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Susan M. Fowler

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Diary

Susan M. Fowler

An Entry, December 15, 1981

On December 15, 1981, I Susan M. Fowler just decided to write all about my life. I was born in Newport, R.I. I guess I should just start from the beginning. I was born on January 11, 1962. I don't really remember anything good about my childhood. I remember when I was in first grade, one time, I told my mother I was so smart the principal said I could skip a grade, but of course I was lying. My life is really a drag. When I was growing I just couldn't talk to anybody, I would kind of shy away from people, but I was always the hell raiser. I could never figure that one out. Here I am, just sitting in this old building writing on an old fashioned sink. This is a dump but I've seen worse.

Well, when I was about 10 I remember my brother Eddie when my mother would give him a bath. I would have to hold his hand because he thought he was going to die. Me and mother and father never had a good relationship until two days ago when I came home to live with them. When I was little and it would rain and thunder, like today, me and my brother and sisters would all lay in my bed holding each other's hands and I would comfort them. Its funny, why didn't they just go down stairs to my mother and father? I think they knew all about the problem but just didn't say anything, even though they were so young. See, I'm the oldest one in my family. If you want to call it a family.

Then, when I was about 12 years old I noticed my father never coming home or he would come home drunk and beat up my mother and me and Eddie and Joyce would stay upstairs and cry and listen to him break things and beat her up more. See, my father never had nothing when he was a kid. I guess his father beat him, too. That's what they say.

Then, when I turned 14, one night my brother and sister heard what [was] going on downstairs and asked me to go help my mother. So I snuck down stairs and hid behind a desk and he, my father, caught me and beat the living shit out of me. Then, I went back upstairs.

Susan Fowler, a former resident of Fifty Washington Square, Newport, Rhode Island, now lives in her own apartment in Newport with her two-year-old daughter and is "doing great." Her work has appeared in In the Heart of the City, a literary magazine produced by the residents of Fifty Washington Square.

My friend, Dottie, who lived one street over, told me she could hear the yelling all the way to her house. See, she was a foster child who had it better than I did, even though my father had a garage and owned his own house and towing business. See, me and Dottie were good friends. One time, I don't remember the day, she told me about Henry Norberry, who was an old guy about 60. He was our friend, see, he worked building things. He would give us a hammer and some nails, a few scraps of wood and we thought we were building something. Then, one day Dottie said "I have to show you something."

I said, "What is it?"

She said, "Look in the garage [where] Henry is." I looked and saw him hanging by his neck with a rope. See, Dottie was like me, scared of people. She was even too scared to tell her mother, Mrs. Marshall. She told Jerry and Greg, so when I saw him I ran up the street and told this guy who owned an oil company and he thought I was lying. So, he called my father and told him I was telling lies and my father came and got me and I told him the whole thing and we took the tow truck to Dottie's house and Greg and Jerry and Dottie were standing across the street by the door of Henry's garage. So then, me and father got out and I showed him Henry. Then the police came and the morgue and then after a while everybody forgot about him. But not me.

Diary Entry, December 17, 1981

I thought I'd talk about something today like what I did today. Well, since I came to live with my parents about a week ago I got a job with the Johnsons stripping paint off furniture. See, I use paint thinner to get the paint off furniture. I would work in it, the paint thinner, for about 10 hours a day and that stuff just gets you so stoned.

See, I'm writing all this at 3 o'clock in the morning and I've been up since 8 this morning so you can just imagine how stoned I am. See, I love to get drunk and do many drugs to get away from all this problems life brings. Like reality responsibility, every people that way can just be alone in this big world. See, I had to leave Newport, R.I. because I asked so many times — they just stopped coming to get me. I do some downs and drink all day long, loved every minute of it. So, why should I lie about it. Some people just don't understand how good they have it.

Well, to get back to December 15, 1981. After Henry hung himself we just went back to the same old shit, everyday me and family just fight and arguing about everything. See, my [father?] made fund of the [way] I dressed, if I ate too much I was a damned pig, if I wouldn't eat my peas I'd probably get punched in the head. See, my father used mine and my mother's head as a punching bag. No one ever really loved me, I don't [k]now why. Then, as you get used to it, it's not so bad, because after a while you just don't know how to accept it, love I mean.

