



**She killed
her father.
Should she
go free?**

Stacey Lannert is serving life in prison for killing the man she insists sexually abused her: her father. In early 2002, after more than 11 years behind bars, she may go free. What's a just sentence for Lannert and other children who kill abusive parents? KRISTEN KEMP investigates.



Stacey Lannert in prison today (far left) and as a child with her younger sister, Christy



THE FACTS SEEM irrefutable: Stacey Lannert is a cold, cunning murderer. Around 4 A.M. on July 4, 1990, Stacey, then 18, and her younger sister, Christy, 15, crept through a basement window and into their house in St. John, Missouri. Stacey grabbed a .22-caliber rifle off the floor, headed upstairs to the living room, where their father, Thomas, 43, was sleeping on the couch, and shot him first in the shoulder, then in the forehead. Hours later, Stacey ran crying to neighbors and said that there had been a break-in. The neighbors called the police, who, after questioning the sisters and their friends, quickly suspected that Stacey and Christy weren't telling the whole truth. Detectives soon had a signed confession from Stacey.

According to the police, the motive was money. During the days before the killing, Stacey had been writing her father's checks and using his credit cards; also, she knew that she stood to inherit a \$100,000 certificate of deposit once her father died. To make matters worse, Stacey had recently said to friends, "I wish my dad were dead." She had even learned to fire a gun.

Based on the facts before the St. Louis County prosecutor, both Stacey and Christy were charged with murder in the first degree and armed criminal action. Christy was detained in a juvenile facility until the court certified her as an adult, at which point she was transferred to the St. Louis County jail. Christy pled guilty to conspiracy to commit murder in 1991 and was sen-

tenced to five years in prison, but she was released sooner on parole.

Stacey had it much worse: After spending about two years in the same jail as Christy, she was convicted of first-degree murder and armed criminal action in October 1992 and was sentenced to life in prison without the possibility of probation or parole.

Yet in October 2001, when *Glamour* meets Stacey at the maximum-security Women's Eastern Reception and Diagnostic Correctional Center in Vandalia, Missouri, where she is serving her life sentence, it's clear that the facts from that

commuting her sentence so that she is eligible for parole or possibly even set free. "People don't really know what happened to me, mostly because I couldn't bring myself to talk about it—not even to defend myself in court 10 years ago," Stacey, now 29, tells *Glamour*. "But now I realize that I have to." Pointing to a whitish scar on her left hand, she says, as if in explanation, "That's a burn from the first time my father raped me."

Stacey, who is only 5'1" and weighs about 100 pounds, claims she was physically and sexually abused by her father from the time she was eight until she was

look forward to watching TV in the basement with their dad. "He was my hero when I was a kid," Stacey says. "He was better than Superman."

But as Tom and Deb's marriage began to deteriorate in the late 1970s, a sinister side of Tom emerged, say the three women. "He was increasingly violent, throwing things at me and the girls. He drank more and more often," Deb recalls. Once when Tom was pulling into the driveway with his wife and daughters, he spotted Buttercup, the family cat, sitting in the driveway in the path of the vehicle—and according to the three

"I feel very guilty every day of my life for what Stacey has done for me."



Christy (left) works two jobs to provide Stacey (right) with all of the comforts prison allows. "She took care of me once," Christy says. "Now I consider it my duty to take care of her."



deadly night might not tell the whole story. And while Stacey's actions may seem extreme to most people, the murder of a parent by a son or daughter is not that rare. In the United States, 408 such murders occurred in 2000 alone, according to the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

Sentences for children who kill their parents vary widely, and Stacey's sentence was comparatively harsh. "On the continuum of severity of punishment, Stacey was clearly given a stiff sentence," says Kathleen Heide, professor of criminology at the University of South Florida and author of *Why Kids Kill Parents* (Sage Publications). "Even Charles Manson gets parole hearings," points out Michael Anderson, one of Stacey's lawyers, who has been working pro bono on Stacey's behalf since he first learned of her case while in law school in 1998.

In early 2002, Missouri governor Bob Holden is expected to consider whether to grant Stacey clemency, by reducing or

18. In 1990, she says, she started to suspect that her father had also begun sexually abusing Christy—and she ended his life to stop him. "I would do anything for my sister," Stacey says. "Anything." No physical evidence exists to confirm Stacey's tales of abuse, yet many believe her. Soon, Stacey may learn whether Governor Holden does, too.

