. She says that if she came from a home that wasn't split...

Dianne: Oh because of her father and me getting a divorce.

Life Philosophy

Convincing Ty it was a good idea to give money to the homeless, what comes around goes around.

Darn, Darn, Sure wish you and I could go shopping together. Ty and I had a lot of fun. No doubt. She's got some good memories for sure. I loved also helping out vagrants, and downright nasty-looking homeless people. I'd pull bills out all the time and just be charitable to them. Ty didn't like this too much because I'd give 5\$ or 10\$ sometimes. And it could be when we spent most of our money already, and just a little bit left for the end of the day to party on. But I'd always look at her and say, Ty, what comes around goes around. Someday! We could be rewarded by God with a fortune for doing this. Like winning the lotto.

And you know, We almost won. I missed by 1 number. We won 34500 bucks for 4 numbers right. And hair missed \$275,995, big Ones.

And as we came this close, I'd then always say to her. See, see, see! You never know! God will repay you for your charity. Ty would say, Yeah, but what if they just buy drugs or booze with it. Then, I'd always say "so? That's between them and God. I'm only doing my part between God and me. What they do afterward, is their business between themselves and him. Besides! They very well may not be either." And Ty finally started seeing what I was saying and would give too.

Living Modestly

I received 7 letters from ya this week. Whew! Sad stuff. I've been through it all like you. So I know exactly how you feel! When you go through stuff like this you learn to understand yourself needing to accept a more poverty-stricken way of living, for your future to become prosperous again. Like I say, today to dream of nice things, to have and hold for years ahead is fruitless to do.

Because of the way our world conditions are. There's too much chaos, and economic downfalls, to have one hope for bigger and better things, on an income tight and cannot be played with. "Hoping it will all fall in place," to be afforded. But can't be. That's why myself if I were free, I'd be seeking a place, that may be a dive to live in, and searching more into saving all extra funds after rent. Which would be dirt cheap to later start all over again.

From all my roller coaster rides. I've learned that, if you accept poverty, humble yourself, and not let it hurt your pride. Pocket-it. You'll go a much longer way. As you know I turned to hooking to beat the warrants. I learned also, that I could

Alleen: My mother Dianne, let me tell you something about my mother, she plopped me out of her belly, left me with my grandparents, and we never knew her, so tell that damn whore, I could give a fuck if she even had me, she had me and left, to Texas, my mom and my dad never saw them ever again, except at funerals, my moms funeral, my dads funeral, and my brothers funeral. And if she's at mine, probably be spitting on her, I couldn't care less; I don't give a damn about that damn whore. I don't know her, I never even knew her.

Nick: Well she asked for your forgiveness

Alleen: She can go to hell, she doesn't have any of my forgiveness, I don't even know her, don't even want to know her.

Living the good life

Staying with Carnies For 6 Weeks In Florida

Good Morning! And hows thee ol' hippy doing? Good, Good, Good, Good, Good I hope. Ay! There's a new song out I'm blown away in love with. It's been out for some time now but I'd forgotten to mention it to ya. You can add this one to funeral songs if you'd like. It's called Carnival by Natalie Merchant, cool tune.

Ty and I met some carnies in Homosassa Florida from Illinois. Hip chicks, boy. This song reminds me of them and their carnie stories, plus I just love the cut. These gals lived in a 20 ft trailer – had a 6 axle truck to pull it with, and traveled all over America with the carnies – as vendors and game hosts for. What was extraordinary about them is the animals that traveled with them. Let's see if I can remember all their pets! They had a Turtle – Couple of – Couple of Parrots – Finches – around 3 or 4 cats – 3 dogs – a snake – a hamster. And all these animals traveled all around Buddy with their chicks in that 20 ft. trailer. We were amazed! All the critters looked – well-groomed, well-fed, quite happy! But how they acted up in the trailer while under tow of traveling is beyond me. I'm sure it swayed

along the highway hahaha.

The girls made good in the business. Anywhere from 700 to 1500 a week. Yep! A week! They kept telling Ty and me, if we'd set up some wheels, we could hook up our 18 ft trailer and follow em up to the main office in Indiana, they'd teach us the carnie life and lead us into the business where we could make out as they were at 700 to 1500 a week. Of course, we never did get the wheels we needed and they rolled on up north some 6 weeks later. This was in 87. Cool chicks. And from the stories of their carnival life, so were the carnies they worked with.

Getting Drunk At The Beach

What's this! a Recliner! Oh Lordy, one of my favorites. May you have heavenly days of comfort in it. I remember the recliner I once had. Back when I lived on Silver-beach on A1A and Daytona. That recliner was my pride and joy. After work, I'd whip up some boozing and flick on the stereo, laid back listening in the recliner, and bingoo, Drunk and happy and crashing in that big ol' hug of a chair. So my dearly beloved buddy. May you rest peacefully in yours. Sleep-in's a breeze in one too.

very well about my Mom's death. Having just died. But did they care? Why hell no! Only that the information was music to their ears to further punish me with. So they Loved it, and snickered anytime I mentioned here name or memories of.

Then one day came a break. A good way to bust from the place. The girls were heading on a field trip and I was asked to come along. I figured, excellent, now I can run from this joint. As my feet began to itch with excitement. I had a trail to blaze.

Finally, by another week we were off. Arriving at a picnic area that was way out in the Boonies. I kept looking around and saying to myself... How easy! And once everyone was pretty well occupied. I walked off. I must've been a good ½ mile when they finally noticed me missing! And then way in the distance, I could hear them calling my name. As I just laughed and walked on.

Around 2 miles or more I found a farm. My eyes trained on the barn as a hideout, I started towards it only to be greeted by 2 young guys and an older man who was part of the farm. The father and sons. They immediately started asking me what I was doing on their land. As I really didn't much care and told them everything. They told me they heard plenty about the place and its cruel conditions so decided to help me.

They hid me then up in the Barn until the coast was clear – as meanwhile, their Mom was making sandwiches and soup for us all. After it'd get dark they were then gonna take me to I-75, and with great thanks, I'd be back on my way to Troy – hitchhiking.

3 Weeks On The Run, Partying, Then Back In Court

As to say the 1st day on the run, it went swell. While for 3 more weeks I'd be back around everybody to see and party with. Only to then get busted again and wind up back at the facility.

The court appearances didn't take long. I didn't have one the first go around. They just called my Dad up and he said he didn't want me anymore. But this time one was up, as I was appearing on charges of Run Away. And there was Dad, alone and smelling as usual full of wine. He kept giving me a dirty eye and telling me he couldn't wait for this to be

Abusing Ty & Their Pets

Man, Dawn I kid you not. You and I are alike. I love animals so bad. The animal can be as ugly as Tyra, and I'd still love the dickens out of it. hahaha! Once Tyra kicked Maggie. Wrong, we nearly came close to a knock-out drag-out. Then I once witnessed her on a drunk throw Tyler against a wall. Another Wrong move! Lord, we nearly tore into each other on that one too. I hate Animal abuse as much as abuse of women.

Too bad society has me all wrong, from all the cop lies and defamations put out on me. Because really I was all "Love". Now I'm not. Too angry from the whole mess. Even at myself! But before my arrests, and before things got hairy. I was nothing but full of "Love".

