

THE TESTIMONY OF A VILLAIN

*For those who have knowledge and
understanding
Let this be wisdom*

I was born

I learned

I lived

I suffered

I died

I was resurrected

And now

I am immortal

The Immortal One

VILLAIN——

A person of uncouth mind and manners. A scoundrel or criminal or a person or thing blamed for a particular evil or difficulty. A member of one of the lower classes, at some times and places a free man and at others fully bound in service . . . often because the higher classes tend to look on the lower as inferior. . . .

**BOOK
I**

**Nightmares of a Massacre
The Boy**

BOOK I CHAPTER 1

February 22, 1972

Several Randolph Police cruisers and a few unmarked police cars were parked outside the Doggett household. Uniformed officers and detectives swarmed in and out the Doggett estate. Flashlights penetrated the dark night as two officers inspected the backyard area. Their lights could be seen against the house. On the inside, detectives investigated a crime scene. Cameras flashed in each room; fingerprint ink was everywhere. Homicide Detective Clay stood in the living room astonished as he digested what seemed to him to have been a massacre.

It was around midnight when the first anonymous call was made to station number three. The caller claimed to have heard loud noises. The complaint went unanswered. Another complaint was made, and again, the caller claimed hearing noises and screams. The complaint went with no response. A third complaint was called in, this time, the caller claimed to have heard gunshots. A patrol car was dispatched to the address.

Two uniformed officers had entered the Doggett home and found five dead bodies in the living room: two white males, one black male, two black women, and one young boy—still alive. He was prostrated on a bloody rug, embracing the upper section of the younger of the two women. The young woman's neck rested on the boy's forearm, her head bared back in the agony of death.

One of the officers vomited as he peered over the crushed skull of the older woman. His partner began to feel nauseous, as well, when he saw the malice of the bodies that dripped with blood. He turned his head and ran out to the patrol car to call for backup.

It was then that Detective Clay arrived on the scene.

Detective Franklin Clay stood about six-one. His body was thick, his hands were large, his complexion was fair, and his hair was black with strains of gray streaking through the sides. He wore a brown trench coat over a gray suit and tie. The detective was in his early forties and had been on the

force for fifteen years. His usual demeanor, during a routine homicide, was calm and expressionless, but the murder victims he witnessed tonight made his white face pale, and his gray eyes widen.

“What the hell happened here?” he asked one of the on-the-scene officers.

“I don’t know, sir.” The officer scratched his head. “It was exactly like this when we arrived.”

Clay scanned the room. A black man lay slumped in a corner, a brick lodged in his head. Blood ran down his face. Two white men lay dead on the floor bleeding from what looked, to him, like knife wounds or bullet wounds or both. He observed the older black woman. Her skull was caved in, literally crushed, gray matter and secretion oozed out. He slowly shook his head in disgust, before he turned his attention to the young boy, who was on his knees, holding a younger black woman. Blood was gushing from her head. It looked to him like a bullet wound—a fatal one. A gun was on the rug, a can of mace was near the far wall, and a knife, about ten inches in length, was a few feet from the boy.

“Did someone call the paramedics?” Clay asked, and before the officer could answer. “And why is the boy *still* hugging that dead woman?”

“We tried to get him to release her, but we couldn’t. And we were not sure if we should physically remove him just now, sir. . . . And, yes, we did call the paramedics.”

The detective looked down and discovered he was standing in vomit. “Who in the hell puked?”

“I did, sir.” The officer shrugged. “I just, ahh, I just—”

“Save it,” Clay snapped. “You and your partner grab some flashlights and see what’s around the house. Maybe you won’t fuckin’ *puke* doin’ that.

“Yes, sir, Detective.” The officers left.

The detective dragged his feet over to the boy. He knelt next to him. “Get me a blanket,” Clay said to an officer. He looked down at the boy. His face was buried in the neckline of the dead woman.

A uniformed officer moved towards Clay, who held up a stiff hand, which halted him. He gestured the officer away. “Okay, son,” Clay said, “we’re here to help you.”

