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that your mind can except, can wrap it's self around. Like the death of noncombatants in battle are unfortunate ^{collateral damage} casualties, the cost of victory. In the criminal underworld you dehumanize the victim into terms of "it's just business". You have the opportunity to kill me and some of you are taking it with zeal, though I didn't take anyone's life ^{some} you justify ^{tailoring mine} it by dehumanizing me to the context of a monster or something of a rabid dog that needs to be "put down". It ends when I'm sentenced to death then any who sought death for me at my trial has some degree of responsibility for my murder. One does not have to do the actual killing to be guilty of taking life. ^{I proved they "silly" 22nd} Society will prove that ^{yet again} with my anticipated death sentence. That's what a death sentence is... socially sanctioned murder.... Justify it however you need to....

Murder: The deliberate killing of 1 human being by another - v. 1. to kill (a human being)
2. To ruin.

I'm no angel, I've never claimed to be, the scars on my soul have forever defined me as "different" than others. I've been conscious of this fact since I was young.

When I was about nine years old I remember my mother, sister and I had gone

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assault are devastating to the psyche. Your cognitive reasoning - your intelligence fails you your evolved man fades away, you're left with the Neanderthal, the primitive true you who knows only to escape pain.

What I was not prepared for was the combine of my demons getting the better of me juxtaposed with my failure to accurately account for the temperamental disposition of my codependent under high pressure.

In the past my personal profit in criminal activities would be more accurately measured by degree of satisfaction gained relative to intensity of risk. Not much pleases me more than a well executed strategy to achieve an objective and if things went to hell and you had to slug it out, so be it, everything depends on ~~momentum~~ "momentum" a time to summon a dark relish for mayhem. It was that depth of darkness I was not prepared for, once unleashed and dedicated to the task at hand. It's one thing to rob or suppress other traffickers and dealers and quite another to rob an "innocent" family.

I went after Mr. Petit with the same intensity that I expected in return. If someone came into my home I'd beat them to a bloody pulp then drag their ass to the curb for the powers that be to pick-up. Mr. Petit's passive disposition to the welfare of his family only confused and

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agitated the anger in me.... I don't assign blame to Mr. Petit per-se, I'm ultimately responsible for my own actions, I'm simply reconstructing the events of that morning while overruling the thoughts going on in my mind.

Aggression is the language of the criminal mind... forget all that happy go lucky bull shit the police tell you about remaining calm and doing as your told let the police handle it... That attitude killed the Petit women, had Mr. Petit fought back in the very beginning I would have been forced to retreat because momentum is everything, once lost you find another target, someone more submissive. When a criminal enters your home you better have a ~~plan~~ prearranged plan to fight back. Chances are you will not have the opportunity to make up a plan once in the middle of chaos, everything happens very quickly, the element of surprise (a criminal's biggest asset) depends on momentum, you give or take and a mile will be taken. We don't play by rules, police do, you the first line of defense for your family not law enforcement. There will always be crime, it's not going anywhere, if you don't want to defend your family then take your chances with the criminal while the police sit outside and follow ~~protocol~~ protocol if they're there at all.

Years of pent up aggression built up in prison was waiting to be released like a ticking time bomb, triggered by my attack on Mr. Petit - in raising that bat

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The scream that welled up from the sounding chamber of his gaping mouth came from beyond the subcellars of deepest conceived darkness of the human soul. A haunting sound so damningly maddening it had to be silenced... I swung again then again our eyes looked on one another as silence ebbed us in an extreme state of apprehension as time fell away leaving only he and I as the realization tugging in the stillness of that moment began to dawn. I had crossed life's bridge of dark ageless depravity, unearthing the shadow repressed within. A look of stunned shock in his eyes... Steve knelt on the window to my right pulling me back to the moment where time had meaning and was of the essence. Too much noise had been made and an unknown number of people were unaccounted for.

I quickly interrogated the father, assessing that he only had a wife and two daughters up stairs, what rooms they were in and affirmation that the house alarm was indeed disarmed and that no remote emergency button existed in the master bedroom. And that they didn't own any firearms. No complications occurred upon apprehending and restraining the remainder of the occupants of the house, all were compliant.

Assumptions suggesting a crime of psychosexual motivation bears no pertinency to me, no one can



personal demons reflected in their eyes, eyes that bore through me, as if my innermost thoughts were being scrolled across the back of my skull. I've tasted, seen and felt that this pain exists externally.

Moments of extreme stress bring out one's character in it's purest form - Haugley is a fighter, she continually tried time and time again to free herself and reach help for her family - Michaela's calm strength and poised emotion gave her an aura of fearlessness in the face of adversity - Mrs. Petit's courage ~~was~~ was/is to be respected, she could have stayed ~~inside~~ inside the bank where she was safe and there wouldn't have been anything we could have done about it. She left that safety to protect her children and it cost her her life, she met that end bravely. Mr. Petit is a coward, he ran away when he felt his own life was threatened and left his wife and children to die at the hands of madmen, time and time again I gave him the opportunity to save his family including leaving him unrestrained to anything and alone in his home while Steve and I left to move my vehicle.... And now the coward is trying to feign unconsciousness.... When in reality he can only wish he had that excuse.....

When Steve took the life of Mrs. Petit he brought both of us to a whole different level.... This was no longer just a simple robbery....

I find it ironic that I, the criminal who beat Mr. Petit, also kept him from bleeding to death by applying



a make-shift pressure dressing to his wounds, I wonder why I ever bothered.

With death's rattle rhythm beating time in my head, I ran that police blockade at full speed hurling myself at death. — I was subsequently cheated of my retribution toward Steve and my own escape through death's embrace everlasting.

Through it all I was given a new clarity... I was suddenly, acutely cognizant of a seething cauldron of disconnected rage lying in wait behind my sorrow... Repression's Shadow...

In a part of our society... Persona non Grata, a reminder of how quickly things can get out of control outside the restraint of expected social behavior. I beat a man with a bat, emotionally scared a girl, and frozen in my indecision about whether or not to take Steve out, did nothing to stop Mrs. Petit's murder, and ultimate that of Michaela and Hasley as well.

I am what I am, I make no excuses nor do I need anyone's forgiveness or pity. I'm a criminal with a criminal's mind. My anticipated ~~retribution~~ death sentence will be a state sanctioned murder of mercy. I'm not proud of the outcome of July 23rd 2007 no one was supposed to lose their lives, however I'm not surprised by the end result of human depravity. The knowledge