

walking small

By Bonnie Forney

walking small

yet, casting a giant shadow
a shadow of incest, betrayal, and
rape

walking small

yet, walking toward the light
the light of true love. survival,
and rebirth

this is my story

walking small

along the path
from Bonnie Jean Hayzlett: unseen victim,
to Bonnie Forney

person

RE: BONNIE JEAN FORNEY

To Whom It May Concern:

This letter is sent to you on an urgent basis to provide additional new diagnostic information on Ms. Forney which would be included in her review and application for Social Security Disability. I have now seen Bonnie on three occasions. On the basis of those interviews and a chat attached checklist for PTSD and Dissociative Disorder we need to add the diagnosis of Post Traumatic Stress Disorder [309.81] and Dissociative Disorder [300.15] and most likely will be eventually diagnosed with full Dissociative Disorder.

i am many

i am
among others

bonnie. I am 55+ years old.
a wife and a mother

i am also
bunny. I am 15 years old
single and sexually active

my name is bonnie jean
i am 4 years old

i am the beast
i am rage

I wrote this autobiography out by hand first. When I came back to type it, I found all sorts of notes and things written by the other me's. They want their story told. I will try to include their notes. Bonnie Jean's colored scrawls will have to be left out along with some of Bunny's sexual comments.

we are many.

Before I was the many, I was born Bonnie Jean Hayzlett on February 22nd 1957. I was born in Manchester, Iowa. Where I lived until I was 6.

[Gary, my husband, was also born in February. We were both born on president's birthdays. Him on Lincoln's and me on Washington's]

I was born 7 of 9. [Star Trek] Seventh of nine children.

My brother Jerry named me after one of his old girl friends.

My first home had a long driveway, sandy colored big house and garden. It was in the country east of Independence, Iowa. I moved to Independence later. Bonnie Jean says she never moved.

I walked to a country school along a rock road. I spent several grades of school attending a one room school house.

I was in primary school before kindergarten. Bonnie Jean got to ring the bell for class once. She liked that.

My brothers began to sexually abuse me.

My siblings are or were, Jerry [who dry-fucked me when I was 4] Joan, Tom [who abused me for over 10 years] Bob [who only abused me once] Dick [who attacked me and tried to put it in my butt] Chuck [who tried to fuck me when I was 18] and my younger sister, variously called Princess or Carol.

It was a mix of good and bad. I liked roller skating. The glowing eyes of the face on the wood burning stove was scary though.

My earliest memory is of my brother Jerry taking my pants off, standing me on a stool, pulling out his penis and putting it between my legs and dry-fucking me until he came. I can still remember his cum between my legs. I was maybe 4. I am not sure how old Jerry was. I think 20 or so. He had named me after an old girlfriend. Maybe it was the only way he could ever remotely fuck her was by using me.

I was playing in a ditch with cardboard buildings about the same year as Jerry fucked me. I was innocently playing with some toy cars and trucks and the cardboard city when my brother Dick came up behind me. I thought he was going to play city with me. Instead he shoved me down, pulled down my pants and tried to stick his cock in my butt. I curled up in a fetal position and screamed. Dick panic-ed, jumped up, pulled his pants up and ran off. My butt hurt.

I couldn't tell anyone. I didn't really understand what was going on either. Why would my brothers do that?

We moved to a house near Winthrop, Iowa when I was about first grade so I guess I was 7? I rode the bus then.

My brother Jerry died when I was about 10 of leukemia. Outside of his dry-fucking me, I really don't remember much else about him. My brother Chuck met his first wife [he has been married 5 times I think] at Jerry's funeral and married her soon after.

I remember being hit with a willow stick for taking a doughnut.

My dad was mentally ill. He was known as the town nut. He had had dozens of shock treatments. I never knew for what. Mom never talked to me about anything ever.

My mother did tell me that she had been an incest victim, but never any details.

We moved again in 1964 when I was about 7. We moved to a house in Independence where I lived until I married Gary.

I went to West Elementary. It was a small annex building behind the real elementary. I walked 6 blocks to school. I crossed a railroad, and waited for school to start.

In 1961 I was a flower girl at my sister Joan's wedding. It was one of very few times I felt pretty or important.

I was very shy and kind of mousey in school. I got average grades and felt very inferior. I found school somewhat boring. I looked forward to the weekends when I would spend time in Quasqueton, Iowa with my grandparents. I would end up there when my parents fought, which they did a lot.

My grandma taught me how to play the piano, sew, and my favorite thing she taught me was how to fish! She also taught me flower arrangement. She had me enter county fairs. I won two ribbons for my flower displays.

Grandpa always carried white or pink peppermints and would share them with me. I would also sneak into his supply and take as many as I wanted. Grandpa knew, but never said anything or yelled at me for taking them. He also gave me a quarter for visiting him.

My Grandpa would take me and Grandma on fishing trips. Grandma and I would fish while Grandpa took a nap in the car. After we were done fishing, we'd go back to their house, and Grandma and I would share a bottle of Squirt pop. Grandpa always said I was "cute as a bug's ear".

Grandma would tell me stories about the "old country", but I never knew where it was. I think it may have been Germany, but am not sure. She got irritated with me that I didn't know who was president. In 1964 he was Johnson!

I remember watching Grandma put coal in the stove to heat the house. She would get me a bowl of corn flakes. I loved her burnt toast!

My grand parents were the only real parents I had. I loved them.

My Mom lost a baby, David, sometime when I was young. David would have been between me and Princess Carol.

When I was in first grade I got phenomia and missed a lot of school. I was held back and took first grade twice.

I remember my second grade teacher had really bulgey bug eyes.

I had my tonsils out in fourth grade. Some other kid made fun of me because I got to leave school early to go to the hospital.

My fifth grade teacher was kind of sickly. He gave me a cat. My Dad made me keep it tied up in the basement. It died there from neglect. I am sorry. I love animals. It was my Dad's doing.

Elementary school, grades one through five were just ok. Nothing exciting. I wasn't popular and had very few friends. I felt inferior in school. I enjoyed reading until about 7th grade when I lost interest.

The other girls would brag about their new school clothes every year. I got hand-me-downs! To this day, I don't buy new clothes. I go to Goodwills, etc.

This brings me up to 6th grade. I was 12. School was still just ok or average. I went to a small school behind the elementary. We had to walk to the main school everyday for lunch. Even though it was a cold and far walk, I still enjoyed it because I got to get out of the classroom. We didn't have recess.

I used to babysit for my sister Joan. I didn't mind. It was sort of fun and she paid me good. It was nice to have a little money to buy things for myself.

I also used to do chores and things for an elderly lady across the street from my parents. I mowed her lawn. I still like to mow! I helped her plant a garden and take care of it.

After a few weeks, or maybe months, she became so disabled, I would have to go to her house and help her get dressed before I went to school each day.

Around that time, I started looking at myself nude in a mirror. I thought I was getting curves and looked pretty sexy.

My brother Tom noticed too.

At the same time I was babysitting for Joan, I also started babysitting for Tom. He took advantage of it and me. He didn't pay as much as Joan, but it was ok at first. I did most of my babysitting from Thursday through Saturday nights. Sometimes I would babysit for Joan on Sunday afternoons.

After babysitting for Tom for a few times, he began to be too comfortable with the built in babysitter, me.

One night, he was getting ready to take me home. Instead, he took me into the bathroom. He asked me if I had ever been kissed. At the same time, he started putting his hand up under my shirt. I told him NO!, but he wouldn't accept that. They never do. He just continued to feel my breasts under my shirt. He also began to feel my thighs and legs. Again, I told him to quit. He wouldn't. He gave me a speech about how he had done it to Joan, and how she didn't object when he touched her. I don't know if he had really had sex with Joan. I think he just said that to convince me it was ok for him to fondle me.

From then on, every time I would babysit for Tom, when it came time to take me home, he would just take me into his bedroom and touch and fondle me. He told me to NEVER tell anyone what we were doing! I was 12 and scared, so I never did until years later.

He would have me take off my shirt so I would be topless for him. If I was wearing shorts, he would put his hands on my inner thighs and rub my legs. He told me NEVER to let any other guys do what he was doing. He wouldn't quit when I would tell him no.

Tom's sexual abuse started when I was 12 and would continue until almost a week before I met Gary when I was 18. I think Tom's wife, Ruth, knew. She never said anything, but she gave me dirty looks!

Happier memories from ages 12 to 18:

Around 1970 my parents, my sister, and I, went to California. We spent a month with some of my Mom's relatives. I was 13. On the way we would stop at KOA campgrounds. We stayed at very few motels. It took us four days or so to drive there each way. On the trip I learned to enjoy camping and traveling. We stopped and saw the Grand Canyon. It was very pretty.

I remember us stopping at a gas station in New Mexico, where some Hispanic guys talked to each other while staring at me. I don't know what they said, but it made me very uneasy.

We stopped in Phoenix, Arizona, and spent a weekend with some relatives. I was forced to go to church while there, not by my choice, and be "saved".

We crossed the Mojave Desert. Mom and Dad spent the way across arguing about driving across the desert with no water. Dad thought we were going to die in the middle of the desert. At one point, he climbed into the trunk because Grandpa had told him the Indians would get us!

We got to California, without dying, and spent about a month with a cousin. I don't remember the name of the town.

We also traveled into Burbank, California to visit some other relatives. While there we went to Disneyland and Sea World.

While in Burbank, Dad tried to get a job as a hot dog vendor. My parents thought they could stay in California and live on that for an income.

Years later they wanted to go back to California and live on what they thought they could get by forcing me to get a divorce from my beloved Gary.

After leaving Burbank, we went down to San Diego to stay with another relative. We went to the zoo there. We also drove into Tijuana, Mexico. We did some shopping in what acted like a Mexican Woolworths.

I enjoyed seeing the Pacific Ocean. I got sunburned on the beach, so bad I passed out. I didn't actually go in the water. My Dad was afraid I would drown. Always!

That was the only good summer I remember, outside of the summer I dated Gary.

On the way back to Iowa I don't remember stopping much of anywhere.

I have never gone back to California. Gary says he will try to take me there someday again. He has taken me many other great places. So maybe.

Starting high school:

Around 1972 I started high school at Jefferson High in Independence, Iowa. I was scared to death!

I was 15 or so.

My Dad had started driving school bus, he would start at the high school. I felt almost like he was spying on me. He started calling me “juvenile delinquent” around that time. I don't know why. I was never in any trouble. My parents called my younger sister, Carol, “princess”.

I was very withdrawn. I didn't want to bring attention to myself. I was not popular in school. I didn't have many friends.

I was mostly friends with Goldie Franks. We hung around together on the weekends I wasn't babysitting.

My Dad started noticing that I was developing and started trying to see me naked. I tried to keep my privacy, but it wasn't working any better than stopping my brothers had.

My Dad played guitar and would place his amplifier blocking the door open to the bathroom while I was taking showers. He would play with his “guitar” while watching me shower naked. I told my Mom and she did nothing. She just laughed and told my Dad that I wanted my “privacy” like it was a joke.

My brother Dick taught me how to roller skate! We would go to the Gala Ballroom and Skating Rink. I still love to skate, and would try out for Roller Derby when I was too old.

About 1973 I was 16.

I had started to enjoy my own kind of music. My parents called it “hard rock”, but it was more bubble gum. I liked watching The Partridge Family on TV. along with The Monkees. I listened to songs rather than having a favorite group. I liked the song Frankenstein by Edgar Winter. Gary and Josh would go to an Edgar Winter festival in 1995. I wish I had went.

I liked Superstar by the Carpenters. I liked a wide variety of music. I saw the Beatles on Ed Sullivan! Their first appearance in 1964. My parents hated them and thought they were terrible people because their hair went below their ears.

Goldie and I went to teen dances at the Gala Ballroom.

Once in awhile a band would play the high school. I was so scared I couldn't talk to musicians even to ask for an autograph.

On one occasion the school had a “sock hop”, so I went. It was just someone playing records in the gym. I could have stayed home.

I admired musicians. I thought the guys in bands were like movie stars. Little did I know I would marry one! Or that I would eventually end up in a band with my husband and son.

I met a guy named Gary Wright when I was about 15. I met him through Goldie. Little did I know that I would met my future husband, Gary Forney, through Gary Wright and his girl friend Becky. Becky was also my friend.

I guess it was meant to be. I just didn't know yet. I never thought I'd find anyone to love me. I was just shy, withdrawn, pale, and scared of everyone, and an incest victim.

I don't know how old I was when my Dad started to play guitar. Sometimes he would play for the nursing home across the street from our house in Independence, Iowa. The elderly residents would applaud. They enjoyed hearing him play.

Sometimes he would jam with my uncle George at my grandparents house in Quesqueton, Iowa. He would also jam with a guy named Gary Hankins. Gary Hankins was brothers with Bobby Hankins, a local country band guy.

My Dad tried to teach me how to play guitar. I never learned because I really didn't want to. My Dad wanted me to learn so I could play at parties for my friends. I had no friends and remembered him and his “guitar” when I would shower.

My Dad and Uncle George knew how to play guitar.

My Grandma knew how to play piano. She would also do some oil painting. I really didn't develop any artistic or musical skills. Gary says I have a good sense of rhythm though.

I did learn a little piano from my grandma. I hope she and grandpa are proud of me now. I still don't play an instrument, but I really want to learn to play bass guitar.

The summer I was 16 I had a crush on a guy, Lewy Schmitt. He knew it, but if he ever really cared for me I don't know.

One day he called me and told me to meet with him at the school playground. So I did. He took me into a corn field on the edge of the playground. We lay in the cornfield. He pulled off my shirt and started kissing me, as he touched my breasts. Next thing I knew he pulled my pants off, or at least took one leg out of my pants. He asked me if I was ready to do it. I didn't know what to say, and didn't say anything. He slowly, gently, put his cock in me. I told him not to get me pregnant. He shot his cum across my stomach. We got up and he kissed me one last time. He left.

On the way home by myself, I was bleeding. I didn't know why and hoped it wasn't anything to worry about.

I had just lost my virginity to a guy that didn't care about me.

A month later, when school started, he wouldn't even talk to me. He made it clear that he had a girl friend. They didn't last long though.

By spring of 1974, he called me again. That time he met me at a house where I was babysitting. He wanted me to jack him off, which I stupidly did. I said very little, and he shot his cum in my hand. He didn't talk to me again for another month.

He called again, and wanted me to ride around with him. I went. He didn't want to spend time with me. He just took me on some dirt road and fucked me in the back seat of his car. He fucked me doggy-style and came across my butt. He just drove me home after that and I never saw him again.

When school started that August, I received a letter from Lewy. He had joined the Air Force. He told me that fucking me was just something he "had to do". He said he was sorry. So was I.

One day that year, I was walking home from school, when some strange guy, I had never seen, asked me if I would like a ride. I was stupid and accepted. It was a Monday. We rode around town for awhile. I don't remember if we talked much. I doubt it. I was too shy to say anything to anyone.

He dropped me off a few blocks from my house.

This went on for a few days after school. Him giving me rides and dropping me off.

He refused to meet my parents.

He asked me to ride around Friday night. I thought it might be my first date. I was stupid.

I told my Dad that I had to go to school to work on a float for Homecoming.

I met the guy. He told me his name was Frank. If that was true, I don't know. He had his cousin with him. The three of us rode around until it started getting dark. Then we drove down near the river.

His cousin went off somewhere. Frank and I did it. No foreplay. Nothing.

I told him not to cum in me. He may have anyway. When he was done and his cousin returned, he told his cousin that he had got what he wanted. I was scared. I thought maybe the cousin was going to fuck me.

On the drive home, Frank told me he didn't want any "dog chains" on him!

I saw him once after that with another girl. That was the last time I saw him though. It was already a pattern. Two guys had fucked me, and that was all. They never cared, and I never saw them again.

For most of 1974 I had a creep stalking me. He would follow me home from school every day. He tried asking me if I wanted a ride several times. I wondered if I had gotten a bad reputation. I turned him down every time. He drove a tan Chevy Nova and wore a bright orange hat. I would vary my route to try to lose him and he would still find me and follow me.

I told my mom. She told me to get his plate number. I couldn't. I don't think my mom believed me.

Nothing ever came of it. I was still scared.

There was also a couple my parents became friends with, I don't know how they met. My parents would take me, and we would visit this couple's house. They would also come to ours. They didn't have kids. I thought that was why they took an interest in me and my younger sister.

My parents were friends with the couple for maybe a year or so, when I noticed the man, Dorance, coming over by himself in the mornings about the time I would leave for school.

He and my mom started getting friendlier than I thought they should be.

One day, Dorance was talking to me and my sister, when he put his arms around the two of us. It wasn't long and his hands were massaging our breasts. He did it right in front of Mom who never said a word. I pulled away. I don't know what Princess Carol did.

A few months later, the friendship between Dorance and my parents was over. I don't know if Dad caught Dorance and Mom together, or if my mom confessed.

Dorance never came around again.

When I turned 17, my dad helped me get my learning permit. I thought a person had to have a permit for a full year before getting a license. When I met Gary, one of the first things he did was make sure I got my actual license.

Goldie and I had started going to football games just to check out the guys. I was too shy to talk to any of them, but we went anyway.

Goldie and I would talk on the phone all the times. She was about my only friend.

We would have sleep overs, usually on Friday nights.

Goldie liked to eat while she talked on the phone. It was very noisy trying to listen to her.

I went to my one and only square dance with Goldie. It was fun until some old man grabbed my butt.

Goldie and I got kicked out of chorus in school for goofing off.

Goldie and I would listen to records together. I learned to dance to my own kind of music.

Goldie was my best friend in high school. We finally grew apart when we each got boyfriends the following year.

One time, Goldie and I were walking home from school to my house. A car pulled up with two guys in it. They asked us if we wanted a ride. We accepted. I was being stupid again.

We rode around with the guys for about an hour. Before they dropped us off back at the school, they asked us our ages. I was stupid and wondered why they asked. Goldie was 17. I would be 18 in two more months.

The next day, one of the guys wanted me to go riding around again.

His name was Mike Bathke, although he used other names at times.

The only time he would come around was Fridays.

It was December of 1974. It was cold. It wasn't long after riding around with him that we started kissing and I was letting him fool around.

Mike had a secret. He showed me some pictures. They were of his wedding! The jerk was married. That explained why he didn't come around often, and why he didn't want seen in public with me.

After he showed me the pictures, he fucked me. I think he came in me too, the bastard, even after I told him not to!

I did get him to meet my dad. He didn't really want to. Mike smelled of beer and gave my dad a fake name.

I knew I was being used, but still let the creep around me.

One night, I was baby sitting for my brother Bob. I told Mike to come over. After I put the kids to bed, Mike came over.

We laid on the couch trying to have sex, but I didn't have my pants down far enough.

Before I could get them off, my brother Bob and his wife Jeannie came home and walked in on us. Mike, the creep, vanished.

I begged Bob not to tell mom and dad! He said he wouldn't. I believed him. I didn't know he would just be the next brother to abuse me.

The next day, I babysit for Bob again. He took me in the kitchen alone. He came up to me and took out his cock. He made me stroke it as he kissed me. His kid walked in on us. That was the only time I had anything to do with Bob.

I saw Mike a week or two later. He never said where he had gone after Bob's. We never tried to have sex again.

In late February I saw a birth announcement in the paper. His wife had just had his baby. My mom saw the article and forbid me from seeing Mike again.

I never did.

A few weeks later, I got a call from Mike's wife screaming at me and calling me a whore. She threatened to shoot me!
I never saw Mike again.

April 1975 my world changed forever.

