

Part One

How it Started

Chapter 1

September 23, 1989 1970

On the weekend of my 9th birthday, my brothers and sister were in the hospital having tonsils removed (July 3rd). I stopped at my cousin Johnnies (my dad's brother's kid). John also had a cousin from his mother's side of the family. I think his name was Mike. John was a month older than I, and Mike about a month younger. The three of us were in John's room getting ready to go swimming in a 1-foot deep pool he had. John and Mike wanted me to watch something. They both pulled down their swim trunks, then touched their penises together. I don't remember what was said, but I ended up doing it with Johnny.

A few days later, at home, I remember pulling my swim trunks to my knees and crawling on my arms around our own little swimming pool. I remember feeling excited about it--"skinny dipping," I think is what they call it.

So, I had, at age 9, had one sexual experience with two nine- year-old boys, and one sexual experience while alone.

Also, that same summer, after a bath, I remember rubbing hand lotion over every part of my body. This gave me a warm feeling inside. I do not recall having an erection while rubbing lotion into my groin, crotch, and other things. (At this point I did not know what it was called. I'd never heard any of the terms used; i.e. dick, balls, penis, privates, secret parts, etc.)

At the end of that summer I was very upset, though I didn't show it, because I had to change two or three pairs of pants in

front of mom and two or three aunts to show them my new school clothes. I didn't like them seeing me in my underwear.

This gave me a good start on the road of sexual deviancy.

This started in July of 1970. I had just turned 9 years old, and was preparing for the 4th grade, in Yakima.

With about a month left in the 4th grade, we moved to Umatilla, Oregon. I was unhappy at the prospect of moving again.

It had now been three years since I completed one entire school year at one school.

Now between 4th and 5th grade, my 10th birthday in July. At the end of July some people moved into the empty house next door.

They had two daughters; Vauna, my age (my class at school), and Darla, 8 or 9 years old.

One day Darla had an idea. It was something she had said she'd done before. Kathy (my sister, four years younger than I) and I went into Darla's garage.

Back in the corner, Darla went first. Kathy seemed just as interested as I was. Darla pulled up her shirt a little, then pulled her pants, then her underpants, down to her knees. She stayed that way for about five seconds. That was just enough for me to ask her to do it again. I wanted to study her a little longer--I'd never seen this before. But she said it was my turn. I was disappointed and frustrated when Darla wouldn't look and my sister did. Darla said she'd seen it before on other boys. This may explain why a lot of my future victims would be boys.

I don't recall any other incidents until the end of my 9th grade year, at the age of 14. I'd been teased by the girls, and by the boys in the locker room. Later on a counselor told me I may have been trying to "prove" I was a man. He also said that these incidents just mentioned were normal childhood experimentation.

Chapter 2

1976

In March or April I remember seeing a picture (no details actually showing) in National Geographic. There were several naked men. I "snuck" five or six peeks at that picture over three or four days. My parents split up in June. I knew it was coming, and was relieved. It was about this same time my deviant behavior began.

As you will see, things started out as flashing, and got progressively worse until I tried to get a boy to go into an empty building with me three days before his 8th birthday. I hoped he would allow me to molest him (perform oral on him and crotch fuck him), but was prepared for a forced rape.

Fortunately, he knew something was up. I was found innocent of the charge against me, but was offered access to whom I believe is the best counselor in this type of business, and have had no problems since

June 13, 1977.

It's quite simple. The junior high I went to was three blocks from home, and let out fifteen minutes before the grade school, one block from home.

Mom and dad both worked. My brother and sister got home about ten to fifteen minutes after the grade school kids walked by our house.

So, at home alone, I'd yell "HEY" as younger kids, mostly 8-10 year olds, walked by. They'd look up and see me exposing myself from an upstairs bedroom window.

This happened eight or nine times over about a three month period. I flashed just one boy, or groups of up to five or six kids, if most in the group were boys. I never flashed just girls-- only when they were with a group of good-looking boys between 7 and 10 years old.

One day I flashed a single boy and he just stared as he slowly walked by. I thought he liked it. That night a cop told mom and dad someone exposed himself to a boy from this house. Mom and dad wondered if it might be one of my friends. But that stopped the flashing. School was almost over anyway--there wouldn't be any more kids walking by.

I decided to take my flashing on the road. That way, if they told, they wouldn't know where I lived.

Around my 15th birthday I'd ride my bike around town. As I'd done three or four times already, I'd find a good boy or group of boys, then ride around the block. I'd pull my cock and balls out through my fly and hide them by pulling down my T-shirt. When I returned to the boy(s) I'd pull up the shirt and say, "HEY!"-- exposing myself. This happened eight or nine times.

On one occasion there were three 9-year-olds and one 4-year-old. A couple of the older ones yelled, "Do it again!" as I passed them. I went back and stopped. I said, "I'll do it again if one of you do first." Right there on the sidewalk the 4-year-old pulled down the front of his pants. He only exposed his groin, but wouldn't do it again. They all said, "Now you again."

I took them into their yard behind some shrubs and pulled down the front of my shorts (I wore no underwear on these trips). I said, "Anyone want to touch it?" The 4-year-old did and said, "Yep--it's real!" They all laughed, and the 4-year-old and two of the 9-year-olds agreed to meet me at a vacant field nearby that evening so I could do it again and show them some tricks (making it "bigger," "bouncing" it without touching it, and making stuff come out), and I might even teach them how to do it, but they never showed.

That was the last time I ever flashed a kid. One had touched me, and gave me a better feeling than just showing myself. I now wanted to be touched, not seen.

To put this in categories, Category 1 was flashing--no contact. I'm now moving to Category 2--them touching me.

Chapter 3

September 26, 1989

My problem was in getting a kid to actually touch me, and not scare them off. The answer came quickly. I found a group of six kids (three boys, three girls) in a school playground. I wanted to be touched badly. That want took out worries of location, numbers, or whether they were boys or not.

I asked them if they wanted to play a game. Yes they did, "What?" "Line up your backs to me, and I'll put something in your hand, and you have to guess what it is without looking."

I gave them a rock, then an ink pen. Then I said, "I'll have to hold the next one so it doesn't get broke." I reminded them not to look, and let each one wrap their hand around my cock for two or three seconds (they're all 8-9 years old).

None of them knew what it was when asked, but one boy said he might know, but he'd try again anyway. They each tried again, but still didn't know. I pointed to my now-covered parts and said, "This." The one boy said, "Yeah--I knew it!" I asked and the one said he'd go to a more private area and do it again, if someone else went, even if they didn't play again, but no one agreed. A couple weeks later, I hadn't found any more boys I could approach, so I settled on three girls. I went up to them.