"He was my hero"

Stacey and Christy Lannert grew up in several suburbs of St. Louis. Thomas Lannert, who worked as an actuary calculating financial risk for various companies, made a comfortable salary; the girls' mother, Deb, was a secretary. A familiar face at local bars, Tom was often controlling and bossy when he drank, his daughters and their mom agree. "But he was loving and protective, too," Deb explains. Stacey and Christy, best friends and constant playmates, would

women, he purposely ran over the pet. While his daughters screamed, Tom got out of the car, picked up the cat and threw it into the front yard. Later that day, Deb and the girls gave Buttercup a proper burial in the backyard.

The more Tom and Deb fought, the closer Stacey and her father became. In 1980, when Stacey was eight, Tom used their bond to manipulate her into granting him sexual favors, Stacey claims. In the basement one afternoon, she says, Tom covered his privates in marshmallow cream and asked her to lick it off. "It wasn't scary," she says. "He told me that all daughters loved their dads that way, so I believed him."

Stacey claims that her father first raped her when she was nine, pushing her down onto the floor next to the wood-burning stove. The sting of her hand against the hot stove, Stacey says, was nothing compared to the pain her father was inflicting upon her. "I felt like I was

JOHN BRENNAN

being torn in half," she recalls. "The pain started when he entered me, and it went all the way up to my brain. That's the first time I knew that what he was doing wasn't right." Stacey remembers Tom calling her a whore before she passed out.

Minutes later, when she woke up in a pool of her own blood, she recalls Tom laughing at her. She screamed for her mother, but he told her, "Your mother doesn't care. She doesn't love you. If you tell her, she'll only hate you more." Stacey believed him and says she went to sleep that night with a cold washcloth tucked between her legs. For the next



"I just wanted our father to leave us alone—for good."

nine years, Stacey claims, her father continued to rape her two to three times a week. "It's hard to explain, but I still loved him," she says. In her mind, there were two Toms: One was her caring, protective father; the other was a mean, sadistic drunk she didn't understand.

Christy was also suffering. While their father wasn't sexually abusing her at that time, Christy claims that he hit her often. "You just never knew what would happen when you walked in the door," she explains. At the table, Christy says, Tom would often smack her in the back of the head for no reason, and he made it clear that he liked Stacey better. As a result, Christy claims she has suffered from migraine headaches and ulcers since the age of eight.

In 1985, tired of Tom's abuse, Deb moved out, taking her two daughters with her. The Lannerts divorced later that year, agreeing to share custody of the kids. But as time went on, Stacey and

Christy spent more and more time with their dad, who could better afford to take care of them. Tom often spoke badly of Deb, making Stacey and Christy resentful of their mother. "He said she only cared about chasing men," Stacey says, adding that her mother had a few boyfriends, all of whom she says she instinctively hated. "She never paid attention to us when she had a guy around," Stacey says, "so when Dad told us she didn't really want us, it was easy to believe him."

Although it's now difficult for his daughters to admit, Tom became the good guy in the parental equation. "When Dad was sober, he was very supportive," Stacey admits. "I remember when I was 15 and having problems, he hugged me and told me everything was going to be OK, that he wasn't going to let anyone hurt me."

Protecting a sister—and a secret

When Stacey was in high school, her life looked no different than that of the average young woman. She tells *Glamour* she was on the tennis team and the yearbook staff, got B's in school and went on dates. In the evening, she filled her mother's former role—cooking dinner, doing housework, looking after Christy, paying bills and shopping with Tom's credit cards and checkbook. But at night, Stacey insists her life was anything but typical. Around three times a week, she says, she was forced to have sex with her father or face a beating.

"I usually consented to avoid a conflict," says Stacey, who does not consider what she did with her father sex. In her mind, she was 13 when she had her first kiss, 15 when she lost her virginity to her boyfriend. "What my father did to me felt completely different," Stacey says. "I'd disappear into myself and pretend I wasn't there. I'd think about anything else—school, my sister, really anything."

While Tom hadn't yet abused Christy sexually, Stacey wasn't taking any chances. Once Christy turned 14, Stacey taught her how to drive and encouraged her to take the keys and spend the night at friends' houses. Stacey says Tom didn't care and that sometimes he even drank and used drugs with his daughters. While Stacey never told Christy what her father was doing to *(continued on page 153)*

Was Stacey Lannert's life sentence too harsh?

Compare her case to those of the other women below.

NAME: Donna Marie Wisener

STATE: Texas

HER CASE: Wisener claims that her father, Glenn Wisener, had physically and sexually abused her since she was two—touching her inappropriately, sending her lewd valentines, even handcuffing her to furniture. In May 1991, the 16-year-old shot and killed her father with a .357-caliber revolver.

