

What I Remember—Before Fate Stepped In

My name is Randall Hall but I like to be called Randy. I was born December 3rd 1960 in Marin County, California. Later I moved to Garden Grove and then to Seal Beach, also in California.

I was born with Attention Deficit Hyperactivity Disorder (ADHD). I was put on Ritalin for a number of years.

I grew up as the youngest of 4 children and was a “problem child;” I was basically a pain to everybody. I didn’t think I was doing anything wrong. Along with friends I used to steal a lot of things; it created many problems.

As I grew a little older, my parents saw my problem with ADHD and sent me to San Diego Military Academy (SDMA) in La Jolla, California. While there, I was almost kicked out a couple of times. I was rebellious.

Shortly after, I held a paper route and it only lasted a week. I was about 13 years old. I started making money by selling drugs. I grew marijuana in my parent’s attic and became an alcoholic at the same time. I continued to drink heavily right up until age 40 when I was attacked and fell into a coma.

My aunt Winna was visiting from Irvine, she would stay with us for a few days at a time. But this one time she left to travel for a month. She left her car parked outside of our home and I noticed she had left her car keys on the bulletin board in the kitchen. So I grabbed them and took my first drive while my parents were at work.

After a few more tries I was driving around in the neighborhood. I was so proud that I learned how to drive all by myself.

One day, while in high school, I got in trouble and I was sent to the office. The teacher there reprimanded me and then she left. After she was gone, I noticed a pad of pre-stamped Completion of Driving Class certificates, so I grabbed a few. I went to the Department of Motor Vehicles, showed them the certificate, took the driving test and passed it on my first try. Boy, was I surprised! That is how I got my first driver’s license.

I had to find work, so I took a job as a cable TV installer; but the way I got the job was similar to how I got that license. I lied all the way. I filled out an application, went to the interview, and got the position. It lasted a few weeks because they soon noticed that I didn't know anything about installation. They let me go. I soon got a second job as a cable installer, and it was a few months before they discovered I was not experienced; I left before they fired me.

My third job lasted a couple of years. By then I had acquired experience and knowledge through my previous jobs. After that I left to go to another company where I got better pay. In between jobs, I landed at a wire/cable communication installer position with Allied Data.

Because of my ADHD, I had the tendency to be meticulous with my work, and to work fast. I always had my work done early, and my supervisors thought I must be cutting corners so they inspected my work regularly. But it was always perfect.

Once their suspicions were eased, they stopped the inspections. This made me happy, until one day I was called to the office; I was told the manager wanted to talk to me. Oh no! What did I do wrong? Next thing I knew, I was handed a \$1000 dollar cash bonus for my excellent work! Soon after I became a subcontractor.

At this time, I was still selling drugs and I became a consumer as well. I also continued drinking heavily.

While working as a cable installer, I was sent to all kind of neighborhoods. Once, I landed in a Los Angeles neighborhood where drugs and alcohol were in plain sight, being consumed openly, and guns were displayed everywhere—all while I was installing cable service. I was introduced to heroin right there.... I liked it and became addicted to it for 6 more months.

I was drinking, doing drugs, having sex, and I lots of money. I was enjoying the "good life"—or so I thought. I was "party, party, party" and doing too much, too fast.

One time, a friend of mine and I were getting high on drugs in my truck in an industrial area in Garden Grove. My friend went inside of one of the business and was taking a long time, so I went in to find out what was keeping him. As I went in, I saw lots of tables with piles of a well

known name brand shorts that were being sold for a couple of dollars; I found out that these were subcontractors for name brands and had some orders cancelled. So they wanted to sell all these garments fast. I bought about 6 of those shorts and sold them to friends for \$10.00 dollars each.

I realized I was making good money and it was legal! Soon I was selling shirts, pants, shorts, dresses, etc. at swap meets and anywhere I could.

I decided to open a store. I knew my dad owned some retail properties in Laguna Beach, but couldn't find any available except for 1148 North Coast Hwy. on the ocean side. A year later, I opened my first store in Belmont Shore, and started selling shoes.

A year and a half later, I opened another store in a premium location in Laguna Beach at one of my father's properties. I sold my store in Belmont Shore to my friend Mustafa.

The next store I opened was in Long Beach, also a premium location. I was becoming a great success in my ladies' clothing business, all legally.

I always had cash. I was driving a white 3ADSL convertible Mercedes Benz, I owned a 400 plus bottles of the best wine in the world in a custom made cellar; which 381 of those bottles I still own and are for sale now. I was traveling often throughout Europe including Russia, and Cuba twice.

A new store in San Francisco and one in Palm Springs.

Money was coming up as I continue drinking and doing pot, hash, coke, oil, base and all that came my way.

I kept on dating many others and the whole time I was there for the sex only.

Then I got engaged to Michelle, a massage therapist. She cheated on me at my place. That was it for Michelle.

Then Rebecca came along. She owned a bridal shop; I came home late one night and she wasn't there. She phoned me a week later to tell me that she was in Los Angeles and wanted to see me. She told me a story

that somebody was pursuing her. I went to her and brought her home, and after we made love we went to sleep. The next morning I went to work, but when I came home, she was gone again. There were no calls or any messages left. Then a call came in, and thinking it was she, I picked it up. It was the Beverly Hills Police asking for her. I asked them why they were looking for her, but they didn't give an answer.

A week later our landlord called me and asked if I'd seen her or knew where she was; again I asked why she wanted to know. The landlord responded that he had loaned her \$20,000 and wanted it back. I didn't know where she was.

I never heard from her after then. That was it for Rebecca.

Then I met Lisa.... we had a great relationship for two years. We made plans to get married.

Lisa ran my two Laguna Beach stores. After a while, she told me she wanted to open her very own boutique. I was very pleased for her; but the store was going to be down the street from one of mine. I couldn't let that happen, so we had an argument and broke up.

A few months later, we decided to see each other again and try to work out our differences. So we traveled to Cabo San Lucas, Mexico, to enjoy life and give our love a try.

We were planning on staying there for two weeks, but it didn't work as planned. Two days after we arrived I sent her back home. I came back home a few days later.

After I came back, she came to my house. I just went to sleep because I was tired (I had "friends" visiting me). Then I woke up and there was blood on the bed and on me!

I was told she called the paramedics; I was disoriented and loopy—then blank!

When I woke up I wanted to get ready to go back to the work, but couldn't get up. I was just wondering why all these people were in my room. Then I noticed that I was in a hospital. I thought I had gotten drunk the night before and been in an accident.

Little did I know I had been in a coma for two years and one month!