

## My Story!

Myself and him, planned to have it done earlier, but it didn't happen, so I took it as a sign, so I said forget about it, and he agreed. ~~A few days later~~ the next day, he and I went down to a spot on chicken run road, and shot my grandfathers .45, got drunk, and high. I left there, went to Amocco, and filled my car up, then, simply went riding. I went past my ex-girlfriends house in Burnsville, then went to Corinth and cruised the town for awhile, but nothing was happening, so I decided to grab my 1/2 a 1/4 of Jim Beam, and take the long way home. I hit my 350 at around 9:00 P.M. that Thursday night. ~~At the time~~ just ~~at the time~~ ~~at the time~~ me, me, I ~~with~~ ~~and~~ and a pair my ~~Red~~ ~~and~~ ~~of~~ of red

~~\_\_\_\_\_~~  
~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ and went  
to drink that at my favorite  
spot. Robinson's boat dock. I  
sat and watched the night, like  
a ~~drunken sailor~~ <sup>drunken sailor</sup>, and the time  
flew. It was so beautiful. It really  
relaxed me a lot. so I sat, and  
cried, and drank, and cried some more.  
I remember turning the radio on  
and seeing the clock at 1:45 A.M.,  
and decided to go home. So I  
took ~~the~~ backpack home, and  
parked my car, went in, and  
took my pants and shirt, shoes  
and socks off, turned on the T.V.,  
and was fixing to go to bed when  
my dad came in, and said, "What  
do you think you're doing coming  
in at this time?" and before I  
could answer, he shoved me down,

back

and my ~~hand~~ hits the ~~door~~  
~~door~~ back shelf, and I begin  
to get up, and he grabs me and  
slaps me twice, and says, "You were  
a fucking mistake to begin with!"  
and shuts my door and leaves.

Yes I was drunk, but that  
was no reason to hit me, I mean  
hell, we've split K's before. He was  
always like that. All the shit  
I had to put up with! I got  
myself into bed, and soon after  
the tears of rage passed, I passed  
out. I woke up Friday morning, listening  
to mom and dad fighting, and tried  
to pay no mind to the cursing and  
screaming, but mom came in, and said, "  
Edward, dad's taking me to the hospital,  
so come and see me when you get up,  
and bring your guitar." I heard the  
car door shut, and went back to

back around 10:15 or so, and we're outside smoking my last joint, and my cousin pulls up and wants to go get more dope, so I say alright, and tell Joey I'll see him later. We're gone about an hour, and come back and dad's still not home. While we were coming back, I told my cousin, that we had planned to get rid of my father, and then we decided not to, and he made some crack like, "good, cause orange isn't your color," and that's all that was said. Right as Eric was leaving, Joey comes back up, and we smoke one. Now, it's 11:35, I'm high, and I'm hungry, and my headache is gone. So me and Joey go to Jack's and get a couple of mesh cleats go to my house and eat, around 12:15

my father comes in, doesn't say a word, but goes to his room. I tell Joey to go on out town, and I'll find him later. I sit in my room for a good 1 1/2-2 hours, and clack comes in my room, and goes off on me, calling me bastard, no good, mistake, and telling me I'm inconsiderate, and just care about my self, and he slaps me, then goes back to his room. As I sat on my bed, tears of rage flowing, remembering my childhood, my anger kept building and building, and I went to my car, got the gun, and walked to his room, peeked in, and he was asleep. I walked about 2 steps in the door, and screamed, and shut my eyes, when I heard him move, I started firing. When I opened my eyes

again, I freaked! I grabbed what  
casings I saw, and threw them into  
the bushes, grabbed the gun, and went  
to town. I saw Joey, told him  
to hide the gun, and he said he'd  
take it to his spot, which I knew  
from when I'd sell him stuff, and  
went and told mom, that dad  
was dead, and before her teary  
eyes could let loose, I ran out  
of the hospital, and headed for  
the house, I was so confused.

My mind was going a million different  
ways at once, I saw bones, so  
I stopped, he asked if I wanted  
to go burn one, so I said sure,  
then headed straight to my house  
to see if he might still be alive,  
and I also was thinking if I  
had a witness there when I found  
him, it would be better, so I did,

he was dead, and I called 911,  
then my mother, and before  
I could hang up with her,  
I heard sirens.

When they got me here,  
I gave them a bullshit story  
after another, trying to save  
my own ass, but when David  
Smith started questioning me, and  
told me what happened, I was so  
scared, confused, and high, I just  
started spitting the first thought  
out, which turned in to this big  
conspiracy thing, for money, which  
was all BS, that's why I had  
so many different stories. Why  
Joey said what he said, I think he  
was trying to hold up for me,  
but he didn't do anything, and  
neither did my mother.

