

I don't really know where to start. But I guess I'll start when I was born. It probably doesn't matter but I don't want to forget anything. Just maybe after somebody reads this they might actually understand me.

Okay. I was born in Anchorage, Alaska. I think we moved to Pennsylvania when I was one or two. My biological father and mother divorced probably when I was six or seven. My mom told us stories about how he would hurt her. I never actually, saw him do anything. I just remember them yelling a lot. He was always nice to my brothers and sister and I. I haven't talked to him since I was eight years old. The last time I saw him, he gave all of us kids a hug and kiss and told us how sorry he was for not being there. My mom told us not to talk to him. She then kicked him out of the house, and we never saw him again.

Later my mother met Paul, (my step father). He was cool in the beginning. He'd take us swimming and bring us places. But I remember him telling us what to do real early in their relationship. This bothered my brothers and I. The weird thing was he was always super nice to my older sister. She was his favorite. She would do little things that all of us would get in trouble for but she wouldn't. Even his family took a good liking to her.

Here is just one example of how unfair I was treated. I remember I always got straight A's on my report card. And every time report card time came we got money or a present for every A. My sister on the other hand was not a very good student. She wasn't too bad but she was like a C, B and every once in a while a D student. Well one year I got all A's, like usual, and my sister got all B's. I was being a normal 8 year old bragging about my A's, teasing my sister, telling her how I couldn't wait to see what I was going to get for a prize. So my sister tells my stepfather, and that day we went to his mother's, (my step grandmother), and I didn't get anything. My step grandmother had bought Lindsey my stepsister, and my sister little gold candies and a troll. Trolls were big then. This kind of stuff is very hurtful to a little eight year old. When I worked so hard for my A's. I remember crying in the bathroom and then my step great Aunt May came in and said I don't know why all the adults around here have something against you. You are a sweet little girl. You work hard for your grades. You win all your spelling bees, and you are a great dancer and gymnast. Sometimes my sister, and stepsister and I would dance and do gymnastics for the grown ups. I was the only one who could do back flips, walk on my hands, splits, round offs, and etc. I always wanted to take classes but we never had the money. Now that I think about it, maybe my stepfamily was just disappointed because they would send my stepsister Lindsey to almost everything, and she could still never do anything. She was also overweight for her age. Okay, back to my Aunt. She then took me in her room and gave me a great big handful of change. She was the nicest lady. We would always talk, and she'd sneak me Popsicles and nobody else. She died of cancer, probably 6 years ago. I wish I could have thanked her. She made me feel a lot better about myself....

I then met Gabriel Snyder. I lost my virginity at 15 (really young), and was with him for three and a half years. I think he was just a security thing. We were two totally different people, total opposites, but were young and thought we were in love. I told him everything. It was perfect because I could tell my mom I was sleeping over my friend's house, and sleep at his house. I was barely ever home after that. I worked almost everyday after school and went to Gabe's house after. My mom never complained because I gave her half my paycheck every week....

Let's see. Where was I? One day I found out Gabe had been cheating on me. I was furious. That was almost three years in to our relationship, and I guess he was doing it the whole time with a number of different girls. So I thought I would get back at him. I broke up with him. Then I met Robert Sheehan. I never planned on sleeping with him, but he got me drunk for the first time with screwdrivers. You can guess what happened then. We were probably together for only a month, and had only slept together once. I stopped seeing him cause everyone told me he was no good and he was a cheater. So I was back with Gabe. Gabe and I were constantly off and on. Sure enough, I got pregnant. I think I convinced myself it was Gabe's because we slept together all the time, and I had only slept with Robert that one time. So I left it at that.

