

RECONSIDER ME

MY LIFE AND TIMES WITH WARREN ZEVON

RAE MURPHY

CHAPTER I

Tonight I was working the evening shift at Wild Bill's Bar. The Hell's Angels were in the bar with several other customers. The Angels had made our establishment one of their frequent hangouts. Wild Bill's was definitely named accurately, because it could get truly wild and crazy. I never knew what to expect any night of the week.

The bikers in the bar this night included Michael, the leader of the Hell's Angels. He was just a little taller than me, at 5'6", but commanded the other bikers with an easy confidence. Michael was usually calm and laid back. He watched over me much like a big brother would.

The second-in-command was a brooding American Indian whose name was Johnny Raincloud. He was often edgy and had a treacherous look about him. Johnny had a way of looking at you as though he was looking right through you.

Among the other bikers was a huge man who was called Bear. Even though Johnny Raincloud was usually in his own world, of dark places and people; he seemed to enjoy watching as Michael ordered Bear to drink his beer and then eat the bar glass.

Bear gulped the beer down and then proceeded to take a bite out of his glass chewing and swallowing it. He was quite happy to be the

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entertainment for those around him. When Bear was performing it was one of the few times I remember seeing Johnny Raincloud with a grin on his face.

Most times when the Angels were in the bar Johnny was hanging out with them partying as usual. When he wasn't with the Angels, exactly what he was up to was anybody's guess. I had heard rumors about the bodies that might be buried in places that not even the Angels wanted to talk about.

The Hell's Angels took up half of the bar this particular evening. They were challenging each other to see which man could drink beer more rapidly than the others. This kept me busy running back and forth from their table and then to the bar to refill the pitchers. I couldn't complain much, the tips were coming in steady.

Two men came in and sat down at the bar. One of them had long reddish hair and the other man was quite tall and thin as a rail, with dark hair.

The red haired person ordered a Bloody Mary.

I said, "I have the bloody part but not the Mary".

He smiled and said okay. The other man ordered a beer on tap.

The red haired guy walked outside and then back into the bar. He had a bottle of vodka and began pouring it into the frosty glass of tomato juice I had served.

I could not believe what I was seeing. I thought I had seen it all with the Hell's Angels in the bar just about every night, playing

poker, drinking our taps up and smoking themselves out. Including some bloody fights out in the parking lot on more nights than I wanted to remember.

"Excuse me," I said to the red haired moron. "What in the hell do you think you are doing?"

"I'm adding more kick to my drink." He said.

"Hey stop pouring that shit, will you!" I said, "We are licensed to serve beer and wine only in here."

"You don't know who I am, do you?"

"No, and I don't care, so get out and take that vodka with you."

I stood my ground and looked at him with my best hard-assed stare. It was difficult to see his eyes in the dim light of the bar because his eyeglasses were darkly tinted. In the back of my mind I couldn't help thinking who or what is hiding behind them!?

"If I bring my guitar in and sing a song just for you will you let me stay and drink beer?"

"Hell no, because you are going to leave and take that liquor with you." I said. Then the glass with the tomato juice and vodka was poured down the drain.

"Give me a break will you? I'm dying of thirst. I'll have whatever my partner there is drinking. I'll be right back." He swaggered out of the front door like someone who is really important in his world. However, he certainly didn't make a damn bit of difference in mine.

I looked over at the table where the Angels were playing poker. I could see that Michael was keeping an eye on these two. They were not regular customers and I knew that Michael was suspicious of most non regulars who came through the door. Especially if one of them might be giving me a hard time.

The guy with the tinted glasses, long hair and fuzzy face brought in the most raggedy-assed guitar I had ever seen. It looked like someone had played El-Kabong with it and the colored strap was frayed and almost completely worn out.

He asked me if I would turn the juke box off for a short time and I obliged, thinking he would most likely make a fool out of himself and give the rest of the bar a reason to boo him out of the place. Then we could all have one hell of a laugh at his expense.

He pulled one of Wild Bill's chairs out from a table and sat it straight in front of where I stood behind the bar. He looked dead center at me and started strumming a Latin tune: **Carmelita**.

It seemed that everyone and everything around us disappeared when he was singing that song. He and I were all alone with the music and I was beginning to feel quite strange. I will never forget the look on his face when he was singing to me, a look that said he would like to brush his lips against my hair and hold me gently, with my soft warm skin touching his.

When he had finished strumming the last chords he gave the guitar a few quick drum taps. He then sat back down at the bar with his buddy. I stood on the other side of the bar trying to look very aloof, even though my heart was ever so slightly skipping a beat.

"Miss, could you come over here for a minute?" The guitar playing man said.

I walked over and stood in front of him. He took his glasses off, and he leaned in toward me while looking me right in the eyes. His eyes were shockingly green, reflecting the green in his shirt.

He raised his left eyebrow and said, "How was that? Think I could have a beer, for the song?"

I raised my left eyebrow right back at him and said, "Only if you pay for it, because that song won't buy you a damn thing in here. If you don't like it, eat me!"

He looked surprised that an innocent looking girl would say such a thing to him. I was even more annoyed with him now, because I was beginning to feel something for this strange man and that was the last thing I wanted to do, ever.

"Yummy, sounds good to me," He said

Just then, Michael came up to the bar and ordered two more pitchers of beer. He stood one bar stool over from the guitar playing man and was giving him an icy stare.

I took a moment to turn the juke box back on thinking that it might distract my patrons from any violent acts that might be imminent.

I filled a frosty mug full of beer and sat it in front of the red haired guy. Then I filled two pitchers for Michael and put them on a tray so I could take them to the table.

“No, babe,” Michael said. “I’ll carry them over; looks like you are busy here at the bar.” He continued to stand there and stare at the red haired man. The red haired man ignored him and took a drink of his beer.

“Hey.” Michael said, “Aren’t you some kind of musician, Warren Zevon, right?”

Warren looked over at Michael and said, “Sometimes I am, sometimes I’m not.”

“You don’t need to be a smart ass.” Michael said.

Warren looked at me and said, “Give those bikers a couple of pitchers on me.”

Michael looked at him with a smirk on his face. “Fuck you man, we don’t need no half ass musician to buy our drinks. You can shove those pitchers. And you had better be real polite to this lady here. Anything else will be your ticket out of here the hard way, both of you fuckin’ freaks.”

I looked at Michael and said, “Please, don’t come up to the bar and start shit with my customers, come on man.

Mike took the pitchers of beer off the tray and walked back over to their tables. I could see that he was talking to Johnny Raincloud about our new patrons, because they kept looking over towards the bar. I was hoping that they weren’t making some sort of plan to possibly hurt somebody.

The guitar man did not seem to be bothered by the bikers at all. He smiled at me, took his wallet out of his pocket and handed me a \$10 bill. He said, “Keep the change; you deserve the tip for even working in a place like this.”

I hoped that the “eat me” remark had slipped his mind.

CHAPTER 2

As the evening wore on I played the jukebox with dollar bills the Angels were tossing my way. Warren and his buddy tossed some to me also for the jukebox. Some of them I shoved into my pocket, thinking that with some of these dollar bills I could buy groceries for a week.

The red haired guitar man told me his name was Warren Zevon. His friend seemed obliged to introduce himself as Norman. Warren asked me what my name might be and I refused to tell him. He seemed to think it would be hip to make a guessing game to see if they could come up with my name. I was becoming annoyed by both of them and their dim-witted name game, anyway.

I walked over to the jukebox and turned the music up loud enough so that I didn't have to hear them from my side of the bar.

The stepping outside for toking on who knows how many joints had been a part of that evening too, more than once for all of them.

The Hell's Angels had already given me the low down on all I needed to know about marijuana and I had sampled their product more than a few times.

Not my problem if people wanted to go outside and do drugs. They were out of the building so it was not my responsibility.

It seemed they took turns with the Angels. The two patrons would go out for ten minutes or so and then a few of the Angels would take turns going out for a smoke.

After two more hours of drinking on the part of all my patrons and a few glasses of wine for me, it was finally two A.M. and I announced last call. By the time I had the inside lights off and the doors locked Warren and his buddy were standing in the parking lot next to a little white station wagon. I couldn't figure out why they didn't get in their car and get the hell out of there.

The Angels were outside standing in a group near the motorcycles.

'You gonna be alright Rae?' Michael said as he and Johnny Raincloud walked up to me, standing by my car.

'Of course, I'm going straight home.' I said.

Unexpectedly, Johnny Raincloud got in Warren's face and said, 'You know man, your fuckin' music sucks. Only pussies and fags would listen to that kind of shit. So don't come here on our turf thinking you can walk around like you're somebody, cause you are a fuckin' nobody here.'

Warren looked up at Johnny. The Indian must have been at least a foot taller than he was. Warren took his glasses off and handed them to Norman.

He said, 'If we're gonna rumble then let's go one on one. I don't think all you dudes want to jump two guys. Especially with this lady standing here. A lady should not be subjected to such violence, anyway.'

Michael said, 'It's not worth it Raincloud, unless you feel like spending more time in the county jail. What about Rae, she has a son to take care of and I am sure she would like to leave here with peace of mind, man.'

Johnny looked at me and for once he actually appeared to see me. He said, 'Yeah, fuckin' A. Sorry Rae, it's just that these little rich pricks piss me off.'

'Okay,' I said. 'I am leaving now. Make my night by roaring those motorcycles safely out of here.'

Michael nodded at Johnny and they headed toward their bikes. The others who had been huddled together planning on who was going to beat the hell out of who got on their bikes, too.

I was happy to see them disappear, roaring down the main drag.

I looked at Warren and Norman and said, 'Where are you two headed, close by I hope?'

'Nada we are headed to LA.' Said the guitar man.

My heart took a dive.

I said, 'No, hold on a minute. Why don't you follow me home and you two can sack out in my living room. Umm,' I hesitated for a moment realizing I had just invited two strange people to my home, 'You have met my friends, who should discourage you from doing anything stupid. I also have a Louisville slugger.'

