

# MARY PATRICIA, MARY PATRICIA

## – A SHORT STORY

By Anthony Paul Griffin

### ACT 1 – RAPIST

Bug Eyes' gaze gave the appearance of visiting a distance place - over the cashier, across the check-out aisles, beyond the surrounding crowd; all to avoid the interaction he had not invited. His eyes sit high on his skull, bulging forward causing the whites to take on an appearance of consuming his pupils. His cheek bones likewise ride high, causing the skin around his cheeks and eyes to appear to be stretching beyond its tensile strength. The creator's stretching likewise enhanced the bulging around his lips, causing them to appear on the verge of bursting, pulposus like. A multitude of translucent flesh tones invaded those same lips, glistening when winter's breath challenged everything within her reach, moist under the sun's most intimidating stare. Today, Bug Eyes' facial features seemed starker, stretchy, and pulpier than ever.

Bug Eyes is not his birth name; his given name is Regnaud Segnaud. His families' origin is French Canadian; Bug Eyes' given nickname effectively obliterating any indication of source and origin. The nickname was bestowed by Aunt Minerva (Minnie) (his mother's sister), "because of those bulging eyes." Minnie was wise in not giving him a shortened name such as bug, unless bugs are to be immediately recast in prehistoric size and proportions; the name stuck even though Bug Eyes detested Minnie's gift and power of commenting on the obvious.

At one, his mother, Geneva Segnaud (Ginnie), bespoke a mother's lament, "He will grow to his head" - all while patting, shaping, and molding; even long after Bug Eyes' skull had long set. No amount of patting, shaping and molding could change the obvious - Bug Eyes' head was

not misshaped, just big, different, cartoonlike, taking on the appearance of being stuffed from the insides with cotton then patted smooth to avoid bumps appearing on the outside. Minnie said her comments were compliments to the obvious, followed by her rubbing his head and saying, “A smooth big head.”

Insult or not, how Bug Eyes ever got enough strength to raise that head of his and walk early on, no one will ever know, a seismic feat. Every family dinner, reunion, wedding, death represented Minnie’s stage to make the obvious worse, telling the same story, over and over again. “His creator fell asleep when drawing, spilling coffee on the sketch, all while trying to cover the mistakes – every feature got exaggerated; a rendering never wiped clean.” Everyone always laughed. Bug Eyes never knew whether to be insulted or to laugh along with others.

Geneva’s predictive promise came true when Bug Eyes turned sixteen. The delayed promise came with such fierceness her child was an exaggerated and uncoordinated mess. Don’t misunderstand any of this to mean Bug Eyes ever lacked size – he has always possessed a physical presence – his body simply didn’t catch up with his head until he was sixteen; a physical presence somewhat akin to the building he stood this day.

Pack & Pack is out-sized, out-scaled store; an exaggeration. Built when developers believed bigger was better. The name Pack & Carry was already in use when Pack & Pack was conceived; Pack & Carry stores dominated the industry then and to this day. Pack & Pack operates on the same concept, warehouse size physical plant, selling products in bulk. This Pack & Pack differed from the other Pack & Packs because of the builder’s mistakes (referring to his being “off a little bit”, never explaining how a little bit ever equated to 50,000 square feet), the architect’s acquiescence to his friend’s deviation from the plans (“I thought the measurements were a little off, guess I missed the deviation.”), and the owner’s willingness to pay (as if the

builder knew the owner better than anyone else). The City's Planning Department caught the gross deviations from the original plans, deciding to look the other way, dutifully signing off on the final plans, as if no changes had been made; all a testament to the developer's greatness. "The biggest Pack & Pack west of the Mississippi;" in actuality, there are no other Pack & Packs east of the Mississippi. No one ever questioned the developer's boast, his half-truth.

In the edifice celebrating bigness and boldness stood Bug Eyes, the child of Ginnie and Edward, who at age two was larger than every child in a twenty-county area, save a child over in the adjoining county suffering from gigantism. At age four, biggest head in the State, a prodigious head, all accompanied with additional stretching, and tightening around the eyes, cheeks, lips. He could not and did not ever play hide-and-seek. At sixteen, he stood 6'8", weighed in at 280. He developed the act of disappearing around this; somehow removing from himself from the present tense. His most use utilized method involving staring into the distance, over other's heads, shoulders, and eyes. Unwittingly Bug Eyes mastered the art of cloistering his vocal cords. This latter practice first occurred at the first sign of puberty; by seventeen, he had perfected his act of creating a smaller footprint. Bug Eyes' actual voice is a low rumble, similar to the sound of a full-breath exhaust, a tuned rumble. His practiced voice took on the sound of a halting, out-of-tuned musical instrument, a restrained snare. His cloistered tone made a listener to stop, pause and wonder whether *that voice* came from *that body*. His size protected him from others comments, save Minnie's. He could have probably sucked his thumb and index finger together without anyone every commenting – others wouldn't dare challenge his otherworldly size.

