

Ford Archer

39 Years Old, 6'4"

Friend



My name is Ford Archer, and I'm 39 years old. I worked for Tim a few years ago, and we've been friends ever since. Ya, I stopped over to see him. I owed him some money and went to pay him back.

I knew where he was because he had told me. When I got there, I was pissed because he couldn't wait another day to get his money, and I was on a winning streak at the casino; hell, I had just won ten grand. So I didn't even bother cashing in the chips; I just headed to the address he gave me. He took the chips from me and said thanks. After that, we were back to being bud again, with my debt finally being paid in full.

We talked about Sunday's football game; the Greenbay Packers killed the Chicago Bears. We were both big Packer fans. We even made plans for next Sunday's game.

I can't think of anyone who would want the guy dead. He told me he was having a hard time; bill collectors were harassing him because of the debt he racked up from his wife's medical treatment.