The two men looked at each other, Warren nodded okay to me, and then he got behind the wheel. Norman flipped the passenger door handle a few times and finally managed to get into the car.

I was in my old blue Buick and proceeded to watch for cop cars as these two idiots began to ride my ass in that little station wagon, all the way to my house on Juniper Street.

I sighed to myself as I pulled into the little carport. What the hell, I thought; they could not possibly have enough energy to pull any stunts. They had better not make a mess in my house because if that was the case, I would make sure that Michael found out about it.

When we all got into the house, and I made sure the front door was locked. I pulled blankets and pillows out of my bedroom closet and threw them on the couch.

“Okay, one on the sofa, one on the chair or the floor if you prefer. Please do yourselves a favor and don’t try anything stupid. You’re welcome to briefly use my bathroom. You can help yourselves to anything in the refrigerator but please don’t make a mess.”

“Your name is Rae right?” Warren said, “How do you spell that?”

I thought that was a strange question to ask at this time of the morning when I was exhausted from working my ass off all evening, but I answered him. “R A E.”

Then I said, “Now, if there isn’t anything else I am going into my room. Have a good sleep.”

I went into my room and locked the door. I didn’t want to hear anything else they might have to say. It was all quite enough for one evening.

CHAPTER 3

When I woke up the next day I wasn't looking forward to walking out into the living room. I was quite surprised that my impromptu guests had folded the blankets up neatly and put the pillows on top. Everything had been stacked on the sofa. A note had been left on the coffee table.

It said, Thank you Rae, sweet lovely lady. You are a woman of quality and I appreciate that. Please accept my phone number. If you do not reach me please leave a message. I would very much like to see you again. Peace and Love, Warren Zevon.

Hmm, I thought, that will never happen. I crumbled the piece of paper up and threw it into the kitchen trash bin.

Thanks for the thought Mr. Warren Zevon. I had never heard of this man and beyond the wild raised eyebrow trick, along with the song being....promising. I didn't feel the need to see him again.

He was not part of my plan. I had a four year old son to pick up and take to the park that day. The rest of my day was filled with activities that included our little family.

Life on Juniper Street in sunny California was peaceful. My son and I celebrated his fifth birthday with a party. The neighborhood

kids, a cake and ice cream along with a new Big Wheel. All of which had made for an exciting time for, my son, Tony.

At the end of the day, my little one was completely exhausted so I gave him a quick bath and helped him on with his PJ.'s. I had him settled down under the covers when I heard someone knocking on my front screen door.

The front door had been left open to let any cool August air in, but the screen door was locked. I headed out to the living room to answer the door. When I looked through the screen I was completely taken off guard when I could see the red haired guitar man standing there. I had never planned to see him nor his quirky eyebrow again.

“What?” I said through the door, “Do you want?”

“I’d like to talk to you or take you somewhere. May I come in?”

“No,” I said. Then I quickly shut the door and locked it.

I sat down on the sofa and held my now aching head in my hands; trying to get my thoughts together.

Coming from outside the window I could hear a guitar strumming and his voice singing obnoxiously loud, “There’s a certain girl I’ve been in love with for a long, long time...” I flung the door open and pulled him inside. My landlady lived next door and I did not want to be thrown out on my ass, especially with a small child.

We were standing there, in my living room, looking at each other. He had his dark glasses off, and I couldn’t help but think maybe he had decided to stop hiding for awhile. And then, I have no idea how it happened, but he had his arms around me and lifted me right up off the floor and kissed me.

I felt as though we had both been caught up into a surreal dream. We drifted into my bedroom and into the night we held each other as though we had both been lost for a very long time and had at last been found.

The next morning I was extremely relieved that my bedroom door was locked because little Tony was up watching TV at the crack of dawn. I could hear the television through the bedroom door, along with the sound of a little boy strumming on an old guitar.

Warren was still asleep and pulled me closer against him. I playfully blew in his ear trying to wake him. He opened his eyes squinting at me and then he smiled, the most perfect smile I had ever seen. Then a change came over his face and the smile went away as he had obviously heard Tony in the living room.

He said, “What the hell, what is that noise out there, is that your boyfriend?”

“Right, and he just turned five, Zevon, and actually, he is my son.”

“Oh shit, I wouldn’t have stayed all night if I had known. Why didn’t you tell me?”

“Really, you hardly gave me a chance to take a breath, let alone tell you my life story.”

He gave me the raised eyebrow again and naturally he got it right back. Then I put my robe on and picked up his jeans, tossing them in his general direction.

“Out please, you have done enough damage here!” I said.

Little Tony was not accustomed to visitors with mom in her room. He looked at us both with surprise when we walked into the living room.

His curiosity about the musical instrument that was left out overnight took over as he looked up at the man with the messy red hair and said, "Hey, is this your guitar?"

Warren looked at me seemingly pleading for some kind of guidance. I simply looked back at him and smiled. I was enjoying the fact that this man would soon be having a conversation with a little five-year-old who was going on thirty.

"Yep, little guy, this is my real old guitar."

"My name is not little guy. It's Anthony. Hey, do you know the Eagles and Kiss?"

"Well, I have worked with a lot of bands, just not those bands in particular."

"I betcha I'll be in a band someday," Said little Tony.

I took over the conversation, "Tony, this is my buddy Warren. Be nice to him he's not feeling very well today."

Little Tony held out his right hand to shake the man's hand, looking up at him with those big baby blues. They shook hands which made Warren smile and when he smiled little Tony smiled back. Simply, all too cute.

"Hope you start feeling better Mr. Warren," Tony said.

"Yep, I appreciate that." He hesitated for a moment, glancing over at me. "If your mom will let me stop by again, maybe I can bring you an instrument to play, not a toy one, but a real one. If I do that, what instrument would you prefer?"

Tony's eyes got big and he said one word, "Guitar".

I gestured toward the front door. Warren picked up the old guitar from where my son had put it back in the same spot from where it had been left the night before.

Then I walked with him out of the front door and to his car.

I said, "If I let you come back here to see me you had better keep your promise to my son."

"Of course I will, Rae."

He cocked that eyebrow at me one last time. All too soon he gave me one last delicious kiss. I didn't care if my landlady could see what was going on or not and all of the neighbors lining up to get a good view of what was going on in my driveway would not have stopped that kiss.

I waved goodbye as he backed that little white station wagon out of the driveway. I wondered if I would ever see him again. Achingly and unexpectedly, my heart turned over as I watched him drive away.

CHAPTER 4

I was a bit amazed when Warren called a few days later and invited Tony and I out on a Saturday night. He assured me that his friend, who was a very safe driver, would pick us up and take us to Los Angeles. Warren said he would be playing in a band and he wanted us to see the show.

I was not expecting a limo to pull up in front of my house. The driver came up to the front door and introduced himself as Frank. He then escorted me and my little boy out to the long-black vehicle that was parked in front of our house.

I had worn a shimmery black mini dress with black heels. My long blonde hair was curled and hung almost to my waist. Tony looked quite the young gentleman in his white dress shirt, dark blue jeans and a new modern cap. Amazingly, we were riding in the back of a big black limo. While we rolled down the freeway I put my arm around my son, he looked up and gave me the gaze of a very astonished and happy boy.

Frank was very talkative. He told us more information than we needed to know about his kids and ex-wife. He was doing his best to be very kind to his slightly dazed passengers.

When we arrived in front of the club Frank handed the keys to a young man in a red blazer who was apparently parking cars. Then he escorted Tony and me into a weird, wild and crowded nightclub.

The people around us were an interesting looking crowd. Many had long hair, male and female. Most times you couldn't tell who was which. I didn't really care about the people around us. It was great to be out and having the opportunity to listen to a rock band.

Frank took us to a table toward the front of the stage. It looked like all the tables in the nightclub were taken except this one that had a black and white lettered sign on it: Reserved.

Frank took the sign from the table. He said, "What would you like to drink?"

I said, "I'll have a tall glass of white wine and for Tony a coke would be fine."

The band was already on the stage. My son was sitting in amazement, fascinated by the equipment and the sounds the musicians were making tuning their instruments and doing amp checks.

The band started the evening by playing a backbeat to **Werewolves of London**. There was a loud drumroll, and then a deep pitched man's voice announced, "Here he is, Warren Zevon!"

A multicolored spotlight strobed on the red haired man, but this time he was strumming a fabulous black guitar. He was clean shaven, and wore his long penny-colored locks combed back into a ponytail. The man looked incredibly handsome, dressed in a resplendent blue brocade jacket with a black shirt beneath, along with black pants. A chill went down my spine.

Tony could not keep his eyes off the band. I could not keep my eyes off the singer. Then we were both completely swept away by the music.

Certain Girl was the first song of the evening. Nice. (What's her name, I can't tell ya!) It seemed to me that he was looking in our direction during all of that song and several of the others.

The band had finished their first set of music. They were taking a break. That's when I noticed that Tony's eyes were beginning to droop. Although he was trying to fight sleep, his little head kept dropping on my shoulder. I put my arm around him so that he could rest more comfortably.

I asked the waitress to find Frank, our driver. He soon came to the table and picked up the sleeping child to be carried out to the limo. As he gently put my son into the back seat he said, "Sorry you didn't get to see the whole concert, Miss Rae."

He handed a brown package back to me and seeing the size and shape of it, I knew it was for my son. "The nightclub manager wanted to make sure that you receive this package." Frank said.

I was fascinated by Warren's performance and his appearance that night. Then it occurred to me that he surely had a woman or even several women in his life. Too many intimate details came back to me, as a certain girl, in a certain way. I knew Warren in a way that I didn't plan on ever knowing him again. Thank you and goodnight Mr. Warren Zevon. It's been real and it's been nice, but then I found out it had not been real nice.

CHAPTER 5

I was five months pregnant the next time I saw the red haired man. It had become clear to me during those nauseating months that the pill was not 100% effective.

I was still working at Wild Bill's, but now I was wearing long loose fitting tops and thought it was not easy to see I was expecting. Unless one looked very closely.