One, about 6 or 7, had a shirt on the ground. All were on some swings. I asked the topless one, "Are you a boy or girl?" She said, "Girl." The other two were 8 or 9. One said, "He just wants to see your kee-kaw."

They then, upon being asked, played the same guessing game as the previous kids. They said "yes" when I asked if they wanted to see "it." I said, "I will if one of you will." All three girls agreed the youngest would drop her pants. She started to run. I chased and caught her. She fell to the ground on her back. I got down on my knees, straddling her legs, and started to unsnap her pants. She started crying, and I let her go.

A school janitor must have seen all this, including the "game." He asked if I wanted to come inside for a while and help him. I didn't. I thought he was going to call police. I learned a few months later a janitor there was fired for raping a 7-year-old girl and an 8-year-old boy. (He almost had a 15-year-old boy--me!)

A few days later the youngest girl was on our doorstep with her father. Dad came and took me to his apartment for a chat. I gave up on getting strangers to touch me.

Chapter 4

At this point, it didn't matter if I had boys or girls. I didn't know what you could do with either one, except get them to touch you. (I'm now about 14 or 15 years old, remember.)

Then one day some cousins were over. Among them, 9-year-old Cindy. I played the guessing game with her. She knew what it was, but agreed to go into a closet with me for another guessing game! In the closet I had her hold my dick for a few seconds, then had her pull on it as hard as she could. I had her feel my balls. Then I had an idea! I could touch a kid, instead of just them touching me!

I was happy when she agreed to pull her pants down as long as I left the closet door closed so I couldn't see her. I put my hands on her hips. I could see her outline. I asked if I could touch it." She said, "Oh God" (her favorite expression). I put my lips against her "kee-kaw," (the only name I knew it by, thanks to the girls at the school), and blew on it.

A few days later we were at her house. Cindy told my sister (10-years-old) and her 8-year-old brother, Mike, what we'd done before, but they didn't believe her. I said, "Let's do it again." Cindy said, "Where?"

I told Cindy, "Right here, so we can show them so they'll believe us." She pulled down her pants. I said, "Lay on the end of the bed." She did, pants around her ankles, legs bent at knees over end of bed. I helped her spread her legs out and got my first good, close look at a girl.

I saw that she didn't wipe very good, as there was a crusty film around her "kee-kaw." I almost didn't do it, but decided it was that way when I did it in the dark closet too. Mike and Kathy watched as I again blew out against Cindy's "privates."

Cindy then helped me talk Mike into trying it. This first time, at age 14, I had an 8-year-old cock in my mouth. I just blew it right back out.

Later, alone with Mike, I put a hand down the front of his pants as I leaned over his shoulder from behind. I wanted to know what he felt like. He made me stop or he'd "tell." I stopped. About this time I was questioned about some incidents around town (flashing, and asking two or three kids to pull down pants with no luck) by the police. This was around my 15th birthday. I missed a band trip the beginning of my sophomore year because of this.

I didn't do anything more until about January of 1977, at age 15, because of my police scare. (No charges were filed, because I was a "nice kid." I did go to therapy for about two months, then quit.)

I started again because I was asked to babysit a 6-year-old boy, a 3-year-old girl, and a 1-year-old boy. I had a week to write down what I planned to do to them all. I'd get away with it because I'd do it around midnight to 1:00 a.m., while they slept. I planned on licking all their butts. My counselor had taught me the "birds & bees," and various ways of having "sex" (new word and ideas!) with men/women, or, men/men. Well, I decided to try men/boys! So, I was going to suck both boys' dicks, lick their butts, rest their hands on my privates, and masturbate them. The 6-year-old woke up when I tried to pull down his PJs and underwear. I couldn't pull down the 1-year-old's diaper, and didn't want to remove it for fear of not being able to get it back on and being found out by their parents.

I decided to try my plans for the girl. I'd of course lick her "vagina" (new word from my counselor), instead of sucking

dick, or "penis" (new word!), and continue with her butt, and her touching me. I'd also wanted to put my dick between all three's legs to "simulate intercourse" (counselor).

The 3-year-old girl had no PJ bottoms as the older boy did.

All I had to do was pull up her night shirt, from a spot just above her knees, to her stomach, exposing her belly-button. This was very easy. I didn't even have to first remove blankets, as I had the boys. She was on top of the covers of her parents' water bed, which was plenty warm. She was lying on her back.

Having now gotten down to her panties, she was still sleeping soundly. I slowly and carefully pulled the waist of her panties down to her crotch.

I had been in my underwear when first entering the boys' room, so my shirt, shoes, or pants wouldn't make noise and wake them. That would also make it easier to get my dick out to set their hands on.

I now removed my underwear, and finished pulling the girl's

panties to her ankles. Now completely naked myself, I set her hand on my dick and wrapped her fingers around me. I left her hand there as I felt her "vagina"; then licked it after pulling her legs apart about four inches at the knees.

I got on the bed over her and let my stiff cock rest in her crotch for about 30 seconds. I then dressed myself, licked her once more, and re-dressed her. I didn't think she woke up, but the next afternoon, out in the yard, she tried to put her hand down the back of my pants. I stopped her, wishing we could have been in private when she tried it!

This incident gave me courage to go looking for boys to suck

(licking the girl wasn't very fun). I'd now gone to the next step up. I was preying on, or hunting for, boys who would pull down their pants when told, without a fight. Force would not be used. I figured if I didn't make them do it, they wouldn't tell.

(Interestingly and with no explanation, Dodd's

chapter-by-chapter account abruptly ends with only a "Chapter 6" heading. However, attached to it was a "death log" of his actions and intended actions as they related to the Neer brothers, Billy and Cole, with entries beginning on Saturday evening, September 2, 1989, two days before the Neer brothers' murders, and continuing until Tuesday, September 12, 1989. Also, extensive plans were located in Dodd's briefcase for carrying out "Incident 2" and "Incident 3," with yet another detailed "log" of the atrocities he carried out on four-year-old victim Lee Joseph Iseli following Lee's abduction from a Portland, Oregon school playground. Interestingly, and depicting his careful planning and premeditation, the September 2 entry starts off with a hand-drawn map of David Douglas Park and the surrounding area.)

Saturday, September 2, 1989

Located David Douglas Park and did this (an arrow points to the hand-drawn map of the park). Ideal area--South and West sides of park are wooded gully. Isolated areas, especially in the east end. Within one half hour saw three together (6:10-6:40 p.m.), and nothing else. Good for R & M (rape and murder) at sight, or K (kidnapping), R & M.

Sunday, September 3, 1989

10:40-11:00 a.m.

