

CHAPTER

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A Terrible Beginning

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I was born on August 27th, 1962, at 02:25 AM. My twin was born a couple of minutes later, and then died just after being born. We were born on a farm in Grand Marais, Minnesota.

I didn't learn about my twin until the last time I saw my dad alive. This becomes important later on. My parents couldn't afford a crib for me when I was born, so for a while, the second drawer of their chest of drawers was my crib.

When I was just a couple of months past my 5th birthday, our house caught on fire while we were asleep. The neighbor upstairs fell asleep drunk with a cigarette in his hand, which ended up falling and setting his carpet on fire, and eventually the whole house.

I was sound asleep in my bunk bed. Everyone in the house was sound asleep, even the lady who lived below us. We lived on the 2nd floor, which was the middle apartment.

I was the last one to wake up and the last one in the burning house. Everyone else had gotten out except me.

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I found my way out to the 2nd floor deck, facing stairs that led down to the ground. However, they were on fire, and I was too scared to go down the stairs.

I saw a fireman at the bottom, asking for me to jump.

“Jump I’ll catch you!” he said.

“No, you’ll drop me,” I said, “I’m scared!”

“It’s okay, I’ll catch you, I promise!”

“No, you’ll drop me!”

“I promise I’ll catch you. Just jump into my arms, okay? Now jump!”

I jumped, and he didn’t catch me.

When I hit the ground, I broke my right foot in three places. One of the bones was sticking straight out of my foot, and blood was pouring out of it. The pain was unbearable.

I later realized that my cat was missing. They found my cat boots after the fire was put out, and then she was found in one of the closets.

She was burned alive.

My dad tried to explain it to me, and my mom tried to give me comfort. However, I had just turned

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5 back in August. So, there was no comforting a 5-year-old boy who just lost his 1st pet cat.

That night, my parents took me to the hospital to be treated for smoke inhalation, and a compound fracture.

We moved in with my grandparents for around a month or two. I got to feed their squirrels, and they would come up and take the peanuts right out of your hands. I got bitten when I tried to grab one once.

Grandpa said “Are you okay Chad?”

“He bit me!” I replied.

I almost immediately started crying. The squirrel’s bite broke the skin. Grandpa brought me back into the house and made me wash up with soap and water.

We later moved into a new apartment after staying with grandma and grandpa for about a month or two, just in time for Christmas. That year we got our clothes from the Salvation Army, and they brought us some presents for my sister, my brother and myself. Our toys on Christmas came from them as well.

Except for one Christmas present, that was

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marked for me. It was one of the presents under the Christmas tree.

It said it was from Santa Claus and said ‘to Chad’. My parents asked each other if it was from the other, but they both denied it. They let me open it and it was a metal toy police car. The police lights worked, and it made a siren sound.

Later my parents asked the Salvation Army if they got me the toy. They replied “No, we did not give your children any toy police cars, only clothes, and a couple of small toys.”

Then my parents asked our grandparents, and they replied “No, we didn’t buy any toy police car. We bought them socks and underwear, and one toy for each child.”

They bought me a Tonka Toy Dump Truck. I wanted to be a police man when I grew up and I was so excited. It was the only toy that I got that I loved.

However, I never asked for it.

I only prayed for it, and dropped a hand-written letter addressed to Santa Claus that grandma helped me write and dropped in the special mailboxes that

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were around town. I didn't tell anyone. I never got another mystery gift from Santa Claus again.

My toy disappeared about a week later. Along with my Tonka Dump Truck, my brother's toys and our older sister's toys as well.

About four or five months later, I was playing outside with my brother and a couple of the other neighborhood kids. Then, two brothers showed up with their German Shepard, so we start to play fetch. We were all having a great time taking turns throwing the stick for the dog.

I must have faked throwing the stick one too many times, because the German Shepard bit me in my privates and it broke the skin. The two kids that brought the dog ran away with the dog and tried to hide it in a wooded area just behind our home.

My mom called the police, and they got there quickly. The boys would not give up the dog and it was growling and snapping at the two police man. I had to show them where I got bitten, so I dropped my pants and underwear, which was covered in blood.

The police man tried to talk the boys into giving

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up the dog, however they would not. So, the officers had to act in the matter. They could not let a violent dog go on loose in the neighborhood, so they shot the dog.

I had to get the rabies shots which went up the abdomen, from the base to the top. I got 10 shots of a set of 18 before they found out that the dog was a police dog and had all its shots, which meant that I didn't need the other 8 shots. I was happy to hear that, because it was very painful. My stomach became all black and blue from the rabies shots.

We moved shortly after that to 727 east, 2nd street. The months came and went until August came along.