In high school, his mass caused the coaches to drool (over his size). The same coaches were forced to agree with Bug Eyes' decision when he quit the team. He broke the prize running

back's leg by falling on him, after he had already completed the tackle. He shattered the offensive lineman's arm by stumbling backwards for five yards, snapping his limb as if manipulating a dried twig. Bug Eyes detested his uncontrolled and unplanned behavior. His coaches would have overlooked his clumsiness, their real concern was he wasn't mean enough, he didn't want to hurt anyone, didn't want to compete. When Bug Eyes was invited to try out for the track team, as a shot putter no less, he lasted three throws. If he was successful in coming out of the turn without falling, he made sure his push was restrictive, never to bring attention to himself, never to never to stand out. His period of being an uncoordinated mess largely disappeared in his early twenties. The last time he checked he stood six feet nine, weighed two hundred and ninety pounds. He was no longer big clumsy, just a little less clumsy - having spent many years practicing moving without hurting others. He navigated large spaces by moving around the edges, avoiding the middle of the room, all while his eyes served as guiding beacons.

Bug Eyes visited Pack & Pack precisely three times a week. Pack & Pack provided an unexplained comfort – on today's date his comfort and space was invaded somewhat akin to the un-forecasted storm thirty miles to the west. The cashier's smile was now accompanied by her lowering her thin frame, slightly downward (even though Bug Eyes towered over her) and then upward. She did what others never dared to do.

Mary Patricia Johnson has been employed by Pack & Pack for close to a year; a former school teacher who taught at the high school in the adjoining city. The year before, she spent six days in jail, three weeks on the front page of both cities' newspapers; every day for six months her name was buried in the minds and tongues of every adult and child in a five county radius. Her remaining in her city was not a viable option. Her moving helped some, however the smell

of the jail remained in the recesses; no amount of flushing, wiping, washing helped. Time's passage meant little.

Her work at Pack & Pack was approved by the Court, "as long as she isn't in direct supervision of minors, the Court has no objection to her employment at Pack & Pack." She refused the stocker's position; those positions meant she would have constant contact with the high school students participating in the work-study program.

Pack & Pack provides Mary Patricia with the interaction she longs. Her paycheck provides little other than survival money - all while her lawyer argues with the State's lawyers over the meaning of the deal struck. The Board of Education is also threatening to revoke her teacher's certificate, and certification and licensure in special education; even though she was told at the time of her plea both were safe.

Her charge, sexual assault: "Defendant, Mary Patricia Johnson is charged with aggravated sexual abuse of a child, to-wit: R. N., a minor, a person not her spouse, by having sexual intercourse with said minor, a person whom Mary Patricia Johnson possessed supervisory authority over, as the minor child's teacher." The indictment didn't tell her where the incident supposedly occurred nor when the offending events occurred. She never asked her lawyer to find out. Mary Patricia has never verbalized to others her view of the criminal charges against her - electing to remain silent; strangely, her parents, Marilyn May and John Reedy Johnson, have not uttered one word, also silenced.

Mary Patricia's silence was evident when the District allowed her to be arrested in the classroom. She said nothing when the officer allowed a reporter to tag along from the classroom to jail. No one questioned how the newspaper was able to get such an intimate picture of her cowering in the rear passenger seat of the patrol car. "I want to get your story out", were his

words, all while pretending to be her friend. Mary Patricia acknowledged hearing the reporter's words, by nodding, never responding; barely raising her head when the reporter moved her hair out of her face, so his photographer could obtain a better picture when Mary Patricia exited the vehicle in the jail's sally port to enter the confines of the county jail. The recurring smells and sounds of the jail became forever a part of her during the brief walk from car - through breezeway, pass the locking steel doors. Her most prominent dream remains the same - her walk through the sally port. Her dream comes as a bird's eye-view, captured from the camera hanging in the eastern portion of the jail's sally port. In her dreams, she shakes her head in disgust and pity at her image.

She was physically assaulted on day five. Her assailant was placed in her cell just before day break. All throughout the attack the assailant screaming, "This is for my cousin." Whether the assailant had a cousin who was any way related to Mary Patricia's problems - no one knew (she didn't). Mary Patricia positioned herself between the mattress and the wall, cushioning and steeling herself from the blows. The other inmates remained in the recesses saying nothing. Whether the attack was halted by the guards or her attacker grew tired of punching the mattress and wall was never determined. Ignorance also prevailed when trying to identify the attacker. No one knew anything.