Early February 1975 a band played my high school. I don't remember their name. I thought the lead singer looked cool. A friend, Becky, told me she knew a guy that looked just like the singer. She told me she would introduce me to him.

The guy's name was Gary Forney. I started hearing about him in February, but it would be April when we met.

Gary was from Oelwein, Iowa, a city 15 miles north of Independence. I had heard Oelwein guys were hot.

My dad bought me an old black VW Bug to drive when I finally got my license.

In late March, my brother Chuck was at home. He happened to be around late one night for some reason. Chuck was drunk, as usual. Chuck was always drunk for as long as I can remember.

When I heard his footsteps coming up the stairs to my room, I had a bad idea of what he wanted.

He opened my door, and stood there for a second, then yanked the blanket off me.

I was naked, and I grabbed for the blanket back. He refused to give it to me, and threw it across the room on the floor.

He laid down on top of me, started kissing me and feeling my breasts. He said he wanted to fuck me! I said NO, but it didn't do any more good than it ever did.

I told him I didn't want to get pregnant. He told me he wouldn't get his own sister pregnant. I told him no a few more times, but finally gave up. I knew he was going to fuck me anyway. They always do!

I told him to go ahead, but not to cum in me.

He tried to get his cock out, but he was too drunk.

He was still trying, when we heard footsteps on the stairs. I don't know if the footsteps were going up or down. I saw a shadow near my door though. I was my dad's shadow.

I am sure to this day that my dad had come up to watch Chuck fuck me.

But, Chuck got up and left without saying a word.

I shut my door, and picked my blanket up off the floor and went to sleep.

Just another incident of the abuse I was experiencing.

Tom was still molesting me. Bob had me stroke his cock. Dick had tried to butt fuck me. Jerry had dry-humped me until he came. Now Chuck had tried to rape me. Three guys I had liked had fucked me without caring about me one little bit.

My life was going nowhere!

Incest. Rape. Betrayal.

I thought that was all my life would ever be.

Two weeks later, my life changed what I thought was forever. I met Gary Forney.

Gary came into my life and turned it upside down. He changed everything in my life around. I finally found myself happy and away from the abuse.

Two weeks after Becky had mentioned this guy in Oelwein, her and her boyfriend, Gary Wright, arrived at my door. They said come with us, we want you to meet someone. I said ok.

They took me to Oelwein, Iowa. They took me to the parking lot of a plastics factory that Gary Wright had worked at. They parked beside a bright red little sports car, a Buick Sky Hawk, that had just pulled in.

A REAL tall guy got out of the car and came over to the car I was in with Becky and Gary Wright. They introduced me to the guy, Gary Forney. [my future husband]

I was really scared, but leaned forward for 2 seconds and said hi. I didn't know what else to say so that's all I said and leaned back again.

Gary said he had to get back into work. I thought, wow, I left a bad impression on him. I thought I would never see him again.

Gary Forney was handsome, had really long curly brown hair, sexy blue eyes, a great smile, drove a brand new car, was older, and from out of town. I thought I had blown my only chance!

Gary Wright and Becky went inside. They told me to wait in the car. A few minutes later, Becky came back and got my phone number. She went back in and gave my number to Gary Forney!

They came back out and told me that Gary Forney would call me the next day! Wow! On the ride back to Independence, all I could do was think about nothing but the new Gary and getting a phone call from him the next day.

The next day, I got up really excited hoping that Gary would call me.

Around 1 o'clock the phone rang. I was afraid to answer, so my little sister did. I was too scared to. Gary wanted to talk to me. I went to the phone. I listened to his voice as he talked to me. He sounded very friendly, and had a sort of accent. I thought he might be French. I didn't know what to say. I was barely able to answer his questions. We made a date for that night.

Gary showed up about 5. I looked out the window. He had pulled right up out front and was actually coming to the door! I was shy and scared, but I answered the door. I had never had a guy come to the door, or even near my house! Most guys didn't want to be seen with me.

I was scared, but I let Gary in and introduced him to my dad.

My mom was in bed in the living room. She had a bed with homemade traction for her bad back. It was made of ropes and bricks. I was embarrassed. My dad told Gary why my mom's feet were tied up.

I was embarrassed and couldn't wait to get out of the house. Our date started.

After meeting my dad, Gary walked me out to his car. Gary opened the door for me. No one else had ever done that. I noticed there was still clear plastic covering the seats. It was a brand new car right off the showroom floor. It even smelled new! I had never been in a new car before.

Gary closed my door. He walked around and got in, and we were off.

I was shy, scared, and didn't know what to say to this guy. He was obviously sophisticated, knew stuff. Way out of my league. I didn't speak much at all.

Gary asked me a few questions as we drove. He asked me what I would like to do! No guy ever asked me that. They just drove me somewhere and fucked me.

We rode around Independence awhile. I was racking my brain trying to think of something to say. Gary finally just drove me to Oelwein.

I kept looking at him out of the corner of my eye. I thought, o boy, I am boring this guy to death.

Gary took me to a Pizza Hut in Oelwein. We had pizza. I had never had a real pizza before. No guy ever took me out anywhere.

We didn't talk much while we ate. I was having fun, but I worried that Gary wasn't. Actually, I had this thing where I wouldn't speak unless directly spoken to.

After pizza, we rode around Oelwein. Gary showed me where he lived.

It was a very BIG house of over two stories, and there were cars everywhere. I thought it was a lot of company, but Gary told me they were all cars of family members. I was not used to cars around. In my family everyone just owned one car each. Not so in Gary's family. Gary owned several cars, including the new one we were in. I thought Gary must be rich. His parents owned the entire city block they lived on. Gary wore new clothes. I didn't own anything new.

After we had driven around awhile, Gary told me he had to stop. We drove to the city park, and Gary parked the car. I didn't know he had to pee. I thought we were going to fuck. That's all guys wanted from me.

Gary didn't press me for sex at all. Something about Gary was different. He was a gentleman.

As we left the park, Gary asked me if I'd like to go to Waterloo, Iowa with him. I was barely able to get over my shyness enough to say yes.

It sounded like fun. I had never been to Waterloo much at all.

It was dark while we drove around Waterloo. I was a little scared, but Gary told me he had gone to high school there and thought of Waterloo as his hometown.

There was no physical contact between us. That was nice. No pressure. Just being together, and getting to know each other.

I was actually on a REAL date for the first time in my life!

After leaving Waterloo, Gary took me home.

I thought it was kind of early, but ok.

Gary said good-night and left without kissing me.

Before he left, Gary and I had set up another date. It was to be the next weekend. A double date with Becky and Gary Wright.

I looked forward to my next real date with Gary!

I dreamed about him all that night.

The following week Gary picked me up right at the time he said he would. Becky and Gary Wright were with him. I didn't know how to act. I had never been on a double-date before. Until Gary Forney, I had never been on a real date at all. It started out kind of like the first date. Not much talking, which was my fault. No physical contact.

My dad made Gary Forney play guitar with him.

After that, we all four went to Waterloo. I don't remember everything. Becky and Gary Wright wanted to go to a porn movie. I was embarrassed and uncomfortable. I was glad when it was over.

Next we went to The Paw, a bar in Cedar Falls, Iowa. Gary Forney sat on my right. Becky and Gary Wright on my left. I thought things were going all right. The other three were talking. I was my usual quiet shy self.

Then Gary Wright took Gary Forney aside and told him something. I don't know what.

The two Gary's came back and sat down.

Gary Forney put his hand on mine, then he gave me a light little kiss on the lips.

I felt butterflies in my stomach. It was a magic moment I will never forget!

I went home that night feeling something I had never felt before.

I couldn't wait to be with Gary again. I wanted to be with him all the time.

We started dating every weekend. We would go out for pizza, to a movie, to different cities on adventures, or just hanging around. Gary took me every where.

He took me to Des Moines to a car show. We went out for pizza a lot. Adventure Land Amusement Park in Des Moines, Iowa. Stonefield Museum in Illinois. We went to Waterloo a lot.

Gary and I even walked across Lake Oelwein! They had drained it to do something, and Gary said we should walk across. It was scary and fun at the same time. Gary said we could tell our our kids someday. I knew Gary meant it.

After we had been dating for awhile, Gary took me up to his room to have sex, but his brother played the radio real loud. Gary's parents were also due home, so we didn't do it yet. It was still thrilling to be naked in Gary's bed. I had never been completely naked or in a bed with a guy before. I wanted Gary to fuck me, but was scared.

Gary got a key to a friend's place, who wasn't there. We started going there and using a bed. For some reason, I think I was afraid of the size of Gary's cock, I couldn't lubricate enough to take Gary's cock up my pussy.

Gary was patient, but wanted me. One day he put a bottle of vaseline by the bed.

When we went to the apartment to try to have sex again, Gary gently undressed me, placed me on the bed, and coated his cock with vaseline. IT WENT IN. I was scared and had braced myself, Gary's cock was huge. I thought it was going to hurt. It didn't, but it felt like nothing I had ever felt, or experienced before. It felt like it went in up to my navel. I actually came. I had NEVER came before! He truly turned me on. No guy ever even bothered to try before Gary.

After he came on my stomach, he did something I didn't even know was possible. He put it back in and fucked me a second time. That time he came on my pubic hair.

Sex with Gary was great. I came both times. Gary is the only guy to ever get me to cum. EVER.

We continued to have sex every date after that, which was ok with me. I loved the feel of Gary in me. We would still go out and do other things just having fun together. I didn't feel I was being taken advantage of, like I felt with other guys.

Gary wanted to be with me for myself, and not just my body. We both knew there was more between us than sex.

I have never had sex with anyone as good as Gary. He knows how to turn a woman on, and keep her coming back for more. Gary is gentle, romantic, caring, loving, and he really cares about his partner.

After while, Gary wanted to do me orally. No one had ever eaten my pussy, and I was scared to let him. He tried once and I stopped him, but I knew he still wanted to. The next time he tried, I let him. It felt so good, like nothing I had ever felt before! It was the best sex I ever had. When I came, I felt like I would go through the roof.

Gary was doing me for a few weeks, and never pressured me to do him. I started to think I should. So, one time while we were parked somewhere, I did. I enjoyed it, and I know Gary did. I had never sucked a guy's cock before. Gary's was the only one I ever wanted to.

The first time Gary came in my mouth, we were at a drive-in movie about a wet T-shirt contest. I was sucking him, but wanted to complete it to please him. I did it, and he shot in my mouth. I was pleased. It felt right.

Gary and I dated all summer. It was the best summer I ever had and I will never forget it.

We went to a lot of movies. We went to see "Tommy" a dozen times. Gary also taught me who Godzilla was.

We went to see Carrie McDowell in concert.

I liked it when we would take some pop and chips with us, and just go somewhere to talk. Naturally, Gary did most of the talking. I just liked listening and being with him. Gary would talk about music and poetry, and I would love to listen even if I didn't always understand.

Gary took me to a college to see a short film festival. It was very interesting, even if I didn't get all of it.

Gary would show me his poetry books, and his films.

I liked going to drive-in movies with Gary. I really enjoyed his company a lot. He was different in a good way.

Gary would buy me gifts, jewelry, trinkets, and things.

The jewelry, Gary would buy me, was usually heart shaped. I have collected heart shaped things ever since. Hearts are a symbol of our love for each other.

Gary took me to my junior prom. I had never been to anything like it. I wore a long green dress. It was too big for me and didn't fit well.

Gary loved me in dresses though. He couldn't keep his hands off me when I'd wear a dress. He also liked me to wear button down the front shirts with no bra. I loved Gary touching me. Gary is very sexy.

After Gary saw how the green dress really didn't fit me, he politely suggested I buy some new outfits for myself.

Something that was just for me. I had never had new clothes.

I went out and picked out a nice blue sweater vest blouse and some new jeans. It felt nice. It fit perfect.

I wore it for our next date. I came down stairs in my new clothes. Gary said I looked real nice, and my mom took some pictures. I was embarrassed by the attention.

Later, when we were alone, Gary couldn't keep his hands off me. I felt pretty, and sexy. I had never felt like either before.

Gary used to wear engineer boots, western cut shirts, tan double-seam pants. He still likes western shirts and wide belts. To take me to prom he wore a brown suit coat. He looked real nice. I was so happy to have him as my prom date. I was in love. Gary loved me too.

We dated all summer of 1975. It was magical. I was finally truly happy.

In September of 1975, I started to think I was pregnant. I told Gary and he just said we would get married sooner than planned. Gary and I had both thought we would marry in the spring when I graduated. Gary said if I was pregnant that we would just get married sooner.

Gary took me to the doctor. He had the happiest look on his face when I nodded to him that I was pregnant!

We told our parents, and started planning the wedding.

I finally had someone to share my life with, and be with forever.

My life had no direction before Gary came into it. I had no goals. Nothing. My life was just abuse. After being with Gary, my life filled with adventure.

My parents would become a problem though, along with my brothers. It's not easy to walk away from abuse.

While Gary and I were dating, I would keep asking my parents if they liked Gary. They would never answer. I didn't worry about their opinion due to being so happy.

Actually, I didn't see much of my family the summer I dated Gary.

I need to back up now and tell more about dating Gary.

Gary and I were dating all summer, and I had almost forgotten things at home. I was so happy with Gary that I was ignoring signals.

My mom was a hotel clerk on night shift. While Gary and I were dating we had to check in with my mom before Gary would take me home. We had to stop and talk to her first.

Gary and I would stop sometime during the evening and tell my mom Gary was taking me home.

We usually didn't go home though. We would continue our date for a few more hours. Sometimes we would have sex before I'd go home. It felt nice and I wasn't thinking about my parents or what they thought of Gary.

I remember when I started suspecting I might be pregnant. We were at the apartment having sex, when Gary told me he couldn't stop and came in me. I said it was ok, because I thought I might be pregnant anyway. So, after that Gary would just cum in me. I was happy. It felt great. I was relaxed and felt complete. I enjoyed our sex all the more after that.

We would have sex and not worry about birth control. I felt like Gary and I were one.

When I thought I was really pregnant, I told Gary. He was happy and so was I. We wanted to be sure though.

Gary took me to the doctor in September 1975 to see if I was pregnant. I was!

When I left the office and went out to the waiting room, Gary kept looking at me and mouthing the words "are you?" at me. I nodded back "yes". I couldn't be happier. Gary was excited too. I had never seen him so thrilled. I trusted my Gary and I knew we would be together forever.

When we left the doctor's office, we threw condoms out the car window all the way to Oelwein.

Gary proposed to me that day.
I said "Yes!"

I was truly happy except for one thing. I would have to tell my parents. Gary said he would tell my parents next time he picked me up, but I told them before that. My parents were very upset, and I didn't understand why, but they let me continue to date Gary, and tried to accept it. Or at least I thought they did.

Gary and I continued dating happier than ever.

Gary and I went to a printer in Oelwein, and picked out some wedding invitations to have printed up.

We picked the day we wanted to get married. The day we picked was my grandma's birthday. Later, it would also be our daughter, Laura's, birthday.

My parents started acting up!

My dad wanted me to start dating other guys, and wanted the wedding called off.

My mom tried to ruin the wedding, tried to get it called off. She ran everything. I think she was trying to upset Gary and I into calling off the wedding.

Gary and I got married anyway!

November 8th, 1975.

Naturally, I had to wear a used hand-me-down wedding dress, which had been Joan's. I wanted my own, but didn't get one! It didn't fit good. Had to be pinned in place on me. It itched something terrible too!

Gary and his brothers wore western cut white tuxedos with black shoulder lapels. Their shirts matched my bridesmaids colors. They were all very handsome, especially my Gary.

I didn't get to chose my bridesmaids. Mom did that. They both got new dresses. Not me, for my own wedding.

When it came time to walk down the aisle my dad escorted me. I had to yank my arm free when he refused to let go!

My brother, Chuck, arrived late and drunk as usual. He couldn't stand up and had to lean against a pew. I guess he didn't like losing his rape victim, and had to drink himself silly in order to come to my wedding.

My sister, Joan, was supposed to pay for half the flowers, but never did. My parents didn't pay for anything either.

My mom had ordered me to tell Gary and his brothers to get haircuts before the wedding could go on. I didn't tell them. Gary and his brothers all three had long hair. Gary married me with his hair as long as ever.

Mom ran the guest list, even telling Gary who could be there.

Gary, his parents, and his sister, Darlene, paid for the entire wedding, and photos.

Gary's parents paid for the cake, and the tuxedos which cost \$80 each for the day's rental.

My parents stole half the cake, making off with a tier support that the caterer billed Gary's parents for.

The only things I know my parents paid for were some little nut and mint paper cups, some crepe paper, and a NEW dress for Princess Carol.

The wedding went ok. There was a delay with the music. My mom wouldn't let us have any music at first. She was afraid of rock and roll. She finally let us use some dumb taped church music.

The reception was fair. My mom spotted one of Gary's friend that she didn't think should be there, and had a minor fit. We ate some cake, and got some gifts, and left.

We had a photo session booked with Winter Photography in Oelwein. Gary and his brothers had a deadline to return their tuxedos. I wanted out of the itchy wedding dress I was being forced to wear.

My sister, Joan, kept everyone waiting an hour! She wasn't showing up, and the photographer had another appointment he needed to get to. Gary and I were hot and tired. The photographer was threatening to leave without taking our pictures. Gary's sister, Darlene, would be charged for the session rather we got our pictures or not.

When Joan finally showed up, she ran a snotty attitude and told us we had to hurry our pictures up because she had to go bowling! Everyone was irritated with her!

The pictures were taken. I looked hot, tired, and itchy, in most of them. We barely got a couple of good pictures.

We returned the tuxedos. Gary and I then drove to Independence where I changed my clothes. I was glad to be out of that dress.

We left for our honeymoon! We had planned on going to Iowa City, Iowa, but only got as far as Cedar Rapids, Iowa, when it started snowing really bad. We pulled over in Cedar Rapids at the first hotel we saw.

We signed the register: MR AND MRS GARY FORNEY!

The next day we returned to our new home at 528 8th Street S.W. Oelwein, Iowa.

I couldn't have been happier!

1976 was a great year.

The months went by and I was getting bigger.

Our first son, Joshua David Forney was born on April 18th 1976. It was the morning of Easter Sunday that year.

Gary left Gulf States Plastics to work for Triangle Plastics in Winthrop, Iowa, where he became a foreman, making motorcycle fairings.

There were no major events, yet. We were happy and were enjoying being married. We enjoyed just being together.

I wish my parents and brothers had just left it at that.

1977.

It started out ok. Gary was a foreman at Triangle Plastics. Josh turned 1 and started to walk.

With Gary at work in Winthrop, and me being home alone with Josh, I made a big mistake and started going to see my parents alone while Gary was at work.

That April, everything started going wrong. I was spending too much time with my parents.

For reasons I don't know, my parents contacted Triangle Plastics and told them to put Gary's pay checks in my name. My parents told Gary's employer that we were getting a divorce! Neither Gary or I knew anything about it.

My parents were getting worse toward Gary.

Gary and I talked about it, and I was spending way too much time around my parents. I should have been home making a home for my husband and son.

Gary left Triangle Plastics after my parent's deal, and went to work for a Mobile gas station. It was less money, but only 4 or 6 blocks from home. We thought it would work. We thought I would still see my parents but not as much.

My parents threw a fit right away. They got real mad that I wasn't coming down every day any more! They came down when Gary was at work. They searched our house, for drugs I think. They turned the thermostat up to 95 and opened a window. It cost Gary \$200 for that one day alone in a gas bill.

