

The Trial Of A Psychopath

The day, or I should say the gray day, of Brad Avon McTrillion's trial was one of those ugly overcast things where most people stay home – a rare occasion in this area. Charley picked me up at the slanting trailer at seven AM, and we drove my Tacoma because it was easier to park at the courthouse, knowing the hearing was likely to be standing room only because the story of my near rape and how the heroic Delta Police had caught him in the act and clubbed him senseless because he would *not* stop trying to fuck me up the butt, and how Brad had dislocated my shoulders and broken my right arm were horrifying so everyone wanted to see the psychopath and listen to the gristly details at his trial.

It would be gristly, alright.

As predicted, we couldn't find parking and walked half a mile. I had dressed demurely in a new dark red pants-suit with our silver CA&C monogram my husband had bought for me, saying it held magic and would protect me. He was overjoyed to learn that we were still married in the eyes of the Catholic Church which ignored our civil divorce. He promised that after the trial, we would be remarried civilly since his fearsome evil mother had a stroke, and now, to our happiness and her extreme frustration, she couldn't speak a word, but grunted like she was taking a dump after a month of constipation as foamy drool ran from her ugly face – on her forehead, the

sewed-in diamond, shooting fire at anyone who looked at her with laughter on their faces as we had the first time we saw that it was true she had stroked out.

Both of my shoulders were in bright blue slings and I had a dark blue brace on my right arm. The doctor said it would take around six weeks before it was safe to take my forearm cast off permanently.

The courthouse hall was filled with people clamoring to get in so they could see what a psychopathic rapist looked like, watch the embarrassed victims testify, and get turned on by the gory details of the violent rapes while being horrified. Once my story hit the news, four other victims had come forward; the youngest was a Montrose Junior High School cheerleader who was only 13. Honey insisted she wanted to testify although her parents tried to talk her out of it. “I was a virgin and he stuck it in my front side, my back end, and my mouth. I’m *going* to testify.”

I hoped I was as brave as this young, very pretty blonde. I had drunk a gallon of Camille’s chamomile and lavender tea that was supposed to calm your nerves but all it did was make me need to pee. I hit the lady’s room, and when I came out trembling, Charley asked, “Are you ready?”

He found a guard who yelled and pushed the spectators aside to let us into the hot, sweltering courtroom, so hot, the air conditioning couldn’t keep up. The brick walls gathered sweat moisture, forming drops that ran freely.

We were seated with the other four victims and their families in the front, opposite the jury composed of people I recognized. Shit! They knew I was a street walker. They might convict me instead of my rapist. I looked over and was horrified to

see Brute Brad seated directly across from us, his beady black eyes boring into the females he had raped, a smirk on his face, proud of himself.

I wondered how many women, other than the unfortunate junior high girl, he had ripped their anuses inside out as he had tried to do to mine. I shuddered and my body went cold with fear.

Charley had anticipated my chills and wrapped a warm quilt around my shoulders, despite the humid heat, and with his protective strong arm around my shoulders, I felt better, but still got the shudders when I happened to glance across the hardwood furnished room at my rapist. "Don't look at him; look at the judge and jury. Let them see the pain and fear in your eyes."

A group of tough, scarred Marines pushed their way into the courtroom and tossed the early birds from the front row to sit behind their leader and stare across at me with dark accusing eyes.

The clamor was hushed by Her Grave Majesty's entrance. I saw Charley's mother, clothed in royal purple, being pushed in a wheelchair by Charley Senior since she lacked the motor control to run an electric chair and the mouth stick constantly pulled her false uppers out. She had some use of her left hand and held a lengthy riding quirt she slapped people with as she grunted, probably trying to say that her son's wife, the slut who had enticed this handsome man for his money to play with her pussy was in the witness box with the other victims.

Her husband's red face indicated he would rather be having a beer with the guys at Tex's Bar. He had made friends quickly since he could slip out and his bitch-of-a-wife couldn't stop him, being disabled. He was a happy guy these days.