I was not happy to see the guitar man walk in on a Sunday night at around midnight. My friend Michael was there with Johnny Raincloud and a few of their cohorts. More than several motorcycles were lined up in the front parking lot of the bar. Fair warning for Mr. Zevon not to come in. However, he barely glanced at the leather clad group as he walked straight into the bar. All of his attention was focused precisely on me, standing behind the bar.

“May I have a glass of that great tomato stuff you serve here, Miss?”

“Why, do you have some vodka on you or are you mending your ways?”

“I might be convinced to mend my ways with the right girl, or lady, if you prefer.”

“You might want to think about leaving after you drink this tomato juice,” I said as I took the pitcher out of the cooler and poured him a glass. “Because it seems that the Hell’s Angels over there are looking at you quite strangely.”

“Miss Rae, I am not afraid of any of them. I am more afraid of you. Would you join me for breakfast when you get off this evening?”

“No.”

“What?”

“You heard me. I said no, and fuck you.”

“Fuck me? I am not aware of what I did to piss you off. Would you like to tell me?”

“Did you think I was sitting around waiting for you to show up? It has been quite awhile since I have seen or talked to you. Did it ever occur to you that I might have a boyfriend or two, by now?”

“I hadn’t really thought about it, sorry, my mistake.” His voice wandered off. He took his glasses off and started absentmindedly wiping the lenses with a bar napkin, trying to avoid eye contact with me.

I walked out from behind the bar, and over to the biker’s table. They were playing poker, using cash on the table and of course not giving a damn that it was so obviously illegal.

Michael said, “What’s going on lady, anything I can help you with?”

“I have an unbearable headache,” I said, “And it just happens to be sitting over there on that bar stool. Not only that, every Freakin’ red hair in his head is pissing me off.”

Michael looked over at Johnny Raincloud and nodded his head. Johnny looked back at Michael and then glanced up at me. He walked over to the red haired man.

Warren was facing away from the bar and toward the front door. He looked over at Johnny as he walked over to him. He put his glasses gently down on the bar. The smaller, shorter man stood up and faced the biker who was a tall and muscular man.

Warren said, “Looks like you have a good game going on over there.”

Johnny Raincloud looked down at him, and as he did so he tossed a coin up in the air, it hit right in front of the other man’s drink on the bar Johnny said, “Here’s a quarter, Zevon. I’m going to give you a chance to call somebody to come here and pick your dead carcass up out of the parking lot. Because I’m gonna beat the holy hell out of you. Then those bitchin’ machines out front will run over what is left of your sorry ass and completely annihilate you.”

Warren looked up at Johnny Raincloud and said, “I didn’t expect to live forever anyway, man, and that would sure as hell make for an interesting way to go out. However, if any of you care about this little blonde haired girl here, you might want to think twice before you fuck me up. The reason she looks a little plump might have something to do with a night we spent together a few months back.”

He said it so loudly that everyone in the bar heard it. My face burned red hot, as I ducked into the back room. After I took a few deep breaths I forced myself to go back into the barroom. I administered to myself the only medication available; a tall glass of white wine, and sat down on my stool. All the while the jukebox played Hotel California, yet again.

From where I sat I could see that Johnny Raincloud was standing in the same spot staring at Warren in disbelief. Then he looked over at me and stared at my midsection.

He walked back over to Michael and the rest of the group and said, "Let's get the hell out of here. I know where there's a party going on and if not, we can sure as hell make one happen."

Michael nodded his head towards me. I could see the compassion in his eyes as he smiled, trying to convey to me that everything would be all right.

Then Michael cleared his throat in agreement with Johnny. He stood up and started putting his leather coat on. The rest of the group did the same. The cash that had been on the table quickly disappeared as the group finished putting their gear on and headed out the door.

Several of Michael's followers were already outside and I could hear a few loud chopper engines revving up.

Johnny Raincloud took the pitcher of beer from the now empty table, it was half full, he chugged it down. He slammed the empty container down on the table loudly. Then he sneered at my red-haired headache with his two evil dark brown eyes.

Michael said, "Let's go find that party dude; this shit ain't none of our business."

Johnny continued to stand there and glare at Warren with those fiendish eyes.

The red-haired man stood his ground and stared back at the Indian without even flinching. Michael was at the door, waiting on Johnny, but Johnny wasn't moving.

Michael said in a voice that echoed loudly in the almost empty barroom, "Let's go man." Johnny looked towards Michael, but he had to have the last word.

He stood in front of Warren again. He stuck his leather gloved finger into Warren's face and said, "Motherfucker, if you hurt her, we will hurt you. What Junkie George gave your buddy, Hunter Thompson, will seem like a tea party compared to the fuckin' pain we will inflict upon you."

Then he jerked his hand over to the bar to pick up his quarter. He walked over to the table and yanked his coat up from his chair, threw it over his shoulder and stomped out of the bar behind Michael.

In a few moments I could hear the thundering roar of the Hell's Angels death vehicles. Then the sound grew distant as they drove down the main drag.

I made sure I was busy washing glasses because I had nothing left to say, especially to this redhaired man who had made things way too difficult for me at this stage of my life. More difficult than I had ever expected them to be. It didn't help that too many people now knew my business.

Warren literally jumped over the bar and insisted on putting his arms around me. At first I resisted and pushed him away. When he persisted on holding me I gave in and held on to him. After I had let go of what seemed like a sea of tears, I broke free from his grasp.

I looked up at him and whispered, “How did you know?” Then I wiped my face on his already wet T-shirt.

He smiled down at me and said, “A little birdie told me.”

I looked up at him again feeling very confused and said, “Who in the hell is Hunter Thompson?”

Warren laughed and said, “Fuck Hunter Thompson. He made the mistake of calling one of the Angels a punk, so he got his face smashed in. None of that has anything to do with us, babe.”

CHAPTER 6

Our daughter was born on a very rainy day at Loma Linda Hospital. She had a thick head of strawberry blonde hair and big blue eyes. WZ (my nickname for Warren) brought us home in the back of a taxi, with little Tony on board, all wide-eyed and eager to meet his new sister.

While I was busy putting baby clothes away, the man sat in the living room holding his new daughter for the longest time. It was lovely to see Warren, little Tony and my new little girl all together there on the sofa, very much entranced with one another. A family, I thought, enjoy it while you can.

We had not given her a name yet and I was procrastinating about filling out the birth certificate. WZ wanted to give her his last name. I needed more time to consider the issues involved. With his lifestyle, how could I expect him to be a real father to my daughter? That question hung heavy on my mind as I contemplated on what might be best for my family.

We named her Beth, and Warren wanted her middle name to be Rae; and of course her last name was Murphy. WZ tried to slip his name in on the birth certificate application. I drew a thick line through the Zevon that he had written in and wrote Murphy. I felt

fiercely determined to take care of my own family, which included my daughter.

We talked about what he planned to do with a new daughter just arriving into the world. He told me that all he wanted to do was the right thing. I think he sincerely meant that.

Beth had all that she needed as a baby. She was a happy baby and was admired by all with her curly strawberry blonde hair and big baby blue eyes, just like her brother's.

In times to come both of my children would refer to WZ as Pops. Yes, he was a bit older than me but he certainly did not act like an old man, quite the contrary. He was just a big kid around the kids and it was the best of times to watch them play together when he would often visit.

CHAPTER 7

I grew tired of trying to provide for my family with barmaid, waitress, or menial jobs. I had applied for a job with the local fire and sheriff's department. I was called in to take a battery of tests for entrance into the sheriff's academy.

Warren was not happy at all when he learned about this. He was very insistent that I should not be involved with this dangerous job.

He stopped calling when I entered the sheriff's academy for training. It seemed that he was finished with our family because I was now a member of the police force. I felt that if he didn't understand how much money it took to raise two children, and the need for medical insurance, then too bad.

It was difficult to get through the Sheriff's Academy and take care of my family at the same time. I thought of Warren now and then. Especially when I imagined his face on the simulated target of a man's image that I practiced shooting to kill with my shiny new .38 at the firing range.

I did not hear from Warren for at least six months into my police career.

Finally he did call, “My God woman! Why do you have to be a fucking Superwoman? I told you I want to help out.”

“No, thank you, Warren! I have not heard from you in at least six months. You are an ass and I should have told you to fuck off sooner.” I hung up on him and unplugged the phone knowing that he would continue to call.

I heard someone pounding on my door the next day. I had worked the night shift and the kids were at school. They had left the door unlocked and Warren walked in on me. I was completely caught off guard by him because I was in the midst of getting out of bed to answer the door when he walked in. He picked me up and threw me back on the bed.

Directly to the right of the bed was my sidearm still in its holster. I reached over to grab the weapon, but he was quicker and roughly pulled my arms back. I tried to get out of this very bad position using all of the police training tactics that came to mind. I was uttering every curse word that was in my vast array of police training fuck you’s. I was caught. My deep blue angry eyes met the sheer green lust in his eyes. I paused to take a breath and he stopped the last forming cussword from forming with a kiss. The bastard!

Warren left before the kids came home. His eyes turned a light misty green and I could feel my eyes starting to water. He had decided for whatever reason not to stay and see Beth. It was his decision to keep his distance now from our daughter and my son.

I was caught off guard when he called the next day and asked to talk to Beth. I said, “Why, Warren? Why don’t we just leave it alone, now? You can’t be here for her or any of us, so let it be.”

“So you don’t want me to call or stop by anymore, is that what you **are** saying, Murph?”

“That’s right Warren.” I said, with my hard sounding cop voice.

I hung up the phone before he could respond. I had a good cry in my bedroom, lying on the pillow he had used, breathing in his sensuality and trying to mold it into my memory.

Shortly thereafter, I received a cassette with one song on it, **Accidently Like A Martyr**. I did not hear from Warren again, until years later.

CHAPTER 8

He found me at the county sheriff's dept. I had moved up the ranks to a Lieutenant position. I heard over the loud speaker as I was leaving the property office, "Would Lt. Murphy come to the control desk immediately."