Checked same area out. Intend to spend up to five hours this afternoon to obtain what I want. Depending on circumstances will R&M at sight, or may K from there, R at home, and again depending on circumstances, will either M at home, or take to another location and possibly R again before M. If I can get it (note how he refers to his victim as "it," an object and not a person) home I'll have more time for various types of R, rather than just one quickie before M.

NOTE: I spent evening of 9-2-89 and morning of 9-3-89 preparing photo book #P-1. In my photo books use this key:

P-photos by other photographers, old and new, some "art."

C-photos of children I see nude, or get them to pose for me, but I have no sex contact with.

V-photos of children in a more than once relationship, who I trust to keep quiet. Some of these photos may have me in them also.

M-photos of children who I forced, or they cooperated, either way ending in M.

In photos I just put into P-1, all were taken from a series of books from "Life Library of Photography," from two of the books in that series, "The Great Themes" and "Photographing Children." These photos take up pages 1-11, inclusive, in book P-1.

(It is interesting to note that Dodd's photo book, P-1, also contained several photos of religious art works depicting, for example, Mary, Joseph, and the Christ child, the birth of Christ, Virgin and Child, and so forth, concluding with nude closeup shots of Dodd's erect penis while he was either sitting spread-eagled in a chair or in a standing position.)

11:45 a.m. All my actions from now on will be logged immediately following each circumstance, and those logs/stories I'll refer to proper photo album and page number as they exist for those stories. I hope within four months to be using video tape as well as Polaroids for certain cases.

11:50 a.m. Will get a cup of coffee and head out for a few hours.

12:05 p.m. (Begin hunt) Intend to have fun today, or tomorrow at latest, since tomorrow's a school-closed holiday (Labor Day).

2:00 p.m. Returned home for food/drink.

(Time for reflections on "the hunt.")

1) Two boys--approximately 9 & 10/11. Oldest big for his age- would have taken younger (smaller) if alone for R & M.

2) Two girls--7 & 12--would have R & M, younger if alone.

3) 4 boys--three were 7 or 8, and one about 12. If older was not there I could have separated younger three, doing M to first two then R & M to the last (best looking of three). They were looking for place to go to bathroom and kept saying, "Just go for it here." I watched. They finally realized there was a restroom in park.

4) One boy about 4 was wandering away from teenagers playing ball, but never got far enough away or out of their sight, else I would have gotten him further out of sight for possible R, R, & M or at best R & M.

2:15 p.m. Lunch, tea to go, will be back on hunt by 2:25p.m. 4:00 p.m. Back home. No luck. There were four boys and two girls, but with two adult females. Three boys were good, fourth a ways away but possible. One girl possible. If only I could get one to three boys alone (one up to 10 years/two up to 8 or 9 years).

4:12 p.m. Better-equipped (added long shoe string and large

Ace bandage to the knife I've been carrying. Knife will be held by the Ace bandage to ride better.) Ace or string also used for tying up, or to use for choking, instead of relying on kid's shirt to choke (may not have a shirt & I may not want to use knife-- especially since knife would best be cleaned on their shirt(s)). Choking may be best. Back to hunt by 4:30 p.m. (last of day). 5:30 p.m. Gave up--went to look around Fred Meyer (large department store). There was a 6-7 year old boy there with some cute little shorts, and no shirt. I had an urge to pull his shorts down right there. I went back to the park.

6:00 p.m. Started walking away from car--after 50 yards three boys, all about 7 years old, passed me on bikes. I went back to car for my knife. I intended to separate them, do two M's, and than an R & M, but they rode off again. I wonder if they'd have stopped if I hadn't gone back for my knife? Will try again tomorrow. Noon to 3 or 3:30 p.m. seems best hunting, esp.

12:30- 2:00 (for a Sunday).

10:00 p.m.

Dad gave me some geographics (National Geographics) and photographer mags. I'll now search them for more photos to add to my "Child Porno Collection."

Monday, September 4, 1989

9:35 a.m.

Awoke three or four times last night. Seem to have maintained a stiff erection all night. Only a boy can make it soft again now. Now ready for my second day of the hunt. Will start about 10:00 a.m. and take a lunch so I don't have to return home. Got to thinking last night I'm better off taking them somewhere else to M them. If I leave M'd ones there, I'll lose hunting ground for up to two or three months; but if they just disappear, it won't be as bad. This is even better than the river in Richland (Washington). (The "hunting ground" Dodds referring to here is David Douglas Park in Vancouver, Washington.)

5:40 p.m. Got home. At park for all but two trips totalling one half hour. Only two incidents.

1) 1:15 p.m. Two boys on bikes. I passed them, watched for 2-3 minutes and passed again. They were 9-10 years old. I started walking away and they followed a ways behind. I finally decided to turn and confront and separate them (they were a little big), but they took another trail and left.

2) 4:30 p.m. Boy in red (about 7 years old) on bike passed me. I turned to run him down but his father was a little behind the boy and came into view as I saw the boy's great-looking butt on the bike seat. It was well-rounded--he would have been a great fuck.

5:45 p.m. I was going to call it quits, but believe I'll go try once more before weekend is over.

6:10 p.m. Arrived park.

6:15 p.m. Began walking from end of trail.

6:18 p.m. Found two boys. No one else around. About proper age, I figured.

6:19 p.m.

I approached and said, "I want you two to come with me." Older said, "Why?" I said, "Because I told you to. You can bring your bikes if you want." Said that because younger was going to leave his behind. I didn't want someone to find it and start looking for him. I realized they were not American (Caucasian), but was committed. I had never liked the idea of sucking foreigners. They both followed me for about five minutes--to most isolated part of park. We passed two teenagers and I warned the boys not to talk to them.

(Approximately) 6:25 p.m.

Had learned older boy was 11 years old, named Cole, and younger was 10 years old, named Billy.

Also, older than I thought but I was committed. Leaving bikes on trail, we went a few yards into the trees and bushes. Billy kept quiet, Cole always said, "Why?" once to each command by me. I had them stand back to back, and tied their wrists together tightly--binding the boys together by a 10-inch piece of cord. They then both faced me and I knelt in front of them.

(Approximately) 6:30 p.m.

I said one of them had to let me pull down their pants and Billy quickly said, "Him." Cole said, "Why?" I said I wanted to suck his dick. Cole asked if it would hurt--I said no so he said OK. I was hoping for Billy, since he was younger and prettier, but I didn't want him to scream nor to cry louder than the little whines he just started. Cole agreed. Billy was wearing jeans. Cole was wearing shorts.