Well, it doesn't really matter anyway. While I was a kid I always wanted to be a police officer. The reasons then were so I co[u]ld arrest my father and throw him in jail, so he wouldn't hit me and my mother any more. And now that I'm 19 years old, the reason is so I can help juveniles, kids like myself, with the problems of growing up — like drugs, alcohol, abused children, sexual abuse, and all the work that goes with it. See, I think with my background of all these above situations which I've gone through I can benefit any community.

See, I know all or about all, most of what [social workers?] and police do, because I used to work for the Newport Police like a snitch. But I didn't call it being a snitch, I called it helping the community of Newport get better. See, I would bring an undercover cop in a bar. See, the police would know if something went wrong because I would have a bug or something like that hooked up on my clothes so nobody could see it. After I brought the cop in the bar, I would set up a deal with a junkie to sell the cop some drugs. The cop who was with me [was named] Joe, and the other cops [Kelly and Burns, the cops I would work for] and I was called Joe Two. After the junkie sold Joe the drugs we would just get in Joe's car and drive off. Then in two or three months when everything was forgotten, the police would bust them.

Of course, the police, Kelly and Burns, would pay me twenty dollars. Then I could get my own stuff or get drunk all day. See, they knew what I was doing with the money — they didn't care. They would leave me alone just as long as I would do them a few favors. Let's get back to drugs. I've done just about all kinds like downs, ups, coke, heroin, alcohol, you name it and I've done it.

Diary Entry, January 3, 1982

Well, today is January 3, 1982. On January 1, my uncle, Eddie Damron, asked the police if I could ride with them while they were on duty and I loved it. I told the police officer I was riding with all about how much I knew about Police work. I didn't tell him I had taken drugs before just in case I could be a police officer in North Carolina.

Well, to get back to me growing up, when I was about sixteen I got fed up with my father coming home drunk and beating us up and running around with other women on my mother. When I ran away, I remember that night very well. My father came home drunk as a skunk and started beating up my mother so I just made up my mind to run away from home. Then I climbed out my window and onto the roof and down to another roof, then jumped to the ground. Then I ran and ran and ran as fast as I could to the Newport Bridge and didn't stop running until I got to the bridge.

I was so scared, I wondered how I was going to get across it. It was pitch black out. Then I started to walk across but got too scared. So, then I started to hitchhike and two guys picked me up and asked where I was going. I made up some street across the bridge in Jamestown and they said there was no such street. They they asked my name and I gave them a fake name. I told them my name was Susan M. Smith. Then before I knew it I was at the Jamestown Police station. They asked my name. I told them that my father was at home beating up my mother and he called my family and told them where I was.

When he got there at the police station he was so drunk he had to bring a guy that worked for him at the garage up to the station so he could drive because my father was so drunk he couldn't even drive. The police in Jamestown gave me a card to call if he ever did it again but the guy was never in or too busy to listen and that same night I called because my father beat the fucking shit out of me, just kept punching me in the head. I finally fell unconscious on the floor. When I woke up I called the number the Police gave but I guess they just didn't give a fuck about me. I guess nobody did. I just don't [know?] about the world.

Well, I guess that's it for now. I wanted to finish watching *CHIPS*, a police movie on TV. Well, *CHIPS* is over now.

Well, after I ran away, things were never the same, They just kept getting worse. My [father?] would make fun of me — you know, how a family sits down to eat dinner? Well, if I didn't eat something he beat me and if I ate too much I'd get beat. So, I didn't know whether I was coming or going. Then, when I was about seventeen, see, our house burned down on New Year's Eve of '79 and we were staying at my grandmother's house and me and my sister, Joyce, and I were sharing a room and she turned away from the TV to go to sleep so I turned the channel and she started to scream and just about that time my father came home, drunk, as usual, and heard my sister scream and came up stairs and I think he really tried to kill me.

I could see it in his eyes, he just kept beating, punching and even tried to choke me to death. Then my mother came upstairs and begged him to stop. Then he finally did stop.

Then the next day I went to school and told my guidance counselor and she called a social worker and I showed him the bruises and he said, "Well I'll have to call your parents and ask permission to take you to the hospital and to take pictures to prove it in court." Then I told the social worker, Mr. Pickett, if he called my parents and asked them they were going to say no. Then I said my father will really fucking kill me then. After he said that I just said forget it.

