

NARRATOR'S NOTE

I'm writing this to get it all straight in my own mind. I'm not sure anyone else will have a chance to read it because I'm under professional constraints I'd have to weigh carefully before I ever let that happen. So I'm going to tell part of this story as I saw it, lived it, and actually know it happened, as much as anybody can do that, with a good deal of reimagining, so many years later.

I have never kept a personal journal or a diary, except for tracking billable time. And that limitation will have me re-creating some conversations as if word for word, with as much accuracy as I can muster, and summarizing others where I can recall the sense but not the syntax.

Nonetheless, Danny, I have to warn you, was quintessentially a private person, even as an adolescent, keeping his own counsel, playing his own games, and, to me, at least, always revealing of himself only what he chose to at any given time. So if my account raises more questions than it answers about what was going on in his mind while these events unfolded, I can only tell you, I'm still in the dark there, too.

The other part of this story I spent a lot of time and investigative effort piecing together from multiple sources. It's as accurate as I can make it without having firsthand knowledge of much of it. So I tell it in TPO. When we're through here, I think you'll agree it's really all one long story told in two voices, as it should be.

Peter Cowen, 5/2/12