When Kassidy was born, he was great with her. Then he started losing interest in her. Probably because he quit his job and watched her five days a week while I worked. He had a lot of patience for being a young male. She absolutely adored him. He did know there was a slight chance of her not being his, but we never talked about it. Then I found out he was cheating on me again. I kept getting phone calls from girls, and notes in my car from other girls saying he was cheating on me. So I moved to my friend Cathy's cause it was cheaper. The only thing was her mother didn't want a baby to live under her. I really didn't want to live at home with Paul ever again. I was really stressed out. I talked to my Doctor and she said it was postpartum depression. She also said, "Let your mother help you for a while until you're better." She said, "Don't work so much, and get plenty of sleep and exercise." I had been working 50 to 60 hours a week trying to pay for a two bedroom apartment and raise a baby all by myself at age 17. That isn't easy. And having no help.

Most kids, if they even need a couple dollars say for gas or anything they could ask their parents or a family member. I didn't have anyone to fall on. My mom always complained about babysitting when I went to work. She would always ask me for money. So finally I just couldn't take it anymore. I was crying to my mom telling her how I was so stressed out, and she offered to take Kassidy until I was ready. After a lot of thinking I decided it would probably be better for her, and that I would see her everyday and it would be like she just sleeps over there. I finally got back to normal and wanted custody of her. I was probably only gone for 3 weeks. So I lived at home for the rest of the summer and then in December I filed for assistance. I heard about the Aspire program. It was a program for underage teenagers who were going nowhere because there was no way to work for minimum wage, not get child support, have to pay for daycare and the cost of living. It is almost impossible to not go to college these days and pay the bills. The program paid for college, daycare, and gas money, also car repairs. I even applied for housing. They also sent me a check every month. Well that's when I found out my mother had been trying to get child support. The whole time I was living there raising Kassidy myself, she was trying to get money from me. I still owe \$800.00. I refused to pay it. When I confronted her she said she called them right when I moved in but they must've forgotten. Yeah right!

Okay, back to Gabe. I got a paternity test because I wanted child support. Come to find out she wasn't his. At that time he had stopped seeing her anyway. So yes it was a little bit of a shocker, but he also wasn't father of the year either. I didn't think fathers mattered anyway, seeing as I never had one.

Next I told Law Enforcement (child support people), about Robert Sheehan. I even gave them his name, address, and phone number. I would call and call and they never even gave him a date for paternity. He was a real jerk about it. He would sometimes say she was his and sometimes say she wasn't. He even called up my best friend, Crystal Martin, up at the time and said he wanted to see Kassidy. He saw her twice. After he got Crystal as a girlfriend, he decided Kassidy wasn't his again. I gave him his chance, but definitely couldn't trust him with her anyway. So I decided to just stay as far away from him as I could. Maybe he would grow up one day. Although, I really highly doubt it.

Well then my family and I moved up to Auburn, ME. My sister had moved in with Jeff like the first month they were together. I think she was sick of giving my parents most of her paychecks. We barely ever saw them. My sister never showed much interest in Kassidy, nor did Jeff. She would never baby-sit for me either. Although, Jeff would say she was a spoiled brat. This was when I hardly knew him.

Then I started working at the Country Club in Auburn. I also didn't have a car for a while so I didn't do much. I sat at home for a long time. I had absolutely no friends up there. Plus I had just recently lost Crystal to Robert. I think that's why Jeff and Jen asked me to go on a double date with Chad Evans. I said, "What the hell, why not?" I had just saved enough money and bought a new car. So I decided I could take it down there and finally actually get out of the house.

It was June second. I remember when I got out of the car and saw him I thought he was gorgeous. At the time he had a great body, nice tan, and a cute smile. We went to dinner at Applebee's. The date went great. Almost too great! We had good conversations, a couple laughs, and found out we had a lot in common. We both shared a lot of the same goals in life. The thing that attracted me to him the most was how great of a father he was. That was exactly what I was looking for. I wanted a good father for Kassidy. And he seemed

perfect. He also said he wanted a girl who spent quality time with their kids, not one who's going to sit them in front of the television everyday.

From then on we couldn't get enough of each other. We would go to the park all the time, have dinners together, go to the zoo, play wiffle ball, and just do family things. Stuff I never got to do. I really wanted this kind of life for Cassidy. I thought things were finally going my way. Although it hadn't been long, it was the first time I actually considered myself happy.