Lysander made her wimpy husband push the chair as close as possible near defendant in orange, his hands and ankles cuffed, Barbarian Brad McTrillion. He looked somewhat cowed, but met her beady black eyes, making it clear he was her employee as I had suspected.

“All rise.”

We did.

Judge Brown walked in quickly, his black robe swishing as he sat down with a loud thump at his large oaken desk and slapped the gavel down with the crack of lightning. “Order in the court!”

Everyone sat, wondering which of the innocent victims would be called to the witness stand first. It was up to the Denver defense attorney who looked like a criminal himself with slicked-back, half-balding black hair, pock marks on his gnarlish face and in his yellow-stained teeth. He licked his lips and stood before the jury. “Ladies and Gentlemen of this stupid, isolated, and uncultured farming and mining town,” he said with utter disdain, “I intend to prove to you that these whores are trying to blackmail a fine American Marine turned big businessman who provided used weapons to help our cornered country stamp out the vestiges of communism, Nazism, and terrorism around the world. They want millions, alleging a crime that certainly didn’t happen.” He wiped his nose with his silky black jacket sleeve, and then realized he should have used the pressed white silk handkerchief in his front pocket. He pulled it from the pocket and wiped the snot off, and after looking at the yellow clump, folded it neatly into its point and tucked it back into the black silk front pocket.

People’s noses crinkled and some of us urped quietly.

The Delta County Prosecuting attorney, Dr. Bolo, a brilliant Jewish lawyer who had retired from the Denver legal system for a quieter life in Delta, looked like Andy Griffith with white hair, a plump clean-shaven face and a warm, compassionate smile. He said, “The evidence will prove beyond a shadow of a doubt, that this man,” he pointed at the wry-mouthed defendant, “Bradly Avon McTrillion, is a hardened serial rapist who has raped, we believe, many more women than these five. There is strong evidence indicating that he, like the infamous Ted Bundy, has raped and murdered women as young as eight, not only in the United States, but throughout the world, but that fact aside, I hope you will listen closely and objectively to the testimonies of these upstanding women from Delta, Montrose, and San Miguel Counties.”

The tension in the courtroom intensified as the walls sweated, making rivulets down the bricks.

The cloud cover thickened.

It was going to storm, perhaps violently.

The defense attorney, Wiley Usher, quickly strode forward on his expensive, leather-soled black shoes and just before reaching the box holding the witnesses, he slipped and fell, busting his butt.

A uniformed bailiff rushed to help him up, and in the process of Mr. Usher reaching for the officer’s belt, he got ahold of his gun and accidentally pulled the trigger. The shot flew at the judge, went over the heads of the jury, and I watched it come at me like a big black bug heading for my windshield directly at my frozen eyes.

Charley shoved my head down, and the big .45 slug smacked into the heavy oak paneling directly behind my head. It was an omen, an evil one. I might be dead before I testified.

The sweet 13-year-old sitting next to me screamed and hit the floor. Her father pulled her up as he held out a little white pill to me. "Its Xanax, maybe you should take it. It will help you relax."

I grabbed his hand and using it for leverage, forced it down my dry throat. I tried to say, "Thank you," but the pill stuck.

Charley patted me on the back as the audience stared at the big black .45 caliber hole behind my head, thinking I was dead since my head was below the covered banister.

Black Brad laughed with joy as Lysander bonded with him with her creepy half cackle from her twisted and drooping black lips.

The darned pill was stuck half-way down and wouldn't come up. I hacked and hacked as Barbarous Brad laughed loudly, sounding hysterical.

Everyone in the courtroom stared at his maniacal Charlie Manson eyes, his straight white teeth gleaming under cold neon lights, the walls sweating from sweat. It was so fucking hot!

My husband stood me up and did a quick Heimlich Maneuver and it looked to the crowd that he was trying to squeeze the life out of me or something worse, like fuck me right before their eyes. Brutal Brad's eerie laughter was the only sound in the court room.