Gary, Josh, and I, stopped going to see them. That made my parents madder! They started telling our neighbors that we were getting a divorce. They wanted me to leave Gary and live with them so they could get money from child support, welfare, etc, to they could retire. They wanted to move to California.

My dad came up with the plan to get Gary and I a divorce so he could retire. He told me that he could have pork chops every day with the welfare I would get.

I loved Gary! My parents were pulling everything apart. I was happy, but they didn't want me to be. I knew why. They didn't want a male to take away their little incest sex victim. I was being torn apart.

They started harassing us daily!

They interfered with Gary's Mobil job and lost it for him.

My dad was caught lurking in a neighbor's yard with a flashlight spying in windows one night. He said he was just "protecting" his daughter.

He would try to force himself into the house. I would lock the door and hide from them when they came. Dad would climb up on a parked car and try to peek in the window with a flashlight.

We took out a sheriff's restraining order against my dad. He ignored it. The harassment got worse and worse.

My brothers got involved.

We couldn't even leave the house to walk to our mail box out front to check our mail.

We would hear knocks, and thumps, and noises outside the house day and night. It was always my dad making them, or one of my brothers come down to fight Gary.

My mom and Princess came down once during a rainstorm and told me I had to go home with them. I refused. Why did my mom need me? She had Joan and Princess. I just wanted my Gary and not the abuse I knew waited at home

My dad stole a cross cut saw that Gary's dad had left at our house. Gary's dad yelled at Gary for "giving" my dad the saw. Gary didn't give it to him. Dad stole it. Gary's dad was afraid of getting it from my dad, but blamed Gary for 20 years about it.

My brother, Chuck, wanted to fist fight Gary all the time that summer. He would get drunk, as usual, and come down and pound on our door at all hours. We had the cops remove him twice.

The stress was getting to Gary, and me. Gary quit Mobil and went to work at Little Jenny's gas station. We hoped my parents wouldn't find out.

Of course, Gary's dad told them! Gary's dad was a creep, and a bully to his family, but was afraid of everyone else. All my family had to do was ask him and he always told them everything. Bastard. [Bunny called him that]

To help Gary with the stress he was under, I and another girl did a threesome of sorts with Gary. We took off our tops and fooled around with him in bed. The other girl jacked him off. It seemed to help Gary's stress for awhile. I would do anything to make him happy again.

My family didn't give up their harassment though.

One day, I was with Gary at his job at the Little Jenny's gas station. It was getting to be the fall of the year. Me and Josh would go to the station to see Gary and stay warm and try to escape the harassment at home. There was also no heat in the house. We had been unable to get the gas turned on due to my family's stuff.

We think Gary's dad called my parents and told them where Gary was working.

That day, we saw my dad drive by and pull in behind a nearby building. He had looked right over at the station, even though the windows were mirrored and no one could see in.

We knew trouble was on it's way!

A few seconds later, we saw my brother Tom's car go by and also look right at the station. We thought they were going to pull in, but they drove over to the Pamida across the street. They parked as close to the highway as they could though. We saw my brothers, Tom and Chuck, go in Pamida. When they came back, we hoped they would just drive off. No.

We saw them walk over to a phone from car pay phone and call someone. I suspect my mother! Tom talked to whoever first, and then Chuck talked to them. They got back in their car. I prayed they just leave!

Tom drove right over to the station. We saw Chuck in the car, and someone we didn't know. Tom pumped some gas and looked around all over. When there were no other cars at the station he came in and paid. He didn't say anything, but looked around the station to make sure no one was in it.

He was being a look out for Chuck!

When Tom went back to the car, Chuck got out and came in. He was drunk, as usual. I don't remember Chuck ever being sober back then.

Chuck bought some cigarettes. When Gary handed Chuck the pack, Chuck grabbed Gary's shirt, with his other hand, the one he had the cigarettes in, he made a fist and swung at Gary. Gary grabbed Chuck's fist he had around the cigarettes and crushed them right in Chuck's hand. In his drunken stupor, Chuck still thought he'd fight Gary. Gary got mad, and came around the counter to teach Chuck a lesson. Chuck got scared and backed way up. Then Chuck tried to kick Gary, and left a mark on Gary's pants with his dirty shoes. Gary laughed at Chuck, and offered to punch Chuck out the window! Chuck got scared and ran outside to the car.

Tom came in. I was already calling the cops. Tom begged me not to. I demanded Tom tell me who else was out in the car. Tom said the other guy's name was Joe, and that he was Chuck's "brother". That means Chuck was so afraid of Gary that he brought a back up just in case he lost the fight.

My dad had been advance scout, and hid nearby. Tom was the look-out, and ran off scared when I called the cops. Chuck was supposed to be the tough guy, but was so scared of Gary that he had to drink up some courage. Joe was his drinking buddy back up! What a bunch of losers! [Bunny again]

I called the cops. We were outside the city limits, so I had to call the Highway Patrol. They had us come to the shack to file an assault charge against Chuck. The Highway Patrol said they would issue a warrant right away.

I heard that they found Chuck at Tom's house in Hazleton, Iowa, and arrested him. They took him to the West Union, Iowa, court house and threw him in a cell until a judge showed up.

The judge told Chuck to never come into Fayette County again and pull his kind of stunt.

I heard that Chuck told the judge that he would, and that the judge summoned a deputy and dared Chuck to repeat it. Chuck didn't. I bet he was scared.

I forget if they kept Chuck in jail for the night, but I did hear it cost him \$100, which was a lot of money back then.

It also added yet another charge to Chuck's long police record.

Chuck stopped bothering us.

Dad and Tom refused to stop for another ten years.

Gary turned in notice to the gas station when my parents claimed Gary had started a disturbance. What?

Gary had lost another job due to my parent's harassment.

That November, we had to move in with Gary's parents. We had no heat. No job. I was pregnant with my second child.

1978.

Our second son, Logan Adam Forney, was born on February 25th 1978, three days after my 21st birthday.

We bought a small camper in March. We moved in it mostly do be away from Gary's dad. Unfortunately it sat near Gary's parents kitchen windows.

We had no income and were starving right outside Gary's parents kitchen. Gary's dad made sure Gary's sister, Carma's, kids were fed. Right in front of my boys!

So we could have something to eat, Gary would box trap wild rabbits.

One morning, Gary had caught a rabbit for us. His dad was watching Gary take the rabbit out. The rabbit got loose and ran off. While it did, Gary's dad started laughing really hard. He shouted out that "You should have seen the look on Gary's face when his supper ran off!" and kept laughing.

We didn't think it was funny! We had to go hungry that day.

We heated the camper by turning on a burner on the built in stove. We would take turns staying awake to make sure everything was all right.

After the rabbit incident, Gary wanted our camper away from his parent's kitchen. Gary burnt wood for three days solid, out in the rain, so we could have a place to move the camper to, away from his parent's house.

Gary caught the flu, and tonsillitis.

We also didn't get the camper moved far enough!

One night right after we had sex, someone knocked really loud on the camper window right next to Gary's head. We were startled and scared. Someone had listened to us having sex, and may have even peeked in the window!

Gary got dressed and stepped outside, but didn't see anyone.

I found out later who it was when he told me. It was Gary's dad! A few months later, Gary's dad would use threats to try to force me to have sex with him.

In May, Gary found another job that paid well at Corn Blossom/ Cudahey Hams.

His dad gave him a ride to work the first few weeks.

Gary eventually bought a 1955 International Harvester pick-up to drive to work. Gary spent a lot of time fixing it up and was really proud of it. We had something to drive again. I was proud of Gary too.

While Gary was at work, one day, I was hanging up laundry. We were still living in the camper. Gary's dad came up to me and wanted me to have sex with him. He told me he had listened outside the camper while he jacked off. He told me that if I refused, he would make Gary and I miserable, and kick us off his property. He gave me a day to think about it.

When I said no, and I was scared to, Gary's dad sent us off to live in Cutsha Park. Gary didn't know why, because I hadn't said anything about his dad in fear of what would happen.

I don't know how Gary's dad thought we could live in a park as squatters with two little boys and no food. These memory may have happened before Gary had his job. I don't know exactly when, but it did happen!

After spending one night in the park, Gary hooked up the camper to the truck and drove back to his parents.

Gary's dad was very upset, but didn't, couldn't, say anything. I didn't say anything either.

I didn't tell Gary about his dad for another twenty years, until after his dad was dead. When I did, I felt a burden lifted.

For the next twenty years, while his dad was alive, I never told a soul. I did refuse to be alone in a room with Gary's dad alone forever after that.

Once, I didn't get out of the room fast enough, and Gary's dad grabbed my elbow and called me “sweet thing” and told me he wanted to have sex with me.

I yanked free and walked off.

After the camper and park incidents, Gary's dad built a small building on the corner of his property for us to live in. We moved in in October.

Gary was making good money. He bought some cameras and started a photography business.

I stayed away from his dad all I could!

We had a nice Christmas.

We were happy.

We had hopes for the future again.

1979.

This was the year that things ended. Some good. Some bad.

We were still living on Gary's parents property in a building we called “the shop”. We had bought a pea green Pinto. I forget the year, maybe a 1973. It was a little station wagon.

In March, I was driving the Pinto station wagon. I was parked on a side street, waiting for Gary to get off work. My dad drove by in his Pinto and looked right at me. I saw him turning around. I panicked, and quickly drove into the employee parking lot even though I wasn't supposed to park there. My dad disappeared.

It turned out later, that my dad had driven to the front of the building, and went in the main office area. He found one of Gary's bosses, and told them that his daughter was in “an abusive relationship” and married to a “controlling husband who wouldn't let visit her parents”. It was all lies. Gary's boss believed it though.

The next day when Gary went in to work, he was written up for having gone home at the end of the night when his shift was over. Gary was also taken off his bid job of a meat dumper, and put in the can stuffing area, where he wasn't allowed to move from one spot all shift. He was also required, after my dad's visit, to stay after work until his boss said he could go home. Sometimes Gary had to stay 4 or 5 hours after his shift was over. He would be the only one in the plant. He got paid lots of overtime, but they were keeping him prisoner!

It was my dad's doing. He had talked Gary's boss into "showing him what it's like to be held prisoner".

Gary started getting an ulcer from the stress he was constantly under. He also had terrible headaches that lasted for days on end. He developed a skin itch up and down his arms. He also began to suffer from severe depression.

[Years later, when I was under the same type of stress, and also due to my rape, my personality split wide open and I became a multiple personality.]

Gary stood everything as best he could.

In May, he finally had a nervous breakdown. I told him to quit his job. As soon as he did his skin stopped itching, his constant headache ended, and his ulcer left him. He could never work again though. At least not in a factory! My parents had killed his spirit.

He still suffered from depression.

We went on welfare while Gary went into therapy.

Finally, I went to work at a Goodwill, while Gary tried to go back to his photography.

Gary was in therapy for his extreme depression.

A Japanese friend and I tried to cheer him up with a threesome. It had worked before, and I hoped it would again. This time we both had sex with Gary. It worked for awhile. The friend also let Gary take some nude photos of her.

In June, Gary's dad acted up again.

We were both sure it was Gary's dad who had told my dad where Gary had worked, what time I would be there, what I would be driving etc.

This time he said he had read where my dad restored old cars. He insisted that Gary and I go with him and two of Gary's brothers to my parent's house to "see the cars".

It was a trap! It was all set up by Gary's dad and my dad.

Everyone was there. My drunken abusive brother, Chuck, and his 16, or so, years old wife. They had been married for about a year. She now had had Chuck's baby, but wanted a divorce right after having her baby. No one talked to her, or me.

Robin, Chuck's wife, left the house with her baby and went one way. I left the house with my two boys and went the other way. Princess Carol snubbed me, and refused to talk to me!

None of my personalities ever liked Princess.

Gary and Chuck hid in a car together drinking.

Gary's dad and his brothers hung around my dad talking. There were NO old cars to look at!

Gary's dad was furious with us by the time we got back to Oelwein. He was mad because I refused to talk to my family, and I suspect because I had refused to sleep with him!

Gary's dad treated us like crap!

It was the very last time I saw my family at all.

The Pinto broke down that fall. Gary's dad sold it, and kept the money for himself. We had bought the car. Gary's dad was always cheating Gary.

Gary's dad would continue to help my family harass us until they all got too old to. The last time Gary saw his dad alive, his dad was calling Gary names.

Everything was terrible. Things were a nightmare.

We stopped talking to Gary's family at the time too.

We moved back into the first house we ever lived in together, and tried to avoid both families.

Just before Christmas that year my dad tried to cause more trouble.

I was at work at the Goodwill. My dad came down to our house and caught Gary outside. My dad told Gary that my dad had spoken to me. Lies. That I had said I wanted to go see my mom for Christmas. My dad told Gary that I had said I was afraid of Gary, and wanted to go see my mom for Christmas alone, that I wanted my mom to pick me up. My dad told Gary he just wanted to know what time my mom could pick me up.

Gary told him to get lost!

Next, my dad came right to my work. He never cared if people lost their jobs or whatever! He told me that Gary had said he didn't want to go to my parent's for Christmas, and that Gary wanted me to go alone, and have my mother pick me up. Dad told me that my mother would pick me up, but wanted to know what time to.

I told him to get lost!

The funny part is that Gary and I had actually originally thought of going to my parent's for Christmas that year. After my dad's stories and lies, we didn't!

We didn't go down. I never really ever spoke to my father, mother, or family ever again.

That ended that year and my family!

1980.

We were living at 528 8th St. S.W. in Oelwein, Iowa.

We were getting welfare & Aid to Dependent Children. I had left the Goodwill. Gary was in therapy.

We had quit everything with either of our families.

Gary and I did a few more threesomes with our Japanese friend. [Five years later we would do more with her.]

We got an income tax refund and bought a used Mercury.

In the spring, Gary started Vocational Rehab. He went to some classes in Waterloo. They tested him there, and discovered his genius level IQ. They encouraged Gary to go to college. So Gary enrolled at the University of Northern Iowa.

When Gary enrolled in college, he needed his high school transcripts. I went with him to East High in Waterloo, Iowa to get them.

I got to see Gary's grades! A's and B's all over the place! I was speechless! I had been lucky to get C's! I had never seen a report card like his! I was amazed. Gary is a true genius.

I don't remember when Gary applied for disability, but he got a back check in June!

When his college enrollment was approved, we moved to Cedar Falls, Iowa, and the University of Northern Iowa campus.

There were many creative people around. Gary was to study to be an Art teacher. He showed me around the campus and where his classes were to be.

It was an adventure! After school started Gary made many artistic friends. Some came to our trailer and talked Art with Gary. I remember one of them very well.

His name was Mike Hitchcock. He was a real nice person, and artist. He and Gary were friends.

I heard that that Thanksgiving, that Mike went home, got in a major fight with his mother. Mike hung himself in his closet! It was shocking news.

1981.

The year started out good.

Gary bought me a female Cockateil bird. I had never seen one before. I had never had a pet bird either. Actually, never really had had a pet before.

Gary completed his first year of college.

When college had let out for the summer, Gary was called in for a Social Security Disability review.

We had been under the impression that we would get disability until Gary finished college and became an Art teacher. We were wrong.

Ronald Reagan had just been elected president. He was dropping social programs right and left, and kicking everyone off disability!

That summer, Gary's disability was dropped.

We were in a panic. We didn't know what to do.

I found a job at Sid McKenna Photography trimming pictures. Gary got a job in the Art Department as a lab assistant in art-metals.

We desperately wanted Gary to finish college.

Gary took out a student loan.

We tried to make ends meet.

In the fall, when Gary returned to classes, his depression and self worth issues became overbearing! He started losing friends. Then he stopped going to most of his classes.

We did two threesomes with some college girls, but it didn't cheer Gary up.

By the time winter came, things were hopeless. We both knew Gary would have to leave college and we would end up back living with his parents again. We hated the idea.

I was laid off from my job.

Everything was miserable.

We had no choice.

We took Gary's last disability check and bought a Ford LTD.

We packed everything we owned, and got ready for the move back to Oelwein.

Gary had been defeated.

His depression, and self-esteem issues, gave him nightmares.

We were lost.

1982.

We made the move back to Oelwein with a rented U-Haul, during a January blizzard. I saw a mail truck turned over on its side on some ice. We sadly left Cedar Falls, the college, our dreams.

When we arrived at Gary's parents, Gary's dad was very angry! He told Gary that we better not have everything we own out there in a snow bank. We did.

Gary's parents reluctantly let us have a room.

Gary had to return the U-Haul. While he was gone, and I was unpacking, Gary's dad called my parents and said he didn't want us living with him. He wanted me to live with my parents. I wished we were back in Cedar Falls!

My parents sent my worst incest abusers, Tom and Chuck, to get me!

They told me that Gary was no good for me, and that I should be home living with my mother. They told me that Gary couldn't even afford a house for me.

I didn't want to talk to them. Gary's dad had ran and hid. There was no one there. I never said anything, and just went back upstairs to unpack our things.

They left without their sex toy!

When Gary came back, we settled as best we could into an upstairs room at his parent's house.

Gary's dad refused to help us with any food. We survived on some canned goods we had stocked up when we knew we would end up back in his parent's hell.

Gary did some trapping and hunting to add to things.

Joshua graduated Kindergarten that spring.

Logan started Head Start that fall.

Logan was afraid to talk above a whisper, even at school. His grandmother Forney would yell up the stairs for us to be quiet, and at Gary to “make Bonnie stop abusing those kids”.

She probably knew about Gary's dad's trying to force me to sleep with him and hated me!

Logan wasn't the only one suffering.

We all were.

It was a miserable year!

1983.

Gary's dad sent us to live in an old house that had been being used as a dump/junk yard by the previous people. He thought we could live there with the trash. That's what he thought we were, I guess.

It was 3 miles out in the country from Oelwein. We had no car, but Gary's dad didn't seem concerned with dumping us there like human trash.

There were weeds and trash everywhere. You could hardly pull in the driveway!

The house had no heat. The other people had torn out the copper tubing for an LP tank and had sold it for scrap metal. There was no LP pig. We checked, and it would have cost us a lot more money than it was worth or that we had.

Gary bought an old wood burning stove at an auction. It never really heated the house, and we would have to huddle around it to even stay a little warm.

I don't know if it was the first year or a few years later that Gary bought us a 1952 Chevy.

For Christmas that year, a Catholic charity bought some gifts for us. Gary and I also shop-lifted some toys for our boys.

At times that winter, it got down to twenty below zero. Gary's parents never came to visit, never even checked on us.

Gary's dad didn't care if his grandsons froze to death, especially since I kept refusing to fuck the old bastard. [Bunny again]

I had cats around. Gary's dad would bring every stray cat he saw, anywhere, out to the farm and just dump them! I don't have any idea why. Maybe just to burden us.

We couldn't feed them. We could hardly feed ourselves.

1984.

We had settled in a little on the farm. I enjoyed living there in the warm months.

I started work at an A&W Rootbeer as a car-hop. I had to walk the three miles into town and back for work.

Gary spent time writing poetry, and writing for computer magazines. Also a lot of his time was spent just keeping us all alive and healthy. I worried about him though.

The boys were growing up. Josh was 8. and Logan was 6.

I remember when Gary wrote the song "Caravan"! He wrote the words and music on a keyboard we had boughten him. I remember Gary singing it to me.

It was beautiful. Not much else was.

We took the boys to see E.T. at the theater. Logan cried because E.T. went home!

We raised some turkeys, and other animals. The turkeys were one male and one female. We called the male "Geronimo". He used to like to walk in circles around women. He would strut and fluff his feathers. He circled me so many times one day that it made me afraid of him for awhile.