When Cassidy first met Chad she was just really quiet and hung all over me. She wouldn't let Kyle or Chad go near me. If Chad would kiss me or even go near me she would kick and scream. She'd bang her head into anything. She didn't care where she was. She'd even do it in the bathtub if I didn't let her have the shampoo bottle. That's just an example. I had spoiled her for a long time. I didn't know I was doing it. Just every time she'd cry for something I'd give in to her and that'd be it. She didn't know how to share, I never taught her "please" and "thank you." I'd always say it, thinking maybe she'd copy, but her favorite word was gimme at the time. She basically ruled me. Whatever she said went. Well that was until I saw her with kids her own age. She didn't know how to play with them. At first she'd just stare at them. And then when she felt comfortable she'd try playing with them. If she wanted a toy or something she would just take it out of the other kids' hands.

And then they would fight. Sometimes even bite or pinch each other. So I really had to start disciplining her. Her fits were getting worse and worse. Even when we went to the grocery store if I didn't get her candy in the check-out, she would scream and throw her fits. So Chad and I decided to put her in her bedroom every time she'd throw her fits. In the beginning she'd just run out of the room and scream some more, so I would put a sock in the door so she wouldn't get out, and she could kick and scream all she wanted to. A couple months went by and she was doing much better. We barely had to put her in her room. And she didn't scream when Chad or Kyle came near me. The bedroom thing had worked. Our daily routine was she'd come in usually and wake Chad and I up. Or a lot of the time she'd wake up in the middle of the night and Chad would bring her in and she'd sleep in between us. That became a lot more frequent before she died. In the morning, Chad would put her on his shoulders or back and bring her downstairs for cereal. She loved cereal. She could not go a day without it. She'd then go upstairs throw toys down the stairs and play in front of the television, while I did laundry and cleaned. Then she'd eat lunch. Sometimes I'd bring her and a bunch of toys in the basement with me while I went tanning. Then she'd take a good long nap. Usually around two and half hours. Sometimes even longer! That's when I took a shower and had a little bit of time to myself. When she'd wake up, we usually did flash cards, read books, go on the swing set, and jump on the trampoline almost every day. Cassidy and Kyle absolutely loved painting, and doing art stuff. We did that stuff a lot too. Unless, I went to the grocery store, or ran errands. Also after dinner we'd sometimes go to the park, all of us, or we'd go outside and jump on the trampoline again. Then Chad and I would give them baths. Most of the time Chad would read her a book and I would read to Kyle. Just so we could kind of get a little one on one time. She was becoming really smart for her age. Her and Kyle were also starting to play nicely. Well most of the time.

I thought we were doing great! I was very proud of myself, and was really enjoying being a mother. She was learning and so was I at the same time. My sister and I were never really close until a couple months before Cassidy passed away. We didn't really talk or hang out with Jeff and Jen much until two months before she died. They are a real secluded couple. Jeff never wanted to go anywhere or do anything. Jen, on the other hand, like me, always wanted to go out and have fun. She would constantly complain about how he'd never let her do anything. Once she cheated on him, and left him because she said she was sick of him being mean to her and he was controlling. He then begged for her back and finally she moved back in with him. She always called him a psychopath. The only reason she was with him was because since he has his own landscaping business. She thinks he has all this money. If he had so much money they wouldn't live in a dumpy apartment, and my sister wouldn't have to work 50 hours a week at an \$8.00 an hour perfume store! Also before she worked for him for a long time, and she said he'd sit there and watch her do all the dirty work. They never even had friends that they'd hang out with once in awhile. The one friend my sister did have named Cecile, had sex with Jeff while she was at work. Jen told me that she came home and they

were sitting on the bed together. And Jen had made the bed that morning, and the blankets and sheets were on the bed a totally different way. She said they were acting really weird.