His guard grabbed the white-tipped handkerchief from his attorney's black silk pocket suit and gagged the asshole, yellow goober in the appropriate place. At last, it was quiet and the soothing Xanax made a trip down to my stomach, slowly dissolving on the way into my small intestine. Honey's father was right – it worked fast and sure relaxed me. I collapsed into my handsome blond-haired, blue-eyed husband's arms.

Someone at the back yelled, "Is she dead?"

The highly efficient and highly motivated custodial staff had waxed the hell out of everything including the bannisters for this once in a life-time event, including the judge's big oak desk and the windows. Charley slipped and we disappeared.

I realized the young teen next to me had beautiful muscular and very smooth white cheerleader legs. I touched them with the palm of my hand, and she looked down. "Oh, thank you, that feels good, do it some more, I'm very tense, you understand. We have to get up in front of all these gawking people who are waiting for the nasty sexual details."

I worked my kneading palms up her legs and into her formerly virginal area, and thought better of it since she might be embarrassed to have her first orgasm as Judge Brown stood with a red face yelling, "Order in the court," breaking his brand-new gavel his wife just gave him for their 55th anniversary. He threw it at the defendant and it pierced the yellow-soiled expensive silk handkerchief his attorney had thoughtfully donated to gag his client so he wouldn't fuck up his man-on-man defensive plan. Said attorney was up, leaning against the witness's waiting booth, rubbing his soft skinny ass, breathing his cigarette dragon breath into the face of a pretty brunette victim.

The soon-to-be convicted defendant started chewing on the stick like it was a Havana cigar. The jailers must not have fed him a Breakfast of Champions.

The formerly raped woman from Telluride leaned over and gave Mr. Usher a gentle push. He skidded backwards and landed across the floor in his client's harsh lap, hitting the hard chiseled chest which knocked him out. He slid down and horny Brad started humping the back of his attorney's head until the guard shook his finger at him, saying, "That's a no no."

Chastened, Brad stopped and tried to apologize to his greasy lawyer, "Sorry."

My husband got me back into my seat. I saw the bright red face and purple pulsing juggler vein on Judge Brown's old wrinkled neck that were sure indications of an impending heart attack. I ripped off my shoe and like Nika Khrushchev at the UN, I pounded on the bannister and in my deep authoritarian voice, yelled, "Everybody shut the fuck up! This is a rape trial!"

Immediately, the courtroom was quiet.

Judge Brown threw me a grandfatherly kiss and looked at the awakening defense attorney, Wiley the Weasel. "You were going to call your first witness."

A bailiff got him standing and since he was wearing special foam-soled shoes to withstand sliding on the thickly waxed hardwood floor, helped The Weasel make it over to where the witnesses sat with baited crab breaths.

He stated, "Charlene the Cunt Williams to the witness stand," with his usual respect for a witness.

Charlene's face colored and her loyal loving husband helped her stand. She made it over and faced the defense attorney who had very bad breath.

“Mrs. Williams, please inform the court why you think that my handsome, charismatic client, innocent Brad Avon McTrillion, shouldn’t just pay you a few million instead of making up these lies? He took you to dinner at an expensive motel in Montrose, and it was *you* who ripped his clothes off in the hall as you walked, drunken and stoned on cocaine to his lovely plush red-carpeted motel room. You couldn’t wait for him to go back and forth between your well used holes, isn’t that correct?”

Her face went hot. She became a tigress. “I was walking down Main Street shopping for toys for my daughter. Suddenly, this stolen red Jaguar bounced over the sidewalk and that man,” she pointed at the orange jump-suited man chewing on the broken gavel through the white linen handkerchief of his attorney, “Dragged me into the bright red sports car and pushed a white chloroformed pad over my mouth. I woke up in a hayfield to him pounding me! He blew into both of my very tight holes, and then he peed on me. Laughing, he walked away.”

“Isn’t it true that your alleged rapist wore a black ski mask throughout the attack?”

“Yes, but when he was peeing on me, he pulled the mask up momentarily to make sure he was pissing up and down on my beautiful, formerly anal virgin body. I have an excellent memory since I’m a librarian, and I will never forget the smirk on his handsome face as yellow urine sprayed like a firehose.”

