

My name is Stephen Paulsen. We all know that life has its trials and tough times. We all have times of struggle where life seems to of all apart. Life may seem to be trashed. I have lived through some hard times. I am going to tell you the beginning and how some of these stories began. The first story you will read is not about anything particular. I was subdued when I was twelve to being left by my main friend. He was like a building block to me. He as the story may say held em together. The song I have below is from a Mass I attended and I wound up loving this song. Let the stories I have here for you, Rain Down.

Rain Down

Rain down, rain down, rain down your love on your people.
Rain down, rain down, rain down your love, God of life.

Faithful and true is the word of our God.
All of God's works are so worthy of trust.
God's mercy falls on the just and the right;
Full of God's love is the earth. Refrain

We who revere and find hope in our God
Live in the kindness and joy of God's wing.
God will protect us from darkness and death;
God will not leave us to starve. Refrain

God of creation, we long for your truth;
you are the water of life for our thirst.
Grant that your love and your peace touch our hearts,
all of our hope lies in you. Refrain

Judgment Day

As I stared right into the judge's eye-s I knew the story was not believable. Then I was called up to tell the story-the truth. I walked slowly without any pressure, a regular

walk. As if I wasn't in trouble. I was made to swear on the Bible. The lawyer was dressed in black and wearing the ugliest tie-a Red Sox tie. He then asked me "What led to your insanity and the murder of Mr. and Mrs. Belvkes?"

It all started in college when my best of friends had left me. I would always say that he was the pillar of my life. The man who held my life up so I could work without problems. He was a young man in his thirties about perhaps 32 his name I will never forget. It is that type of name that only one man can think is cool. Sure, plenty of people have the name of John, but this John was a special John, he was my friend.

We both went to Harvard. I was going to major in social skills. John was to major in science and become a teacher. We would always come over on Saturdays and chug a couple of beers. Then we would watch college football. A few years later we both graduated and went our separate lives. I had gotten married to a beautiful young girl in her twenties, about my age. We had four children. John occasionally would call and tell me about his job, wife, and children.

It would have been hard to believe, but he had 12 of those little rascals. Luckily he loved each and every one of them. I had filed for divorce with my wife. We were having hard times and I said that my sanity was going to be lost if she were to stay with me. I was kind of joking about it then.

I then moved to a big mansion and had my own personal social worker business. I loved my job very much to an extreme. I met great people every day and would never miss helping people out with their own problems.

I kind of lost that love when John had passed away because of a heart attack. I had to fly down to see my dead friend's body. He looked normal to me. I finally met his wife and family. They were mourning a loved one's death. I had only to think in my

social care worker way. They will probably get over it. They didn't. I didn't. I felt like my reason for being here was gone.

"How can this lead to insanity?" the judge abruptly said. Why question what led to my insanity, just listen. I have yet to tell even my airplane ride. Don't question me or I will not tell or serve any sentence at all. He gave me a weird stare that I did not like. It made me feel inferior to him. I proceeded to tell my story.

Once I got on to the plane I started to think that this might take a long time to recuperate from this hard tear away in my life. The plane ride was not at all very fun; they served the most disgusting food I have ever had. I had yet to notice my mood changing. I knew that my patients would have been mad at me but I came in early in that morning. They had chatted with me and told me their problems. I loved the job very much.

I was then thirty-five and living a great life sort of.

"What do you mean sort of? Couldn't you have been positive?"

The judge was not being easy on me right now, he must have had a grudge on me. Well sir, if you would just shut up you could understand my damn story. I was getting really fed up with this judge by now. I felt like I could just get up and walk on out right now. But why should I; I didn't want to be sentenced to DEATH ROW.

I fell in love with another woman her name was Emily Jampes. If she wasn't the prettiest thing God had made I don't know what is. She was pregnant with my first one when I had a stroke that sent me hospitalized. This wasn't very pretty. I had seen the babe a week after it was born.

I was then hired to become a school social worker. This was fun for a little bit. The kids were a pain in the butt. They would never ever stop coming to me. I found myself having another child. Man, Emily must've been the best wife I could have. My other four children were with their mom.

I had never talked her again. She would always complain about what I did to her even though she was the one who had left me. I still sent the money to keep her running the family. I had never seen all four of them again. We stopped communication once I had the second one come.

I felt like being a dad was what I was supposed to do, but no it wasn't. I would come on home and just love them to pieces. As I said this, I looked over to my wife and the five children that were sitting there. A tear rolled down my eyes as I looked at them being persecuted to watch their loving dad tell a boring story. I had started to weep when I took out a handkerchief to dry my eyes. It was killing me to tell the story. Looking at them was like being beaten. I don't know why I was here. They didn't even know what their daddy had done wrong. I was about to start crying a river when the judge said "Let's get on with the story now. Please hurry this up?" I politely said back, yes sir. That is when I knew this was going to be very long.

My family was looking at me with a boring stare. My wife was weeping to death. She had loved me from the day we had met. I felt like stepping down from the witness stand when the judge gave me a nudge to keep going. I proceeded to tell the story.