Later Cecile told Jen that Jeff tried to do sexual things with her. Come to find out Jeff told Chad a couple weeks later that "He slept with Cecile and the stupid Bitch practically walked in on us, and she bought the whole story." I kept my mouth shut cause I had to practically pry that out of Chad's mouth, and he made me promise not to tell. I just told Jen that I think he did because why would they be sitting in the bedroom together. Jen also had cheated on him, with another guy that Jeff beat up, not too long ago. One night Jen came over after she was done work, only cause Jeff was with Chad picking up a three wheeler for me, four hours a way up ME. We were jumping and doing flips on the trampolme and she said this is so fun, but it is killing my leg. She then showed me big bruises all up and down her one leg. She said, "Promise you won't tell mom?" I said "Yeah". Then she said, "Jeff and her had gotten in a fight and he punched me". I told her she could move in with us if they were fighting. She said I at least have to wait until I get my new car because she had been giving him her paycheck every week, plus she sold her old car and he kept that money. She said as soon as she was done paying off his truck, then she'd get whatever car she wanted. Oh yeah I think I'm not too positive, but I think that's when I told her that Chad grabbed my throat before and left a mark on me, only so she would feel better about it. It was all talk. Just something to keep the conversation rolling.

Jen was very jealous of Chad and my relationship. Just the little things, for example: When we went shopping, Chad would give me a couple hundred dollars without batting an eyelash and I didn't even work. Jeff gave Jen an allowance of like \$50 every two weeks and she worked her ass off. Chad was always bringing me little gifts like one time he even went into her perfume store to get me perfume, and she was all mad because Jeff was never thoughtful. Chad would take me places, we went out, went on little vacations (Jeff would never take Jen out say nothing about going on a vacation.) we basically loved the same things and Jen would always tell me how lucky I am.

Ok. I guess I will talk now a little about Chad. I guess the reason I thought that Chad was responsible originally (besides the fact that they basically told me I was dumb and a bad mom because I let Chad kill her, was that I had seen him get mad and lose his temper with her. When I think about it now though I could not think straight. I mean really what were they thinking? My little baby had just died and they wouldn't leave me alone. I could not even see straight. Everything was a blur to me then and is a blur to me now, and I guess one of the reasons that I decided to write this was because I do know that I said some things that were not true about Chad. When I say that I saw him get mad and lose his temper that is true. But when I think about it. He never hit her or anything. He would just yell and try to get her attention. Also they took me saying he put her in the corner, to throwing her into walls. I don't really know how it turned into that, but it did, and I guess it's my job to fix that. And one time probably a month and a half before she died, Kassidy was screaming throwing one of her fits and Chad grabbed her face and said look in my eyes, and said cut it out. Then attempted to put her in the corner. But she would throw herself down and hit her own face into the wall and kick and scream. So he got more angry picked her up and put her in her bedroom on the bed, then she threw herself off the bed and he grabbed her face again. That's when I jumped into the picture and took her from him. As I was pulling her from him. He still had one of her legs so I just let go. So it wouldn't hurt her. Then I yelled I will do the disciplining, go away. He then realized he was starting to lose his temper so he muttered something under his breath, and walked away. I still don't remember what he said. I don't think he said it loud enough for me to hear. She was never all beat up like the papers are trying to say. Actually that whole month before she died and week, I was in and out of the Department of Human Services quite frequent with her. If she was all banged [up] they would be the people to report something. He probably put her in the corner like 4 or 5 times.

I mean I liked Chad a lot, but I love my daughter more than anything in the world as if I would stay and put up with that. So basically I did a lot of agreeing with the cops to get them to leave me alone and that is not really fair to Chad. From time to time I remember bits and pieces of my conversation with the cops. It seemed like every time I said anything about Jeff that [they] didn't want to hear it. This makes me really mad because now that I have had time to really think about things.

