

Chapter 1

I confessed to twelve murders and here I am in prison for the rest of my life. I confessed to everything in exchange for life in prison and no death penalty. I also wanted to go to a prison near my brother Dean, my sister Alberta, and the rest of my family. I had just reconnected with them recently and I was not going to make the mistake of losing touch with them again. If they agreed to those conditions, I would go quietly. If the D.A. did not agree with what I was asking for, I was prepared to drag my case out if I possibly could.

So, I...Randi Nolan, Hailston, Ohio's first (and hopefully only) female serial killer...am in Walkashaw State Prison in Montana...a maximum-security prison and one of the worst around. Therefore, it was either here, where I am allowed in the general population or be in a medium security prison and be in lock-up 23 hours of the day...every day. It wasn't rocket science. It was a part of the deal my lawyer and Dean was able to work out with the D.A.

I suppose now...at 33 years old and 2 years in prison...I am ready to accept the life that I have created.

Ready to face *where* I came from...

...to face *what* I had done...

...and to face *who* I am.

The prisoners here are tough. I can handle it though, because of the nature of the brutal murders I have committed, mostly everyone leaves me alone. There are always a few who try to test me, to push me over the edge. A few months ago, there was a girl who thought she was tough enough to take me on. Well, let's just say she lost that bet. I was put into solitary for 3 weeks, but

it was totally worth it. In here, if I don't stand my ground and let them know that I will not be bullied...I will never survive. I must survive for Dean and Alberta.

I have one friend, my best bud, and sidekick, Jax. She had that nickname since she was 4 years old when her grandmother showed her how she used to play Jacks when she and her sisters were little girls. So, she changed the spelling and it stuck with her all her life.

Her real name is Davan...which means adored one...Murphy. Her parents came to the United States from County Cork, Ireland when Jax was just 5 years old. If you listen closely, you can still hear a hint of a brogue. It's kind of cute.

Jax has short strawberry Blondie hair, stands a petite 5'2", and wears a tattoo of little shamrocks on a vine beginning at her wrist, climbing, and winding upwards around her elbow, crawling up her bicep, and landing on the back of her right shoulder wrapping around a larger shamrock. She is true to her heritage.

Jax had a tough time adjusting to American life and would frequently get into trouble at school. Matters only got worse when Jax was about 12 years old. Jax was much smaller framed and when the other girls began developing, Jax fell short in that area. The other girls made fun of her causing her grades and self-esteem to suffer.

Jax parents were not rich people...in fact...they were ordinary working-class people with decent jobs who worked hard to send Jax to a child specialist. It was working well, Jax confidence grew stronger, her school grades improved, and she did not let those schoolgirls get to her anymore.

About 4 years later, when Jax was 16, Cullen and Fiona Murphy were driving on the highway and a man, who on his way home from work, had a heart attack while driving his car. It swerved into their lane hitting them head on and all three of them were killed on impact. Cullen and Fiona Murphy were just 38 years old. The man in the other car was 58 years old. Jax doesn't

like to talk about it much. The pain is still as strong as it was the very day it happened. Something I know all too well.

That's how Jax life of crime got started. Her foster parents already had troubled kids living in the house. Since Jax was an only child, all the commotion and trouble were just too much for her. She had a tough time adjusting and she ran away. She didn't know what to do but knew she needed cash quickly.

One day, she was hanging on the street corner and noticed someone getting out of a cab, tosses cash through the window to pay the cab driver, and walked away. Jax had a revelation and began robbing cabs. When she had enough money, she bought her first gun on the street, graduating to armed robbery.

She was doing well for a while...if you consider committing crimes to make money being successful. She was petite, so she was swift and able to get away fast. It took 3 years before her first arrest.

I know every single detail of Jax life. Apart from her parent's death, Jax loves to talk about everything and anything and we have all the time in the world to talk. Me...not so much. I was vague about my life up until about 6 months ago.