Well, it just got worse. By then I was living with my grandmother and started smoking pot. Then me and Lou Bebee, a friend of mine, I was going to sleep over her house, but things got out of hand. We went and bought a bottle of rum and I drank that and smoked about five joints. Then we decided to go for a walk and I just flipped out in the middle of the street. Then the cops came and I ended up in a hospital in the nut ward for 5–7 days. Then I called Mr. Pickett back and told him then what had happened and told him I wanted to go to a foster home. So he set it up to go to a foster home. The day I went to the foster home I was 17 years old.

Diary Entry, January 15, 1982

Today is January 15, 1982. Well, I turned twenty years old, big deal. I just wish I didn't get any older, because I'm afraid of dying and going to hell.

Well, I found out my father is still an old drunk, because he went out and got drunk, but you see, I was at home just waiting. See, I am twenty years old now so when he came home I thought he was going to fight and be rotten and I was just waiting to kill him with a .22 calibre gun. But I didn't get to because this time he just went to sleep.

Well, to get back to where I left off at, after the foster home I ran away from the foster home because no one ever showed me love before and in the foster home the Beacons were nice and loving and I couldn't accept it. So, then Mr. Pickett picked me up to go to the shrink and [I] got drunk and went to see them anyway. When I got there they called the hospital and told them I was coming. Then I thought to myself, "Run for the door," but he blocked it and I was too drunk to escape. So then I tried to jump out the window but that failed too. But even if I jumped out the window I would have died because it was on the third floor.

Well, then Mr. Pickett, the social worker, took me to the hospital in Newport, the nut ward. He even let me bring my whiskey bottle. The Beacons came to see me and they said they wanted me back so I went back and still didn't know how to accept love. By then I was used to running the streets, sleeping wherever I could, taking all

kinds of drugs — see, then nobody had to worry about [me] and I didn't have to worry about anybody or thing.

You see, I could[n't] even eat at the foster home because I was scared because before I ran away from my father he would beat the shit out of me if I didn't eat my peas or I would get beat if I ate too much. So, you see, I couldn't deal with the foster home even though I felt loved and cared for. I'll never forget the day I went there, I felt relieved but scared, so I cried — can you believe that — I cried when I was 17.

So, then I ran away again and went to see my counselor at the junior high school, Mr. Kane, and asked him if I could have \$2.00 to take a bus back to Butler Hospital — a nice hospital. See, I went there before for drugs and alcohol but left, don't ask me why, because they were really going to find out what was wrong with me. Maybe they would tell me that I'm crazy or something, but the counselor wouldn't give me the money so I ran the streets for a while, then I went back to my grandmother's house where I stayed for a while.

Then one day I skipped school and met a girl about 25 named Marilyn Perkins. She lived on West Broadway. She was white and her kids were black but that didn't bother me. But it bothered almost everybody else in town. Then we went to their house and got so stoned. I loved this high. Then I called my grandmother and said I was going to sleep over a friend's house and she said go ahead. She said, "I don't care, you never come home anyway." Then she said, "Just stay out as long as you want to." So, then I hung up and said, "Well, she don't want me to [come] home or don't care if I come." So, I said, "Good" and just stayed gone for a couple of months. Boy, did I have fun. I just had one big party, one mind blowing party for about two years.

See, [Marilyn] would go this doctor in Newport, I think his name was Bumgartener, and me and her would go there on Fridays and she would get come-downs. They are called Nembutals. See, she would get them whenever she wanted and I got so I could take 5 of these and they would just blow your mind. Then I met John and was alright. See, he was black and if my father knew I was going out with a black guy he'd kill me. But who cares, I'd fuck anybody who showed me they cared about me.

Then the party was over. I took too many pills and took a walk up the street to the park and went to sleep and ended up in the intensive care unit in Newport Hospital, and my father came to get me and I said to the nurse, "Keep him talking while I run out of here because he was going to kill me." So, they did and I ran and ran so fast. My father was chasing me in his car and I got away. I hid under an abandoned house for about two hours. Then I went back to Marilyn's house. We just hung around getting stoned, man. Then the lights were shut off in the house, no water, no heat, no electric, and no food. So most of the time we stayed in the bars and partied. But then I OD'd and Marilyn OD'd and Mr. Pickett came to her house looking for me and saw the situation and took her kids away from her.

I seen [her] before I came to North Carolina and she has her kids back and had another baby by a white guy who she lives with now. See, the guy that was living with her when I lived with her went to this place called Talbot House, a rehabilitation for alcohol and drugs. I saw him there when I went there in June of 1981. He got better then I didn't. I just picked up and left. I felt it was better on the streets.

