

LOST in DARKNESS (Part 4) By D.E.

I apologize for my extended delay with writing this. My tablet crapped out on me, COVID hit here and thanks to the price of oil plummeting to historic prices my stock portfolio has all been wiped out. Such is life sometimes.

As I recall, I last finished just before my arrest and that is where I will pick back up.

It was a Thursday and we was in the middle of die changes at our factory, so my day started at 3:45AM that morning to prepare for the 6:00AM production time. 5 O'clock that afternoon, I'd just picked up baseball equipment from the city ball fields for my sons little league team for our first practice the following day. (Even now as I sit here writing this, I feel my heart beginning to race recalling these events).

It was approximately 5:30PM when I pulled into my driveway and thought it was odd seeing a red Honda Civic sitting at my next door neighbor's vacant house. When I got out of my Ford Explorer Sport and looked up, the red Civic had pulled in behind me, stopping at the very end of the driveway.

I popped the hatch to retrieve the ball equipment and when I turned around a man was walking towards me wearing blue jeans, a casual pull over and a suit jacket. Right away I noticed a weapon on his belt, let's make it very clear D.E. does not like hand guns.

"Woah, what's this all about," I remember asking the guy. That's when he opened the side of his jacket revealing his badge. Standing in the middle of the driveway I asked if I could help him, noticing all the neighbors across the street all standing outside looking in my direction.

He asked my name and if this was my residence and if I had children. I told him it was and I had two kids but they were with their mother.

After some stalling dialogue he said that there had been some breaking and enterings and wondered if I had seen anything out of the ordinary. His cell phone rang and he backed away. I remember him acknowledging to someone 'yes its him and he does not appear to be combative.'

Shortly after a sheriff's truck pulled in beside his car, then two vans stopped at the side of the road followed by a sherrif cruiser and another truck pulling a flat bed trailer.

Then..."Okay Mr. (D.E.) we need to ask you some questions down at the sheriffs station."

I went to turn away reaching for the equipment bag asking if I could put it on the porch of the house. That's when he pulled his weapon and told me that it wasn't necessary and to keep my hands visible.

"What the hell is going on sir?" I asked, completely clueless that my life had been forever altered.

"It is at this time that I need to ask you to put your hands behind your back," he said pulling his cuffs out.

Once in the cruiser I was read my rights and taken down town. As soon as we left the house a FOX news vehicle pulled into the next door neighbor's driveway and an NBC vehicle stopped across the street. We passed another on the way to town. Now my head was spinning, "WHAT THE F**** IS GOING ON?" I asked the officer driving. All he told me was, "things will be cleared up for you downtown."

Once at the sheriff's station I was placed in an absolutely freezing room by myself. I remember hearing my cell phone ringing what seemed like a thousand times before the shut it off.

For the life of me as I sat there I could not figure out what was going on, then it hit me. Oh my god, I was caught downloading. All the crap on my PC. That was the first time I realized I was going to prison and everything I once new, everyone I'd ever known was about to be gone, including my children. I remember it was just past 7:00PM when someone came and took me upstairs. On the way there we passed two under-covers talking, "I wish to F'n god they'd let us talk to that piece of sh*t," looking at me as we passed.

We got to a closed door that said interrogation #1 when another officer said NO! The other one." (Little did I know that my ex-wife and children's lives were being changed in that room as well.)

I remember seeing a camera in a corner of the drop down ceiling and a big two way mirror that I could feel the eyes of other people burning through me.

I was there maybe 15 minutes when Sgt. C., (herein after known as C), a man I knew, entered asking if we was going to have any problems before having a deputy remove my handcuffs.

He asked me if I knew why I was there. I told him I was absolutely in the dark and asked him if my kids were all okay. He assured me they were all okay and

he'd talked with them and their mother earlier. I became agitated standing up, asking him pointedly what the F**** was going on. He stood and "strongly" suggested I have a seat.

Once seated he stared at me for what seemed like several minutes.

(C) "(D.E.) what have you been doing?"

(D.E.) "What do you mean? I don't know what you're talking about C."

(C) "What have you been doing with the kids?"

I leaned forward and looked into his eyes and asked him what he was implying. I asked him if someone had done something to either of them and he said nothing...only kept staring at me. I told him that if he was insinuating something sexual that I hadn't and would kill anyone who had regardless who they were.

With his face beat red he got up and stepped out of the room. Minutes later he returned with two bottles of water, putting one in front of me.

(C) "What if I was to tell you that we had evidence saying that maybe you had?"

(D.E.) "Well I'd have to see it and I'd tell you, you was full of it and whatever you had didn't show me doing anything to any child much less my very own."

Again the stare. Someone opened the door and told him, "they're alright and they've just left."

(C) "In time you will see it. There's been a lot of tears shed in here today Mr. (D.E.)."

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