It went on for another thirty minutes, the reporters scribbling with lust on their faces as they took notes, the film cameras rolling, and the flash of photographer’s clean new cameras.

“Your witness counsel.”

Andy Griffith stood. He pulled from a plastic bag a pair of light blue silk panties and handed them to Mabel. “Are these your panties that you were wearing that dreadful night.”

She took them and one sniff, she said, “Yes they are mine.”

“Ladies and Gentlemen of the jury, forensic analysis has determined that the semen and pubic hair contained hereon are from that man,” He pointed at the scowling defendant, “Bradley Avon McTrillion.” He let the fact settle into the jury’s minds. “No further questions, your Honor.”

Next was the twenty-four year old legal secretary from Delta. A similar line of embarrassing questions, then the one question from Dr. Bolo who now sat with a slight grin on his face.

The blue-eyed blonde thirty-year-old housewife sat with her once pretty, now scarred, face looking down at the hard highly polished oak floor, speaking so quietly, the judge said, “Mary, *please* speak up.”

The Bailiff moved the hanging microphone as close as possible to her mouth. Mary said that she seldom went out and had no idea how the Black Dragon had identified her as his victim. She was leaning over her newest baby in the pink crib when suddenly, he took her by force, her two small children screaming as they watched their mother being raped, too young to call 911 or know they should run next door. When she came too and gathered her wits, she crawled, leaving a trail of blood to her phone and called 911. Mary was in the Montrose Hospital for a week since The Brute had slashed her between her anus and vagina, saying he was a surgeon who often performed episiotomies. She didn’t know it was possible to hurt more than childbirth. Then he left

her bleeding with Death by a Thousand Cuts. She should have passed, but her two toddlers kept saying, “Mommy, don’t die.” The plastic surgeon had done a great job on her face, but still I saw the remains of scars on her very pretty innocent face.

“Mary, I’m troubled to ask, but are these the clothes you wore during the attack?”

She flinched and said, “Yes, those are my bloody and torn clothes.”

Dr. Bolo turned to the jury. “Again forensic analysis indicates that the hairs on these clothes belong to the defendant who tortured this helpless women as if he was a Viet Cong in the jungles. He left her to die in front of her terrified young children, a baby in the pink crib.”

Their faces were tight and drained. The foreman nodded.

“No futher questions, your Honor.” Andy Griffith had an easy job during this trial, but he wasn’t relaxed – he was thinking of how despicable the defendant was and wished McTrillion could receive the death penalty, but the maximum sentence for each rape was 24 years, and he could possibly be released after serving 75% of his time. Judge Brown would likely sentence Bradly Avon McTrillion to five 24 consecutive terms with no possibility of parole. He’d be held in the sex offenders unit in Cañon City where violent rape and frequent shankings were impossible to control. He would likely spend most of his life in solitary confinement.

If more women came forward or if the authorities located the dead women who had gone missing from Durango, Aspen, and Steamboat Springs, and the prosecuting attorneys were able to convict him, those sentences would be added. It was likely Bloody Brad would find a way to hang himself.

The brave teenager was called to the stand. Honey described her utter shock when one evening after a JV football game between Montrose and Fruita, she had lingered behind, enjoying the radiant feeling of victory, when suddenly, a masked man grabbed her from behind and forced a wad of something over her mouth. The field was empty and no one saw him drag her beneath the football stands where he took her virginities. “I woke up and felt this incredible pain in my anus. I tried to scream through the gag, but it was impossible. The more I fought, the more it excited him and after he did it to me multiple times, at last, he hit me on the back of the head and I blacked out.”

“Little lying child, what makes you think that this graduate of the U.S. Marine Academy who swore to be honorable and uphold the laws of our country was the man who raped you?”