The boy didn’t move.

“I know this is hard for you. But you have to let go, so I can help you.”

The boy still didn't move.

An officer handed Clay a blanket. He then wrapped the blanket around the boy, who trembled, as he looked up at him. Tears streamed down his face.

"It's okay," Clay whispered. "Let it all out, kid. Let it all out."

Clay covered the boy's naked body as best he could. He noticed blood was stained to the boy's bare chest and white underwear. The detective carefully coerced the boy to release the dead woman. He then swept the boy in his arms, cradled him, and carried him to the kitchen. He set the boy on a wooden kitchen chair, before he pulled up another chair, and positioned himself in front of the boy. He then found himself puzzled. He wasn't sure where to start.

Who did what? What did who? What the hell happened? He sat in thought. He curiously stared at the boy, wondering what the boy saw or if he saw anything. Did he come before the massacre? Did he come after the massacre or was he physically involved in the slaying?

The detective unbuttoned his trench coat, loosened his tie, and lit a non-filtered cigarette. He didn't know where to begin questioning, so he sat quietly for a moment and dragged on his cigarette. He felt his brow perspire. He thought about the crushed skull of the woman and could practically smell the aroma of the blood and flesh. He felt his stomach stir. He dragged on the cigarette harder and exhaled the smoke with relief.

"Ahumm," Clay coughed, "how old are you, son?"

The boy didn't answer.

"I'm sorry, kid," Clay said. "I didn't even ask you, your name. My name is Detective Clay. What's yours?"

The boy didn't respond. He just absently stared in space. He slowly shook his head. His eyes watery, his dark face drawn, and his afro mashed in on one side.

Clay shrugged his shoulders and his stare dropped to the floor. He rubbed his sweaty palm on his pants leg. His other hand held the burning cigarette. Clay logically assumed that the dead man and woman were the boy's mother and father, and the younger of the women was, perhaps, his older sister. He realized that the boy was in shock, and he had a strong vibe that the boy held the key to the murders.

A plain clothed officer entered the kitchen. “Clay, *News Center Five* is outside, they want to interview you.”

Detective Clay’s lip turned up and his forehead wrinkled. “Look here!” His face reddened. “I have five dead bodies in the next room. Not *one*, not *two*, not *three* but *five*!” he screamed as he got to his feet. “I got one kid in shock, bloody, and scared. And you got one detective—me—who doesn’t know what the fuck happened. So,” he barked, “tell the news people to get the fuck out of here!”

“Is—is,” the cop stuttered, “is that all?”

Clay looked at him. “Get someone to tape off the room and—”

“But the paramedics aren’t here yet,” the cop said.

Clay hated to be interrupted. He felt his temper boil. “Have you finished searching the house?”

“Yes, sir. We searched downstairs and upstairs. A few of the rooms look as though they have been rumbled through, scattered papers and stuff, but it doesn’t seem as though anything of value is missing. Televisions, radios, and jewelry are there.”

“Did you check them thoroughly?” Clay’s voice was calm.

“Of course, sir, nothing significant.”

All of a sudden, the boy jumped out of his seat and took off running.

Clay and the cop were caught off guard. “Grab him!”

The cop tried, but the boy was too nimble. He ran between the cop’s legs and out of the kitchen. The cop grabbed at air. “Shit!”

“Out of my way!” Clay said. He shoved the cop aside and chased after the boy.

The boy fled to the main hallway. He skillfully squirmed by some detectives who were finger printing in it. The officers became aware when they heard Clay’s voice.

“Grab him! Grab him! Grab the damn boy!”

Clay’s commands were too late because the boy shot up the stairs, which caused a chain reaction. Clay followed the swift moving boy. The officers followed Clay. The cop holding the reporters at the door left his post to follow the officers. A reporter pushed the front door open and followed the cop.

