

## PART ONE - SAFE HOUSE

This account was written in May 1998, from personal notes and recollections. The information contained herein is the truthful account of my experience, as it occurred, to the best of my recollection.

### 1963

I was living in Mexico City in a penthouse on San Francisco Street, on the fifth floor of a building without an elevator. Being unmarried, I had an active social life, many friends, and had contact with many women. I worked in my own business, importing medical equipment to Mexico, primarily from the U.S., and lived comfortably.

Tuesday nights, close friends would gather at my apartment to play dominoes. These friends, with whom I continue to have contact, are, among others who attended, Raul Turu Sabaté, an architect; Emilio Vega de Llergo, insurance; Sergio Lagunes, manufacturing, all living in Mexico City.

In early October of this year (1963), I met a Mexican lady whose name I can only recall as Graciela. She was around twenty-two years old, two or three years younger than me. My recollection is that she was attractive, olive-skinned, with long black hair. She dressed, mostly, in clothing considered "hippy" during that time in Mexico, which was less radical than American "hippy" fashions of the day. She also wore miniskirts and sweaters. I cannot recall how or where we met, although I clearly recall our first date. She asked me to pick her up at a small drive-in restaurant on Insurgentes Sur avenue. It was around 9:00 pm. I waited in my car and she arrived on foot. I thought it strange that she should ask me to meet her there, rather than having me pick her up at her home. She explained that she lived nearby and it was more convenient for her because her "brother was very jealous" about her boy friends. We went to dinner at another restaurant nearby.

After dinner, as we were driving back towards the drive-in restaurant, she asked that I drop her off on Dakota Street, a few blocks from the drive-in. Dakota Street, in 1963, was a one-way street heading South. Reaching what seemed an arbitrary corner, she asked me to stop. We bade farewell and stepped out of the car, and I watched for some moments (somewhat surprised) as she walked north along Dakota towards her home. She turned and waved me away, and I thought at the time she did not want her "jealous brother" to see me, so I drove away.

On our second date, on or about October 19<sup>th</sup>, 1963, she arrived by taxi at my apartment. We had planned to go to dinner, after which I had plans to return to my apartment with her. As far as bachelor apartments go, mine was very small, with only three rooms, but was equipped with an impressive brick fireplace in the rather living room. Many other women had been swayed by the apartment's seductive décor, so I rather insisted that Graciela meet me there that evening. She arrived, again, at around 9:00 pm, a common hour for a dinner date in Mexico City. However, rather than return to my home after dinner, she again requested that I drop her off at the same corner on Dakota Street where I had previously left her.

Our third date, on Wednesday, October 30<sup>th</sup>, 1963, Graciela once again met me at my apartment on San Francisco Street, arriving by cab. I had arrived only a few moments earlier, having been stuck in traffic, and didn't have an opportunity to prepare dinner for us, as I planned to spend that evening at my home with her. Once again, I offered to take her to dinner, planning all the time to return to my apartment afterwards. She seemed a bit worried, or concerned. She asked if I wouldn't mind going to a "party" her brother was having at their house, explaining that we would only stay a few minutes, after which we could go to dinner. I was disappointed, as I felt it would take up "valuable time" prior to dinner, but acceded nevertheless after her assurances that her "brother" would be glad we stopped by.

Dakota Street was less than a half-mile from the location of my apartment, so it was just a few minutes' drive. Again, Graciela asked me to park the car along the curb at the same corner where I had left her before. We proceeded on foot north along Dakota, stopping in front of a house about halfway up the long block. There were few cars parked along the street and I asked why we simply hadn't parked closer to where we were going. She replied something to the effect that it would make it "easier for her to leave"

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without anyone knowing that we were leaving together. I could leave first, she suggested, and she would follow a few minutes later, and meet at my car. That, she said, would solve the jealousy problem with her brother. It was not a totally unusual situation in Mexico, where most young women are closely guarded by their family members, so I didn't inquire further.

### THE HOUSE:

We stopped in front of a two-story house, rather common in appearance, which at the time had a gray stucco exterior (cement stucco). It was located approximately in the center of the block, on the left side of the one-way street heading south. Before ringing the bell next to the door, Graciela explained that her brother had "a few friends" over for his "party", and that she lived there with him. I was a bit apprehensive, as I didn't much feel like tangling with jealous family members, but she assured me that everything would be fine as long as we weren't seen leaving together. Graciela then rang the bell (obviously didn't have a key) and a man cracked the metal door open and peeked out. Seeing her, he opened the door, at which time he saw me and was about to close the door again. Graciela held the door and announced something to the effect that "it's all right, he's with me". He eyed me with suspicion as I followed Graciela into the house. As I entered, she introduced me as "Charles" (which she pronounced "Char - less") to the man at the door, who's name I recall as "Pedro". I held out my hand but he didn't let go the door handle to offer a hand-shake. I thought at that moment that Pedro was the "jealous brother" who, by refusing to shake my hand, was reserving judgement on me. He was a brown-skinned Mexican, heavy set (strong), about 160Lbs, 5' 6" and around thirty years old.

