

DEAR READER,

4-11-19

HEY. I HOPE YOU ARE DOING WELL!
MY FIRST FELONY AS A TEENAGER WAS FOR
ROBBERY. YUP... I STUCK UP A GAS STATION...
I KNOW, I KNOW. STUPID RIGHT. BUT I WAS
YOUNG AND DUMB AND HOMELESS. A FRIEND AND
I WERE AT THE TOWNSHIP BOWLING ALLEY
PLAYING POOL (BILLIARDS) WITH SOME ADULTS. WE
WERE DRINKING & HAVING FUN. SOME OTHERS
GOT IN AND WE STARTED PLAYING AGAINST
OTHER TABLES. LATER ON SOME GUYS FROM
ANOTHER TABLE INVITED US TO A HOUSE
PARTY IN MO. AERY. ABOUT AN HOUR DRIVE
NORTHWEST FROM WENSON - SALEM, N.C.
OF COURSE, WE WANTED TO GO. BUT I WAS
SHORT ON MONEY. SO WAS MY FRIEND. SO, WE
ROBBED A GAS STATION. DRUNK AND WITH... GEE
THES, BB GUNS. HA! YUP, WE USED LITTLE
COPPER BB'S TO TAKE THE MONEY FROM THE
CASHIER NOW, WHILE SOME MIGHT THINK
THES IS FUNNY, I DO NOT. AT LEAST NOT
ANYMORE. WHEN I WAS IMMATURE, SURE,
BEING CARELESS & RECKLESS WAS FUN. BUT
THE SITUATION COULD HAVE GONE REALLY
BAD. WHAT IF "HE" HAD A REAL GUN? A
KILLED ME OR MY FRIEND OR BOTH OF US?
SO HAPPENS A LOT MORE THAN PEOPLE KNOW.
AND THE PUNISHMENT I RECEIVED WAS DEFINELY

NOT WORTH THE FEW HUNDRED DOLLARS WE GOT. BUT...

WE ROBBED THE STATION & HOPPED ON THE HIGHWAY. THE PARTY WAS JUMPIN'! THERE WERE A COUPLE BANDS THAT PLAYED.

LET ME TAKE A MOMENT TO SEND A SHOUT-OUT TO THE BAND "BLACKS LEST." THEY WERE YOUNG BUT KICKED ASS. THE SINGER REMENDED ME A LOT OF FRED DURST FROM "LAMP BEZKES".

BACK TO THE STORY.

WE LEFT THE PARTY AFTER SAYING OUR GOODBYES AND ON OUR WAY HOME... YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU DRINK & DRIVE....

IT'S DARK, COUNTRY ROADS. WENDING THROUGH HILLS & TREES. EMBANKMENT WITH A STEEP DROP ON OUR RIGHT, PASTURE ON OUR LEFT. I REMEMBERED THIS ROAD. A SHARP CURVE WITH A DROP IS COMING UP. I TOLD STEPHEN (NOT HIS REAL NAME) TO SLOW DOWN, A STEEP DROP COMES AFTER THIS NEXT CURVE. HE SAYS, "I GOT THIS, I KNOW HOW TO DRIVE." I WONDER HOW MANY TIMES THAT VERY STATEMENT WAS MADE JUST BEFORE A CAR WRECK???

IT WAS ABOUT 2:30-3:00 AM. WE STOPPED THE HILL & THE HEADLIGHTS IMMEDIATELY LIT UP A 6-8 FOOT DEEP WALL & STEPHEN TEARED THE STEERING WHEEL TO THE RIGHT. THE HEADLIGHTS SHOT OFF

INTO SPACE, OH-OH! HE SEIZED THE SCREEING WHEEL BACKS. WE FISH-TAILED LEFT, RIGHT, LEFT, AND THEN RIGHT AND THEN BAM! WE HAD THE DEAD WALL & FLEPPED OVER. HE KILLED THE ENGINE AND SMOKE & FUMES BEGAN TO FILL THE CAR. I FOUND MY SEATBELT, CLUCK, AND I FELT ON THE ROOF. FOUND MY DOOR HANDLE AND PUT MY SHOULDER INTO THE DOOR. AHHHH — FRESH AIR. STEPHEN COULON'S GOT OUT OF HIS SEATBELT...ⁱⁱ STILL DAVNK. I JUMPED BACK IN, UNSNAPPED HIS SEATBELT & HELPED HIM OUT.

MIDDLE OF THE COUNTRY, NOT EVEN A MOON TO LIGHT OUR WAY. WE WANDERED THE REST OF THE NIGHT. FOUGHT OFF SOME DOGS, CAME ACROSS A FLAG THAT HAD KIKI ON IT... NOT A GOOD NIGHT. THE NEXT MORNING SOMEONE FINALLY SAW THE UPTURNED CAR AND CALLED FOR HELP. STEPHEN'S MOM CAME AND PICKED HIM UP BUT I COULDN'T FIND A REDE. AND STEPHEN'S MOM WOULDN'T. SHE DOESN'T EVEN KNOW ME... AND "I" WAS THE BAD INFLUENCE. SHE WAS RIGHT THOUGH...ⁱⁱ

WELL, A MONTH LATER I'M AT A FRIEND'S HOUSE BACK HOME (MY OLDER BROTHER CAME TO GET ME A FEW DAYS LATER W/ A PROBLEM) (MY MOM & SISTER REFUSED TO DO ME TO FIND MY OWN WAY) AND I'M WOKEN BY 2 DETECTIVES... YUP. THE ROBBERY CHARGE. SO TURNED OUT STEPHEN GOT ARRESTED AND HE TOLD THE DETECTIVES

WHO I WAS. AND THEY PUT ME ON CAMESTOPPERS
AND SOMEONE SAW ME AND CALLED SO IN.

HE AND I WERE BOTH SENTENCED TO FIRST
TIME FELON BOOT CAMP. (IMPACT WEST) IF WE
VIOLATED WE WENT TO PRISON. AFTER BOOT CAMP
WE HAD PROBATION. I'LL GET INTO HOW IMPACT
WEST WAS FOR ME IN MY NEXT BLOG. AND HOW
AFTER BOOT CAMP I ENDED UP IN PRISON
INSTEAD OF THE MARINE CORPS.

UNTIL NEXT TIME.

Yours Truly

Doug