.....and the cops were not even smart enough to ask me questions about Jeff, or listen to me. The only thing they brought up constantly was Chad and the fact that they were positive he was responsible. At one point when they had me convinced he did it (deep down inside knowing he didn't) I said stuff I know wasn't true. The cops kept accusing me of downplaying everything when in fact I was making it worse than it was. Also they did a terrible job investigating. After I got out of the police station that night Jeff, Jen, and I went straight to their house. After we talked at Will's for like 15 minutes. Get this. There was no police there. Just tape around their house. Which means the cops probably stayed there for maybe a couple hours. I remember them at Chad's house for almost three days. They obviously didn't check Jeff's house very good.

Another weird thing was when we got to Jeff's house he practically ran in the house, and was rummaging in the house freaking out because they took a couple things. Then I kept complaining, saying I wanted to leave. I did not want to be there cause she had died there that day. After he was done rummaging through his stuff, he said, "Why don't you and Jen go wait in the car. I'll be out in a minute." So we did. Now that I think about it now if he had something there he obviously got rid of the evidence. After finally about I don't know, an hour or so, we finally were headed to a hotel. But of course, Jeff had to stop at Dunkin Donuts. He parked in front and said I think we need to talk, and I was like, "No, I am not going in there I just lost my baby, I don't want to talk. I want to lie down and just die." So he went through the drive through. And let me tell you, he didn't get your everyday midnight snack. He bought and ate a ton of food. My baby practically died in his arms and he wanted to sit, talk, and eat. Also he showed no emotion whatsoever. He was even cracking jokes and just laughing, like nothing happened. Finally when we got to the hotel, I tried going to sleep. That didn't work, so I called Chad.

I was dying to hear what he had to say. Now, he showed so much emotion. He was crying, saying how did this happen. He told me he loved her, how he wanted so much to be her daddy. He was a mess just like me. I could tell he really loved her. Later in the conversation I was telling him what they told me how they said, "You slowly killed my baby," and Jeff ran to the cops saying I said that to Chad. He heard the whole conversation, he just lied again. Another thing if Jeff hated Chad so much cause Chad supposedly killed her, then why did he kept saying "I have nothing against Chad." Until the finger was starting to point at him a little that's when he, "Hated Chad." He is a great manipulator. Worse than anyone I know. Even my mother used to say that.

Okay. I don't even no where to start about the ASS HOLE Jeff Marshall. Let me see. . . . Okay I did kind of like him when I first met him, only cause I probably saw them once or twice. I didn't really know him. At that point me and my sister were still kind of enemies. Until they broke up. We were living in Auburn by then. Jen moved back home. She took every single thing back home. (When Jen cheated on him). That's when Jeff went nutty. He called the house constantly. Begged for her back. Threatened her. She was even scared to be alone with him. That's when Jen finally told us about the real Jeff. How he never let her do anything, how he's a real jerk, how she thought he was cheating on her, how they have nothing in common, how he's so boring, and etc. . . . The list went on. My mom was really worried for my sister. I remember her even saying , "We better be careful what we say to him too....!" Next thing you know he's manipulating my mother and Paul on the phone, and I think then they convinced my sister to actually see him. And that's when they got back together. I barely ever saw them until, I met Chad. Chad and I never even really talked to them until the last 2 months. Well I might have talked on the phone with my sister, but not really. Well basically, I wanted to go on that Aspire Program. But I needed to use a Maine address, so I used theirs. At that point I was practically living at Chad's house. Jeff actually started babysitting a lot then.

Let's see, he watched her twice when my sister and I landscaped for him. And after that, we'd go shopping. Also, a couple days Jen and I just went shopping. The weird thing was Jeff would say, "Why don't you guys just go. Cassidy's fine here." I thought he was just being nice. Also, Chad and I went out maybe twice and they took her overnight. Jen worked most of the time. Also, I went job hunting a couple of times and he watched her then too. I also started a money management class, and he watched her those nights too.