"We have no such records of anyone being transferred to the cell during the night or near shift change."

"Are you sure you were attacked?"

"We have interviewed the other inmates in your cell. They have said they didn't see anything?"

Mary Patricia's lawyer found out about the assault during the bail hearing, "Why are you limping?"

“I bruised my heel.”

“How?”

“Kicking at one of the inmates?”

“You had a fight? You have to stay out of trouble if you expect to make bond.”

“I wasn’t in a fight, I was attacked.”

The papers never mentioned the assault. The jail administrator concluded, “The assault never occurred.” After Mary Patricia made bail, the child’s parents approached, wanting to apologize. “No, you don’t understand. We want to apologize.” She bowed her head, asking them in the same motion to contact her lawyer. She then immediately entered her mother’s awaiting car. Two days later R.N. showed up at her home. Mary Patricia refused to answer the door. The child doesn’t drive, can’t drive. The curtains hanging over her front door, served as her shield and cover, watching while R.N. turned repeatedly looking back towards the street, as if assuring he would not be left. R. N. is functionally illiterate, performing at a fourth grade level. The palsy affecting his left side seemed more pronounced, nervously knocking “on his favorite teacher’s door.”

The District placed R.N. in tenth grade classes, based on the child’s age, all consistent with the District’s Immersion Program. Mary Patricia was the only teacher on the panel who complained. “He needs individualized care consistent with his disabilities, not placement in a setting designed to assure his failure. I have reviewed his records; he is not yet ready for total immersion.” The District listened, but didn’t listen – R.N. was placed. During the school year, outside of Mary Patricia’s attention, R.N. received little attention from others in the District. He was placed in the corner during his second period and ignored. He never made his first and third period classes, maybe once – the student records reflect otherwise (perfect attendance); a child

undergoing successful immersion, making no mention of threats leveled by at least three known bullies. Mary Patricia expressed her additional concerns to Assistant Principal Arnold in a letter which still sits on his desk, buried under other papers, unfiled.

*Mr. Arnold:*

*I write this letter to lodge a complaint on behalf of R.N. As you well know R.N. is a special education student currently in my 4<sup>th</sup> period social studies course. I would like to set up a meeting with his Special Education Committee to discuss with the Committee modification of his special needs requirement. Sir, I have been a Special Education teacher for 15 years. I believe I have an obligation both under federal and state law to bring to the District's attention when there is a need for modification, or when additional services are required. As I discussed with you the other day in the hallway, R.N. critically needs a special needs assistant, both inside and outside the classroom (particularly transitioning from classroom to classroom). I believe the District should take on the additional expenses consistent with the child's Special Education Plan (referenced sometimes as his IEP). This is particularly so when there are indications this child is being bullied by other students. Sir, I say of this to say, R.N. has made tremendous progress in my class. I have concentrated on his reading when I have him my two blocks. He is now exceeding his exceedingly low expectations assigned to him in the district's plan. However, he still has a long way to go.*

*Please note I have also been given information the child has missed practically all, if not all, of his first and third period classes. The child is listed in the school's records as having attended these classes. If my information is correct, this is problematic for the District, as well as cheating the child. Sir, when you first assumed your position, you told the teachers yours was an open door and that we as teachers should not hesitate to contact you when there is a concern.*

*I implore you and thank you for your usual courtesies.*

*/s/ Mary Patricia Johnson*

Her lawyer to this day knows nothing about the letter.

A Special Education Committee meeting was set - as required by law. The day before the meeting criminal charges against Mary Patricia were filed at 9:00 a.m. The charges were filed outside of the normal procedure – there was no Grand Jury presentation. The complainant on the probable cause affidavit was a Karen Kaliz. Kaliz is R.N.'s first and third period teacher. Kaliz and Arnold remain lovers (so say the rumors), while remaining married to others. Mary



Patricia hated gossip - its messengers heeded her disdain, never informing, never whispering in her ear.

Arnold elected to cancel the Committee's meeting at 8:00 a.m., prior to the criminal charges being filed. At 9:45 a.m., he made three calls. The first call was to his Principal, informing him he would do the honor of removing the teacher from campus (although he had never done so in the past). Arnold's Principal knew nothing of the letter on Mr. Arnold's desk. He also has no earthly idea Mr. Arnold instructed the alteration of R.N.'s student records, reflecting his passing, no problem with attendance and no mention of bullying. Arnold's second call was to the Sheriff of Papuk County.

"Bob, I have a teacher, who I understand will be arrested his morning. I am requesting you allow Deputy Gallicia serve the arrest warrant."

"Gallicia on the night shift, isn't he?"

