



I have known Carol for 15 years. I've stayed at her house many times, and we were good friends. I had been asked to do something for her one day so I agreed. A couple of days before, I had gone to Carol's place. I had been partying, doing speed and drinking so I could be talked into almost anything, although I never needed much coaxing. I had agreed to go to the room of a man who I didn't know, and steal his wallet with her. She was to keep him busy while I took it.

When we got to the man's rooming house, we had a few drinks. As soon as I'd snatched the wallet, I suggested we leave. It only had a hundred dollars in it which was a far cry from what she had led me to believe. I gave her some of the money inside, and kept the wallet with the I.D. in it.

I walked on down the street and met Fred, a man who knew about the wallet, in a restaurant. He asked, "How did things go?"

"Fine," I said. "I kept pretty well all of the money that had been in the wallet." I also showed him the I.D.

We decided to go to a bar and have a drink. While in the bar, we made a deal to run the charge cards. We went to Simpsons-Sears and got to work. We bought leather coats and jeans, took them to a bar and sold them. From there we took orders for whatever else anyone wanted.

I managed to pick up a hot sheet which told us what cards were hot. It was on the first day working with these cards that we decided to rent a motel room and to work out of there. We had used the cards to pick up new clothes for ourselves, and whatever else we needed. By then we were set up and ready to work. I can't say what we made because I really don't know. We did lots of speed and were in bars when we weren't in stores. We were so high all of the time that money was like water. No matter how long we worked there never seemed to be enough money for all the speed we were doing and the night life. We bought VCRs and many other things that I don't even remember. I don't even remember what we had gotten for them. Fred left all the money dealing to me. We went into stores as a couple until I decided he could go alone while I drank all day.

While living at the motel, neither one of us ate or slept. We spent our time run-

ning charge cards and doing drugs. Needless to say we weren't in very good shape. You can only do speed for so long without sleeping or eating. You start getting paranoid along with thinking that you look fine. But really you look like you crawled out from under a rock. When we weren't in bars or working, we would be in the motel room drinking and scamming how much money we needed to buy more dope. When in the motel, we also figured out how much money we had left and what our plans would be when we went out.

The last time I remember clearly being in the motel was at night. Fred and I were having a conversation. He wanted me to go back to the place where I had stolen the wallet to see if the man who owned it had reported it missing yet. At first I put up an argument, but then I decided to go. We agreed that he would wait in a restaurant down the street for me to call and let him know if it had been reported or not. We then went out to a bar. I don't remember anything else about that evening, not where we went or who we saw.

The following morning when I got up I went to get my dope. I had put a bag of speed in a lampshade above the bed the night before. I got on the bed and took it out, went to the bathroom and mixed it up. Then I had a shower, drank a few beers and was ready to go. Fred was in the other room getting ready himself. As we were getting ready, he was telling me about this man who was coming by to give us a ride. Fred must have talked to him the night before.

Shortly after that a car pulled up. It was a station wagon and the man driving was bald with a beard. After they dropped me off, this man was going to take Fred around to stores and wherever else he wanted to go. We jumped in the car, and this man drove downtown and dropped me off two blocks from where I was going.

Fred told me as I got out of the car, "I'll be at the restaurant. Call me as soon as you know what is happening about the charge cards."

"Fine," I said and turned to walk up the street. I went into the same house from where I had stolen the wallet. I don't remember feeling afraid or anything. There was a man in a small kitchen at the top of the stairs who said good morning to me. I went on around the corner and knocked

on the door to the room.

Ben, the man, called out, "Who is it?"

I answered, "Brenda." He came to the door and opened it. While standing at the door, I gave him some excuse. "I need to use your phone."

"Sure," he said and let me in. He was really quite friendly up to that point. After I was in his room, he asked me, "Would you like a drink?"

"Sure," I answered. We had a few drinks of straight gin, and he started to tell me how his wallet had been stolen. I let on I knew nothing about it.

"I reported it to the police and they told me to sober up first. Then to look around my car and room. If I didn't find it by the next day, to call back."

