

## Court TV Online - Graham Confession

### David Graham's Confession

It was November 4th, and I was giving a friend a ride home late one night after returning from a cross-country meet in Lubbock, Texas. Adrienne surprised me by asking me to take some turns that I knew were out of the way. After being directed onto a dark path behind an old elementary school, I parked the car. The events that followed are not pleasing for me to relate, as they go completely against the moral background I have grown to appreciate. They were sexual activities, short-lived and hardly appreciated.

I did willingly concede to the girl in these actions, but I knew they were wrong. Never before had I participated in anything so meaningless and painful. Painful, that is, because I was letting down the one person I had sworn to be faithful to. These actions were immediately regretted. In an attempt to make them right, I confessed to my good friend Joseph hours later. I simply asked for him to listen, then forget. If anyone tells Diane, I said, it will be me.

The month that followed was one of guilt and shame. I was always being told by Diane that our relationship was perfect and pure. The love we shared would never be broken, no one would never come between us. No one, that is, except that one girl that had stolen from us our purity. I could never hold anything from Diane, nor she from me. She knew in my eyes that something was wrong the moment I decided to confess. When I did tell her, I thought the very life in her had been torn away. She was angry, she was violent, and she was broken.

For at least an hour she screamed sobs that I wouldn't have thought possible. It wasn't just jealousy. For Diane, she had been betrayed, deceived, and forgotten all in that one meaningless instant in November. The purity which she held so dear had been tainted in that one unclean act. Diane had always held her virginity as one of her highest virtues. When we agreed to be married, she finally let her guard down long enough for our teen-age hormones to kick in. When this precious relationship we had was damaged by my thoughtless actions, the only thing that could satisfy her womanly vengeance was the life of the one that had, for an instant, taken her place.

Diane's parents had similar problems in their relationship. She knew her father had often cheated on her mother. Diane didn't want Adrienne to be the same woman for me that her father had in his affair. The request of Adrienne's life was, not for a second, taken lightly by me. I couldn't even believe she would ask that of me. Well, Diane's beautiful eyes have always played the strings of my heart effortlessly. I couldn't imagine life without her; not for a second did I want to lose her. I didn't have any harsh feelings for Adrienne, but no one could stand between me and Diane. I was totally in love with her and always will be.

I regret it now, for never did I imagine the heartache it would cause my school, my friends, Adrienne's family, or even my community. I guess I just shut it all out of my mind that instant when I convinced myself that Diane was even worth murder. After Diane gave me the ultimatum, I thought long and hard about how to carry out the crime. I was stupid, but I was in love.

The plan was to call Adrienne and convince her to come out to my car; that worked. The plan was to drive her out near Joe Pool Lake; that worked. The plan was to (and this was not easy for me to confess) break her young neck and sink her to the bottom of the lake with the weights that ended up being hit into her head; that didn't work. Diane was hidden in the back of the car. It was late, about 0030 hours (12:30 am) on the morning of December 4th, 1995. I realized too late that all those quick, painless snaps seen in the movies were just your usual Hollywood stunts. The quick and painless crime turned into something that basically scared the [expletive] out of Diane and I. We realized that it was either her or us, and Diane struck her in the back of the head with one of the weights while I held her.

I could see in Diane's eyes that she was confused and scared. She was first acting out of passionate rage, but now she was fighting from instinct. Adrienne somehow crawled through the window and, to our horror, ran off. I was panicky and just grabbed the Makarov 9mm to follow. To our relief (at the time) she was too injured from the head wounds to go far. She ran into a nearby field and collapsed. I wanted to just jump in and drive off. We were both shaken and even surprised by the nature of our actions. Neither Diane nor myself were ever violent people. In that short instant, I knew I couldn't leave the key witness to our crime alive. I just pointed and shot.

I was very confused and scared; I probably looked like the proverbial headless chicken running around the crime scene. I fired again and ran to the car. Diane and I drove off. The first things out of our mouths were, "I love you," followed by Diane's "We shouldn't have done that, David." Well, nice time to tell me I just wanted it to be a dream. We took the quickest route to I-20, where we decided to head to a well-trusted friend's home. John Green did exactly as I suspected: allowed us through his window (the usual entrance place to his room), allowed us to clean up and collect our wits, and even loaned me a pair of shorts. My clothing had blood stains on them, and we disposed of them in a dumpster near Diane's house.

We then went back to Diane's house, where we cleaned out the car and went to sleep by the fire. The next day, we returned the weights to my house. Diane was in shock. I was just scared. Neither one of us knew why, anymore, we had just done that. The following days at school were so mentally tough, they make my summer at the Air Force Academy look like a walk in the park. Never had I even imagined so much guilt. They announced it on the intercom, my friends talked about it in the halls, everywhere I turned, someone was crying or just staring in shock for reasons I alone was the cause of.

I saw Adrienne's mother in the grocery stores; I read articles of how her family was coping in the papers. One thing, in particular, has haunted me constantly for the past eight months. I read a quote from Linda Jones in which she said, "I hope that her killer is out there, and he's just being eaten up with guilt." When I read that, I just wanted it to all go away. I wanted to be able to drive Adrienne back home, to go to sleep, and to wake up back on December 3, free to make my decisions all over again.

Diane wanted to go back also. For weeks, her infatuation was with just being able to go back before September 26, when she wrecked my truck and injured her hand. She wanted to change that, and she wanted to keep me from going to Lubbock. Diane was constantly depressed from the guilt. She was also scared that I would be arrested. She used to worry herself sick in school over me and have to call me as soon as school was out to make sure I was OK. It didn't really matter, however, what any police or detectives found. What happened was over. Adrienne was gone, I was responsible, and it wasn't going away.

Signature

/s/

David C. Graham

September 6, 1996