When we moved off the farm the following year, we gave the two turkeys to Gary's brother, Larry. The female died right away. I don't think they took care of her. Geronimo died three years later, after being given from one person to another.

We had several chickens. The boys would gather the eggs every day.

Gary started a planter garden for us. We had tomato plants as high as the corn crib.

Gary's dad called my mom and told them where we were living. Gary's mom was getting upset by Gary's dad calling my mom. She suspected that Gary's dad might be trying to get my mom to have sex with him. So she warned us that Gary's dad had told my parents where we were living.

My dad came to our house. I refused to speak to him. Another day, my dad and Tom's wife, Ruth, brought me my grandmother's dresser set of drawers. My grandmother wanted me to have it. I think Ruth was upset and wanted it.

Before my grandparents died a year later, my grandmother gave me her engagement ring. It was a large pearl ring. I still have it and want to give it to Laura when she ever gets married.

Gary went to weekly auctions. He would buy us stuff we might need. Once he bought a bicycle assist engine. Then he bought a three wheeled bicycle and put the engine on it. It made a sort of "car" that he would drive the boys around with him with them in the rear basket. It was fun.

Gary would also buy old TV's and keep them running.

That summer was almost fun. The winter was terrible and we had a couple of chimney fires.

The trouble was waiting for spring.

1985.

This was a terrible terrible year.

It started in February when my mom sent me a birthday card. She had put some money in it. I forget how much, either a ten or twenty dollar bill. Cash.

I took the money and threw the card away.

A week later, Gary's dad took Gary aside while we were in town visiting. His dad accused Gary of cashing checks with my name on them. It was ridiculous. There had only been one card, and it had cash in it, no check. Gary explained that. Gary's dad didn't believe him and said all he knew is that he wouldn't be cashing checks with his wives name on them.

No, but he would try to force me to sleep with him!

Gary's dad had started talking to my mom every day on the phone, and now was calling her Doris! Gary's mom was very upset. Gary's mom started warning us about his dad's goings on. Gary's dad was trying to get my mom to sleep with him, and he had always been causing trouble for us.

Gary's dad. I know I don't use his name! I hated him.

I don't know which of my personalities said that. Could be any of us!

Gary's dad gave my parents directions down to the detail about how to get to the farm we were living on, where I was working, everything he knew. It was in an effort to get in good with my mom.

Gary's mom warned us about what his dad had done.

A few days later, my brother Dick [sister butt rapist] came in the A & W while I was working. I hid from him, but I think he saw me. He didn't do anything and left.

The next day, my dad showed up at the A & W. I was terrified. I hid in the back room when he came in and asked for me. I didn't want to talk to him.

My dad told my employers that I acted terrified every time he saw me. He said it was due to Gary! That wasn't true. I was terrified every time my dad saw me all right, of my dad!!!

My employers then involved one of Gary's parents neighbors, an old biddy who hated Gary's family. It turns out because Gary's dad had once tried to force her to sleep with him!

The neighbor went to the city, and repeated my dad's story of me being terrified, and of possible abuse! She told them I was still living in the building I had lived in almost ten years before.

The city got after Gary's dad, and he had to tear the old building down. That made Gary's dad mad.

Since we didn't actually live in the city, the city said they couldn't do anything. About what I have no idea!

Someone, either the spinster, or my parents, or maybe Gary's dad told them we were living in the country. One of them contacted the county!

The county sent some creeps known as the A.T.A. or Alternative Treatment Asses. They thought we needed family counseling.

A.T.A. just caused trouble where there had been none!

They blamed Gary for everything, the lack of heat, our poverty, my family not getting to see me. It was stupid. Gary wasn't to blame.

A.T.A. wanted me to go back with my brothers!!! They said I should start "a new relationship" with them! An new incest relationship??? I didn't think so!

Everything became a nightmare! The stress got to Gary fast. He was depressed and I was afraid of him becoming suicidal.

I looked up our old Japanese friend that we had done threesomes with before. She was still living nearby. We got together again and did some more threesomes with Gary. He really turned the Japanese girl, and I on!

We also did a hot threesome with an older local woman.

After the threesomes, Gary felt more like a man again.

A week later, Gary just told everyone, including A.T.A., that was causing trouble to just get out of our lifes!

Almost all of them did.

My parents and Gary's dad kept at it, but everyone else quit.

We started making plans to move the following spring.

We survived the winter with no one else bothering us.

My Gary was back!

We started to heal.

Before I write more, I want to talk about something. I know a lot of this book has involved sex. Some of that is due to my Bunny personality.

There are also reference to a lot of threesomes.

When you actually figure out when they were, they were years and years between threesomes.

I like doing threesomes with Gary.

All of my incest experience, creepy guys, etc, have turned me off men other than Gary. I sometimes like having women though. Probably due to my experiences from an early age.

It's not up to you to judge any of us.

1986.

We moved to Fayette, Iowa.

The plan was for me to go to college and Northeast Iowa Technical Institute, and for Gary to go to the college in Fayette. I forget what it is called. Upper Iowa?

It seemed like a good plan.

It fell apart.

Gary wasn't allowed to go back to college until he had paid off his previous student loan.

There was nothing for him to do. His depression returned. I asked him if he wanted to do another threesome with someone. He said no.

His depression got worse.

We were not any happier in Fayette than we had been on the farm.

I flunked out of N.I.T.I.. I am not a good student, and I am not too smart.

I dropped out without finishing the course!

The landlord in Fayette was another creep. I felt like he was spying on me. He was also over charging us.

We could only get one TV channel.

Life was miserable.

Gary and I talked about what to do next. Gary had lived in Waterloo when he graduated high school. He had been happy back then.

I wanted him happy again.

So, we made plans to move to Waterloo. We hoped it would work.

1987.

We moved to an apartment on Locust Street in Waterloo, Iowa. When we first moved in, we were the only people in the four-plex building.

A few months later a mental patient, who shouldn't have been allowed out of the state mental hospital he had spent most of his life in, moved in the next apartment.

Later, a fragile seeming young girl, with a creepy realtor for a boyfriend, moved in upstairs. She had just had a baby. She had been married, had an affair with the realtor creep, who got her pregnant.

For awhile, the last apartment of four, was taken by a sleazy druggy couple.

It was a creepy summer.

There were strange people everywhere! Drunks, druggies, mental cases, robberies. Everything.

It was not our type of place to live, at least for long.

Gary was starting to feel better about himself though, despite the crazy people around us.

Gary even made a friend, Dennis Fulks, who he enjoyed sharing a quart of beer with now and then. They would listen to records and talk music.

Dennis was the first friend Gary had had in a long time.

The mental patient, Jerry Stevens, started to try to lure an 11 year old girl into his apartment for sex.

There was a terrible bragger for awhile too, who stole \$160 from us.

So things were still strange.

1988.

It was actually a good year.

In February or March, Gary and I talked about having a third baby. There were a few little girls around the neighborhood, and I had decided I wanted a daughter.

Gary said it sounded like a good idea. He wanted me to be happy!

In April, I told Gary I was pregnant.

He told me to buy a Sunday paper, that we were moving! I was surprised, but bought a paper.

We found a mobile home for sale in the ads. Gary had me call them and get the details.

Next thing I knew, we were packing our things getting ready to move into the mobile home.

I think we moved in that Monday.

Our new mobile home was in between Waterloo, and Cedar Falls, Iowa, in what is called Cedar-Loo.

The mobile home park was called Twin City Way. We lived there from April through August.

Gary got a job as a security guard. He bought us a Jeep Cherokee. He also paid off the mobile home.

My Gary was back!

In August we got a notice that the court had been sold and everyone had to leave.

Gary got us \$500 moving expense, and found us a new court in Cedar Falls, Iowa.

We hired a mover. We followed our mobile home as it was hauled down the highway. That was fun and thrilling.

The new court was called Five Seasons. We lived there for the next three years or so.

We had a home of our own.

My doctor was with Allen Hospital, so I went there to have my baby.

On November 8th, 1988, our 13th wedding anniversary, I gave birth to the daughter I had always wanted. Her name was Laura Lee Forney. She was 4 pounds. She was perfect!

That Christmas, Allen Hospital gave a party for all the families that had just had babies. My new family of five all got presents!

Josh and Logan got to visit with Santa.

It was a good year, that ended on a great note.

1989.

Not a bad year. Josh and Logan were growing up. Laura was getting bigger too.

Laura and Gary came up with a song called The Dad-Dad Song.

Everyone was happy.

Gary helped me decorate the mobile home. We made bedrooms for each of the boys. The rooms were small, but worked nice.

Josh was getting interested in music, like his dad, Josh was 15. He started on keyboards, and then Gary gave him a guitar and amplifier.

Logan was 11. He was interested in video games.

Logan and Pete, Logan's friend, helped Laura learn to walk.

Gary helped me with Laura and teething.

1990.

We were still living in the mobile home court.

The ceiling started leaking around the living room light.
Gary fixed it two or three times.

Josh got his learning permit.

Gary bought us a Toyota. Gary used it to teach Josh to drive.

Things didn't seem too bad, except for the leaky roof.

Logan and Pete were good friends and hung around together a lot.

I had a shopping news paper route that brought in a little cash that I gave to the boys.

1991.

We got tired of living in a mobile home court.

We were really tired of some of the stupid neighbors thinking it was a circus.

We talked to a realtor about a conventional home. He said we could afford a house! I was thrilled. Our own real home.

We looked at houses in Parkersburg, and Waterloo, Iowa, before finding one we liked in La Porte City, Iowa.

I would call the realtor as early as 6 am some days asking about the house, and could we have it yet.

We started talking to the realtor in May and finally got the house in August.

We sold our mobile home to help with the down payment on the real home. Josh also helped save money for the down payment. He wanted to move too.

We finally had a real home with a real yard.

109 Walnut Street, La Porte City, Iowa.

1992.

Gary bought Josh his first car, a 1977 Pontiac Trans Am, it was black. A few years later it burnt in a car fire.

Gary decided to try to start a business in La Porte City. He went to a few business classes in Cedar Falls, and then wrote up a business plan, and took out a loan to start a video game rental store.

Gary called it “The Last Door”, because he felt pressured by a few people to also include consignments. He didn't want to.

It was only open for five weeks!

The newspaper owner's grandson stood across the street from Gary's store all day one day yelling at people not to go into the “gay” business.

No one came in anymore after that. A few days later we had to close the store.

We learned that rumor and gossip spread like wildfire around La Porte.

We stopped talking to almost everyone.

1993.

Rumors and gossip destroyed our lives in a small town.

In February, I met a druggie claiming to be a Christian. She was just a nasty gossip! Cindy Millermon was pushy and I never did like her! She thought I was her best friend though.

She tried to get us to go to her church. We kept refusing, but she kept harassing us. We finally agreed to go to one service only!

Our car was in better shape than hers, so we wondered why she forced us to ride with her in her car.

We learned why, it was a trap, one like my parents would pull.

When we got to the church, we were instantly approached by a friend of Cindy's. The friend told us that Gary was NOT the type of husband I was supposed to have!

Bunny says she was a real bitch!

Cindy, and her friend, planned to “cure” Gary with vitamins and their cult religion.

They said they were going to “fix” my life for me!

Bunny says they were both crazy sluts!

During the church services, Cindy literally gave me a shove to try to get me to go down and be saved.

I refused! When I did Cindy got real upset.

After the service, we had to wait in Cindy's junk car for a ride home. Cindy sent her minister out to talk to us! We still refused to join her cult.

Cindy was very upset. She never said a word all the way on the drive back to La Porte City.

We stopped talking to her at all.

A few weeks later, our daughter, Laura was called a “cat-eater” by a gang of kids, who threatened to beat her up. She was 4 years old.

We discovered Cindy Millermon was spreading gossip that we were “devil-worshipers”.

We also heard that she was still doing drugs, from one of her neighbors.

We also heard that she had told people that she thought Gary had killed someone!

The witch-hunt started!

Laura was thrown off her bike by a bully that called her a “cat-eater”! The same bully punched Laura's only friend for being friends with Laura.

We started getting threatening calls. Sometimes as many as 50 calls a day.

The threats and harassment continued for years!

Our lives in La Porte City had become a nightmare!

1994.

The witch-hunt reached its' peak.

We were getting 50-100 threatening phone calls a day!
Some threatened to kill Laura by burning her alive!

I thought I was going crazy with all the harassment! All we wanted was left alone!

The boys were being harassed at school by other kids.

I was working at the local bakery.

The police ran a boycott of the bakery because I worked there.

On March 5th, my boss called me into the basement so no one else would hear what she had to say. They warned me to get the police back in, or I would be fired. She also asked me if I was really a devil-worshiper.

One hour after arriving home from work the same day I was warned by the bakery, A woman cop arrived at our door and burst right in. She told me to take my "little bitch" into the other room. She placed Gary under arrest for a half dozen charges. She was just making up anything she could think of, including "felony devil-worship", concealed drugs, concealed weapons. Gary had none of those!

She took him to the La Porte City Police Department, where more charges were added to the ridiculous list.

They transported him to the Black Hawk County jail to jail him for the felony charge of Devil-worship!

While they had him there, they also added charges of felony possession of contraband. I don't know what that means even. They were out to get Gary!

They left Gary at the court house when they finally let him go, but with no way home. It's over 20 miles to try to walk.

I don't know how I found out where he was, but I had to drive in to Waterloo and pick him up. The police had just left him!

A few days later the local cops threatened our sons and harassed them after school. The boys were each ticketed for nonsense.

Logan got the worst of it. The Chief of Police personally harassed Logan at the high school, and ticketed him with several alleged violations. He was thrown in a cell.

We were told by the police for Gary to plead guilty to his charges, or things would get worse for all of us.

Josh was also ticketed again a day later.

Josh and Logan plead guilty and paid their fines.

Gary plead "not guilty" and had his case transferred to Black Hawk county! The police chief supposedly slammed his fist on a table at the local court when Gary did.

Gary's case didn't come up until July.

Meanwhile, Josh graduated in May. When the Chief of Police handed out diplomas, he acted angry and like he didn't want to give Josh his diploma! The Chief of Police was glaring at Gary the whole time.

Gossip, hate, and threats continued all year.

In July, only one of all the charges against Gary was ever brought to trial. The rest were dropped, I don't know what happened to them.

Gary requested a jury trial. We recognized one of the jurors as friends with Cindy Millermon.

We got three threatening phone calls just before we left for the trial. We were told if we showed up, our house would be burnt down when we got back!

Gary was denied the right to have an attorney or witnesses in his defense.

I was supposed to have been a witness, but I was threatened in the court house hallway.

Midway through the trial, we were chased out of the court house by Jerry Stevens. He claimed he was working for the police.

Gary was found guilty of charges we never understood what were.

At the sentencing a few weeks later, the La Porte City Attorney threatened Gary that things would happen to our son, Logan, if Gary appealed.

We were threatened for the rest of the year.

That fall, things got to Logan and Gary.

Logan left home and we wouldn't see him again for 7 years.

Child protective services said they couldn't allow Logan to live with "devil-worshippers".

Laura was supposed to start Kindergarten, but we got a dozen calls threatening to kill her if we were to put her in a public school.

Bunny calls La Porte "a fuckin' city of hate".

The rest of us agree.

1995.

The magic started.

Gary was depressed by everything that had been happening, the witch-hunt, Logan's leaving, etc. Whenever Gary gets depressed, he tries to create something, or write something, or just do something creative.

In February, Gary had me buy a copy of Writer's Digest magazine.

Gary wanted to self-publish a volume of his poetry, but we couldn't afford it.

Gary looked at a few ads for song-poems. He had Magic Key do an old song Gary had written back on the farm, called Caravan. Gary had written the words and the music. He had also sang it to me back then.

When Gary got his cassette tape of his song Caravan, he was excited to have found a way to get back to music. Gary had a band in high school.

In March, a sheriff's deputy came to the door. I was told I was three months behind on my child support payments that I supposedly owed to Gary's sister, Carma Strempeke.

It was the first I had heard of any of it!

Logan wasn't even living with Carma. Carma had just taken advantage of when he had stayed with her for a week or so. Gary's dad had told her to apply for child support, even though Carma had no claim to it.

I found myself in court constantly, fighting for my paycheck.

Finally, that summer, they garnished my wages.

I went through a couple of jobs that year.

I was working at Long John Silver's when Gary and Josh went to Wadena, Iowa to the anniversary concert of a famous Iowa rock festival.

They said they saw many bands. The main one they had went to see was Edgar Winter.

It was a very hot day, and they stayed until late at night.

We started Laura in First Grade, in Waterloo, Iowa for her protection from the burning threats. The school system gave us a transportation allowance to get her to school.

My brother, Bob, who had had me stroke his cock the last time I had seen him, came into my work. Gary's dad had told him where I was working. Again! I worried about new trouble.

Bob told me that my parents had had to be put in a county home. I didn't care.

A week later, Bob called me at work! My family never cared about messing with my jobs! Bob said my mom had passed away in the county home. I didn't really have much feelings one way or the other. I hadn't seen her in years, and she had only caused a lot of trouble for me.

I didn't want to bother going to her funeral.

She didn't really mean anything to me, and I did not want to see my former family at all, ever again.

Gary's dad insisted we go. A co-worker thought it was terrible I didn't want to see my family, and she also pushed me into going to the funeral.

Gary, Laura, Josh, and I, went to the funeral against our wishes. We entered the funeral home through a different door than family, just as the casket was being closed. I didn't want to see my mother's corpse anyway. They moved the casket up front just as we entered the actual room the services were in.

I didn't want to see any corpse, or any of my former family, but we were ushered into the family seating anyway. I didn't look at anyone. My sister, Princess Carol, sat in front on me and didn't turn around or look at anyone either.

At the end of the funeral we got out as quick as we could by a side door. We didn't go to the cemetery. There was also a family get together right after. We didn't go!

When I went back to work the next day, the co-worker who had forced me to go to the funeral asked me if I had made up with my family. She had told me they would “forgive” me!

I told her I didn't talk to them. Didn't want to.

I ended my friendship with the co-worker!

I was glad my mom was gone.

1996.

I went to work for Hardee's. Josh went to work for Olive Garden.

Josh bought a black 1994 S-10 pick-up. Gary's brother, Don co-signed on the loan.

Gary's dad forbid us from seeing Logan, or know anything about his whereabouts, or anything. We found out years later that Gary's dad had also told Logan that we DIDN'T want to see Logan!

We quit going to Oelwein to see Gary's parents due to Gary's dad.

I bought a rusty gold 1973 Cadillac. I had to have something to drive to work and to get Laura to school.

That November the drive-shaft fell out from under my Caddy.

Soon after the starter went out on Josh's truck.

We called Gary's dad for help. We had no cars, and no way to get to work, or get Laura to school.

Gary's dad didn't care, or maybe he just refused because I hadn't had sex with him. He just made up story after story why he wouldn't help. It was too far. It was too cold.

Josh and I both lost our jobs. We had to make arrangements for Laura to ride a bus to school. She was threatened by the other kids on the bus.

That ended that year.

1997.

Gary's sister, Carma was still collecting child support of a child she had NO custody of.

We went three months of 1997 without an income.

[as of December 2012 we have gone nearly two years]

Gary's dad finally came to help us fix our cars in February.

Gary's parents gave us a ride to buy groceries. Laura asked me "Is Dad going to buy us our Valentine box today?". Gary had bought me and then Laura and I valentine candy every year.

In May, Josh and I found new jobs.

Josh's new job was for lower pay. He needed the payments on the truck lowered.