I knew then that Fred and I could still use the charge cards. So I asked, "Could I use your phone now?"

"Sure."

I called Fred and said, "One o'clock." With that Fred knew that he could still use the charge cards. As far as Ben knew I was talking to my daughter. Then I hung up the phone.

Ben poured me another drink and began to pace back and forth across the room. As he was pacing back and forth he said, "Carol or you stole my wallet."

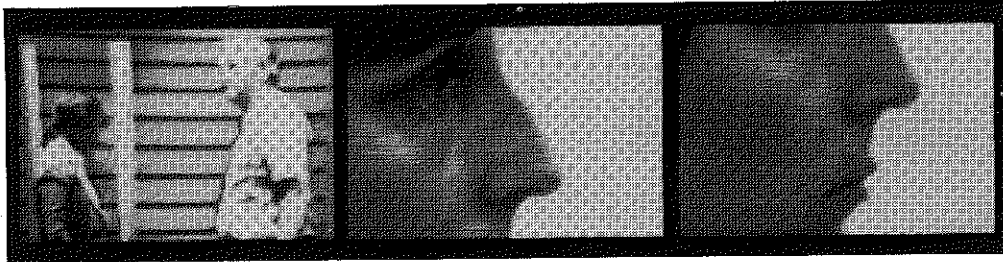
"No, I didn't!"

"He continued to get madder. He ranted and raved, "The police are no damn good." He turned on me.

As I went to get up to leave, he slapped me across the face. I felt trapped. There was a 40-ouncer bottle on the floor at my feet. I picked it up and hit him over the head. That didn't stop him from coming at me. It only stunned him a bit. At that point a knife appeared. I can't be sure if he had it or where it came from. The next thing I knew I had pushed him away with it. I think that was the first stab wound. I continued to stab at him, and I pushed him back into a chair.

The first time I remember it coming into my head that I might have hurt him was when I saw his arm. It was cut from about the wrist to the elbow. I pulled the sleeve on his housecoat down and put his feet onto a footstool. I backed into the corner of the room. I remember feeling scared that I still couldn't get him out the door, and that if I moved to go by him, he would grab me. I could hear strange, gurgling noises coming from him. Finally,

Frames taken from the video of 5, 1985, CBC, by Carol McBride



after what seemed like hours, I did rush by him out into the hall.

I walked down the stairs to the outside and down a driveway beside the house with the knife still in my hand. As I was going through the parking lot behind the house, I threw the knife into the snow and kept walking. I put on a pair of gloves that belonged to Fred.

I walked a couple of blocks until I came to a hotel bar. In the bar I asked if anyone had seen my mom. They told me no, and I asked them to tell her that I was looking for her. I then went out to the hotel lobby and called a cab. When the cab came, I asked the driver to take me to a bar on the other side of town. A couple of people I knew were there.

I told Nancy, "I need to talk to you right away."

"Okay, sure," she answered.

"In the washroom." Inside the washroom I took the gloves off and said, "I hurt someone badly." My hands must have had blood on them because I can remember her washing them.

I asked someone else to get rid of the gloves and he said that he would. Then I went by cab from the bar to the liquor store. At the liquor store I bought a 40-ouncer of rye. I kept the cab driver waiting while I went in and then asked him to take me back to my motel room. I didn't have a key to get in so I went into the office and asked the man on the desk if he would unlock the door for me.

Inside the room, I took off my coat, went to the washroom, wet a face cloth and then wiped my coat off. I called Deb-

bie, a friend, and said that I was in some trouble and needed to see her right away. After hanging up the phone, I made a drink, took a shower and changed my clothes.

About 20 minutes later, Debbie was at the door. I let her in and started to tell her what I had done.

"Get your things and let's go," she said.

"I have to wait for Fred to get back," I resisted. "Fred will be home any minute."

After about a half an hour, Fred pulled up with his friend in the station wagon. When he came in, I told him what had happened.