Upon entering, I noticed that it was uncomfortably dark inside. The light from the street lamp outside shone through the frosted glass pane on the door, providing some light in the small foyer, but the interior of the house was very dimly lit.

The foyer extended from the door to a staircase on the left side of the entrance, some fifteen feet from the front door. To the right, a small, doorless room (possibly the "dining" room), perhaps ten feet by twelve feet, contained several men, some standing in the center of the room conversing, others sitting in chairs along the wall. Graciela and I walked to the foot of the stairs, directly ahead from the front door, followed by Pedro. She turned to Pedro and asked him to fetch me a drink. I asked for rum and coke, the "usual" libation at Mexican gatherings, and Pedro disappeared. Graciela told me she would be "right down" and that I should make myself comfortable, whereupon she ascended the stairs that doubled back towards the entrance.

I stood at the foot of the stairs trying not to show my discomfort, as nobody approached me, or, it seemed, even noticed my presence. If that, indeed, was a party, it was a most unusual one, I thought. A radio, its volume turned up conspicuously, was tuned to a local station playing songs-by-request from its audience. The men in the "reception room", seven or eight of them, were conversing in hushed voices, and from where I stood the house was devoid of furniture, save the two or three straight-backed chairs in the dining room, and a lamp table. The floor was tile throughout, without any rugs or carpeting. The tile, as I recall, was made from a cheap composite material, common in many inexpensive dwellings throughout Mexico, made from colored cement and marble chips.

From my vantage point, I noticed that a blanket had been draped across the window overlooking the street, located in the dining room to the right of the front entrance. The small table beneath the window held a table-lamp, but clothing had been draped over the lamp shade, providing only a slither of light to the room. Beyond where I stood, straight ahead from the front entrance, there was another room, the "living room" of the house.

Almost directly in front of where I stood, between the dining room and the living room, opposite the stairs, a door led into a third room, possibly the kitchen, although I never entered it. It was serving as a bar, that night. The radio, I believe, was located in that room. I also heard voices from inside that room, meaning that at least two men, possibly more, were inside. A second door in what I presume was the kitchen, led to the rear of the dining room.

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The smell of marijuana and tobacco permeated the house. It was most unusual for anyone to engage in drugs in Mexico, as it was (and still is) a crime punishable by five years in jail, without parole. Although I had only smoked marijuana once before in my life, when I was eighteen, the pungent aroma had stuck with me.

I felt uneasy standing there alone, waiting for Pedro to return with my drink, so I ventured into the living room. Two men were sitting in straight back chairs, leaned back against the wall, opposite to the entrance of the room. Entering the room, I noticed two other men, to my right, one sitting on a stuffed couch, the other sitting on its armrest. To the right of the couch, in the corner of the room, another table lamp was draped with clothing, with what seemed to be a parka. It sat on a table next to the couch, providing sufficient light for me to clearly see the face of the man sitting in the chair. He seemed to be a foreigner, possibly an American, I thought, since his dark hair was closely cropped in a crew-cut. My own hair was also closely cropped in those days. Engaged in conversation, they didn't take notice of my entrance but, as I approached, I realized they were speaking in French. I greeted them in Spanish ("buenas noches"), startling them. The man on the armrest stood up abruptly, the other turned to glare at me, his face plainly illuminated by the lamp next to him. I couldn't see the face of the man who stood up to face me, as his back was to the lamp, but he was a large man, perhaps 6 ft in height. Although I was very nervous, as it was a strange setting indeed, I again offered salutations, this time in French ("bon soir"), but the man on the couch didn't respond, or even move. His mouth remained half open, as though I had caught him by surprise in the middle of a sentence. He only glared menacingly, and said nothing. At that point, I sensed there was something particularly sinister about him, which made me even more nervous, but remained sufficiently composed to ask (in English) if he spoke English. He seemed annoyed that I should have interrupted his conversation. Still, he said nothing, and only momentarily glanced up at his companion as though wondering if perhaps he knew who I was. My discomfort got the best of me and I backed away, offering apologies in Spanish as I withdrew. I couldn't get away fast enough, as there was something about his expression that I sensed was dangerous. His face remained etched in my memory, and I would recall it many times. He seemed around thirty years old and, although he remained seated, I figure he must have been around 5' 10", or so. I recall his appearance as somewhat athletic. His shirt sleeves were buttoned at the wrist.