Well I had been going to work every day and got a fair pay. This is when I started to meet with my own psychiatrist. His name was Mr. Bracherds. He went to Harvard and just started to get a job when he met up with me. I liked him as a doctor. He was very

knowledgeable man. He had his own wife and a child. I gave him \$300 a week to help me out.

My wife knew that I was having problems with my physical state of mind. I had two blackouts in one week. I went to see a doctor who was a professor in college. He gave me some medicine to take care of that for me.

Then two weeks later I started to have nightmares of my friend John and that I had caused it. It all freaked me out. I had nightmares for five months when I visited a doctor who was going to try to remove these horrifying visions. It did work for a little bit until I had nightmares about my own family.

As I glanced at my children they all were about asleep. Emily was holding Junior, the youngest of them all. He was only three months old. Jack was holding his favorite teddy bear. Stacy was sleeping with her head resting on her mom's arm. Charles was leaning on his mom. And the only one awake was the oldest, Mary. She was looking rather bored. Just a dead stare at her daddy who was telling his murder story.

I don't know what made me want to keep going but I did.

I was forty when Emily had our fourth child. I had just been instated to an insane asylum. I had stayed there for three months. I was released and went home. I got back to working at the school. I stayed here for three more years.

During the time at the school, my wife wanted me to look for another job. I told her that I was fine working at the school. She got ill for three weeks where I had to take care of the family. I liked that a little. We did a lot to keep her in good health.

After she had gotten over being sick we got pregnant with our last of the children. I named him Junior. This is when I meet Mr. and Mrs. Belvkes. I met them while their son was attending school. They had met me and hired me to be their family social

worker. It was nice knowing them, I guess. I could say that I had fallen in love with the man's wife. We were on the verge of cheating on each other's spouse. Any man that has seen Mrs. Belvkes would have thought of a one night stand immediately. Her brown luscious hair was so strikingly beautiful. Her hands were as soft as a baby's bottom. She really hated her husband. She herself was having troubles in her marriage. I guess you could call me the super glue to keep them together. I wasn't much of a help. She would just fall in love with me and the way I spoke. The way I moved. She loved everything about me. I mean everything.

I still love Emily to this day but Mrs. Belvkes was the hottest woman a man could lay eyes on. I then looked up and saw Emily sitting there with our children. It would break her heart a million times for me to say what I was going to say.

A tear went down my cheek as I humbly said the following words. I know it was wrong. I also know that what I did was deceitful.

Mrs. Belvkes invited me over one night for dinner. I lied to Emily and told her it was just a lesson. She had no clue of my love for this woman. Her husband was out in Houston, Texas for work. Her child Billy was sleeping over at his friend's house. We had some lamb that was so juicy and delicious that it was to die for. After dinner we sat down on the couch for a television show. She popped some popcorn. After the television show her husband had called to ask how everything was going. He also asked if Billy was there or anybody else. She, of course, lied and told him that she let Billy sleep over John's house that night. I knew that we were going to do it. I felt like nothing bad was happening to me or my wife's relationship. When it was about 9:00 at night we got it on. I told her this was the third person I had ever had sex with. At that she giggled and told me that I was her second. We never did anything outside of marriage, until then that was.

The next morning I left at the arrival of her son. When I came home I did not tell Emily I knew it would hurt her too much. I went to confession that next day to tell Father Moses what I had done. A month later, Mrs. Belvkes told me she was pregnant. Her husband thought that it was because of him, of course. She had never told him either. He, two weeks later has questioned me about John my friend, about why I too was invited to their first ultrasound. I knew then that I was going to have to get rid of the husband.

Still speaking to the court about my dialogue "Mr. Keller, you need to seek more professional help. My help is not going to be... good enough for you. I would advise you to seek higher intelligence of this field than what I am able to give you." Those were the words of my psychiatrist. He wanted me to get higher, better, more specialized help. I blew him off and did what I was set on doing. I was to kill Mr. and Mrs. Belvkes the next meeting. Over the past two months I was living in deep and immense sin. I visited my doc the next week and talked to him about being checked and talk to a better shrink. I was an insane man skating on thin ice. Really thin ice. I was checked in for a week at a mental hospital. I had lost control and was really not felling very well.

I mean I was in a bad state of mental health. I had to get medicine to help me out. The following day I bought myself a gun, a nice one with a silencer. It cost me 300 dollars and weighed about two to three pounds. I would then walk on over to their house one day. I would talk up a conversation then kill the husband.

I talked to my new shrink. His name was Mr. Bob Zakes. He did not tell me much about his background or his ability to do what was needed to be done. He had said to me and my wife that I was incompetent of making good decisions. This made Emily a

little nervous. She was a little bit nervous that I would lose my job. That I might kill someone! Wow! What do you know? I did!

The Judge gave me a weird look. He gave me that look like I was insane. We all knew too well that he wanted me to go to jail and serve the rest of my life in prison.