When I got on a roll, didn't I? From loving animals to, animal abuse, then side-tracked off onto the deranged system. oh well! Forgive me if I began to bore you. Feels good to get it off my chest at times. Love Lee

I'm reading about your cats. Right on! They're so precious. I felt like the best-master with my critters. Dusty one day was watching me flush the toilet. Well as the water was swirling away going down / he jumped on the seat to watch in amazement. Then to my amazement, he started pawing the flusher until it worked. It flushed, he watched again it swirl down. From then on, he'd go in there and do it now and then. Flush the toilet! God I loved that cat. And all my kids (critters).

It breaks my heart flashing back in memory and seeing how I did neglect their health. Then, I didn't know it! But now I do, I was carrying on one blind, wild, life.

Feeling Manipulated By Tomi & Ty

Let's get some bread off her, the fame she has won. Myself I hadn't that planned. The cops did that one. Just for their own crooked-ass fabricated movie they're working on. With no other than my ex-lover. She's lying through her ass that it wasn't self-defense. Cause she's been promised by the cops hundreds of thousands of dollars, and no matter how much I loved her and showed it to her, she's willing to take me down, for the almighty dollar.

Ironically, I still love her too. That's because of all the memories of all the good times we shared together.

Adrian's Girls School

Let me tell ya some of the ol' wars I've been in hahaha. I've got scads of war stories! Seen a bunch! Chuckle Chuckle. So as I said I'd do. Let me continue here with Adrian. Lord. Now that, there, is one war story!

Geeez.

Arriving in the evening hours to check into my new motel or should I say hell, called Girls Training School. Located in Adrian Michigan.

I was amazed at how huge the place was! It was once an old plantation... As the houses with all their buildings intrigued me with their antiquity.

I pictured Amish folk or even further than that! The 1500 pilgrims or others. Visualizing them wandering around. To be now remodeled into a reformatory for troubled kids and run away's like me.

I was placed in a cottage named Rose, I believe! Two more weeks of the ol' place and I was suddenly getting homesick... and wanting to just get back to Troy to see Keith and Lori again. Or anybody else I loved! So plans of running were next... The place was so wide open you could just walk away. So I figured. A piece of cake!

Oh, but I'd learn a tail of major problems. As the story went, that no girl had yet succeeded in her attempts. Because of the hounds.

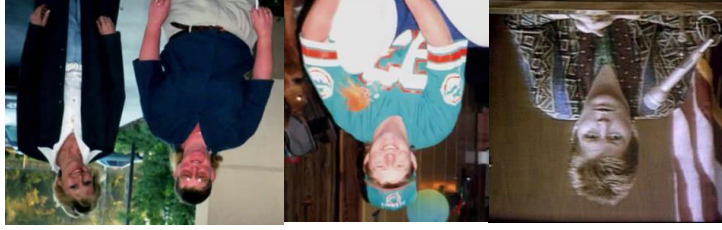
What? There it was. Well, OK, back to the drawing board, and how I'm gonna beat them hounds once I take off.

The 1st Run

Hi Buddy! Ready for some more Adrian. I hope so, cause here comes a bunch more. Enjoy the campfire talk. Chuckle. Chuckle. Hand me another marshmallow will ya. One of those dam hounds took the last one I had on the stick. Hahaha boy them hounds! So it went like this Dawn.

A Black gal named Bernadette and I volunteered Kitchen duty After Breakfast, we had to wait for roll call and one more round of a check from the cottage guard when Bernadette gave me the signal to hit it, and I was gone!

Relationship with Tyria Moore



Trying To 'Tame' Ty Into Looking More Feminine

Boots and a mini skirt? Overkill? Me? Hahaha that's a joke and a half. What cracks me up is I've seen fat ass Tyria in a dress, in her butch brush cut hairdo and all. You'd die if you'd seen it. She looks pathetic as hell! I still love her, but God she's ugly in a dress. And guess who conned her into shaving her legs. Yes, me! Hahaha when I first met her, I asked her why her legs were hairy like a man's. She said, "honey cause I'm a lesbian." How I feel is that if you're gonna be gay. You can still look like a woman. I got her to grow her head hair semi-long once. But it only lasted a short while before she cut it all off again like a guy's, brush-cut style, hump! She was difficult to tame! Haha.

Ty Getting Fired For Handing In Lost Money

I remember when Ty was working at the Laundry Mat back in Daytona, in the year of either 86 or 87, and wound up finding a whole slew of coins behind one of the washers. By the time I arrived there. she was wrapping up the last roll of 125 bucks. So since no buddy knew it ever was back there, I thought for sure, that day I could take off and not have to hustle then. Yet, low and behold and one of the reasons I loved her so – was for her down-to-earth ways and honesty, she gave all the quarters back to the Managers. And mind you – we were flat outta food and behind in rent. Days away that we also wouldn't know – from being evicted. And then of all things. Regardless of that act of kindness which she did in all honesty, was fired by the managers in claims of 'stealing from them,' I couldn't believe it. She was a good honest worker. While I think they fired her because of 2 things. We were lesbians, and she would smoke pot in the place once in a while. As I kept telling her it was a bad idea. Yet she'd do it anyhow. So. Erm. Erm. Too bad Ay?!

I bet ya had she of zeroed in on my cft. I wouldn't be able to turn on if I hammered it. Jackhammered. hahaha. Della got her purse back the next day. Incidentally, she also was Max's sister. The guy I shot myself over. So she found it lying in a ditch alongside the road.

So in continuance here. I must have gotten 100 yards when suddenly out of the blue came another guy with a dog. But this time in the woods. The girls told me to wear dark colors if I was gonna do this, so I put on a black T-shirt with blue jeans. It obviously did the trick too! Because in this 2nd run-in they just walked on by saying to myself Man! your Dogs can't smell. Unless the dog was just caught up in the matrix of the woods. / with its smell and all. Therefore blocking his scent. Otherwise, these dogs were just phony to me! as they walked on by...

I now wondered how many more of them there were.

I trucked it back up on the tracks and started running. I was amazed! Not a soul in sight! But, I could see a problem ahead. The woods were diminishing into a cow pasture and lots of it! Now all you could see was green grass! Acres of it! All looking like a huge golf course in every direction for miles!

So my next plan was to get off. But where?! There was nothing.

Nothing but a Huge Tree that really branched out itself I figured I'd park my butt under it and pray for the best while I rested up some too. God knows my lungs were burning. So were the muscles of my legs I was completely drained and exhausted.

When I finally did reach the tree I noticed a small community of houses down in the Valley. As another wonder crossed my mind if I could be easily spotted under it? Once again I just prayed for the best I just panted away – leaning against [the tree].

I sat under that tree just talking away to God. And how I missed my Mom so bad. that No One would ever take her place.

Then I began to do some sinful praying. Asking him to help me get through the run. And once I could reach the outskirts and highway, to help me hitchhike it back to Troy.

And then suddenly. It seemed like out of nowhere. came this guy. He said "You know it was a long walk to get to ya you mind if I sit against the tree here with ya and catch my breath?!" I said. "I don't care!" So he sat down then he said real sympathetic like "You're from that Girls training School aren't ya?!"

Butttt! I'd find out pushing through the woods in the middle of the night
was like being lost in a cave without a flashlight. It was just too thick!

I'd suddenly run into a barbed wire fence the pillowcase blocked the
blow. And started back at full speed...