Detective Clay saw the boy run into a room. He entered a few steps behind him. When the detective entered the room, he froze in his tracks; the

others yielded, in consternation, behind the detective. They shook their heads, as they saw the boy lift a small girl from the closet. The boy cuddled the girl and stood with her resting silently in his arms. His thin dark body was darkened more by the stains of the blood. The little girl was trembling as she looked at the spectators.

Silence filled the room.

Detective Clay shook his head; and for a moment, closed his eyes. When he opened them, he felt butterflies flutter in his stomach. He looked at the children and guessed that the boy couldn't have been more than ten, and the girl must have been about four. *Their whole fuckin' family is dead*, he thought. And he had no clue what had happened, except for, perhaps, the boy, and the boy wasn't talking. He began to feel sick, when a sudden flash from a camera, created a still-life picture of the black boy and girl.

"Aaawwww shit!" Clay mumbled

He hated the media.

BOOK I
CHAPTER 2

I cried my last tear as I sat slouched down in the back of a police car, with my younger sister Tracy cuddled next to me. I glared out of the window distraught from what had been the most horrifying night of my life, a night I will never forget, a night that would haunt me for a long time: the night of my family's massacre.

A sharp pain shot through me as a vision emerged of my mother and father killed before my eyes. A picture of my sister treated like a piece of meat, and the disturbing thought of losing control for the first time, in the ten short years of my life. . . .

I remembered a detective parading around the murder scene screaming, yelling, and raging. I recall kneeling on a rug with my older sister, Missy, in my arms. I could hear the sound of detectives rambling through the house. A feeling of violation swept over me. In fear, I clutched my sister tighter, as I tasted the warmth of fresh blood on my lips. I must have blacked out for a moment, because the next thing I remember was sitting on a kitchen chair with my body trembling and a blanket covering me. I found myself being asked questions by a detective, who was smoking a cigarette. I didn't talk to him, because I didn't have anything to say. My family was dead, and I wished that could have died with them. To me, there was nothing to discuss.

My mind took me on a spiritual ride around the room; it was as if I were looking down on myself, while I stared off into nothingness. From above, I could see the detective sitting across from me in the kitchen. I could see two dead white men, along with my slain family. All of them lay out in the living room with detectives hovering over them. I felt the bubbling of rage in my soul, for my spirit was hardened with anger. I felt stunned as I sat there without awareness, until I remembered my sister, who was hiding in the closet on the second floor. Like lightning, I bolted pass the detective and his crew of officers and quickly made my way upstairs. I recall taking Tracy out of the closet and pulling her close to me. When I looked up, I noticed, I was shadowed by spectators, then blinded by the flash of cameras.

Now, I sat shivering in a police car, while I tried my best to comfort my sister. In truth, I needed more comforting than she did, for I sat shaking, with wicked thoughts of the massacre, in my mind. My body began to tremble; my head began to pound, and the last thing I heard was Tracy scream—before I lost consciousness. . . .

In the beginning, my life was like a poor man's dream. My father, Louis Doggett, owned his own auto mechanics businesses, which extended through several regions of Massachusetts. My mother, Anne Doggett, was a college graduate. She held a manager's position with the First National Bank of Boston, and was the first black woman to hold a banking position, at that level, in the state. Together, they owned an expensive home in the suburbs of Randolph Massachusetts. As a black family in the sixties, we were well off.

I was fortunate to grow up in an environment with strong parents and a responsible older sister, named Malisa, who cared for me as a child. She was ten years older than I was, and at the time, I was the youngest and as the youngest, I received a great deal of attention from the family.

My father was my role model and I was the spitting image of him. What he did, I did. What he would say, I would say. When he spoke, I'd listen and what he'd ask of me, I would give. He possessed great power, which I both respected and feared. My mother, on the other hand, was my heart. To me, she was the soul and the beauty of the family. She was punctual, orderly, and kept the peace amongst us. She was my comfort when I was down and my protector when I was wrong. She was our family's foundation. My older sister Malisa, well, we called her Missy, was groomed in the image of my mother. She was well disciplined, witty, and beautiful.