I guess that became my wall because my mom always told us to keep quiet in front of my father. The terror he caused would have been so much worse if it were not for my mom protecting us the best she could do under the circumstances.

So, as a requirement of the deal with the D.A., I must meet with the prison psychiatrist once a week. The D.A. wanted more, but the doctor couldn't fit it into his schedule. Apparently, I am not the Dr's only patient. Well, why the hell not? I have enough baggage for at least 12 patients. If I weren't a prison patient, he would schedule me, and get rich off me besides.

Anyway, the Dr suggested that I start a journal. Reluctantly, I did and Jax saw me writing in it one day and that's when I started talking about it. Jax is compassionate and wanted to help me deal with it before it got the best of me. I thought...how could I get any worse?

"Randi, are you with me?" Jax asked.

"Uh, oh. Yes. Sorry, Jax. What did you say again?"

"I said, I saw my lawyer this morning and your name came up. I told her I thought if we had a laptop for your journal, it would be helpful to you..., and then it hit me...that we should write a book about your life. She said she was going to ask about it. What do you think? It would help you and give us something else to do in here," Jax explained.

"A book? Jax, I'm having a hard enough time opening myself up at all, never mind writing a book about it. I don't even know anything about writing a book. I..."

"Shh, slow down a second. I will help you," Jax said.

"I don't know Jax," I said.

"What do we have to lose? You need to write a journal anyway, at the very least, that's what we are doing," Jax said.

When Jax first arrived at the prison, she studied for her GED, went on to college, and got her degree. She learned about computers, engineering, about running a business, so that when she got out of prison, she could invent a security device for cab drivers.

The device would be mounted underneath the dashboard of the cab. When the cab driver pulls over to pick up a fare, the device would flash and beep to alert the driver that the person is carrying a gun, take a picture of the person, and automatically send the picture and location to the police department. This will give the cab driver a chance to pull away before letting the person into the cab. It's a clever idea if she can create it and make it work.

“Okay, Jax. I’ll do it. Baby steps, okay?” I said.

“Sure, Randi. Take your time, we have that,” Jax says.

With that, it was time for lights out. Jax and I share the same cell. She has the bottom bunk and me the top bunk. I hopped up, lay down, and just stared at the ceiling.

Chapter 2

I continued writing in my journal for the next couple of weeks until Jax approached me very excitedly. I hadn't seen her, yet that morning and she came in screaming my name.

"Hey, Randi! Randi! My lawyer came through. Look. We got our laptop. We are not allowed to use the Internet, but that's okay. Now we can get started on our book."

"Okay, great," I said. Nonetheless, I wasn't sure if I was as excited as Jax was, but I knew what I wanted to start talking about first. I took a deep breath in and let it out again. "Okay, here's the story," I said.

When I was 17 years old, I ran away from home. I didn't finish my senior year of high school and I was homeless for about 10 years until my sister Gloria found me through a private investigator.

"Why did you run away from home? I thought you had a good relationship with your mom?" Jax asked.

"Yes, she was the best and strongest mother in the world. My father was the one to fear. My father murdered my mother and her boyfriend."

"Wait, your father murdered your mom and her...what...boyfriend? Oh gosh. How?" Jax asked.

"I'm not ready to get into the details of what happened. Not yet. That incident...he destroyed my life and caused me to become who I am." I started to cry. "I'm just not ready to talk about him. I don't know if I ever will."

Jax said, "Of course. I understand. I had no idea you went through anything like that. I just thought...I'm not sure what I thought...I'm sorry. You don't have to talk about it if you don't want to. You talk about whatever makes you comfortable. I am here to listen."

Well, I was pretty much catatonic after mom's and her boyfriend Glenn's funeral. I assumed my siblings went their separate ways, so that's what I did also. There was no way I could go back to that house. I didn't know what to do or where to go and I wasn't mentally able to function at a job or do anything. I would move from shelter to shelter to eat and sleep sometimes but roamed around during the day. Sometimes I slept under the highway where many other homeless people and drug addicts were.