Then one day I got a job interview at Old Navy. I wasn't going to take it, cause they needed me to work a lot of night hours. I didn't have a babysitter at night. The state would only pay for a daycare during the day. Then I told Jen and Jeff about it and he said, "I'll watch her for you." And I said, "It's not as easy as it

sounds.” He said, “No problem.” But the only reason he agreed to baby sit is so he could get my food stamps and sell them for money. He said he knew someone that buys them. And I know for a fact he did it too, cause he told me. Chad doesn't even know I got them. He never would have let me use them. I did use them once with my sister. And I said, “Well maybe just until I find a daycare, and then you could pick her up at 5:30 and me or Chad would pick her up after.” I knew then that Kassidy didn't really like him. She would just stand in their house and barely move. Then, I thought nothing of it . But now after all of this it makes sense. She was scared to move around. She barely even said a word. Another thing is everyone we'd ever meet, Kassidy would say their name at least once. She knew Jeff for a pretty long time and never said his name once. Or even attempted to. Also if Jen wasn't there when I would drop Kassidy off I would have to run out the door or she would cry. And it got really bad the last week. I remember now that it was a different sounding cry. It was a real cry. With real tears, I'm sure. I was just so busy with my new job, looking for a daycare, trying to get through Chad's whole divorce, all of a sudden taking care of two babies, and still have a good size house to keep up with. I was so blinded, and totally clueless about everything. I feel so stupid.

Well strange things happened when Kassidy was at Jeff's house. Things that didn't seem strange to me then until now. For example. One time Kassidy came back with a big bruise on the side of her face. He said he was teasing her and said, “Mama's home,” so she ran off the bed to get me and fell on her face. I wasn't even there. She must've been so upset. Also, one time he dropped her off and she had 2 small bruises on the side of her face and he had put women's cover up on to hide them. He said that the dog had knocked her over. Why did I believe those stupid stories? Also, one time he said he told her to go against the wall for some reason and he said he purposely went outside to look in the window to see if she'd moved and she did. She went into the kitchen and started touching things, and he said he ran back in the house, made her jump a mile, and made her go back in the corner. She must have been so scared. I feel horrible.

Now here are two big things I do remember quite clearly. One time Jeff had her over night. I can't remember exactly what we did that night, but the next afternoon Jeff dropped her off. When he walked in Chad was outside and Travis was inside with me. That's when Jeff said, “Her ass might be a little sore, she was being a little shit! So I gave her a spanking.” Then Chad came inside and he and Jeff went up North to pick up my 3 wheeler that Chad had bought me. Then I went to change Kassidy's diaper, and that's when I saw it. Her butt was covered in black and blues. Bruises all over her butt. Dark ones. I started fireaking out. I immediately started to cry because I never saw anything that bad before. Really, on anyone. Then my sister came over, and I showed her it. She practically started crying, and said, “I am going to kill Jeff.” She also said, “He didn't mean to do it that hard, and I'm sure he is going to feel bad.”

Later I put her to bed, and my sister and I jumped on the trampoline and had girl talk. That's when she showed me the bruise on her leg. We also decided we were going to have a talk with the boys and they are not to discipline Kassidy anymore .(mainly focused on Jeff) That is for the mother to do, not the babysitter. When they got home from Maine, we were all sitting at the kitchen table, and started talking about things. I was kind of giving Jeff shit. I didn't really come right out and talk about it because Chad was there and Jen didn't want him to know because she knew he would freak and kill Jeff. A day later or so I showed Chad the bruises and he was bullshit. He said something like "No wonder you were so cold and being mean to Jeff when we got back. Jeff made it look like he felt bad and didn't mean to do it that hard. I have to live with the fact that I continuously brought her over after that incident. Am I just an idiot? There is not a day that goes by that I picture her screaming while he smacks her but. Oh yeah, and I thought he was kidding when he said he holds a pillow over her head when she cried cause it was so annoying. He must've really did that. And that is why none of the neighbors heard her cry. Or did they? Who knows anymore.

None of this stuff is in any real order. It's just things I have remembered here and there.

Okay another time, I do remember it was about 2 weeks maybe less, before she died. I had a money management class to attend, and he said he'd babysit. My car was in the shop then so I couldn't drop her off. So he came and picked her up, and said he'd drop her off after. So after the class I got home called him. He said he was tired and didn't feel like driving and he'd bring her in the morning. It was kind of good for me at the time, cause I was doing surveys on the computer and had a deadline. The next day he said he was gonna

drop her off never did. Then finally again he said he'd drop her off in the morning. He never did. Then he said, "Afternoon."