HER SENTENCE: In February 1992, a jury acquitted Wisener of murder.

NAME: Mindy Berenyi

STATE: Ohio

HER CASE: Berenyi alleges that her father had sexually abused her since she was about eight and became physically violent with her when she was a teen. In September 1995, Berenyi, 16 and pregnant, contemplated committing suicide with his 12-gauge shotgun. When her father came home, Berenyi claims, she was terrified and shot and killed him in self-defense.

HER SENTENCE: Convicted of aggravated murder in October 1999, Berenyi is now serving a life sentence. She will be eligible for parole in 20 years.

NAME: Billie Joe Powell

STATE: Oklahoma

HER CASE: Since she was five, Powell and her older sister, Tracey, had been beaten and molested by their father, according to the sisters. In August 1992, Powell, then 16, shot and killed their father while he slept.

HER SENTENCE: After pleading guilty to first-degree manslaughter in February 1993, Powell was sentenced to five years probation and four years of psychological counseling.

NAME: Linda Sue Glazier

STATE: Maryland

HER CASE: Glazier says that since age 12, she was sexually abused by her adoptive father, William. In 1974, when Glazier was 18, her boyfriend, James Ottie Greenwell, 23, killed her parents with a shotgun while she was in another room.

HER SENTENCE: In 1974, Glazier was found guilty of the first-degree murder of her parents and was sentenced to two life terms. In 1994, the governor commuted her sentence and she was set free.

her, Christy says she had a vague idea based on the sounds she heard coming from Stacey's room at night. "But at the time, it seemed unreal," Christy says. "I didn't know what to do or what to say to Stacey, so I did nothing." The family's stressful, erratic lifestyle eventually took its toll on Christy: By age 15, she was an alcoholic and a high school dropout.

Only one person, Stacey's former baby-sitter Wendy Anglan, told others what she suspected was really going on in the family. When Stacey was about 12, Anglan asked her if her father was sexually abusing her, and Stacey said yes. "[Stacey] loved and adored her dad, and yet she said he hurt her," she stated during Stacey's trial in 1992. While Anglan told Stacey that she cared and urged her to be strong, she did not alert authorities. But she says that she did mention it to Stacey's mother, a claim Deb denies.

"Wendy told me that Stacey was having problems, but that's it," says Deb, who in 1988 had remarried and changed her surname to Underwood; she moved to a military base in Guam in 1989. Still, Deb says she had always suspected that Stacey was being sexually abused. "But I didn't have any solid clues," she says. "Whenever I'd ask Tom or Stacey if something was going on, they would both deny it vehemently." Stacey admits she was evasive with her mother throughout her childhood. "Our relationship was nonexistent back then," Stacey recalls. "There were so many times that I went to her and didn't tell her why I needed her. I wanted her to read my mind, and deep down I hated her for not being able to do it."

At 17, Stacey mustered up the courage to admit to her Ritenour High School counselor, Nancy Rife, that "an uncle" was abusing her. Rife says she "probably" alerted Ned Richardson, the school's principal at the time, and that she gave the police a witness statement in 1990. However, Rife was not called on to testify, and it's unclear whether her warning to the principal spurred any action (Richardson passed away in 1997). This apparent inaction only further convinced Stacey that nothing would come of broadcasting her abuse. "My dad always told me that no one would believe me," she says. "This confirmed it."

In January 1990, Stacey decided she wanted out, and Tom grudgingly agreed to let her go live with Deb in Guam. Christy wanted to stay in the St. Louis area to be near friends, so Stacey made

sure she moved in with their aunt. "I was extremely protective of Christy," Stacey says. "I was her best friend as well as her surrogate mom."

While in Guam, Stacey immediately began to get her life together, passing her high school equivalency exam and making new friends. But in April 1990, four months after she'd settled in, she received a disturbing phone call. It was Christy, drunk and hysterical, saying that Tom had made her move back in with him. "Dad's hurting me, Stacey," Christy said. "Please come home and do something." *How* he was hurting her isn't clear. In a letter asking the Missouri governor to grant Stacey clemency, Christy claims she'd been raped by her father. But she has never discussed it—and still can't. "This is something I don't want to think about or talk about," she says.

But Stacey suspected that Christy had become her father's next sexual target and took the very next flight to St. Louis. When she got on the plane, she had a vision that her life was over. "I didn't care what happened to me anymore," she says. "I knew what I was going home to."

The only self-defense?

