

From: Marshall Neal <marshallneal@gmail.com>

To: [REDACTED]

Subject: Re: Hello.

Date: Sat, 15 Dec 2007 5:09 pm

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Well,

I haven't heard anything from you, so I can only assume they're keeping you from the phone, computer, and everything else, as I believe you would do all you could to contact me, and at which point you haven't, you are not being allowed. Which means, it's nit the far, which means the worst. Ugh.

I came home and deleted all our chats. I suspect David managed to read your deleted emails, by looking in your trash folder. I am supposing, you deleted your emails, but did not empty your trash folder and he has been spying on you--or rather did so at this time. That's the only way he could have read what we were virtually whispering to one another.

I cannot imagine what you are going through right now. Interrogation? Loss? Your feelings must be the worst you've ever felt in your life. Certainly, my feelings are there too, and the uncertainty make things a little worse. But I know I'm going to be pretty miserable for a good while to come. I can only hope it's not misery for either of us, measured in months or years.

Please write back and tell me everything will be okay. Somehow I don't believe that' so. I'm very scared just now. I'm afraid of what's happening to you. Losing my daughter, my job, my entire life's work. Losing everything. My reputation, all respect, it's lost. I wonder so much how I'll explain this to my family. My God, my life will never be the same again.

I want to run, but that's cowardly, and I am not a coward. Nor will I abandon you, except on the condition it's what's best for you--which I think may be the case. It'll be hard to go without you, but I have no choice, so that will make it easier by default. I worry about the kids at school, how they'll feel and how they'll do with another teacher. I hope my replacement is someone good, who won't make things too difficult for them.

I wait, some news that you are well, and will be okay.