Fred told me, "Get your coat and get in the car." The back of the station wagon was loaded down with goods that had been gotten off with charge cards that day.

"I'll follow you in my car," Deb said.

"Did you kill him?" Fred asked me over and over before we got into the car. There was a woman in the station wagon I had never seen before so Fred and I really didn't say anything while in the car. We drove to a house where we were going to get rid of the goods. I took what was left of the bottle of rye and went in. Fred followed a few minutes later with the things from the car. I don't remember much about what happened while we were at the house other than I put the bottle on the bathroom to do some speed. From what I can piece together I must have sold the goods from the charge cards for speed. My mind gets pretty patchy from here on in. I don't remember leaving this house.

THE ARREST

The next thing I remember is being in a cab and a restaurant with antiques and a brass railing, and then walking down a long hall of an apartment building. Fred's sister, Gwen, answered the door. A few hours or so later, I can remember a conversation between Fred and me. He told me then that we had taken the train to Ottawa, and that he was taking me to Calgary. Then he said we would have to listen to the news and watch the papers. I hadn't seen Gwen in years, so I didn't have much to say to her. I did ask her if she had anything to drink. I sat at the kitchen table and drank a beer.

Fred went to the beer store. He wasn't gone long. When he came back, I asked him if we could go some place to use the phone. We went to a shopping mall. I have no idea how far away from there it was, but I do remember using a pay phone. I called my brother who lived in Ottawa. I told him I was in trouble. He asked me where I was and Fred gave him the address. Before I hung up he said he would be right over to get me. Fred also made a couple of calls, but I don't know to whom. I don't remember ever asking him. Then we went back to his sister's house.

Shortly after that, my brother's wife came to the apartment door. I told Fred I wouldn't be long and left with her. I can't remember talking to her at all in the car, but I do remember talking to my brother in his bedroom. After about what seemed like an hour, he had talked me into going home. At this point I had no speed left, and I was talking Valium along with what I was drinking. Before leaving my brother's house, he made me promise that I would go home. Then I asked my sister-in-law to drive me back to Gwen's place.

I told Fred that I was going to go home and turn myself in. I got the feeling from that point on that he had changed. I can remember that I hadn't eaten anything or slept in days. I sat in an armchair for a long time. Later on that day Fred's brother-in-law came home. They wanted to go out for a few drinks so we went. I know it was only a small place like a restaurant-bar. While there I spent most of my time on a pay phone. I called Belleville

and told Deb I was co- only stayed there for we went back to Gwe-

Gwen, her husband drinking at the kitchen some other people th- and fell asleep.

When I woke up, one had gone but Fre- tress lying on the livi- Fred was asleep on it- kitchen table and got- decided to lie down o- while. The apartment- didn't bother to turn-

A couple of second- yell, "Police! If you m- head off!"

The police then w- him out of the apart- me not to move. I ca- Fred on his knees in t- up against the brick w-

The police officer- up. Keep your hands- your hands flat on th- spread your legs apar- for the murder of a m- proceeded to handc- my rights.

I can remember b- Gwen's little girl. I to- and over again, "Get- You can't leave her a-

"I'll take care of it-

A few minutes lat- way to the door. We- and he asked, "Whe- "In the closet. The- are mine."

Then we went ou- cruiser was parked. I- with Fred in a differ- took me to a police s- this day I still don't l-

After we got to th- put me in a small roo- dow, only a desk and- asked me if I wanted- them, "No," and the- room. After a few ho-



and told Deb I was coming home. We only stayed there for a few beers, and then we went back to Gwen's house.

Gwen, her husband, and Fred were drinking at the kitchen table. There were some other people there, but I didn't know them. I sat down in an arm chair and fell asleep.

When I woke up, it was dark and everyone had gone but Fred. There was a mattress lying on the living room floor, and Fred was asleep on it. I walked over to the kitchen table and got a smoke. I lit it and decided to lie down on the mattress for a while. The apartment was still dark, and I didn't bother to turn any lights on.