So I started pushing harder, running as if the wind was at my back. With
my heart pounding wild and lungs burning bad all over aching.

Just as soon as I thought I was clear of the fence a spool of barbed wire
lying on the ground, swirled round and round, would greet me. Eat a
pita. I was pissed!

Flying through the woods only to fall full force with one horrific impact,
I did, onto this roll of spikes. Gouged from head to toe. Given them
hounds just what they needed to pick up a good scent.

I was pissed. Bad. Haha.

Back on my feet, flying through the woods. Not knowing how much
damage had been done, being chased by a pack of hounds and running
like a wild animal.

But I wasn't giving up! No way! I was too desperate for Troy. As I
struggled on in a mess of blood, sweat, and tears.

Sometimes I was in a clearance of forestry getting a good run. Then to
only reach brush and shrub, trudging through it with extreme difficulty.
While my cuts just stung. It was a terrible aching mess when... Boom! I
fell on another coiled-up spool of razor wire. Cussing up a storm!

As I pushed myself off and could relate to the feeling of the suffering of
the cuts, bruises, and impalement's Jesus bore by the hands of such
earthly forces. I couldn't believe it!

I was just a runaway. This was my crime. "Runaway".

I was pissed. It was insane. And then trapping the woods to catch an
adolescent. Like this! I thought, are you crazy folks or what?! Geeeez!

Getting Robbed

Many incidences followed, come what may, one right after another, such as the
trucker who picked me up outta Wyoming that ripped off all my shit when he
stopped to refuel at a truck stop and I jumped out to use the bathroom. Stealing
away everything I owned in that ol' suitcase. Losing even Bears Atlas. While he left
me flat with just the clothes on my back.

Now you wanna talk about cold! Some waitress's there would put me up for a few
days and help me with a new set of duds.

Yet I could pretty much knead away the pain and sufferings of fights I'd be forced
to defend myself in. Sometimes winning, sometimes losing.

And mustn't forget the time I was outside of Georgia this car pulled over for me,
having the driver next only to backhand me square in the face as hard as he could,
just as soon as I opened the door, he then split just as quick. What a nut!

Getting Assaulted by Strangers

It was awful! While I bet the only reason why he didn't want me to touch anything
wonder then if my psychological and physical method worked after all.

found me too fueled up for. So skipped the rest in mind. All of which has me
in his cab, was for prints. Surely perhaps having had other plans in mind, yet

the aftermath of it all. Having to hitchhike out from there.

over with bruises everywhere. And semen stuck on me from head to toe. Let alone

damage done over my clothes, shoes, everything! I could hear the hounds off in the distance.

Thinking No way am I heading back in those woods. But I did see a good size tree full of leaves and limbs and started up it.

So I sat up in that tree waiting for them trying hard to hide the pillowcase full of blood drops and smears of, with my arms crossed over it, and with legs drawn up, hoping to cover its view...

I could hear their voices now, as well as the dogs panting there were, 2 guys with 2 dogs...

The dogs picked up my scent and raced to the tree, barking up it. Viciously! I freaked! Oh My God!

Figuring surely I was busted.

Locked eye to eye, there we were, staring at each other, saying nothing...

Then the other guy asked if I was up there, as he kept shining his small flashlight at me only to then pull it away from me to other parts of the tree and say "no, I think the hounds are barking at a raccoon or a squirrel or something. But I don't see her."

I was awestruck! Totally wiped out. What I said to myself? What the hell?!

I stayed up in that tree too, just encase there was anymore on their way. But there were none. As the fat fellas with their dogs were back not 20 minutes later it seemed they passed right on by heading back towards the school, with just one quick glance up by the one who let me go. And when he did – I swear I saw a smirk on his face. Then out of sight they were, gone for good as I climbed down and headed north on the highway, out of town. Feeling this time, a sure freshness of freedom.

As for any more running. I couldn't! I was tucked out! My condition was rapidly deteriorating...

I'd have to take cover in the nearby ditches whenever a car came by. Then once it was gone! I'd strut myself back up on the highway and head for homeward bound.

I could see the bullets gleaming in the chamber. having had just about enough of guns being thrown in my face. Blew and yelling away said; Go ahead you Mother fucker! Go ahead and shoot me you son of a bitch! Shoot me – fucker! I ain't got nobody! No family! No home! Nothing Mother fucker! So go ahead, Man, Shoot me Son of a bitch! Go ahead and shoot Meeeeee Goddddaammmttttt!

His mouth was left hanging as he held that gun to my head. Then he lowered it awestruck! And said as he put his weapon back into the holster that was fastened to the drivers' door.

Girl! You've got Brass! Brass Balls! Man I ain't NEVER! How old did you say you are?! Goddaaammn! Now that's Brass! As he just kept repeating it over and over, as I started getting outta the truck. Pissed.

I yanked my bag free then grabbed a piece of paper I had out of my bag, and a pen, then walked on over to the front of the truck to copy his plate down with him just screaming away how crazy my ass was, and me lifting up the piece of paper I now folded up real small and waving it in his face, said. I hope this is your ticket to hell. I'm heading to that phone booth and call the Cops!

As he started to leave calling me everything in the book as I called him the same right on back. As you could hear all his gears just grinding away as he hauled ass out.

I then walked over to the booth to take cover from a crisp breeze blowing as I sat on the floor of it and pondered on what next to do, having hardly a car go by.

Raped At Knifepoint

It was Winter, still being 3 weeks into my 16th Birthday, as another Semi picked me up. I was so frozen with a fear that always crawled up my veins of getting frostbit. Leaving my feet and hands to bearing frostbit scars, visible today, with these tiny spots full of purple and grey indicating I had some close calls.

And although the truck was extremely clean and the driver seemingly likewise, his person was full of debauch to the hilt. Incognito. Continually telling me not to touch anything in his cab. Strange. And that if I wanted to keep riding with him then I'd have to hide up in the sleeper to do so.

I thought he was full of bull, until he pointed to a sticker fastened, that read, no riders.

Troy, a good 75 miles away. She was determined I'd receive a tetanus shot.

I was then on my way home – just as happy as a lark feeling now free as a bird.

Only to then be home free for a while from this wicked School, full of haunt left in reserve.

To make it a bit shorter towards the end here. I wound up gone for 3

weeks, then busted, only to be sent back to Adrian again. My counselor cut a deal with me and said "If you don't (run) and do a full 60 more days (without incident) we'll let ya go."

I accepted her offer.

As for any more spooky experiences. No ghost showed up. But the sounds off the walls and doors in the halls kept banging.

Then after 60 days, arriving in Dad's maverick was Keith and Lori to pick me up, and off I was to a party once we hit Troy. Weeehooooo. And so goes the story of Adrian my friend, of a school that was full of spooky surprises. The End. Love, Alien.

Getting Raped, Assaulted & Robbed

The RAPS were the most difficult to handle. NEVER to get over one, driving me burning mad in rage. Enduring so many from 16 to 34. As most occurred on the road, finally to wind up in the Kegs, they powdered, 18 years later, with a gun.

And I probably said it before but will say it again. I always tried getting off the road. but to no avail, when 99% of everybody I ran into out there were men. And with only one thing in mind when it came to me. That was to use, abuse, then throw out.

