

Voluntary Statement

Case Number: 2012-3064 Date 10.04.12 Time 0246

I, Jake Evans am 17 years of age and my birthday is May 22nd 1995. I live at 152, River Creek Ln. in Aledo, Parker, TX.  
(address) (city) (county) (state)

I am giving this statement to Ranger Bradford who has duly warned me that I have the following rights:  
Sgt. Rick Crosby

- JE I have the right to remain silent and not make any statement at all and that any statement I make may be used against me at my trial.
- JE That any statement I make may be used as evidence against me in court.
- JE That I have the right to have a lawyer present to advise me prior to and during any questioning.
- JE That if I am unable to employ a lawyer, I have the right to have a lawyer appointed to advise me prior to and during any questioning.
- JE That I have the right to terminate the interview at any time.
- JE I understand each of these rights and do hereby knowingly, intelligently and voluntarily waive these rights. I make the following voluntary statement of my own free will and without promises or offers of leniency or favors, and without compulsion or persuasion by any person.

I <sup>had</sup> just got home from the allergist and having ~~that~~ <sup>lunc</sup> when I started watching Rob Zombie's Halloween. In the movie a 12 year old boy murders his stepfather, sister, and his sister's boyfriend. It was the third time this week that I watched it. While watching it I was amazed at how at ease the boy was during the murders and how little remorse he had afterwards. I was thinking to myself, it would be the same for me when I kill someone. After I watched the movie I put it back in the case and threw it in the trashcan so that people wouldn't think that it influenced me in any way. After that I went outside to hit golf balls in the yard for about an hour. I went inside around 5:30 P.M. and just sat in the living room thinking about how I was going to kill my family. My plan was to kill my sister and my mom at my house and then go over to my grandparents and kill my oldest sister Emily and my two grandparents. Then I was going to wait until morning and kill my other sister Audrey because she was visiting from college. After I got up from the couch it was ~~about~~ between 6 and 6:30. My grandma had called my mom to ask

I have read each page of this statement consisting of \_\_\_\_\_ page(s), each page of which bears my signature and corrections, if any, bearing my initials, and I certify that the facts contained herein are true and correct.  
Dated this the \_\_\_\_\_ day of \_\_\_\_\_, 20\_\_\_\_

(Signature)



2012-30164

Page 2 of 4

it I wanted to go to the cleaners with her. I went and while we were in town we got dinner. We made a quick stop at the post office and then she dropped me off at my house. I took my dinner to the pool house and watched Family Guy for a little bit. I went back ~~to the house~~ into the house <sup>and</sup> saw that my mom and sister were watching the debate. I went outside again to swing freely with my golf club. Around 9:00 PM I went upstairs in my house to watch Family Guy. About 10 minutes later my sister came upstairs and asked if I wanted to watch a movie. I said no because earlier that day at the allergist appointment she made racist comments about a black worker that was mowing the grass. She said, "Ha, that black guy looks like a monkey." In the past Mallory had always said racist comments like <sup>that</sup> and would also make fun of homeless people. I scolded her for what she said and told her that she was becoming white trash. We continued arguing in the doctor's office and when ~~we~~ we got back into the car I told her to look up the word lynching and to see if she had the same opinion about black people. She then said that she would never be a part of a lynching but is still a racist. I then said that she makes me sick and called her a racist bitch. So that evening after I told her that I didn't want to watch ~~a~~ a movie she went to her room and I went downstairs to my parent's closet and I <sup>got</sup> my dad's blue foldable knife. I went back upstairs and kept pacing back and forth imagining killing Mallory. Thoughts of causing her pain kept entering my mind and were really bothering me. But then I'd think about the times she ~~had~~ hurt my feelings or really pissed me off. So finally around 9:30 I knocked on her door and asked her if she wanted to watch Waterboy. She said yes and sat on the couch beside the sofa I was on. I told her that I was going to the art room to get a pin. When I was in the art room