A couple of seconds later I heard a man yell, "Police! If you move, I'll blow your head off!"

The police then woke Fred up and took him out of the apartment first. They told me not to move. I can remember seeing Fred on his knees in the hall with his face up against the brick wall.

The police officer then told me. "Get up. Keep your hands over your head. Put your hands flat on the kitchen table and spread your legs apart. You're under arrest for the murder of a man in Belleville." He proceeded to handcuff me and read me my rights.

I can remember being worried about Gwen's little girl. I told the officer over and over again, "Get a babysitter for her. You can't leave her alone."

"I'll take care of it," he said.

A few minutes later we were on our way to the door. We stopped at the door and he asked, "Where is your coat?"

"In the closet. The suitcases at the door are mine."

Then we went outside to where the cruiser was parked. I saw them driving off with Fred in a different car. The officers took me to a police station in Ottawa. To this day I still don't know which one.

After we got to the station, the officers put me in a small room. It had no window, only a desk and chair. They then asked me if I wanted to call a lawyer. I told them, "No," and they locked me in this room. After a few hours had gone by, I

knocked on the door and asked for a smoke. The officer said fine and brought me a cigarette. He then locked the door again. I can remember pacing up and down the floor.

At that point I realized that I had better call a lawyer so I rapped on the door again. When the officer opened the door, I asked if I could call my lawyer. He said that I had been asked once and said I didn't need a lawyer. I told him I had changed my mind. So they let me make a call. I called my brother who lived in Ottawa and asked him to call a friend in Belleville and to have her contact Frank Getson. When my brother asked "why," I said that I had been arrested for murder. With that, I hung up.

I was put back into the same room I had been in earlier. It wasn't long after I had made the call, that the door opened and Frank Getson was standing there. He explained, "I was in Ottawa on holiday and my answering service happened to catch me at my hotel just before I checked out — so I came right over."

We didn't talk long. He just told me. "Don't say anything. Just give them your fingerprints and your mug shot — nothing else. I'll see you as soon as you get back to Belleville."

Shortly after, two police officers from Belleville came in. I knew them from before. They started to ask me some questions. I told them, "My lawyer has just left. I am not saying anything." After a while they left the room.

A couple of hours went by before they came back again. This time it was to take me from Ottawa to Belleville. At this point I hadn't seen Fred since they took him from the apartment. When the officers took me out to the car, they already had Fred in the back seat. I was put in the back with Fred, and the two officers sat in the front. We were on our way back to Belleville.

I remember well the trip back. It was cold out. We were handcuffed all the way. Our coats were put over our shoulders and the officers found it necessary to keep the windows halfway down all the way home. I had asked for a cigarette a couple of

times. Neither officer smoked, so they said, "No." When we arrived in Belleville, we were almost frozen. We got to the station and were booked in.

It was cold in the cell so I asked, "Could my mother bring me a warm sweater from home?"

"Later."

I lay down and fell asleep. When I woke up, I called for an officer. When he came in, I saw he was a different one from the man who arrested us, so I asked, "Could I call my family?"

"Yes."

Shortly after, I called my mom. I told her where I was and asked her to bring me some smokes and a warm sweater. I also asked her to call Frank Getson and tell him I had arrived. Then I hung up the phone. The officer returned me to my cell again. I lay back down and drifted off to sleep.

The next thing I remember was a police officer calling me. "We want your prints and your mug shot." I got up and went with him. Once I was in the fingerprint room, they asked, "Could we have nail clippings and a saliva test?"

"Only prints and my picture," I told them.

After they had done that, they returned me to my cell. Later on that day they came in and said, "Someone is here to see you."

When I went out into the interview room, I saw Carol. I couldn't figure out why she was there when they had said I couldn't see my family. I sat down and she went on to say, "I told the police that you stole the wallet from the man who is now dead."

I can't remember word for word what I replied other than, "Thanks a lot!" I asked the officers to take me back to my cell.