Finally he brought her over around 4 or 500. She was so sick. She kept saying, "Mama, hungry, hungry!" So I gave her a bowl of cereal and she stuck her face into the bowl and sucked the *milk* out. She was so dehydrated. Then I gave her water, which she puked up. Because she was drinking so fast. I let her eat a little, gave her Tylenol, and then gave her pedialyte to help with the dehydration. It was like he never fed her. Then I saw the 2 huge bruises on the back of her head. Jeff was still standing there watching the whole thing. He then said she fell out of the truck. He said she was standing on her car seat, and the door was opened, and she fell out and landed right on his driveway and hit her head. I then put ice on her bruises. The only thing I knew about hitting your head, was you should wait awhile to sleep. Now I know that dehydration is a sign of concussion. But, why did Jeff wait around for that long. It was like he was worried I might figure out what he did to her, and when he felt for sure I believed his story. Then he left. Because when he first dropped her off he said he was in a real hurry, cause he had to clean a playplace. That night when she was starting to fall asleep, I noticed her eyes roll up and then back down. She had never done that before, so I was worried. But I told myself to stop overreact[ing], and that she was just falling asleep. A lot of babies do that. Boy was I wrong! That night when Chad got home, he was really concerned. He said should we take her to the doctors? And I said, "Well, she's starting to feel better now. If she's still feeling yucky tomorrow I will take her." The next day she was feeling better. One thing that surprised me was she said 6,7,8,9,10 after Kyle said 1,2,3,4,5. Maybe I was so impressed by this so I didn't really notice much. I was also very busy with a lot of other things. Like, the deadline on the computer project I was doing. A couple things I did notice was Her appetite decreased after that. And she was sleeping very irregularly, and long too.

Especially the last couple of days before she died. Oh yeah, and her feet had little like scabs, which to me looks like pin pricks. And I asked Chad to put her shoes on one day, and he asked me what happened to her feet. I had never seen that ever before, and she had just came back from Jeff's house that day. I then called Jeff up and asked him why she had that on her feet, and he said, "Oh that would be the top of the nails in the doorway on the floor." So I don't know why it sounded okay, but now that I think about it, that is such a lame excuse. Also one time Chad was playing with her, swinging her around by her legs and arms. Just playing. And she was laughing. He did that with Kyle a lot and didn't always remember she was a lot younger than him. Then, I think it was the next day, I don't really know, but Jeff said she was standing behind him and he didn't see her, and he stepped on her. Then she was walking with a limp. When she was home that night I squeezed up and down her legs to see if it hurt, and she just giggled. So stupid me, I thought it was just a pulled muscle. She never cried about it either.

Oh yeah, and after she died the next day we were all at my mom's in Buckfield, and all I did was lay on my mom's bed trying to be sane. It wasn't working. But Jeff kept coming in the room trying to talk to me. He wouldn't leave me alone. He kept asking me to go for a walk. As if I could go for a walk!!! That night I freaked out on Jeff yelling at him saying, "I don't know what happened to her,..."

.....one time I picked her up [at Jeff's] and she was butt naked. And at first there was suspicion about that. I also yelled and said, "What about her black and blue butt, and are you sure she fell out of the truck?"

Well all these things might seem obviousAlso it happened so fast. I think if I hadn't been so busy working, I wouldn't have been so blinded by everything. Now I have to live with the fact that my baby....., and I didn't protect her. And that cost her life.

[The original version of "My Life Story" was written by Amanda Bortner on the recommendation of a counselor in San Antonio, Texas, in the Spring of 2001. The document was given by Chad's attorneys to Judge Nadeau and to the prosecutors at Chad's trial on December 5, 2001. This version was edited and redacted by Morrison Bonpasse on June 12, 2011.]