
Eric Hainstock's Letters

Transcribed by ANNA LANGMAN, M.F.A.

This is a transcript of the letters that Eric Hainstock sent from prison to local journalists. Paragraph indents have been standardized, extraneous blank lines deleted, and the layout somewhat conventionalized. Typos and misspellings have been retained. The six-digit number following Hainstock's name in his return address is his prisoner number. The marginal page numbers correspond to the PDF file of the letters available at School Shooters .info.

Letter 1

Page 1 Eric Hainstock 516990
Green Bay Corr. Inst.
P.O. Box 19033
Green Bay, WI 54307

April 15, 2008

Dear Vincent P. O'Hern,

When I was 15 years old I shot my high school principal. I never meant for this to happen. He grabbed me from behind and I got scared. I was already pretty stressed, so that just freaked me out even more. Please don't get me wrong, I am not blaming Mr. Klang for grabbing me. But, I am blaming him, the teachers, social services and the school as a whole for never listening to me. I went to these people and agency's a dozen or more times, explaining the abuse I was receiving at home and at school. But, I wasn't an A student or a star on the high school sports teams. No one ever listened.

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I had been in IEP classes and the program which is to provide me (it's Federal law) with a psychologist for me and to review me and my behavior, none, ever was given or assigned, even the psychologists in my case said this was a violation of law. They also said it was a bad mistake for Klang to have grabbed me.

There is so much more to this story and no one has ever asked me myside of it. From the attorneys who did a horrible job and told to turn down a plea which would have set free, to the abuse, the schools and social services all just turning a blind eye. I want my story to be told and I'm willing to write about it. No matter the reason, I would never have been allowed, regardless of how grown up I acted or sounded, to go to war, drink at a bar, vote. But when a mistake happens, then, I am old enough to be treated like an adult. Yet no one else takes the blame. No one else asks why no one helped when I begged

Page 2 them to. I turned 17 on the 10th. I want my story told. I want all the social service agency's to listen, the schools, the parents all over the state.

My Myspace page has more info as well. I get letters of support from as near as Madison and as far as Italy, please help me so that some other 15 year old doesn't live in the hell that I did. Whatever questions you may have I'll answer. I tell you all my story.

I know this isn't the best formed letter but you get the point. Would you please write me back and tell me either way, whether you want the story or not. I tried you first because my celly is from Madison and had a subscription to your paper. He said you are fair and willing to help those who have been "shit" on before. So, I'm trying you first.

I hope to hear from you soon and I can only pray that maybe you will be the one person who actually listens to me. Thank you.

Sincerely,
[Signed:] Eric Hainstock
Eric Hainstock

Letter 2

Page 3 Eric Hainstock 516990
Green Bay Corr. Inst.
P.O. Box 19033
Green Bay, WI 54307

June 29, 2008

Dear Bill,

I'm hoping that I will speak with you on Monday as planned. However, due to the time limits on calls, I wanted to explain afew things.

I love my dad because he is my dad. I am not really sure why. After everything he has done to destroy me life and what he continues to do to this day, I should hate him. I'll be honest I don't like him much.

As I said, there is not one thing of property in my room that my dad got for me or any family member for that matter. My mom works at the post office but can't send me

envelopes. But what really gets me is that he tells people how he wants to help me, yet he has never even tried. He has bought a car, van and now a truck since I got locked up. He breeds dogs. He buys dogs for hundreds of dollars. He has never suggested that he sell a dog and save some money to try to get me a lawyer. Then, this week I went on a visit. He said gays will all go to hell. That gays are bad people. He knows I'm gay. [*three lines redacted*] Anyway I told him I may get a new trial and I was hoping that he could help this time, like he tells all the people and the press. he told me to save my state pay for school (about \$6 every other week) for the lawyer. That is my dad. He takes no responsibility for his part of getting me to this spot. All the abuse, all the lies, taking me off meds that worked because he didn't want to spend the money, not allowing me to continue treatment because he didn't want to pay, not letting me live and go to school else where because they needed a slave. He wants to tell me that God hates fags. That I'll go to hell and that I should save my 6 dollars for an attorney. never once offering to help. I want people to know him for who he really is and I hope and pray you have no mercy on him.