Back in the hallway, which served as the house's foyer, I came upon Pedro, drink in hand, who was coming to fetch me. Being the only person "familiar" to me, I was relieved to see him. We engaged in small talk for some moments, and I became convinced that he wasn't Graciela's brother. When I brought up her name in our conversation, wondering if she would be coming down soon, he glanced up the stairs and shrugged his shoulders. "She's upstairs with 'Carlos' ", he responded, "so who knows?". I figured Carlos was Graciela's brother.

Possibly because Graciela had introduced me as "Char - less", Pedro probably assumed that I also spoke English. As we stood conversing at the foot of the stairs, I trained my ears on the conversation emanating from the "dining room", and heard the name "Carlos" mentioned a couple of times. I thought, then, that the voices were talking about me, since my name is also Carlos, in Spanish. I also heard "allá en el Norte" ("up North"), so I wasn't paying close attention to my conversation with Pedro. I figured, by then, that Pedro was possibly just an employee, perhaps a gardener, or a chauffeur, acting as the door man that evening.

Upon my confirming to Pedro that I did, in fact, speak English, his face rather lit up. Smiling, he said "que bien, que bien" ("how good, how good"), explaining that there was a 'gringo' who would be very happy to meet me. Nudging me, we walked into the dining room, where two tough-looking Mexicans sat in chairs along the wall opposite the window (the one overlooking the street). They were sharing a marijuana cigarette and speaking in Spanish, joking about something. Their accent identified them as "Nortefios" (northerners), possibly from Chihuahua or Zacatecas. Standing in the center of the small room, three other men were drinking and conversing. Pedro addressed the only non-Mexican of the three. "Oye tu, Ferri, aqui te traigo otro gringo", he said (Hey you, Ferrie, I've brought you another gringo).

A very strange-looking man turned towards me, his face beaming. "You speak English?" he asked hopefully. "Sure do", I responded, to which he bellowed "Wow! Great!", or something along those lines.

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He explained that he'd been "wading through Spanish" with his companions, and seemed very relieved to come across someone who spoke English.

His appearance was outrageous, almost comical. He was wearing a conspicuous, ill-fitting wig, palced too far down over his forehead, and beads of what looked like clear adhesive had dripped down along his temples. The wig had no 'side-burns'. Standing somewhat taller than me, perhaps 5' 10", he was a square-built individual. There was something peculiar about his face that even in the dim light was noticeable, but I didn't figure out right away that it was because he was devoid of facial hair. He had no eyebrows, but had grease-penciled in a poor facsimile. The skin on his face was smooth, with no appearance of a beard. He seemed joyful and friendly and introduced himself right away as David Ferrie. I don't recall if I mentioned my own name to him, though I probably did.

His name immediately reminded me of a former school mate who was also named Ferry. I asked if he had any relatives in Mexico, explaining I knew several people there named Ferry. That's when he spelled his last name, F E R R I E. He had apparently been drinking for some time, or perhaps had partaken in the marijuana that was being passed around by the Mexicans in the room. He wasn't drunk, but was very talkative. (At some later point, I was offered a 'drag' by one of the Mexicans, but declined).

Ferrie and I conversed for a long time. The conversation began with his asking me if I was "with them", nodding towards the living room (I said no). That was my first indication that there were at least two 'groups' in the house. I was defensive in my responses to Ferrie as I felt very nervous about being there. Not only was it a very strange environment, I was also apprehensive about Graciela's "jealous brother", whom I had not met yet. The men present were not 'partying'. Rather, they seemed to be waiting around for something, and conversed in small groups.

Ferrie then asked what I did, to which I replied in vague terms, something to the effect of "Oh, I just hang around". Our continuing conversation, although not with these precise words, covered certain key points that I recalled several times afterward:

D: Aren't you the guy that walked in with Graciela?  
Me: Yeah.  
D: And you're not with *them*? (nodding again towards the living room)  
Me: Nah. Not really.  
D: Oh, then you're with *security*, huh?  
Me: Security? Yeah, kinda. (The question alerted me, though I knew not to what).  
D: Yeah, security. Either that, or you've got a lot of guts!  
Me: Why's that?  
D: Shit, that's his gal. Carlos would cut your balls off!