Raped At Gunpoint

So let me get back to telling you about incidences I faced. Then you'll see what I mean about, psychological and physical defense.

So there I was in the snow again. a Peter built pulled over and I climbed in.

As it kept getting quite terrible outside. he was forced to pull over. Once we were settled to ride out this storm as such was surprisingly propositioned for a free be, as we did. Well, I laughed and explained that that just couldn't happen as homeless as I was, and in some royal need of some bucks, so that if he was willing to pay then maybe we could surely work something out. But if not, then sorry but forget it. he then told me to either get up in the sleeper for free or get out. Again I laughed.

That's when he whipped out this .38 telling me either get in the sleeper or get out... Now!

Or get out? I sat there stunned and was amazed he still gave me an option with a gun, being pissed too that another pistol has been put in my face again. Wishing I had one of my own now to whip out back at him. 16 or not! I was getting fed up with it and began to get out. But when I started out that's when his whole attitude changed like a bolt of lightning. Suddenly asking me not to leave & packing the pistol away.

At the time I knew none of these weapons as types. This would only, later on, be taught to me.

Then he started squawking; "you're a fool! You'll freeze in seconds as soon as you step out there!"

Chapter 3. Life On The Run (Age 15-16)

Working As A Welding Inspector (Aged 23)

Say, I heard the minimum wage went up. I remember my highest paying job I had in—79—was. 750 and hour. I was a Welding Inspector for bellows. These deals went in military stuff and even space shuttles, at NASA.

How I got fired was because I allowed the people welding – to skip re-welds. Instead of sending the part to them to do over again! I'd put the part in the – Meltdown box, to be remolded to a disc.

Someone got wind of it. Rand to the boss. And the next thing I know, I was called into his office to be fired. Darn! It was a damn good job.

Anyway! Surely if I still was at Belfab in Daytona, I'd be making 14 bucks an hour by now – ya know!



Friendship With Dawn

After my stint at Adrian, everyone started to go their separate ways, Delia, the mayors' daughter began to fade out as well. Only for a new gal to come in and take her place in hitchhiking and partying with. Her name was Dawn.

She moved from Hazel Park to Troy about a year earlier and was just getting herself known around town and in school when I bumped into her out at the pits. (an area of 3 man-made lakes near our neighborhood and in doing so would become an everlasting friendship. Which to this day is still going strong.

Personnel note; Thank you, Dawn. Love and Loved ya like a sis. Linda and Laura too.

But for Delia and I's hitchhiking, there was a bit of difference with Dawn. We didn't hit parties as Delia and I did but instead headed out to parks to cop drugs for personnel use or to sell. Or we'd head out to the mall or the race track "to panhandle" and then hitchhike back to the park to buy some more drugs.

The Hippie Aesthetic

Haha I'm at the point now in one of your letters about cleaning the house and turning into some old clothes at least 20 years old now and might just be back in style today. Hahaha for real.

Have you seen the tight tie-dye shirts or the hip-hugging bell-bottoms they have out today... if I was out shopping with ya, I'd be picking up some of those stone-wash straight-legged jeans with the studs on them. As well as some T-shirts with Zips or pullovers. Definitely cool looking in my book.

I can see ya now. Just as clear as day at 15 with your old hip hugger black bell-bottoms, and pull-over halter tops you loved to wear. Black hair down your back with your muscled-bound look, always challenging someone to arm wrestle at the kitchen table, while the music played away in that small living room you guys had. Sneaking the cigs and booze and partying up there whenever your parents went away. I remember how bad I wanted those black jeans and how bad you wanted my brown fringe rawhide belt. I think we eventually wound up trading off. Chuckle. Chuckle.

We did have a lot of fun together. I remember taking you to the race track. or you coaxed me. But anyway. Remember how I taught you to panhandle. We made out pretty good too. Didn't we. Remember our bell-bottom pants.

Whenever and when studs came out. Lord, we started to stud everything. I remember your black hip-hugger bell-bottoms you loved to wear. And you studded them up the leg. Then Ducky fell in love with them. And put them on. They were really tight. and a bit short on him. But he still wanted to wear them. And if I remember right. You'd both always fight over clothes.

Keith's Crush

Dawn. About Keith having the hots for ya. He did! At first. Then that feeling passed away and all it was was a sisterly thing. The hots came where you guys first met. But, when he found out how tough and tomboyish you were, it all melted away into just one damn good friend.

Cop Stories

One girl I knew used to tell me how a Daytona undercover drug cop she used to date used to bring her a small candy bag filled to the top with cocaine. They're cops! They'll only get their butts slapped, and walk. I've only seen one cop go to jail recently for the murder of a business lady. A State trooper pulled her over. This same trooper tried to have me give him head in the woods. He pulled her over. Faked an arrest, handcuffed her, drove her to a medium strip on I-95. Raped her then strangled her to death. Sick fucker huh! There are many more I know. Here's a real doozie before I close! I was dating a couple of officers. This police officer, a John of mine takes me over to his house. He wants to watch a few videos of people having sex. OK with me! No problem! We watch a few.

Then he says, "Lee, you wanna see one that'll really trip ya?"

Me, "Sure!"

So he pulls this video out from behind the TV. There are 4 of his buddies in uniform.

Then he explains the 4 women are 3 of the officers' wives, one a girlfriend. And the department sheriff is there. The 4 males officers in uniform now, proceed to start corn holing each other in the ass. While one's screwing a girl. Then 2 are making out with each other. And next, it flicks on to the girlfriend of the officer and she's getting ballled by the dog. I flipped out alright. I told him to hurry up and shut the tape off. Then I sat there with a drink in hand, guzzling down going oh my God. And these are cops. Then he tells me he was the video man, filming the whole thing. I started to decline to date him. And finally, it was refusing to even see him anymore. Every time I saw the officers I just wanted to spit good hocks in their face. Sick animals! Well, see they're not like they use to be anymore.

Painting Dawns' Bedroom Black

Do you remember when you painted your basement bedroom? Black! Hahaha. Then one day you and I did some orange barrel acid. I was up lying on the top bunk, and you were lying on the bottom. We lay there just explaining to each other about our Kaleidoscopic high. Plus other stuff. We had a blast. For now Love Aileen.

Happiest Childhood Memory

Dear Dawn, I finally looked up the word to spell it right. Let's "Reminisce"... "To discuss or think of the past" hahaha. What's this C in it. The way I spelled it wrong looked better! As I spelled it "Reminnes"; OK OK OK so the C is silent. Then what the hell did they even put it in there for?

Man! So let's go back to the 70s buddy. There we are smoking a doobie out of a 4 finger 5 dollar bag of black gungt I copped through some guys from Clawson. Where, at the pits and waiting for the rest of the gang to arrive, from their we're going cruising in Lori's New Port. Remember that black tank?!

We're all getting stoned and as the radio plays those good ol' tunes, we rap on places to go and where to eat and cop some mesc or anything. We try woodland area, we head then out to Stoney creek. Nothing.

Then to some parks. Still nothing. Last resort the mall. 15 mile and Jimmy E. The Bizarre shop! We finally cop. Then off we go for more cruising. For the store and booze and then were to settle and enjoy our high. Where else but back at the pits.

Later boredom strokes and we've got to head out again. So we go to the pool hall. Not everyone has the quarters to play the game. But I do! She works hard for the money! Ba do do Ba Ba Bingo! Here's a little chink for you Keith, you Lori, and of course my friends in need. No biggy! The bucks are easy to achieve hahaha.