See, even though I was doing all of this I would go to school and even played on the Rogers High School basketball team. See, my coach, Mrs. Bagard, she knew what

I was up to but didn't say a word, just gave me dirty looks. Then when I was in 12th grade I quit the basketball team — too much pressure, it interfered with my drugs. I just needed more time for drugs. I just went to school for a free meal. I liked school.

I quit school and went to Virginia with this guy. I loved him. See, he's in the Navy, so we went to Virginia and lived there for a while. See, he's from Saudi Arabia, and see, I would dress up like a million bucks and act like a nice girl and he thought I was a nice, innocent girl up until this day. See, the Arabic people have different ways, they eat with their hands and dress in white robes and talk a different language. And have a different religion — Muslim. But I loved it — he would buy things for me, he treated me so good.

But he told me he wanted me to go back to Newport and finish school so I did and he said he had to go back to Saudi Arabia but we will write and see each other the next year, 1981. So, I went to Newport and finished high school and just started up where I left off. I met a guy in the Hell's Angels motorcycle gang. His name was Al and we lived in a junk yard in Providence. See, the gang would rob a drugstore almost every Friday and we would get blown out of our minds. I'd start seeing things. We did this for about a month or two, then I went back to Marilyn's house where we all had a big party.

I met a lot of strange people like Gary, Bobby, then I joined the National Guards — something like the Army. This was in the summer of 1980. I went to bootcamp — boy, that straightened me out, but when I got to a city I would get drunk and spend 2 to 3 hundred dollars on speed to keep me awake. Then I left that mess and went back to my grandmother's and just started partying all over again. I started going to this black bar. I had the greatest time here in this place. They called it the Mahogany.

One time this guy Clarence went out with me. We made love, I guess, and partied for a while. Then about two nights later he drove me to his house and a woman came up to the car and said, "Get out, white bitch" and I got out and hitchhiked back to the Mahogany. Then the next day a big fire truck came by and stopped next door so I went to see what was going on and this woman was there and asked my name and address and all that. Then she said, "Do you remember me?" I said no and she said, "Well, I'm the one who told you to get out of the car and then she said, "I'm his wife."

Boy, I didn't know what to do, but then we became friends and [she] became like a real friend who cared about me. Her name was Lorraine Page. She helped me stop drugs and alcohol even after what I had done to her but then her and her husband went back together again. That was a happy ending for them.

Diary Entry, February 14, 1982

Well, today is February 14, Valentine's Day. Nothing going on just another day. I'm so mad because nothing's going right. I've only lost 25 lbs and I need to lose 12 lbs before I can take the test to get back in the Army and I don't know if I can do it. And my father's been drinking and he told me my mother's screwing around on him and taking pills.

See, what happened was my father came home drunk one night and looked in the closet and saw a jacket and asked my mother whose it was. She said it was his. He, my father, said to my mother, "You're a liar." See, my mother bought the coat for

him 3 years ago after our house burnt down. He just didn't remember. I think he's going crazy.

My brother's washing his new car my parents gave him, or I should say, lent him \$4,000 to buy. You think they would loan me any money? Shit. Hell, no. Well, I was doing good until today. I don't know what I'm going to do. I'm thinking about just moving back to Newport R.I. and just going back to getting high and drunk. Nothing seems to work anymore. I stopped taking drugs and drinking — where did it get me? No where. So I just think if I start getting high and drunk again that will get me nowhere either. I just can't find a way out of this mess. Nothing seems to work. I have no friends here in High Point, N.C. and the friends I have in Newport just like me because I acted crazy and just didn't care. I would just give away money and drugs or just fuck them.

See, when I went to a bar a guy would come up to me and talk to me. See, I was just looking for a boyfriend or anybody to fuck. I was looking for a friend, a father figure. So I trusted people and at the end I'd fuck them because I'd trust them. They'd just take advantage of me. I wish I knew a way out. Now I don't trust anybody and when everybody goes to the beach I won't even put on a bathing suit. I have a lot of hangups.

I just can't find any answers to my problems. I think I'm going over the edge. See, one of these days I'm going to kill myself. I mean really do it. See, the other times I was just looking for someone to care, take me home with them, but now that I'm 20 I find out nobody gives a fuck about me and I'm too old for a foster home. My life is over before it even starts. See, when I was about 17 the social workers could have helped me find a home where someone cares and appreciates me, but the motherfuckers didn't care either.