I walked over to the Belvkes house because my car was in for repair. I had to walk two miles and it was long. I decided to walk on over in a jumpsuit. I put my gun in my pocket. I was walking like there was dump in my pants. I can tell you this, it did not look right. I looked like I was waddling on over. The walk was good for me. I weighed a little over 200 pounds.

When I arrived they were just getting out of bed. They thought I was early. Of course there was a reason for me being early. We walked over into their living room. They gave me a cinnamon twist to eat for breakfast. It was a pretty crummy; it was a Pillsbury Dough Boy product. It was not worth paying much money for. I sat down and asked them how their marriage was working out. They had told me it was getting better since their pregnancy. I then thought oh crap. Their marriage was getting better since she was having my child. I knew then that this would feel a little easier.

I know that there was problem if it was easier to have my own child, than to have someone else's I had cheated on. Of course something was really screwed up. I mean my child" their marriage was getting better. Where were our lives going? Well, theirs was going to go down the drains.

I gave a little chuckle.

This was amusing to me. I was picking the perfect words to say without knowing it. I was about to crack up then the judge would just yell at me.

I slipped back in their couch. I was kind of nodding off the part where they were talking about what to name their baby. Wow, that was really boring. I wish I did it right

then and there but Billy had not left yet. It would surprise a kid to see his dead parents after taking a shower. That would sure freak me out. Wow, my parents are dead: the social worker just left who could have done it. The social worker just maybe. No, I wasn't that dumb to let a kid see me murder his parents. It was all I could take" they were talking too much baby crap. I pulled out my gun and said to Mr. Belvkes "Go to hell you fool, that's my child." He glanced at his wife and then the bullet flew in the air straight into his skull. I looked at Mrs. Belvkes and said "You want to live to tell the story?" "Well it's our child and I would like to see it before it is all over." I replied to her, "You slut, how could you? It was all you. I fell in love with you because you are a sexy bitch waiting to get banged every night. Well you know what it won't happen any longer. Yeah, I would like to see it, but this shit is unacceptable. You too burn hell."

A tear had rolled down my cheek when I had said this to Mrs. Belvkes. A shot her right in her right temple. Then shot her womb twice. I placed the gun in my pocket and started to run to the nearest bus station.

I had came back home and stared at Emily in disbelief, and then came up to her and started to cry on her shirt. I buried my face in her breasts and said I will always love you. I then walked over to the phone and called my priest for a confession.

The next day the murder was splashed all over the paper. The police had no suspects. My wife wondered when my clients or employees had been killed. She also had a thought in the back of her head that I had done the killing. Wow, she was on my trail quick. I told her two weeks later just about the murder. She had told the police and I was taken in. I was questioned by the police. I openly admitted to killing the Belvkes. Now look where telling the truth got me. Right here in the witness stand.

My wife was looking at amazingly weird and stressed. I than looked up to the judge and said "Do you think God will ever forgive me?"

"Sir all I know is that you have killed someone. You have gone to confession. I also hope that you understand that I'm not God."

I got up and walked down from the stand. I looked at Emily with "I'm tired" look. She was called up to testify.

I buried my face in my hands. She started to answer the questions. She went on and on and on. The question popped up, "Will you ever forgive your husband?" With all honesty she answered. "I will always love him, no matter what he does. He will always have the opportunity to be forgiven. Jesus did say *Father forgive them for yet they do not know what they do*. I would not be able to forgive him if he wasn't Catholic just like me. Our religion helps us out each and every day. You might just not know it. So I do thank God for everything he puts in front of me." After that it just seemed to be going on and on. It was insane how many questions they had asked her. I was about to fall asleep.

After they were done, she got up and walked away to her seat. The jury got up in their room and talked for hours. When they came out they handed the judge a little slip of paper. He then said in a deep monotone voice, "Sir I've never been to death row; so write back to me how it is." He gave a slight grin and I responded "I will." I gave him the same grin right back.

I got to leave the courtroom. My wife stood up and walked over to me and holding me by my waist she said, "One last kiss?" I leaned over then pulled back. "I can't, I have betrayed your trust. I had an affair. I mean, it hurts my moral status. Why don't you care? Sure, God will forgive me, but you know what; I can't forgive myself. You were the love of my life until I gave up on you. I made you look pitiful. Just go get another boyfriend. Get married, forget me. Or is that too much for you." Looking at my handcuffs she said, "I can forgive because God does love and I, with his help, will be

able to forgive you. Don't you see, God will forgive you? He loves all of us. Don't you see, you can be with him if you are truly sorry?" I looked at her. I gave her my puppy face and said, "I know God will forgive but you have to live with this for the rest of your life. I mean, you can't just put it under your pillow and keep living. That's all. I want to be forgiven by myself." I walked over to my children and lightly kissed each one on the head and said goodbye. I walked out of the courtroom to my limo and looked up at my wife and yelled to her, "Don't forget me."

Part Two

I was looking behind the bars and saw the police man walking back and forth. I was doing fine, now that I am in jail. Emily hasn't talked to me yet since the court case. She had sent me a letter telling me how the children were doing. Each one of them was doing fine. She had mentioned that she wanted to send them to a private school even though she didn't have enough money and that was all I had heard from her so far.