Great, I thought, someone I know must have been arrested, again. I whispered a quick prayer, "Not Johnny Raincloud again-please dear lord, no."

When I arrived at the control desk I was stunned to see Warren standing there. He smiled and raised that eyebrow at me. His hair was hippie long, neatly tied back into a pony tail. He was dressed in a gray T-shirt and blue jeans. For once in my life I was extremely tongue-tied.

I was completely decked out in the usual police attire. He stood there openly admiring me. He had never seen me in uniform and the sight of Lieut. Murphy seemed to impress him. I have no idea why.

"Hey, Murph, let's go out for coffee when you get off work... Okay?" He said it as though he had just spoken to me yesterday. I nodded my head yes and I said, "Three o'clock".

When we met for coffee, the main topic was Beth and my son, Tony. I made it clear that I wasn't interested in talking about his music, so he dropped that subject. I was busy working and raising my kids and had little time for myself. I did love music, just not his, anymore. Or, so I told him.

He talked about the fact that he was going to Germany. He said he would like to take our family with him. I told him I would think about it. I had avoided giving him my new address, and unlisted phone number. I knew he meant well but his way of life did not jive with ours.

Warren soon found out where I lived and showed up at my house early on a Saturday evening. Tony apparently answered the door and let him in. Needless to say, when I walked into the living room and saw Tony and Warren sitting opposite each other talking about what else? Music. I felt my stomach getting queasy. WZ stood up when I entered the room.

He said, "Sorry to just drop in on you like this, Murph, please don't get pissed at me." Tony looked over at me and gave me a big blue eyed, "Please Mom" look.

"If you came to see Beth, she's not here right now, Warren," I said. What I really wanted to do was punch him in the face.

"I came to see everyone, you, Tony and Beth. I thought I would ask you all out for dinner. I brought Tony some music and we were sitting here talking about one of my songs."

"Yeah, mom, it's called **Searchin' For A Heart**. Warren was explaining the chord progression and I think I can play it fairly easily if I listen to the CD a few times."

I felt like a mother tiger trapped in a cage.

Beth was studying at a friend's house and due home anytime. I was gritting my teeth and trying to restrain my anger while we sat in the living room making small talk.

Tony was eighteen years old now and became completely enthralled in playing the host, making drinks for Warren and myself. He grabbed a coke and continued to talk to Warren. Tony asked him what it was like to perform on the David Letterman Show. I sat in my chair and looked at Tony as though he was from Mars. He had never said a thing to me about keeping track of Warren and what he had been doing lately.

I walked into the kitchen and was loading some dishes into the dishwasher just to get out of the room and away from the situation. Tony had evidently gone into his bedroom for something or another.

The man came up behind me and pushed my hair to one side. He kissed me lightly on the back of my neck, knowing all too well that doing so was a quick way to get my attention. I turned around to face him and he pressed his body up against mine. I quickly reached up with my index finger and did a pressure point behind his ear. He bent at the knees, and quickly stepped back moving away from my hand.

"Damn that hurts like hell, being a cop has made you real tough, hey?"

I laughed at him being in pain; for once I could inflict a little muscle on the man. "Gee, I don't know my own strength, sorry there mister."

"Oh how innocently you say that but I know you enjoyed it. It hurts so good, baby."

“You know what, you are such an ass. It just drives me batshit when you waltz in and out of our lives like you had never left. Surely you fucking know that?”

“Well, fuck then, I am sorry as hell. You have no idea what my life is like sitting in some dressing room on the other side of the world thinking of you, Beth and Tony. Knowing there is a little girl out there growing up without me.”

“Cry me a river; you’re the one that backed out of our lives, Warren.”

He walked out after I roughed him up. Tony stood at the door and watched him drive away.

CHAPTER 9

A little later I was thinking about what to have for dinner when the phone rang. Surprisingly, it was Warren and he was calling from Wild Bill’s Bar.

He said, “Rae, I know you’re not happy with me but there are some biker people here who keep asking to see you. Michael knew that I must have been visiting at your house because I haven’t been seen around this bar in ages.”

“Wow” I said, “I haven’t seen Michael in a long time. Although you do know that I’m not going to bring the kids with me. Not to that place!”

“I don’t think there would be a problem with bringing the kids. We could leave as soon as you get here and I could take everyone out for dinner, like I had planned.”

“Tony is here with his friend Jared playing music. Beth just got home and she has a friend with her. Really, there is no way I am going to bring four underage kids to a biker bar. I’ll make other arrangements for their dinner and then I’ll be there in a little while.”

“Are you planning on sitting here drinking with these bikers all night or may I have some of your precious time?”

“Warren you have issues. Tell Michael I will see him soon.”

Hmm, what to do about dinner for the kids. I went down to the rec room and gave Tony some cash for pizza. I told him I had to leave for a while but I would be back in a few hours.

Beth knew that Warren had been there. Evidently, that was the reason she was in her room making a racket. I walked into the room and Bridget was sitting on the floor cross legged watching Beth tossing clothes, books and whatever else into a suitcase.

“Are you going somewhere?” I said, “I just gave your brother 40 bucks so he could take the four of you out for dinner. I guess you’re not interested in hanging out with Tony, Jared and Bridget tonight?”

“Mom, why did you throw Pops out when he came to see us? I really wanted to talk to him about some stuff. Sometimes it seems like he’s the only one who understands me. We’ve been talking on the phone for the past few months. He didn’t want me to tell you but I think you need to know that he has been helping me with some problems that I can’t talk to you about.”

“Really? I’m glad you were able to talk to someone because you were certainly not talking to me or your brother. All you wanted to do was storm into your room and slam the door. And by the way, I didn’t throw Pops out, he wanted to leave.”

“Why would he leave without at least seeing me?” Beth said.

“He was a little upset with me.” I said, “You know how much we can aggravate each other. But we talked on the phone and he decided that he would see you tomorrow. So how about getting yourself

together so that you and Bridget can buzz out of here and have some fun this evening?”

She stopped packing her suitcase and looked at me, and then she gave me a hug.

She whispered, “I’m sorry, mom.” I squeezed her very tightly and kissed her on her cheek while smoothing back her pretty long hair.

Bridget said, “Aw that is so sweet. Come on Beth, let’s get cleaned up. Oh, I better call my mom and let her know what the plan is.”

“Bridget, I just love you. You have been a wonderful friend to Beth.” I said.

Bridget got up from the floor and came over to hug me. Then Beth started hugging me again and it ended up being a three person love squeeze. Tears started coming out of my eyes which I tried to hide from the girls. Tears were coming out of Beth’s eyes too.

Then Bridget stepped back and said, “I love you guys.”

Then she laughed her wonderful bright Bridget Kelly Irish laugh. Her laugh caused the two of us to start laughing, also.

I pulled a tissue out of the box on Beth’s dresser and dabbed Beth’s cheeks and my own.

I said, “Okay girls, let’s get ourselves together because I need to go out for a little while and you need to get prettied up to go out and have some fun. Do some dancing on that dance floor for me.”

Beth said, “Mom, would it be okay if Tony splits the money with me so that we can order our own food? It makes me feel like a little kid when he is in charge of everything.”

I said, “Sure honey, I’ll let your brother know. Oh, Bridget, if you want to spend the night that is fine by me but clear it with your mom when you call her.”

Bridget began taking clothes out of the suitcase and hanging them back into the closet. Beth lay down on her bed, putting her head on her pillow. She closed her eyes. Her tiny cat, Wishy, crawled on top of her and she lightly rubbed the cat’s fuzzy black and white coat.

I left the room and went into the bathroom. Taking a wash cloth I dabbed at my face and put eye drops in my now red eyes. I put dark blush and some blue eyeliner on, then dark red lipstick. I went into my room and took off my jeans and T-shirt and put on a red sundress and took the red shrug that matched it. I slipped on a pair of silver earrings and clipped my long hair up with a silver clip. Then I put on a pair of new red sandals with my silver ankle bracelet.

Last but not least I put my thigh holster on, loaded the pistol and stuck it into the holster, fastening the snap that kept it in place. I had a quick word with Tony, and then I was out the door.

When I got into my Fiat the first thing I did was turn the air conditioning on. The radio was next, and thankfully it was Cat Stevens singing ‘Peace Train’ and not Warren Zevon singing anything, because I simply was not in the mood.

CHAPTER 10

Pulling up into the front parking lot of Wild Bill’s I could see at least ten or more Harleys of all different shapes, colors, and sizes. The sight brought a whole slew of old memories back; most were good memories, some were quite wild, and then there were those that were just plain bizarre.

I breezed into the front door of the bar seeing a huge table with more than a few faces that I recognized. There were cat calls and whistles as I walked in their direction. Michael stood up and slammed a mug down on the table spilling beer on cards and money in front of him.

He said, “Shut up. Don’t you know a lady when you see one? If you assholes are going to act stupid, then Ramjet here will be happy to perform those wild tricks they taught him Navy Seal style. He’ll fuck up your stupid skulls until you can think straight again.”

The Angels never failed to entertain me, so I stood there with my hands on my hips. I couldn’t help but smile and linger just far enough from their table to be on the safe side and watch what might happen next.

A huge blonde haired man in a leather vest that had different colored patches all over it stood up and put his hands together. He

cracked his knuckles very loudly. The rest of the group was suddenly very interested in the card game and not in the lady in the red dress anymore. Ramjet then sat down and was into the card game again.

“I think you are aware that I can take care myself, Michael.” I said, “You don’t have to order Mr. Jet to do damage to anyone’s head. I have my own protection right here. Michael looked surprised when I pulled my dress up to show a thigh holster with a pistol in it. Luckily, he was the only one in the group who had a good view of my tanned legs. Everyone else was looking down at their cards.

I heard a familiar voice from the bar say, “Damn, if you are gonna show it all then come over here and show it to me.” The person to whom the voice belonged walked over and put his arm around my waist.

