

"CHRONICLES OF AN AMERICAN JACKASS"

IF YOU'RE GONNA RUN WITH THE DEVIL BE SURE TO WEAR COMFORTABLE SHOES... THAT'S PROBABLY THE MORAL TO THE STORY, BUT I GUESS I'M GETTING AHEAD OF MYSELF.

ALOT OF PEOPLE TALK TOO MUCH, ENJOYING THE SOUND OF THEIR OWN VOICE WITH THE MISTAKEN IMPRESSION THAT ANYONE GIVES A SHIT (EXCUSE MY FRENCH). BUT SINCE THIS IS MY BLOG AND YOU'VE CHOSEN TO VIEW WHATEVER IT IS I HAVE TO SAY... OBVIOUSLY YOU DO, GIVE A SHIT THAT IS... FOR THIS I AM TRULY GREATFUL AS I SEE THIS PROJECT AS LITERALLY... AN ANSWER TO ONE OF MY PRAYERS, GODDESS HAS SEEN FIT TO GIVE ME A VOICE, A FORUM WHERE EVENTUALLY SOMEONE MAY SEE THAT I'M NOT A BAD GUY.

DON'T GET ME WRONG, I'M NEVER GOING TO TRY AND CONVINCE ANYONE THAT I'M INNOCENT BECAUSE I'M NOT... THERE ARE ONLY A COUPLE OF TIMES IN MY LIFE THAT I'VE BEEN INNOCENT OF SOMETHING WITH WHICH I'VE BEEN ACCUSED AND THIS ISN'T ONE OF THEM... I DESERVE TO BE HERE, MAYBE NOT FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE (NOBODY DIED) BUT IN ONE OF A LONG LINE OF FAILED SUICIDE ATTEMPTS (NONE OF WHICH WERE "CRIES FOR HELP") I DECIDED THAT "SUICIDE BY COP" OR "TRIAL BY COMBAT" WOULD BE MY METHAMPHETAMINE/COCAINE/MALT LIQUOR FUELED PREFERRED METHOD OF EXIT...

...NEEDLESS TO SAY WHEN I JUMPED OUT OF THE CAR BRANDISHING A SAWED OFF SHOTGUN I DID NOT GET GUNNED DOWN... I STOOD THERE AND MADE A SHOW OF COCKING THE HAMMER... STILL NO GUNSHOTS FROM SAID OFFICER... SO I WALKED TOWARD HIS VEHICLE IN HOPES THIS WOULD STIR

HIM TO ACTION, HIS CAR DOOR WAS OPEN... THE LIGHTS STROBING IN MY EYES (I'D HAD 4 HOURS OF SLEEP IN THE LAST WEEK AND THE SUN HAD JUST SET) MY PUPIL HAD DILATED AND I COULDN'T SEE ANYTHING. I'M TRYING TO FIGURE OUT WHY A TRAINED OFFICER OF THE LAW WHO I ASSUMED HAD HUNDREDS MAYBE THOUSANDS OF HOURS OF TRAINING HASN'T PUT ME DOWN WITH ONE WELL PLACED SHOT.

I WAILED IN BETWEEN OUR CARS AND SAW A SHADOW BEHIND HIS CAR - SO I POINTED AT THE CORNER OF THE SHADOW AND PULLED THE TRIGGER.

DUDE'S GUN HAD GOTTEN CAUGHT IN HIS HOLSTER SO HE'D RUN BEHIND HIS CAR TO USE IT AS A SHIELD WHILE HE WRESTLED WITH HIS PIECE - VERY, UHM, HOW CAN I PUT THIS KINDLY... ABBOTT AND COSTELLO LIKE.

THE POLICE REPORT SAID THAT AS I POINTED MY GUN HE LOOKED UP JUST IN TIME AND GOT HIS LEFT ARM UP TO SHIELD HIS FACE JUST AS HIS GUN CAME OUT OF HIS HOLSTER AND FIRED AT ME. HIS LEFT ARM QUITE POSSIBLY SAVED HIS LIFE (FOR WHICH I AM ETERNALLY THANKFUL) AND ONE OF HIS BULLETS (.40 CAL.) PUNCTURED THROUGH MY LEFT SIDE, JUST BELOW MY RIB CAGE AND EXITED MY BACK - UNBEKNOWNST TO ME - EVERYTHING WAS GOING IN SLOW MOTION...