We could have gotten the S-10 re -financed so Josh could afford the payments, but Gary's dad stepped in and forbid Don, who was the co-signer, to sign the papers to lower the payments.

The truck ended up re-possessed.

Gary's dad, Don, and Don's lawyer, sent two sheriff's deputies to our door to collect everything Josh owned.

Gary stopped them! He said everything in our house was ours and not Josh's unless they could prove different.

The deputies left with nothing, never to return!

Josh found another better job at Bishop's Buffet. He worked there from 1997 to 2011.

Gary and I bought Josh a 1977 Pontiac Trans-Am to help him feel better. Josh still has it to this day!

I went to work for Bishops Buffet three months after Josh did, and worked there until 2007.

I received one fourth of my uncle's estate when he died. I was his favorite niece.

We paid off our home, but were denied having the lean removed because of Gary's "felony devil worship conviction"??? He had been arrested for those charges in 1994 but they never went to trial. How could he be "convicted"??

There is still a lean on our house to this day!

We also bought Gary an AMC Eagle coupe. We bought our first computer too.

Laura started violin lessons. She was 9. She played violin until high school.

Josh took a picture of Gary by an old junk car. The picture would be used in the New York Times in 2003.

Gary released three cassette albums of his music.

My sister, Joan sold the family home for her own gain. I had told her I wanted to buy it. I was ignored as usual.

1998.

I had two pet cockatiel birds die in February. They died of old age.

Gary's brother, Don and his lawyer drug us into court several times.

On February 17th 1998, Producer Jamie Meltzer sent Gary a letter asking Gary if he would consent to being interviewed for a documentary movie.

We started filming some scenes ourselves with a Super-8 movie camera that Meltzer sent us. We did the filming in March. We filmed our family and things around us.

In the fall, there was a screening at San Francisco State College of the footage.

Gary did a radio interview for KNCI in Sacramento, California.

Gary's career seemed to be taking off.

He was in Country Weekly Magazine, as an upcoming song writer.

In July, Gary's parents came to see him. I was glad I was at work, and didn't have to see them!

Gary told me that his dad was red faced and screaming at Gary. His dad said that Gary was worthless, etc, and that Gary had hurt Carma and Don. He said we had had fraud yelled at Carma. Gary's dad also screamed at Gary about the truck trouble that was between Don and Josh. Gary's dad claimed Gary had hurt Don too.

Gary tried to change the subject several times, but it didn't work.

Gary's dad left all red faced and angry.

It was the last time Gary saw his dad alive!

Gary released a song called Jon Benet, that fall, on the Radio Jukebox label.

Gary released another song, Sitting by the Road, on another label.

Both songs were getting airplay.

Laura had gotten a puppy she called Lassie, back in 1994. We suspect our neighbors, Bottoma, of poisoning the poor little dog.

Two weeks after Lassie died, we got a phone call from Logan.

Gary's dad had died in his sleep December 1st. He was 83. He was buried December 4th. We didn't go to the funeral.

It would be five more years before Gary would even visit his dad's grave.

I continued to work at Bishop's Buffet.

That year, I finally told Gary about his dad, and his trying to force me to have sex with him.

I had kept that secret for over a decade.

It felt a little better to get the secret out, but I still keep most of my sex secrets hidden from everyone.

1999.

Josh and I were still working at Bishop's Buffet.

Josh had been promoted to head cook. He was also named Employee of the Year.

On my birthday, we received a letter from Jamie Meltzer. He had plans to start filming his documentary. Gary was thrilled to get started. I was terrified.

On March 17th, We got another letter from Jamie Meltzer. He said he was coming to Iowa to film. Jamie Meltzer was living in San Francisco at the time.

On April 5th, Jamie arrived from San Francisco.

Josh and Laura hid in their room, scared.

Gary brought Jamie with him to pick me up at Bishop's Buffet. I was terrified to come out. I didn't mean to embarrass Gary, I was just scared. I had never been in a movie.

Life with Gary has always been an adventure.

April 6th, we filmed some footage around La Porte City, and out to Gary's brother, Larry's farm.

April 7th, we went to Oelwein, Iowa, where we filmed on the farm we used to live on in the mid 80's.

Jamie left later on on the 7th. We all hated to see him leave.

In late May, during My Waterloo Days, Gary and I were in a parade for Orange Elementary School. It was a lot of fun. Gary wore his American flag shirt. We waved at people.

On November 11th, we had just came home from Waterloo, when we were met by the police. They informed me that my dad had died. I felt no grief at all.

My dad was buried on November 13th. We didn't go to the funeral. None of us even mentioned it.

On November 14th, my sister, Joan and her husband came to our door. She wanted me to sign papers so she could get the last of dad's money. Her husband bad mouthed dad saying he didn't have any money when he died. I thought it was poor taste the day after the funeral. Joan never even asked me how I'd been.

Y2K rumors were everywhere. It was the end of the world. It never happened.

We had spent some money on bottled water, which we dumped out after while.

2000.

A local paper, The Waterloo Courier, ran a half page article about Gary and his career on February 3rd.

On April 27th, Gary had all of his teeth pulled.

I was really scared for him. I waited in the waiting room for hours for him.

On May 1st, Jamie Meltzer came back to Iowa. Jamie wanted to take Gary out to eat. I felt so sorry for Gary. All he could eat was soup.

On May 2nd, Jamie filmed us for 6 hours. They did the phone booth scene, and shot around La Porte City, for the movie.

On May 26th, Gary finally won the years old case about the truck and the trouble Gary's dad had stirred up before he died. Gary took care of things for Josh against Don and his lawyer. Don's lawyer actually started to whine.

June 4th, we drove to Nashua, Iowa, to see a bluegrass festival there.

Gary and Josh began practicing for a concert of their own.

August 4th, we got word that Gary's uncle, Dick had died. We didn't go to the funeral.

August 29th, Jamie Meltzer was here and filmed Gary and Josh getting ready to leave for Avoca.

The footage showed Josh picking out a shirt. Me getting emotional, as I told Gary goodbye.

August 27th, Gary and Josh drove 6 hours to Avoca, Iowa. I hated being home alone. I had Laura with me which helped. I hadn't gone because I had to work and take care of Laura. Laura and I kept each other company.

In Avoca, Gary got to meet Tom Swatzel, a famous Dobro guitar player.

Josh had never stayed in a hotel before, or been that far from home.

On August 28th, Gary and Josh made their music debut in Avoca. It's in the film, and on the DVD, forever!

Josh was so scared that he froze for a few seconds.

Gary also met Ron Glaser, a fellow musician of sorts.

Gary and Josh drove back to La Porte on August 29th.

October 3rd, Gary, Josh, and Laura, drove to Pacific Junction, Iowa, to do another show at the community center. Laura said she enjoyed the plate of cookies some ladies gave her.

It was the first time Laura saw her dad and brother perform on-stage.

The next morning, Laura called me and said she had been in another state, Nebraska! She was thrilled to be able to call me and tell me.

Two weeks after everyone had returned from Pacific Junction, Iowa, Josh was asked if he would like to train to be a restaurant manager for Bishop's Buffet.

Josh thought about it, and discussed it with Gary before saying Yes.

December 20th, Gary got an e-mail from the Ragin' Cajun Doug Kershaw congratulating Gary on his career/

2001.

January 4th, Josh officially became a manager at Bishop's Buffet. I was promoted to head cook, taking over Josh's previous position.

Gary continued his music. He was being successful.

February 18th, Josh moved to Dubuque, Iowa, where he still lives. He moved to become a manager at another Bishop's Buffet there.

February 24th, Laura had a violin recital in front of judges. I got to go. I was so proud. Laura would eventually receive three ribbon awards for her violin playing.

May 29th was a happy day for Gary, and me. Our son, Logan, who we hadn't seen in seven years, signed the guest book at Gary's music web site.

June 2nd, Gary smoked his very last cigarette. He hasn't smoked since. His doctor had given Gary a choice, either Gary's music or to keep smoking. Gary made the right choice.

On June 6th, Gary invited Logan, and Logan's girlfriend, Mikeala, to a recording session at Grand Junction Studio in Waterloo, Iowa.

They accepted. We were so happy!

After the recording session, we all went out for pizza. We were a complete family again. Logan and Mikeala gave me a cockateil bird named Sammy. I still have Sammy.

That year we started going to Oelwein again to visit Gary's mom.

She always enjoyed our company. She was a pleasant person to be around, since Gary's dad was dead anyway.

We bought a Shasta RV van that summer.

August 26th, we took the RV to Avoca, Iowa for a second concert there. Josh and Laura came with us.

We went so Gary and Josh could perform at a bluegrass festival.

We had a miserable time! We were over charged for camping. The people running it directed us to a campsite, just a spot in the sand.

One announcer, introduced Gary and Josh as “The Iowa Mountain Tur. “ like the word turd.

We did some sight seeing around, mostly to get away from the campsite.

One fun thing. We drove to Forney Lake. We also drove to Nebraska, across the Missouri River.

Avoca was a miserable time otherwise and we left early.

Gary and Josh also performed at September-Fest in Stanley, Iowa, on Sept 8th.

I held the microphone for Josh's guitar. I was scared to death.

September 11th, The World Trade Center was attacked. I thought it was the end of the world.

In mid November, Gary was contacted by a writer for Studio 360 in New York, wanting Gary to do an interview for International Public Radio.

The writer was Michael May, and he rented an entire radio station for Gary to be interviewed at. The station was a black soul music station on the east side of Waterloo, Iowa.

The interview aired on Studio 360 in New York on Public Radio International on December 22nd, 2001.

2002.

In February, Gary started getting e-mail from musicians, Sheryl Clapton, Robb Bledsoe, Ron Glaser, and others.

In April, Gary started arranging a summer festival for some of the musicians.

Also, in April, we met Twy. She was a wine salesperson.

Twy, Gary, and I, began doing threesomes together.

Gary, Twy, and I, were all three very attracted to each other. We became close friends very quickly.

By May, the festival that Gary had planned for just a couple of musicians started to grow out of control.

We set the festival up for June 22nd.

We were doing threesome with Twy for most of the summer. Gary and I were happy about Twy joining us. We were all three really into our relationship.

Just before the festival, Bud Morris, Sheryl Clapton, and Gary, and Josh, recorded some songs at Grand Junction Studio. Bud, Sheryl, and Gary, recorded "Poor Ol' Laz'us". Josh did his first solo ever called "Amelia".

Sheryl Clapton, and Bud Morris, were from New Mexico. Robb Bledsoe was from Missouri. Ron and Sharon Glaser were from Nebraska. The L.A. Cowboy was from Minnesota. Sun Former and The Chasers were bands from Iowa City, Iowa.

Gary's festival had people from all over.

Gary and Josh didn't perform.

I thought all the groups had talent. They all sounded good. It was a full day of fun.

I was thrilled to see Twy show up! But, she also brought a boyfriend and his son. We couldn't talk.

Gary, Twy, and I, were back in bed together two days after the festival.

Later, a portion of one of our trees fell in our back yard.

Labor Day weekend, Twy's boyfriend may have found out about our threesomes and was upset with Twy. I don't know the full details.

We didn't care. We just kept on doing our threesomes. We all loved doing them and thought we would continue as long as we could.

It made us all happy. All three of us.

August, when I received a 5 year service pin from Bishop's Buffet, Twy, Gary, and I, all celebrated at the Fairfield Inn Hotel with Twy. It was one of the best threesomes ever.

Twy and I had started kissing. I liked it when her and I would suck each other's tits! I felt closer to Twy than I ever had any other woman.

The only bad part about that threesome was it seemed like Twy was ignoring my service pin. Gary and I were upset by that, but we still had a great threesome that ended with Gary turning Twy on so much that she wet the bed when Gary came in her.

Afterwards, Twy and I took a shower together. Gary took pictures.

Sadly, we had our last threesome with Twy in October.

It started with a "wedding" ceremony between the three of us. We took a vow that we would be united forever. Gary gave us rings. It was a touching ceremony, but sad at the same time. When it was over, Twy left her "wedding" ring on the table. It was our last threesome.

Twy moved right after it. I would only see her one more time a few years later.

November, We bought a GMC Jimmy from a dealer we had trusted at C & S II Car Company. It was a true lemon. I had to let it go back within a week.

I was sued by the finance company.

I lost.

2002 was great. Sad too.

2003.

January, Gary heard from Kate Sullivan, a writer for the Los Angeles Weekly. Gary did a telephone interview with her. He was putting her on with a few of his comments. I don't think she got it. The interview was funny though.

Sunday, February 9th, Gary was in the New York Sunday Times! He was also in newspapers from coast to coast. His article and picture was bigger than an article about some rapper. The picture of Gary was 5 x 7.

The next day, we went to Oelwein to show Gary's mom the paper. Gary's sister, Darlene, shredded it. I think she was having a nervous attack of some sort.

The film, "Off The Charts, The Song Poem Story" that Gary had starred in, made its debut on PBS on February 11th, 2003. The day before Gary's birthday.

The next day, Gary's birthday, he received over 50 e-mails from people, mostly fans. Gary turned 50 years old that day.

March 12th, Gary had cataract surgery. He no longer had to wear glasses after the surgery.

Sometime that summer Gary had planned to have another festival, this time in St. Lois, Missouri. He was shoved out of his own festival by a sleazy promoter. The promoter took over and ruined everything.

In April, Twy sent us a few e-mails. She said she missed being with me.

April 15th, Twy called me at work. I didn't know what to say to her. We started arguing over the phone, so I hung up on her.

June 5th, I sent Twy a registered letter. I tried to express my feelings about her and our relationship. I still had feelings for her. I don't know if Twy ever got the letter. Her controlling boyfriend signed for it.

July 6th, Bottomas, our neighbors that had poisoned Laura dog, and threatened to kill her if she went to school, egged Josh's car, and they also put a "for sale" sign in front of our house! We called the police, and the chief of police, who had boycotted my job, and threatened our sons, came out. He did nothing!

Two days later, we got a letter from the police. They claimed Josh's car was junked and sitting on our yard. It was a lie! It was still clear whose side the cops were on. The cop was still pissed because Gary didn't give him the bribe he wanted way back in 1992.

November, Gary went to the doctor. He had a hernia. Gary wouldn't do anything about it for another year. He just lived with the pain.

By the end of the year, Gary weighed over 200 pounds, no longer smoked, and he no longer wore glasses. He didn't look like the guy in the movie.

To me he looked even better.

2004.

In January, Gary found out online that Jamie Meltzer was having a promotional event in April.

Gary made arrangements for us to take part in the event.

It was in Chicago!

I had never been to Chicago. I was terrified.

My March, there were many performers lined up for it. It looked like it was going to be a big event. It was generating interest all over the country.

I was excited to be going to Chicago, but scared because it was a big event and I wouldn't know anyone.

Unfortunately, Gary started getting e-mails from someone named Terry Copeland around March. Copeland soon turned into a crazy stalker!

April 12th, Logan and Mikeala Ladesma got married. Logan was already enlisted in the Marines.

Gary's hernia was getting worse. He need surgery, but was still putting it off.

To go to Chicago, we rented a 2000 Ford Taurus.

We left for Chicago on April 17th. We got lost a few times, but we made it just in time.

Gary accidently dropped his dentures while getting out of the car at the hotel. The teeth broke. I was surprised when Gary just went on with everything. He even sang without them. He told me he hadn't gone to Chicago just to go back home because of his teeth.

We had a free room at Hotel 71 that had been paid for by the Art Institute of Chicago! It was 32 floors up!

I had never been in a building that tall before! It had 71 floors. I was afraid of being that high.

Our room had a spectacular view of Chicago River and the city too.

Gary met David Fox.

We rested in our room about a half hour. Then it was time for everyone to get ready to go to the Gene Siskel Center. It was close enough to walk to.

I entered the door. Inside, was a life size picture of Gary, in full color. Very impressive!

After watching a screening of “Off The Charts, The Song Poem Story”, Gary and Josh signed autographs in the lobby. No one bought their CDs, but Gary and Josh signed everyone else's merchandise.

Afterwards, everyone left for The Hideout. Before leaving, Gary took Laura back up to the room. She was too young to go to The Hideout with us.

We got to The Hideout, and were let right inside like celebrities. The crowd cheered for Gary and Josh.

We got our own private table!

Groupie, Cynthia Plaster Caster, commented that it was one of the coolest shows ever. Gary and Josh performed for the crowd.

I didn't have time to be scared. I video-taped what I could.

We got lost going back to the hotel at 2 a.m..

The next morning, Laura and Josh went to the zoo. It was Josh's birthday, April 18th. Laura said going to the Chicago Zoo was one of the highlights of her life. She got to see a real tiger!

There were homeless people around the fancy hotel neighborhood.

That night at The Hideout, Gary and Josh opened for Robbie Fulks. Gary and Robbie became friends.

Josh spent his 28th birthday on stage. Gary sang Happy Birthday to him in front of everyone!

Robbie Fulks did a little comedy bit about Gary and Josh.

Robbie also did a song poem on the spot to Gary's words. The song was “The Worms Crawl In”.

Gary looked into the audience and saw Cynthia Plaster Caster. He waved to her and she waved back. Gary was thrilled. I had seen her looking at Gary all night.

The bar owner, Tom, told Gary that Cynthia wanted to meet him. Tom introduced Cynthia to Gary. They were immediately swamped by people. Cynthia couldn't ask Gary if she could cast him in all the crowd noise.

The next day we returned to Iowa.

Several e-mails, including one from The Jimmy Kimmel Show, were waiting for Gary. Jimmy Kimmel wanted Gary on his show. Gary never appeared.

Life returned to normal.

It had been fun in Chicago, but I was glad to get back home and reality.

Terry Copeland, Gary's new stalker, got worse in May. He started sending creepy e-mails, and videos.

In June, Gary bought Laura her first car. It was a 1998 Silver Chrysler La Baron Convertible. Laura loved it.

Gary and Laura would go out riding everyday together while Gary taught her how to drive.

In July, someone started e-mailing Gary pretending to be Twy. She said she was in trouble and other odd things that made no sense. Gary and I were suspicious.

It turned out to be, Gary's stalker, Terry Copeland pretending to be Twy. The creep was really sick.

September, Laura got a permit to drive to school by herself.

Gary became friends with Cindy Wonderful of Scream Club, and Eden Brower of East River String Band.

They were both just friends with Gary. But, Gary's stalker, Terry Copeland started e-mailing every female that Gary might half way know, ruining friendships as a joke.

Gary was the first song-poet in history to have a stalker!

November 1st, Gary finally had his hernia surgery. He felt Laura and I would be ok without him to take care of us.

Gary's brother, Jerry was scheduled for surgery the same day and had the same surgeon. It led to some confusion for a while.

That Christmas, Logan and Mikeala were with the family. Logan announced he was on his way to Iraqi.

2005.

Gary and I had been mall-walking since 2004. After Gary had his hernia surgery, he could hardly walk for a few months.

One Saturday, after his surgery, we went to the mall.

I dropped Gary off inside, and went to park the van. I hoped Gary would be able to reach a bench in the mall.

He made it with difficulty. I went and got a wheelchair for him. I pushed him around the mall. Gary didn't mind. He was just glad to get out after months inside.

Gary was getting better, and we were able to return to mall-walking a month or so later.

It wasn't long though and we started skipping the mall-walking and just going out for breakfast.

Logan was in Iraqi. He was promoted to Lance Corporal and would eventually become a Sergeant.

Josh was promoted higher in management.

A band in Texas, The Southern Sea, did a tribute song to the Iowa Mountain Tour. Gary and Josh had already quit using that name by 2005.

