

Chapter 11 – The End

February 11, 2011

The tale is about to conclude. I received an email from Ted Mahoney asking me to call him regarding some new claims. He informed me that Mr. Durso has possibly 30 more cases (Massachusetts + North Carolina)! He will initiate a press conference in the near future. My lot is now hopeless!! There is absolutely nothing left to live or hope for. I thought I was well on my way to becoming a "comeback kid." That's not going to happen.

Bambi deserves to start a new life, and I must face death. It's all absurdly unjust. I love her and worry that I leave her with unthinkable burdens. I hope she will understand that I/we have no alternatives.

I will say goodbye to the birds, the donkeys, the dogs and the cats, all of whom I have loved so much. I have learned so much from all of them. They have given me so much, so much to live for.

Mine has been a script impossible to sustain. I will shoot myself today, very soon.

February 14, 2011

I am still alive if not well today, Monday, Valentine's Day. I left my office on Friday fully intending to terminate my existence that afternoon. Then I recalled my 72 hour suicide rule (to avoid impulsive self-immolation). I also wanted to talk to Ted Mahoney once more to get a sense of the timing of the press conference. I decided it might be especially apt to end my life just before that grandstand event. I left a voicemail for Ted at 3; he did not return my call. Then I tried again at 5 and reached him on his cell phone. Ted did not know the date of the press conference. He explained that he found out about it indirectly through the mediator who had been involved with us months ago. He was trying to get permission from the latter to call Mr. Durso to obtain more details. Ted promised