

Narrative A

One night I had a visitor. It was a friend or rather a relative. He was from out of town. And he came up for the weekend. When he got to the apartment, I didn't realize anything was wrong. I invited him into my apartment and gave him a mixed drink. Later on he went back to his car and brought out beer that he had been drinking. He also had a gun that he brought into the apartment. He proceeded to get very drunk. I eventually went to sleep. When I woke up he was very drunk and there was beer cans and beer bottles strewn all over my apartment. He was smoking a cigarette and using an ashtray that was full of paper. There was also cigarette butts in my carpeting. I started raising hell and at one time I thought he was going to get violent. He started shaking me and wouldn't let me move. All I could think about was the gun he had brought in. I thought I was going to have to call the police to get rid of him. Finally I just made him drink the end of the beer and I stayed up until he went to sleep. That's it.

Narrative B

One night when I was sleeping I thought I heard a noise. As I was waking up this hand came down over my mouth and this man started telling me to be still. I tried to scream several times but he sat down on top of me and he kept his hand over my mouth. I guess I kind of went crazy. We started struggling. I bit his hand and I kicked out as hard as I could. He fell off of me and I ran out of the bedroom screaming. he got on top of me again in the living room. I continued screaming. And it must not have been more than two or three minutes altogether but it seemed like a lot longer. Finally one of my neighbors came to the door. And he started pounding on the door and the man got up and ran out the back door. Later on we called the police but they never found the guy. Sometimes it still scares me but I've changed the locks on my apartment. And since then I haven't had anymore trouble. I feel I was lucky that I wasn't raped. That's it.

On Friday _____, 20__ I received a phone call from David Jones, saying he was in Tenn. and wouldn't be in to work the next day. Tried to get someone to cover his schedule and couldn't. Went on about my business. Started paperwork as usual. Check everyone out in their areas. Everything was fine. Finished paperwork. Helped Dan Hartley dump trash, back in locked the back door, and pushed button in on door. Mopped floor behind us, so it wouldn't be streaky. Came up to office, got my stuff together, straightened up. Set the alarm, closed office door and Dan and myself left. We punched out at 24:22 that night. When we got outside, Dan's ride was here, he got in the car and left. Pulled off parking lot about 12:30. Everything was organized and locked up when we left. Came back in about 5:45 am. Everything looked normal. Sandy Jones, Lane Taylor and my wife. We all walked in together. When we got to the door, to go in the back we looked on the hot cook table and there was some glass and a knife. I told the 3 employees not to do anything. I opened the office door and there was the \$300 drawer, \$950 bag and the deposit bag cut open. Everything was gone. I told the 3 employees to go sit in the dining room and called 911. I told them who I was and what happened. The only thing I touched was the phone. It took approximately 15 min. for the police to arrive. This all took place between 5:45 am and 6:00 am.