I pushed Cole's button-down colored shirt up and slid fingers into waist of his shorts and underwear, and pulled them to his knees. Cole almost looked Chinese. His cock was different than any I'd seen before. I lifted it and felt his balls. He had a fairly large sack, (biggest I'd ever molested), but his dick was pretty short and a little thick. The head was really pretty large, however.

I moved in and sucked to pull in blood and make him erect.

The head of his dick was just as big as the base, entire cock about one and a quarter inch long. He was definitely the oldest I'd ever sucked. I swirled it in my mouth a little. The entire oral was about 40 seconds (he erected very fast!). He had a birthmark (light brown) covering about one-third of the top of the head on his cock. I wish I had more time to study him. I pulled up his pants and turned to Billy. I wanted to suck him longer than I did Cole, but when I said I wanted him to do it to me, he started crying again. So I told Cole he had to do something else. They both said they had to go because they were hungry, late, and dad would be mad. I said to tell him they got lost.

I had them kneel to their knees and pulled Cole's pants back down. I decided I had to cut them loose to do what I wanted, and did. I put the rope pieces in my pocket (no evidence to be found). Billy said he'd go tell dad Cole would be late. I said, "You can go in a couple minutes--I'm almost done." Billy knelt back from his knees onto his heels (Good he couldn't make a quick getaway!). With Cole's bare butt toward me, I unzipped and pulled my jeans and underwear down in front only, and attempted to get my cock

into Cole's crotch from the rear. I quickly gave up--unable to get an erection (I was in too much of a hurry--must slow down and relax next time). Cole turned to face me. I didn't notice if he pulled up his pants or not. I learned later he didn't, as you'll see. I said, "Just one more thing," as I again took knife from sheath (hidden in sock under pant leg).

They were both facing me, about a foot apart, me centered in front of them. I reached out and shoved the knife into Billy's gut. I thought he'd drop, but as I quickly turned to Cole before he could react, Billy grabbed his stomach and started running.

Cole had just started to turn and rise. So I went for his gut and caught him in the side. He may have then been dead, but kept moving. I then got him in the chest, and the third stab struck him, but I'm not sure where as I was rising to chase Billy. I didn't want him to reach a nearby busy road.

I caught him by the right arm. We were both running--I stopped and stabbed him, I believe in the lower side, as he spun.

He said, "I'm sorry! I'm sorry!" as he spun around. I stabbed him again in the left shoulder I think as he went down. I didn't stay to make sure he was dead this time.

I ran to where their bikes were on the trail and started walking. I put the knife back under my pant leg. I went about 30 yards and decided to run back to make sure I hadn't left any evidence behind. I found Cole flat on his back, head tilted to the left, eyes (the one I could see) still open, arms at his side. He was covered with blood and not moving. At first I thought something was poking out of his belly, then realized his pants were still half way to his knees and I was looking at his dick and balls.

He was definitely dead. That only took a second to take it all in, and I started looking around and found no evidence. I thought about running back to be sure Billy was dead, and decided not to risk the extra time.

I then noticed blood on my left hand. Keeping it in my pocket I calmly climbed to the main park, greeting an older man and throwing a stray baseball to a couple guys on the way back to my car.

I circled around and on the other side of the park found a guy running down the hill. I figured he'd found Billy, since I'd left him out on the trail. I didn't want to leave fingerprints on his bloody clothes, or get his blood on me trying to get him into hidden bushes as Cole was. I had expected Billy to die right with Cole--still hidden. It turns out lucky I didn't go back to check Billy, or the guy would have seen me, too. It was about 6:45 p.m. when I got out to the main park.

My total time with the boys had been 18-20 minutes. Billy was reported found at 6:50 p.m. by phone and 9-1-1, and taken by helicopter to a Portland hospital at 7:37 p.m. I didn't know for sure he was dead until the 6:00 a.m. news on the radio the next morning (Tuesday morning). I already knew for sure Cole was dead. After the incident Monday I was pretty shook up. I thought about it all day--couldn't get picture of Cole's body, or Billy's "I'm sorry" out of my mind. By the time I got home from work on Tuesday, 9-5-89, about 4:10 p.m.,

I was able to masturbate to fantasy and mind pictures of Cole, both alive and dead and bloody. I climaxed in about three minutes. I dumped knife, wrapped in old used manilla envelope, in garbage dumpster at work at lunch time on Tuesday, 9-5-89.

Wednesday, September 6, 1989

Now trying to figure out a location for next hunt. Must spend more time with boy (or girl?) before killing, and make sure body is hidden better.

The newspaper articles on this incident are attached to the following pages.

While most of my future victims will die (in various ways), I also hope to have some long relationships with children as well (as with Robert and Jeremy and even Chad--though unwilling he kept quiet). I'd like to make some child porno movies. I also

hope to get "before and after" photos of my "sex-murder" victims as well. When crotch fucking the ones to die, I'll clean the kid real well before killing, and deposit my sperm in something to remove it as "forensic evidence." When butt fucking, I'll use a well-greased rubber (may fuck either way before or after they die, depending on whether they're bloody or not). Some of them will also be forced to perform certain acts on me.

I think I got more of a high out of killing than molesting. I had fantasized previously of my stomach against a boy's back, my arms around him, and over his arms. He is blindfolded so as not to see the knife I'm holding to a point just below his breast bone. My cock in his crotch or maybe his butt, I squeeze my arms, pinning him and holding him so he can't move as I slowly push its blade into him, then back out, holding him or fucking him as he dies. I also dream of sucking him erect, do a long oral on him, then cutting off his erect cock. Then I butt fuck him as his cock bleeds into the ground under him. If he's still alive after that I finish him off. Of course taking pictures each stage of the way. Just read--you'll see what actually does occur. Just writing this and (reading) previous story about my first murder makes my cock stiff. I must find it sexual. I'll note that The Oregonian is a morning paper and The Columbian an afternoon paper.

The news articles will be numbered in the order they appeared. The same number on different articles indicate they all came from same edition of paper. #1 is two different articles, being about the killing, then about the boys' lives. Police don't even know Cole was molested--even though his pants were down! Maybe that's the way to go--leave no indication of a rape?--NAW--too much I want to do would be obvious.

Friday, September 8, 1989

8:45 a.m.

Yesterday's Columbian news article had me worried. It said that by talking to kids that were at the park Monday (day of killing), police had an artist sketch of a man seen at the park by several children.

Then last night three sheriff's deputies pulled up in front of the house where I'm renting a room. I hoped they were here because the landlady called them after a verbal fight in which she evicted other guy living here. I also hoped they didn't realize I was the one in their sketch. They weren't interested in me other than what I'd heard of the argument.

Landlady said later that the person they're looking for is "shorter and darker" than the guy she evicted. Well, I'm short, but not dark.

