

## **Randy's Friend Carmel Reminisces about Their Friendship**

Well Randy, here is the start to my remembrances of you which are always very intense—but will probably shed light on what happened around the time of your attack. Some of these memories may be painful for you to hear, but they are part of your past and coming to grips with it will help you become a better person.

When I first met you and you hired me to help out at the store, I remember you striding in at full speed looking like something out of a magazine—well dressed, tanned and with an amazing charisma. You didn't say much to me and I thought you were a bit of a snob.

After a couple of days though, you started chatting more. Some days you would be in a good mood—and sometimes you were like a caged bear looking for mistakes or something to shout about. You were always nice to me, though, and complemented me on my appearance and education. You told me you were Italian!!!

We all got along really well in the store and you, Sian and I had lots of laughs. I came to realize that you had a wicked sense of humor, but you could also be very scathing if someone crossed you.

You were a total womanizer and a bit disrespectful to the women you dated. I remember a little Mexican girl who used to work for you and you talked about what you did to her in quite graphic detail. Then you'd laugh and say you gave her clothes and things to "keep her happy."

It was around that time that a girl came in with her friend and got to chatting with me. Her name was Ljza and she was moaning because there were no "decent wealthy men" around. I laughed and said the only one around was you—and that maybe you two should hook up. When you came in later, I told you about her. I said that she left the store to go to a bar around the corner, and that you should meet her as she seemed like a nice girl. Well, it worked out, and you did hook up (although you carried on seeing loads of other girls!) but it seemed that you liked her a lot. You made her your manager and you seemed a great pair.

When I went back to Spain you came and visited me, and you had a great time, stayed out way later than me and even went to a local brothel! You were quite a heavy drinker but I put that down to being on holiday. I recall that you came into my room one night and hit on me—but we didn't go the whole way because I said that we were better off just being friends. I really liked you and didn't want to jeopardize our friendship by sleeping with you.

Later, I introduced you to a friend of a friend and you got together with her in a doorway in the street where there were passers by! She was married but a bit of a slapper!

You always said you were dead against drugs but I always had a sneaking suspicion that you were taking something. You said you were "hyper" because you had ADD but it didn't seem to be the only reason. You went on to Paris to visit family then.

On my next trip to Laguna you had opened a few more businesses but did not spend too much time at them apart from checking stock, cash and women. You always had a two-way mirror and I would laugh at you when a nice looking girl came in because I knew that you would dive out immediately to serve her.

You were going through a bad patch with Liza and had split up. Sometimes she would come into the store and ask me if you had asked about her; then she said that you were

“stalking her” in your car. You said that you really cared for her but that she had a “psycho side” to her personality and could get very volatile.

You started seeing a girl that worked in a local gallery, I can't remember her name but she was very pretty. She had no boobs though, and you said that if you got together with her she would “have to have a boob job.” It all went wrong somehow and you sent her flowers one day. She came into the store and said you were bugging her and that she had a boyfriend who would not be too happy about it.

After that, you decided to go to Cabo San Lucas with Liza and give it a go again. She had started up her own business and you suspected that she had stolen your ideas, your clients and your suppliers but you were still willing to try again.

Randy, you were always saying that you wanted to get married to a nice girl and have a family and that you were only messing around until you found the right one. I think you may have had hopes for Liza, but after seeing the way you were obsessing with each other, it was a bit worrying.

You went to Cabo and called me almost immediately to say that you two had a fight and that Liza was coming back. You decided to stay a few more days with your mom. I was due to go back to Spain just after that and you said that you would give me a return ticket if I would come back and help you out at the store again as you felt you could not trust anyone anymore.

You came back from Mexico but didn't come into the store or contact me. I called you on the day I was leaving and said that I was going in a couple of hours—and that you should come down and discuss my return. You didn't come and I called again. You sounded groggy and said you hadn't called because you had left your phone in the garage. I asked if you were okay and then said you had better get your act together as I couldn't wait around. You said you were tired and would be down soon, but you never came. Finally I had to leave. After getting back to Spain I heard that you had been attacked. Why did you not say anything on the phone?

I always remember once when you and I went to a restaurant, and when dropped me at home you were a bit drunk and shouted “I love you, Carmel, but you have to stay out of my life, it's not right for you!”

I have always had a strange understanding of you. I have seen you at your worst: drunk, crying, and angry. You told me things about your life and your past that you had never told anyone. I am sad you could not be truthful with me about the drugs, and about what must have been going on in your life to get yourself attacked.

I am even sadder and angrier that you did not say anything to me on the phone! Maybe if you had I could have come over and might have helped you, but I didn't know where you lived. I never even got to say goodbye, my friend.

One day I am sure you will remember everything and I hope that my letter helps you fill in a few gaps.

You can always speak to me Randy, no matter what it is about!

Love you!

Carmel

*(Carmel didn't realize that when she called Randy and he seemed “groggy,” he had already been attacked, but did not realize the extent of his injuries. -Editor)*