

DEAR READER,

4-24-19

HEY. I HOPE YOU ARE DOING WELL!

THIS STORY IS ABOUT A NIGHT OF GAMBLING  
AND DRINKING TURNED BAD.

I WAS 17 I THINK, OR MAYBE 19. I WAS ONE  
OR THE OTHER. I HAD A FRIEND I WOULD JUST  
JUST TO HANG OUT WITH, WE'LL CALL HER MANDY, BUT  
SHE HAD A HUSBAND. I'D ONLY HUNG OUT WITH HER  
A COUPLE TIMES HONESTLY BUT FIGURED IT WAS  
APPROPRIATE TO INTRODUCE MYSELF TO HER HUSBAND  
AS WELL. SO WE SET UP A NIGHT FOR ME TO COME  
OVER.

I CAME OVER, MET HER HUSBAND, WE'LL CALL HIM  
MATHEW, AND HE BOUGHT SOME BEER AND WE  
PLAYED CARDS AND DRANK. WELL, PLAYING CARDS  
TURNED INTO GAMBLING.

NOTE: I FOUND OUT THAT MORNING BEFORE I  
CAME OVER THAT MATHEW WAS JEALOUS OF HER  
HAVING GUY FRIENDS. SO I FIGURED THAT WAS A  
REALLY GOOD TIME TO SHOW HIM MY FRIENDSHIP  
WITH HER WAS APPROPRIATE AND RESPECTFUL TO  
THEIR RELATIONSHIP.

NOW HE'S 29, MANDY IS A FEW YEARS  
YOUNGER. MANDY GETS WASTED AND GOES TO  
BED. MATHEW AND I ARE GAMBLING. WE'RE  
BOTH DRUNK BUT NOT WASTED. THERE WAS A  
GOOD VIBE GOING ON.

I'm UP \$250.00. I'm HAPPY. KEEP IN MIND

I WAS HOMELESS AT THE TIME, WHICH MEANS I WAS 17! ONCE AGAIN, THE POWER OF WRITING IMPROVES MY MEMORY 😊

SO \$250.00 MEANS A LOT TO ME. HE DID A DOUBLE OR NOTHING BET. I'M FEELING CONFIDENT, BUZZED, SO I PUT THE MONEY ON THE TABLE AND HE MATCHED SO. \$500.00 SMACK-A-ROOS ON 2 HANDS I'M NERVOUS, FEELING REGRET... AND THEN I GOT MY HAND AND MY CONFIDENCE COMES BACK. I WON! I SLAM THE CARDS DOWN ON THE TABLE AND GRAB MY BEER... AND HE GRABS THE MONEY. ??? ALL OF IT! HE GIVES ME SOME STUFF ABOUT NEEDING TO TO PAY BETS AND WHAT NOT, AND HOW HE WASN'T "REALLY" GAMBLING... "I" HE THINKS BECAUSE I'M A 17 YEAR OLD JOCKERING THAT HE CAN SWINDLE... ROB/STEAL FROM, ME. NO HAPPENING. I WASN'T NO CHUMP. SO WASN'T GOING DOWN LIKE THAT. WE ARGUED AND HE PUT HIS FOOT DOWN... WRONG MOVE. I SWUNG TWICE KNOCKING HIM OUT OF HIS CHAIR. I BEAT HIS ASS. HE DISRESPECTED ME AND WAS THINKING HE COULD STRONGARM ME... I'M INVULNERABLE AND ANGRY. AND NOT TO MENTION HE ALSO POCKETED THE MONEY "I" PUT IN.

I PUNCHED HIM DOWN AND I DEMANDED HE GIVE ME THE MONEY I WON FACEN-SQUARE. HE CLIMBED UP THE COUNTER. I LET HIM. I

THOUGHT IT WAS OVER AND HE'D GIVE ME MY MONEY BACK... NOPE! THAT WOULD BE JUST TOO EASY, H? SO HE GRABS A STEEL KNIFE. UH-OH! BUT, WITHOUT HESITATION MY RIGHT HAND JUMPED OUT AND JABBED HIM IN THE NOSE AND DROPPED MY WEIGHT INTO A LEGS OVER-HANDED HOLD THAT DROPPED HIM.

I GRAB THE KNIFE AND AS I DID HIS HAND JERKED. I WAS JUST GOING TO TAKE IT FROM HIM & THROW IT AWAY BUT HE WASN'T OUT. SO... I SCUMPED ON HIS HEAD. I'D NEVER DONE THAT BEFORE BUT HAD SEEN IT IN A MOVIE. HE BEGAN SNORING IMMEDIATELY. I TOOK "MY" MONEY AND WENT TO OTHER BEDROOM TO TELL MANDY WHAT HAD JUST HAPPENED. ALL I COULD DO WAS WAKE HER UP ENOUGH FOR A STRING OF INCOHERENT WORDS TO TUMBLE FROM HER MOUTH. SO I CAME BACK TO THE KITCHEN AND ALMOST FREAKED OUT. THERE WAS A HUGE PUDDLE OF BLOOD AROUND HIS HEAD. I SCARED AS MY HEART QUICKENED. A FEW SECONDS WENT BY AND HE BEGAN TO WAKE UP AND MOVE. I STOOD BY THE BACK DOOR ABOUT TO LEAVE BUT WAITED TO MAKE SURE HE GOT ALL THE WAY UP. HE DID AND I LEFT.

NOW, DO YOU THINK I WAS IN THE WRONG

FOR FIGHTING FOR MY MONEY? OR WAS HE? YES,  
 I SHOULDN'T HAVE BEEN DRINKING AND GAMBLING  
 AND I DEFINITELY SHOULDN'T HAVE JUMPED ON  
 HIS HEAD. I LEARNED A VALUABLE LESSON ABOUT  
 DOING THAT — DON'T DO IT! BUT GIVEN THESE  
 FACTS, AND FACTORS... SHOULD I HAVE BEEN CONVICTED  
 OF ROBBERY FOR THAT? BECAUSE I WAS. BUT HE  
 LIED AND GAVE A STORY THAT I ~~BOUGHT~~ OVER A  
 GIRL (DOUBLE DATE) AND WE ALL WATCHED A MOVIE. MANDY  
 TOLD THE TRUTH. SO THE DETECTIVE TOLD ME TO  
 TAKE SO TO DEAL BUT THAT WAS GOING TO BE  
 A COUPLE YEARS DOWN THE ROAD. COME 10 MONTHS  
 I WAS OFFERED A 10-12 MONTH PLEA BARGAIN...  
 I'D BE OUT IN 2 MONTHS. I COULDN'T GET OUT  
 ON BAIL SO I TOOK IT. I JUST WANTED MY  
 FREEDOM BACK.

MADDER TESTIFIED AT MY PENALTY PHASE THAT  
 I CHASED HIM OUT AFTER A MOVIE, BEAT HIM WHILE  
 HE WAS UNCONSCIOUS AND PEE'D ON HIM...?!! ALL THAT  
 WHILE HIS WIFE WAS ON THE COUCH. OH, WHAT --  
 "SHE" TOLD THE TRUTH! SO THEY KNEW HE LIED. ALSO,  
 THE PEE WAS ON HIS CROUCH... KINDA OBVIOUS  
 HE PEE'D HIS OWN BROTHERS YOU KNOW. BUT YES,  
 THE PROSECUTORS ROLLED WITH IT... BECAUSE I  
 PLED TO SO THEY COULD. MORAL OF THE STORY — IF  
 YOU DON'T DO IT, DON'T PLEA TO IT!  
 UNTIL NEXT TIME.

YOURS TRULY  
 DOUG