Tuesday, September 12, 1989

(Eight days after the fact)

11:30 p.m.

Just watched the news. Two sketches of "persons of interest" were released by police and shown. Neither sketch resembles me at all. There was nothing for me to worry about.

I'll just have to stay away from the park for awhile. A kid may see and remember me there on Sunday and Monday. I've not looked at a paper since Sunday, but haven't heard on TV or radio if

anything was found on the boys' crotches, but I really doubt it.

In case I can't get a news article, the FBI profile says the killer is a man comfortable and/or trained with knives.

(The following documents were discovered by police at the same time the preceding documents were found. Much of it relates to the abduction, rape, and murder of 4-year-old Lee Iseli, and was carefully written after the episode as an instrument to further Dodd's pleasure and to keep his "fantasies" alive.)

INCIDENT 2

Planning Begun: 9/6/89

Occurred: 10/29 & 30/1989

Rough draft: to be burned after re-copied for files--info not important to this incident omitted.

Friday, August 4, 1989 8:45 p.m

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Just had a brilliant thought. I must purchase an audio cassette recorder. That way I'll later be able to log exact words and reaction descriptions during a rape, molest, operation, murder, etc. That will do until I can afford the more expensive camcorder with sound. Kidnap victims will not be told anything until I can do it on tape.

10:30 p.m.

In surgery with live patients, whether they are conscious or not, they'll have to be tied down. Hands loosely over head to keep them from coming into the way. To prevent bouncing, tied tightly to table around chest and waist, possibly

abdomen also. Tie at knees to maintain legs at desired location, and at ankles to keep feet down. May do surgery with or without pain relief or sedation.

(Directly beneath that passage is a crudely drawn "torture rack" depicting a securely- bound child, with the words "live kids" in parentheses below it. It is chilling to note that the torture rack had already been constructed and was found inside Dodd's apartment by detectives.)

Other possibilities, just for fun: Shave entire body to make "hairless space aliens." Hang by various body

parts. Paint them (blue maybe?). Suck-a-thon (they stop sucking before I do, they die) or two suck each other, first one to stop dies, unless I tell them to stop. They say caviar is fish eggs. I'll try it as kids' balls (maybe). May also try a boy's "weeny" (dick) on a hot dog, instead of a beef or turkey frank! A lone child may be a "sacrifice." Or another child could help in the sacrifice (one kid kill another).

I really don't want to cause pain to them, unless it's a punishment for some reason. Therefore, butt fucking is out unless they're dead or unconscious (try sedating with aspirin).

Can obtain unconsciousness by keeping them awake late, then giving several sleeping pills.

Murder Methods:

Fastest: Stabbing

Slicing Throat. Too Messy!!!

Slowest: Starvation/Thirst

Slow: Bleeding to death (blood could be caught in jars)

Medium: Suffocation

Drowning Uses/possibilities

(1) Drown; (2) hang by neck; (3) plastic bag over face; (4) strangle (with hands or rope); (5) pillow tight over face; (6) hog- tie and tape over nose and mouth; (7) amputate privates a little at a time until bled dead; (8) stab; (9) slice throat (too messy!); (10) no food and/or water; (11) drugs (full bottle sleeping pills?); (12) start experimental surgery on live, conscious, blindfolded, tied-down victims, starting with small, easy incision for a vasectomy, continuing back along sex line to bladder. If still alive, lay open scrotum, remove testicles, amputate penis and remaining scrotum. Still alive?--cut into groin further, or slice from hole at missing privates, down to anus. If necessary, then stab in heart.

Murder victims will be asked: "I'm not going to do it, but if you had to die, do you want to choose how, or someone else to choose?" They could choose stabbing, cut throat, strangling or suffocation, or bleeding to death or starvation. Or, they could roll dice, draw cards, or pull from a hat to determine main method (knife, no air, or experiments to help others). Then would roll, draw, or pull to determine how with knife (stab, amputate), air (hang, suffocate, drown, strangle, etc.), or surgeries to be determined with or without drugs, then roll, draw, or pull to determine do it quick, or make ceremony as for a sacrifice. With surgeries they could stay alive, but undergo pain.

Monday, September 25, 1989 10:00 p.m.

I bought a set of X-acto knives and tweezers last night, giving me the necessary tools for my "exploratory

surgeries." I've now asked Satan to provide me with "a 6-10 year old boy to make love to, suck and fuck, play with, photograph, kill, and do my exploratory surgery on." On my legs and groin, I wrote, "I now have needed tools for surgery." And I took a nude nap from 4:00-5:30, and dozing until about 6:30 this afternoon.

I now ask Satan that this boy be an easy target; meaning, due to heat from Incident #1, I can't do much "hunting" for fear of being "noticed" by a "witness."

If the conditions on the previous page are met, and I can remain sexually satisfied, through contact, pictures, or tapes,

then I will gladly turn my soul over to Satan.

If necessary, I will meet with him, or an aide of his, to sign a contract. I hope I will not be as frightened at my next "meeting" with him.

Here's my written and non-verbal request, Satan. I will exchange my soul for a long, happy life as a pedophile, with

plenty of action, and possible contribution to the child pornography empire; with no danger of reports to, or discovery by, the authorities.

Signed: WestleyA.Dodd 8-20-89 11:15 p.m. 8-25-89 10:45p.m

(The dates in this document conflict with one another. It isn't clear whether Dodd made his written pact with Satan on August 20, 1989 and renewed it on August 25, 1989, or whether he wrote the dates in error. Because of his referral to "Incident #1" as having already occurred and because of his

September 25, 1989

heading, it seems likely that the August dates were written in error. The date of the next entry, however, September 6, 1989,

resembling something of a "P.S." to Satan, would seem to support the accuracy of the dates beneath Dodd's signature.)

Wednesday, September 6, 1989

Would like to remind Satan I could use some extra cash to make things easier. Burned approximately \$10 gas in set-up and hunt for Incident #1, not to mention cost of discarding murder weapon

(replacement cost if to be used again). Must also travel farther now (as if he needed reminding!).

INCIDENT 2

Plans/Ideas Began: 9-6-89

Hunt Start: 10-29-89/10:30 a.m. End: 10-29-89/12:50 p.m.

Incident: 10-29-89/12:50 p.m. to 7:35 p.m.

Incident #2

Final Copy

Planning to Completion

Wednesday, September 6, 1989

10:00 p.m.

For my first incident, knife was best choice as my kill would have to be quick and easy for the chosen location.

Decided that this incident would have a cleaner kill--probably choking, to have a clean body for butt fucking (penetration would be too painful for a live child, and thus too noisy--also don't want to torture--just kill as painlessly as possible after use).