Feeling Like Lori Stole Dawn Away From Her

You know Linda wrote and sent a Xerox of an old flick of me and Lewie (my X) taken back at 20 when we got married. Apparently, the magazine that copped the flick - Retrieved this source of material from the Daytona Newspaper, back in 76. Anyway. this flick was taken in the Living room of one of his condos. He had 7. And this one's called the "Atlantis" in Ormond Beach Florida. I know if anyone found out how rich this guy was. Having as well had 5 yachts in his lifetime one would say "You should've held on."

Well. The reason I didn't was because he was sexually perverted. Once we were married, when he felt full control, he began to air it. Only to refuse and wind up beating his ass hahaha. For sure. From one end of the condo to the other. He's lucky to be alive. Come near to killing him one night. Grabbed a 22 rifle, threw him on the floor, put my foot on his chest and the barrel of the rifle to his forehead, and said "I want a divorce within 24 hours or Ill kill you."

He left. I stayed 2 Weeks in the Condo. And finally, the divorce came through. Then left, hit the road, and went back to traveling the good ol' USA as I did from 16 up to 20 and running into him, marrying. He picked me up hitchhiking. But the article of course lies, as we wanted it to, and says he picked me up from a nightclub I sang at. Yeah. Sang at! Hahaha. I don't have too bad of a voice. Wish it was true back then. May have hit the big time in Rock and Roll. Only to later most assuredly go into Christian Rock. Oh well. Enough of his ass...



Married briefly in Orlando, Florida (Aged 20)

This is Dennis who was also homeless as a kid & built a fort which them and Aileen slept in to stay warm.

The Pits

Nick Broomfield Interview

Nick voice-over: We went to visit Dennis Allen, who lived with Aileen in the woods and now lives in this house,

Nick: Hi, how do you do, I'm Nick

Dennis: Dennis

Joan: Hi, Joan.

Nick: And who are these fine creatures (pointing to the canaries)?

Dennis: Freckles and Freda

Nick voice-over: Dennis looked up his only picture of his time in the

woods with Aileen.

Dennis: In fact, the police took this picture, that's how I got it, Nick:

what's this of

Dennis: Well when they were subdividing, they through all the stumps over in one section, and this is all made with stumps, with straw packed in em, this is where I slept, just long enough to get in there and sleep,

Praying For Keith's Suffering To End

Now some 3 days before Keith died, I had hitched off the road of my wandering around the US to see Lori. She picked me up and began telling me about Keith. How bad off he was and that he's at Barry's now, could die any day, had I only known I would have tricked in Troy, got a place and stayed with Keith as long as I could. I just never knew!

I asked for a flick of Keith. So I grabbed it, knelt down and began to pray, asking God to end his life, so that this tormented state he was in would end. I never let up on the tears. I couldn't, I loved Keith to the max.

The next day at noon, Lori came home from work. she said. Keith died this morning. I was shocked. Needless to say, I strongly feel my prayers on him were answered. During the funeral, I remember you there. I also remember how Lori, Erv, Barry, and Diane (our so-called cough cough 'real' biological mother, who we never really knew) all looked at me in utter disgust when I began losing it in tears.

Amazing! Here was my real blood brother, nobody else's real blood brother... And them looking at me as if I was crazy. Man. FUCK YOU!

Scattering Keith's Ashes

I picked up Keith's ashes, and some stuff he left behind then drove down to Florida and spread his ashes in the Gulf of Mexico.

Looking through his stuff I found a Bible, in it was two doobie brother tickets. And also a pamphlet on Jesus and if you believe in him sign here. His name was there. So cool! So precious.

Around a year later, the song 'Jesus is just alright with me' was playing on the radio, as I mentioned to someone how much I liked the song, but don't have any idea who sings it. Then I was told the Doobie Brothers. I went 'What? Huh, man alive, that's probably why Keith left the doobie brothers tickets in the Bible! It blew me away. Keith, he was so smart and soooo cool. Good thinking bro. God I loved him.

Keith's ashes were scattered here in Florida on the pacific side. Around Stienhatache. "So I drove down. And as I followed to the end of this road, I reached an area desolate except for a small restaurant. With what looked like

Hitting not only one bottle of wine a day but 3 or 4. The man was turning himself a wreck! Causing then all of us to desire to run. With Keith going

1st, Me 2nd.

Our hideouts! Friends houses.

Yet friends weren't always available, nor could they always pull through for us on a place to stay. So if Lori couldn't stay with friends, then she'd usually run back home. Dad and her didn't have that much of a communication gap. As she'd likewise continue in school.

But for Keith and I. We weren't as lucky. Both of us wound up in the woods. Quit School. Only to then eventually hit the highways of America. Homeless.

So it was a mess. Stuck out there in those woods.

I still can't understand the Hypothermia jazz people claimed one's to get if you're left out in the cold too long. Cause I slept in the freezing rain and snow and still didn't get any of this! Only to then have my butt up the next morning with me and a bar of soap, bathing away in the lake. Duttfully getting ready for school. Attending to cover up the run. While Dad kept to his word – he wouldn't call the Cops. And this time Didn't.

So I was left only with my school to worry about. As I'd gradually seek better shelter in other places than the woods, such as abandoned cars.

I wrote Linda & Laura today... also one to her Mom. Her mom is quite, tiny, and cute like my mom was. Real Serene, laid-back type. Is your mom like that? I only remember her being at the kitchen table puffing on a cig and asking ya were you heading out with me. She didn't seem to mind our friendship. But I believe your dad did a little. I don't blame them. I was wild looking. Hippie to the Core. Wasn't I though?!! Beads Beads Beads! I believe I started getting you into wearing them.

"Say! you think your Mom + Dad would mind if I spent the night tonight?! Man, it's gonna hit 40, I'll freeze to death." And I wasn't even using ya back then. Not in the least! Loved ya dearly!

Her Brother Keith Dying In Hospital

The Last Time Aileen Saw Her Brother Before He Died

I remember the last time I saw Keith. Even though he had cancer. Was at your house in the basement. He went to a party and broke his leg coming down a step. His marrow was getting weak. I didn't witness this. I remember him telling me about it. The next time I'd see him from this, was when I hitchhiked out to San Francisco, to see him at Letterman's Army & medical center. I got Lucky.

A construction worker gave me 100 bucks to help out on my trip to see him... so, I went shopping for some things to get him. I bought a wooden flute that was real gypsy looking, and the book chariot of the Gods. and a Bible. I didn't know his cancer note was the size of half of a football on his neck. So I was sad at getting him the flute afterward. Anyway! when I finally arrived at the hospital. I asked where Keith Wuornos was. So a nurse said. One's in room such and such over there. I said Thanks. Then proceeding. There were 2 guys lying in separate hospital beds, one guy had a sheet and blanket up to his eyes. So I said, "is Keith Wuornos here?" I'm looking for my brother. So the guy in the sheet up to the eyes said, "he went downstairs to shoot some pool." "OK, Thanks!" I said and started out, thinking in my mind suddenly, "heck! if he's shooting pool, he must be feeling OK. Great!" Then the guy said, "Aileen, come here."