From as far back as I can remember, she was my baby-sitter and would often take me into the inner city of Boston to visit my Aunt Karen, who lived in a public housing development. I would spend a lot of time there because I lived in white neighborhood and had no one to play with, for the white kids shunned me, because I was black—*typical of the times*.

On September 30, 1968, my younger sister Tracy was born. She was a bundle of joy. The whole family treasured her. Since she was now the baby, the attention switched to her. I don't think it bothered me much, because I soon came to realize that sibling rivalry and position in families were part of growing up; not to mention, I treasured little Tracy, too. Another thing that

kept me focused was the realization that I was starting elementary school. With that, my mother told me that I needed to start to show some level of responsibility. My father, on the other hand, had much more to say to me.

“Manuel you are now starting school,” he paused for a brief moment to recline in his favorite chair, “and I want you to remember, son, that it doesn’t matter whether you’re in the first grade, a senior in high school or working on obtaining a college degree, you must seek *knowledge* from the cradle to the grave.” He gestured for me to sit on his lap. I did. He then placed his hand on my semi-afro and massaged my scalp with his fingers. “And right now, son, you’re in the cradle. And the cradle is where you pick up your fundamentals, your roots, your likes, your dislikes, your strengths, your weaknesses, and your basic morals. So when you begin school tomorrow, remember, it is the beginning of something that’s infinite—knowledge.”

I sat on his lap in awe. I felt as important as a college senior would feel before receiving a degree. I gave my father a hug and I was ready for school.

Had I known *then*, what I know *now*, I would’ve prayed for the knowledge of the future. I would’ve prayed for my family. I would’ve prayed for knowledge of myself; but most of all, I would’ve prayed for the forgiveness of *my* soul. However, at the time, I lacked the knowledge or the insight, because I was still in the cradle and only starting the first grade. . . .

I began the first grade in a public elementary school in Boston. To attend the school, my parents had to register me, as a resident, at my Aunt Karen’s apartment. The school was on Morton Street, the borderline for the districts of Dorchester and Mattapan. It was a long ride from the suburbs of Randolph to the city of Boston each morning; but Missy drove everyday, first dropping me off, and then driving herself to school. She attended a private school in Brookline Mass, a thirty-minute ride from my school.

The Thompson Elementary school was a predominately-black school, in a low-income neighborhood. The Morton Street area consisted of a mainly two-and-three story houses. There were several public housing developments on the off streets but none was visible from the school. Although it was a change for me from the suburbs to the city, it was a good transition for me to have regular contact with other black kids my age.

In school, I was friendly and got along with my peers. When it came to the academics, I was an eager student who always asked questions, which is exactly what my father taught me to do.

“Ask a lot of questions,” he told me, “because questions are the root to answers.”

And I did. Every time I failed to understand a lesson, the teacher would see my hand waving frantically in the air. I was always seeking. I was always full of energy and life. The questions that I would ask made me academically stronger. As a youngster, learning became a *need* for me, and I prided myself on my positive strengths, which reinforced my father’s words: “Knowledge is supreme.”

But what would happen later in life, when those positive strengths turned negative, and I would be forced to seek the knowledge of the wrong things? What would happen later, when my energy would turn cold, and my zest for life would dissolve and be pointed towards death? What would happen then?

The thought was beyond my sense of reasoning, for only God could make sense of it. Only God could over see it, and only God would be able to forgive me for my future sins. Yet, now, knowing the sins of my future, I could not fathom the *Immortal God* having mercy on my soul; but again, that lay in the future and had yet to come to pass. . . .

After classes, I would usually sit on the front steps of the school, waiting for Missy to pick me up. She would always get to the school exactly at 3:30 every afternoon. There were times when I would be waiting on the steps five minutes early—just to time her. I would wait until 3:29 and count the seconds on my wristwatch, and as usual, soon as the time ticked to be 3:29 and 59 seconds, I would see her red Camaro speeding up Morton Street. By exactly 3:30 and 30 seconds, I was getting in the car. I did not realize then how essential time was, yet, as I got older, I would understand that mere seconds could alter one’s life—it would prove true for me, throughout my whole life.