I want a better location for this incident, so I feel more comfortable and can take more time for various types of sex before killing the child. Also will be able to fuck the dead instead of running off. Also considering to see how long a boy can live after dick amputation.

One possibility is kidnapping--at home I'd have all the time I need. One thing for certain is for this incident the sex will take longer, and death will be something different than stabbing.

Friday, September 8, 1989

10:00 a.m.

Decided to hold off until things from Incident #1 cools down somewhat.

Sunday, September 17, 1989

11:00 a.m.

Thinking of trying the Tri-Cities (Richland, Kennewick, and Pasco, Washington, located in the eastern part of the state) when money and car allows.

Monday, September 18, 1989

8:15 p.m.

As in article in today's paper, I've considered kidnapping and keeping a child secretly for the sole purpose of sex. When one gets too old, getting a fresh one and disposing of the first, as I believe was happening in this article. He/they would be securely locked up, or tied and gagged while I'm at work, shopping, etc.

Friday, September 22, 1989

11:00 p.m.

Looking over Vancouver/Portland area maps for possible kidnap sites, and secondary locations to take child to for the kill.

11:10 p.m.

"Oaks Pioneer Park" in Portland appears worth checking out ASAP. Tri-Cities, Yakima, etc., are still possibilities.

Sunday, September 24, 1989

5:20 p.m.

One possibility--kidnap 10-year-old, have my way for a day or two, kill, and perform "exploratory surgery" to study his reproduction system and practice vasectomy and amputation to later perform on living subjects. My study on this is on page 1.b. I'll need to obtain items to use for these "surgeries."

(A hand-drawn diagram of the male reproductive system that Dodd has referred to appears on page 1.b. Details Dodd has drawn include the bladder, seminal vesicle, prostate gland, urethra, vas deferens, penis, epididymis, and testicles.)

For Dead Experiments

I will first make small cut in side of sack and cut and tie off vas deferens for normal vasectomy on one side. This done, I will attempt removal of the testicle on the same side. For further study, I'll amputate head of penis (closing the wound--leaving room for urethra tube). Then I'll attempt to study entire reproductive system by laying open entire untouched side of scrotum, and examine each part as I trace from the testicle, to the epididymis, back along the vas deferens, and cutting as needed to get back to the seminal vesicle, prostate, and the urethra, following back out to amputated end of penis.

On a living subject I would attempt the amputation, the vasectomy, and the removal of one or both testicles. If exploratory surgery proves easy enough, I may even attempt removal of a seminal vesicle, or the prostate, on a living subject as well. One subject, depending on physical reaction to operation, may or may not undergo various "operations."

Possible surgery combinations could be a minor one (vasectomy), followed by major (seminal vesicle or prostate, at these require going deep into the groin). Or it could be two somewhere in between

(amputation of the penis head, and removal of a testicle). Also, removal of both testicles, one at a time, or together. Could also amputate entire scrotal sac as one major operation. Also try amputation of entire penis, or removal of all outer sex organs (to make him a her!).

Would like to videotape the exploratory, as well as future "operations," to use as future reference, to show "patients" what I'll be doing, or to "terrify" victims, if I wish to do so, but at this time (9-24-89/8:15 p.m.), I don't think I want to merely "terrify" them.

10:30 p.m.

In surgery on live "patients," with or without "patient's" consent, they'll be tied down as Lee demonstrates for me in photo #5, in the pages to follow.

I could induce unconsciousness by keeping them up late, then giving them several sleeping pills, which would allow me to do things that may otherwise be painful for them.

Monday, September 25, 1989

1:00 a.m. Poison would also work. (Drugs, poisons, antifreeze, alcohol--also good for anesthetic).

Saturday, September 30, 1989

11:15 p.m.

Thoughts of getting Jeremy for a period of time, or custody of Ryan--could both be taught Lucifer's ways,

and be an assistant to Lucifer, through me, until they're able to work on their own, or get too old and are used as a possible sacrifice-- but, as they'd grow with me, I may start having sex with boys/men that have hair on genitals or more likely share kids with them.

11:45 p.m.

The last couple of days I've really been wanting a child. I hope something happens soon.

Friday, October 27, 1989

10:00 p.m.

Have been working too much till now to get too excited about kids--also giving time for things to cool down.

10:20 p.m.

The perfect time to "find" this boy would be on my way home from work Saturday (3:30-4:00 p.m.). That way I'd have him alive

from 4:00 p.m. Saturday to 4:00 p.m. Sunday,

at which time he'd be killed for experiments. I want to know if a dead boy can be given an erection by sucking his dick to pull in blood, and if so, will the body maintain the erection. I also want to get pictures of the dead boy hanging by various body parts. Also wanting to do my exploratory surgery.

10:35 p.m.

I intend to have sex with him a time or two, or more if time allows, then kill for dead sex, photos, experiments,

and the exploratory--using what I learn to later operate on live

boys.

Perfect would be a 3-year-old to kill and a 6- 8-year-old to help with surgery. I'd later hang the nude 6-8-year-old and photograph him dying. Just writing this makes me quite erect.

Saturday, October 28, 1989

4:30 p.m.

Nothing on way home. If I don't find one today or at movies tonight, I'll try a park in Portland tomorrow, where I hope hunting will be as it was at David Douglas Park in Incident #1.

4:52 p.m.

Will go check out Oaks Pioneer Park in Portland now.

7:20 p.m.

Just got home. Will hunt into park tomorrow for a few hours. About 6:20 p.m. on my way back I saw movement around a school (Richmond School) in a very dark

neighborhood--not even lights at the school. Turned out to be teens and adults. On way back to the main street I saw three smaller kids. Went back and found three 7- 9-year-olds. I circled and intended to approach, telling them one had to come with me and send the other two in opposite direction so they

couldn't see my car. I figured it was dark enough they couldn't get a good description of me. When I circled back they had disappeared, and a 15-minute search was useless.

7:29 p.m. to 10:45 p.m.

Watched "The Bear" (at theater). Followed one boy to bathroom, intending to say, "Come with me" and take him out of the theater and to my apartment, but he was coming out as I went in. Should have known kids would go quick to get back to movie faster. I'll try again Sunday for two or three movies if I don't get a boy at the park in the morning.

Sunday, October 29, 1989

10:30 a.m. Left home.

10:45 a.m. Bought film for Polaroid camera.

11:30 a.m.

At the school I found yesterday evening saw two 8- 9-year-olds and a 4 -5-year-old a little ways away. Watched a

few minutes and decided not to risk it.

11:48 a.m. Arrived at park.

12:15 p.m. No signs of any children.