Honey’s face flushed hot red and she pointed at him. “He’s a brutal pervert, after the second time he fucked my pussy, the asshole pushed his black ski mask up so he could watch himself spurt onto my white virginal breasts, then he forced it into my mouth and came again.” She stood, shaking, her youthful index finger pointing at Brad. “He laughed at me as he came in my mouth. I nearly choked on it. I had never been with a boy and this man took my innocence from every part of my body! Everybody at school knows. They’re calling me the whore who wants more!” She slumped onto the hard wooden seat, crying her young, once innocent, blue eyes out.

Her father jumped up and ran to her, barely maintaining his balance on the ice ring slick floor.

A big guard stopped him and forced him to turn back as a gentle white-haired social worker cuddled and talked to Honey. She got her calmed enough to return to her

bench next to me, but her father took her out of the hot, sweating courtroom, everyone's mouths open as they stared and shook their heads.

The reporters, cameramen, and photographers all had erections bulging from their black pants.

Men!

“Counsel.”

“No questions your honor. The DNA evidence upon this child's cheerleader uniform has been entered into the record. I believe the witness has suffered enough trauma for one life.”

Charley squeezed my pale olive hand. “Relax, you're going to do fine.”

My heart, mind, and spirit of ill-joined elements compressed together in the midmost uninhabitable heat, sweat curling down my neck, front and back. I needed to pee from the tea. I motioned Dr. Bolo over and asked if I could use the restroom.

He carefully walked up to the dominating desk, avoiding slipping on the overly-waxed floor. They whispered quietly.

The judge stood. “We're going to take a fifteen minute recess so the last witness can use the restroom. Bailiff, please escort her, and everyone else remain seated. Do *not* leave your seats. The doors will be locked to prevent those in the overcrowded hall outside from rushing in and fighting for a seat.” He hit the desk with his hand. Then he stood, asking his court recorder, “Where's my old gavel, the one that has lasted for years?” Mumbling, “They just don't make things they way they used to back in my day.”

I made my way to the lady's room, everyone watching, their heads turning, their shocked eyes approving or disturbed. The rear doors opened wide, and people stood

back with expressions of admiration or disgust at the street whore who was about to testify. Charley wasn't allowed to come with me as a support. I had to make this trip through the hot narrow tunnel alone.

Slime and oozy marshlands swelled with heat, thus the earth, deep-coated with brine, produced black wounds, pouring forth their poison. I made it into a stall and sat down. I was so nervous I couldn't pee. I sat there and sat there, straining, thinking of Brutal Brad and his employer, Lysander – my husband's mother who had tried to murder me several times. She had killed our only son because we wouldn't allow her to see our children for fear she would kidnap them and lock them in her military camp on the hill and drill them senseless, whipping for any error. The Devil's Queen, Lysander had once wielded at will the roaming thunderbolts and was obedient to no law for she thought herself *the* law and was above the laws which she gave herself. The Queen of Death would stop at nothing. I was suddenly panicked, fossilized, and petrified as I remembered that Brad's team of professional Marine snipers was sitting behind him in the courtroom. Had they manufactured plastic undetectable hand guns? One shot was all it would take, a bullet in my brain as I started to open my mouth.

A female guard's voice, "Mrs. Austin, your fifteen minutes are up."

Still no luck. A tiny squirt and I pulled up my dark red underwear with our silver CA&C monogram on them for luck on this repugnant day. On the way down the hall, it started raining outside, light at first and increasing in strength as they opened the double doors to the wretchedly hot court room, the walls running in streams from the sweat. "Perhaps it will cool a little," I thought.

Wet drops of condensation from the ceiling were falling all around, raining inside. It was so hot and damp, Lysander's black hair turned into curled fanged snakes. I didn't bother to go to the bench where my husband sat tensely because Wiley Usher was waiting with a cruel smile on his pot-marked and scarred face. He gripped a rubber tipped metal cane I feared he would strike me with.

As I stepped up to the small booth with its hard oak chair, worn from many butts rubbing on it, a loud blast of thunder rattled the bullet-proof windows, installed should a disgruntled felon return to shoot up the place that had sent him to the Cañon City prison. Multiple lightning strikes lit the room and rolling thunder made the overhead lights swing. People looked up with wonder on some faces, fear on others.