"Yes. I understand he is getting ready to make a move to the Detectives Bureau. When I last talked to him he wanted to collaborate more with the schools. I believe this will be wonderful opportunity for the District your Department."

"I agree, my friend. Anything I can do in the future, please call."

His third call was to Gallicia, "We have a go," confirming their conversation the night before.

Gallicia and Karen Kaliz are cousins. Kaliz provided Arnold the affidavit saying R.N. confessed to her (out-cry witness). The child's out-cry statement has never been duplicated. Others were able to get R.N. to say how much he loves Miss Mary, in a halting, stammering cry, while waving his right hand rapidly, while rocking back and forward.

"No, no, love Miss Mary."

"See, he said he loves her."

"Why would he love her?"

"It's a shame. I don't mean to curse, a damn shame."

“She has poisoned him, poor child.”

Mary Patricia taught in the District for fifteen years. Her remaining quiet was in part of the insult, all coupled with a feeling no one believed her. Mr. Arnold called her on day fifteen, “I just wanted to tell you, I support you.” Mary Patricia said nothing.

“I am sure something can be worked out to get the District off the front page. I am concerned about you, your Mom and Dad. You know my open door policy. Once the dust clears, I look forward to seeing you back in the classroom. You should not hesitate to contact me if you have a concern.”

While Mr. Arnold talked Mary Patricia could visualize her letter to him. She thought she said “huh” to herself - she didn’t. Her response was not at all to herself. What the “huh” was directed at - part, all, everything – no distinction made. Mary Patricia hung the phone up without saying another word.

Prior to her plea being taken by the Court, her lawyer repeated some of the same words as Mr. Arnold - the part about the District being on the front page, adding she could avoid losing her pension. Placing the letter – on his stationary – on the table in front of her, her lawyer told her something she never heard, “Bob Arnold and I are childhood friends and remain friends even to this day.” The lawyer’s gold watch reflected off the sun’s ray into her eyes, the reflection did not prevent her from reading the letter – nor did the closeness of his hand – nor his breath on her neck, - gnats for sure, bothersome, not near as powerful as the ever present dreams.

The letter read in part, “I’m satisfied with your law firm’s preparation, services and work performed on my behalf.” She read the letter - she didn’t read the letter, inscribing her signature while her lawyer continued to talk, his hovering caused the smell and sounds of the jail to return. The faces hiding in the recesses stared. Her bird eye’s view became clearer, crisp, clean.

The plea entailed pleading to a lesser offense (criminal negligence supervision) with an agreement all the other charges will be dismissed one year from the date of the plea. While

waiting for the judge to appear and take the bench, the lawyers stood around the well of the courtroom joking with each other, then turning to the Clerk of the Court, “the offense being plead is the same level as a traffic ticket.” They clearly wanted their conversation to be heard, both turning in Mary Patricia’s direction when mouthing their words. They said nothing about R.N.’s parents leaving a message on their voice mails prior to court.

“Please dismiss the case, nothing happened.”

Certain life realities now crowd Mary Patricia’s every day existence. Her name is forever tied to a felonious sexual assault of a minor, dismissal or not. The declared steadfast friends were no more. Her love, teaching, now seems like a distance dream, open-door policy be damned. She no longer ventures anywhere near a scale; her slender frame more willowy, haunting; skin color and tone suggesting something other than a picture of health. Her previous thin lips now long disappeared – now merely a slight demarcation between her chin and teeth – as if the same creator spent little time finishing the contours, details, hues.

Mary Patricia compares working as a cashier to hall monitoring – observing, brief repeated contact, rule violators, quick work. She has seen Bug Eyes before, “he normally walks along the southern wall, his head high, in his own world.” Mary Patricia never mentioned her observations to others; she watched him, the same as she has watched others over the last year. On today’s date Bug Eyes navigated the same path, down the wall’s edge before entering the produce section, disappearing from her sight. She didn’t notice Bug Eyes enter the store. While servicing the first person in line, she noticed a pair of unusually large hands lifting items onto the counter. She then saw Bug Eyes’ full face, recognizing him immediately.

Bug Eyes’ skin and eyes contribute to his appearing to stare into space. Bug Eyes in fact notices his surroundings, more observant than most; his work as a machinist benefits from his

Zodiac bestowed curse. He noticed Mary Patricia's flowery dress, red and yellow. He saw the mole on her right arm, the red polish on her fingers, the name inscribed on the name tag. If asked Bug Eyes could tell Mary Patricia the flowers on her dress were sun flowers (not hard for most), but also the number of the flowers gracing the front of her dress. How many gray hairs were mingled amongst the other hairs on her head; the number of lights overhead from the time he entered the store to his standing before her (153 was the number he counted); the approximate length of her hair; her approximate age – all part and parcel of Bug Eyes' daily routine, his practice – all done while seemingly staring at places and locations others were not privileged to see.