I don't remember how many days I was at the police station. It seemed like forever. I know they brought me fried egg sandwiches for each meal and nothing to drink. By then I was too sick to drink or eat anyway. I was then taken in a paddy wagon from Belleville to the Quinte Detention Centre in Napanee to await a preliminary hearing.

THE DETENTION CENTRE

After arriving at the detention centre, I was put into a small room to wait for the officer to book me in. They treated me pretty fairly because I arrived before the officer who recognized me got on duty. I don't remember how long I was in that room.

The next thing I remember was the officer asking me a bunch of questions about myself. Then a nurse came in. She wanted to do my medical history. I don't remember much about what she had to say other than that she was asking me about the needle marks on my arms. Then I had a bath and they gave me some clothing to wear. I was put in a room they called the hospital area. I lay down and went to sleep. I have no idea what time it was when I woke up. I do remember that when I woke up, I wasn't very happy about being locked in that room. I called for the officer that was on duty and asked her, "Why am I here?"

She said, "You're under observation. You've been in here for three days."

"When are they going to let me out of here?"

"You have to ask the head of security."
"Call them."

When the security staff finally came to me, they really didn't want to let me out. They thought I was going to flip out. I gave them my word that I would be fine. After talking to me for a while, they decided to let me out into the room with the other girls. They did say that if I had any problems to just ask to go back into the hospital or my room. I agreed to that and they left. I really wasn't in a very good head space, but I knew a few girls and I felt better for that.

Later I received a phone call from my lawyer to tell me that I would be going for my preliminary hearing the next day. I said "fine" and he told me that he would see me in court.

The following morning they took me out to get ready for court. I can remember that the police had taken my boots while I was at the police station so I had no shoes to wear. I went to court in my stocking feet. There was snow on the ground, so by the time I got to the paddy wagon my feet were wet.

Once at the court house, I was put in a cell to wait for them to call me to appear. I was only there a short time when my lawyer asked to see me. I was then taken out to an interview room so he could talk to me. At that interview my lawyer said that we wouldn't be in court very long. The judge was going to see if I was fit to stand trial. He left and I was taken back to a cell.

I wasn't there very long before they told me that the judge was ready to see me. They unlocked the door and took me up to the courtroom. When I entered the courtroom, they placed me in a small prisoner's box that was just inside the door. The judge came in and started the session. I really don't remember much of what was said except that the judge ruled that I was fit to stand trial. I do remember asking my mother to bring me some shoes.

I was taken out of the courtroom and placed in a cell downstairs where I waited for them to take me back to the detention centre. Before leaving the court house, my lawyer said that he would be up to see me the following day. It was around supper time when I arrived at the detention centre and was booked in.

I was back and forth so many times from the centre to the court house that I just hated it. I was in the detention centre so long that it's hard to think of everything that went on. I do know that I listened to some other people's advice and decided to change lawyers and get someone from out-of-town. That was a mistake from the word go. I didn't know this new lawyer, Doug Hubley, and I had no confidence in him at all. In fact, I never knew what was going on in my life from one court day to the next. He was from Ottawa, and this meant that I could only see him when he could get to town. When I saw him, he never told me anything. I felt really alone and didn't know what to do.

At that point I got a phone call from Doug Hubley. As I was talking to him, he said, "CBC wants to tape your trial."

"My trial? I've never heard tell of that before. I'm leery of the whole thing," I told him.

"Think about it. I'll call you back in a little while."

"What do you think?"

"It couldn't hurt. If anything, it may help you."

With that I hung up the phone. My family hadn't been able to get up to see me, so I didn't know what I was going to do. I tried calling them, but there was no answer. I was left to make the decision on my own. I had no idea what the whole thing consisted of, and I didn't know what to do. When Hubley called back, he was sure I would have an answer for him. I didn't. I told him, "I haven't been able to reach my family."

"It would be good for you in court," he answered.

"I don't know."

"Things would work out."

"I guess so."