I raised my right hand to swear to tell the truth, nothing but the truth so help me God!

The storm's fury increased, long, low rumbling thunder shook the walls and hot white strikes made us all afraid, very afraid, except for the bound, now ungagged defendant who flipped me the bird as he smirked.

Judge Brown didn't see it. He was looking into my eyes with that look, the one men had when they threw open their truck doors. He said softly, "Coco, you have beautiful dark brown snapping eyes." He caught himself. "Do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth?"

"I do." I yelled loudly. I had to, for the thunder made it nearly impossible to hear amidst its ongoing rumbling and the cracking of dynamic explosions outside, hard large drops of rain sounding like gravel in a pickup's well wheels, the windows bowing in as

the rain turned into hail, growing to baseball-sized hail that pounded on the roof and walls and windows, making it impossible to hear.

Satan called.

Death and dishonor.

Like bullet holes of different sizes, the hail smashed into the south-facing windows, making us afraid the glass would suddenly shatter onto our heads, cutting us.

I saw the defendant give a nasty smirk. He wanted to rape me again. My ass was still a virgin.

One of the Marines reached for his undetectable weapon, but to my extended relief, thought better of it.

I glanced at my enemy.

Queen Lysander tried to smile as she drooled, coffee stains befouling her false teeth because her husband joyfully refused to clean them, her diamond-speckled big black bosom green with bile and venom on her tongue. She had never smiled and now, due to her stoke, could not. Her mouth widened, her nose curved out, her skin turned hard and scaly, and fangs appeared, dripping poison. With flashing crimson fires and phantom forms of savage beasts of prey howling through the courtroom, the defense attorney yelled questions at me no one could hear.

Judge Brown stood and slammed his old gavel down – it held. “A fifteen minute recess,” he yelled into the microphone, “Until this storm passes. Everyone remain seated. Bailiff, lock the doors!”

Wiley Usher stood close to me, his evil criminal eyes staring and his cigarette breath foul.

I leaned back but didn't look away, charged with the fierce storm's fury.

He looked back at the rapist who was laughing his fool head off, manic again, a macabre, terrifying, and sinister expression twisted upon his cruel psychopathic face. Suddenly, The Brute leaped up and got the back of his jump suit opened as if to take a shit, and then he jumped ninety degrees to moon me and the judge as he bent over to his hardened toes.

Three barely mean guards took him down and redid the plastic cuffs, fashioning his legs and arms to the bolted-down grey metal chair.

I didn't need, we didn't need, to hear to know he mocked this hearing. His sniper team might slaughter the witnesses and judge within moments. I saw one of them stand up and reach into his coat pocket as a huge lightning strike hit the top of the building directly onto the court room. The lights went out as if a rocket shell hit inside the hallowed room. The sniper's hand froze inside his coat.

People stood and looked back at the locked doors, then sat down holding one another closely, rocking and weeping in the chaos of this wind-driven storm that had never occurred in our area.

I glanced up at the brick wall above Brutal Brad's head and imagined a large crack in the bricks running down, and I hoped it would collapse like the House of Usher and crush the killer-rapist.

The lights returned their seeing, and I felt a calming, although my heart was pounding. This was an omen from my Lord and Savior, Jesus. With the other women, I would convict this brutal rapist.

At last, the lightning and deeply rumbling thunder passed, turning into a light rain, nourishing the soil which so desperately needed moisture because the crops were standing brown in the fields and the sheep ba'ed with thirst. God gives to one and all and I was going to give it to Brad.

The courtroom cooled to a comfortable temperature, the storm sent by my angels.

“So, Coco Elena Mendoza Austin. Would you tell the court your history, starting from the time you arrived in Delta up to the point where you flagged down my innocent client, Bradly Avon McTrillion on a cold night on the Main Street of Delta so you could steal over one hundred and seven thousand dollars from him while he innocently and peacefully slept in your shabby trailer brothel where you had taken advantage of many decent men, especially husbands who trusted the,” he made the marks with two hands, “Whore with a heart of gold.”

