

2-16-06

In the end of June, Joel, Alaina ^(16 yr. old) and Hale ^(16 yr. old) picked me up from work (McDonalds). ~~Joel~~ had said that we would be going overnight to a BBQ with some "Cadillac Skins", at the Fosters house.

We left McDonalds at about 2:30 and headed to where they lived in Yuma. I had worked all day and it was extremely hot and sweaty. ^{I was} Embarrassed to be meeting people looking that way. I asked Joel if we could run home (Brutus) so I could shower and change out of my uniform. He said that he brought me clothes, and I could shower there. I told him I was uncomfortable going to these people's house who I never met and asking them to use their shower. He got mad, saying I had an attitude and not to ruin his night.

We stopped at a little store outside Mesick and Joel got some beer and vodka. From there we went to the Fosters residence.

^{any I can't remember} Once there Joel, Diane F., Randy F. and another and a woman (whos name I can't remember) started drinking. I am not very good in situations where I am

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Forced to be sociable with people I don't know. Needless to say, I wasn't very vocal. After a while another woman showed up, she was a roommate of the Fosters. She was also pregnant and not drinking. Joel asked her if she would take me to get more beer & liquor.

We left, went to a bigger town about 10-15 min. away from the Fosters.

We got back, and I asked Diane where a baby spoon was, she found it and I fed Hale some bananas. After I finished I played with Hale some, kind of, listened here and there to conversation between Joel, Diane, Randy, the other guy, Julie, and the 2 women (I can't remember their names) They were and had been sitting on the porch outside (it's not closed in).

Joel came up, said I was acting like I had an attitude and that we needed to go for a walk. We left down their driveway, turned right onto the dirt road. When we got to the next road (about 1 block away) we turned right again. There was a row of trees there, once behind them he

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punched me in the mouth. It split my lip open on the left side and I fell. He told me to better not embarrass him, and that we were going back to Foster's now. He said that once we got there that I needed to sit in the car for the rest of the night. I got up, we walked back, and as we got close to the driveway he said I mean it, get in the car and stay there.

I got in the car on the drivers side back seat. I sat in there a couple hours and waited until Joel was getting more drunk. I jumped out of the car and ran to the trees where Joel had punched me. I ended up falling asleep there. When I woke up it was getting darker and I went back to the Fosters. The pregnant lady was with Hale, and Alaina was sleeping out in the tent with the other kids.

I asked her where Joel was, she said at the Yuma bar. I went to the Yuma Bar, walked in, and asked Joel to come out for a minute. He came out and

started saying how sorry he was and that I needed to keep my mouth shut, quit talking when he said to I told him I can talk when I want to. He shoved me down into the gravel parking lot. I started to get up and he shoved me down again. Then he kicked my side, punched my head, and went back into the bar to sit back at the table with Diane, the guy, I don't know, and Julie.

I was crying, walked straight to the bar. I got a couple shots of whiskey, and Julie walked up. Still crying, I asked her why he was like that to me. She said something like that's how guys are, and gave me her number and address. She told me I could go with her and that her roommate would make sure nothing ever happened to me. Julie and I walked back to the Fosters, sat on the enclosed in porch talking.

Joel, Diane, and the other guy came back and went in the backyard where a fire was going in their pit.

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Julie and I walked back there though she ~~lost~~ the fire after a few minutes. I was trying to lighten things up with Joel kind of elbowing him, poking him. He being very drunk fell over. He got up and started screaming at me. Diane and the other guy went into the house. He was standing like he does when he's going to come at me, so I picked up a stick and hit him with it in the shoulder/arm area. He shoved me down and started kicking me in the stomach. It knocked the wind out of me, so I rolled over trying to breathe. He kicked me again on the side of my ribs. That's when he backed up about 10 steps. He ran at me, jumped up, and slammed his foot into my chest. I couldn't move, I couldn't breathe, I could just watch while he backed up again. He ran at me again, jumped up, slammed his foot on my stomach he stomped down a couple times more that time stomping my head and my ribs. I worked up the strength to turn over, but

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that was just the beginning. He started on my back, running, jumping, stamping. He was kicking and stamping so hard, I was either flipping over or I could feel my body bounce off up from the ground. It all depended on what footwork he was using for that kick.

He started pacing like he does, pacing with his head down, while you wait for the next blow, or wonder if it's done yet. I have no idea how long he kicked me and stomped me around for. I remember thinking get up, get up and run before he kills you. I did it. I got up and tried running, I couldn't. Everything was tilting and spinning, and nothing on my body felt like it was working right. I slammed into a parked car and fell. Joel ran up and kicked me a couple times, punched me in the head, and started pacing again. I tried again, making it to the non closed in porch. I tripped up the 2 steps and fell, crawled the rest of the way in there. I don't know what room I was in, but I was hiding from Joel. He found

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me, grabbed my legs and started to pull me out. He knelt down beside me and started pulling his dick out. He told me to open my mouth, that I was going to drink his pee. I struggled as much as I could, but I wasn't doing enough to keep him away. He said I was a stupid cunt, a bitch that ~~deserves~~ deserves to drink piss. He said if I didn't drink it he would kill me.

At that point I remember seeing a light, maybe 2 shining in the window at Joel and I. I heard Joel say fuck it's the cops; shut up. I took off, I went up some stairs and laid on a couch. I don't remember much after that, I remember someone saying they were the cops, and I remember hearing Joel yelling at them, ~~that~~ I thought I heard Joel tell me to keep my mouth shut, but I don't know if that was real or not. I remember some of the ambulance, and coming to strapped to a really hard board by my head and feet.

a cop came in a couple times he seemed like he wanted me to tell him that it had been Joel who beat me. But Joel had Alaina. He wouldn't kill Hale, but I have no doubt that he would kill her if he found out. I told her, me, and my 3 yr old Jaden. My parents too. Her said if it ever came down to it, what would you do? I don't doubt, nor am I disillusioned, about what Joel is capable of. I have lived it, sometimes just barely, but I have lived it. He is seriously a demented being. I would rather slice my artery open and jump in a pool of sharks, than have to do one more sick, twisted, degrading, demented act that he makes me do. I would love to shoot him. Not kill him, not for a couple weeks. I want to torture him, to make him cry, I want to hear him scream out in the most sadistic form of agony there is. I want to see him get raped, up his ~~ass~~ ass with a baseball bat, I want to hear his cries of pure, unleashed torture. I want some man to stick his cock down his throat and watch him puke and gag. I want to tear, not cut, tear his dick off, and shove it down

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his own throat. I want to make
him suck his shit off whatever I
shove up his ass. I want to torture
him to death. This is the dream I
have, these are all I can think
of whenever I hear his fucking
evil names.

Angela W [REDACTED]

(Angela [REDACTED])

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