

I looked into my mother's eyes and I had not ever seen her look at me with such intensity. It was a look of doubt and shame mixed with a determination to become a fill-in detective with her own agenda. It was a feeling that can only be compared to a newborn puppy that was touched by human hands, and the scent of human detection enables the mother to disregard her young. I felt detached from Barbara and I did not trust her or want to open up to her for questioning.

Barbara was very adamant about taking me into the interrogation room. She told me that it was just the two of us, no cameras or recorders... "just straight talk." As I entered the room, I was instructed by an investigator to have a seat. Barbara gave the investigator a nod and he closed the door. She positioned herself comfortably in her chair and she began asking me questions about the Camm case.

She began by saying, "They are going to put you to death if you don't tell 'us' what happened in Georgetown." Us? Not me or them, she said "us". Suddenly, I became an expert at personal pronouns and their usage as she continued to intimidate me into telling her "the story." Barbara repositioned herself in the chair and asked, "Did you help David do

these killings?" I began to tear up and shook my head and told her no. Barbara continued to ask me how I met Camm and so I told her the truth. I told her, "I met David Camm at Community Park playing basketball against him on a hot day in July 2000, just a couple of weeks after I was released from prison."

I continued to tell the truth and describe to Barbara my chance meeting with Camm at the Better Way foodmart on State Street in New Albany. She wouldn't look me in my eyes or show me any signs that she had faith in my story, so I told her that I would tell the complete story to my attorney. Barbara raised up in her chair and she said, "If you don't tell me the whole story now, I will walk out of this room and you'll never see me again!" I thought to myself, "You're not gone yet?" But, I just looked at her as she continued to tell me that if I didn't talk right here and right now, she would forever be gone from me.

I was already having a bad day, now I have to lose my mother, too? So, I broke down and cried. I looked into my mother's eyes and I told her, "I did not kill anyone, nor did I help David... he used me like a piece in his chess game." My words did not penetrate her wall of reasoning, so I told her that I would

just wait and talk to my attorney. Barbara adjusted something within the confines of her jacket and I noticed a wire hanging near her waist. I looked my mother in the eyes and I said, "You're wired." She got up from her chair and said, "I don't know what you're talking about." As she walked to the door, an investigator met her at the door as she was about to exit the room. Barbara said nothing more to me that day and seconds later, the prosecution team came in to do a "last chance, Charles," effort on me. I made it very clear that I wanted an attorney and I had nothing further to say.

An officer came upstairs to retrieve me and as I walked back downstairs, I thought to myself, "What the hell did they do to my mom to make her turn like that?" I have always known that detectives will lie, deceive, mislead, or use any other device available to get a conviction. A feather in someone's hat, a book deal, or perhaps a spot in a segment of 48 Hours on CBS. My head was spinning and I couldn't stay focused on the case, but I did wonder what was in it for various individuals. Everyone seemed to be worried about how they could cash in, from the media to my own mother. I decided early in this case that I would trust no one!