I went to visit the psychiatrist and talk about my mental problems. He had me on a medicine to relieve me of my problems. We talk about what life was like. How the Earth rotates and everything else a man would talk to his psychiatrist about. He wanted me to tell him about my family one time and I practically had a mental breakdown.

One day I received a letter from my wife. I think it is really interesting.

Dear Pete,

Life is going fine. I am doing fine. I wish I could see you, love you, and be with you. I know it is a hard life living in prison. I know you can't manage to hear this, but our oldest remember her" well, she just moved out since after all it has been seventeen

years since you left. Life is doing fine, I guess. I don't know how to live life without you. You must feel somewhat the same way.

You can never really imagine the oldest getting married but she is. To a nice young man named John. He is such a sweetheart. I think you would like him. He is a really nice guy. He is no way like you, mental in the head. I am just joking about that.

Well, all the other children are doing fine. Oh and thanks a lot for letting me work fulltime. I work fulltime at a bakery shop. I wish to ask you permission to get a divorce. I know that it might hurt you to hear that, but I will never see you again. I was thinking maybe I could marry someone else. I know I am not jumping to anything so please answer.

Sincerely,

Emily Jampes

I guess it is only right to write back to her so I will give it a try.

Dear Emily,

I have just received your letter. It is nice to know the oldest is getting married. Tell her I give the best of wishes if she will accept it. Thanks for telling me about the family I really needed to know.

About getting divorced, go ahead. Have fun. It was my fault that this all happened to you anyway. I know that it will be hard but I will get some divorce papers over to you. I hope you have fun with whoever you find. Don't back off from adventure.

Sincerely,

Pete

Damn right, she did write back, thank God.

Dear Pete,

Thanks for your permission to do whatever the heck I want to do. I got the papers in the mail and now I am divorced from you. I met a really nice guy by the name of Jonas. He really knows what he is doing. He has never been married before. He is such a sweetheart. I mean with everything.

The oldest got married today and was sad you couldn't be there. The wedding was so beautiful, if only life was like that. I mean my life is going finely and all but yours, it breaks my heart to read your letter. To know that you are only a day trip away. It brings a tear to my eye to think about you. I wish I could abolish your facial expressions forever. It breaks my heart to live on. I know that it will break your heart for me to tell you to hold on, to hope, but you have to. Just hold on to what you have for life. Life only lasts so long.

Your loving best friend,

Emily Beardings

I haven't written to her for two years. That is right, two years. I guess it is time to tell her the truth.

Dear Emily,

I understand what you want to do. I hope Jonas is the right guy for you. I have to tell you that I am going to be put to death. I know it is this year. Please don't be upset. I know that I have failed to write you in awhile. So please forgive me. I can visualize the tears in your eyes at finding out the news. I requested to be put of my misery. You writing to me is a pain and me to you.

I woke up this morning with a picture of you in my mind. I am about to cry right now at writing this. This is real pain to my heart. Why can't I have killed myself? Oh,

that is right, I wanted to love you. Really, dear, I have to go now. Say hello to my creator. Oh, and if you ever see that judge again tell him life SUCKS.

Not deserving to live,

Pete Keller

Here the letter is. Let's read it.

Dear Whoever you are,

The oldest has had her child. It is baby boy, about seven pounds. She named him Pete after you. I really can't believe the news you have told me. I wish it weren't true that you were going to be put to death, but if you say so, so be it. Jonas and I are now married. We are doing fine. Remember the baby of the family?

He is going to go and visit you because he had never got to know you.

He said it would be good for him to see his missing connection. So write back to me. Life doesn't suck, it has just hit rock bottom.

Your only love,

Emily Beardings

Oh, great. I need to write back.

Dear I hate you,

I saw what - his - name Billy is today. He such a great looking kid for his age. He told me about his fiancé and how life is treating him. He looked very well in his suit. It reminded me of what I used to look like.

He was disappointed see in me in hair covering me to my shoulders. The yellow jail clothes. He really didn't like the fact that I was bearded. I bet you would hate to see what I look like. I told him to never ever worry about me. Nope, he won't listen, I can tell. He is that type of kid. I told him what I am going to tell you. Love is wonderful when it is with the right person.

I have to tell you that I can feel the end coming closer. I have been praying to God a lot more. No more writing of the letters, please. I need to meditate without your annoyance.

Love from God,

Pete

I decided to stop writing back and even reading the letters from Emily. The relationship is over. I know she would disagree with me but that is how life rocks. One day you're living perfectly fine, and next you're in jail, burning in Gandhi Hell. Wow, life is so interesting. I have made up my own friend, or that is what the doc says. I have been living lifeless days. I can't wait to leave this world for good. I mean jail is cool and all, but this is breaking my morale.

That damned doc just told me there is only two weeks before I leave this world. I can see what this world is made up of. If there is a real heaven, if there is a God. I can't wait to see the truth of everything. What the world has been based upon. I can't wait to go and see God, if there is one.