Questionably I turned and said, "Keith?" He said, "don't freak out when I pull the sheet down." And as he did. He imitated Bugs Bunny and you know he can do him well, and he said "Ay, what's up doc?!" My eyes immediately filled with tears, as they widened to 50 cent pieces. The tumor was so huge on his neck. I kept telling him I'm sorry I'm balling my eyes out Keith, but man. This is really scaring me. He said it was the size of maybe a pencil head. But since he volunteered to be a guinea pig for them. They didn't cut it out, and it's grown some now. I flew off the handle and said. Who's your Doctor. So he told me. He said they keep telling him he has a 50/50 chance to live.

But he didn't feel so. So I said. I'll be right back. I want to ask him myself. He protested a little. But soon I was out the door. Asking the nurse. She said oh there he is now. Right down the hall. I hurriedly walked up to him. And said. What the hell do you think you're doing to my brother Keith Wuornos. And I was yelling. But I didn't care. He said. I'm sorry that your brother has caught this disease. And we were trying all kinds of experiments to save his life.

Bullshit I said. He's already explained the guinea pig jazz to me. Go on in there, as I was pointing to his room. And tell him he's dying. Man! You fucking bastard. I hope we get a chance to sue the fuck outta you. And turned around and walked

When I screamed bloody murder to untie me. They did. I got dressed and said I'd go to the cops you scum. They told me if I ever did. Lori would be next, and/or your death And this was back in the 'peace, love, no war' era. Today is even worse. "20 folds over worse!" To them, I was 'a nothing'! because 'I was a runaway, 'with no home', Don't let friends entice you, Kim, to leading a life of meaning nothing that you'll regret. And take it from a pro! You just heard a "fair warning."

Nick Broomfield Interview On Being Thrown Out

Nick: But how did it feel like having to live in cars and in other people's houses?

Allien: It was living hell...

Nick: Living hell...

Allien: That's why I went to Florida, yea! I mean you know sleeping in the snow, I mean sleeping in snowy weather in a vehicle on cinder blocks at Richey's house! With no blanket, I think I had one blanket and one pillow, it's ice-cold outside. That's when I'm thinking I gotta go down Florida or something man, cause I was sleeping in the snow, out in the woods sleeping on the ground, in the snow.

Nick: You must have been frozen!

Allien: I was frozen man, yeah! I still got marks from, my toes are blue to this day, my feet are blue, probably why my hands are like this, today. My hands are as you can see are like their frostbit looking.

Nick: And how were the other kids then?

Allien: The other kids, they're all living in their houses (breaks up laughing). Well I was out on the street, but that's alright man because see I lived through it; I went down to Florida, because I could, started trucking all around the United States of America and stuff.

Nick Broomfield Walking Around The Pits With Dawn

And of course, I wound up going to bed with him! Typical! I couldn't help it, sis! The opportunity was there! And this was so Unique! Especially with a hot band as they were then! Couldn't pass it up. So I did. and god was he – Small! So tiny I couldn't find it!

That bad ay?! Unfortunately yes! Hahaha, it was soooooo sad.

"Happy 4th of July!"

Driving Without A License & Skipping Bail

I wanted to finish with ya on the rest of the interesting event of Fort Lauderdale and leaving it in the 69 Cutlacs, but Heidi wanting to stay behind. OK. So off we are back to Michigan in the car.

I don't think I had my license.

Here we were in Ohio now. seeing that the gas was nearing empty and we needed to piss and all. We got off the motorway to have a break.

Laney was gonna count out some bucks outta the Wallet. Butttt Couldn't find it! Panicking – only to remember – It was taken to the restroom – and either dropped it in there or left it on the counter or something! And with the median being grass now – and in a panic – I went for a U-turn in it – to head back to that exit and the gas station John. hahaha.

Now a Cop on our ass, for U-turning. And I'm driven with no license. Soooo! Here come the sirens, as I pull over.

Explaining everything does no good. The Cop tells us to follow him. We're directed to follow the Cop into the building – to meet the Judge.

The Judge has sympathy and then fines us 10 bucks. But the problem. we still haven't any money! And by now. It's all stolen. So I tell the Judge once again. As he tells us. You got 2 hours to get it. The plan now is Western Union.

Well, then he leaves and for how long I didn't know, nor care! As I look at Laney in piss and fear. We've got to get out of here! So, I told her, I'm gonna go ahead and leave. and if we're chased Ill try to outrun them,

They don't think it's funny now though, they think it's terrible the way they treated her, and everybody all of a sudden comes out of the woodwork and says "aw I was nice to her, and I gave her clothes," all kinda shit like that, no they didn't!

I immediately thought what's this guy doing? Is he fixing to Rob my ass or what?!

When he then asked me the usual. If I needed a lift? Well, need I say, I was hesitant, with another worry on my mind, a carload of Hispanics cruising around giving me problems. So up went my suitcase, we were then on a hardtail bike that resembled the bikes they drove in the movies, like in Easy Riders. Minus the paint job, of the flag.

I'd later learn who I was on the bike with while being likewise asked if I'd like to stay a bit with one of the most notorious bike gangs in America. The Hells Angels.

Accepted and spent 3 days with his wife, kids, and him, who if I can remember right was VP, of the chapter out there.

The ski mask was worn because of a wreck he was in 4 years earlier.

This old lady tried to pass his chop, only to clip him in doing so. As the gas tank then exploded engulfing him full of flames, his hands and face. Really got it bad, causing him to become tragically disfigured. So much so he wears the ski mask, along with gloves.

And once he heard of my own fiery experience I faced myself in the face at 9, that was it, we hit it off well then.

The breeze was shot, along with games of pool. Chugging on the pitchers, with others coming in and I was introduced to them too. All of which went by nicknames. Such as Crazy Joe, T. Rip, Frenchy Foot.

Getting these real close-ups of their ways and the chaps they wore. (Chaps refer to the Colors on their jackets for club titles.) All of which theirs is the Winged Wheel.

They did their gig like the mob. Expand and franchised across the states...

Doing so in a corporate mob fashion. And covered it up with smooth operations to invisible to detect in the dirt they made.

uneasy now, as he opened his garage (push buttoned) then closed it back up once parked.

Then said——“Come on——I’ll make you a drink while I get the money!” Well—I just didn’t feel right about it, with the house was, so far off the road. So told him——“No thanks. and that if he didn’t mind I’d just rather wait in the car, while he went for it.” Well—that didn’t go well with him at all—When he then grabbed my arm and said “you’re coming in Whether you want to or not!”. And with all of that said and done – shocking the shit out of me – knew I was in big trouble and needed outta the car – “Fast!” Struggling under the grip I tried to break free from it and hopefully open the door. But as I did——that’s when he slapped me in the face “REAL HARD.” Only for me then to try and hit him back——when things only went to worse with him on top of me now slapping at least a dozen times more.

I tell ya, I don’t know how I broke free from this son of a bitch, but did, stumbling then outta the car looking desperately for an exit out, that’s when I noticed a side door and took off running.

Boy, was I looking it too, slipping everywhere off the wet grass, only to quickly get back up and run like mad till I ran into a maple, one huge ass maple tree, he was right behind my butt and about to throw a kick to the chest. And in lightning speed, I could feel something like spiritual falling me to block the kick with cupped hands, and throw his legs up just as high and hard as I could. So in that second, did! And couldn’t believe I did it, working well, as he then on the wet grass fell flat on his back, only for me to then quickly run up to him and start kicking him everywhere in the face. Kicking away, with even my spurs. until I felt he was down enough to then run to one of his neighbors for help.

