


A television set is centered in the frame, set against a dark, blurred background. The screen of the television displays the word "Warning:" in a large, bold, red font. The television has a dark frame and a visible control panel on the right side.

# Warning:

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The best view in Adobe Acrobat Reader is "Fit in Window".






# The Valentine Diary

presented by:  
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When all you **love** that was given to you  
to **love** abandons you what would you do?  
Would you even consider them family  
anymore?

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This book is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places and incidents either are products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual event or locales or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.



Photos courtesy of chi town brat

Designed by chi town brat

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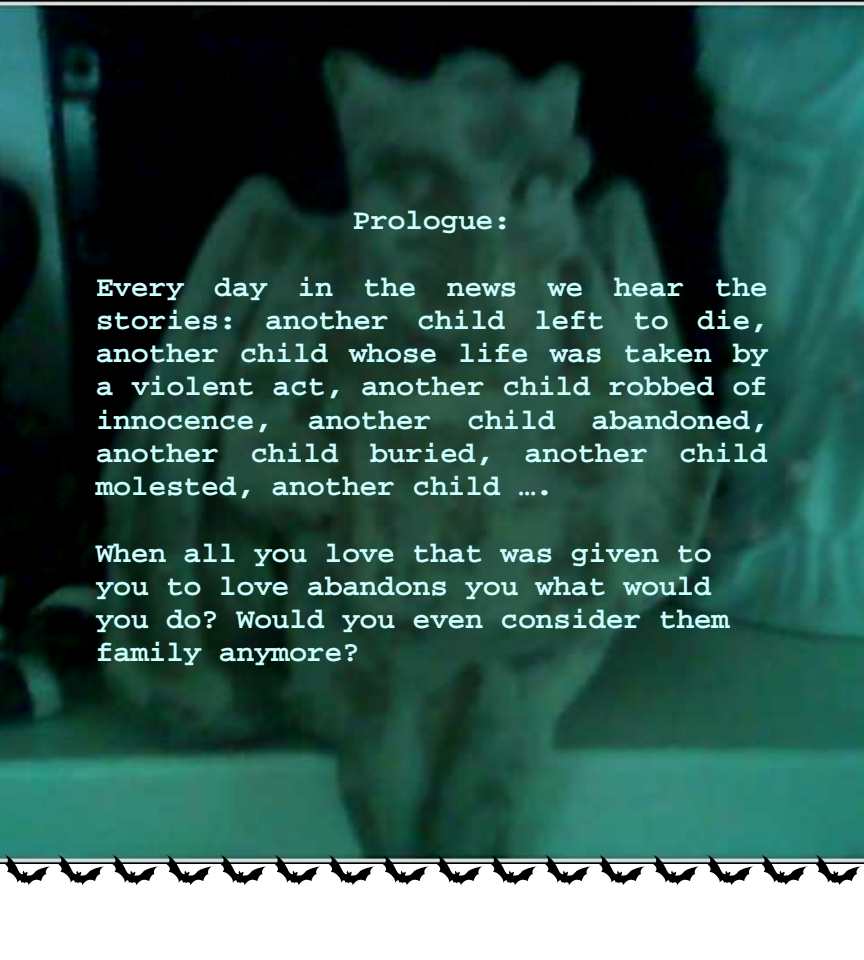


A word from the publisher:

This diary was found in a home of Donnelly Pearson, a now convicted sexual offender and predator after his arrest on February 15, 2004.

The victim's brother, who asked to be left unnamed, submitted this and other documents to [slackergurlbooks.com](http://slackergurlbooks.com) asking to be published by Xavia Publishing in hopes that others would read it and realize in his words, "Just how messed up life can really be."

The submitter of this diary and other documents has since disappeared; any and all contact attempted by the publisher has been unsuccessful.



Prologue:

Every day in the news we hear the stories: another child left to die, another child whose life was taken by a violent act, another child robbed of innocence, another child abandoned, another child buried, another child molested, another child ...

When all you love that was given to you to love abandons you what would you do? Would you even consider them family anymore?



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## ANOTHER VICTIM FOUND IN PEARSON'S HOME


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By: ALEXANDRIA ALEXANDER

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**TAMPA ---- 17 Feb 04 ----** After a tip given by a suspicious neighbor on February 15, 2004, police investigated the home of Donnelly Pearson where they found missing 15 year old Michelle Gythe's body; the teen who had been missing from her Lutz home since February 8<sup>th</sup>. Pearson was then arrested on the charges of kidnapping, sexual assault, and murder.

Only a day after his arrest the police department made the gruesome discovery that Michelle may not have been Pearson's only victim.



Detectives from the Hillsborough County Sheriff's Department released information today about a possible family member that was staying in Pearson's home just over a year ago. They made the gruesome discovery when they found several diary entries that are believed to be a chilling tale of a girl that was sent to stay with Pearson at the request of a person who is named in the entries as "Joann".

