

**“Horrific... This story will leave you gasping.”**  
-Jack Olsen

# **DRIVEN TO KILL**

**The true story of sex killer Westley Allan Dodd-  
His victims were too small to fight...  
and too young to die!**

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## Prologue

A hushed silence fell over the long, rectangular courtroom when Westley Allan Dodd, flanked by armed sheriff's deputies, appeared through a side door, hands cuffed securely behind his back. After a deputy removed the restraints that held his thin wrists together, the convicted child sex killer took a seat at the defense table next to his attorney. Clad in a light blue, short-sleeved pullover shirt, pre-washed faded blue denim jeans, and a pair of sneakers, Dodd uneasily faced the judge, his back to the families of the victims he'd kidnapped, tortured, and murdered. Their eyes were upon the dark-haired young man, just as they had been throughout the month-long guilt or innocence phase of the trial. They had heard startling, shocking testimony about child molestations, violent depraved sex, torture, and necrophilia.

The courtroom was packed to capacity, and many of the spectators who had sat through portions of the trial had to be turned away at the door. Those who managed to get in were required to pass through a metal detector, just as they had been required to do on all previous days. Everyone present that day, Thursday, July 26, 1990, was there to hear Clark County Superior Court Judge Robert Harris pass sentence on the "normal-looking" pedophile turned child murderer. First, however, Harris had decided to allow members of the victims' families to make public statements.

Karen Osborne, an aunt of four-year-old victim Lee Joseph Iseli, nervously shuffled a sheet of paper as she faced the judge. She was going to read a handwritten statement by Jewel Cornell, the boy's grief-stricken mother. She swallowed hard, looked directly at Dodd for a moment, and then began to read from the paper she held with trembling hands in front of her.

"You have taken my whole world apart —my family's world apart," read Osborne from Cornell's emotionally charged statement. "You are the scum of the Earth. You get on the news and the radio and tell everyone how you felt when you did these unspeakable crimes . . . and you get a high just by talking and going over what you did. You make me sick. I hate your guts . . . you are a sick, cruel and ugly person ... I will never rest until the day your life is taken ... I hope you rot in hell." If Dodd felt anything as a result of Cornell's statement, he didn't let it show.

Robert Iseli, Lee's father, next stood in front of the courtroom. Brushing

back an occasional tear he turned toward Dodd, angrily facing the man who had confessed to brutally raping and murdering his little boy.

"How did we allow *this*," he said, gesturing toward Dodd, "to end up where he is today? It is sad to take a life. . . . Taking a life, any life, even this man's, is never right. It is a grave decision that the state has to make...So do we blame ourselves for this death? No. We are left with no choice."

Relatives of the other murder victims—Cole Neer, eleven, and his brother, Billy Neer, ten—declined to make a public statement.

"Do you have a statement to make before this court, Mr. Dodd?" asked Judge Harris.

"Yes, your honor," said Dodd as he stood up at the defense table. "I didn't offer any mitigating evidence during the penalty phase because, in my mind, that's just an excuse. And I don't want to make any excuses."

Dodd occasionally looked up at the judge and stoically reiterated how he had been arrested numerous times over the course of his life for sex crimes against children, and stated matter-of-factly how the criminal justice system had failed him and his victims.

"I do not blame the criminal justice system for anything...but the system does not work and I can tell them why....It doesn't really matter why the crimes happened. I should be punished to the full extent of the law, as should all sex offenders and murderers...I can accept a death sentence, and I don't want to see any delays in carrying it out....If my death will bring peace to the people I've hurt so bad, then it's time for me to die."

"Amen," said someone from the gallery of spectators.

When Dodd finished, Roger Bennett, deputy prosecuting attorney, stepped forward and submitted a legal document to the court that would, if signed by Dodd, allow Dodd to waive his rights to appeal. Bennett fervently recommended that the judge allow Dodd to sign the document.

"I like what Mr. Bennett is saying," Dodd offered. "I don't want this thing tied up in the courts for years." He added that he didn't want the mandatory review of his case by the Washington Supreme Court, and insisted that he did not want anyone filing any appeals on his behalf. He said he would instruct his lawyer to sue anyone who tried to intervene.

"You have an ongoing, depraved, sadistic desire to hurt, injure, and maim others," Harris told Dodd as he looked him square in the eye. "To you, it is clear that murder is the ultimate goal — the ultimate satisfaction...I am able to sign your death decree without looking back...."