Stacey, Christy and Tom immediately resumed living together. Stacey says her dad continued to rape her and that his behavior became increasingly violent toward both girls. On July 3, 1990, Tom had a particularly intense fight with his daughters, during which, Stacey says, he tore the phones out of the walls so that the girls couldn't call anyone. When Stacey threatened to leave again, Tom said, "I don't care. Go. I have your replacement." He grabbed Christy, who clung to the window blinds, the only thing within reach. In seconds, Tom loosened Christy's grip, picked her up and carried her down the hall to his bedroom. Stacey followed them but was unable to stop Tom. She heard the door lock click, then the sound of Christy's screams.

Something in Stacey snapped. She says she pounded on the door until her whole body shook. After what seemed like hours, Christy emerged. "I saw this blank look on her face," Stacey recalls. "It was the one I always had when he'd finished raping me." (To this day, the sisters say that they have never talked to one another about what happened that night.) Stacey took Christy to her car and drove to a nearby motel. After they checked in, they went out drinking with friends, trying to forget what had happened.

Back at the motel later that night, Stacey says she remembered that she'd left her new puppy, a birthday gift from a friend, in the basement. Her father hated the dog, just as he'd hated all of the girls' pets. "I panicked and thought he'd kill it," Stacey says. She knew she'd have to return to her father's house one last time.

Stacey says she and Christy waited until 4 A.M., when they knew for certain their father would be sleeping. Parking in front of the house, the sisters crawled through a basement window so that they could grab the dog without waking Tom. Out of the corner of her eye, Stacey says she saw one of Tom's guns lying near the stairway. She'd learned how to shoot it just a few months before—for her own protection, she says. "He was always threatening to kill us," she now explains. "I wanted to be prepared when he tried." She insists she'd never seriously considered shooting her father until that moment.

"My first thought when I saw that gun was, I can't take this anymore," she recalls. Grabbing the gun, she climbed the stairs to the living room where her father was asleep on the couch. He was passed out drunk; his autopsy would show that he had a blood alcohol level that would be lethal for most people. "I didn't aim at him. I set the gun on the room divider ledge, closed my eyes and pulled the trigger," says Stacey, who claims she was sober at the time. "I figured, whatever happened, happened."

The first bullet hit her father in the shoulder. He awoke, managed to sit up and saw Stacey and Christy standing 10 feet away in the dark. Christy started screaming, and Tom began to swear. Badly wounded and drunk, he tried to stand up but couldn't. Between curses, he begged Stacey to call 911. "I really was going to call an ambulance," Stacey says, "but he'd torn the phones out of the walls earlier that day. Christy and I kept searching for a phone and couldn't find one. I considered taking him to the hospital, dropping him off and leaving."

But Stacey didn't take him to the hospital. Instead, 10 minutes later in a panicked state she fired a second shot. This time the bullet hit Tom in the forehead. She alleges that she doesn't remember pulling the trigger a second time, although she does remember this: "I wanted him to leave us alone—for good."

The reason kids kill

Teenagers who kill their mothers or fathers have typically been abused or neglected, accord- (continued on page 156)



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A father's murder *Continued from page 153*

ing to author Heide. "Let's just say that healthy, happy kids don't go killing their parents," she explains. In some cases, children can significantly reduce their sentences by demonstrating a history of abuse. But under Missouri law at that time, Stacey did not qualify for a reduction. And she couldn't plead self-defense, because the threat from her father was not judged to be immediate—so she received the harshest possible punishment short of the death penalty. "It's outrageous," says Donald Dutton, Ph.D., professor of psychology at the University of British Columbia in Vancouver and author of *The Abusive Personality* (Guilford). "If it's true that she was sexually abused by her father, it creates a totally new psychological landscape that needs to be addressed in court. If there's a possibility of sexual abuse, it's wrong that she's still in jail."

Abused or not, the girls were in trouble—and as soon as Deb heard that both her daughters were facing charges, she and her new husband moved back to Missouri permanently. "I always knew I'd made mistakes," Deb said, "but now I knew that I had to start fresh." Deb visited her daughters in jail once a week, doggedly trying to make up for lost time. Gradually, Stacey started warming up to her mother, and a year later, in 1991, she told her, "Dad hurt me." At that moment, everything clicked in Deb's mind. "That's when I realized that Stacey had been through hell since she was eight years old," she recalls. "Basically, she's been in a prison of one form or another for over two thirds of her life."