The first house I ran to was straight across the street from his with all the lights on and it seemed as if someone was up and around. Yet no answer. I ran over to the other house with only a porch light on. And as I banged away on their door, an elderly woman came to answer it, only to then tell me she’d be right back and closed it up again. Man, I was blown away “Big Time!” because of the mere fact that when she did the guy was right there, where he could just get up and pick up where he left off. And then back she was with her husband this time, only for him to realize what was going on next to quickly usher me in, then and call the cops.

underneath a stairwell near the new section they built that had swinging doors that head outside. Once you hit the bottom of the steps. Well, he had a 4 finger lid of "Acapulco Gold", we went under there to roll a big one and smoke it there. We heard footsteps coming down. But we figured that was just another kid on his way out to somewhere. So we finished rolling it. And started to lite it. And Low and Behold. It was the Principle. He looked at us both and said "Report to my office now" Black sheep. Gave me the lid. And he started up the stairs. I said to the Principle. Bullshit! I ain't reporting now where. Matter of fact. I quit school. Right now. He said. Then you get off of these school grounds right now Wurnos. And if I ever see you on them again I'll call the police. You understand hahaha! I walked out the double doors with the pot. And that was the day I quit school. What was really strange was that the principal knew I wasn't living at home. But in the woods. I guess he admired me, for having the guts to still go to school, as a runaway, and living in the woods near your house. A trip huh!

And so ends this shorty havng run into that bundled up mess that no one seemed to care about, but me, at 17.

One of the fondest memories of Heidi I can recollect. Although it was as juvenile delinquents.

Whistle!!! Lordy Lordy Lordy. God, please forgive me for this one and 100s of others. I ripped a guy for 200 and another for 4500. Then the 22 caliber rifle. Zip that was it.

As for the cases. Cars and jazz. That's different. I became possessed in the force of heavy beer drinking and bad experiences to recollect while under the curse of alcoholism. All so sad. But true. The real Aileen never killed anyone. I'm sure you know just what I mean since you have seen the real Aileen from years ago. And I'm back too. Only on death row. Had you of seen me in 89 in this tranche by the Devil you'd know I wasn't me at all. Something was wrong royal and something else was controlling me.

Well, it's time for me to close er up. May God watch over us at all times.

Take Care now,
Love Aileen.

Burning A Barn Down With The Gang

Dawn do you remember when the barn out near Attica got burned down. The matches and hay that were put together. All of us were tripping. We went to this haunted house deal. Where devil worshippers were once in a while using it to sacrifice animals. Anyway, it had a barn full of hay. I came up with a great idea. Since it was full of the stuff. To put matches in a line like a wick with hay. Then lit it. We took off. And about 2 or 3 miles down the road at a store we sat. Waiting for the outcome. And suddenly we saw the sky glow like mars was ready to come up from the horizon. If not. It's in my book. haha! I hope you do. We were stoned on orange sunshine and other stuff. plus beer. We had so much fun together. All of us. The gang. Certainly do miss those days. For sure!

We all just were out having fun as any teenagers do. Or did back then. Today the kids are really dangerous. That dam crack. Never tried it and Glad I didn't. Seems strange. Cause I've tried nearly everything. But I started to hate drugs. BAD! After 17 I gave up pot too. And from then on just drank. Period. Since then I've only snorted about 5 lines of cocaine in

Back In Michigan Briefly (Aged 17)

I'm back Memory Lane still cooking good! When Ducky and Keith came over to my boyfriend's house where I was living, I had an 8 week old Alaskan husky, who I named "Rocky".

Rocky blew Ducky and Keith's minds. He ran all over the house like crazy, then I sat on the couch and rocky comes up to me like "gr" on his ass he sits, and like looks at me, (wagging his little tail) OK. Momma what command do you want me to do now. I had just gotten the pup a week ago for 5 bucks. I was about 17 then. This is when I came back from Colorado to Michigan for about 1/2 year, then split again to Florida. Well, my living quarters went, when the girl I was living with decided to use the stove as a heater and ran up a 240 dollar monthly bill. Back then 85-90 bucks a week we only made. I moved out to Detroit. That's where I met Gene Lewis, my 2nd real boyfriend. A bass player of a group named "The Brothers," later changed to "The Concrete Birds," I quit the factory job. Started living with him. Training to be a vocalist for his group. Now I must stop. Long, Long story. It will all be in my book. I just wanted you to know about "Rocky". What a smart dog.

Sex, Incest & Hooking Up

Incest

My Dad never ever sexually abused me, nor even exposed himself in front of me. If he did. He would have surely been locked up. Keith did have sex with me. But it was all mutual. Plus we were so young around 9 or 10. Also, it was basically for playing. Not downright intercourse. If they'd just ask me I'd tell them everything, so truthful. But no one wants to hear this 'complete truth' because it isn't vile enough for money-making.

Experimenting

You kissed Derek Kolb? Scary! But that's OK. If I remember! But it's vague. I see us near a pond. We were fishing for polly wogs. In maybe 6th grade.

He's asking for a kiss. I say maybe. He lays one on me, an inexperienced one, yuk. He begins to play with my itsy-witsy tailgate + headlights. Curiosity is flashing, he whips his fly out on the rod. When I see how small the worm is I drop the hook and sink-er. No plucking, just a dunking.

Reputation

Do you remember my boyfriend "Bobby Rowland" I had? A big guy named Danger Dan. Dan came alone to the Hickory party. I called him up and he came running. Bet he thought. Pussy! But he didn't get any. No one I knew did. Why?! Because I was always afraid of them running and telling others they scored with me. So I only went to bed with "outta town boys." Bobby was from Royal Oak. So guys like High School, or any Troy boys/weren't even allowed in my box, only Rochester, Clawson, Royal Oak, anywhere away from ever knowing anyone we hung out with, so word wouldn't get out. That's why whenever anyone did say. I fucked Aileen, I was like You bold-faced Liar! Never! Now Mike Fairchild, Carl Maddox, and Jack West got a little. Real little. They were the "Only ones!" oh! Gordon Marks once too, and Ben Lloyd. But that was "it."

Living Around Celebrities In Palm Springs

You know Bob Hope's about to go! He's hospitalized for something right now. 97. Wow Ay! I remember as a kid. Around 16½ or 17. Hitchhiking in front of his place, there off of I think highway 15, in Palm springs. And there was this Super X shopping center which when I stepped in to get something, the clerks said I just missed Lucille Ball. That she was checking her out not 5 minutes ago! Then as I hitchhiked in front of Hopes house that looked like a huge Silver covered dome, I swore I witnessed Phyllis Diller passing by me in a white Corvette. So that was a trip. Hope was probably havin a party.

Living In West Palm Beach

After this ordeal, they warned me to keep my mouth shut, that I was lucky to be still alive and to leave fort Lauderdale.

I did, winding up in West Palm beach some 50 miles north of the area. Stayed there in West Palm oh a good 4 or 5 months with a guy named Cat. Once Cat left me to head out back to his ex in Albuquerque New Mexico, I headed out West and wound up for the summer in Sedalia Colorado, liven up in the mountains of with Sam and Rose Stone.