12:43 p.m. Back at school. Three 8- 9-year-olds and one 4-or maybe 5-year-old. Circled school (drove around block) and thought an adult showed up with another 3- 4-year-old. Park on opposite side of school from kids--adult turned out to be only about 12-years-old. I stood against a pole. The big kid and his 3- 4-year-old brother left. Two 8- 9-year-olds were playing ball and heading toward the far end of the school. The other 8-9-year- old was sitting on a post watching them, the backs of the older three toward

me and the 4- 5-year-old playing on a mound 20 feet to my left.

I went up to the little boy and asked him if he wanted to "have some fun and make some money." He seemed unsure, but not scared. I said, "Come on--this will be fun," and reached out my hand. He took it and walked to the end of the building with me--we got out of sight of the other kids unseen. I told him as we kept walking, hand-in-hand, "we're going to get in my car."

He said, "I don't want any money." I picked him up and said, "We're still going--let's go ask your dad if you can go with me." We got to my car. I put him in the driver's side. As we drove away he said, "I live the other way." I said, "We're going to my house and play some games--just do what I tell you and I promise I won't hurt you."

12:50 p.m.

A couple blocks from the school I asked and he said his name was Lee, and he was 4-years-old. He started to cry a couple times, but I reached out and held his hand, assuring him he'd be okay, and that we'd have some fun.

1:30 p.m. We got to my house at 1:30 p.m. Both the landlady and the other tenant were gone. Perfect. I started to carry him from the car but he said, "I can walk," and I put him down.

1:32 p.m. Put polaroid film into the camera and took his picture as I found him.

1:33 p.m. Showed him my nude photo book.

1:36 p.m. Told him twice to take clothes off, speaking in a calm, quiet voice, pulling off one of his shoes

the second time.

As I finished taking off his shoes and socks he pulled off his jacket and shirt. I watched as he took off his pants and underwear in the same movement.

1:42 p.m. Immediately had him lay on his back and took photo #2. Untouched.

1:44 p.m. Untouched.

1:48 p.m.

After two minutes oral in attempt to gain
erection. 1:52 p.m.

For show at 1:52.

1:56 p.m.

After three minutes oral, in bed, both naked for foreplay.

2:05-2:25 p.m.

Sex. Lee's happy and cheerful...I let him put his clothes back on at 2:30 p.m.

Watched Yogi Bear at 3:00p.m.

4:02 p.m.

Lee wanted to open briefcase--back to pictures, put pictures of him in photo book.

4:10 p.m.

Decided to spend night with me if I buy him a toy and go out for burger. We did.

5:35 p.m.

Returned home--he played with "Robo-cop."

6:38 p.m.

Lee's still playing. Will probably wait till morning to kill him. He suspects nothing now, and that way his body will still be fairly fresh for experiments after work (I'll suffocate him in his sleep when I wake up for work [if I sleep]).

6:40 p.m.

Lee spilled hot coffee on him. I let him wear one of my shirts--it made his chest red.

7:00 p.m.

Started crying because his dad and brother miss him. I was able to quickly quiet him.

7:48 p.m.

Lee wanted to look at pictures again--he thumbed through album and kept looking up at me.

8:05 p.m.

Peeked through crack in door as he was taking a shit.

9:00 p.m.

Wants to "look at my pictures one more time"--He wants to see his nude photos, but doesn't want to do any more.

Little does he know that in about 20 hours I'll take photos of a dead, 4-year-old naked boy.

9:35 p.m. Bed. Asleep

9:45--had him nude by 10:00--me also.

10:45 p.m.

Have played with dick a little and felt out his balls--surgery will be very delicate. Am waiting for

11:00 p.m.

news and trying to decide best way of killing him--he'll either be choked, strangled, or suffocated. I don't want to leave marks on his neck but it must be quick and quiet.

His body will be hidden in closet behind sleeping bag while I'm at work (want 11:00 p.m. news as this will be first news broadcast since he "disappeared"). Okay. News says he disappeared from a store (not where I got him at school).

Monday, October 30, 1989

Didn't sleep at all. Sucked him five or six times, masturbated ten to fifteen times, crotch fucked six or seven

times.

2:00 a.m.

He woke up--didn't seem to mind being nude. I pulled him up on top of me--his belly to mine, my cock in his crotch. He slept on top of me for half hour as I rubbed his back and butt. Was able to give him good erection as he slept.

2:45 a.m.

He woke up. I made him suck me about five seconds before going back to sleep.

3:15 a.m.

Said, "I'm going to kill you in the morning." He said, "No, you're not." I said I wouldn't before he started crying too loud.

4:20 a.m.

Put rod into his dick--he woke and said, "What's in there?" when it was half way in. I put it in again under the covers.

4:55 a.m.

He woke as I fucked him and I let him watch me put the rod two-thirds into his cock--it hurt just a little, he said.

5:30 a.m.

Crawled over him, him on his back, me on his left side leaning into him. My body pinned his right arm under pillow and his head--holding his left wrist up by pillow.

Thus totally pinned, I choked him with my right hand. He got his legs loose. I had to hold my hand very

tight on his neck. I held for about fifteen seconds after he quit struggling. He lay motionless. After about twenty seconds I blew into his mouth once to see if he was revivable. Decided not but he started slow gasps about twenty seconds after that. I choked him for about another minute before he was still again. He started to gasp again and opened his eyes. I grabbed a rope and put around his neck as he lay breathing shallowly but unconscious. I tightened the rope and picked him upright with the rope. His chest was heaving but he wasn't getting air. Keeping rope tight with right hand I picked him up under his butt and carried him to the closet, holding him up by just the rope as I moved clothes aside. I then held his butt up with left hand as I tied rope to the clothes bar and hung him, at 5:35 a.m., so I wouldn't get tired of a grip and maybe let him breath again. He hung about ten minutes as I took picture #7 and cleaned up the room.

At 5:45 a.m.

I cut the rope and lay him on the bed. I sucked his cock a little and shoved my cock into his mouth to fuck him that way, but I had a bad angle and gave up. I checked for heartbeat and breathing, then put him up on a shelf in the closet behind some blankets and a sleeping bag. I'll do more after work.

4:10p.m.

Got home. Saw paper article about missing boy in today's Oregonian.

4:20 p.m.

Caught up this log as I haven't written in it since I watched the 11:00 p.m. news last night.

4:50 p.m.

Will now go take a leak and take the naked body of 4-year-old Lee Joseph Iseli out of the closet. I'll log everything as I go now.

(The paper article--labeled "The Oregonian, 10/30/89," was on page 5 of Section B, like it was no major deal he's missing. Looks like a perfect kidnapping.)

5:05 p.m.

