

Have you ever had one of those moments? Like you're on top of the world. Everything is perfect. Nothing could knock you down. And then it's like someone just pulls the rug out. Everything falls at once.

I felt like I was riding a lift and the cables snapped. I had that feeling in my gut. Like I was falling at terminal velocity. It was the worst feeling of my life.

*[Pause]*

It took me a bit to recover from the initial shock. I remember the silence was just... deafening.

I dropped the phone, rushed to my room, broke down and cried... desperately.

I had lost her. What did I have left?

She was sixty. It's got to be the worst time possible to... to...

*[He starts to cry]*

Her brother lived out of county. I saw him once after that to say goodbye.

Some things are impossible to forget, you can only put them in a corner where they cannot hurt you too much.

How can I stop loving her? How can I forget

*[Pause]*

Life started to get harder after that. I could not fight Life; she was too strong for me, too despicable. Never have I ever been able to defeat her. And I found in drugs the only way to escape from her. The only way to create a piece of world that would be only mine, a place she could not access.

Gradually that little corner where I was safe from life started to become my only world. I didn't want to see life ever again. I didn't want to know how she was, a mess. I found peace and safety. Tears were not allowed in my world.

I wanted my beloved Mary to be still alive. She didn't have to die. I wanted to look for her. And I actually started to. But I happened to be in Johnny's house. That's when I understood I got lost in my own thoughts among dark Satanic Mills.

Reality and fiction became so alike that from that moment on, I've not been able to tell them apart.

*[Sighing, goes off stage]*