The diary takes account of the girls' experiences over several days of staying in Pearsons' home and according to police shows that Pearson was building up to a sexual assault of the unnamed girl. Eerily the diary begins on February 8, 2003; the same date Michelle Gythe was discovered missing from her Lutz home after not returning from a school function earlier that evening.

No further details have been released on the new suspected victim or the diary. Police are currently searching for clues to find the owner of the diary or family members related to her. They expect to start searching the grounds of the home for a body within the next few days if nothing turns up.

Pearson who is 45, widowed and has no children is currently being held at the Orient Road Jail without bail.



Xavia Publishing and [slackergurlbooks.com](http://slackergurlbooks.com) has reformatted the following content for publication. No details in the submitted material have been altered.





February 8, 2003

Dear Joann I am writing this to you because you left me for your crackhead son yesterday. Messed up isn't it but I don't want to get into that right now.

Today was a better day because I actually did something you told me to. I found a temporary place to stay. Aren't you happy for me? Guess I will never know.

Did you and your crackhead son find a place to stay?

Like I care.



February 9, 2003

Hey Joann, how the hell are you? Ready for this, that family member you said would take care of me really is. Yea, he even opened my door and watched me sleep last night.

He didn't think I saw him, but I did. See at first I thought it was because he heard me crying myself to sleep last night and wanted to comfort me, but then when I saw what he was doing while standing there...never mind what do you care.

How is your crackhead son anyway, sleeping better than me?



February 10, 2003

You know after what happened last night Joann I should get the hell out of here! But where will I go, huh?!

See that special family member you said was so great decided to come in my room again last night and sit on the edge of my bed. He wasn't doing what he did the night before but he just watched me, even after I woke up and looked right back at him. He didn't even move, he just sat there for what felt like hours, then got up and left.

Tell me; do you do that to your crackhead son when he sleeps at night?

February 11, 2003

I can't believe I am still writing you. What am I expecting, for Joann to save the day? Yea right! I wish I could have saved myself last night.

That special family member came into my room again, this time later, thinking I would be asleep. I was until the box I put behind the door began scraping the floor as he opened it. It stopped him, but only for a moment. I sat straight up in bed and just looked at him; I even tried to scare him.

Do you remember how straight my deep black hair can get Joann? How thick I can put on my eyeliner and mascara?

Remember Joann when you said that I could imitate the walking dead if I wanted to? You laughed, I know because I remember you doing so.

Well with all that he only paused and came closer. So I got up out of bed, fully dressed in black and started walking towards him; he left.

Would your crackhead son do that Joann?



February 12, 2003

Well Joann it worked! See I guess you were right when you said I'd be okay out on my own.

He didn't come in my room last night. I stayed up all night waiting, even by putting a chair behind the door this time I couldn't sleep.

I am so tired right now, how will I ever not fall asleep tonight? I guess it doesn't matter, your crackhead son is safe and now it seems so am I.