I felt betrayed. Apparently, Carlos wasn't her brother, either. At least twenty minutes had passed since my arrival and Graciela had not come back down stairs.

Me: Well, not mine. I just hang around (trying to portray Ferrie's suspicion that I was with 'security'. My responses were very evasive)  
D: Yeah, I guess. You arrived with her. Guess that puts you on the right side with the boss.  
Me: The boss?  
D: Yeah, Marcello (pronouncing it Mahr-che-lo - pointing upstairs with his thumb).

I assumed that Carlos and Marcello were the same person. Ferrie's allusion to 'the boss' provided enough information to convince me that there was some sort of organization, likely an illegal one, to which the people in the house belonged.

I asked Ferrie what he did and he told me he had been working for Eastern Airlines, but had quit. I thought, perhaps, he had been employed there as a steward, since he didn't have the 'demeanor' of a pilot.

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Me: No, I mean *here*. What do *you* do here?  
D: I drive the boss around, wherever he wants to go. And make the contacts. Soft job.  
Me: You need contacts? I *got* contacts. Lots of them.  
D: No, I mean I'm the guy who makes the contacts by *phone*. Piece of cake, once every couple of weeks.  
Me: *Phone* contacts? Yeah, sounds easy.  
D: You don't seem to know much. You sure you're not with *them*?  
Me: Positive. But I get around. I don't get a lot of the specifics, though. I hang around Graciela, mostly.

I probed Ferrie for specifics, all the time playing the role of what he knew to be 'security'. I was 'playing detective', wondering what sort of an 'organization' I had wandered in to. I used Graciela as a trump card to wring information from Ferrie, who didn't seem to mind telling me what his role was. I was shocked when I found out that illegal drugs were involved, but I played out my role as detective even more forcibly, all the time thinking I would report them to the authorities the following day.

Ferrie related to me that 'the boss' (Carlos Marcello) owned the "Acapulco", a well-known and popular cruising yacht at the port of the same name. I thought Carlos Marcello must be Mexican, likely married, and 'kept' a girl friend (Graciela), in the tradition of many of Mexico's wealthy men. I knew most of Mexico's wealthy families, or had heard of them, but the name Marcello didn't ring a bell. I suspected that Carlos either owned or rented the house, where he 'kept' Graciela, visiting her there for sex. However, when Ferrie became more specific about what he did, bragging on how 'sharp' Carlos was, it became clear that I had accidentally wandered into a drug smuggling ring.

The "Acapulco" made regular, weekly runs to Los Angeles, out of Acapulco. It was well known and considered an extravagant passage to and from Los Angeles, frequented by movie artists and other famous and rich. It was a large yacht, carrying at least two hundred passengers (possibly more) and I had seen the yacht berthed at the customs house in Acapulco many times. My mother owned a travel agency in Acapulco (Acapulco Travel), so I frequented the port to visit her. According to Ferrie, heroin was placed in condoms which, in turn, were inserted into the liquor bottles that the *Acapulco's* bar took on prior to each trip. He also bragged how the clever ploy continuously evaded the Mexican Customs inspectors, who didn't bother scrutinizing the liquor stored in the hold. I don't recall his mentioning at what point the condoms were introduced in the bottles but assume it was during the ship's stay in port.

Ferrie's "job" was to call his "aunt" in San Diego twice a month and give her specifics about his *home-coming*. The yacht made scheduled weekly departures from both ports (Acapulco & Los Angeles). Ferrie's date and time of arrival, provided to his 'aunt', was that of the *Acapulco*, indicating on what date and time the yacht would be anchoring off the California coast, opposite San Diego. The captain aboard the yacht always planned the trips so arrival off the California coast would take place at night. It's common practice for passenger liners to enter ports during daylight hours, so the *Acapulco's* offshore anchoring caused no suspicion. Ferrie's call to "his aunt" would alert people in San Diego who would then go out in inflatable crafts (black ones, Ferrie told me) and rendezvous with the *Acapulco*. The condoms were placed in plastic bags and thrown overboard, along with the ship's trash (also a common practice, possibly now outlawed). The trash would sink, but the bags floated around (presumably with some identifying means) for collection by the inflatables.

At some point in our conversation, Ferrie remarked about his wig. He asked me if it looked funny. I told him it looked pretty stupid, as we were being rather familiar by that time. He excused himself momentarily and went into the 'kitchen' (bar?) and came back out some minutes later, sans wig. He didn't have a single hair on his head, a rather outrageous appearance in those days before Yul Brynner popularized shaven heads. I told him he looked much better without "that old piece of carpet" on his head. He seemed relieved, but a bit embarrassed.