Max Reed

Do you remember Max Reed? Took him over to my pad and we got it on. Buddy, he blew my mind. That guy had a club between his legs. 2 1/2 inch circumference by 12 inches.

I bet you're like "Did ya take it all. Did ya take it all. Did ya take it all! Aileen. Tell me! Come on."

Me: No

You: Come on Aileen!

Me: Oh okay. No! I held it with 2 hands while he pumped. Honey, it was too big. But oh was it good. Mmmm. drove me to oz. WheWweeee, funny Aileen.

The Boyfriend Who Shamed & Bullied Her In Public

Nick Broomfield: Jerry Moss who was a lover of Aileen's, pretended in public he didn't even know her.

Jerry: She wanted us to be boyfriend and girlfriend, in public.

Lawyer: When you were in public around the rest of the kids, how did you act?

Jerry: Like she was nobody like she was dirt like I had nothing to do with her.

Lawyer: What would you say to her?

Jerry: Get the fuck out of my face, and go some fucking place else.

Lawyer: Did you call her any names?

Jerry: I'd call her ugly, bitch...

Lawyer: If she was following along behind you what would you have done.

And finally reaching Toledo, she parked where we thought was best, as the hardest moment of all came. Saying goodbye. Not only to her! But to Michigan and all the rest.

Stationed on the side of the freeway now we seemed to stare at each other as if to get our last pictorial in memory, then began to hug and couldn't stop! Boy, I was gonna miss her along with everybody else. While the tears fell to freezing it seemed.

But before I'd step out for good and be gone on a long journey of some 1200 miles or so to Florida, she wanted me to receive one last gift before I did.

80 Bucks.

I was hesitant. Man, she'd done so much for me already! I finally gave in and accepted it. Man. She was primo people. That's all there was to it.

As I placed my suitcase in the snow near my feet and pursued to thumb. Full of anxiety now to greet what lied ahead. Yet not fully knowing that with the good came likewise The Bad and the Ugly.

Oh man was it cold. No gloves, hands red from the bitter wind, and no long Johns as my jeans became frozen by the wind-blown snow sticking to the fiber. It took a good 20 minutes before I copped the initial ride to experiencing this new freedom. By A trucker heading out to Tennessee. He was a good soul. After leaving me in Tennessee and advising me that I should head out to For Lauderdale Florida where all the teenage runaways hung out and helped one another, I did just so.

Upon arriving around 1 or 2 in the morning, a state trooper in his early 30s approached me for an ID check. I had no ID on me but gave him the works he needed in checking out my background. I was clean. At 16. She! Was my first reaction, and 2nd Thank goodness.

He then wound up talking with me, knowing in the process I was fresh to the area. and as a new kid in town. He wanted to help me out. or so he said. so he was going to put me up in a motel for the night.

years ago, well maybe 15, it's just now starting to be this acceptable haha, but no, there was not. Were there gay people when you went to school?

Nick: I'm sure that there probably were, I went to a British all boys school, there were many. That's where it was invented, us and the Greeks.

Dawn's friend: No way? Really?

Nick: Yeah, of course.

Protective Sister

Going way back to the bar David took us to I remember when he gave you your first kiss. I was scarred for ya. Cause I knew how guys were So I believe I got mad about this. Sorry if I blew that night of fun a bit. I was so lit, I barely remember all we did. You know me I always got blitzed being so free too.

Remember stealing gas from the rich neighborhood near your house for Lort's Big Black Crysler Newport haha. We wanted to cruise around. So we did! Roomy too! The entire neighborhood gang could fit in it. The Troy gang! Owners of the Pits. at least that's how we felt.

Tom Case's Parties! I can still hear the stereo playing and see all the cool looking blacklight posters. Can't you? Boy them guys didn't like me! At all! I was soooo protective of Lori. Wasn't I though? But that was because some guys we all knew threatened me they would rape her. Guys! DO NOT, I repeat, DO NOT care about girls, the basic majority would rape a girl if they could. Well, time to get ready for our visit. Love Allen.

So needless to say, I was blown away! And then to top it off, I'd come to find out she even played a three-legged grand and sung like her too. Besides smoked pot!

Well, need I tell ya, We hit it off real good.

In the meantime, I was tripping out with a whole new crowd. Thanks to some guy who'd pick me up hitchhiking turning me on to.

The place was a Commune. Full of musicians, located just outside of Rochester Michigan. And they called their 80 acres of rolling hills and beautiful trees, "Teiken Farm House".

Around 30 people lived there. Male and Female. And with all that

musical stuff, I must say I was in 7th Heaven. And all my childhood dreams flashing before me, as I dreamed of being a rock star. Well, let me just tell ya it was blessed. Wonderful moments shared.

Yet not only was this, Awesome! but I was likewise being introduced to some new drugs flowing around. Such as frog acid and Black gungl. And School and downtown Woodward in my small-time dealing ways on the side.

And then it wouldn't be long and sadly the Farm House would be sold as everybody was packing up and moving out.

And so there went the Commune.

Yep! All because of them I was now wearing love beads and putting embroidery on my jeans. As well as sewing on "Slogan Patches" all over my jackets.

Such as zig-zags, peace signs and marijuana leaves. Just to name a few. And hitchhiking!

Man. It was the thing to do! Even songs were out grooving to the word. While I was turning quite a pro. at it, having started at 13.

Anyway, it was a nice day to thumb back to see her, the counselor lady. Even though it was probably 30 degrees out with snow all around. The sun was shining making everything as pretty as a picture on a postcard.

Other Jobs

Cleaning Houses At 15

Today I hope her life is straightened out and doing fine. The parents. Straight jacket their ass to hell. Evil Fuck's.

Remember when we use to work for 100 or 180 an hour. I worked as a maid, the "Rochester Motel" for 75¢ an hour. No kidding was around Oh 15%. Only worked for about 2 weeks. Some guy at the motel turned me on to 50 bucks for sex. And that did it for the slavery job. hahaha. I believe this is where hooking began. Realized I could make dam good money to help myself in my homeless state and took it up Do ya blame me!

Busking in Detroit

You're now talking about the Zoo. Well by George, this is where Kitty and I went to sell drugs during our high school days and skipping classes. Do you remember Kitty Howard... Let me tell you a story about her sister Sara and me.

We hitchhiked out to Detroit to look for some meso. She decided she was gonna take the guitar out there, and dance in the street for attention, to get hippies crowded around, and then seek any drugs we could once the stage was set and the lights on us.

Well, eventually lights came! Her dancing was so terrible, she apparently attracted the attention of more than just hippies. Here came the cops! They proceeded to ask us who we were, our ages. and here I was a runaway. Well, suddenly up pulls a plain wrapper (regular Vehicle) with 4 white coats charging out and grabbing "Sara"...

When everything quieted down. the Cop finally explained the situation. Sara had been institutionalized by her parents and ran from the place. Anyway!!! Every time I hear that old song from the 60s "dancing in the street." It always brings me back to mind Sara. Man.... that day.

We've all done wild things in our prime while partying. This is what she was all about. Just getting crazy while being stoned, solely for laughs. Her parents thought she was literally crazy. I've met a lot of crazies in my 18 years on and off of the road. She couldn't compare. The ones I met were definitely dangerous.