HIS GUN HAD JAMMED AND AS HE REPLACED HIS CLIP, FREEING THE JAM... I ATTEMPTED TO RELOAD THINKIN' HE WAS DONE... HE JUMPED UP AND PUT ANOTHER ROUND INTO MY LEFT SIDE SENDING ME TO THE GROUND.

THE 2ND ROUND BROKE MY HIP, TORE MY SCIATIC NERVE AND TORE THROUGH MY BLADDER - THE IMPACT COLLAPSED BOTH OF MY LUNGS... WHEN I HIT THE

GROUND I REMEMBER THINKING, "DAMN, I CAN'T FEEL MY LEFT SIDE", SO I REACHED DOWN AND STUCK MY FINGER RIGHT IN A BULLET HOLE, STILL NOT FEELING ANYTHING, SEEING BLOOD ALL OVER MY HAND I HEARD MY BEAUTIFUL LIL 20 YEAR OLD GIRLFRIEND LATOYA SCREAMING BEHIND ME.

THE BACK-UP OFFICER IS SCREAMING "ON THE GROUND BITCH!" AND SHE CLIMBED OVER ME AND LAY DOWN SO SHE COULD SEE MY FACE...

SHE YELLED "I LOVE YOU MOTHERFUCKER!" AND WHEN I TRIED TO SAY "I LOVE YOU" NOTHING CAME OUT... I HADN'T NOTICED I WASN'T BREATHING / I TRIED TO INHALE AND... NOTHING HAPPENED; TOYA SCREAMED "BREATHE BABY, BREATHE!" AND THAT'S ALL I REMEMBER.

TOYA SAID (AFTER THE FACT, OBVIOUSLY) THAT MY EYES ROLLED BACK IN MY HEAD AND I BEGAN CONVULSING FOR A MINUTE OR SO AND STOPPED MOVING... DEAD ON THE GROUND BESIDE HER.

VERY SHORTLY AN AMBULANCE SHOWS UP, SHE WATCHED AS THEY RUN CHEST TUBES THROUGH MY RIB CAGE - PUMPED MY LUNGS BACK UP - AND RESUSCITATED ME (I REMEMBER NONE OF THIS) PUT ME IN THE AMBULANCE AND TRANSPORTED ME TO BOONE CO. MEMORIAL WHERE THEY HAD A MEDEVAC READY TO FLY ME TO BAXTER MEDICAL IN SPRINGFIELD, MISSOURI TO SAVE MY RETCHING LIFE.

I FLATLINED 4 TIMES THAT NIGHT... THERE WAS NO LIGHT AT THE END OF ANY TUNNEL - I TOLD A DUDE IN THE COUNTY THAT AND HE SAID, "DUDE... YOU AIN'T GOING THAT WAY" I COULDN'T HELP BUT LAUGH...

I'VE GOT SOME PREACHERS, MINISTERS, WHATEVER IN MY FAMILY AND BOTH HAVE SUGGESTED THAT I MAY NEED TO RE-EVALUATE

MY SPIRITUAL CONVICTIONS TO WHICH I PATIENTLY REPLY WITH MY BEST SMILE "MY BELIEFS DIDN'T FAIL ME, I FAILED MY BELIEFS."

WHEN I CHOSE TO LIVE WITH A NEEDLE IN MY ARM, A PIPE IN MY MOUTH, AND A HO (BEAUTIFUL AS SHE WAS AND AS MUCH AS I TRULY LOVED HER - SHE WAS STILL A HO - WHICH SHE PROVED AFTER SHE GOT OUT AND I AIN'T HEARD A WORD FROM HER SINCE - WHO CAN BLAME HER?) ON MY NUTS - I TURNED MY BACK ON THE GODDESS.

I DIDN'T TAKE MY CASE TO TRIAL - I TOLD THE PROSECUTOR AT ONE OF OUR PRELIMINARY HEARINGS THAT IF HE'D DROP THE ATTEMPTED MURDER CHARGE AGAINST MY GIRL AND CHARGE HER ON ONE OF THE LESSER CHARGES THAT I'D SIGN WHATEVER THEY BROUGHT ME. I KNEW I WAS FUCKED ANYWAY AND WANTED TO NEGOTIATE THE BEST DEAL I POSSIBLY COULD FOR HER ... AS A SORT OF "LAST CHANCE TO DO THE RIGHT THING FOR SOMEONE I CARED ABOUT."