We started getting strange letters from the Anamosa Police. We were parking a van illegally there and getting tickets we weren't paying they said.

We have never been to Anamosa.

It took a few weeks to straighten out.

I heard from my niece, Peggy Hayzlett. She was my late brother Jerry's daughter. Her dad had cum on my legs when I was four! I should have known not to talk to her.

She said her mom told her that I had married a “controlling husband” who had “isolated” me from my family! I never spoke to her again!!

Gary's stalker, Terry Copeland, tried to pretend to be Twy again. He also tried to pretend to be other people. Anything to try to get at Gary. Copeland sent Gary an e-mail telling Gary that Copeland wanted gay sex with Gary.

Gary rejected him. When Gary did, Copeland posted libel on the PBS movie web-site, and on Amazon web-site.

Gary had Copeland's libel removed.

April 11th, was the 30th anniversary of Gary and my first meeting each other.

In April, Gary also bought us graves, so we could spend eternity together. It might not sound romantic, but it really is. Gary wanted to be with me forever!!

April 20th, Gary and Josh played their final show at The Hideout in Chicago. Cynthia Plaster Caster came to their show. It was good to see her attend the show.

While at The Hideout, a street vendor came in selling cheese enchiladas. We bought twelve of them. They were real good and large in size.

We stayed at the Lakeshore Ramada Inn. We had rented two rooms.

For our trip to Chicago we had rented a Ford Windstar van.

April 21st, Laura and Josh went to the Chicago Zoo. Gary and I stayed in the hotel room and had sex.

Gary and Josh performed at The Hideout again that evening.

I enjoyed Chicago so much that I wanted to move there.

Gary and Josh were mentioned in the Chicago Reader newspaper.

April 23rd, I think was the date, Gary and Josh appeared on Chic-A-Go-Go, a Chicago TV show. After filming the show, we returned to Iowa.

A few weeks later, Bottomas found some stray kittens that had been born on their property. They accused us of owning the kittens, because they claimed we were “cat-eaters”. The local cops were called who agreed with Bottomas!

I finally had to call the Humane Society and have the kittens taken away.

Gary and Josh were supposed to do some songs for a Troma Films movie. Gary's stalker ruined it. Copeland wrote to Troma claiming to be Gary and had all the materials sent to a fake e-mail that Copeland had created. The project fell through.

In late summer, Gary rented The Phoenix, a teen dance venue in Cedar Falls, Iowa, one day a week for several months. Gary and Josh used the space to rehearse and came up with a new sound. The song they worked up was Mojo Bone!

In early October, Gary and Josh recorded an early version of Mojo Bone at Grand Junction Studio. Gary didn't like the original version and scrapped it.

Sometime in October, I saw Mrs. Bottoma, our creepy neighbor, open our mailbox and search through our mail. It was a federal offense, but we knew better than to complain.

October 26th, Gary and Josh appeared in Ames with clown act Leslie Hall. It was supposed to have been equal billing. Leslie Hall treated Gary and Josh like they were her opening act. Gary put on a great show, but they stormed off the stage when he saw Highland Hall mocking him.

I was stunned by Leslie Hall's act. Her entire bit was pretending to be retarded and mocking the disabled.

Gary was paid an insulting \$50, while Hall kept \$950 of the door money, for an “equal billing?”.

Gary has bad mouthed that bitch to this day.

About the same time as the Ames appearance, I had been in menopause for some time. My mood swings and hot flashes were getting worse though.

November 8th, 2005 was our 30th Wedding Anniversary. I was happy and never dreamed things would go wrong.

In December, Gary and Josh re-recorded Mojo Bone. The new recording is the one that survives to this day.

2006.

New Year's Day, Gary heard from Irwin Chusid, the author of the “Songs in the Key of Z” book, wishing Gary a happy New Year!

Gary also heard from Norman Greenbaum, who wrote and sang “Spirit in the Sky”, also wishing Gary a Happy New Year.

January 22, Gary took the recording of Mojo Bone back into the studio to do minor editing.

The year was starting off ok.

I was still working for the Waterloo, Iowa, Bishop's Buffet.

February 6th, we filed our taxes.

8 weeks later, we still hadn't gotten our refund. I called the IRS. They were keeping our refund for no valid reason. It took until August to finally get our refund.

February, Gary heard from Syke of Down For Five. Syke was in a rock band in Oklahoma. He was a fan of Gary's.

February 29th, Gary started writing his autobiography. He called it Caravan.

March, Terry Copeland, Gary's stalker, harassed Gary's new manager, Jill, so bad that Jill broke all contact with Gary.

March 8th, Gary first heard about the movie PUPPY, starring Alice Cooper's daughter, Calico Cooper. Gary would write songs for it a few months later.

Our hot water heater blew out. We haven't been able to afford a new one. Still don't have one as of December 2012.

Gary and Josh started rehearsals out to Gary's brother, Larry's, farm.

In May, Gary had brief contact with the Chelsea Handler Show. Nothing came of it though.

June 21, Gary and Josh recorded "Whole Lotta Hard Luck".

Their music career was going really well.

Producer, Sony Green, picked Mojo Bone, and Amelia, for the movie PUPPY. Eventually the DVD of the movie would include a music video of Gary and Josh.

July, Laura bought a GMC Jimmy. Why she wanted a truck I will never know. It was a dependable vehicle at least.

A few months later, Gary bought me a Chevy Blazer.

July 12th, Gary's mother came to see him. Gary's brother, Don, and his sister, Darlene, were also with her.

August, Gary heard from Pete Donelan. Pete had written a pretty song called Troubadors in tribute to Gary and Josh.

August 7th, We finally received our tax refund.

August 14th, Josh was on TV. His business had gone non-smoking.

Laura started her senior year of high school.

September, Gary got word that the movie PUPPY was finished.

Laura had her senior pictures taken in September.

October, Gary received and signed the contracts for his music to be used in PUPPY.

Art Kaufman, aka David Fox, asked Gary to contribute songs to the musical "Song Poems Wanted".

November, Gary's sister, Darlene, asked Gary to put together a book of the Forney family history.

They had fun putting it together. It turned out to be a very impressive album. I thought it was the best book ever made.

Gary started a cable access TV show called "Let's Talk Music". It was a lot of fun running around filming each show with him.

December 12th, Gary got an advance copy of the film PUPPY.

Gary also got a Christmas card from fellow poet and song-writer, Van Garner.

Christmas Eve, Gary, Josh, and Laura went across the street to the city park, and made a music video for PUPPY. Laura did the filming.

I become The Many!

I was diagnosed in 2012 of having multiple personalities, or Full Dissociative Disorder.

I am told it most likely came to be by post traumatic stress disorder.

I have from four to six distinct personalities.

The personalities don't always share the same memories, or feelings, and sometimes don't share memories at all.

Therapists have told me that my mental breakdown probably began in 2007, with a complete and total meltdown in 2008.

As I write this, I am Bonnie Forney, and for the most part have been semi-whole since spring of this year, 2012.

This is my truth, and my story, as best I can remember it.

However, due to all the mental trauma I have suffered, it is very hard to say what the truth really is.

2007.

Terry Copeland, Gary's stalker, got worse and worse, harassing Gary and making his life miserable. There would be something every day!

January, Gary and Josh signed Image Release Forms for their video to be used in the movie PUPPY.

Gary and I filmed his second episode of his cable access TV show, Let's Talk Music.

We received a phone call informing us that Gary's brother-in-law, Douglas Parker, had died. Doug was 59 when he passed.

In January, Gary heard from Twy's nephew asking if Gary knew where Twy was.

We had no idea where Twy was.

January 27th, Gary received an offer from Ball Records to place one of his songs on a 45 rpm vinyl record.

Gary told the record company "Yes!" in a hurry. He was thrilled. So was I.

Gary would receive 25 copies of the record.

Gary's 45 rpm record is and will always be one of the many treasures of his music career.

That same day, Gary's brother, Larry announced he had cancer. Gary's sister, Darlene said Larry would be dead within a year. As of 2012, Larry is still around.

February 2nd, Gary received an advance copy of the finished DVD of PUPPY.

Gary and I filmed episode three of his cable access TV show, Let's Talk Music!

Gary's career kept him and Josh very busy doing their many accomplishments. That is one thing that keeps their music career going.

February 13th, Logan left for Iraqi again. It would be his third tour of duty in Iraqi. We would not see him again for the rest of the year.

Valentine's Day, Gary finalized the deal with Ball Records for the 45 rpm records.

The nightmare for me started.

I was supposed to receive a check from Bishop's Buffet on February 26th. They held my check for another week. I went three weeks without being paid.

March 2nd, my pay check bounced! I knew something was up! Bishop's was in big trouble.

Terry Copeland's stalking of Gary just kept getting worse.

In March, Gary was making arrangements for another concert at The Leadway in Chicago.

April, Gary and I attended a benefit auction for Jeff Isaacs. Jeff was the producer at Grand Junction Studios. He had had a stroke in November 2006.

Josh bought a Dr. Rhythm drum machine on April 11th. The machine became Josh and Gary's new drummer for awhile.

Friday, April 13th. I worked my last day at Bishop's Buffet. It would be that Sunday before I knew though.

My nightmare was about to get worse.

April 15th, I got a phone call from a co-worker telling me Bishop's Buffet had closed their doors, leaving a note that just said "closed".

I was crushed. I had worked there for ten years! I went into a depression, and possibly the start of my dissociative disorder.

My blood pressure went out of control.

I had loved my job at Bishop's. I had thought I was going to retire working there. Bishop's had always been good to me and my family. I couldn't believe it was all gone!

I called Josh, his store was still open.

Gary got on the computer, and applied for unemployment for me. I was too upset to. I may have started my nervous break down.

April 24th, I went to Waterloo, and tried to pick up my final Bishop's pay check. No one was there. I never received my final pay check. I also lost several days of vacation pay.

I tried calling my boss, with no luck. He wouldn't answer his phone.

We had to go on with our lives, but I was having a mental break down.

We reserved the Isaac Walton Sportsmen Lodge for Laura's graduation open house.

May 5th, I applied at the Isle of Capri Casino, never suspecting just how evil a place it was, or how it would destroy my life.

Terry Copeland was still harassing Gary night and day.

May 11th, I was called for an interview at The Isle of Capri Casino.

Logan called us from Iraqi using Skype. He was ok, but missing family.

May 20th, We had an open house for Laura. Everyone that we had invited came. Laura's friends came. Her grandmother Forney came.

May 24th, Laura graduated from West High School in Waterloo, Iowa. Gary had graduated from East High School in Waterloo, Iowa 35 years before.

June 1st, Gary received the 45 rpm records from Ball Records. Gary was thrilled.

June 4th, I started orientation for the Isle of Capri Casino. I was scared, but had not idea of the evil to come.

June 12th, I started work for the Isle of Capri Casino. Today, in 2012, I wish I had NEVER set foot in the place!

Terry Copeland was still stalking Gary.

June 18th, We heard from a friend that Twy had gotten married in December 2006. We saw some of her wedding pictures online. Twy had aged and gained some weight.

June 20th, Terry Copeland tried to get Gary's web-site deleted.

June 22nd, we went into Chicago. We got stuck in rush hour traffic for over a half hour.

Josh and Gary did a show at The Leadway Bar & Art Gallery. We stayed at the Apache Motel.

June 23rd, we walked around the neighborhood near the motel. We also went to the Chicago Zoo and Navy Pier.

June 24th, we came home.

When we got home, we found out that Terry Copeland had gone on a rampage, having a few of Gary's web things deleted. Copeland had also sent threats. We were scared for Gary's safety.

June 29th, we reported Copeland to the La Porte City Police, who typically did nothing, and Copeland didn't stop.

June 30th, Gary's Wikipedia entry was deleted due to Copeland and all his libel.

July 11th, Gary heard from Paramount executive producer, Luke Ryan. Gary and Luke talked on the phone later that night. I was thrilled for Gary that he was able to talk to someone that important! Gary's career must have gotten world known.

July 14th, we bought fish for our fountain outside. They lived for years.

July 21st, we went to the Buchanan County Fair together. Laura went with us. Gary paid for Laura to have her picture taken with a real tiger cub. I accidentally sat on its tail.

July 25th, Logan called from Iraqi again. It was always good to hear from Logan. I think he knew we were worried about him in Iraqi.

July 28, we went to Gary's 35th Oelwein High School Reunion.

Laura entered a tax preparation class for H & R Block.

August 30th, I had a dental emergency, an impacted tooth. I had it taken care of August 31st.

Grand Junction Studio re-opened in September with a new engineer/producer. Gary never liked the new guy as well as he had Jeff.

September 23, Logan e-mailed us a picture of him with Chuck Norris.

September 28, Gary wrote the plot for, and started filming a film about a pumpkin. He called it "Punk'N". The name would soon become the band's new name.

October 9th, Gary received a check for \$1,700. We used it for things we needed.

October 24th, Gary went back to Grand Junction and recorded "The Pirate Song" with the new producer there. Gary complained the new producer used too much echo.

Oct 27th, Gary finished the short film "Punk'N",

In November, Laura finished her training for H & R Block.

November 3rd, there was a murder of a mixed race couple in Waterloo. They were just sitting in their pickup when someone shot them both in the back of their heads.

Laura took a second course in November for H & R Block.

November 16th, Laura was interviewed for a job at H & R Block.

The Orphanage, in Chicago, confirmed a Punk'N show for spring of 2008.

November 28th, Laura was hired by H & R Block as a tax specialist.

November 30th, Laura had to take a tax test for H & R Block. She passed with a 98% rating. She takes after Gary.

I was still working at The Isle of Capri Casino, trying to break in a job that I really didn't like. I also had a bad feeling about a lot of the casino.

The Isle of Capri put me in the bakery, which was ok for awhile.

By Thanksgiving I was in complete charge of the bakery. I soon found myself doing all the work, with no one willing to help me.

I complained to my boss that I needed help. I couldn't do everything alone. She just ignored me!

My break down was already starting.

They finally got a handicapped, deaf, woman to help me.

Since she was handicapped and deaf, it was VERY frustrating working with her.

Job duties were still not getting done!

Worse, I had to go to the dock to get some of my baking supplies.

A dock worker creep began to sexually harass me really bad!

He had found out somehow that I had done threesomes with Twy and other women. The asshole thought that meant I would do it with just anyone, including a creep like him.

He began following me into the cooler.

I wanted to report him, but was afraid to. He told me that if I did, he would tell security about me and Twy, and I would be fired. I needed my job.

The whole thing with the creep reminded me of my brothers and their forcing me into sex with them.

I knew the Iowa Department of Criminal Investigation had agents at the Isle of Capri Casino, but they worked for the casino and in the casino's best interest. If they found out, I would definitely be fired.

I didn't know what to do! Everything was pushing down on me.

I didn't know what to do!!!

I was being split in two.

My Dissociative Identity Disorder had begun. I really did eventually split in to pieces. The other me's were being born.

In December, Terry Copeland was still stalking Gary. I was being stalked myself, by a creepy dock worker. Life was turning into hell.

December 18th, I couldn't believe it!

Twy came into the casino. She quickly said "Hi." to me. I said "Hi." back, but that was all we said to each other.

I didn't want caught talking to an old lover at work. The dock worker was already trying to black mail me into sex with him. I didn't need him knowing Twy had come to see me.

Twy also seemed to have a club foot, which she didn't have in 2002. I wondered how she had gotten it, but couldn't ask.

I haven't seen Twy again since. Sometimes I still miss her.

Gary entered his film "Punk'N" in the Cedar Rapids, Iowa, Film Festival.

December 29th, Laura received her H & R Block business cards. I was proud of her.

Bonnie Forney had already started not to exist by New Years.

2008.

Bonnie Forney was raped on the job at the Isle of Capri Casino. She ceased to exist shortly after.

In January, Gary was called a “Legend of the Arts” by the Orphanage in Chicago. The Orphanage is a youth center in Chicago.

Laura was still working at H & R Block as a tax preparer.

Mikeala, Logan's wife, made a surprise visit in January. It was one of the last times we would ever see her again. We had no idea at the time.

Twy started a Facebook profile. She used an older picture, and claimed she was single. She also used her maiden name. We knew she was still married. There must have been some trouble in her marriage though, although Twy had cheated on guys before. She also mentioned being in the casino on the profile.

Gary's 45 rpm record sold out!

Gary and I had started going to the Isle of Capri for breakfast. I enjoyed being with Gary, but the casino was getting to me more and more.

In late January, Gary, Laura, and I all got sick. We all had the flu at the same time. We had it for about 4 days.

One day I was driving home from work when I had a blow-out on the GMC Jimmy I was driving. I had to leave it by the road and catch a ride home. The next day I had it towed home, but it wouldn't start again until spring. I forget what I started driving then.

Logan was back in the United States in February. His tour of duty with the marines was over.

Gary heard from Jake Austin in Chicago. Jake was the producer of Chic-A-Go-Go. Jake Austin said that Gary's song, Aliens Stole My Dog, was the best song in Art Kaufman's musical, Song Poems Wanted.

March 3rd, we had a blizzard, with blowing snow. Gary drove me to work at 20 mph. It was as fast as we could go in the snow. We wanted to turn around, but couldn't find anywhere to do it.

Gary and Josh started renting Grand Junction Studio for rehearsals.

Gary's friend, Hollie Steven, adult film star, was on Jerry Springer. Gary and Hollie had a standing date for drinks if they were ever in Chicago at the same time. They never were though.

Hollie Stevens was famous for her clown porn. Sadly, she suddenly passed away of cancer on July 3rd, 2012. I hope she is at rest in peace.

My brother, Bob, made the news from Omaha to Chicago.

He was drunk and fired shots at two people on an ATV. He was arrested on multiple charges including going armed with intent.

I was surprised that it was Bob, and not Chuck, but not much.

March 28th, The Jerry Springer Show called us and confirmed our tickets to be in the audience.

I was thrilled. I always wanted to go see Jerry Springer at least once while in Chicago.

March 29th, Logan called. He was back in Iowa!

April 2nd, we had a family dinner at the Isle of Capri Casino. Everyone came, including Logan and Mikeala.

We never saw Mikeala again!

April 9th, we rented a car for our Chicago trip. We also made arrangements for a hotel.

April 11th, we junked the GMC Jimmy. It was also the 33rd anniversary of my first meeting Gary.

April 12th, Josh starting buying a house.

April 16th, Josh had gotten his new house, and was moving into it.

Gary was featured on a Chicago web site. The web site also talked about his upcoming show in Chicago.

April 20th, we picked up a silver 2008 Ford Focus from Avis Car Rental. We brought it home, and packed the car for Chicago.

It was a very foggy drive to Dubuque. We stopped there to pick up Josh. We took our time, and looked at his new house.

After about an hour, the fog had lifted, and we left for Chicago.

We got to Chicago and found our hotel. The Downtown Travel Lodge.

Josh and Laura got a cab and went to the zoo and Navy Pier.

Gary and I went for a walk.

We ran into a street hustler, who shined Gary's boots.

The hustler insisted on \$16 for shining the boots. We didn't give it to him, and left.

We walked under the El-Train tracks. We stopped at a real nice lounge for a drink. I had Pepsi. Gary had a Corona. We also had popcorn.

That evening, we went to the Orphanage on the near south side.

Other performers were: Ashley aka Actually, Nodal Nim aka Andrew Heathwaite, Let's Get Out Of This Terrible Sandwich Shop, Electric Medicine, and some others I forget.

Punk'N blew the other acts off the stage.

A guy with a camera rushed the stage to take pictures of Gary and Josh. Gary danced over to have his picture taken.