Jake Evans

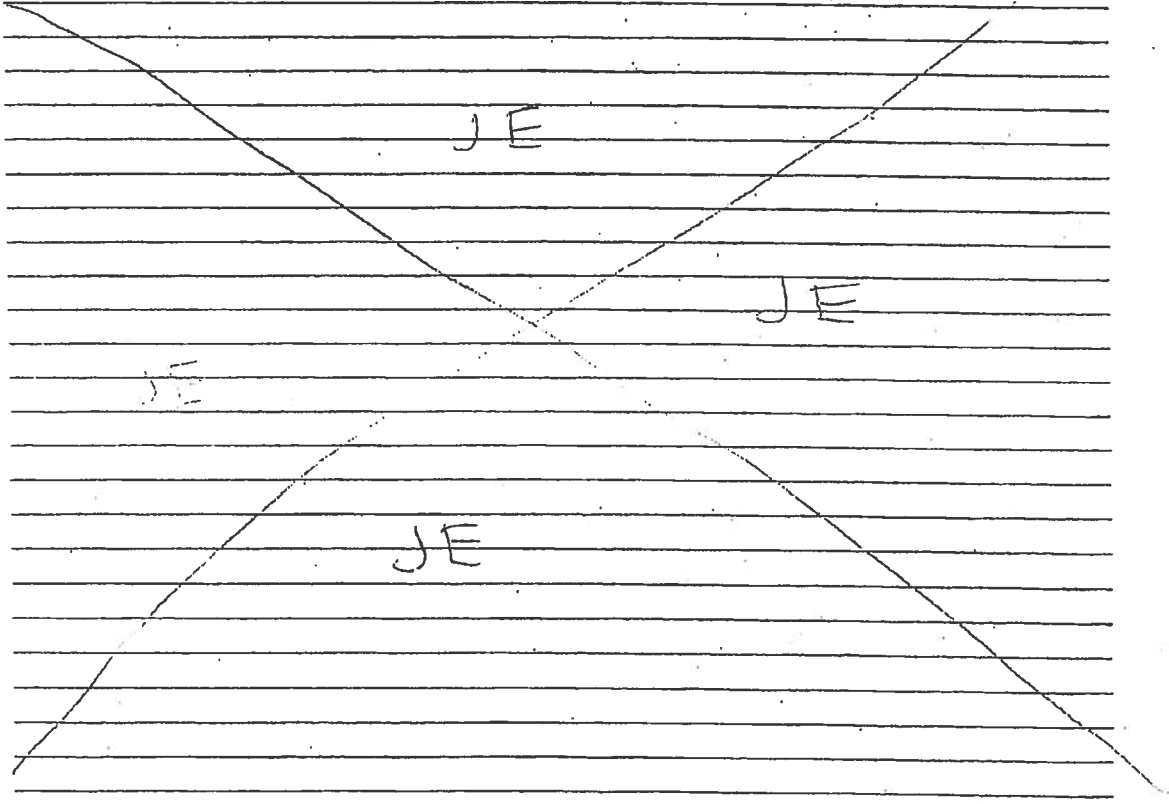
2012-30164

Page 3 of 4

I stood there again imagining killing Mallory. After 30 minutes I finally went in the room and sat on the sofa with the knife in my pocket. I sat for about 5 minutes and then playfully threw a pillow at Mallory. We started having a pillow fight in the room. After a while I thought to myself that if I were to kill my mom and Mallory, I wouldn't want them to feel anything, so I decided to kill them both with the .22 revolver I stole from my ~~grandpa~~ grandpa. I told Mallory that I needed to go downstairs for a little bit. After I saw that my mom was in the study I went to my closet and picked up the pistol. I set it on the bed and was nervously opening the cylinder over and over again. I then spent probably over an hour walking nervously around the house thinking how life will never be the same and how I would never see them again. Around 11:15 I went upstairs with the pistol and stood there for about 5 minutes. I knocked on the door and told Mallory that mom needed her. She came out and out of the corner of her eye saw me pointing the gun at her. She thought I was joking and told me that I was freaking her out. I shot her in the back and then the head. I ran down to the study and shot my mom 3 times. In shock I ran to my room and was screaming at the top of my lungs that I am really messed up and that I killed my mom and sister. As I emptied the shells on my bed I heard noises and realized that Mallory was still alive. While I loaded the gun back up I was shouting that I was sorry and then ran as fast as I could to kill her. I then made sure my mom was dead and shot her again in the head. After the shooting I walked outside for a few minutes and then came back inside. ~~Very shocked and scared I placed the gun on the kitchen~~ Very shocked and scared I placed the gun on the kitchen

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counter and walked into the living room to dial 911. When I look at people, especially teenagers, I see them as being very cruel to one another emotionally. It seems that their favorite hobby is picking on someone else, ~~and who are full of themselves~~. The people who are racists, bullies, and who are full of themselves are the really evil ones. And it amazes me ~~that~~ because those three qualities are extremely common today. I was very sad because I felt like my own family were becoming the people I hate. I know now though that I'm done with killing. It's the most dreadful and terrifying thing I will ever experience. And what happened last night will haunt me forever.



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