I wasn't going to let him get under my skin. I felt my husband's loving eyes upon me and drew strength from him. I began with my ex very dead boyfriend and the fear his brother's instilled in me, forcing me to leave my beloved grandmother behind in Lubbock, Texas. I told of railroader Roy, his kindness, generosity, and voice of love, and about my gentle, laughing and hard-working cousins who had moved to pick California fruit leaving me completely alone and without hope.

I spoke of having my cars and pickups fail, losing my job at Walmart, and how incredibly difficult it was to feed my pretty daughter who was now quite successful as a physicist. I emphasized that I was a good, faithful, and pure Catholic girl, forced through starvation to walk the streets, suffering shame, disgust, and humiliation, angry at myself

and my inability to get an accounting job. I was trapped into desperate poverty, the dumpster behind City Market my store.

Then that fateful night when I walked the cold, closed, and empty Main Street of Delta, and the handsome man who offered me a warm ride in his new Rolls Royce SUV, and how he had pulled me in by my thick raven hair to his big ugly thing, and so on until Brad had my arms bound in front. I came up at his clefted chin with my fists together, but it only angered him. He grabbed both of my arms, and as he drove them over my head, it dislocated my shoulders. I was too shocked to cry out, but I screamed when he broke my right forearm with a hard chop of his meaty Marine hand. I knew he liked his victims to scream. It turned him on, so I bit my tongue until it bled. Lip-froth venom, wild deliriums. Maddened lust for murder and rape ground up.

I found my arms dislocated and blistering with red pain – still bound and broken behind my back as Barbaric Brad's breath tried to eat my nose. I touched the scars on my cheeks with my aching left hand. A savage beast. The black hawk swooped down after a fluttering white dove. The long, curved circuit of the scorpion Queen's claws, its poison tail lashing at me. The twisting snake.

I was a star, though never falling, I seemed to fall...

Inside, it still rained little drops, hair getting wet. The wetness cooled the whole waxed floor, and then as if the light of God came from His Holy Finger to create life on earth, the clouds suddenly cleared and the sun streamed into the courtroom with its love, making everything too bright for our adjusting pupils. The crystals in the bullet-proof windows formed by the hail now cast rainbows of sparkling light about the polished oak court room.

My dread-sure proof affords. I told of the courageous Delta Police busting through my busted doors and clubbing this madman who fought them furiously, me squirming into a corner with my head and body covered with all the blankets I had because even as he fought the cops totally naked – he kicked, and kicked, and kicked me purple.

At last, they beat him down and his bloody body twitched on my foam pad on the floor leaving a pool of evidence. A wonderful policewoman sat before me. She was red-haired, tough and kind. “Coco, may I take your hand?” Everyone knew me, everyone knew what I was shamefully forced to do to survive – even my daughter who turned the black and white TV volume up high as she watched Daffy Duck do silly things, her laughing.

I cautiously extended my left hand, my right forearm broken, bruised and screaming in my bleeding ears, my body whipped, lashed, bound, and raped, raped, raped senseless, repeatedly by the most brutal, heartless, psychopathic man still alive on earth. He was worst than Ted Bundy who merely strangled his victims after he had dry sex with them. Brad had claimed he wanted to marry me! He had brought a big blue diamond ring! I didn’t want to be his bound and beaten sex slave so I had refused to open the door that he had easily crashed through since he had tore it off two weeks before, planning, premediating to rape and rob me on orders from his boss, Lysander Austin.

The court room sat silently, people trying to absorb the chaotic horror described. They could not.

“Cross-examination, counselor.”

Dr. Bolo stood with five large clear plastic bags. He asked me to identify my sheets, clothes, blankets and pillows upon which the careless thief and rapist had left his DNA. He turned to the jury and needed to say nothing.

The judge dismissed me and I courageously held my head high as I all but strutted to my amazed husband. He stood and took me into his arms, and I collapsed, dead to this world.

Next were all of the fine, brave Delta policemen and woman who had saved my life.