While Stacey had just begun to confide in her mother about her past, she found it more difficult to open up to the authorities. The afternoon following Tom's murder, two detectives from the St. John police station interrogated Stacey. "I didn't interview the girls personally," says Dan Chapman, chief of the Dellwood, Missouri, police department, who was commander of the major case squad in the St. Louis area at the time. "But I don't believe they said anything about being sexually assaulted." As a result, a rape test was not performed on Christy.

And at her trial, Stacey didn't go into detail about her abuse. Instead, due to restrictions in Missouri law, her lawyer, Christopher McGraugh, chose to defend her by claiming that she was mentally ill. (McGraugh did not return *Glamour's*

repeated phone calls for comment.) Stacey's reluctance to elaborate on her claims of sexual assault—as well as the lack of physical proof—worked against her. "There is absolutely no evidence that there was any physical or sexual abuse," says St. Louis County prosecutor Robert McCulloch, a member of the team that prosecuted Stacey. Stacey vehemently denies McCulloch's claims that she wanted her father's money, as does Christy, who chose to have the \$100,000 she inherited from her father's estate donated to three child-abuse charities in St. Louis. While Anglan, the baby-sitter, testified that Stacey had been abused, McCulloch doesn't believe that that was so.

But some experts point out that hard evidence is difficult to come by in child abuse cases. "Abused children normally don't tell anyone what's happening to them, nor do they admit it when asked," says Marilyn Hutchinson, Ph.D., a Kansas City, Missouri-based sexual abuse psychologist. In 1992, after a four-hour testing period, Hutchinson concluded for the courts that Stacey exhibited all the signs of a child who'd been brutally sexually abused, including unusual bathing rituals (she would take three showers a day—a "hot" one, a "cold" one and a "regular" one). At least one other psychiatric evaluation concluded that she was likely the victim of abuse.

Even St. Louis County Circuit Court judge Steven H. Goldman acknowledged in his trial summary that there was "evidence of sexual abuse by the victim's father." He added that Stacey's sentence was "severe for a 20-year-old." And some of the jurors weren't happy with their limited options in Stacey's case: They either had to find her mentally ill and acquit her or find her of sound mind—and guilty of murder in the first degree. One jury member, Ann Albers, stated that the jury did believe Stacey's allegations of abuse and that they didn't want to sentence her to life without parole. "But we weren't provided with any alternative," she explains in an October 1998 affidavit. "It is my personal belief that the sentence Ms. Lannert is presently serving is too harsh for the crime.... I believe [she] deserves commutation from the sentence of life without parole."

Stacey's fate now lies in the hands of Governor Holden. Her new lawyers, Michael Anderson and Ellen Flottman, remain hopeful that Holden will grant her clemency, either by reducing her sentence or, even better, setting her

free. "From a strictly legal standpoint, she committed first-degree murder, so she won't win her case on appeal," says Flottman. "But in Stacey's case, no one is happy with the outcome—not the trial judge, not the jury. That's why the pardon remedy is the perfect solution for a situation like this. This is why pardons exist."

Experts say it's difficult to estimate Stacey's chances of going free or getting a reduced sentence. "It's very hard to predict what any individual governor might decide to do in a clemency case," says Dan Kobil, professor of law at Capital University Law School in Columbus, Ohio, who is currently working on a book on clemency. "While past Missouri governors have offered pardons, Governor Holden is fairly new in office and doesn't have much of a track record." But Kobil says there is some precedent for a governor using clemency in a situation like this. "In the early nineties, former Ohio governor Richard Celeste started a trend of granting clemency to battered women who were serving time for murdering or assaulting their husbands," Kobil says. "When a governor takes such an action, it's often a signal to the legislature that there's a problem with the law that needs to be changed." One such change, says Kobil, might be to pass laws that advise courts to look at mitigating factors—such as sexual abuse—when deciding which sentence to impose.

Stacey, who now spends her days pouring cement at the prison, believes she has paid her debt to society. "I regret what I did, but at the time I felt it was my only way out," she says. "My life will never be normal, but if I'm released I want to be judged based on everything I've done in my life, not just on what happened one night."

Through the years, Stacey and Christy have remained best friends. "I feel very guilty every day of my life for what Stacey did for me," says Christy, now 27. "It hurts so badly when I leave her at the prison. I want to put her in my pocket and take her home." Instead, she channels her energy into sending Stacey money, working as a legal assistant by day and a cocktail waitress at night. Over time, her hard work has bought Stacey all of the luxuries prison allows: Nike sneakers, a color TV, tuition for college courses. "She took care of me once," Christy says. "Now I consider it my duty to take care of her." ©

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