

January 5th, 2004

My dear Annabelle, my dear Adam, Karen, Taylor.

And now my dearest little Ellen. Seven years old I saw you as my own child. They made me choose between you and my wife... I had no choice. I sold you out. I sold you out and you died trying to escape the men who wanted to hurt you. You were so very strong. So brave. You killed most of them, did you know that? You managed to hurt most of those bad men.

But you missed one. You missed me.

And now you're dead, too many wounds from those trying to keep you under control.

You were always so independent.

But you died because of that. No, because of me.

And I am sorry for that.

This went too far, too quickly.

Perhaps...

Perhaps someone like me doesn't deserve to live in this world.

I deserve this.