There were other bands after Punk'N, but most of the audience left after Punk'N performed.

Gary and Josh are just that good. They blow other acts away.

April 22, we went to a taping of Jerry Springer. I was thrilled and scared at the same time.

I had to use my debit card to pay the parking ramp fee to leave after the taping.

Just another small unexpected adventure.

After leaving the Jerry Springer Show, he headed back home to Iowa.

A few days after we were home, Gary bought a second lion statue. He had already had one. Now he used the two of them to sit on either side of the sidewalk leading to our house.

The last week of April, La Porte City, Iowa, had some minor flooding.

May 1st, Art Kaufman aka David Fox e-mailed Gary, informing Gary that Gary's song, Aliens Stole My Dog, was the hit of Kaufman's musical, Song Poems Wanted.

May 3rd, Gary and I had a booth at "The World's Largest Garage Sale" put on by Cumulus Radio. It was at the McElroy Auditorium in Waterloo, Iowa.

We sold a lot of stuff.

May 5th, we got our tax refund. We bought a 1996 Ford Windstar van.

May 9th, Logan called. He wanted to repair our bathroom. The toilet was almost falling through the floor. It had been since 2001 or 2002. It was at no expense to us. Logan paid for everything, and wanted to do it.

Gary and I were still going to the Isle of Capri for breakfast dates.

May 14th, Laura had someone she wanted us to meet. We met Dan Haskin, Laura's new boyfriend. She had started dating him in March. She is still with him in 2012.

After meeting Dan, everyone went out for dinner. Josh, Gary, and I, Dan and Laura. Logan was with us, but Mikeala wasn't there.

Mikeala had cheated on Logan while Logan was in Iraq. Logan divorced her.

May 18th and 19th, Logan repaired our bathroom. I was really happy to have a nice bathroom again.

Gary and I continued to go to the Isle of Capri for breakfast on our "dates".

We started a window garden under our living room window. We planted blueberries and flowers in it.

May 26th, Parkersburg, Iowa, was hit by a tornado, killing 5 people. The tornado also killed 2 people in nearby New Hartford, Iowa.

Laura left H & R Block to go to work for Regis Inventory.

June 1st, Gary heard from Doctor Demento about using some of Gary's music on the Doctor Demento Show.

Gary said ok, thinking it would mean more publicity.

We are not sure if the show ever played Gary's music though.

The Flood.

June 8th, there were floods and tornados everywhere around Iowa.

June 9th, flooding continued in New Hartford, Iowa, and Greene, Iowa. Both towns had to be evacuated.

Laura's boyfriend, Dan Haskin, was staying in Waterloo, Iowa. Laura had us go rescue him from the flooding.

June 10th, Logan called us. He was concerned about us.

The floods were affecting Waterloo and Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Cedar Rapids would lose a bunch of homes to flooding.

June 11th, Waterloo, Iowa, and Cedar Falls, Iowa, closed their downtown areas due to the flooding. Waterloo lost a railroad bridge that crossed the river.

La Porte City, Iowa, was becoming an island. We were surrounded by water. Gary and I drove to the top of a hill on the edge of town to the north. There was water as far as you could see. All the roads were under water.

We found one way out of town to run into Waterloo, where we rescued Dan again. He had returned to Waterloo, and Laura wanted us to save him again.

June 12th, the flood was closing in on us. The city park in front of our house was flooding.

Gary's brother, Larry, came to see if we were ok. Larry and his wife had had to be rescued from their flooded farm by their sons in a rowboat.

Josh drove in from Dubuque, Iowa, to check on us. He was only able to find one road in and out of La Porte City.

Cedar Rapids, Iowa, lost 3200 homes to the flood.

La Porte City cancelled the annual city festival.

June 13th, the flood receded and things went back to normal.

June 19th, Gary and I had a “retro” date. We went to a vinyl record shop in Cedar Falls, Iowa. Then to a Maid-Rite for lunch.

THE RAPE.

In 2012, I was diagnosed with multiple personalities, brought about by Post Traumatic Stress. Sometimes what I have is called Dissociative Identity Disorder.

Therapists agree that I may have already begun my mental break down as early as 2007.

What happened in late June, early July, of 2008 would drive me into complete personality break down!

Is what I am about to write the truth?

I SWEAR IT IS!

Others may not.

and then it happened!

It may have been late June, or even early July, my memory of the date is foggy, but not about what happened.

Joey, the creepy dock worker, followed me into a cooler.

He started again sexually harassing me, even harder than he had in the past.

He thought that because I had done threesomes, with Gary and Twy, that I would have sex with anyone, even a creep like him!

He was getting more threatening about turning me in to security and getting me fired. I needed my job. I didn't know what to do!

I just wanted rid of him, so I told him I only did threesomes with rock stars like my husband, and NOT with jerks like him! I hoped that maybe if I was rude to him he would get the idea and leave me alone!

IT WAS A MISTAKE!

It didn't work! He was just like my brothers. He even looked like my brother, Chuck!

It just made Joey mad. The creep!

After that, I didn't know what would happen, or what to do!

I was afraid!!

About the first week of July, it happened.
I had to go to the dock office for some reason.
I was terrified to go in the office.
I finally did though.

When I walked in the door, Joey had a strange angry look on his face.

Before I could say anything, he ordered me to turn around and bend over!

I kept saying NO, but he just ordered me again and again.

I was terrified, and so I did what he ordered.

He came up behind me and ordered me to pull down my pants!

I screamed NO, as loud as I could. I stood up, and turned around.

The Isle of Capri security office was 30 feet away, and they deny hearing me scream.

Joey grabbed my shoulders, and spun me back around, and screamed at me to bend over, and pull down my pants!

I WAS TERRIFIED!!

He was squeezing my shoulders so hard and my neck so tight, I saw his fingernails turning white!!

He screamed at me again, and I pulled my pants down.

He rammed his penis into me, and raped me right there!

I was dry and it really hurt bad.

When he was done, he screamed at me to get out of his office!

I barely remember opening the door.

I heard Joey laughing at me as I left.

He yelled “What would your husband think of that?” as I left his office.

I went into traumatic shock! I went back to work crying.

No one even asked if I was ok!

It's been 4 years now, and the back of my neck and my shoulders, where Joey held me down, still hurt!! I have to take special muscle relaxation pills for the pain.

I remember crying again on the way home.

I didn't tell Gary what had happened. I just begged him to let me quit the Isle of Capri Casino.

He kept wanting to know why, and what had happened, before he would let me just quit.

I couldn't tell him!

I couldn't tell anyone!

I needed my job!

If I told security, I would lose my job! Joey would just tell them about Twy,. and I would be fired!

The Iowa Department of Criminal Investigation agents worked for the Isle of Capri, and in the casino's best interests. If I told them,. not only would I lose my job, but I would probably be put in jail for being raped!!

My marriage would be over.

I didn't know what to do!! My therapist says I may have gone into Post Traumatic Shock right then, and my personality split wide open!

All my incest experiences came flooding back! I was being torn apart inside!

My earliest memories are of being abused by my brothers! Joey looked just like, and acted just like, my brother, Chuck!

I knew what would happen next.

I wasn't surprised when it did.

Just another incident that you can't tell anyone, or stop from happening.

A few days later, I was on break, when Joey grabbed my hand and forced it on his crotch, right in front of five other workers, and in front of 3 security cameras.

The Isle of Capri denies ever having had any video evidence.

I yanked my hand back, but I knew the abuse was just starting!

Later, I was working in a cooler on the docks. Joey followed me in.

I thought he was going to rape me again right there.

He didn't.

He ordered me into his office, where he had raped me the first time a few days before!

I thought he would just rape me again!

I was scared, but reported to his office like I was ordered to!

This time he just took out his penis, and ordered me to suck it!

I did. I knew that he wouldn't settle for just raping me, or making me suck him! I knew I was now his full time victim!

After that, he made me suck him every day that we both worked together, or he just felt like it!

He forced me to suck him 3 or 4 times a week, sometimes more, for the next year!

Sucking Joey had become one of my job duties.

If I wanted to keep my job, I would just have to take the abuse. It was just like with my brother, Tom!

Isle of Capri Casino security never caught Joey making me suck him even once, even though their office was 30 feet away!

The Isle of Capri Casino DENIES everything!

According to them, nothing every happened because security didn't catch Joey, and failed to catch anything on camera!!!

I have a split personality and I don't share memories with all my other personalities.

I do know when I have been raped, and subjected to sexual abuse!!!

Besides forcing me to perform oral sex on him for a year, summer 2008 to summer 2009, Joey also raped me two more times. You can say whatever you want, but I was RAPED!!

October 3rd, 2008.

I actually remember the date, although my personality was already pretty well gone.

Joey followed me into the freezer again. Rather than order me to perform oral sex on him like he usually wanted, he ordered me to bend over and pull down my pants again. I knew better by now to try to say No. Joey would just get violent. There were many times he had hurt me.

So, like the first time, he raped me.

He held me down by my shoulders again.

This time, someone opened the door to the cooler, which Joey had blocked with a wood thing. It acted like Joey had planned it with someone. I couldn't see who it was, because Joey was holding me down, but I saw whoever it was was wearing a red security jacket!

They seemed to stand there for a few seconds and watch.

I wanted to scream, but nothing came out.

That is typical I hear of Dissociative Identity Disorder.

Whoever had came in, finally just turned around and left.

They were wearing a red security jacket. How could security not know what was going on?

Joey finished in me. It had hurt due to my dryness again.

Joey walked out. I heard him laughing again on his way out.

I didn't know what to think!!

I think it was a security person who had watched.

I didn't trust anyone.

The last time Joey raped me, was around late April of 2009.

It was in the cooler again. Other than ordering me to bend over and drop my pants, he didn't say a word while he did it.

When he was done, he just walked off, and left me there with my pants down.

I cried again!

When I went back to work, no one even asked where I had been.

Those are all the memories I have, or my personalities are willing to share, from summer 2008 until summer 2009 when Joey was fired. I only have scattered memories of 2010 and 2011.

I can't remember anything else! Just the sex trauma!

Therapists say my personality had completely split.

At work, I was Honey or Bunny.

I don't know who I was at home.

Bunny became the dominant personality.

Outside of some sexual memories that Bunny has shared with me, I have no memories of my own.

Bonnie Forney was gone for the next few years!

I worried she was gone for good.

The entire 4 years she worked at The Isle of Capri Casino, Bonnie was seldom there!

My Bonnie personality would remember leaving for work in our van, and getting as far as Washburn, Iowa. Her next memory would be of sitting in the van crying. 8 hours would have passed that she couldn't remember.

She had no memory, or idea, why she was crying, or of having even gone to work.

She would sometimes find herself crying in the Isle of Capri Casino parking lot, with no memory at all.

We thought we were going insane!

Gary says he recorded a live album in 2008.

I don't remember. Yet, Gary says I was there.

We went to Chicago again in 2009.

I don't remember.

Gary's mom was in a nursing home for two years before she died.

I don't remember.

Bunny was in control.

2010.

The year was spent as Bunny, or Honey, and Bonnie Forney has no real memories.

Therapists say I probably became Bunny to mentally withdraw from the sexual trauma.

Bonnie Forney and Bunny are two different people. They don't share memories with each other.

Late 2010, I don't know which of us or what happened, but there was some sort of major trauma around that time.

Our memories are hazy. None of us has a clear memory of what or why.

Gary and Bonnie Forney started fighting. They never had before. Something was up. Gary says he started to worry about me. Bonnie Forney was acting odd he says.

She no longer seemed to care about anything. Not her family, her husband, her life. Nothing.

All Gary knew was that something was wrong. He started pressuring Bonnie to find out what.

Even Bonnie didn't really know what was going on with her. It would take until 2011 for either Bonnie or Gary to figure things out!

With the new trauma at home, Bunny and Bonnie struggled for dominance.

I, Bonnie, was losing the last three months of 2010, but I was slowly gaining control.

I still also suspect that I still block many of Bunny's memory. I suspect there is more, but I may never know.

When I, Bonnie, started to gain control of our body, and becoming the main, although not dominant, personality, Bonnie started work at the Isle of Capri Casino. A place she hadn't worked since early summer 2007.

I was in terror, and worried about splitting again. Although, I still didn't know I had split. I just knew something was very wrong.

I was working around people I didn't know, or remember, even though we had worked there for four years.

I couldn't think of names or anything!

There were a bunch of sleazy guys hitting on me! I didn't want any of them. Years later, I suspect Bunny had been flirting with creeps who reminded her of her brothers!

There was a retarded dish washer putting his arms around us and playing with our hair. Bonnie made him stop and he acted like he had just lost a girlfriend.

There was one pizza guy who would slip up behind us, and try to give us back rubs. Bonnie made him stop too. We don't think he ever understood.

The other pizza guy was a third of Bonnie Forney's age, although Bunny thought they were the same age. He was hitting on us. Bonnie tried to avoid him as best she could.

There was the kitchen chef, who every time he would see us, would put his arm around us and squeeze our tits. Right at the casino. Security never caught that either. They turned their backs to everything happening.

Bonnie wanted to turn the creeps in to security, but couldn't. Security would have just had us fired.

We still needed our job.

Bonnie wasn't in complete control yet anyway.

The fights with Gary were getting worse at home. We were ready to split again. Bonnie was losing the battle for control.

Bonnie made us quit the Isle of Capri the next spring.

2011.

We, it was still we, even though I, Bonnie was gaining a little more control, left the Isle of Capri in April.

We still weren't very integrated, but all of us knew something was wrong, and we needed out of that horrid place.

When we left the casino on April 28th, I, Bonnie, felt better than I had in years! I didn't know that I had a split personality. I thought I was going crazy. It all felt like it was being caused by working at the Isle of Capri casino. I had hoped that by quitting that evil place I would get better.

I didn't.

Troubles continued.

I had turned in a quit letter to the Isle of Capri Casino. I said in the letter, the very little I could remember at that time, about Joey and the sexual abuse. I told about Joey's forcing us to give him blow jobs, but left out the rapes. I was still suppressing memories.

The Isle of Capri instantly banned me from the casino property for a month for "behavior endangering my fellow employees".

I didn't understand how my being raped did any of that!

I applied for unemployment. The Isle of Capri owns the local unemployment office. I was denied. The letter I got said that I was "clearly in an unwanted sexual relationship", but it wasn't a good reason to quit the Isle of Capri Casino.

"An unwanted sexual relationship"???

I had been raped!!

I was just starting to find out how evil the Isle of Capri Casino was.

Gary and I went to a car show at Rydell Chevrolet in May. A former casino kitchen supervisor walked up to me and put his arm around my shoulders. He also reached down and started squeezing my tit right in front of Gary and everyone!

I split into Bunny again.

The creep knew no one would or could do anything due to the casino's protection. The former kitchen supervisor had known what happened. I know he did. Everyone, but security, did!!

I heard from a former security person, who said they knew what was going on.

I heard from a line cook, Dawn, who knew, but thought it was funny.

I heard from the other line cook's sister, who didn't like me, and said I deserved to be raped. She said that "it should have happened a long, long, long, time ago!". She knew too.

The Isle of Capri covered it all up!

Two of the only good things to happen, were, we got food stamps. The other was that Gary's stalker died of a heart attack.

I also had to have STD testing at the rape clinic.

Luckily I came out ok.

We didn't have an income.

Without it, we lost Gary's \$1,000 Warlock guitar, the band amplifier, their P.A. system, and a ton of other belongings.

We were barely surviving.

In July, the corrupt Iowa Department of Criminal Investigation started sending Gary e-mails wanting to “talk” to him. I wondered why they didn't want to talk to me.

I tried to warn Gary not to!

I told Gary what we were told at orientation about the Isle of Capri owning the agents of the Iowa Department of Criminal Investigation, and how they worked for the casino.

Gary didn't believe me. He didn't think a casino could actually “own” a department of the Iowa government.

Gary went to meet with them. The meeting was at the Isle of Capri Casino!!! What does that say??

Gary said they barely asked anything about my rape. They just asked dozens of questions about Gary's web-site. They made hints about shutting Gary up for reporting a rape!

They had already planned everything out! They had planned to ban Gary for life from the casino before Gary even went in to talk to them! They had the papers already made out. They didn't list a reason though, and Gary refused to sign!

It didn't matter that we had witnesses, the Isle of Capri was out to cover it all up, and to threaten us!

The head of Isle of Capri Security and an I.D.C.I. agent escorted Gary off casino property. Gary said they were both laughing!

They thought my rape was funny!!

A few days later, we got a private warning from a friend of Gary's in government, that the Isle of Capri was ran by the Mafia!?!

We didn't know if we should believe it, but we were scared!

We heard that a former member of security, who knew details about my rape, was threatened.

I am not sure, but I think a few other employees were too!
We gave up on getting any justice!!

I had sought therapy early in the year, after the rape clinic suggested it. At first I was diagnosed with severe depression. They were missing my Dissociative Identity Disorder, since for the most part, after leaving the casino, I had settled into being Bonnie again. Not all the time though! There were other personalities just beginning.

In August, I had a Social Security exam with one of their doctors. Their doctors always try to deny your claim.

I was crying the whole interview. I was so upset I couldn't think.

The idiot doctor told me “things would get better” as I left!
They didn't.

They got worse.

We had to start begging charities for help.

My claim for disability was denied and appealed several times.

I was still in therapy for Severe Depression, with a new diagnosis of Post Traumatic Shock Disorder, due to my having been raped.

No one had discovered my split personality yet. I was hiding it. I was afraid to let them know I was crazy!

Twy visited Gary's web site a few times in August. Twy and I hadn't spoken in years. I didn't know how to feel.

In September, I found out it wasn't just my rape that the Isle of Capri covered up.

They quickly covered up a suicide. The casino also owned the Waterloo Courier, and the TV news.

I didn't care anymore. I was glad to be away from that evil place.

That was about all I had to be glad about.

My disability was denied again in October. I hired a lawyer, and appealed again. It was taking forever!

We had bills piling up.

By late October, Gary and I were forced to live in one room of our house, using an electric heater, until our electricity was shut off.

In November, our sons paid to get our electric and gas back on!

We still couldn't pay the bill, but it's against the law to turn off poor people's utilities during the winter months.

We had light and heat until April 2012, when we lost them again.

We were losing everything!

We didn't celebrate our wedding anniversary.

We got a ride to a free charity Thanksgiving Dinner.

We didn't have Christmas!

In other news, Gary's porn star friend, Hollie Stevens, had cancer. She would die quickly the following summer.

A comic book artist wanted to do a comic book about Gary's life and career.

We barely survived 2011.

2012.

The casino mafia continued to check Gary's web site constantly all year looking for ways to shut us up about my rape!

I sold a duct tape wallet to an actor, musician, friend of Gary's. I had started doing a few crafts to try to focus, also I hoped it would help me to regain my sanity.

I was continuing therapy.

An Artist wanted to do a comic book about Gary's life. The Artist and Gary tried to raise money for the project and failed to.

Gary did get back to his music though.

He recorded three new songs in the spring.

Gary let me record too! I got to play maraca on a song, and tambourine on another! I was happy, scared, at the same time.

Early in the year, I had to switch therapists when I was diagnosed with Dissociative Identity Disorder, or multiple personalities.

My condition was due to my incest and rape experiences. I was told I was at least three people. In a secret kind of way, I was relieved. Now I at least knew why I was feeling the way I was.

My therapy was increased.

I was Bonnie. I was a four year old, Bonnie Jean. I was fifteen year old, Bunny.

More personalities came out over time. There are at least six, here in December of 2012.

Gary and I planted some fruit trees, even though we knew we could lose our home.

