

A WASTED LIFE

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Leroy Evans had tried to snatch an old mans wallet....but he resisted and Leroy had shot him to death...he is sentenced to death....feel his last moments before execution by lethal injection

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Chained and bound, sitting in the prison cell, awaiting the dreaded time before his execution took place, Leroy Evans, a young white male stared into the void. He had died so many times during the last fifteen years in prison. Each night he had slept with the guilt of murdering an old man for his money. The events of that fateful day played in his mind again and again. He had only meant to snatch the old geysers wallet and run off but when the old man had resisted he had pulled the trigger and pumped two bullets into his heart. The whole thing may have happened in the space of fifteen or twenty seconds. And then the police had cornered him and arrested him. All the rest was history. His old parents had been deeply upset and in court he was unable to look into their eyes. There was a deep sense of remorse in his heart but no one was willing to buy it. The prosecutor had presented him as a cold blooded monster that would kill again and again. And the judge and jury had found him guilty of manslaughter and awarded him the death penalty. He could not believe what he heard and he broke down in court crying like a baby. And he was led off. That was the last time he saw his parents though his mother did talk to him on the phone.

During his incarceration in prison, he had vowed to change himself and he had prayed to God day and night for forgiveness. Each night he would see the old man that he had murdered in his dreams. And each day had been spent replaying the whole episode in his mind again and again and wishing that it had never happened. Living with the guilt of murdering someone had a deep psychological impact upon him.

Finally the death sentence was going to release him of his guilt and suffering for the last fifteen years. He was to be executed by lethal injection. Placed in front of him was his last dinner. He had ordered a KFC chicken burger, fries and a coke. When the food

had come, he had eaten it slowly and savored every morsel. When he had finished, a priest came forward and read a prayer for him.

And then four guards escorted him to the chamber where he was to be injected with some poison. He walked slowly and his heart was beating quite fast. Beads of sweat appeared over his forehead. Half of him had already died and his body felt quite numb with fear. As he was strapped onto the white bed that lay in the middle of the chamber, he felt panicky. He could see a sizable crowd that had gathered to see him executed.

They were going to inject him with three injections. The first one would be with sodium thiopental which is an anesthetic. According to the warden, he would be in a state of unconsciousness in approximately thirty seconds. Then the second one would inject pancuronium bromide into the blood stream which would cause

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muscular paralysis and cause respiratory arrest. After another saline flush the final injection would be potassium chloride, which would cause the heart to arrest. It would be all over in approximately 8.4 minutes.

Leroy Evans cried but it was of no use. At exactly eight thirty PM, the first injection was delivered. He felt as if the lights were closing out and then it was all over. At eight thirty four, he was officially pronounced dead.

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