

Judge Nadeau,

I'm writing today because I know Chad Evans. I was talking to my boss at work today about this case and I said that I felt bad and couldn't believe it. He suggested I write to you.

I haven't known Chad for very long but he is one of the nicest people I have ever met. I applied for a job at Domino's and was told I would be starting on a Friday and to wear my sneakers because Chad was going to be training me and I was going to need them.

Friday came and I went into work. Obviously a little nervous not knowing what to expect. Chad was great. He welcomed me to the team, he introduced me, and he showed me around and made a lot of small talk. He made my training fun. Before I got the job I thought I would just be going to deliver pizza, no big deal. Chad taught me to have pride. When it was time to hit the road and start delivering I found out why they told me to wear my sneakers. He literally ran with the deliveries once the car stopped. He told me, "People want their pizza hot fresh & fast as the driver, we control all three. The better the service we give them the more often they will reorder which means more money in our pocket. It's your choice you can go home at the end of the night with \$50 or \$150."

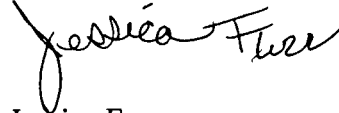
I spent the next two hours running from door to door with Chad. When we got back to the restaurant on one trip there were several orders up and Chad grabbed just one pizza on this trip which confused me because all night we had been "hogging" as many deliveries as we could take. When I asked him about it he replied "Special delivery we'll be there for a minute and I don't want any other customers food to get cold." So I was thinking we were going to get set up. Maybe this customer was a great tipper or maybe it was a friend or something like that. When we went through the security door upon arriving I could see it was some kind of elderly community. I figured it must be one of his grandparents or something now a little put off that my earlier thoughts were incorrect. We took the elevator to the seventh floor and knocked on the door. When we were let in Chad said, "Hello Mrs. Johnson. How are you today?" He made idle chit chat as he grabbed her plate from the cupboard and a glass of soda from the fridge. He then put some pizza on the plate and brought it to her. He then sat with her for a good ten minutes before we left. Meanwhile I'm thinking for him to spend as much time as he did she must tip him as much as the pizza cost. I was shocked when I saw her hand him the money with enough for a 50-cent tip. Mrs. Johnson was all smiles when we left Chad said, "I'll see you sometime this week." When we got back out to his truck I said, "What was that all about! All of that for 50cents. Was she your old English teacher or something?" He said, "No I just met her when I started delivering pizza and could tell she needed a friend. The smile we gave her was more valuable than money." Even with this long stop Chad still made \$45 more in tips than the closest driver that night.

I didn't really find out about Chad's troubles until after he left. I was shocked then and I am shocked now. I watched him spoil this little blonde girl with the biggest brown eyes night after night. The way he hugged and kissed her I thought it was his daughter until I heard her say one day, "Bye uncle Shad." He was so good with her and all kids that came into the store.

I didn't know Chad when all this happened and I guess I really don't know what a person that murders people are supposed to act like but Chad doesn't act anything like the horrible people I've read about. He is kind, caring and obviously thinks about others. I guess what I'm saying is I have a real hard time believing it.

In a short amount of time working with Chad we became friends. I miss his talks and advice. I miss hearing his laugh and seeing the room get brighter when he walks in. I have delivered Mrs. Johnson's pizza since Chad left but she misses him. WE all do and need him back.

Thank You,

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Jessica Furr". The signature is written in a cursive style with a large initial 'J' and a long, sweeping underline.

Jessica Furr