I wish I knew what to do. The only way out is to die. This seems to me is where hell is. If there's a place worse than this world I hope I never go. I figure if I die, I'll go somewhere they call it paradise. Anything's better than this, Well, I made my mind up I'll go to Newport soon, as soon as I get the money. I bet the cops there will say, "Well, she didn't change any," but I tried and tried to be straight, and I was no pills, no alcohol, I had a job that paid \$175 a week. It just didn't work.

I can't live with my parents and brothers and sister because they're spoiled rotten, get whatever they want. I get nothing, no love no nothing. My father's a crazy drunk and my mother just lives in some kind of fantasy world. And I just keep looking for a way, that only way seems to die! When I die nobody will care, they probably won't even miss me.

I left North Carolina and came back to Newport, R.I. You should have seen me the night before I left. I got drunk as a dog then got on the plane and got drunk on the plane, came to Newport, went to see Lorraine Page, then I called the Police station and Norman Mathers said he would see me around 5:00. He said not to go to the police station and see him anymore because the new chief of police doesn't want me there anymore.

Then last night I went to an Alcoholics Anonymous meeting, left there about 10:00. They dropped me off at my grandmother's, then I went to the bar, the Wellington Cafe, and saw Jackie Warfield. Her husband's the one who sexually abused me as a kid. We talked and she said she knows me and what happened is in the past. Now, I was so glad she said that.

Then down from the bar I saw this guy — he looked like he didn't belong in the bar. I forgot about him and started to go to my grandmother's house when this cop car drove up behind me and the cop got out of the cop car and said, "Empty your pockets." So I did. All I had was a wallet with my license and other ID. Then the cop called me a liar, they must have thought I had some drugs, because then the guy I was telling you about in the bar, the one who looked like he didn't belong, then he gets in the cop car and says, "Here Miss Fowler, here's your ID."

I went home, got up this morning, went and took my test for the Army and passed the test. Then on Monday I'll go to Boston for a physical, then I'll be on my way to success. I'm going to be a Police Officer. Well, the day I was to go to Boston, the Army recruiter said I was too fat, the fucking jerk said, "Come and see me when you lose the weight." Then I said, "Fuck that" and got drunk.

Then a few weeks later I got a job in Salas's and one night on my night off I got drunk and me and Rosemary went to this fishing dock and went on a fishing boat and I grabbed a knife about 15 inches long and tried to cut my pants into shorts, don't ask me why. Then I went to Tony's house and left there but before I went to Tony's, me and Rosemary and some guy went in a little boat for a ride and we ——— a stick about the size of a ruler. We didn't go to ———.

Then when I left Tony's I was hitchhiking along Thames Street, the cop stopped me and said, "Only hitchhike where there are no parked cars," so I don't get hurt. Well then these people stopped to pick me up. Well so I thought, but this girl got out of the car, spit in my face and then punched me in the face. Well, then they started to drive off and a cop pulled up and arrested me. And I went to jail. My rights were not read to me, the cop just said, "Do you want to use the phone?" So I called my grandmother. She said she wasn't going to pick me up. I was mad as a fucking dog.

Well, while I was sitting in jail, I just wanted to know why I was arrested and not her. Well, later I found out why, and while I was in spraying the wall with blood. Then about 2:00 in the morning I was let out of jail.

Then the next day I went to work at Salas's restaurant. She said she would get a lawyer for me when I went to court. Then she called up Eddie Schuster, a Police sergeant. He said he would help when I got to court but he died the day before I went to court. Well, then I went to court and the girl that hit me in the face, her name was Dede Del Nero and the judge was Judge DelNero, which was her uncle.

So I had to plead guilty but I pled "nolo." I know I was set up because her uncle being the judge is a conflict of interest and the cops didn't even read me my rights. Then the judge gave me a fine for \$50 and court costs were \$13.50 and all I had was \$50. So I called my boss and she talked to the bailiff and he let me go to get some more money and come back and give it to him. So did you ever hear of such shit? I couldn't believe it. With all the fucking undercover work I did for those Newport cops and then they fucking arrest me and set me up like that.

They just used me and then spit me out like a piece of trash. But there was nothing I could do about any of it. Ain't that some shit. Well, then after that shit my sister got married and had a big wedding. The whole family was there. I loved it and my parents came to the wedding. I got sick of fucking Newport and the way I was treated by this whole town. Payback is a motherfucker and they will pay from the ass for what they have done.