I would steal money from whomever and wherever I could just for alcohol. I even stole alcohol from the people under the highway when they passed out. They were so out of it anyway...they had no idea anyone had stolen their bottle. When they woke up, they just assumed they had drunk it all.

I didn't care if I ate. My first priority was drinking, and the food was secondary. I would eat when I remembered to or if I was close to a shelter. I didn't want to feel the reality of what had happened to mom and Glenn and the alcohol numbed me.

I rarely showered. Sometimes, I would sneak into the park at night, bath, and wash my clothes in the big water fountain. Sometimes, I would wash up near a huge section of the highway where the rain would just pour through underneath. We could stand underneath it, undress, and shower off. We called it the porto-shower. I didn't always get to do that because whenever it rained there was a fight to see who was going to get there first.

One day, two guys got into a huge fight and nearly killed each other. Needless to say, they both lost out on their shower chance. Weeks later, one guy died from his injuries, which got infected because of who he is and where he lives. Some people would rather not go to the ER. The other guy was arrested and put in jail. He didn't resist the cops that day... I think he would have

rather been in jail where he can get regular meals and a bed inside a building, than a dirty, disease-ridden highway any day.

“That must have been a nightmare for you,” Jax said.

“It was. I’d still be there or worse if it weren’t for Gloria.”

“How did Gloria find you anyway?”

One day, while having dinner at the shelter one evening, Donna...the lady who works there, was talking to a man near the front door. The man was showing Donna a picture. Donna turned, pointing in my direction and they both walked toward me. I bolted for the door, but the man caught me. I was terrified and started to cry. I didn’t have any idea what he wanted with me. Donna was able to calm me down and then explain to me what the man wanted with me.

We didn’t have many pictures of us, so working from memory, Gloria was able to describe me to this P.I. guy, creating a sketch and then using aging software to create a picture of what I may have looked like at that time. That was the picture I saw him showing Donna that day.

Of course, I didn’t trust him. Anyone can come up to me and say your sister Gloria hired me to find you and I’m here to take you home to her.

“So how were you able to realize he was telling you the truth?” Jax asked.

To keep us safe from strangers, especially from my father, mom always told us if she was ever going to send someone to us on her behalf, she would give them the code word. We would use this code word anytime we may need it, even among ourselves, and never ever tell anyone what this code word is. This man knew the code word.

“What was the code word?”

The code word was ANODYNE. Because mom always said we were innocent, we did not deserve what we got from dad. Mom says all children are the innocent ones and adults are sometimes the bullies. In addition, she wanted a word that no one can ever figure out.

When that man told me Gloria sent me, I started to walk away and go back to my dinner. While my back was turned, he said very authoritatively, ANODYNE. I knew he was telling me the truth. I knew that Gloria had sent this man to find me. I wasn't sure how to process this information or what I should do next.

Fear came over me...my legs began feeling weak and shaky. I mean, what did he want me to do, run home into her arms as if everything was okay now? I didn't believe it was real.

Donna said this was my chance. My chance to have a normal life. She believed this man and she believed in me. So, I let him take me home to Gloria.

Gloria and her husband Jerry took me in, cleaned me up, and took care of me. One step at a time I was able to get to a better place. Gloria held my hand the entire way. While Gloria taught me to be strong, Jerry taught me about finances, how to get a job, an apartment and survive on my own.

Meanwhile, all the time Gloria was helping me...she was terribly sick and didn't tell a soul she wasn't feeling well. Until one day when she was unable to hide it any longer, Jerry took her to the hospital and after extensive testing, we found out she had leukemia, but by then it was too late. All we could do was to make her as comfortable as we possibly can. She said she never regretted a moment. She said she would rather have spent the time with me than in the hospital. She passed away a few months later.

“Geez, Randi, I am so sorry for your loss. I’m also sorry you are hurting,” Jax said. “Is that why you started killing?”

“No. That came a bit later. First, I’m going to tell you about Gloria’s viewing and what funerals are like,” I told her.