

Recorded 16 April 76 at 3:35 P.M.

John Earl Williams

Music being played on tape.

Whoever gets me, I don't know who it will be, kill me or shoot me or don't kill me, I'm going to be here, I know what I'm doing. I think I'm a little crazy. I think I'm going crazy, I don't know, but I lost everything I've ever dreamed I could have. My dad, he mad with me. I don't have many friends. I lost the girl I loved and I'm just tired. I have nowhere to go, I have no job. I just don't know. I don't want to hurt nobody. If anybody gets hurt when we're shooting, it will be an accident. I don't know, I don't want to hurt no one, I'd sooner die. I'm not brave enough to kill myself, like suicide. What I'm doing is suicide, I know. I'd rather have someone else kill me than to kill myself. My name is John Earl Williams, I am eighteen, I'm in the National Guard. And ain't too many friends around here. I love my dad, that's all I have. But I ain't brought nothing but trouble to this house. I ain't brought nothing but trouble to nobody. The day will come and maybe I might realize it. I know today the day is April 16th and mom and dad have been to the hospital. My stepbrother, John, I don't know where he is and I barricaded both doors. They'll find this tape player on the third floor, where I'll be. I might be dead, they might catch me. I got a hundred rounds of eight milimeters, fifty rounds of three hundreds, twenty-five rounds of shot gun shells, twenty rounds of 30-30's. The eight milimeters belong to my dad. All three guns are my brothers. So, if I don't make it, which I hope I don't, I just want you all to listen to this tape. I don't have no hostages up here, I don't want none. I'm doing this by myself. The girl that I love is Joyce Holrind, she lives at 1240 W. Lombard, I love that girl. She said that we just can't work it out. I just can't quit. I don't want to do this, but I have to. I'm just tired. You won't find me with no drugs. I'm perfectly sane, I think. I know that I took dope before (inaudible _____ in Spring) I ain't going to tell you the person who gave it to me. I don't want him in trouble. If someone would tell Joyce for me, thank you for treating me so nice, cause she has. When she broke up with me, I just couldn't cope with life. She's all I ever wanted. If I can't have her, I don't want no one. Not even myself. Tell my dad that I love him very much and I didn't mean to cause all this trouble. Tell Ms. Frances she's like a mother to me. I don't let her know it. I guess we all make mistakes. For the rest of my relatives and my friends, I don't have many friends,