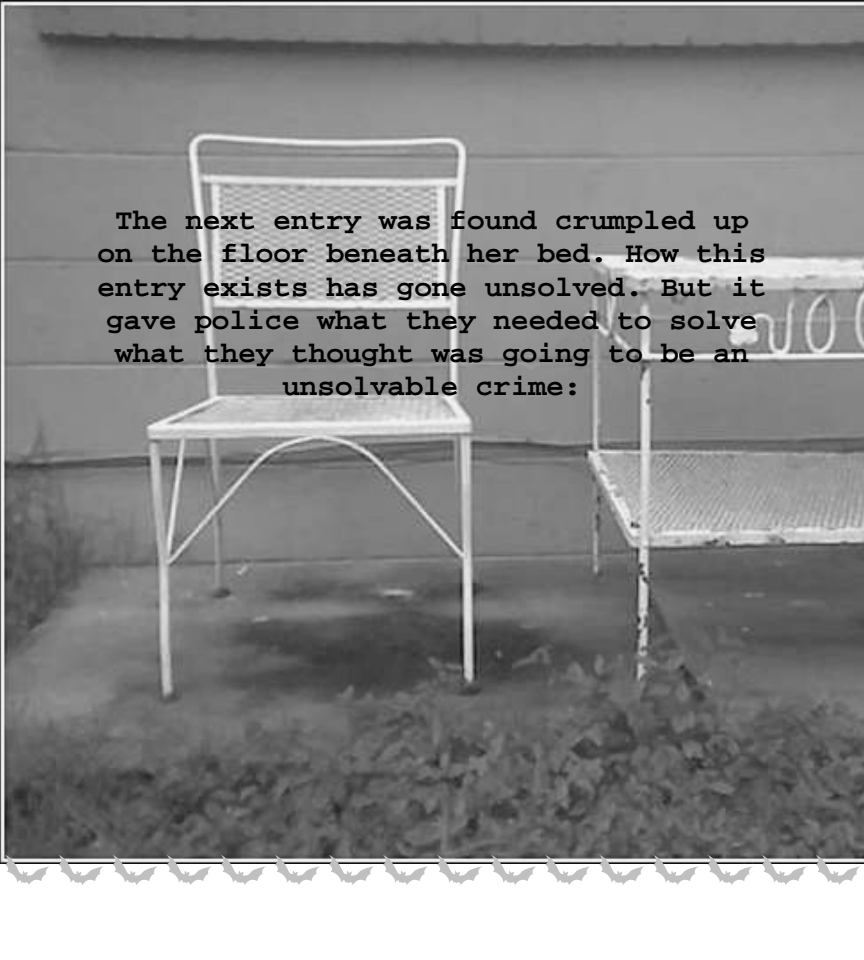


February 13, 2003

You know Joann I remember our talk, when you said I was so special that someday someone was going to love me more than anything in life itself. How old was I then 11? 12? Now I am what 15? 16? Do you even remember Joann because after last night I lost all account of time and I don't want to know. I bet you know how old your crackhead son is don't you! Well what about me?!

Yes Joann he came into my room, but see this time I didn't hear him, this time I was too far gone to have woken up in time because the night before I stayed up all night and that monster you call a family member must have known!

Don't you get who he really is Joann? I bet your crackhead son does and that is why you chose to protect him instead of me!



The next entry was found crumpled up  
on the floor beneath her bed. How this  
entry exists has gone unsolved. But it  
gave police what they needed to solve  
what they thought was going to be an  
unsolvable crime:

February 14, 2003

Happy Valentines Day Joann. I'm dressed all in black today, like that night I described to you because unlike that crackhead son of yours, no one loves me. No one even cares. Oh wait, I'm sorry, how could I forget, see that special family member loves me. He said so last night.

See looking back at what I wrote you last night I see that I never did tell you what happened. I was so tired, to angry, do you forgive me?



See he came into my room and the only part I remember was waking up with him on top of me. Don't worry he didn't rape me; see he was just practicing, just getting ready for what he tried to do to me tonight.

See Joann he came into my room tonight, even with the chair behind the door. It was okay, I was waiting. And I was dressed like before, sat straight up in my bed like before, approached him like before but this time he raised a gun and pointed it at my head.



This naked special family member of yours stood there with a gun pointed directly at my head. And you know what Joann, it was Valentine's Day early morning and I thought who loves me? Not you. Not him. Not my crackhead brother.

Then I saw him, the man who loves me. Didn't you always tell me that when I was little and things were so horrid with Daddy that it would always be Him that loves me?

Well it was Him, on the wall, behind your naked family member and his gun, hanging there on a cross and I thought sure why not, lets find out if He is a liar like the rest of them.



So I approached him Joann and I didn't stop. He didn't even tremble, what were his words as he pulled the trigger? Oh yea, "Fine bitch and don't ever come back."



February 8, 2005

Dear XXXX XXXXX,

I know you don't know who I am but I will try to explain where the attached page is coming from. My name is Jessica Varga; I am a licensed Medium in Cassadaga, Florida.

I will make this short and leave it up to your discretion to contact me with questions.

A young woman contacted me from the other side and had asked me to write what I have attached in this letter. She then gave me bits and pieces of information so that I could get this



to you; it is in my best hope that it has arrived in time to the right person as it seems you will need to relay this on to a person she has named in the attached letter.

After doing the research necessary to find you, please accept my sincere condolences and know that our prayer camp keeps you in its nightly prayers.

May peace find you.

Sincerely,

Jessica Varga  
(386) 228-XXXX

???????

I don't know the date anymore Joann. I just want you to know that the man I saw hanging from the wall, well He wasn't a liar but He showed me how much you were.



You weren't with my crackhead brother; you were with him, the guy that turned him onto crack. You remember him don't you? Because see now I see you all alone and my brother, well he'll be here with me soon enough.



As for you Joann, I will watch you everyday as your tormented soul continues on as mine is at rest. Just know Joann you were right, I did know how to take care of myself and the photo the police showed you of the bullet that entered my head just above my right eye, well He even made that go away. But for you, it will ALWAYS stay!




See He keeps talking to me about this forgiveness thing, I get it but just can't; not yet. So He is giving me time, which is why I am still around Joann, even though I am finally at rest.

A Final Word from Xavia Publishing and  
[www.slackergurlbooks.com](http://www.slackergurlbooks.com):

Every day in the news we hear the stories: another child left to die, another child whose life was taken by a violent act, another child robbed of innocence, another child abandoned, another child buried, another child molested, another child ...

R.I.P. to all those who have died at the merciless unforgiving hands of others. May the Angels guide you home and the One you believe in give you, and your loved ones left behind to mourn, peace.





When all you **love** that was given to you  
to **love** abandons you what would you do?  
Would you even consider them family  
anymore?