In less than a week he came down from Ottawa to see me with some other men. He asked if he could see me in an interview room. We then went into a small room. Once we were in the room, he said that the men with him were from the CBC and that they wanted to tape an interview between him and me. At this point I wasn't sure what was happening in my life. I was kept on a lot of medication and nothing much seemed real to me, let alone what was happening around me.

We left the interview room, and I was taken to an office that was in the front of the building. When I walked in, there were cameras set up all over the place. I was told to sit down in a chair they had already picked out for me. My lawyer sat across from me. He went on to say that he was going to ask me some questions and for me to answer them. He told me not to pay any attention to the other men in the room. After we were finished, he said he would speak to me before he left the detention centre. The officers came in and took me back to my cell.

My whole life seemed like something you would read in a story book. The next day my family came to see me. When I told them that my trial was going to be taped, they were really upset. They wanted to know why I would ever agree to anything like that. I explained to them, "I tried to reach you and couldn't."

They told me to go back to my lawyer and tell him "NO." I told them I would tell him, but when I finally got a hold of Hubley he said, "You have to go through with it. You have no choice in the matter."

I wasn't doing so well as far as handling things went. I asked to be put in a segregation unit. At first they weren't going to let me, and then they thought that it might do me some good. I was sent to a "seg" unit, and after a week they wanted me to see the doctor because I didn't want to come out. I felt I could hide from everyone as long as I stayed there. After seeing the doctor, I decided to come out. It was really hard from then on. Some days I thought I was never going to make it through the day. Some really nice people showed me a way to help me find strength. At that point I got into doing some Bible studies. At first I did them only to pass the time, but the more I did, the more strength they gave me. After being locked up in the detention centre for a year, it came time for my trial. I wasn't in the best of shape for anything, let alone a trial.

THE TRIAL

I remember my first day in court. It was a real circus. I had never been dressed the way there. I still remember this as one of the things that stuck in my mind. I can also remember the atmosphere of the place. No matter how hard I try to keep my face covered, the TV camera right in front of me was a concern was that my face would be seen. Every chance I got I would look at them. I think for the first time I saw all the hurt and pain in my mother in her eyes. When I looked at her, I can still see the hurt in her eyes.

I went to court for my trial. I don't remember too much of what happened there. I can remember a dream, nothing seemed real. I was sitting in a brown bench, looking straight ahead. It seemed like I was looking ahead for hours. I was hearing people talking. I was hearing myself so I thought maybe it didn't matter what they were saying. The judge was that I kept having a vision of the whole thing. In my mind, it was like I did it, but yet I was pretty mixed up about it. After day as I sat in court, I looked on the face of the judge. It didn't even enter my mind what was happening as far as my trial went. I really didn't feel like I was in court. My lawyer was there, but things were going to happen when each day ended. I went back to the detention centre.

The day came when I was taken on the witness stand. I was looking forward to a paddy wagon pulled up outside. There were TV cameras everywhere, no matter where I looked. The officers took me right out of the court house. On the way there was another car. We rushed by it in a small room just before the courtroom. I was on the stand before they called me. It was full. I wonder what was going on there. It was a real circus. I called to the witness stand.



THE TRIAL

I remember my first day in court as being a real circus. I had never seen people dressed the way there were in court. I can still remember this as being one of the things that stuck in my head the most. I can also remember the TV cameras all over the place. No matter how hard I tried to keep my face covered, there was always a TV camera right in front of me. My main concern was that my family was all right. Every chance I got I was asking about them. I think for the first time in my life I saw all the hurt and pain I had caused my mother in her eyes. When I think about it, I can still see the hurt now.

I went to court for about a week but I don't remember too much about what happened there. I can say it was like a dream, nothing seemed real. I remember sitting in a brown box and looking straight ahead. It seemed like I just kept looking ahead for hours. I do remember people talking. I wasn't sure what had happened myself so as people talked I thought maybe it did as people talked they were saying. The only thing wrong was that I kept having nightmares about the whole thing. In my thoughts it was like I did it, but yet I didn't do it. I was pretty mixed up about everything. Day after day as I sat in court I remember the look on the face of the dead man's sister. It didn't even enter my mind what was happening as far as my court case went. I really didn't feel like I was there. Every day in court my lawyer would tell me that things were going to be fine. I was glad when each day ended. After court I went back to the detention centre.