Then after the wedding we went to my grandmother's house with my parents. Then the next day I moved back to North Carolina with them. That was in August of 1982.

Not Crying Wolf, Crying Reality

You see, my life is so fucked up. By now, I just OD on drugs, sometimes twice a day, get my stomach pumped and six hours later, back at the hospital again.

I'm still looking for love. By now, the cops and hospital are sick of this, after eight years, so they just send me to the nut house. I'm ill, so I told them I see things, I hear voices. Now, I've got everybody convinced I'm crazy. They tried all kinds of medication, nothing.

I quit drinking and doing drugs, so I applied for disability but I didn't get it. So, now I've gone straight and I can't get rid of my bad reputation or the past. I really never did any bad drugs, just pot, Valiums, Libriums, doing a lot of alcohol.

I got where I would used to get fucked up just enough to stay alive. A lot of time I would overdo it, almost killed myself about thirty times. Now, I would just pass out in the middle of the street. At first, the doctors were nice, but they just didn't understand. Then, the hospital would just call the cops, but I only got charged with one count of disorderly conduct.

Now, I've gone straight and as far as I'm going to get is a fucking unneeded security guard. So, I'm just going to go back to the fucked-up life, because what's the sense of trying anymore? I got everybody convinced I'm crazy. I'll never get any respect. I can never be a police officer. So, I'm getting ready to throw in the towel.

It seems when you're a fuckup, everybody hates you. When you're straight, they hate you. So, if I'm dead, they'll keep on putting me down and hating me. So, what's the fucking difference? You see, what matters is college, not street life, not what you know or have done or been through, but what you don't know.

That's what the public wants.

Susan M. Fowler
9/20/87

Letter to Nana, 9/20/87

I just needed love. But I never had it, so I don't know what it is. Yes, I just need a little love, but I guess I'll never know. It's too late now.

Dear Nana

I'm writing to you to let you know I'm going away, and I won't be back any time soon. I'll write when I get to where I'm going, please don't worry about me. I'm 25 years old. I can take care of myself. I just need to start over somewhere else, it just seems I can never do anything right, never could. You know, it seems everybody knows that, I'll be back someday. Well, that's it.

Diary Entry, September 20, 1987

At work in Providence at Bank of New England. I'm just sitting here, wondering what the fuck I'm doing. I have quit drinking now for 1½ months. Everybody says, "Quit drinking and everything will straighten out." That's a fucking lie.

I feel like shit. Well, I got back into the National Guards. I've been working for over ten months but I still hate myself, don't trust a motherfucker. I still hate my father because he doesn't love me and nobody believes me about the sexual abuse Barry Wakefield did to me. Nobody understands I just can't forget all the beatings from my drunk father and about the 9 years of sexual abuse.

Now I find myself riding by this guy's house who sexually abused me. I even call him on the phone, give him crank phone calls. I think about this 24 hours a day, about how to kill him, like when I hitchhiked, he sometimes tried to pick me up a long time ago. What I'll do is put some drugs in his drink, tie him up, put a string around his dick, then wire it to the door to a room that is open, put gags in his mouth, just tease him, make him suffer till it hurts him like I've been suffering for the past 25 years, then walk out the door, slam the door and off comes his dick and balls and he dies a slow and painful death.

This is why I'm so fucked up, hate myself, hate everybody, just about don't trust a soul, ran away from home, was in and out of foster homes, drank alcohol till I was so drunk [I] almost died on numerous occasions, from alcohol, then I'd take a bottle of pills, smoke a bag of dope, cut my wrists, then still live through it. What a fucking shame. Live on the streets of Newport drunk, doped up 24 hours a day, turned to prostitution, just about fucked all bartenders — Nick Barbank, Jamie Sullivan, Dan.

Now that I've got a good job, don't drink, I'm still fucking up. I've gone straight but just can't forget the memories of abuse. See, it all started when I was almost 5 years old. Barry and his wife Jackie Wakefield were over the house with their kids. My mother and father and us kids, Eddie, Joyce and me. Well, everybody let Barry volunteer to babysit the kids, all the kids were playing. Barry said "Susan, come here." Nobody heard, so I went. Me and him went to the cellar and he showed me pictures in a Sears catalog, showed me bra underwear, said, "Does your mother wear this? Have you ever seen your mother and father naked?" Then he started feeling me, then he would come by all the time.