Our conversation took place over a period of nearly an hour, by which time I was extremely nervous, to the point of panic., Graciela had not come back down stairs. Ferrie's candid remarks assured me that I had in fact come across a drug ring, and I was afraid to be identified as someone who did not

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belong there. As Ferrie's story unfolded, I became more and more concerned that Graciela, accompanied by Carlos, would suddenly appear, and I would be 'fingered' by him. Afraid for my life, I made some excuse about the hour, bid farewell to Ferrie and headed for the door, which was still being 'watched' by Pedro. As I was saying good night to Pedro, Graciela suddenly came down the stairs, her hair ruffled and makeup smeared. Although I was really angry with her for having fooled me into going to her 'brother's party', I was more scared than proud at that point.

Graciela grabbed my arm, whispering anxiously about 'being so sorry' but that she could 'explain' what had happened. I didn't want to hear about it and couldn't take my eyes off the stair case, expecting to see 'Carlos' appear at any moment. I asked Pedro to open the door (locked from the inside with a key) and, with Graciela still tugging at my sleeve, made a hasty retreat towards my car.

The following morning, Friday, November 1<sup>st</sup>, still very nervous and paranoid, I made a call to the police, to report the activities of Ferrie's 'organization'. I explained to the police operator that I had uncovered a drug ring and wanted to report it. The operator, a man, told me that "drug matters" weren't handled by the police department, and I should report it to the Health Department (then *Secretaria de Salubridad y Asistencia Publica*, today *Secretaria de Salud*), that had a Drug Division (*División de Drogas Ilícitas*) I called the number provided by the police department and reported the incident to the operator. He asked for my name and address, which I provided (San Francisco # 224 -5) at which point he asked that I remain where I was because an agent would be coming to see me. Being a Friday, I was anxious to get to my office, and felt rather stupid for having reported the incident. I knew it would probably be hours before an agent was dispatched to my home. I was pleasantly surprised when, within the hour, a well-dressed man arrived from the Health Department and climbed the stairs to my apartment. We sat at my dining table and he asked me to relate the incident with as much detail as possible. I had written some notes the night before, after arriving at home, to make sure I wouldn't forget names or details, so I responded to the agent's questions with considerable detail. It was this precaution that has allowed me to recall vividly the incident that took place more than thirty years ago. After about an hour, the agent left, but not before I asked to be informed of the progress of his investigation. Although I was curious to know how they would go about apprehending the men, I was more concerned about my own safety, seeing as Graciela knew where I lived and might well be grilled about what I was doing at the house. I knew that if Carlos learned what Ferrie had related to me, he would send somebody gunning for me and, through Graciela, would know where to look.

After the agent left, I followed a few minutes later. An unfamiliar car was parked on my street, some thirty feet behind my own, which was parked at the curb in front of the apartment building. As I drove away, the car (a green Dodge), followed behind me, and continued tailing me all the way to my office, then located on Roma Street, at the intersection of Londres Street. I immediately ran into the building and told my brother and business partner about my experience, and about the car that was tailing me. We went into the street but failed to see the car.

That evening, as I left my office, the green Dodge was suddenly again behind me. It followed me all the way to the Geneve Hotel (today Hotel Genova, on Londres St., a few blocks from my office) where I was to meet a friend (Eduardo Molina, who now resides in San Antonio, Texas). I explained to him that I was being followed, and related my experience to him. We exited the hotel through a rear door (exiting to Liverpool Street) behind the hotel, and walked to Eduardo's car, in which we drove away.

After dinner, Eduardo drove me back to the Geneve to retrieve my car. I went home that night without further incident but the next morning, the green Dodge was again parked on my street. I didn't know whether to suspect Carlos Marcello or the Mexican police, who often investigate the person reporting a crime. For the next several days, the green Dodge followed me everywhere, but nobody ever approached me.

On Tuesday evening, November 5<sup>th</sup>, 1963, my friends arrived as usual at my apartment for our weekly gathering. I related my experience to them and told them about the car that had been tailing me.

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Looking out the window, we all confirmed that the green Dodge was in fact parked down the street, about half a block away. I had not heard back from Graciela.