Page 4 I know that sounds harsh, but the truth, the real truth needs to be told. He proclaims his love, yet has never showed much of it.

So, I finally told him all this in a letter I sent to him on the 28th. I told him how God loves everyone, Brannon showed me in the Bible where Jesus loves his children, and he showed me where all sins are equal. Me being gay is no more worse than him talking about other girls butts in front of my mom. I told him and wrote the scriptures out for him. I told him he can't tell anyone that they are going to hell and asked why he would tell his own son that. I have enough on my plate to be told by your own dad you suck and will go to hell. i told him that I hate him for not helping me now and when I was free. For taking me off the meds and the abuse and I asked why he doesn't apply all that hate toward his gay son and turn it to himself and all the hell he gave me. Like God somehow ok's that. Funny he wasn't talking about God when he beat me or refused me a shower. I want him exposed for who he is. I know you are a reporter, and maybe I'm stupid for writing you as a friend rather than how much you could hurt me with your pen. But I have to believe that some one out there see's my pain and will share it.

Yes, my attorney did write and told me not to talk to you. What I did is not being argued. I took a life and I know that. So, there are no real facts that I worry about telling you. Bu, I read the letter and have decided to still speak with you. Lawyers will be lawyers. A friend sent me the piece you did on that Hurley attorney. Boy, I wish I could have that guy. he seems so real and honest for an attorney.

I will hopefully have a visit this week or next. I will take a few photo's. I will send them as soon as I can. You can send 5 dollars that will pay for 2 of them. It has to be a money order with my name and number on it. It has to be sent, with no letter to P.O. Box 19028. All the same info just a different box. That box is used for the business office. Thank you for paying for the pictures, money is really tight.

Ok, thanks for all the help, I'll talk to soon.

Sincerely,
[Signed:] Eric Hainstock
Eric Hainstock

Page 5 Dear Bill —

Hello Bill. How are you doing? I hope good. I wanted to write you while Brannon was at the library getting books. I tried to call today but your phone has a block on it.

Sooooooo if you want me to call, you will have to take the block off or use a different phone. Please tell me what you want me to do. I will get pictures this week or next. I will get 2 of them for you.

Bill — this might sound funny or stupid but I want people to know about Brannon. He has done a whole lot for me. More then my dad or mom or other people. When he was reading my abuse papers stuff he thought I was sleeping, but I was not, I saw him crying, I knew right then he cared. He told me he would do what ever he can to help me — like writing to you for the story. He is the one who got someone to get this typewriter for me, from the people who write me. He never asked me for nothin. He cooks food in the room for us to eat. He cleans the room and does the dishes even. He taught me how to brush my teeth and use dental flos. He talks to me and lets me talk to him. He helps with school work, Im not so good with math yet. But i got much better with reading and writing. He tells me it's ok to be gay, *[three lines redacted]*. Brannon isn't gay, but he never made fun of me. He told me God loves me and that other people should to. He tickles me and makes me laugh. and when this one jerk was calling me names I saw Brannon talk to him at rec, that guy never said nothin to me after that. Brannon came to max from a lower prison, he hit a child molester. He is a big guy but to me he like my dad. He said he is a recovering drug addict his ex wife died last year, he said after that his life changed. He reads this blue book called NA something and he reads the bible a little each day. he said he won't be a thumper person but he needs a God to help. We even read together when I want to.

Maybe you can do me one favor, when you write my story, maybe you could mention Brannon for me in a nice way. I would like to give him something. would you please do that for me Bill

Page 6 please. Thank you Bill. I'm glad you are writing my story maybe some one will read it and they can help a kid like I was before things go wrong.

I forget what word he uses to end the letter sorry. so I will say talk to ya later gator.

[Start of signature elaborated into bunny illustration]

[Signed:] Eric Hainstock

P.S: It's a Bunny. lol *[arrow to above]*

I'm still workin on my signicher SS.