One Friday after school, my best friend Anthony Moran and I were sitting outside the school on the steps. I was waiting for Missy and conversing with Anthony to pass the time. Anthony was from Mattapan. He lived about four blocks from the school. He was trying to convince me to

stay in Boston for the weekend. I told him that I couldn't because I stayed there last weekend. We talked for a while, when I checked my watch, noticeably, for the third time in the past five minutes. It was 3:35 P.M.

"Why do you keep lookin' at you're watch?" Anthony asked.

"My sister's late. She's never been late," I answered, still staring down the street. Anthony shrugged.

"Don't worry," he took a Duncan Yo-Yo from his pocket. He started playing with it. "I bet," he said, "by the time I yo-yo twenty times she will be here."

"I bet she won't," I differed. "Bet a nickel." I slapped a silver coin on the concrete step.

"Bet," he replied, dropping five pennies next to my nickel. He slowly and carefully spun the yo-yo with a flick of his wrist. The white and blue yo-yo rolled up and down on the string like the fluctuation of a person's life. After he got into rhythm, he began to count, "One."

I looked down Morton Street to see if she was coming.

"Two—three—four . . ."

She still wasn't in sight.

"Eight—nine—ten . . ."

Still no sign of her.

When he got to twenty, he clutched the yo-yo in his hand. He then shrugged his shoulders. I quickly scooped up the change and stuffed it in my pocket.

"I win!" I smiled.

"You want to bet again?" he asked. "Double or nothin'."

I shook my head. "Nahhh," I replied, patting the change in my pocket. "I don't feel like it."

He grinned. "You would've lost this time." He pointed at Missy's red Camaro, speeding up the street. I felt relieved.

"Want a ride home?" I asked getting off the steps.

"Yeah." He stuffed his yo-yo in his pocket and straightened his baseball cap.

Missy pulled her car to the curb. There was a young man in the front seat. *That's why she's late*, I thought. Ant and I got in the back seat. I told her to drop Ant off at home. Missy was looking at me in the rearview mirror.

“Manuel, this is my friend, Sean. Sean, this is my brother, Manuel.” We greeted politely as she said, “Anthony, meet Sean. Sean, Anthony.”

“How’s it going Anthony?” Sean asked.

Anthony didn’t respond. His lips became tight. The car grew silent, until Missy asked, “Where does Anthony live?”

I met her stare in the rearview mirror. My lips sneered up at her. She knew where Anthony lived, because it wasn’t the first time she took him home. She had an air headed glare on her face. My eyes had a cynical look to them. She read my expression.

“It must’ve slipped my mind,” she said. “He lives around the corner, on Clarkwood Street.” I noticed her squeeze Sean’s hand. Then they smiled at each other.

I looked over at Ant, as he sat there tight-lipped. Missy pulled off and made a right off Morton Street to Norfolk Street. She then went down four blocks and took a right on Anthony’s street. She drove to the middle of the block and stopped in front of a yellow three-family-house. Sean opened his door so Anthony could get out.

“I’ll see you Monday,” I said.

“Yeah, I’ll see you,” he replied. We slapped five. “Don’t forget the Match Box cars.”

“I won’t.”

“Bye, Anthony,” Missy said.

Anthony looked at Missy hard and slammed the door shut. He eyed Sean with a grit on his face. Missy waved bye. He turned without saying a word and ran onto his porch. He pushed the third-floor bell. It buzzed. He shoved the hall door open and slammed it behind him.

My sister released her foot from the brake without saying a word. She drove to the end of the street and stopped at a stop sign, intersecting to Blue Hill Avenue. I saw her eyes in the rearview mirror.

“What was that all about?”

I laughed. “Anthony has a crush on you and when he saw you feel Sean’s hand he got jealous.”

We all laughed as she took a left onto the avenue and headed out to our home in Randolph.