Ramjet said, “Who the fuck do you think you are? Didn’t you just hear the man over here say she’s a lady? Do you really think she’d go out with a piece of shit like you? You’re one butt ugly motherfucker.”

I could see by the look on Warren’s face that he was getting quite angry. Great, I thought, now I’m going to be involved in a shoot out with the Hell’s Angels because they are about to kill my daughter’s father.

I walked up to Mr. Jet and said, in a soft voice, “I don’t think we’ve met but you’ve probably heard my name, Lieut. Deputy Rae Murphy?”

He stuck his hand out and said, “Well, I am happy to make your acquaintance. No one told me how beautiful you are. I imagined

some ugly looking broad whenever your name was mentioned. Sorry, I didn’t mean to talk stupid. Sometimes I do that around women.”

I smiled back at the handsome biker, and said, “Don’t worry about it. I’ve been called just about every name you can think of and maybe even a few you haven’t.”

We shook hands and he squeezed mine very hard, of course I squeezed his hand back even harder. After the handshake the biker sat back down and a strained silence fell over the group.

Warren grabbed my hand, and whispered in my ear, “Let’s get out of here.”

I pulled my hand away and said, “Go back to the bar. I’ll be over in a little while. Or, feel free to leave anytime you want to. Just don’t be idiotic enough to say anything more in front of these guys. They will put a hurtin’ on you and then I will have to defend you.”

He shook his head like he was trying to shake off my words, walked back up to the bar and sat down. It certainly took me by surprise that he didn’t walk out of the door. Must’ve been the red dress, the legs and the thigh holster, knowing him the gun turned him on, too!

I sat down in the chair that one of the bikers had pulled up to the table for me, next to Michael. He had changed since I had seen him a few years ago. His head was shaven and his mustache and beard were gone. His face was tanned and wrinkled from the wind and the sun. He still looked like my big brother, Mike.

“I missed you,” I said.

Then I leaned over and kissed him on the cheek. His tan face turned a reddish color.

He threw his cards over towards Mr. Jet and said, "I'm out."

He looked into my eyes with his big brown ones and said in a low voice, "So what's with you and this Zevon guy? I hope he's helping you with your little girl. If not then I can't see why you even bother with him."

That irritated me. "Michael, have you ever known me to depend on anyone to take care of me or my family?"

He shook his head and said, "No." All the while he was staring at Warren sitting at the bar.

"Can you say something nice to me? I haven't seen you in a long time. I didn't come here to get into a fight, especially not with you," I said.

Michael said, "Look, you obviously have business with this guy or he wouldn't even be in this area. Did he bring David Letterman with him? I thought not. This is not exactly the stomping ground for people who have their kind of bucks."

I had enough. It wasn't Michael's business how I lived my life, nor how I take care of my kids. I didn't give a damn about who had bucks and who didn't. I had always taken care of my own without help from anyone.

I pulled a pen and my small notebook out of my purse and wrote my phone number down with RAE under it. I handed it to Michael, he took it. I left the table and walked over to Warren.

"It would be great to come in here and have a peaceful drink without the stupid remark you just made in front of the Hell's Angels, for God's sake." I said.

"Look Rae, I'm not afraid of them anymore now than I was before. Like I said when we first met, I want to go out in a blaze of glory. I can't walk around being afraid all my life. Someone could easily shoot me in the head when I'm on stage. So fuck it, who cares anyway, not you, obviously. By the way, why do you have to look so fucking gorgeous when you come into a dump like this?"

"Whatever," I said, "I would like to get a drink, I am getting very thirsty."

I sat on the bar seat next to him. The barmaid came up and looked at Warren. She said, "Is there anything more I can get for you, Mr. Zevon?"

I looked at her and said, "Yes, you can get the lady sitting next to Mr. Zevon a tall glass of white wine with ice."

She stuck her nose up at me and then looked at Warren and gave him a big smile. She had a tooth missing in front. When she walked away I tried not to laugh, but I couldn't hold it in. Then Warren started laughing.

She brought the glass of wine over and Warren slipped her a twenty. He told her to keep the change.

When she walked away again I was almost in tears from laughing and managed to say, "Maybe you do have a point, Warren."

When we got the laughing under control he looked at me and smiled. His teeth were perfect and actually in my heart of hearts I felt that he was too. I could see by the look in those exceptionally dark green eyes that he felt the same way when he looked at me.

He put his hand on my leg, hiding what he was doing from the view of the others in the bar by putting his leg in front of my dress. He slid his hand up my bare thigh until it reached my holster. He caressed the holster and the soft skin around it.

I looked at him with a frown. "What are you doing, Mr. Zevon, don't you have a hot date with our lovely barmaid?"

He took his hand away turning back around towards the bar again. He put his wayward hand back on the beer glass.

"I am not even going to say what I am thinking because you would slap my face."

"Yeah," I said, "Knock out a couple more teeth and she would give one hell of a blow job."

CHAPTER I I

At last, we began to talk about the subject at hand. He was evidently very concerned about Beth.

When he suggested that we go to a local inn and get a room so that we could talk in private. I was hesitant at first. However, I knew I could handle myself; he certainly was no physical threat to me.

We settled in and started talking. I let him know that Beth had told me they had been communicating. He didn't seem surprised but he didn't want me to be angry with Beth.

"I am not angry with her but I think its best that she not know that you are her father. Maybe someday, just not right now," I said.

"Well who does she think her father is, that Hell's Angel, Michael Angelo?"

"Hardly, she just assumed that her father is the same man as Tony's. He died in Vietnam. I am not sure if you know that or not. I have a framed picture of him and sometimes she goes into my room and stares at it."

"No, you never told me that. Tony never mentioned it, either. I just figured it wasn't any of my business who his dad is."

“True enough.” I said.

We were sitting in chairs at a table that had been carefully arranged for weary travelers to relax or eat a meal. I took a pack of cigarettes out of my purse along with my little silver lighter and lit up one of my menthols.

“When did you start smoking?” Warren said.

“Well, it was about the time when Beth started becoming a woman recently, if you know what I mean. She’s been moody and angry and hard to deal with, at times. The real problem is that she takes after you more than she does me. And there you have it.”

“Are you sure you’re not exaggerating? I can’t really see that she acts like me. She definitely looks like me but I’m hoping some of my shortcomings have bypassed her. Hand me one of those cigarettes will you? Now I need a smoke. Hey, I have a bottle of vodka in my car. Do you want me to bring it in and make some drinks?”

“Might as well,” I said, “Looks like this conversation isn’t going to be over as quickly as I had hoped it would be.”

“Am I keeping you from a party? Oh, I get it; you have a date with that huge biker dude who was running his mouth, right?”

“If I had a date I wouldn’t be sitting here with you. I would be out dancing the night away in this new red dress of mine, heels and all.” I said.

He got up from his side of the table and raised that eyebrow at me. I raised mine back at him and smiled brightly.

I was being a wonderful little actress. I am ready for my close-up, Mr. DeMille. I could play the part of the independent woman who didn’t give a damn, as long as it took. Then I was going to call home and check on the kids, go to a local nightclub and dance. Get completely smashed, go home in a taxi, sneak into the house, crawl into bed and pass out.

Warren brought in the bottle of vodka. He also had a bottle of scotch. He put the bottles down on the table in front of me. Neither had been opened.

I looked up at him and said “Do you always drive around with bottles of booze in your car?”

He didn’t answer, instead he grabbed the ice bucket and walked out of the door and shut it. Once he was back in the room with the ice he went to the sink and picked up the plastic cups that had been left there. He brought the cups to the table to unwrap them and started mixing drinks. He made vodka on the rocks for himself. He knew I preferred scotch so he mixed a scotch and water for me.

I lit another cigarette and put the pack and my lighter on the table. He took a swig of his drink. Then he slid another cigarette out the pack and lit it.

“What’s it going to take to help our daughter feel better?” He said as he was taking a drag off the cigarette.

“I took her to the doctor and she put her on an antidepressant. I think it’s helping her. Nothing is ever certain with a Zevon, it seems.”

“I don’t know if I like the fact that she is on some kind of drug at the age of 13.”

“That’s not really your decision is it? I don’t want my daughter to be on drugs, either. I researched the medication that the doctor wanted to prescribe before I agreed to start her on it. I am not an idiot, Zevon.”

“I didn’t say that you were an idiot. As a matter of fact I think you’re undeniably smarter than the average cop.”

“I’m not sure if that’s a compliment or an insult. Make me another drink will you?”

He had not finished his drink yet. As a matter of fact he had only taken a few sips from it.

He got up, took my glass and put ice in it, then about two shots of scotch. He went to the sink and put a little water on top. He set the glass down in front of me.

“What’s with all the drinking tonight, my squeaky clean cop friend?” He said.

“Don’t worry about it. You might think you know me, squeaky clean or not. But believe me; I am a mystery to you and every other man.”

“Hmm, I love a challenge. You always did put me to the test but now you are absolutely a tower of strength. I love the way you are.”

This was the first time I had ever heard him use the word love, once, let alone twice, in a conversation about me and who I am. I looked down at my drink and stuck my red finger tip into it to stir it around. I picked the drink up and took a very long swallow from it. I wanted to cough because it burned the back of my throat, but I held it back.

“I would like a glass of water, since you are the bartender, would you mind?”

I knew I was getting smashed. Too much stress on a cop all week long along with two kids to take care of and everything else in my life. It felt so great to relax and let all of the tension leave my body.

“You gonna arrest me if I smoke a joint?” He said after he put the glass of water in front of me.

“Yeah, I said, “I’m gonna arrest you and take you in. Me with this red outfit on and being half smashed. I need my job so I think I will just sit here and relax and watch you smoke one, just like old times.”

“Still have that waterbed?” He said.

“Yes.” I said, “It gets very little wear these days. Unless you count my cat Scully and Beth’s cat Wishy.”

“I bet you get plenty of offers. I could offer you something right now.”

I gave him a dirty look.