Well, I guess I better tell you about each day or just tell you about a day in jail. Maybe I should do both. Life in jail starts off with me waking up and doing my daily exercises and stretching. I don't really eat a breakfast or lunch but I do eat dinner. What they feed you is practically crap. Those are my days.

The week has flown by really quickly. It is time for me to be injected with poison to kill me. I am placed on a type of bed shaped like a body. It is nicely cushioned. It is a blue color. I was made to lie on the cushion thing whatever you want to call it. As I peered through the glass, I saw my son and my ex-wife there; watching me go threw pure misery. I looked up as the needle was being eased into my arm I said, "Lord if this was your will, then so be it". I then saw my life flash before me.

It was as if I was on a wall climbing and I kept slipping. As I was grasping for whatever there is, I saw God right before my eyes. I felt my soul burning at the touch of the wall. It was as if the wall were heaven's gate. It burned immensely to touch the wall of freedom.

Then a voice spoke out to me in a low but loving voice, "When the Son of Man comes in his glory, escorted by all the angels in heaven, he will sit upon his royal throne, and all the nations will be assembled before him. Then he will separate them into two groups, as a Shepard separates sheep from the goats. The sheep he will place at his right hand, the goats on his left: 'Come. You have my father's blessing! Inherit the kingdom prepared for you from creation of the world. For I was hungry and you gave me food, I was thirsty and you gave me drink. I was a stranger and you welcomed me, naked and you clothed me. I was ill and you comforted me, in prison and you came to visit me.' "I then answered, "Lord when did I see you hungry and feed you, and you were thirsty and gave you drink? When were you a stranger, and I welcomed you and clothed you? When did I come to comfort you when you were ill, and then when did I come when you were in prison?" He answered, raising his hand "Whatever you did for the least of my brothers, you did for me."

In glorious joy I responded, "I have killed my fellow neighbor, and you, the most high, will let me in from this world filled with so much evil?" "Peter, you might have done so, but you had forgiveness, and thus I shall forgive you." His face; his voice left my sight and hearing, and I fell in the burning flames of purgatory. There were hands tearing at my legs.

There was a burning feeling on my body. God was about to let me go when I saw everything in my life go in a flashback. From the time I was killing someone to my first child. It was almost flickering there right in front of me. I felt like needing another

chance, but who would give it to me? I then closed my eyes in the world and in purgatory. I was laid to be feasted on by the demons and devils, only for them to find out that I was going to the Promised Land. I lay there hoping God would just pick me up and help me upon the way, but, no, I have to walk this lonesome valley by myself.

Author's Note

All names are fictions. I did base it on my thoughts about how life can be so strange. This book is dedicated to my friends especially Charlie Lanham. Who gave me a boost to finish this book.

These are poems that are written on how life treats us at times. This one reflects when I was being told to act more mature and when I got to a point I thought was good enough those people were looking like hypocrites.

Rock Bottom

As the rock falls down that long tunnel and hit's rock bottom

It reminds me of my own life

I feel alone now a real low point in life

Everybody was telling me to be mature and responsible

Well I have finally reached it and look at them

They can no longer be my roll models, their just old idols

And as that rock hits rock bottom so has my life

I feel like there is no one to look up to in my life now but GOD

I just want ask God one favor let me be reserved for Heaven

It is the place I have always wanted to be and it is time to pray

God rock bottom really hurts just give me a helping hand please.

This poem refers to when my friend had moved and I had a hard time getting over it. It still refers to today because I still miss him. I can always talk to him. I don't see him every week like I used to. I was down for a period. Over the last two years I have been trying to make friends to get me out of the point I am at.

Memories

As I watch the boys play football out in the snow

I recall when I and my friend and my little bro would play football.

Those cold days were just obstacles to stop you from doing our job.

Practicing marching drills early out in the morning frost.

We would be breaking the 3 inches of ice with a hammer to get the other possible fish
out of the pond.

The days that we would play football in the possible 10 inches of snow just made us feel
like men of honor.

The summer would just bring the grassy fields to a season of 3 feet. It hasn't been cut
since last month.

The ocean movements create great tall waves down at the beach. We would occasionally
get a rain fall and we'd stay outside till we were soaking wet. The water would always
fall gently in the summer.

It would always be musty.

At times we would take a walk down to his creek to get clams or just get wet. At lunch
we would eat bologna sandwiches with brown mustard.

I still remember that day I had to say by to my favorite friends.

I had spent all day helping them pack just to weep the next morning till I couldn't stand
it any longer.

Those days sought to me to be the best in my life.

After that my life seemed to tumble out of control.

I felt like I had lost my only friend.

That day has always taught me to thank the lord for all my friends, family, and those
people who have taught me.

Dedicated to Charlie Lanham

Here is a dream that I had. It includes a poem I wrote and brief story. This dream I had
one night and it kind of hit me hard. This is because my life I believe as you will read in
the story is to be a priest. I have no intentions of being a father. I have had dreams
where I have children around me. They are other people's children. This dream had em
being in charge or the father of this young boy this kid. I like the way I got over it. I still
look at being given the opportunity of watching a child under the age a huge
responsibility. That is because it is, why? You must be full of responsibility.