“And how are you today?”

“I'm fine.”

“Did you find everything you were looking for today?”

“I did.”

“May I say something?”

Mary Patricia didn't wait for an answer to her question. She said what she had to say anyway, even though she elected silence on most events in her life, at most she lived to get from one minute to the next. Not today however –

“I never heard a bass drum sound like a snare, have you?”

## ACT TWO - MURDERER

I requested the interview of the subject, Mary Patricia Johnson, on July 31, 2014 at 0900 hours. The interview was conducted at the Papuk County Sheriff's Department. This officer, Detective John Gallicia, assured the subject she was not under arrest, and was free to leave at any point. Subject inquired whether there was a need for a lawyer; subject was informed she was free to bring a lawyer if desired. Subject is currently not represented by counsel. The entire interview was not recorded. The tape malfunctioned during the first part of the interview.

"I just want to clear up some other questions in my mind. This should take no longer than fifteen minutes."

"Yes, sir, I understand. Sir, haven't we met before?"

"No, I don't think we have, the name is Gallicia - G-A-L-L-I-C-I-A, Detective Gallicia."

"I understand you were a victim of sexual abuse when you were a child?"

[Lapse of 45 seconds in tape before subject answered the question]

"Aaah - yes, sir; I was 13."

"Do you remember the dates, how many times, how long?"

"I can tell you the dates, the time, the number of times. I was shy, and withdrawn. You asked how long - six months, every Wednesday night at 11:30. I cried each time, begged for him to stop. Before leaving, he made me promise to 'keep our secret.' Even before the door was fully closed, I promised God, 'This will never happen again.'"

"Were you successful in keeping your promise to God?"

"No, not until Mother saw me partially clothed one day, she gasped. To this day I don't know what she saw. She took me to the doctor on the same day. Mother never told me why she carried me to the doctor, or what she saw. When we got back to the doctor she called a handy man, a lock was placed on my door. 'Lock this door every night, you hear me,' where her instructions."

"Were you pregnant?"

“I don’t think so.”

“Do you believe your mother knew what was going on?”

“I heard her and Father talking, later that night, the night after carrying me to the doctor. She was not happy.”

“Ever touch you again?”

“Physically, no; mentally, I still see his hand on my mouth; feel his face against mine; still see the street light peering, staring, ..., staring.”

“Did you follow your mother’s instructions ... to keep the door locked?”

“I ate breakfast, lunch and dinner in my room when home. I said he never touched me physically; mentally I was never alone again. The memories remained. Dreams, actually nightmares, came later. The street light still shorn through my window, a constant reminder; his odor never disappeared.”

“Did you ever ask your mother to be allowed to sleep in another room?”

“There was no other room.”

“Did you ever report what occurred to anyone else or even discuss what occurred with anyone?”

“No, I never told a soul. Never talked with Mother; the doctor – no one. Not my girlfriends, not the counselors at school.”

“When your mother took you to the doctor, did the doctor ask you about your sexual history, or any sexual contact?”

“No, didn’t say a word. He gave me, what I now understand to be a pregnancy test?”

“Doctor’s name?”

“He is now dead, Dr. Rabinsky. His office was down on Havendale in the shopping plaza.”

“How do you feel about your dad?”

“He is my father.”

“About what happened?”

“I don’t care to talk about any of this anymore.”

“I will change the subject, what was the last time you went to court on your case?”

“May 2<sup>nd</sup>. The Judge said I didn’t have to appear again. My case was dismissed two weeks later on May 16<sup>th</sup>.”

“Did you tell your lawyer about the events, the events which occurred when you were thirteen?”

“I thought you were changing the subject?”

“I am almost through, if you can bear with me. Did you tell your lawyer about the events, incidents which occurred when you were thirteen?”

“No.”

“Why?”

“My lawyer congratulated me when we were on the courthouse’s steps. I thanked him for his work and hurried to my car. As soon as I got my door closed, I started crying violently. ‘I just couldn’t. I just couldn’t.’ I couldn’t tell him and didn’t tell him.”

“An awfully long-time to harbor this type of pain internally, don’t you think?”

“I only talked about the case. I requested my lawyer obtain the child’s disability report from the District. He was able to get the report after the Judge signed an order allowing for the release. The report revealed a ‘child with above average intelligence, limited verbal skills, no physical evidence of abuse.’”

“Did you tell him about your abuse?”

“Why, because once abused, thus an abuser? Is that your conclusion?”

“Is it yours?”

