

From: Marshall Neal <marshallneal@gmail.com>

To: [REDACTED]

Subject: Hello.

Date: Sat, 15 Dec 2007 3:59 pm

Hello.

Some news is better than no news, even if it is bad news. I need to think about what the right thing to do is. I am still in so much shock. I have a pretty good idea, but I can't see how the whole world knowing is good for you. I also can't see how it's good for the other people in my life (read: my daughter).

I guess now we'll see what some online flirting gets us.

If the school is told, or if the rumors start flying, all of the school employees are mandated reporters, so you know that means they have to report everything to the police. That'll be rough for everybody. This is bad for you and I for obvious reasons, Gabe for brining a gun on a KHSB campus too. Why did he think he needed to do that? I would harm nobody--he has to know. His doings might even be worse than mine, but I don't know. I wanted to talk to him, and you more than anybody, but I was afraid he just might flash it some more, or do worse, then he'd be going to prison. I certainly didn't want that for your brother, or your family, which is a good family.

I want to resolve this in the way that's best for everybody. Your parents, if they have been told, can call me. I can agree to whatever is wished, we just don't want the embarrassment associated with our little flirtatious chats!

Anyway, what we were doing, talking as we were, was pretty serious, and can't simply continue, in any way. I do value you and treasure you. You see, I was right, what we were up to DID bring you harm. It brought you tears, at a minimum, and who knows what the next few days or weeks will bring.

Keep your head up. It's not the end of the world, by any means. You're not far from 18, and we didn't do more than flirt. It may be hard on the both of us, but it's what we get. In the meantime, let's keep our heads up and pray that God steels our hearts. I don't think love is wrong in itself; and our love was hoavy on respect. I wish everyone understood that. But everyone only sees the ages. Well, love laughs at locksmiths.

Send me word, by whatever means you can. We must not see one another anymore at school, under the present circumstances. I am sure you understand. You'll feel better soon, and when this is all over. In the meantime, just pray. I hope your brothers had the sense not to say anything to anyone else, but somehow, if he'd bring a gun to a school, I don't think logic is exactly in the driver's seat. Well, I guess we gave up control of the situation when I lost my "professionalism". We knew it was a risk, and we lost. No sense in crying much over that. We both have a future--and yours much brighter than mine. Fulfill it, and spite this day.