

Dale Walker

5'11" - 28 years old

Employee



My name is Dale Walker, and I'm 28 years old and have been working for Tim for over five years. He was a hard-working guy. He lost his wife about a year ago, and it nearly broke him literally and figuratively. This whole thing has shaken me; I can't believe he's dead.

Mondays are our long days; we start early and get done late, with much driving between homes. I drive Tim so he can get work done between stops.

We had lunch at the diner down the road, and while eating, he got a call from a guy who used to work for him. I think his name was Ford. Tim got up and walked outside to talk, but on his way I heard him say, "Ford you have to pay me back all of it today not a penny less" Then something about taking legal action but I really couldn't make out much. When he returned he told me his phone died.

On our way to Rosa's house, he tried charging his phone on the car charger, but it wasn't working. So when we got to the house, he asked me to run back to the shop and grab his other charger. I helped him carry the equipment and chemicals to the pool. I don't think anyone was home, but everything seemed normal when I left. I ran back to the truck and went to get his charger. Tim was very much alive when I left him at Rosas.

On my way back from the shop, I decided to fill up the gas tank and grab some water at the gas station. When I got back, the cops were all at Rosas with sirens on, and I knew something bad must have happened.