My brother's birthday is on August 22nd, and on that year, he turned 8 years old. Mine is August 27th, and I turned 6 years old on that same year. We had a joint birthday party on my brother's birthday, since I usually wouldn't get a birthday party of my own.

I got 1 new toy, from grandma and grandpa, which was a new police car, one that I would play

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with all the time. I even slept with it. The rest of my toys were hand-me-downs from my brother and most of those were missing pieces or broken.

It was August 27th, and I was playing with my toy police car in the living room. When my mom told me to take it outside and play on the sidewalk out front of the apartment, probably because I was getting under her feet.

I was out there when Mr. Johnson walked up to me, and said “Hello, Chad. How are you? Where is your brother, and sister?”

“Hi Mr. Johnson, today is my birthday!” I said, “I got a new police car for my birthday, see?”

I held up my new toy for Mr. Johnson to see.

“Happy birthday Chad. How old are you now?” he asked.

“I am 6 years old now.”

“That sounds like you should celebrate with some ice cream.”

Just then my mom walked out of our apartment building.

“Mr. Johnson, what are you doing here?” she said.

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“Just out for a walk. There is not much else to do on a nice day when you’re retired,” he said, “Chad was just telling me that he turned 6 years old today, then he showed me his nice police car. He’s very proud of it!”

He continued, saying, “Brenda, would it be okay with you if I took Chad up to Bridgeman’s for some ice cream, just to celebrate his birthday? I’ll bring him right back.”

“Well it is okay with me,” she said, turning to me, “Chad, you hold Mr. Johnson’s hand when you cross the streets! Do you hear me? And you listen to him. When he tells you something, you must do it, do you understand me?”

“Okay mom, thank you!” I said, “Let’s go Mr. Johnson, hurry up! I want some ice cream.”

“Hey Chad, slow down. It’ll be there when we get there, so slow down. Do you remember what your mom said? She said for you to hold my hand and walk with me. You’re supposed to listen to me.”

“Okay, Mr. Johnson.”

All the kids in the neighborhood knew

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Mr. Johnson. He would often play with us on the playground, and he knew us and our parents all by name. He always had candy for us kids.

Mr. Johnson and I walked the 3 blocks to Bridgeman's Restaurant. It seemed like it took forever for us to get there. When we arrived, I sat at the counter with Mr. Johnson.

I had a vanilla ice cream cone with 2 scoops, because it was my birthday. After we both finished our ice cream (I finished first), I asked if could have another one.

Mr. Johnson was still eating his. He looked at me and said "No" in a gentle voice.

We walked back holding hands when we came to a corner across the street. We had to cross 2 crosswalks, with Mr. Johnson whistling all the way back.

When we finally got back to the front of my home, Mr. Johnson said to me, "Chad, I just remembered that I have some ice cream in my apartment across the street. Do you still want another ice cream cone?"

I said, "yes", so I went with Mr. Johnson.

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We walked across the street to his apartment building, which was directly opposite of my home. His apartment was in the bottom, and was the 1st apartment you saw when walking in the bottom hall.

Mr. Johnson opened his door and let me go in 1st. He then followed me in, closing the door and locking it soon after. His apartment was small and he told me to go into the kitchen.

I went into the kitchen and waited for Mr. Johnson. He walked into the kitchen right behind me.

He went to the refrigerator, and opened the freezer on the top, looking in and taking out some vanilla ice cream. He put the carton of ice cream on the kitchen table, before looking for ice cream cones.

After looking and not finding any he grabbed two cereal bowls and put two scoops into each dish. After I ate two bowls of ice cream. Mr. Johnson put the ice cream away.

When he turned back around to face me, he had his hand on his zipper.

He unzipped his pants, and pulled his cock out, which he told me that was only half of it.

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“Chad, have you ever seen a cock this big before?”

I shook my head, “No.”

He proceeded to undress, removing his pants, and underwear, becoming naked from the waist down. He took a couple of steps towards me before he was right in front of me.

Then he said “Chad, do you want to touch it?”

I said “No.” I was scared and I didn’t know why I was scared.

I said, “I want to go home now.”

“No, Chad. We are going to have some fun first. Then you can go home,” said Mr. Johnson.

He did what he wanted with me for the next six hours.

He slapped me around, beating on me at times and sexually assaulted me for the entire time that he held me captive.

Before Mr. Johnson let me go, he said, “Chad if I let you go, you can’t tell anyone, or I will kill your mom and dad right in front of you! Do you understand me?”

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“No, why would you say such a thing?”

“Chad, I need you to understand that you can’t tell anyone! Or I’ll have to kill your parents right in front of you! Then I’ll get your brother, and sister, and kill them in front of you too. Do you understand me now?”

“Yes, Mr. Johnson.”

“Tomorrow, I want you to come back here right after you get up. Do you understand me? Repeat what I just said.”

I repeated what Mr. Johnson told me.

