

Chapter 1

The 1st Crime Story

BEWARE OF DATE RAPISTS & PARTY DRUGS!

Saturday, May 21, 2003

10:45 p.m.

Relived by a convicted date rapist:

We liked hanging out at that bar. They used to play classic rock and old school disco every Saturday night. They had those glittery, disco-colored lights spinning around and flickering everywhere.

We looked for about an hour until we saw somebody come into the bar looking like she wasn't from around there. You know how some people look when they are on vacation or from out of town—you know, visiting a friend or something.

She looked good—real good. She and her friend were staying up here for the weekend while she looked for an apartment to rent when she moved up here in August to go to college.

It wasn't just me. The other five guys with me and I all sat back every night and watched to see which one of the girls in the bar would take a free drink, if somebody bought it for them.

After 15 or 20 minutes, we would scope out about 10 of the best looking girls in the bar.

My friend Jesse was cool, so we would all chip in and give him a few dollars each. We all pitched in our money so Jesse could buy drinks