“I meant a toke off this joint,” He said, as he took a drag from the little cigarette.

I took the joint he offered and a long hit from it. I was feeling very relaxed. I put my head back and stretched some of the pressure out of my neck.

“Is there any music in this place?” I said.

“I didn’t bring my guitar but I can sing for ya.”

“Umm, thanks but no thanks. I know there must be a radio in here somewhere.”

He walked over to the bed stand. A small clock radio was hidden behind the table lamp. He turned it on. Country music came blaring out and he looked over at me to see if I approved. I didn’t.

Then he turned the knob around to an oldies station. Elvis was singing ‘Treat Me Nice’. He turned the volume down a bit and came back over to the table.

“Your wish is my command; you are my good luck charm.”

“Right,” I said. “You are lax on your bartender duties. My glass is empty again.”

He got up and made me another drink. I was on my third and he had not even finished his first.

“Whoa, you are making me nervous, woman. I don’t want you getting all messed up and going home with the kids seeing you like that.”

“I don’t make it a habit of going out drinking and then crawling in my front door with my kids standing there looking at me, wondering what the hell happened to mom. That reminds me, it’s past ten and they should be home by now. I need to call and check in with them.”

I got up a little unsteadily but made myself walk in a straight line over to the phone on the dresser. There was no answer, most

likely they were all in the rec room with Tony’s band practicing as they did most Saturday nights. I left the message that I would be late.

I went back over, sat down and lit another cigarette. My drink was half full so I took a small sip and then a big sip of water.

“It seems like we are doing more drinking than talking. Why don’t we call it an evening? Maybe it is a good idea for you to stay here for the night since the room is paid for. Then we can talk and you will be able to visit with Beth tomorrow.”

He reached under the table and put his hand on my right thigh again. He rubbed my skin until he reached the holster. He looked at me with his green eyes in a slit.

“You gonna use that on me, Rae, is that why we are here? Go ahead, take it out of it’s little holster and blow my fucking brains out.”

“Okay,” I said, “But first, refresh my drink, I prefer it not so strong please.”

He stood up and very slowly like a man performing his final act; he mixed the drink and stirred it with his little finger. Then he held the finger up to my mouth.

I bit it.

“I think that pot made me numb, that didn’t even hurt.” He said.

“What was in that shit, anyway? I feel strange,” I said.

He smiled wickedly and said. “I can’t tell ya.”

“Are we writing a song here or having a serious conversation? Like I said before, I am going to leave and you can come by the house tomorrow.”

“Oh, right, you are going to drive home like that, stand up for a minute.”

I stood up to walk to the bathroom, my legs felt numb. My head felt numb. I made it to the bathroom but could not get my tight fitting panties back on. So I hung them on the inside bathroom doorknob. I thought that was quite funny, at the time.

CHAPTER 12

The radio started playing ‘American Woman’. I kicked my shoes off and began dancing to the music. Evidently, I had turned round and round a little too much.

He said, “What the hell are you trying to do to me? Torment me to death? I thought we had an understanding. That you were going to put me out of my misery by using that little pistol of yours on me.”

I danced back over to my chair and took a sip of water. I took the joint out of the ashtray and lit it. Then took a long toke and handed it off to Warren, he did the same.

“It’s getting late, and I’m too buzzed to talk your silly ass bullshit right now. Time for me to go. Will you call me a taxi?” I said.

“As soon as you get that little pistol out and put me out of my misery.”

“Oh, I feel really sorry for you and your misery. I can’t shoot you and I wouldn’t waste the bullet, anyway.”

“Why can’t you? It’s your job to take down the bad guys. I am a bad guy, Murph. You know it and I know it. I am a fucking no good son of a bitch. That’s how I feel right now.”

“Oh, well don’t sweat it, Norman; you’ll have plenty of days left to feel like a fucker. I wouldn’t want to deprive you of your misery. You so obviously want to be miserable when happiness is sitting right here in front of you.” I shut myself up, realizing I had given away far too much.

“Happiness, what the hell is that? It’s been so long since I felt anything like it...But you do have a definite affect on me...As a certain girl.”

“You don’t have any new material do you? Same old stuff from your old songs.”

“I could write a song for you, ‘Lady in Red’, but someone else already did that. I think.”

I sat there looking at him for a few minutes. I said, “You had one drink and I am on my fourth, but we both seem really weirded out beyond just the drinks.”

“Probably because that little cigarette is laced with Coke,” He said and gave me an evil wink.

I stood up and pulled my dress up far enough to take my pistol out of the holster then I held it up checking to make sure there was ammunition in it. Even though I knew it was ready to fire because I had loaded it before I put it in the holster. I truly wanted to hold that gun to his head for being such a prick. I had never done anything more than pot in my life.

I leaned over the table and held the pistol to his temple.

“So, you are going to put be out of my misery?” He said.

“Yes I am,” I said.

“May a dying man have one last request?”

“Depends on what it is.” I was feeling dizzy. So I sat back down in my chair, pistol still in hand.

He got up from his chair, took a quick drink from his glass. Then, he walked over to me and put his hand lightly on my left arm. My right hand was on the table with the weapon in it.

“You let me do cocaine and did not even tell me. I ought to fuck you up before I shoot you in the head.” I said.

“Instead of fucking me up why don’t you just grant me that one last request?”

I was staring into his dark green eyes; he was staring into my bright blue eyes.

“A kiss,” He said.

“You want a kiss? That’s all, just one kiss, am I right?”

“Promise,” He said.

I put my pistol on the table very near my right hand.

I said, “Just one, that’s it, then I am either going to leave or I am going to shoot you in the head and then leave. Depends on the radio and if a song comes on that I like.

A new game: Let’s call it Radio Russian Roulette.”

He tried to hold it back but he had to laugh at that. Then, he bent down and put his lips lightly against mine. The feeling was very foreign to me because I had not been kissed by a man for some time.

I didn't respond. He was doing the kissing. It was his request. I sat there impersonating a mannequin.

'Son of Preacher Man' came on the radio. I pulled away from him and put my hand out to grab my pistol. It was gone. I was furious.

"You crazy fuck, give me my weapon. You never disarm an officer of the law!"

"Yes, but you're not an officer of the law right now. You're mine."

"Oh, I don't think so fucker. You can just call the taxi and give me my hardware back. I am tired of your childish games."

"Don't worry. It's in a safe place. Murph. Come on, I know you would never shoot me. I was just saying that hoping you would have some mercy on me."

"Why do you need mercy? I'm fresh out of mercy anyway. None."

"Just one kiss, I could drive home tonight and get killed. I could be killed up on the stage and you would have refused me my one last request."

He walked back to his side of the table and made a fresh drink for both of us. He lit the half of a joint that was left and offered me a toke.

I said, "You have fucking got to be kidding me, fuck no. I don't do cocaine, WZ."

"So, you're using my nickname, that's promising."

I lit a cigarette and smoked it while I watched him finish the joint. I was so numb I could not think of what I was supposed to do next. Oh yeah, a taxi.

"Okay, my drink is about gone. Please call the taxi. There is no way I am driving and I am sure as hell not getting into a vehicle with you driving."

He got on the phone and called for the taxi.

"The guy said it will be about 20 minutes," He said.

I was leaning back in my chair. I felt very relaxed. I sipped on my drink and took a drag off my cigarette.

'Crazy On You' came on the radio.

I looked at him and he looked back at me. We seemed to be playing eye challenge, whoever looks away first loses. I didn't. He came towards me still staring into my eyes as if trying to hypnotize me. He leaned down and put his lips on mine again. This time I kissed him back. I had twenty minutes. I might as well use them to torment the man. Lord knew he deserved it.

Our lips were pressed together and sought to kiss deeper, to share and reveal what had been hidden from the other person. I felt like I had walked around for centuries lost. I was home again.

CHAPTER 13

Light was coming in through the hotel window, at each side of the curtain. Warren got up and lit a cigarette; he lit one for me also. He brought me a glass of water and when I was finished drinking he drank the rest. He had some mints, and gave me one while popping one in his mouth. We held each other in the quiet of the moment. I felt like I had half of a broken heart, but the other half was still intact, it had to be.

I parked my car on the street in front of the house, instead of in the garage, hoping I could sneak in without the kids hearing me. I put my key in the lock and turned it as quietly as I could. No one was in the living room, thank God. I shut the door behind me and walked past Beth's room. Her door was closed. I went into my room and stripped, putting on my blue robe.

I slipped into the bathroom and took a quick shower, not washing my hair. When I came out of the bathroom Beth was standing in the hallway leaning against the wall. Her sleepy eyes looked at me suspiciously.

I said, "Don't wake me up until later this afternoon. I have a migraine and I need to rest until it goes away."

"K, mom," she said and went into the bathroom.

I went to bed where my cat, Scully, was already curled up. I lay there on top of the covers. I ruffled his gray fur and he looked at me with his light green eyes.

Green eyes, I thought, can't I ever get away from them? I turned over and part of my hair went into my face. I pulled it up to my nose. I could smell the man's fragrance in my hair. My mind went over every moment we had spent together last evening. At least the ones I could remember. My God, I thought, what is it about the man?

He called that afternoon, I answered still mostly asleep.

"Hi, sweet thing, is Beth home?"

"Is that all you have to say, is Beth home? No thank you, fuck you or kiss my ass?"

"There are no words that I can think of to describe you, and what you do to me."

"Yeah, sure." I said. "Hold on a minute, I will see where she is."

I put the phone down on the bed and looked around the house. No one was upstairs. I opened the basement door and went down to the rec room.

Tony, Jared, Beth and Bridget were sitting around the table playing some sort of board game. Music was playing in the background, 'Comfortably Numb'.

They all looked up at me.

"Rough night, Mom?" Tony said.

"Not really, I just haven't combed my hair yet and I still have a damn migraine."

"Sure." Tony said and pursed his lips while he tossed dice out on the table.

"Beth, you have a phone call, come on and take it so I can rest. My head is killing me."