“Oh, I see. Why don’t you people leave me alone? Is he dead? Yes! Am I grieving his death? No! Did I kill the man? No! If I am not under arrest, I am electing to terminate this interview.”

“I thought you might want to help us out. You are free to leave. The interview is terminating at 1018. Let’s see it is Friday, August 1, 2014. Thank you for coming down. You are free to leave.”

Tape does not reflect the entirety of interview. The witness answered "she does not recall" 25 times, evasiveness seen by this officer. Interview terminated at 1018, August 1, 2014.

**August 5, 2014, Supplemental Report:** This officer, Detective Robert Gallicia, has previous contact with the subject, having escorted her at the time of her arrest on an aggravated sexual assault of a minor. This officer had no previous information previous sexual abuse against the alleged subject, making an educated guess based upon this office's training, field experience, and specialized sexual assault/sexual abuse training. In my conversation with Assistant District Attorney (ADA) Jonas, assigned to her previous case, he informed me I was welcome to review his file. ADA Jonas also stated his file contains a letter labeled work product. Jonas recommended I review the same. This officer has not had the opportunity of reviewing the ADA's file.

On July 28, 2014, attempt to interview subject's mother was unsuccessful, with the mother instructing this officer to refer to her statement to the first officer on the scene. This officer reviewed the report, the entirety of the July 23, 2014 report, reads as follows:

"The decedent's spouse, Mary May Johnson, was interviewed at 2400 hours. She stated she had nothing else to say about the decedent's death. 'I found him dead in the second bedroom. He was shot in the head. I called the police.'"

Spouse, Mary May Johnson, is not a suspect.

**August 6, 2014, Second Supplemental Report:** This officer, Detective Robert Gallicia, has determined the spouse was not subjected to any testing by the officers at the scene. Mary May Johnson was appropriately upset, cooperative to the extent possible, once excluded as suspect the need for testing ruled out. No further attempt to contact spouse will be made. No weapons were found at the scene. There was no forced entry. The gunshot was at close range. The report mentioned no bruises on Mary May Johnson noted, no signs of a struggle in the home. Phone records of decedent and spouse were ordered and received, records are in the file, have not been reviewed.

Medical examiner noted in report, "words written on decedent's chest in blood, "secret kept". The blood was tested and determined the same blood type as decedent (Type O). Suspect claims her blood type is AB; pulled her records at District, medical records confirm as much. Medical examiner concludes decedent not the biological father of suspect. Mary May Johnson's blood type is Type B blood. Suspect is either adopted or the child of another man" - will follow up on this lead.

Additional findings: There were twelve cigarette burns on or near the decedent's penis and scrotum. Medical Examiner concluded this act was done after decedent shot; no sign of a struggle. DNA testing pending, chain of custody officer mailed this evidence to the State laboratory on July 24, 2014.



This officer has determined the day of death (Wednesday) corresponds to the day of the assaults on suspect. The Medical Examiner is still attempting to pin down the time of death. Evidence is inconclusive as to the meaning of the cigarette burns. No cigarettes or cigarette butts located on the scene. Suspect seen smoking outside the jail prior to the interview being conducted; recording for camera numbered 1007-2010 pulled for the day and time in question, determined camera not working. Work order issued to repair 1007-2010.

The subject informed this writer “she remembers the date of each assault,” admitting each assault occurred on a Wednesday for a period of six months. The decedent was killed on the same day, same bedroom of the sexual assaults of suspect. In my interview of the subject she admitted decedent wanted their secret to be kept.

**Third Supplemental Report, August 6, 2014:** Assistant Principal Arnold informed the Department the suspect’s teaching rights will be restored, effective September 1, 2014. On May 16, 2014, all previous charges were dismissed, including the misdemeanor charge, suspect successfully completed conditions of release. Decision of Board of Trustees is final. Arnold also reported, “The Department of Education’s lawyer indicated the Department has no intent to conduct any type of investigative hearing surrounding the certification and licensure of suspect.”

**Fourth Supplemental Report, August 7, 2014:** Attached to this report, for supervisor review and clearance, is the probable cause affidavit of Detective Galicia; out of the abundance of precaution and to avoid accusations of some far-flung conspiracy, it is requested a supervising officer review the affidavit and recommendation and clear prior to the transmission to the District Attorney.

**Recommendation:** After review, the suspect is deemed evasive, not fully honest, by this officer. Probable cause exists to issue an arrest warrant for Mary Patricia Johnson for the murder of John Reedy Johnson.