It became a routine for me, for the next couple of weeks, to meet my friends at the Hotel Geneve, exiting through the rear door, and leaving with my friends in their cars. The green Dodge was ever present each evening when I left work and in the mornings parked on my street. The occupants must have known that I was aware of them, but they tried neither to disguise their actions nor to approach me. I no longer felt threatened by their presence but didn't want to press my luck by approaching them.

Then, on Tuesday, November 19<sup>th</sup>, as my friends and I were playing dominoes and eating at my apartment, I answered the phone and was startled at hearing Graciela's voice. She spoke very quickly and was extremely nervous. Apologizing profusely about the 'incident' at 'her house', she asked for forgiveness. I responded rather unconcerned and said something like "Yeah, sure. Okay, you're forgiven". She said she had needed to talk with me to explain what had really occurred but had been "unable" to do so, and now, she continued, it was too late because she was going away to live in Dallas.

"Dallas?", I asked, completely surprised, "Why Dallas?"

"I can't explain. As a matter of fact, I shouldn't even be talking with you right now. Everyone is waiting in the car, and I need to leave. If they knew I was talking to you, it would be terrible, terrible. Good bye. I love you."

My friends, sitting next to me as I spoke, were intent on my conversation. I must have looked very surprised. I immediately related what Graciela had told me. We all wondered why she was suddenly leaving for Dallas. We speculated they must have discovered that the police were investigating them as a result of my report, and were high-tailing it out of town. The panic in Graciela's voice seemed to confirm our theory.

After that evening, the green Dodge also disappeared. It confirmed only that I was no longer a player in whatever intrigue was going on. Either the drug dealers had suddenly left town, or the police had dropped me as a possible suspect. Whichever of the two it had been who followed me relentlessly for three weeks, suddenly ceased their pursuit.

A few days later, JFK was assassinated in Dallas. Since it was the second significant incident attached to Dallas, (the first being Graciela's sudden departure with that destination), I recall wondering if the two could be connected, but dispelled it after following news coverage on Oswald, then watching on TV as Oswald was murdered by Ruby. Speculation of a conspiracy was rampant in Mexico after Ruby shot Oswald.

Several weeks later, sometime in February of 1964, I was at home at my apartment on San Francisco when I answered the telephone. It must have been over a week-end since the call came during the day, when I would normally have been at work. It was Graciela, and she sounded awful. "I thought you had gone to Dallas," I remarked, very surprised to have heard again from her. She told me that she had returned, providing no details as to when, but insisted that she needed to see me "immediately". I sensed she was in some kind of trouble and agreed to meet her at the same drive-in restaurant where we had met before.

Being only a few blocks from the drive-in, I arrived there within thirty minutes. I waited in my car for what must have been at least forty five minutes, deciding then to leave. Just as I started the engine, Graciela appeared. She was in a state of combined fear and anger, hardly looking like the person I knew. Her face was puffy and bruised and she was wearing her 'hippy' clothes, but they looked slept-in, dirty and a sleeve was torn. In short, she looked downright terrible.

She quickly entered the car. "My God, what's happened to you? You look awful!", I remarked. "They beat me up," she responded angrily.

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"Who? Why?" I remembered our last phone conversation when she mentioned that it would be "terrible, terrible" if she was discovered calling me. But that had been months before, and her injuries looked recent.

"It's not important. What *is* important is that I'm in dire need of money, and you need to help."

She seemed very angry, and her remark was more a demand than a plea, which put me on guard. I recalled her betrayal and thought to myself "no way" was I going to give her any money.

When I probed further, asking why she needed money, she responded, "because I'm pregnant, and it's your baby!"

Either she thought I was an easy score, or was in a state of bewilderment, as we had never engaged in sex.

"That's not *my* baby! Why don't you see your boyfriend Carlos about it!", I demanded angrily. She burst into sobs, insisting, "It's your baby, it's your baby, you know it! You must give me money!"

With that, I put the car in gear and backed out of the restaurant. I was suddenly furious that she should have first betrayed me, and was then demanding money from me, so I was intent on dropping her off at her house on Dakota.

"Where are you going?!", she screamed. She was hysterical.

"You're going back to your boyfriend, by God. No way are you going to pin your pregnancy on me!"

"You can't take me there! It's your baby, and you're going to give me money."

"The hell I am!"

"He'll kill you. I'll tell him all about us and he'll kill you!", she threatened.

With that, she attacked me across the front seat, scratching my face. I slammed on the brakes, subdued her, and reached across her to open her door.

We struggled momentarily. I shoved her out of the car with my feet and she fell to the sidewalk.

I sped away, and the door slammed shut.

That was the last time I ever heard from her.