She looked over at Bridget with the wisdom of a 40 year old written all over her face. "Guys, I'll be right back, hold the game for me."

"Yeah," Tony said. "While you're upstairs bring back some cokes for everyone would you?"

"Some chips would be cool too. That breakfast we had of Pop Tarts didn't do much for me." Jared said.

Bridget looked at me a little nervously. She got up from the table and followed behind Beth.

Well, I thought, at least we'll have a referee for the fight Beth was gearing up for. When she wasn't saying anything I knew she was in all probability upset about something.

Beth picked up the phone in the living room. "Hello," she said. She stopped speaking quickly and was listening to the other party on the line. Bridget stood next to her.

I went into my room and hung up the receiver. I closed my bedroom door and locked it. Then I was back in bed. This time I got under the covers and pulled them over my head. As soon as I drifted into unconsciousness there was a loud banging on my door.

“Shit!” I said. I got up slowly and opened the door. All four kids were standing outside my door.

“Guess what? Pops is going to pick all of us up and take us out. He didn’t say where we were going. It’s a surprise.” Beth said

I said, “No, I am not going to be responsible for Jared and Bridget going who knows where. Their parents would have a fit.”

Tony pushed his way in front of Beth. He said, “Mom, I am 18 and Jared is 20, give us a break. We can be responsible for ourselves.”

I looked at Tony’s aggravated face and at Jared’s handsome tanned young man’s face. He grinned at me as though he knew all about where I had been the night before. That annoyed the hell out of me.

I said, “Do whatever you guys want to, then. Don’t come home complaining to me if things don’t work out your way. Bridget is only, what, 14? No way can she go without written permission from her parents.”

Bridget had a determined look on her face. She said, “My parents went out of town today, Miss Rae. So I guess you need to give me that permission.”

I stood there disgusted and angry that WZ had put me on the spot like this.

“Son of a bitch,” I said. “Go, all of you. Tony, I would advise you to follow Pops in your Volkswagen and have the girls ride with you. As a matter of fact, that’s my condition if I let you go!”

Tony said, “Okay mom. I have plenty of gas and we still have a few bucks left from last night. Don’t worry, we’ll be fine. Has Pops ever done anything bad to us?”

“Well, no, but I would like to rest on my day off, not worry. “

The four looked at each other and back at me as if everything was settled.

“Okay,” I said. “I expect a phone call if you are not home by dinner time.”

“Okay, mom.” Beth said. “You worry too much anyway. I am almost a grown woman, get over it.”

At that last comment I shut my door and crawled back into bed in my dark bedroom. I was going to sleep. I didn’t want to think about anyone or anything for as long as possible.

CHAPTER 14

I woke up at 6 p.m. Sunday evening. I opened my bedroom door and looked around the house to see if the kids had gotten back yet. The house was way too quiet. I went down in the basement to the rec room and opened that door, empty. I went back upstairs and checked the machine for any messages. Tony's voice came on and said that Pops had taken them to Los Angeles. Tony said they were out having dinner and would be back before midnight.

Before midnight, I thought, WZ is really stretching the boundaries keeping Tony and Beth, along with their friends out so late.

I took another shower and washed my hair. I put on a long black nightgown, complemented with a pair of black ballet slippers. Then I went out to the kitchen to heat up some leftover Chinese food. I took the plate into the living room and clicked the TV on. I felt sick to my stomach after the first bite, so I took the plate into the kitchen, emptied the contents into the garbage disposal, and put the plate into the dishwasher.

I turned the TV off and went to the bathroom to comb out my damp hair. I put on some lipstick and blush, just in case. I went into my bedroom and put a CD in my stereo and joined my cat, Scully on the bed. The soft music soon put me back to sleep.

I woke to the feel of gentle lips on mine. Opening my eyes, I was surprised to see Warren looking down at me. He was holding his hands behind his back, hiding something.

“What are you doing and what are you hiding?” I said.

“Why Murph, what does it look like I’m doing? I am kissing you and I brought you a gift.”

“I hope it’s not explosive,” I said. “What time is it and where are the kids?”

I sat up in bed, and then he put the surprise in my lap. A bouquet of red roses.

“The kids are fine. I wore them out so much that they crashed not long after I brought them home. By the way,” He pulled something black out of his jacket pocket. “I think these belong to you. I was gonna keep them for my trophy room, but I decided you might need them.”

I took the black item out of his hand and got up out of bed. I tossed the panties into the clothes hamper and walked into the living room. He followed behind me.

“Do you have a vase to put these flowers in?” He said.

“Sure,” I said, “Look under the sink, there should be several from former gift givers.”

“Former gift givers? As in, used to be, not anymore, never will be again?”

“Mind your own business WZ. You don’t know me well enough to ask those kinds of questions.”

“I don’t know you? What was last night all about then?”

“Last night is not anything I can put into words, can you?”

“No, and I wouldn’t even want to try. But someday I would like to write a song about the way I feel about you.”

“Well, if you do please don’t forget to add the clowns, because being around you is like being at the circus. Everything seems to get crazy and go round and round, until a normal person decides to get up and leave. Since I’m the normal person, and this is my house it’s time for you to go. I need to get my rest.”

“I could spend the night and be out of here before the kids get up.”

The idea sounded tempting, but the logical lady cop made an appearance just in time. “Warren, just go, I don’t need a part-time man in my life. It hurts too much. I would rather have no man at all.”

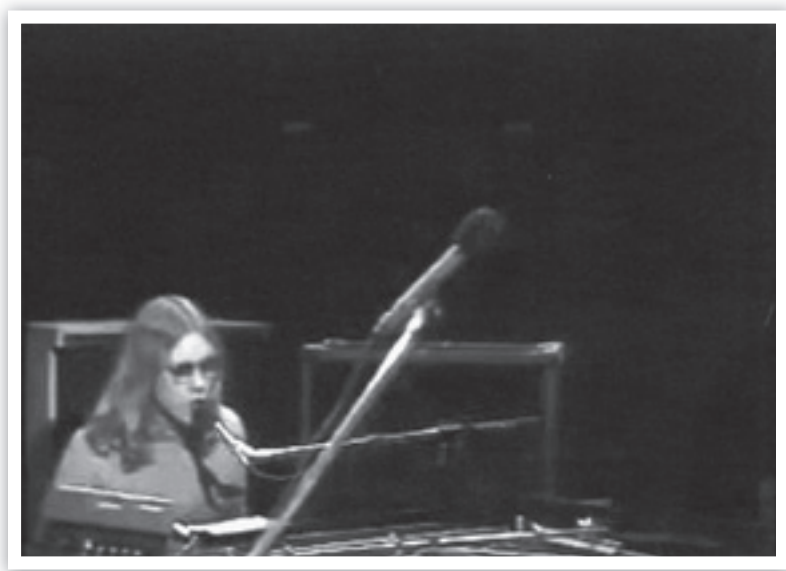
“I respect that, Murph, but I want to stay in touch with Beth and Tony.”

“Then do it. I would rather not know when you do talk to Beth or Tony. I have a very difficult and stressful job. I can’t go around with my heart in pieces and do what I have to do everyday.”

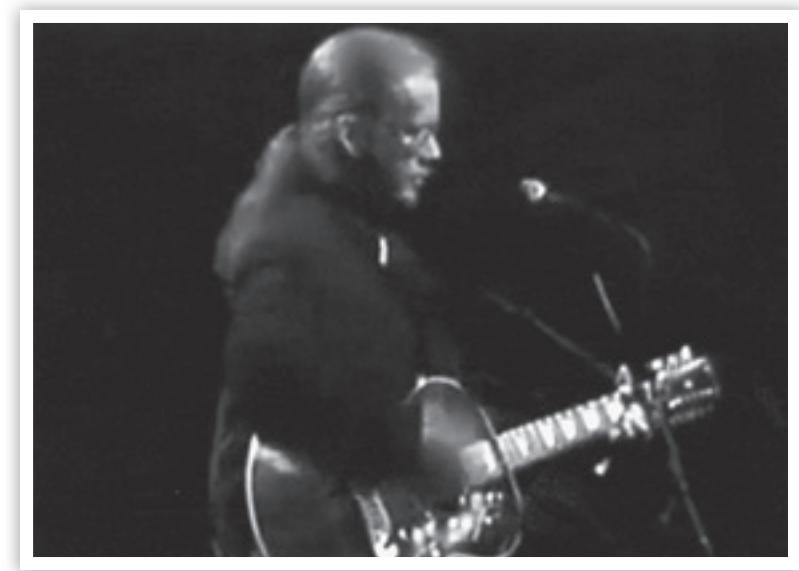
He arranged the flowers in a clear glass vase that he had pulled from under the sink. He had already filled it with water. He put the vase on the coffee table in front of me.

He looked into my eyes and then kissed me on the lips again. I looked into those deep green eyes once more. Then he was gone.









CHAPTER 15

Warren walks in, he seems shorter somehow. He is obviously losing his hair. He smiles at me and raises that eyebrow again. I raise my eyebrow back at him. The smile leaves his face, and as if to explain his appearance and his circumstances all at once he said, “Rae, **My Shit’s Fucked Up.**”

His shit was fucked up and my shit was fucked up, too. Same waterbed, different time and place and still felt so much like home. With a long drawn out sigh from WZ, I knew he felt the same.

Over the next year Warren visited me quite often. Hence the song **Dirty Little Religion.**

I have no idea how the song originated somewhere inside that wild and outrageous brain of his, but I loved it. I thought it was quite amusing and completely accurate in my case. He had made a dirty little convert out of me and seemed to be quite the expert at it.

THE DISEASE: Mesothelioma

I felt that I needed to learn all that I could about the disease that we were dealing with. I have noted below some information about the disease and what happened to Warren. I have also included information about what is happening today regarding ridding our environment of this deadly source of cancer.

Asbestos is a fireproof substance that was often used in factories and home insulation. It is known to cause cancer, which consists of a slow-forming, but deadly disease of the lungs. Experts agree that exposure to even small amounts of asbestos can cause cancer that may take more than 20 years to discover.