He said, “Good job Chad! I love you Chad! Did you have a good time?”

I just shook my head, “Yes.”

I was afraid of what I might say. Mr. Johnson kissed me on the lips one last time.

After I whipped my face with the sleeve of my shirt, Mr. Johnson unlocked the door.

He told me again, “Remember what I told you, and be back by 9 AM, okay?”

I just looked at him and nodded my head.

As soon as I got out of his apartment, I ran home

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as quickly as I could. When I got there, everyone was at the dining table in the kitchen. They were almost done, and there was only a little bit left for me, so I made my plate. We were having spaghetti.

I took two bites, then threw up all over the kitchen table, and before anyone could say anything, I ran. All my parents heard was a BANG! As the front door was slammed, and I was gone.

I had been at Mr. Johnson's for around six hours. However, my parents didn't scold me for being gone for so long. They didn't even search for me.

After I left in a hurry, they searched the whole apartment and couldn't find me. Then they started to search the block for me and couldn't find me. They came home, and searched the apartment again, and they still couldn't find me.

So, my dad called grandpa and grandma, told them what had happened, and they came right over. While my grandparents were on their way, dad called the police. Soon the house was filled with people.

The police were searching for me. They had been searching for about six hours. So, it was about

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midnight when I suddenly appeared in the living room.

My parents went into shock at the sight of my sudden appearance. Two men in suits started questioning me about the day. So, I told them that I was at Mr. Johnson's apartment from about noon until I came home.

I told them what he said.

That he would make me watch as he killed my parents right in front of me, and then he would make me watch as he killed my brother, and my sister.

The men in suits said that they would protect my family, that Mr. Johnson could not hurt my family. So, I told them what had happened.

When my dad heard everything, he got mad at me and slapped me across the face, saying, "Don't you lie, you tell them the truth!"

I started to cry.

"We don't think he is lying because of such detail, and how else would he know about such things, and we don't think that he gave himself those bruises," said one of the officers.

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The man in the suit turned to me and said, “Forget about it, push it down and forget the whole thing. It didn’t happen. Never talk about it again, suck it up and be a man. Men don’t cry.”

Then he turned and started to talk to my parents again.

While they were talking, I pulled down my pants and showed them my bloody underwear.

Next thing I knew, they rushed me to the hospital. When the doctor saw me, he made me take off my clothing.

I was still bleeding from my butt. The doctor told my parents that I needed to have surgery to repair any damage that was done. He asked them to sign the consent to care for me, and my dad signed the form.

The doctor weighed me next someone and had me count backwards.

Then, I noticed that my parents started to look down on me, with the strangest looks on their faces, and after all the procedures were done, we drove back home, getting there in the early morning of the next day. After entering, my parents sent me to bed.

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That day I woke up about noon.

I went to the kitchen to get a bowl of cereal, “Frosted Flakes.” My mom said that I was old enough that I could make my own breakfast, so I made myself a bowl of cereal.

I just sat down when my dad walked into the kitchen. He saw me about to eat, and then said, “What the HELL are you doing feeding him! He is damaged goods!”

Then my father took my bowl of cereal and dumped it down the sink. He looked at me with a look that sent shivers down my spine! He looked like he could kill someone.

I just sat there in the kitchen and started crying again, being left hungry and scared.

I ran to my bedroom and laid on my bed for what seemed like hours, but was actually only about a half hour. I got up and wiped the tears from my face.

I then went into the living room. My father was sitting in the recliner. He looked at me and said, “Get the fuck out of my sight!”

So, I went into the front bedroom, being

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watched by him the whole time, and found my father's pistol.

I put the barrel in my mouth.

When he saw what I doing and started to walk into the bedroom. He reached me just as I pulled the trigger, but the hammer hit something and didn't fire. My father grabbed the pistol from my hand and took the pistol away, yelling at me, "You fucking idiot, you coward! Do you know what would have happened if the pistol had fired?"

I nodded my head.

"Yes."

"You would have been killed, and you would have cost me more money! You fucking piece of dirt, you piece of shit! Get the fuck out of my sight!"

I ran out of the house, and I couldn't find anyone in the neighborhood. I found myself in front of Mr. Johnson's apartment without thinking. I went into the apartment building and knocked on his door. All of a sudden, I felt sick to my stomach, and I was scared.

No one answered the door, so I left as quickly as I could.

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I thought Mr. Johnson said that he loved me, and that he told me to come over at 9 AM, but it was in the afternoon.

That day was one of the worst days of my life, because it became the day my parents didn't love me anymore.

They hated me. I was dirty now.

My parents stopped tucking me in at night or reading to me bedtime stories to me.

They stopped giving me hugs and touching me unless it was to punish me, where I would either get slapped across the face or get a full beating.

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