Momsey,

Hey there! How are you doing? I'm sorry I haven't written you, but I've been really down the last few days, and I didn't want it to rub off on you. Did you see the paper? That's the main reason I've been down. I just wish the family and everyone else would just understand, that prison doesn't necessarily mean you spend time locked up from the outside-in, but I've lived 20 years of prison in the free world, and am looking at life. Do me a favor, and define "prison". Never mind, I'll do it. It reads "Prison" - 1. Place of confinement c;



for convicted criminals, or those  
awaiting trials. 2. custody;  
Confinement. If you were  
to define "confine" itself, it  
would read like this: 1. Keep  
in, or restrict. 2. Imprison.

3. limit; boundary. "That's  
all my life has been," one  
you gonna do that because your  
brother did it?" NO! I'm  
gonna do it, cause it's normal,  
cause it's part of growing up.

"You'll never be a basketball player,  
cause you have asthma, and your  
too small." in 9<sup>th</sup> grade, do you  
remember my ~~last~~ <sup>last</sup> game at tish?  
down by 13 points, last half, I  
come in, and score 3 straight 3  
pointers, get 2 steals, and two  
assists, to tie the game, then  
Belmont hit a last ~~minute~~ <sup>minute</sup>

shot to beat us. The ~~at~~ next day after the game, the coach, Coach Stone, tells me I would have been the starter all year, if I would have showed up at school.

Do you know, I should say remember why I never went to school?

Because I was raised knowing I wouldn't fit-in, I couldn't do this, I couldn't do that.

All the fights, the blacken's, the shoves, the yelling, just because I wanted to be something, someone, a leader instead of a follower.

I was "confined" from being a kid.

Then high-school came, and I found a great girl-friend; my 1<sup>st</sup>, and I decided that she was the one. Dad quit drinking, and things started straightening out, then BAM,

from nowhere, Papaw dies, d'm on every drug under the sun, dad's drinking everyday, d quite school, because d'm thinking to myself, "if d get a good steady job, d can marry manly, and start a family of my own, that's full of love, ya, it'll be great." So d drop out, and start working at the same place you helped me get on etc, and d'm doing good out on my own, and BAM, during a drunken, and dopest up depression, d quit my job, d loose my girlfriend, d tell myself "d need help". So d ask my father for help, "Can you put me through a rehab?" "No, you don't need it, you're just lazy, good-for-nothing, little shit, that was just a mistake to begin with". At that very point in my

life, is where I decided... "You're right, and I'm wrong, dad, and always will be." I went through a mental breakdown, in front of my one true friend, Alan. He's the one that slapped the knife out of my hand, he's the one who when I was strung out on coke and pawning everything but my life; including the fender mustang that came up missing, that punched me in the face, and said, "look at what you're doing to yourself, you're doing just what your father said you would, prove him wrong!" When your bottle of sleeping pills came up missing about 4 months before we got in here, I had them, and was planning on taking them all at once, and Alan was there yet again to hold me down,

at his house, and wrestle them  
out of my hand. This cat is  
running out of lives, and Alan  
isn't around now. You are all  
I have, and they're trying to  
take that away from me now,  
but Mom, I'm gonna tell you  
right now who killed dad, cause  
I'm sick and tired of all the  
lies. I did, and it wasn't for  
money, it wasn't for all the  
abuse to me, it was because  
I can't kill myself. I don't know  
if you understand that or  
not, or if you ever will, all  
I ask, is when I get on  
the stand, and give them the  
one piece of evidence they  
need to prove I did it, and  
you are freed, and Joey is freed,  
I want you to simply stand

by me, in whatever that fucking  
court decides to do to me, because  
d've come to the understanding,  
that abuse is a very powerful  
thing, on both sides of the fence.  
d'm sorry d've sat here and  
spilled my guts out, but d'm  
not afraid anymore, of anything,  
so be it life, death, or freedom,  
d'll always be living with the  
reminder, that he was right all  
along. d'm a mistake. d'm sorry,  
but d'm very empty at this point,  
and am ready for whatever our  
Evil God has planned out for me,  
it's out of my hands. d love  
you, and want to thank you for  
standing by me in all the decisions  
d've ever made, cause you knew all  
along, d'd grown up way too early. d'm  
not gonna kill myself or anything, so

don't worry, but always remember,  
I love you, and will only be  
a heartbeat away.

A Son's Undying Love,  
Edward "Rocky" Dimitroff

Sorry } I'm working on a song,  
So } can't wait to play it for you!  
Slappy O