2 HOURS LATER I'M ESCORTED INTO THE HALL FLANKED BY MY LAWYER, THE PROSECUTOR, A REP FROM THE STATE POLICE AND MY PLEA WAS FOR A LIFE SENTENCE.

MY JAW HIT THE FLOOR - "THIS ISN'T A PLEA, THIS IS A MAXIMUM SENTENCE"

THE REP FROM THE STATE POLICE SAID, "YOU'RE LUCKY WE DON'T GIVE YOU THE DEATH PENALTY"

I SAID, "YOU'RE A RETARD - YOU'RE BOY DIDN'T EVEN SUFFER A LIFE THREATENING WOUND - YOU CAN'T GIVE ME THE DEATH PENALTY/"

THE PROSECUTOR SMILED AT ME AND SAID "IF YOU DON'T SIGN THIS YOUR GIRL IS GONNA GET 30 YEARS AND DO SEVENTY PERCENT"

SO I TOOK HIS PEN AND SIGNED MY LIFE AWAY WITHOUT EVEN THINKING TWICE. SHE WASN'T GUILTY OF ANYTHING EXCEPT BEING WITH ME WHILE I WAS BEING A FOOL... I COULDN'T SEE HER SACRIFICING HER YOUTH FOR MY IDIOCY...

SHE DID JUST OVER 4½ YEARS AND IS NOW (HOPEFULLY) OFF PAROLE AND LIVING A PRODUCTIVE LIFE.

AND KNOWING WHAT I KNOW NOW, IF I COULD GO BACK TO THAT DAY - I'D STILL SIGN THAT PLEA JUST TO INSURE SHE HAD A SHOT AT A REAL LIFE...

IT MAY NOT BE VERY ORIGINAL... BUT LIKE A LOT OF MOVIES... I GAVE YOU THE ENDING AND NOW FROM TIME TO TIME I'LL GO BACK AND BRING YOU FORWARD IN TIME TO GIVE SOME KINDA UNDERSTANDING FOR WHAT BROUGHT ME TO THAT POINT IN MY LIFE.

I AM NO SCHOLAR, I AM NO GENIUS (ALTHOUGH I AM WELL ABOVE AVERAGE IN THE I.Q. DEPARTMENT - 125) I AM NO SPIRITUAL GURU... BUT I READ CONSTANTLY, AVERAGING 1,000 PAGES A WEEK IN ALL CATEGORIES: FICTION, SELF-HELP, SPIRITUAL, ETC... SOME BOOKS I'LL READ SEVERAL TIMES - EVEN TAKING NOTES - SO I DO MY BEST TO UTILIZE THIS TIME IN A PRODUCTIVE FASHION TO THE FULLEST OF MY ABILITIES...

... AND NOW I HAVE A DIGITAL PRESENCE!

I'LL GO ON THE RECORD AS SAYING THAT I'M VERY SORRY FOR WHAT I'VE DONE... BUT I'LL ALSO SAY THIS - I DIDN'T HURT A KID, OR SOME OLD LADY IN A ROBBERY ATTEMPT I GOT IN A SHOOT-OUT WITH A MAN THAT TRAINED FOR 31 YEARS FOR JUST SUCH A SITUATION... IT IS WHAT IT IS.

I'M NOT GONNA GAIN FANS WITH THAT STATEMENT, BUT I'M NOT LOOKING FOR FANS... FUTURE POSTS WILL BRING SOME UNDERSTANDING... MAYBE, YOU CAN'T READ THE END OF A BOOK AND EXPECT TO UNDERSTAND.