I am in a room that is painted white the carpeting is not the one I am used to being
with. There is a bed, a bath tub and toilet and sink. It looks like a room I have not seen
before. I am some how acquainted with this three month year old baby. I have given
him the name now after I thought about it I think I like the name Jack. Jack does not
seem to be a much of a fussy baby and doesn't whine. I seem to have a deep affection
for Jack. Jack is a cute and adorable little guy.

In a room next to me there is my brother who seems to be older just like I have gotten older. I think he is staying at what I determine to be my house. He is blasting his classical music. And is watching the Red Sox play, my other brother is visiting.

I notice as I get ready to leave for the store for diapers; that Jack does not have a mother that is there for him when he is need of love. I wake at this instance to notice it was all a dream. Later that day I do go to the store to buy diapers for my mom who went to a baby shower. I no longer have to worry about my new best friend Jack.

Jack

He looks at me with the bluish turquoise eyes that I gave him

He looks as happy as a puppy is when he gets his toy

I know there is no one else besides my brother next to
me to be with him during the day

His life right now is to be loved by me the only man in his life

I know it is his destiny right now to find out what had happened to
make him mother less

He loves me as I once loved the woman who should be here

To love and comfort little Jack and his father who is clueless

I ask God right now to help me out with little Jack

He gazes up and stares that baby stare right into my eyes

He gives a little smile for my satisfaction

Could Be

As I sit on the stairs of my home I look at a car drive in my drive way. I was hoping that maybe it would be my ex wife with little Jack's toy's because he was

seeming grumpy without them. I had left her ever since he came along. I knew it wasn't right for us to do what we did but life is like that. I recently invited my brother who was in need of a place to stay while he was going to college. I really invited him because I needed someone to watch over Jack but Lou never found that out. My ex didn't want to deal with either Jack or I so I decided it would be best to take little Jack for the time being. To my disappointment it was Phil pulling up, visiting Lou for the weekend.

I gave up and walked inside the house. Louis was cooking dinner for him and Phil. He didn't feel like cooking anymore than a dinner for two. So I decided to wake up Jack who is only three months old. Oh yea he was cute but didn't know how to shut his trap. I decided for dinner I would go out to the donut shop not healthy but as long as Jack didn't care. As I put Jack into his car seat I sang Jack a B-I-N-G-O song that I barely knew.

That is what the story could be explained as. I don't think you understand do you? I am a father yea weird; my brother rooming with me no way. I was living a life I couldn't in any way live. I love kids especially when their young I have always looked at them as being precious to me and everybody should show affection towards them.

I always have wanted to have a child to look at and follow me as being a role model. I have always wanted to take a newborn and give him a hug welcoming him to the new world. I have always wanted to watch a little guy grow up. I have always wanted to hold him and quiet him as he starts to cry. I have always wanted the chance to assure him he was ok with me. I want to thank God because he knew to well who I am.

I am a guy who can love kids but I probably can't raise one to being some thing I want them to be. My expectations are way too high for anybody to fulfill. That is including me the one who can't even make the first string on the football team. God

looks at me and decides I should serve him in a very high way a way that I am now excepting as my own and personal challenge. I believe as a Catholic that God is challenging me to be the most honorable person I can be. I believe he wants me to preach his word because I believe it is my job to do what he wants me to do. I am going to be a priest.

I wake up in the morning to a crying little Jack. I pick him up and slowly rock him back and forth. I am trying to make him fall asleep again but it won't work this time. I try to talk him to being calm again. Does that ever work though I highly doubt it? He just won't be quiet. It is ok with me I need to wake up anyway. He is a practical alarm clock. Lou comes down stairs he offers to take him for right now. Probably because he knew the diaper was needed to be changed and well I just didn't notice. I guess I will let him do the dirty work.

I walk into my office dressed in a black pair of shirt and pants. That is what I am I am a priest. I have to do mass this morning. Then I have to go to my nephew's baptism. That is what happens when your family knows you're a priest. Oh it's ok with me I mean I love my family. It feels like I have just skipped football practice. Oh wasn't that a bad idea. I mean you know what I could have very well been.

Little Jack has started to crawl and I am so happy for him. He must feel like he has made the biggest accomplishments in his life. Oh I guess he has because as he turns around and gives me his little Jack smile I have to smile back. Oh I guess it wouldn't be right just let him stare waiting for a smile. If I were him I would want a smile to make me feel like I am doing it correctly. I guess you should say he will do what is needed to be done.

Being a priest is something God must let you be. He must want you to wake up every morning and want you to be his preacher. I thank God for this because I have

always wanted to do what I am now doing. Then Again I could have been a father to little Jack. Then again no one knows who little Jack is and even what he looks like. I wish little Jack had a future that I knew about. I have always wished that I could baptize one of my nephews and have his name being Jack. That would just drive me insane. I would look back at Jack and say it could have been.