Everybody was so drunk, who gave a fuck, my father getting worse with the beating on us kids and my mother. Then Barry would come over, volunteer to take all

the neighborhood kids to the beach, movies, ride, but all the kids went swimming or watched a movie, or went to play. He would lock me in the truck and stick out his dick. Make me suck it, pulling my hair, holding my head and mouth on his penis.

It got so bad, when they were having drunken parties, raising hell downstairs, I would hide under the bed or in the closet almost all night until everything got quiet. Then Barry would sneak upstairs, make me do oral sex to him until my mouth hurt. I'm about 7 years old now. This went on till about 12 years old. My father by now was fucking everybody in town, staying away from home for weeks. By now we were getting punched, hit with fi[s]ts, belts, 2 x 4's. Then I got my period.

My mother and Jackie, Barrie's wife, were best friends. Then one day Barry took all the kids for a ride, pulled me aside, pulled down his pants, and pulled down mine. I'm 11 or 12, I can't remember. So he said, "Here, you got your period." I said, "What?" Then he said, "Period." He sat on the ground and pulled me on top of him, put his penis in me. I cried, it felt like a knife cutting through me. It hurt my whole insides for about a week. I bled for about 2 days.

After that I always cried, even more now. I can't remember going through elementary school while all this was going on at home. The teacher would make me sit in front of the mirror all day long because I always cried and was sad, while all the school kids got to do things and play I had to sit in front of the mirror. I think the teacher was Mrs. Fox. I just don't know what to do anymore, but I never told a soul until I was 17, a runaway living at my grandmother's. Nobody wants to talk about nothing.

Then I got drunk bigtime, this time I flipped out in the streets, went to the hospital, got drunk with Chief of Police's daughter, Laurie McBee, told everybody, doctors, about everything. Told my parents, they didn't want to hear it, they wanted to keep it a secret. Then I went to a foster home with the Beacons', blew that. By then I was 17, been taking care of me and my brother and sister since we were little. I was living on the streets since I was fifteen, sleeping in school yard, in fields, going to school for the free lunch, the —— liked me, smoke a bag of pot. Then I partied all night, drinking in the On Deck, Mid Town, Mahogany bar since 15 years old, filled out a report about the sexual abuse with Normal Mather a policeman.

Then a couple of months ago when I started to go straight, went to the police department in Newport and said I wanted something done about what happened to me. They wouldn't listen. They said, "What now?" I left. Then I heard this guy was in jail for this before, he had also done it to his sister in law, Cathy Bartel, nieces Katie, Priscilla, Brenda, and his own daughters Darlene and Lisa. Now his wife is babysitting for all these kids.

I know he's doing it, sexually abusing more kids. I called Welfare, I said, "They live at 606 Jebsons Lane, Middletown." They said, "Call such and such number." I called, talked to people, told them the whole story. They just said because it happened to you is no proof about these kids, so I guess I'll just take care of this motherfucker myself as soon as the time is right.

Nobody cares. I just can't stop remembering this. It was beat in your head, "You're no good, I hate you kids," over and over and over and over. After about 13 years, what would you think? I just don't know, [how to eat], what to dress in, what to say, when you are supposed to cry, when you are supposed to smile, when to laugh, how to act around people. I still suck my thumb, I wear clothes to bed so nobody gets me,

I dress like a tomboy so people think I'm tough, then they won't think I'm pretty, so why bother to like me, I fight all the time. Why should I listen to anybody, look where it got me, all fucked up.

The end is coming nearer and nearer. I wish I could have been a normal kid. I could have studied law enforcement, been a police officer or went to college, but I fucked up. I guess I'm no good just like my father said, I'll never amount to nothing more than a security guard or a military police in the National Guard, for which I'm not even MOS trained yet. This is as far or as close as I get to success.

As soon as I get up enough guts it'll be over. Soon. Very soon. PLEASE READ ALL THE PAPERS IN MY HOPE CHEST. The person who reads this, if you do publish this, please donate the rights and the money to abused children or Section 8 housing. I'm still working undercover for the cops, just busted Thomas Jefferies, 1101 Newport Green, been working undercover for police since I was 18, for 7 years now, but [now that I can't be a police officer, that's part] of my past. So I got fucked again and again.

I just want everybody to know I tried MY BEST but it just wasn't good enough. And so if I don't kill myself somebody will. I want the people who talked to me — well, I just want to say goodbye.

I just want everybody to know I tried my best but it just was not good enough. 🐼