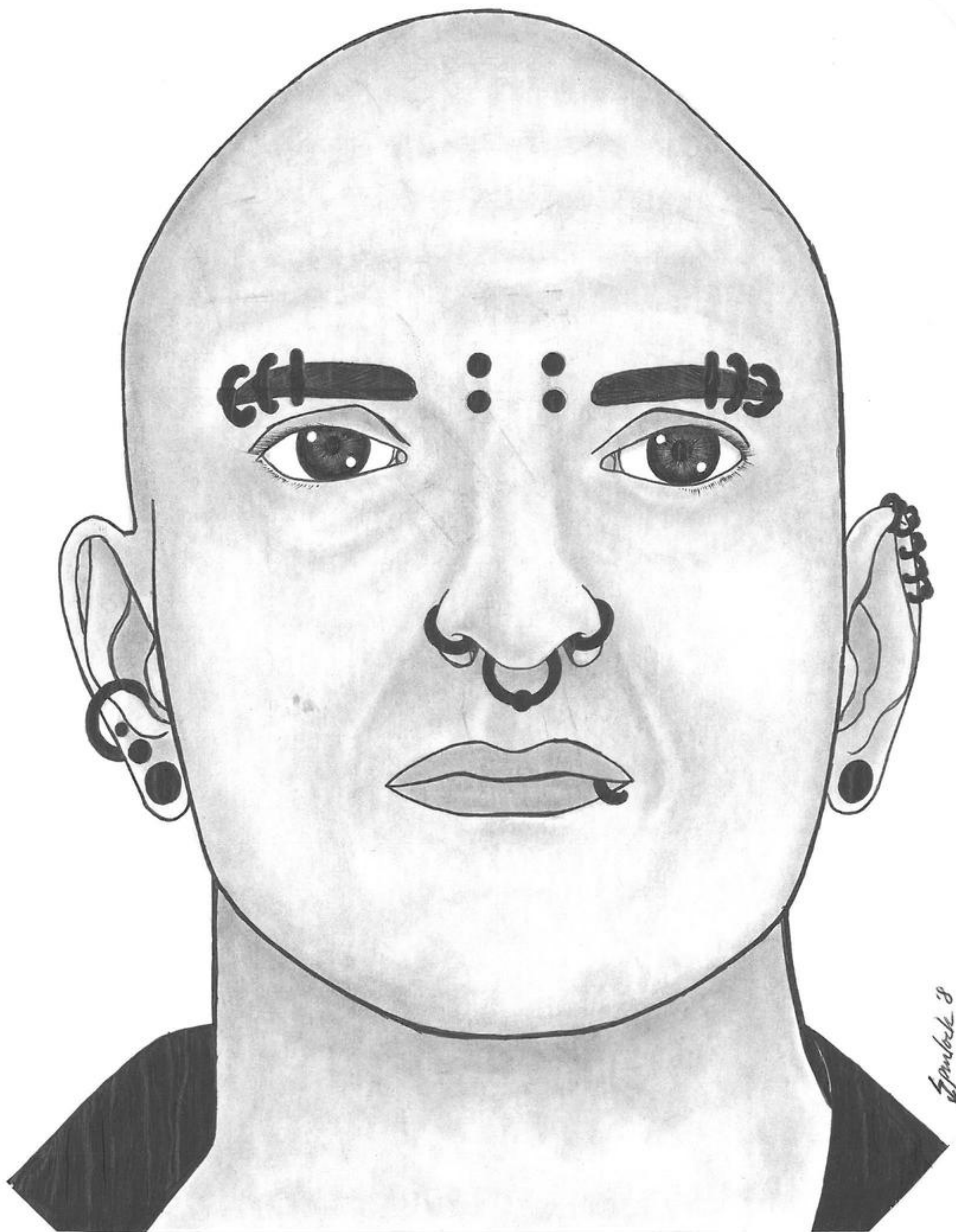
I'VE SENT A CRUDE SELF PORTRAIT - VERY CARTOONY, IT'S OLD - I DID IT IN '08 - BUT I WANTED TO PUT A FACE WITH THE MADNESS - I DID TATTOOS AND PIERCINGS TO FUEL A \$200 A DAY HABIT... NEVER HAD A PROBLEM FINDING GOOD LOOKIN WOMEN TO ASSIST IN MY DEBAUCHERY, AS A MATTER OF FACT, GOIN' BACK TO HIGH SCHOOL - I CAN'T REMEMBER A TIME WHEN THERE WAS ONLY ONE, SORRY... JUST BEING HONEST.

I MISS MY KIDS (JACOB, 15 AND AMANDA, 19) MORE THAN LIFE ITSELF... AND THEN I MISS WOMEN... I MISS FEMALE CONVERSATION... I MISS EVERYTHING ABOUT WOMEN - DUDES WERE USUALLY CUSTOMERS, WOMEN WERE EVERYTHING ELSE... DAMN.

UNTIL NEXT TIME,

BLESSED BE,

Michael Spaulock



Spencer S