The day came when my lawyer put me on the witness stand. It was a day I wasn't looking forward to at all. When the paddy wagon pulled up outside the court house, there were TV cameras all over the place — no matter where I looked. The police officers took me right on by them and into the court house. On our way up the stairs there was another camera at the first landing. We rushed by it, and I was placed in a small room just before the entrance to the courtroom. I was only there a short time before they called me into the courtroom. It was full. I wondered what everyone was doing there. It wasn't long before I was called to the witness stand. My lawyer had

told me to just answer the questions I was being asked, and do the best I could. I don't remember all the questions that were asked. I do remember the prosecutor for the Crown saying that I had gone to the man's room to kill him. He kept saying the same thing over and over again.

Then there were some pictures thrown down on the railing in front of me. My lawyer never said anything about them showing me pictures. They were pictures of the man who had been killed. One picture showed him sitting in the chair. I'm not sure about the other ones. I just know that I kept trying to shove them away, but every time the Crown prosecutor pushed something back in front of me. He kept saying something about glass. All I really remember saying was, "I never meant to hurt anyone."

I thought that day would never come to an end. The following day the jury went out. They were gone about two hours, and then a rap came on the door where we were waiting. A man was standing there. He told the police officer that the jury was ready to come back in with the verdict. I asked if I could use the washroom. While I was in the washroom, I prayed. I asked the Good Lord no matter what happened to just give me the strength to walk back out of the courtroom. Then I told them I was ready to go.

We went back into the courtroom. I sat back down in the prisoner's box. The judge asked the jury if they had reached a decision. A representative from the jury said "yes." I was asked to stand. The jury found me guilty of second degree murder.

I was taken out of the courtroom for a few minutes and I waited in the same small room for them to come back and get me. It wasn't long before they came back for me. The judge asked me to stand. He sentenced me to 25 years in jail, with eligibility for parole in ten years.

My only real thought at that time was whether my mother and my daughter were all right because I could hear them crying behind me. I do remember turning myself around and looking to see if my mother was okay. I also knew that I had to be strong for my family so I stayed strong for them. Once I left the court house, I fell apart. I was crying one minute and laugh-

ing the next. I was taken from there to the police station.

At the police station there was a girl there who I had known for a long time. I can still hear her asking me, "What happened?" I remember trying to tell her, but the words just wouldn't come out. Then I heard the police officer saying that she had gotten life. I was then placed in the cell next to hers. We weren't there very long before they took us back to the detention centre. I don't remember much about our ride back; when we got there the police officer took us inside. The guard was waiting for us at the door. They called for the doctor to come over right away. The doctor gave me a sedative, I was booked in and returned to my cell.

There was a really good friend of mine in jail with me. She was so upset that she couldn't even talk to me. That night I remember sitting on the floor in a corner of my cell and crying. I can't remember what time of night it was when I decided to just give up. My whole life flashed in front of me. All the pain and hurt I had been through. How much pain I had caused my family and other people. I just couldn't see any reason why I should go on, so at that point I decided I didn't want to live.

I remember lying in my bed. By this time it was morning, and the guards were opening the cell doors. They opened my door and told me I had to get up. I told them I was staying in bed. They shut the door, but it wasn't long and they were back at my door again. This time three officers came into my room. One sat down on the side of the bed and tried to talk to me. I didn't want to hear anything that he had to say. As they were leaving, he told me that, if I decided I wanted to come out, to just call them.

After they left, I lay in my bed for a while. On my desk there were pictures of my two daughters. I turned them over and looked at them. Then I realized that I couldn't give up, that they needed me no matter where I was, or what I had done. I called for the guards to let me out. I decided on that day no matter what I would do whatever I could to make up for all the hurt and pain I had caused.