It is a day of great rejoices my friend's sister has had a boy and my other friends family's mom is expecting. It makes em think of me and little Jack and how we will make it through everything. He is starting to learn the basic word Father. That is what I should be called because God has called me to it. Oh but Jack calling just father is fine. Mostly dad is what he says or something upon the line of dad. Like fad or misplacing vowels and sounds to make something that could resemble dad. It makes me proud to think about it that way.

I put on my black shirt for another endless day in Gods love. Days in which I will preach His word preach His grace. I walk over to the small chapel to celebrate mass for the few that actually make the time to come on over for the celebration. I know only one person that is because her small son's name is Jack. It keeps me close to what I could have been to what I should have been. Oh but she likes me as a priest even though she is single. She looks at me with mystery like why he wasn't ever taken. Oh yea she could have very well been my ex.

A phone call wakes me up instead of the regular alarm clock. It is my ex telling me she will drop of his toys. I say ok and hang up. I walk over to the crib with little Jack sleeping soundly. I decide it is best not to wake him up. I pick him up to give him a lullaby I wanted to sing him before he realized I was the one singing. Oh I think he hates my singing. I sound like a woodpecker repeating the same noise. Peck, peck, peck

and it repeats over. I went to mass this morning to see a new priest take up the job I should have.

Mass. Think about it hard. It is something that only the permitted can celebrate. I have permission to do it whenever where be it be right. I had to do a funeral mass for a little old lady today that went to mass everyday here. It was hard to say good bye to her because she would stop on bye and say hi and we would talk for hours on in. She would tell em about her grandchildren and how they were doing surprisingly I never met any one of them. Until today that is. Oh they were dressed nicely with their wives and children. I said it short and sweet to the point. Life is only as good as you can make of it.

That stood for me short and sweet. Life is only as good as you make of it. Be it you sinned more than others or you tried everyday to make it to my confessional. Oh yea life to me it could go to separate ways. I could make it in this world to being a father to little Jack. Then again I could be the one teaching little Jack the Ten Commandments and making him love and honor his God given parents. I could run to the store every year to buy presents for my children or plain and simple run to the store for more champagne for tomorrow's party. What ever it is God has wanted me to do it so I will. I have been asked a question and now I can not answer it. Stephen what in your life will you be or choose.

This reflects upon my job I once had. I actually liked the job I had. I worked on a farm and as far as I am concerned it did work out well. It was nice and sometimes things are just not meant to be.

Erin

I used to see her most of the week
I guess you could say we were friends
We used to work together on a farm
We worked pretty well together
I came to look at her as a second parent
She even acted like one she was there for me
Yep one day you could say we both got laid off
And we fell apart
I no longer know who she is
I no longer know what she does
I remember her now and then
So if you see her tell her I said hi

Here is a poem referring back to the dream.

HE

There he is
Go to him
He sits there all day
Waiting for his dad to come
His mother doesn't satisfy him
He seems to be defiant
But no he is waiting
Waiting for an invitation
He wants someone to talk too

Go and talk to him he is here
Here for you
As he walks toward him
The boy looks me
He knows I should
Should be walking towards him
The one to pick him up
Give him that feeling
But no I turn around
And walk off
It is the responsibility
That I never wanted

Here is a story line to a movie that I must admit Charles Lanham wrote mostly. The idea was created by me. This movie idea was created while on vacation in North Carolina. I will never forget the times I had there and if I were to go there again I could sort of remember it because I filmed the first movie to this plot down there.

Monitoring Hampton

Hampton is mentally challenged and does not like dark and tight places (or claustrophobic). He calls every one by their last name. The Hampton family is extraordinarily rich and doesn't like to visit Hampton or keep communication. Mary Rose is his caretaker who lives with Hampton; his family supports them both. His favorite things to do are draw, garden, eat and sleep. He takes refuge in his friend Jackson.

It starts; Lyle Hampton awakes from a long deep summer sleep in the year 1997. Hampton panics at the awakening, for a disturbing dream of a figure with a bloody knife in one hand and in the other a dead rose. He runs to the guestroom that is never used, his best friend is lying there with his eyes wide open. Hampton says.

H-"Jackson I'd have'd a nightmare,

J-"tell me, I'll be interested"

H-"it was all dark" start dream as he speaks.

When the dream is over Hampton is sitting on the floor with a stare of fear, he realizes that Jackson had walked into the hallway and says.

J-"That's no good, it's good to know its not really happening".

(Then he walks into the bathroom and starts a shower at the exact time Rose comes out to greet him, in the hallway, she says).

R-"you're up early, ay"

H-"yea" (pronounced quickly and calmly)

R-"how about some breakfast, come"

(Flash over to them eating breakfast)

R-"My boy friend is visiting tonight" (pronounced slowly)

H-"Whitaker"

R-"that's Bill Whitaker, and he's got something for us"

She leaves the table. He finishes his food and at the same time she cleans the kitchen and he tells the dream to her. (Cam will roll over and scan over to jack son on the ceiling doing push-ups then pause, and fade into black)

Start the next scene, Rose is working in the garden. To her side Jackson is telling Hampton horrible things about himself

J-"it's the truth, you're always making it harder for others, always giving more and more pain!"