Talked to Ken--now getting Lee out.

Oh yeah--I knew for sure this morning he was dead. I'd heard of muscles relaxing and it's normal to "go potty" after dying--he peed on me twice as I hid his body in the closet, and once more on the shelf in the closet.

5:10 p.m.

He is rather gross-looking--cold, stiff, and purple. I was going to try butt fucking him, but now not sure I could if I wanted to....

5:16 p.m.

See photos #8 and #9. Will now try to loosen him up a little as well as get his body temperature via his butt.

These photos show the position he's stuck in from being in a small closet area.

At least his dick and balls are limp--I'll see if dead boys get erections with suction to pull in blood. I wish I had time for this while he was still warm. Erection not possible (frozen blood?). I was hoping to keep him a couple days, but I'll have to get rid of him tonight I think.

5:25 p.m.

He's too cold for a normal fever thermometer--wish I had an indoor/outdoor thermometer with the bulb I could stick up his ass.

5:30 p.m.

See (photo #10) how stiff dead little boys are--this is after I loosened up his legs!

5:35 p.m.

I'm going to go get some garbage bags now to put his bundled-up body into after I try to get my cock into his little butt. Then I'll figure out a place to dump the "garbage." I'll wear gloves when handling the bags--no chance of fingerprints if someone discovers contents of the bag. Money allowing, I think I'll use a rubber to penetrate his butt.

6:00 p.m.

Home with rubbers and trash bags. If I can't get good anal penetration, I'll take off rubber and crotch fuck his body. The mouth is now out--teeth are pinched together and it stinks anyway. Spent twenty minutes butt fucking him--got it about three-quarters of the way in. Felt good--I went slow and stopped short of climax three times, ejaculating on fourth climax (near climax).

6:50 p.m.

Now wearing gloves (after shower) to handle trash bags to put Lee in. Will now go dump his naked body.

8:00 p.m. Home. Dumped 7:35 p.m. on 10-30.

Tuesday, October 31, 1989

5:32 p.m.

Just saw a photo on news of person seen talking to Lee at the school. Looks a lot like me. 6 o'clock news added: Blue baseball cap, and "person of interest" may have had a German shepherd with him and was either driving or dropped off by a white pickup truck. FBI is entering info into their files.

I'll be watching news carefully for about a month now, as well as staying out of site.

6:40 p.m.

Burned his socks, shirt, sweater, and pants.

Will keep his underwear as a souvenir. Will throw away his shoes tomorrow at a convenience store.

Wednesday, November 1, 1989

4:40 p.m.

Washed his underwear in shower when I took it--they smelled like "P."

Thursday, November 2, 1989

5:00 p.m.

News said drawing of man seen was discarded as he was seen leaving without Lee.

7:55 p.m.

Cut his shoes into four parts and divided into sacks, and burnt it all, along with newspapers that were missing articles about him.

Friday, November 3, 1989

6:06 p.m.

Channel 6 news at 6 o'clock said police have talked to man drawn by artist and they're throwing the picture away--not a suspect and he knew nothing.

(The following entry consists of Dodd's planning of "Incident #3," but is incomplete because his plans were abruptly halted when he was arrested after attempting to abduct a young boy from a Camas,

Washington theater.)

Incident #3

Plans/ideas began: 11-4-89

Hunt start: end:

Saturday, November 4, 1989

11:10 p.m.

For #3. Now know how next one will die. He'll be tied for a photo as #2 was, then, when finished, he'll be tied-- "just one more time for another picture, but with a bag on your head this time." A plastic bag will be put over him and secured about the neck...after I suck him erect. As he suffocates to death (tied down, of course) I'll keep sucking to keep him erect. Thanks to Lee I know I can't make a dead one erect, but will they stay erect if erect at the time of death?

Friday, November 10, 1989

10:20 p.m.

No--Incident 3 will die maybe this way:

He'll be tied down as Lee was in Incident 2, photo 5. Instead of the bag, I'll tape his mouth shut with duct tape. Then, when ready, I'll use a clothespin or something to plug his nose. That way I can sit back, take pictures and watch him die, instead of concentrating on my hands or the rope tight around his neck--that would also eliminate the rope burns on his neck...as Lee had in Incident #2.

This is also better than the plastic bag as I can clearly see his face and eyes now...as he dies, as well as get some pictures of a naked and dying boy.

Electrocution also a good means for quick death.

Saturday, November 11, 1989

7:30 p.m. to 10:00 p.m.

At the movie, "The Bear," (as in Incident #2) to find a lone boy in bathroom. Talked to a 7- 8-year-old, who was not as cute in the lighted bathroom as he looked in the dark. He insisted "No," and I said, "OK--wait here, I'll leave," then, "No, you're coming with me" (changed my mind). I finally decided I couldn't get him out quietly, but at one point almost punched him to knock the wind out of him--but he was too big to carry out pretending my "little boy was sick." I quickly left the theater. There was nothing on the news.

Sunday, November 12, 1989

5:00 p.m. to 7:00 p.m.

Drove around town looking for kids.

8:10 p.m.

Went to Camas theater to watch, "Honey, I Shrunk the Kids." There was only one boy at the 9:00 p.m. show. About 8- 9-years-old, (too old to get out of this theater easily) and Oriental (two strikes against). But didn't have to use the bathroom anyway. However, there were several 4-7- or 8-year-old boys that left the 7:00 p.m. showing. I'll try the

7:00 p.m.

show tomorrow.

Monday, November 13, 1989

4:40 p.m.

Have updated log entries. Will now prepare ropes as I had for Incident #2 (tied to bed and hidden under it--to use on victims as soon as wanted or needed--needing only to tie loose rope ends to the victim, other ends already attached to bed, or my "rack" [wood framework built for this purpose]).

4:45 p.m.

I now ask Satan to guide me, and provide or help me obtain a boy tonight. This one I'd like to keep a while--keeping him awake all night each night so he'll sleep all day while I'm at work (tied and mouth taped shut to be on safe side). I may only keep him two or three days, or even longer if it works out. I'll give him a haircut and buy a new set of clothes for him, to change his appearance, in case I take him out as I did Lee in #2. I might even get two boys (perhaps a 6- or 7-year-old taking a 3- or 4- year-old to the toilet?). In the case of two like this--the older (or both) would decide (when I tired of them) which was to die. Don't know now if survivor (or just a lone boy) would die, or be used to help get another boy home. Will have to wait and see. I also want to do my medical experiments this time, once done with sexual play on the body(ies). Also hoping for more, better pictures. May also play "spin-the-bottle" or stripping games (especially with two boys).

5:25 p.m.

Now going to Camas--will check out local parks before movie.