### *ACT THREE - Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman*

When I was a teenager I use to sit in my room and watch reruns of the sitcom Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman. The show ran in 1976-1977. I was only 4 in 1976 - thank God for syndication. I discovered the show when I was sixteen. Mary Hartman's world in the first season consisted of mass murder, adultery, venereal disease, homosexuality, and religious cults. Ultimately Mary Hartman succumbed, experiencing a nervous breakdown. Every time the show's theme song played I revisited the fictional Fernwood, Ohio, the queasiness in my stomach returning with each visit. I kept visiting, watching, living - all while the while seeking to remain intact, sane. In some sense I realized Fernwood was any town, and I too was Mary Hartman.

I don't know why I asked Regnaud what I asked, I just did. My teaching high school wasn't to avoid small children, I was avoiding teaching music. I knew nothing about the subject. My major in college was English, with a minor in psychology. My only exposure to music was in elementary school, so my asking the question I asked is confusing to me also. For some reason it struck me odd for a man his size sounding like he sounded. The same applies for me, if I emitted the sound of a tuba – see just doesn't make sense. So I asked, and so he didn't answer.

I saw a strained smile escape while paying, the same smile when exiting the store. Strangely, I think my asking is the reason he came back the next day, the next, the next. I insisted, something I never do, asking the same question, every time. He never did answer my question. However, his voice is now more pronounced, as if growing, catching up to his physical presence. Big men like Regnaud shouldn't be squeaking.

I learned his name on his third visit, May 9<sup>th</sup>. “No, not a nickname; what kind of name is Bug Eyes? Your name, I want to know your real name, the name given to you at birth. Who on

earth would dare give you such a name?” He smiled again. “I think your eyes are pretty.” I didn’t understand why his face registered shock with my commenting on his eyes, his shock was obvious. He quickened his pace, tucked his head, saying nothing else to me. Whatever I said, whatever he thought, he must have gotten over my comments – he came back the next day.

The day I pried Regnaud’s name out of him, there were two customers behind him who apparently knew each other. One purchased two of the hats we had on the back tables. She is a regular, stands 5’1” – 5’2”, approximately 30. She is a little plump with a pronounced mustache - not like a man’s mustache, a shadow. The other lady is not - a regular. She is a little taller – 5’3” – 5’4”, 50 at most, shoulder length hair (auburn), with a pronounced beauty mark on her lower right lip, in the form of a strawberry. They paid little attention to our talking. The younger lady, the regular, was too busy telling the older lady she hid the “designer hats” until they went on sale. When the regular did check out, she seemed preoccupied.

“Both of these hats are damaged.”

She took them anyway, requested no additional discount, paying, pacing the hats in a bag, not replying, or even making eye contact on her way out of the store. She cradled the bag under her right arm when exiting. I don’t think the hats were designer hats.

On May 16<sup>th</sup>, I received a call from my lawyer informing me the felony case was dismissed. I thanked him for calling. “One more matter. The Judge, on his own motion, said he saw no reason why the misdemeanor case shouldn’t be dismissed also, saying, ‘The defendant has successfully completed the terms and conditions imposed.’” He believes he has the authority to dismiss the misdemeanor. The Judge said he was going to enter an order dismissing the misdemeanor offense, unless there are objections lodged by both parties. The State strongly objects. I told the State’s lawyer I expected you would object also.”

“Why would I object?”

“Because...”

“Because what sir?”

“To be fair, a deal is a deal?”

“You are not making sense, sir. I think you know my answer.”

I was with Regnaud when the lawyer called. We were at the park down by the river. For the first time, I told Regnaud about my case. Prior to that day, I did all the asking. I was both horrified and amused by his comments about his Aunt Minnie’s behavior. He absolutely hated her comments on his size, while hugging him a little too tight. “It too will grow.” He was sixteen when he figured out what “it” was, never to hug her again, never to get close enough for her comments. He told me he celebrated Aunt Minnie’s death. He laughed. I laughed. After my lawyer’s call, our conversations changed - Regnaud did the asking.

The last time I saw my father was May 9<sup>th</sup>. He showed up the courthouse for the first time. I said nothing to him; he said nothing to me - until we were outside.

“You did the right thing. No child should be put in the position of having to testify. You were right to resolve your case. ‘Spare the child.’”

“You’re expressing concern for child. ‘Spare the child?’”

“Yes, spare the child.”