H-"no no it can't be!"

J-"you're a forsaken freak, I hate you! I hate your everything!"

H-"no- no- then why don't you just leave?"

Flash over to where Rose is.

Rose is talking to Whitaker on the phone.

R-"you know I'm worried about Lyle he told me some weird dream and he's been very rude to me and his friend lately"

W- "perhaps he needs to get out of the house, let's go out tonight when I come over"

R-"we need to get rid of some of his habit of calling every one by their last name"

W-"oh ay! And tell him the truth of his imaginary friend"

"CRASH" (Hampton drops a vase)

R-"oh I got to go, God bless"

W-"you to, dear"

Flash to the next scene, Hampton is drawing on the floor while Rose is sitting at the piano playing; they are both in the living room.

R-"what are you drawing"

He holds it up to see.

R-"oh! Hampton what are you drawing, gosh"

She grabs it and crumples it up, walks over to the trash throws it in. (Cam view is from the ceiling straight down)

Hampton is just staring.

R-"don't draw that again"

She walks to go up stairs; Hampton goes to fetch it out the picture. He unfolded the crumpled paper. (Cam zooms in as he unfolds, from the ceiling)

It is a picture of a dead person a bed with tear and blood coming out, and suddenly there's an evil laugh. (Black out, but continue laugh)

In this next scene, they are eating lunch.

R-"Hampton I needed to talk to you about Jackson"

(Pause) She leans forward.

R-"he does not exist"

Hampton smiles but remains silent. (Pause)

H-"I don't care, he's real; but you nevers gonna to sees him" (in an evil voice)

Next scene is in the door of his room.

With a smile on his face he walks away, he goes to his room and Rose decides to go put the garden tools in the garage. When Hampton opens the door to his room. He sees Jackson is there with a knife and a living Rose with blood on it. He closes the door fast with a bang. He breathes heavily; he sucks down some fresh air, and then slowly opens the door. He looks through the crack. Jackson is gone; he walks in and sighs relief. Bang! The door shuts behind him; Jackson comes very close with a knife and says.

J-"I'm killing Rose"

Hampton is speechless.

Jackson starts speedily walking into the hall and down the stairs, Hampton in desperation runs to the kitchen and grabs the biggest knife there and run to the front hallway where Jackson is with knife in hand, back turned, standing facing the door that Rose was walking through. Hampton charged toward Jackson to thrust the knife in to the back of Jackson. His sharp tip which was supposed to puncture Jackson's back yet instead killed Mary Rose the victim. They tumble to the ground, and then Hampton turns and sees Jackson coming closer and closer. Hampton runs up the stairs Jackson is there and surprises him and makes him fall to the ground. He runs to the living room and collapses there weeping in his hands cupped over his face, then Jackson standing in the hallway by Rose, (pauses) with a dead stare. Hampton is struggling for breath on the floor. Suddenly Jackson comes at the speed of light to Hampton, and Hampton passes out.

(Cam is at Hampton's view of darkness)

He has a diabolical dream of him getting on his feet in the house. But it is pitch black, goes through several phases burning, gets drowned in a river of blood, cut with a million knives and is chaste till mutilation could not describe his pain. (There is sound screaming in the background)

He wakes up and starts walking toward Rose; he looks to his right and sees his reflection in the mirror. He has an ugly face and is dressed oddly. He laughs loud and long his voice is evil by far. He looks ahead and sees Rose dead covered in blood. He goes to his room to wait.

Bill comes in and cries out in sadness and in anger and depression he goes searching for the changed Lyle Hampton. He kills him, and then later kills himself out of depression. When the bodies were found, a red rose was in Hampton's hands.

Two weeks later: We can see Bill's back facing two gravestones. Engraved in one of them it states Mary Rose to whom I love 1974-1997 it is surrounded by roses and bouquets of flowers. There is Hampton's grave. Engraved in the stone it said Lyle "Jackson" Hampton. As Bill knelt near Rose's grave he felt a presence. He looked around and said to Rose this is for you. A tear slipped out from his eyes.

There is a fade out of him kneeling over and rocking himself back forth.

This is from pure out of the blue. I had fractured my leg bone whatever it may be the tibia. I was playing football when I was tackled or tripped and injured myself. This is like a journal entry about the whole ordeal.

As I walk into the walk in clinic all eyes focus on me. I can see the fear on their eyes. Not fear of what I am going to do but what I did do. I try to look positive but when you know you are screwed up for six more weeks it puts a dampen on your spirit. I would later learn that I did fracture my bone. It was not pleasant at all. I had to deal with one leg for two days. Then the doc gave me a boot cast. Thank God for that. Now I am able to hobble around the school a little easier. I like what I have for a cast. I can remove it when I am in the shower or something. People not all but some help me out with doors and everything as much as I like it, it takes away from my feeling of being more manly. I now remember to say thank you and please. I have to get used to it now that I need the extra help. The way people treat me is surprising in a good way.