Unfortunately, it has come to light in recent years that many manufacturers of asbestos products were fully aware of the harmful nature of asbestos fibers and continued to expose hundreds of thousands of laborers to the toxic mineral.

Asbestos-related inflammation takes decades to develop within the lung and pleura before this inflammation grows into a malignant tumor growth. Those exposed even forty to sixty years ago may still be at risk. Asbestos was used in thousands of products including insulation, pipe lining, gaskets, furnace coating, paint, drywall, and even home siding.

Mesothelioma tends to grow and spread in unusual ways compared to other tumors. Rather than forming a “lump”, mesothelioma tends to extend from the pleural lining to press against the lung or abdominal organs. It also grows along the pleural lining, eventually forming a hard casing around the lung and making it difficult for patients to take a deep breath. Mesothelioma generally does not spread widely to other organs but, rather, tends to extensively involve the chest and lungs or abdominal cavity before spreading to other distant organs, late in the course of the disease.

If the disease is detected early, when only limited growth on the pleural lining has occurred (stage I), the tumor is considered potentially curable and an attempt can be made to surgically remove the entire tumor. Usually, however, the tumor is detected later, when it more extensively involves the pleural lining and has possibly invaded

surrounding normal structures. In these advanced stages (stages II, III and IV), the cancer significantly impacts the quality of life.

Despite efforts to eliminate asbestos from our environment, many public and private buildings still contain asbestos today. Personnel who remove asbestos from such structures or work around asbestos are required to wear personal safety and breathing equipment to lower their risk of exposure to asbestos.

CHAPTER 16

In other words, this cancer was forming a layer around Warren's lungs. This caused difficulty in his being able to take a breath. The disease would also attack other organs as Warren's life continued on. I have no idea of the amount of pain he was in. However, I did know that if there was anything that would ease that pain I was all for it!

I had vacation and sick leave. I took all of it and spent that time with him.

He smoked all the grass and drank all the booze he wanted at my house. He had a great pain management program going on with several bottles of pills to take when he needed them. And morphine, he had that too. So what the hell?

He did what he wanted and I didn't say a word. I felt very protective of him and think I might have truly hurt anyone in authority who might try to interfere with his "program". That was not likely as he had almost constant police protection during that time. Me.

One evening he drank quite a lot of Vodka mixed with the usual pharmaceuticals and decided to give me a private concert.

He sang **Hostage-O** as he sat on my bed with an old blue robe of mine on, and played the guitar. *'I can see me bound and gagged, dragged*

behind the clown mobile, you can treat me like a dog if you make me feel what others feel. You can train me; you can drain me, if you make me lose control. I will be your prisoner; I will be your hostage-O.'

I smiled at the words and held back tears. It would have been more accurate to say that I was his hostage-O.

That night I felt the urgent need to get away for awhile. There is no way that I can describe how it feels to watch someone you love die. I don't think anyone could understand this situation unless they had experienced it. There are times when you feel that if you don't get away, at least for a short time, that you will completely lose your mind.

I parked my car on a side street in front of an empty house and found it very difficult to stop crying once that first tear fell.

CHAPTER 17

Warren did a great job of pulling himself together, so that he could see the kids. They were not kids anymore. Tony had continued on with his plan to be a musician. Beth was starting college and staying with friends. I was very proud of them both and so was WZ.

We took them to a lovely resort in Hawaii. We had a splendid time on the beach, and were out almost every evening listening to live music, which was another one of the high points of our adventure.

On one special evening we were at a club listening to one of the local bands. Beth and Tony loved to dance so they were both on the crowded dance floor. Beth was dancing with a very exotic looking person. Tony was dancing with a dark haired Hawaiian girl.

The lead singer asked Warren to come up and do a song with them. Warren charmed the audience with his singing performance as they played an impressive rendition of **Lawyers, Guns and Money**.

Beth, Tony and I stood at the side of the dance floor watching while Warren belted out the words to the song. I could see a few tears running down Beth's face. Tony looked quite sad. I whispered to them, "Be happy, we are here to celebrate his life."

After our vacation Warren began to perform off and on, although he was quite high most of the time. I made sure that he always had a driver. He promised me that he would never drive around high. Promises to me were seldom broken by Warren these days.

I knew he had a place in Los Angeles. I didn't pry about his situation there. I really didn't want to know. He did tell me that he had some out of work musician friends staying there. He also said that they were under orders not to answer the door or the phone. He evidently did not want to be there, he wanted to be with me. So he was.

CHAPTER 18

Being a cop and especially being a lady cop takes a great amount of patience and skill; in addition to being a very good judge of character within a short period of time.

I was not a stupid and thoughtless person back when Warren and Norman spent that first night at my house. Warren was smashed and planning on driving to LA. I knew that a person who carried a bottle of vodka into a bar to put in his drink would surely be stubborn enough to try and drive 60 miles or more through four lanes of highway. Even though he was blasted from all the booze and the smoke.

Better off with me than dead on the road. When I think about it now, several people would not be here at all if those two had been killed that night.

Amazing the way things work out, all according to a plan from Someone who watches over the lady cops working the streets and the musicians who have lost their way.

During this time Warren wanted to have his horoscope done. "Just for the hell of it," He said.

I have noted the passages which I feel are most accurate.

The Horoscope:

Element: Air

Mode: Fixed

Ruler: Uranus

Color: Electric Blue, Violet, Gray-green

Famous Aquarians:

Jules Verne, Mikhail Baryshnikov, Galileo Galilei, Abraham Lincoln, James Michener, Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, Norman Rockwell, and Sir Francis Bacon.

Strengths:

Adventurous, curious, humanitarian, idealistic, independent, innovative, intuitive, loyal, original, resourceful, sociable, and spontaneous.

Weaknesses:

Eccentric, inaccessible, inconsistent, intolerant, peculiar, quixotic, radical, rebellious, scattered, unpredictable, and sometimes unrealistic.

Astrological Sign:

Aquarius, the eleventh sign of the zodiac, is considered the sign of perspective, the future, and new projects. The water bearer symbolizes intellectual development through communication and innovation. Of all the signs, the Aquariun is the most idealistic and humanitarian, with a strong sense of community and fraternity. The ruler Uranus, the planet of *change and revolution, represents originality and a strong drive for adventure and freedom. Uranus is also called the rebel planet, and its energy is radical, sudden, and unpredictable.*

Yours is a fixed sign, which means that you resist manipulative behavior. You form your own opinion, however unusual it may be, and refuse to adapt. If someone dares to push, pull, or pressure you, they will definitely get to know your stubborn and eccentric side.

Aquarius is the third of the three air signs, *which means that your intellectuality is expressed as an intuitive grasp of universal principles, along with a concern for the universal wellbeing of humanity.*

Aquarius rules the eleventh house of the chart, the sector associated with friends and groups, *intellectual pleasures, socializing, and attitude toward society.* However, it also describes *personal hopes and wishes, as well as collective trends and humanitarian issues.*

Chinese Astrology

Honest and upright, you advance in life like a **tranquil bulldozer.** *You hate lies, hypocrites, and artifice. If you do something unacceptable you feel terrible or guilty about it for a long time after the fact. For your family and friends you are generous and helpful.* Sometimes you are too generous because you don't seem to know how to say no.

Behind your apparent good nature you bide your hypersensitivity and the soul of a gambler. You love to experience all the pleasures that life has to offer to a maximum.

Underneath your exterior bides a ferocious determination for your inner codes to be respected. Nobody can impose their will upon you unless you decide to let them.

You make your decisions and take responsibility for your failures in private. You don't blame others for your mistakes. When there is conflict, you take cover until the storm has passed. Others may criticize you for preferring to run rather than fight but raised voices, fights, and power games revile you. If your back is against the wall with no escape possible you become a daunting and violent adversary.

END CHAPTER

The most heartbreaking part about the death of Warren Zevon is the fact that he never knew how much he was loved or how important he actually was to so many people. For his music, for his unique way of singing a song, for his humor and certainly for speaking out loud what most of us don't dare say in public. And above all, for the man, himself.

He wanted to be a true rebel in every sense of the word. He was that and much more.

It is also tragic to note that Warren Zevon was awarded two Grammy's after his death. It never ceases to amaze me that the man was finally recognized as a true lyricist, musician and entertainer after he died and was no longer in the physical world.

I, for one, would have loved to have seen him walk up on stage and accept those awards. It would have been an extraordinary moment in our lives.

I was not with Warren when he died. I think that is as it should be. I wanted to remember the man as Alive and Brilliant. And I do.

Possibly, those who are intelligent enough to recognize that a man who writes and sings some of the most beautiful, meaningful and brave songs that many of us have ever heard understand that he is a naturally good man. Although, not a perfect man.

RECONSIDER ME

If I have revealed no more than a glimpse into his heart, then hopefully many will realize that *even an imperfect man can be blessed with a perfect heart.*

I had this written to be the last line of "Reconsider Me":
INDUCT WARREN ZEVON INTO THE ROCK AND ROLL
HALL OF FAME. Warren did not want this to be in the book. His
exact words concerning this issue: Fuck 'em.

He had a few more things that he wanted to add to this biography:

(From Warren, himself.)

1. To those of you who did not like it because I was using alcohol or drugs and anything else to ease the pain of my illness. Put yourselves in my place, what would you do?
2. Those who revealed private matters about me when they were asked to keep these matters secret. I do feel betrayed even if I gave permission when I was ill to reveal things about my life. It should have been taken into consideration that I was not thinking in a normal way from the lack of oxygen. I was struggling to breathe most of the time.
3. In the midst of dying I did not stop continuing to perform and from making my final album so that I would be able to contribute to family members when I was no longer with them.
4. To his fans he has modestly said that his purpose was to have made your lives more sarcastically hopeful and more bearable in troubled times. For the good times: Let's Party All Night Long.

.... Remember to be chivalrous to strangers.....

Rae Murphy