

Months after Wasserman found Lacy floating in the pool, months after they had searched her room, months after Wasserman had finished cataloging Lacy's many notebooks and studying her endless collection of photographic prints and negatives, months after public excitement about Lacy and the missing boys had been flattened by the weight of new scandal, months after even the mysteries of Sherman Brocius and the Dark Dad had gone stale, Detective Reuben Wasserman sat in the chair at his desk re-reading a note he had uncovered in Lacy's bedroom. Somebody said, "Goin' to lunch?" Wasserman said, "Yes." He unlocked the middle drawer on the right side of his desk and slowly slid it out. He tossed the note in, then closed and re-locked the drawer.

*Benjamin,
Spank me for falling to much into bad habits. I wanted so much to call you this weekend, but I didn't, no real reason why. I finally finished Bridges of Madison County, it started out kind of sucky, well, not quite sucky, that's a little too harsh, but anyway, I was crying at the end and I think it was one of the most beautiful loves I have ever read about, they fit together so perfectly and together they had the three most perfect days of their lives. They made love. They were love. It was nice. Lets not go see the movie when it comes out. I think I'm incapable of that kind of deep love, but I want to try making love someday, or, I want to try love that is so deep it overwhelms everything and lasts past death, doesn't sound like me, does it? I don't know what's wrong. I love today, everyone I think. I almost said hello to Jessica this morning. I want to go away with you. Let's run out into the forbidden woods and teach the children to be individuals. No, let's be alone, kill the children, drown them in the river, let's frolic in the ferns and fuck on beds of feathers Let's watch Disney musicals until we know all the words to all the songs and can sing along with the world let's fly kites and wrestle in the park and ride horses bareback and naked let's go skinny dipping and look for frogs and snakes and feel the cool clay mud slip between our toes and cover our ankles. Let's live Ben, Boy, Sweet Pea, Pony boy, Today I want to live.*

The note was signed, "ME--"