Almost the same day we planted trees, our power was shut off. It's still off in December of 2012. Gary also had a concert offer in Duluth, MN.

We were unable to celebrate the anniversary of our first date.

We couldn't afford to pay our property tax. We had begged the city council to suspend their attachment to our property tax, so we could maybe afford to pay the tax. They refused.

We lost our home to unpaid taxes in June 2012.

We managed very few trips out of La Porte City. Most of those were when someone would give us a ride.

One of our rare trips was into Waterloo, Iowa, and to the Salvation Army for a free community meal.

Cindy Millermon was there, promoting her cult religion.

Cindy Millermon was the bitch who spread rumors we were devil-worshipers, and made life so much trouble for us.

Later, that day we ran into a former Isle of Capri worker who tried sexually harassing me. He got upset when I didn't respond.

I had a nightmare due to everything that had been happening. I dreamed that Gary had died.

May 1st was a happy day for me!! I FEED A SQUIRREL BY HAND!! I was thrilled and happy!

I got word from my lawyer that my disability case hearing was postponed until December. Later, it would be postponed again until February of 2013. As of this writing, I am still waiting for my hearing.

No one was, or could, help us! Our home was sold for back taxes. We were homeless living in our own home. We had no power either.

May, I had to be rushed to Iowa City, Iowa, Hospital for an eye condition. We called Josh, because we didn't have a car capable of the drive. It was not an emergency as originally thought, but still needed care.

About a week later, we drove the van to Independence, Iowa. It was one of the last trips with the van. It was getting in really bad shape.

May 24th, Gary and I walked up to the La Porte City High School, and took part in a Walk For The Aged. We walked a mile around a track. A 4th grader, Lucian, walked with Gary while the two of them talked together. Gary liked that.

Gary's concert in Duluth, MN, was shaping up.

Late May, Gary and I started walking the Cedar Valley Nature Trail.

In June, Gary told me he wanted me to join his band, Punk'N, and perform with them in Duluth.

I felt that God had given me a second chance at my life.

I was thrilled that Gary wanted me up on-stage with him, and sharing his world.

I plan to do anything and every thing, and every thing it takes to make Gary and my kids proud of me. I feel like my illness let them down.

Gary was also invited back to Chicago to appear on Chic-A-Go-Go TV Show in September. It was later changed to October. Gary told me he wanted me to appear with him on that too.

We junked the van. It was almost un-driveable. We used the money to buy a solar cell back up system. We had a little power after that.

We use/used it for a DVD movie when we had the battery charged up for it. Usually we could watch one movie a day.

We also used it for music, and charging cell phones.

We got word that Hollie Stevens was dying. She was Gary's clown porn friend. Hollie had done a painting for Gary, that he still has. Hollie died less than a month later on July 3rd, 2012.

Late June, I was diagnosed with another personality. The new one had no name. She was self-destructive, and full of hate. Whenever she took us over, my blood pressure went out of control. I would suffer for days after one of her appearances. Later, she was named , The Beast, and was identified as 8 years old.

July, Twy started a new Facebook profile. I put in a friend request, but Twy never responded. I don't think Twy ever returned to her profile after starting it. It was her second.

By July, Gary's concert in Duluth as all set up. We would be getting a free hotel room for two nights, all the free beer we wanted, 100% of the \$5 door charge, promoted in newspapers, and posters. A video would also be filmed. There would be a light and sound man too!

July 6th, a chipmunk walked into our living room. I had the door open to let some cool air in.

I picked up a charity box from a local church and was told the charity might be ended. It didn't though, and I still get a monthly box.

Some tomato plants we had planted got horn-worms. We killed five of them!

July 13th, Gary applied for S.S.I..

The next part of my autobiography will be sort of long. It was a very vivid event, Duluth, and affected all of my personalities. It may have been the first time all of us felt as one. Maybe as close to being integrated as I will ever be again.

Parts of the account are written by the various me's, and may repeat what one of the others of us have already said. I am leaving it that way. I am the many.

DULUTH MN first account

In Duluth, I felt special. I felt free of a lot of problems. I felt like a part of Gary and the kid's lifes again. I had not felt a part of their lifes in years.

On-stage, I felt scared at first. After I relaxed, I felt good and special. I was in a part of Gary's world, I had never experienced before. I admire Gary for getting On-stage and doing what he loves doing.

I didn't realize how much needed to be done to get a show ready to perform.

After everything we had been through, Gary still wants me On-stage with him, and in his life.

I have fallen in love with Gary all over again, and am looking forward to spending our final years together.

DULUTH, MN, second account

In April 2012, Gary started planning a trip to Duluth, MN, to perform On-stage again.

Our life together has been full of ups and downs.

I was surprised when Gary asked me if I would go up on a stage with him. I hadn't been on a stage in 40+ years. I didn;t feel I had any talent.

From April to July, Gary worked with me, helping me build my confidence. I learned a small piece of music on the harmonica. I practiced the maraca and tambourine. We listened to his music several times. I played tambourine, and sometimes harmonica, to the music.

By July, I was getting comfortable playing in front of Gary. I didn't know about a crowd, but, I promised Gary I would get On-stage with him.

We started looking for an outfit for me. Gary wanted me to wear a skeleton shirt, so I would resemble him.

To be a part of Gary, and to share his world!

It didn't take me long to find my outfit.

A skeleton shirt, black pants and jacket, and a variety of hats.

I felt comfortable in my outfit. I was actually looking forward to getting up On-stage. I felt ready.

We were scheduled to perform at RT Quinlan's in Duluth, MN, on Friday August 3rd 2012.

A promoter had arranged for us to have a hotel room for us for two nights.

The hotel was really nice. We had two beds, and Laura and Dan brought their own inflate-a-bed. We had enough beds for everyone.

We were a half a block from Lake Superior.

It was a beautiful sight.

We were able to go on the rooftop deck of the hotel, and see the lake and the surrounding area.

[This personality forgot about the show. She must not have been On-stage.]

We woke up Saturday morning, and Gary and I got ready and walked down by the lake alone while the kids slept.

We took many pictures and had a wonderful time.

We enjoyed the sights by the lake, and being together.

We walked back to the hotel. The kids were getting up.

Everyone up, we decided to walk down to a Norwegian diner for breakfast. We took our time, enjoying everything. After breakfast, we stopped at The Electric Fetus, a nostalgia store, with records, candles, and many novelty items. I bought some earrings.

Then we went to a thrift store. It had everything, everywhere. I bought 15 postcards.

The kids were loving everything, sight-seeing, shopping.

We went to a candy store. Gary bought a box of BBQ'd worms. Dan bought a sucker with a scorpion in it. Josh bought some chocolate rocks, and some building blocks made out of candy.

After leaving the candy store, we went back to the hotel for awhile.

After resting at the hotel, we decided to go down to the lake around 1 o'clock.

We went down to the lake shore, took off our shoes, and went wading in Lake Superior. The water was cold, but we had real fun.

Laura got a bottle of lake water to take home to Iowa. Gary had gotten me a bottle of lake water earlier in the morning.

After playing in the water awhile, we walked up a trail around the lake.

We followed the trail until we came to a bicycle rental place. Gary rented us a bicycle that held five people.

We rode around most of the trail, trying not to run into people. We were all laughing and having a great time.

We rode the bicycle out to one of the lighthouses, scaring some seagulls, and just having fun.

We took the bicycle back to the rental area, and walked after that.

We saw Thomas The Tank Engine!

We walked across the Aerial Bridge.

On the other side, we walked along the other side of the canal. We walked to another light house.

We saw a large ship, and several smaller ships, coming and leaving the canal.

We got to watch the Aerial Bridge go up and down for ships.

I felt good inside. We were making memories for all of us to never forget.

We crossed the Aerial Bridge and returned to where we started. We walked toward town, and took a wrong turn somewhere and go lost for awhile. We were having fun, and no one complained about being lost.

Gary lead us back to the bridge, and we found our way back to the hotel.

By the time we got back to the hotel, three hours had passed. We were all sun-burned but had a day of fun.

For supper that night, Josh took us to a Chinese buffet.

After the buffet, we went to a Dollar Store, and a K-Mart.

Then we went back to the hotel.

Gary and I went up on the hotel roof deck. The scenery was beautiful, and the lake laid out in front of you as far as you could see.

There was sailing ships on the horizon.

We didn't stay up there too long, as Gary is a little afraid of heights.

Gary and I went to bed about 10. Laura and Dan went for a walk. Josh talked to his girlfriend back in Dubuque, Iowa.

Sunday morning, we woke up before the kids. We went for one more walk along the beach before we headed back to Iowa. It was a beautiful scene seeing the sun coming up and shining on the lake.

We went back to the hotel, and the kids were getting up. It was around 8:30 or 9 a.m.. By 10, we had the car packed, and were ready to go back home.

We knew it was going to be a long road home. We stopped for gas many times and just to rest.

Gary had Josh drive 80 miles out of our way to go to Blue Earth, MN. He wanted me to see the statue of the Jolly Green Giant.

The statue is 55 feet tall. We took pictures of him. There is also a Dairy Queen next to the statue we went to.

We had to back track to Albert Lea, 40 miles.

It wouldn't be long until we got to Iowa, about 6 p.m..

We got into Waterloo, Iowa, after 8 p.m..

Josh brought us back to La Porte City after we had asked him to stop at Menard's. They were closed for the night though.

DULUTH account three

I am not sure which of my personalities wrote this account. It sounds like a few of us may have together. We were blending in Duluth.

Arriving in Duluth, MN, and looking to my right was the lake, a beautiful sight. I felt relieved that we finally made it.

I was excited to be in Duluth, MN.

We had no problem finding the hotel. We had an address and followed the street signs.

When arriving at the hotel, Gary went in and told the desk he had a room. She said, Yes, You do, and gave him the key.

It was great. I felt special. I was part of a band. We were getting the star treatment.

After we took our luggage to the room, Gary and I walked down to RT Qunilan's, where we would perform later that night.

I was excited and scared at the same time.

We went inside and checked out the stage.

The waitress walked up to us and asked if we were checking out the stage for later. Gary replied, Yes, that we would return later, around 8:30.

We took our time walking back to the hotel.

We walked a few blocks from Quinlan's when a guy passed us on a bike. He turned around and said "Gary Forney!". I was thrilled, someone on the streets of Duluth, MN, recognized Gary just walking the streets.

We turned around, the guy said he was looking forward to seeing Gary on stage later.

We went back to the hotel.

The kids were out and walking around.

When the kids returned, we decided to walk down to Coney Island to have a hot dog before going on stage.

At 8:30 we hurried back to the hotel and changed our clothes to our outfits for the stage.

I was getting more scared.

We arrived at the venue right at 9 o'clock.

We went in and sat at a table near the stage.

We sat around drinking our free beers and pop.

About 10 or 10:30 our opening band, Aaron Gall, and The Likely Story, got up on stage to perform.

I enjoyed their music, but I kept watching the clock, knowing we would go on next.

I was scared.

I couldn't believe I was going thru with this, but I promised Gary I would.

We got to go on stage about 11:30, I was the last one up there.

I kept telling myself, I will live thru this.

I was scared to death thru the first song.

By the second song, I started to relax and the audience was liking us.

About half way thru the set, my tambourine was losing tambors, I was rocking really hard.

The audience really liked us. They were hollering Punk'N, and clapping, after each song.

I changed my various hats, when Gary wanted me to.

When it came time to change into my flashing mohawk, I turned on the lights, put on the mohawk and turned around.

The crowd cheered!

I couldn't believe it, they actually liked my mohawk.

I wore my mohawk for 2 songs, I took it off.

We then got a encore and did 3 more songs!

I couldn't believe it. I have never seen a band get a encore.

There were girls and a few guys coming closer to the stage to dance, and take pictures.

After we left the stage, Gary got my attention. There were a couple of girls wanted to have their picture taken with me.

They were asking questions about my mohawk, where did I get it, etc.

Then I was in a group picture with Gary, Josh, and a couple of fans.

The most important looks I got was from the looks of approval from Gary, Josh, Dan and a shy smile from Laura.

Those looks mean more to me than the fans. The fans are important also.

When we left the venue, it was raining.

We went to the hotel, happy, and tired.

It was 2 in the morning.

Bonnie Jean, who is 4 years old, had this comment :

“I wanted to drown Bunny!”

I did too, but she was a part of us.

August 2012.

Gary invited me to join him and Josh on stage in Duluth, MN. Another personality came out, she called herself, Bonnie Rocker!

It was a great weekend.

I felt like a rock star!

Free hotel! Free vacation!

I shouldn't say free, Gary paid for all with his voice, and his great performance at RT Quinlan's in Duluth, MN.

We spent the weekend sight-seeing and enjoying time with Josh, Laura and Dan.

When we returned home, Gary was in contact with Chic-A-Go-Go in Chicago about a return appearance on their show in maybe September or October.

Jake Austin, the producer of the show, told Gary he would contact him closer to the time.

In late September, Gary saw a posting on Facebook about the next taping. Jake had never contacted Gary. We thought Chic-A-Go-Go was out.

A week or so later, Gary got a message from Jake, it stated "Please come to a special taping of Chic-A-Go-Go for our Halloween show."

We were thrilled. We were going back to Chicago to be on TV.

I was scared to death, I thought.

I practiced air-drumming and a few dance moves, while Gary developed a pretty good dance routine himself. He looked good, confident and happy dancing to his own music.

I was getting more comfortable with my air-drumming.

Gary coached me again on my stage fright. He did good. I found myself looking forward to getting in front of the cameras.

October 2012.

On October 20th, Josh picked us up at about 10 am, and we were on our way to Chicago to be on TV.

We arrived at the TV station, real close to 6 pm. The taping was from 6-8 pm that night.

Jake had a big “Hi” for Gary, soon as we walked in the studio.

We walked around inside looking at the crowd and other musicians, then Jake said we were ready for taping.

Gary quickly took my hand, asking me if I was going to dance.

Next thing I knew, we were dancing among the crowd, dancing.

It was fun! Gary accidently knocked off my hat, he was having so much fun dancing. Since he is tall, the cameras could see him, but, I was lost in the background.

Josh was taking pictures and smiling.

After we danced two songs, Jake said we were up to performing first. We went over and told Josh, then got ready to do our song next.

Me, standing in the center front, Gary and Josh on my sides, looking at 4 cameras. We were ready and waiting for the music to start.

I was with my drum sticks crossed in an X shaping, the music started.

I was totally surprised. I was performing and not scared of the cameras.

The crowd behind us was dancing and having fun.

I was air-drumming. Josh was playing his guitar. Gary was pretending to sing, and dancing. We looked great.

I had the same feeling that I did in Duluth, that the Rocker personality came out. It was really fun!

I hoped I had made Gary and Josh proud of me. I was trying.

At the end of our song, Ratso, the puppet, wanted to interview us. I wasn't too fond of the interview, but it went ok.

The last question Ratso asked is, would we like to dance to the next song, so we did.

We were up front, in the middle. Everyone could see us dancing.

Josh had gone to the back of the room and was taking our pictures as we danced.

We looked good dancing together, and silly too due to the height difference but I didn't mind.

We stayed to watch the next band perform. I didn't think they were as good as we were.

Because we had to drive 4 hours back to Dubuque, we left before the taping was over.

We got to Dubuque about 11:30 or midnight. We spent the night at Josh's house.

The next day, October 21st, Laura called us, wanting us to see her and Dan's apartment. It was fun.

Spending the day with Josh, Laura and Dan. We went and saw their apartment. Spent some time hanging around with them. I think Dan enjoyed making coffee for him and Gary to drink together. Gary enjoyed it too, since Josh didn't drink coffee. Gary missed it when he had woke up that morning.

Laura showed us around the apartment. It was a nice, spacey place.

After spending time with them, we went to the A & W where Josh works. We had some lunch, and waited to meet Josh's girlfriend, Nicole. Josh's girlfriend couldn't go on break, so we went back to Josh's place, passing the library on the way. Laura and Dan were waiting for the library to open.

We stopped and picked them up, and went back to Josh's house until Nicole called that she could meet us.

About 2 pm, Nicole called, said she was going to break soon. We went back down to the A & W to meet her.

Josh bought everyone a root beer float.

Finally about 2:30 Nicole upstairs to the dining area to meet us.

We sat and talked to her about 20 minutes, then she had to go back to work.

We left the A & W about 3, took Laura and Dan back to the library. Then, we went back to Josh's house to pick our stuff up to head back home to La Porte City.

Our weekend with our kids was coming to an end.

Another great weekend to remember as was the one in Duluth, MN..

Halloween 2012.

Mr. and Mrs. Bottoma and their oldest son stood out in front of our house. Mrs. Bottoma yelled at us inside, asking if we were hungry. Then she went, "Here, Kitty, Kitty!" and laughed like the witch she is. She did that three times before they left.

Gary and I never used to fight, but around Thanksgiving, we got in yet another fight!

One of my personalities came out, The Beast. Gary says she threatened Gary and herself with a knife.

I remember it like a dream.

I actually did have a dream that night where some punks threatened Gary with a knife.

I didn't remember the incident in real life.

Thanksgiving, we had a whole pre-cooked chicken. We managed to warm it up with a make shift broiler. I had also gotten some other food from the senior citizen food charity, including a pumpkin pie. It wasn't much, but more than we had had in years.

None of our kids came to see us.

Gary had re-applied for his S.S.I. on July 13th. He had to have a new evaluation on October 29th.

Today is December 20th, and we still haven't heard. Hopefully we will soon.

My own disability hearing will finally come up in February of 2013.

It got too cold in our house to stay without utilities. Our son, Logan, took us in December 8th or so. We have been living with him since.

It's just a few days before a yet another Christmas we won't have.

Life is just a waiting thing for us anymore.

That is my life.

My first memories are of, the brother I had trusted,
cumming between my legs.

Being a victim is ALL my childhood memories.

I met Gary, and thought I had escaped.

I did for while.

Then I was raped on the job at the Isle of Capri Casino,
while security looked the other way!

The head of casino security, and an agent of the Iowa
Department of Criminal Investigation, actually LAUGHED at
my having been raped!!

Gary and I live from day to day.

We haven't had an income in almost two years.

Our marriage may never be the same, due to my rape, and
multiple personalities.

Therapists tell me I may never be just Bonnie Forney ever
again!

I still have hopes.

I hope that Gary still loves me.

Some days, I know he does.

Other days, or when things get rough sometimes,

We fight.

And I wonder how anyone could ever love me.

I have hopes of an income some day again.

Gary and I are talking about starting a recording studio.

I do have hopes that we can.

Most days, when Gary and I go for a walk,

I just reach out

and hope Gary will take my hand.

i walk small

As of December 20th 2012, I have at least 6 known personalities.

These are The Many.

BONNIE JEAN, Age 4, She likes feeding squirrels, and just being a little girl.

BONNIE J, age 8, She is frightened of people, and tries to hide from them when she can.

THE BEAST, age 12, She is angry! Very Angry. A blind rage! She endangers Gary and Bonnie, and all the others.

BUNNY, age 15, She is a flirt, single, likes to have fun. She is a rebel, and likes to destroy lives. She is the Anti-Bonnie!

BONNIE ROCKER, age unknown, She likes to rock with Gary's band, Punk'N. She likes to take part in the band and has ideas for things.

BONNIE, age 55+, Me! Wife! Mother! Someday she hopes to have grandkids. She is like Bonnie Rocker sometimes. She loves Gary and likes rocking with him.

Will the 6 of us ever be just 1 again?

I am told, No!

i continue therapy

i continue to walk small