It was interesting to hear their point of view. How frightened and angry they were when they burst into my bedroom to see this huge man trying to stick his cock up this small olive skinned ass which bucked and fought for her virginity, her life, determined to not let this brute have his way. They were each hurt, and some had broken bones for Bloody Brad was a tough, combat-hardened Marine who ran 20 miles in the morning and lifted hundreds of pounds each evening. He lived to fight, rape, and kill.

Closing statements.

It was clear.

The exhausted jury took less than fifteen minutes. It was long past dinner time.

Doubt grieved me

With shaking old fingers, the foreman opened a small white piece of paper.

Everyone held their breaths.

“Your honor, we find the defendant, Brad Avon McTrillion, guilty of rape in the first degree on five counts.” He sat down and nearly passed out from fatigue.

Silence.

A wraith stood from a new wheelchair. Lysander, Satan's wife, stood to everyone's amazement. She threw her crippled right arm at the sky and took a step at me, hatred on her black face – she was coming to kill me. Another wobbly step. And thus in wrath and indignation spoke bloodshed and outrage – born beyond doubt of blood betrayed by a dark stream she swore, and when it touched the Queen's wet black beard, venomous snakes rose, their fangs dripping with the love of death.

And I wondered that the floating clouds had wrought the day into the darkness of night. I stood erect, unafraid to speak as my strong husband stood bravely at my side. With thorny briars, fear breathed a baleful blight deep down into my bones.

Satan's Queen spread a stream of poison black as a tar pitch inside my lungs, clogging them, seeping through my limbs. My blood paled. The leaping sulfur grasped at the offered flame

Bacchus.

Brad stood up, breaking his wrist and ankle cuffs, the strong plastic was nothing to the Devil. He sprinted at me.

My courageous husband met his chin with a doubled up fist, breaking his jaw and shattering his teeth.

I kicked him in the balls – too bad he was already unconscious.

With nameless fear fled across the scarps, the huntress fleeing these men in numb stiff roots, my face and head became the face of an eagle. I flew at Lysander, my enemy, my torment. She had wounded wild beasts, her countless arrows slew my only son, but now the blotted Python whose vast coiled across acres spread their blight, she would eat us all, but the stroke prevented her black mouth to open.

The baffling words blind coverts.

Turning the class so many forms of life scarred and remodeled and old uncouth images. I walked up to the frozen form with its fist raised high, and I touched the sewn-in diamond on her dark forehead, my shoulder screaming its pain with my left index finger.

Ebbed with her blood, The Black Diamond Queen breathed her last breath and through her body stole the chill of death. In that moment, her face turned blacker and her skin seemed to burn as it turned charcoal. She shuddered for a long terrifying moment, her frozen fist in the air and her skin wrinkling as if she were a mummy.

She keeled over.

I stepped away from its fall, and the huge body dropped straight forward. The hard oak floor thumped as if she was a bowling ball, and it bounced thrice more, then at last lay still but not at peace. It twitched relentlessly as the power of darkness partook its leave.

Everyone stared, but Wolves swam among our sheep: The sniper platoon which had served under Major McTrillion in Afghanistan pushed through to the defendant, their leader, stomping on feet, knocking spectators down and tossing people aside. They were planning to rescue him!

I ran to my husband. "We must stop them."

The guards had their weapons out. There would be bloodshed tonight. Shots rang out as the Marines pulled their plastic one-shot weapons from inside their camo coats. They had no chance.

All six lay dead at my feet.

Bacchus rose, a dragon breathing fire. I kicked him in the testicles as my husband punted his head. The guards quickly had him cuffed, this time with steel.

“Enough!” Charley said as he pulled me through the chaos and combat. “We shall always remember this day in its ragged parts.”

My mouth dry, I wished only for peace.

His father called out, “The Queen is Dead, the Queen is Dead! Thank God Almighty, the Queen is Dead!”

People joined in chanting, “The Queen is Dead, the Queen is Dead! Thank God Almighty, the Queen is Dead!”

We headed for the door.

No more, no more, no more

Mommy!