



# I FELT HIM WATCHING ME...

## I became his property, he became my stalker.

Before moving to Jacksonville, I managed to land a position with a small law firm not far from my new home. The first person I met was a very charming man. He was a little older than me, and very handsome. He dressed nice, and seemed to have a good personality. When we first met, he took me out to a lot of places, and showered me with attention, almost too much. But he showed his true colors soon enough.

It started one evening when he came over to take me out for dinner. I emerged from my bedroom in a beautiful blue summer dress ready to go, when he suggested that I would feel out-of-place where we were going, and offered to help me pick out something more suitable to wear. He picked out a dress that was black and short, and also decided that my purse didn't go with the outfit he chose. His suggested since he would be paying, there was no need for me to bring money, and he could just hold my I.D. and my keys in his pocket. I hesitated for a moment but decided that I was in good hands.

When we arrived at our destination, he decided that he wanted to play pool. While we waited for a pool table to open up, he pulled two bar stools up to one of the pool tables where five young men were finishing up their game. I sat down and started chatting with one of the men. When their game was up, he decided to start racking up when one of the men stopped him and informed us that they had another game to play.

Not seeing their quarters, he became angry. They decided they would invite him to play the next game. That kept him quiet for about twenty minutes. I was talking with one of the guys and Mike went into a rage when he saw me. He started calling me names; he threw his pool stick on the floor and stomped off to the other side. After finally convincing him to calm down and let me drive him home, I endured several hours of brow beating into the early hours of the morning. I was crying, and needed to go home.

He needed a place to stay

temporarily, and I volunteered to take him in. It was one of the worst mistakes I could have made. I never realized how manipulating and sneaky another human being could be. The two months he stayed with me, he rearranged my furniture, stole my mail and birthday cards that I have always kept. He managed to run off all of my friends and classmates by harassing them whenever they called. My phone bill was analyzed to death. He would want to know whose numbers they were and what was I talking to them about during the time shown on the phone bill. I would be accused of infidelity because of the phone minutes.

Other problems soon surfaced. His drinking was a problem, and he liked to do drugs. I wouldn't have this in my house and he knew it. So he made a point to get high somewhere else, and then come home. It was at this point where his controlling side came out, just enough where I didn't even know what he was doing. I got off work at 5:00 everyday, and if I wasn't home by 5:15, I was sleeping with someone. If I had to run errands for the office on my lunch hour and couldn't come home, I was sleeping with someone. I must have been pretty popular by his standards.

He told me on many occasions that I was fat, ugly and dumb. I didn't find out until much later how insecure he made me. Once I realized what my friends and family were telling me was true, and I began to see it for myself, I asked him to leave my home within two weeks. His time was almost up and he pretty

much stayed clear of me. Two nights before he had to be out, he came in drunk. I got up and went into the living room and confronted him. He was already angry because he looked at my phone bill earlier and demanded to know whom I was talking to and why. I told him to leave immediately and he went into a rage. I ran towards my bedroom and grabbed the phone, but he was already behind me. He grabbed the phone and ripped the battery out of it. I tried to run for the door but he blocked me, and threw me against the wall. I screamed for someone to help me, but no one came. I kept screaming at him so he put his hand over my mouth, and with the other hand he grabbed a pillow and put it over my face. I calmed myself down and tried to stop shaking, it worked. He pulled the pillow away and let me get up.

The screaming and the tormenting went on for hours.

He called someone on his cell phone to come and get him. About an hour later someone showed up, took one look at the mess all over my floors, looked at me, and immediately grabbed him by the back of the neck and dragged him out. I remember looking at the clock and saw that it was 4:30 in the morning. I went to work and talked with my employer who told me to leave work immediately and go downtown to start the

paperwork for my restraining order.

The paperwork was filed and they gave me a temporary restraining order until my hearing, but informed me that it was only good if he was served with the paperwork. They also informed me that even if I got the restraining order in court, it wasn't bullet proof, that they have had a case where a stalker killed a

Watching... Continued on page 13

### UNSOLVED MURDER

**Rachel Marie Bell**

26 years of age was found murdered on Feb. 1, 2002 in the dunes off Southside Blvd. Anyone with any information call Det. Barker 630-2172, or



**CALL JSO AT 630-0500**

### APEX PHYSICAL THERAPY, INC.

WAYNE B. HOUSTON, M.D., P.A.

*Physical Therapy • Occupational Therapy  
Massage Therapy • Sensory Integration Therapy • Auto Accidents  
Orthopedic & Sports Injuries • Worker's Comp  
Treatment of Developmental Disabilities*

*Most Insurances Accepted*

Ph: **389-2077** / Fax: **389-1170**

**4570 San Juan Avenue, Suite 3 • Jacksonville, FL 32210**

**SUNBELT RENTALS**

General Tool & Equipment  
Aerial Specialists  
Scaffold Services  
Pump & Power Services  
Industrial Resource Group  
Traffic Safety  
Pile Driving Equipment  
Convention Services

**888-334-7570**  
Connects You To The Closest Location!

All Your Equipment Needs... One Company  
[www.sunbeltrentals.com](http://www.sunbeltrentals.com)