A reporter was standing about ten feet to our right. He was the same reporter who was allowed to ride along with me the day I was arrested. He was with the officer who arrested me in the classroom, Galicia. They were talking at the time, but stopped talking. I watched them turn our direction and listen. Galicia is the deputy who interviewed me on August 1st. When I asked him about ever meeting him, he did what my students use to say, “He played stupid.” There were six lawyers to our left standing approximately thirty feet away; four men, two

females. Two of the lawyers worked for the school district. We rode down together in the elevator. The male lawyer wore the same suit he wore during the administrative hearing the district conducted to decide whether I stayed in the classroom pending my sexual assault charges. His suit had a small hole on the right leg, rear pocket, approximately a quarter of an inch below the hem of his coat, situated between the pin strips. I believe he believes his jacket covers the hole. Why he didn't have the cleaners repair his pants, I don't know. The other district lawyer is about my size, a size two ... well my current size ... I use to be six. I am now a two. We are the same height (5'7"), our color looks the same; she has a face which is severely sunken, more than mine. When I saw her in the courtroom, later in the elevator, I thought to myself, "I know my excuse, what's hers?" I can't tell you what they heard, all while pretending not to be listening.

Honestly, I remember exactly what I said. I told him, "You shouldn't have come." I didn't say anything about my childhood friend, Julie. Her family moved shortly after her father complained to the elders about him, my father. The elders came to visit one day. I had my suspicions. I didn't tell him what part of the conversation I heard from my room. "We have handled the problem. We have asked the family to leave the church." I didn't mention spending every day of my teenage years looking for hidden cameras in my room, under the toilet, the shower. I dressed in the closet until I left that house. I said nothing about my knowing why Mary never spent the night again (she saw his eyes peeping in the bathroom). None of my other friends ever visited again. I stood in the middle of the courthouse square, screaming as loud as I could, "You shouldn't be here. You shouldn't have ever come. Shame on you, I wish you were dead!" I am sure everyone thirty yards of where we stood in the square heard my screams, my words.

He, Father, turned, grabbed Mother by her hand and headed off in the other direction, walking between the reporter and the Detective, splitting them. I left hurriedly in the opposite direction, now intent on not being late for work. Those were my last words to my father. Mother called me the day before his death; she said little to me, a conversation long forgotten. She also called me the day she found his body. I told all this to Regnaud and more, a man whom I only know for a few months. I have had more conversation with Regnaud about more than I have had with my father my entire life. He a man who is over hundred pounds heavier, a foot taller than my father ... they say we are attracted to men who remind us of our fathers ... hardly.

I was arrested on August 8, 2014, the charge murder. Regnaud bonded me out within hours. Mother called me the same day and wondered out loud “why did you bond out so soon, wouldn’t it have been better to save the money.” I asked what on earth was she talking about, the silence which existed between us revisited.

“What are you talking about Mother, the bond was actually lower than the last case, and you didn’t have to spend a dime.”

Her rocking on the old pine floors allowed the silence to be broken. Her breath seemed measured, when she finally did speak, her words seemed so familiar - “Seems to me none of this is ever going to end; when are they going to leave us alone. We are a private family, our business is our business. We take care of our own. We don’t deserve of any of this. He is dead. Your father wouldn’t want this type of attention being brought on his family, upon him.” When she finished I saw the credits for Mary Hartman move across the screen.

Mother discovered Father’s body on July 23, 2014. Mother said she called me immediately. “I found your Father after I came in from revival services, he is dead.” She didn’t tell he had been shot, or anything else, “he is dead.” She wasn’t crying then, I have not heard her cry since. The same emotion I have always seen from her (none). After she told me Father was

dead, I saw Dr. Rabinsky's pale hands slide into his gloves prior to examining me. Mother terminated our conversation, not by her words - her phone number disappeared from my screen. Our connection was no more.

My arrest was reported on in the papers, and on social media – “her bond was made by a machinist.” “Reginald Senegal” – changing Regnaud’s first and last name. His comment on the posts, “Better than Bug Eyes, I guess.”

“Rapist, Murderer” – while at the same time mentioning nothing of the previous case being dismissed entirely. “The defendant’s bond was posted within hours” – the caption posted over a picture of us walking away from the jail. The same picture was also uploaded on social media, posting by the time we settled into Regnaud’s car. Fortunately, no one was able to get a full shot of Regnaud putting his hands over my mouth – stopping me. All I got out - “I didn’t” - not what I wanted to say - “I didn’t kill my father, I wish I had.” Regnaud’s mass and width of hid me from everyone’s view, while muffling me at the same time. He then somehow turned me effortlessly, placing his hand on my right shoulder; somewhat like controlling a spinning top, grabbing my left hand, gently, pulling, directing me away from the reporters, photographers, and gathering crowd of onlookers – some holding their phones aloft toward the spectacle playing out before them. With head aloft, big pretty eyes full mast, lips moist and pulsating, he emitted a now resounding bass - “Mary Patricia, Mary Patricia you don’t argue with fools, Aunt Minnie, or anyone with a foot size smaller than size 18.” Even though he repeated his words twice, I understood only part of what he said - which is good enough. Mary Hartman accompanied us as we walked, playing with her ponytail, wondering out loud, “What’s next?”