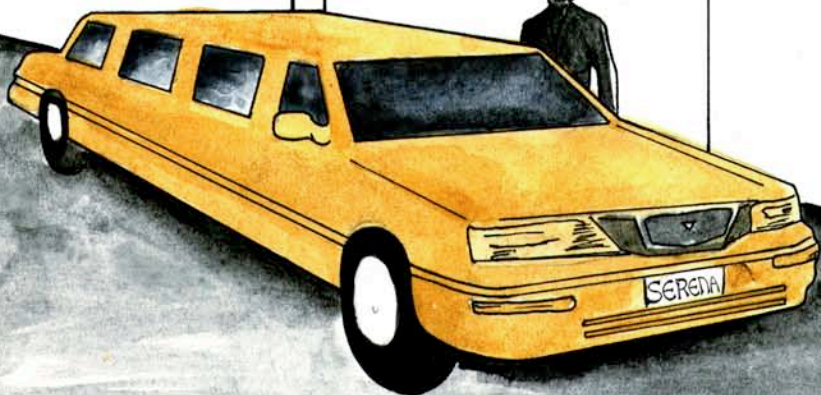


Our limo was waiting
for us downstairs.



A few minutes later,
we were on our way
to enjoy a romantic
dinner.



But because of
Jonathan's impulsive
nature, he suggested
a detour...



..A detour which changed
my life forever, and one that
proved fatal for Jonathan.



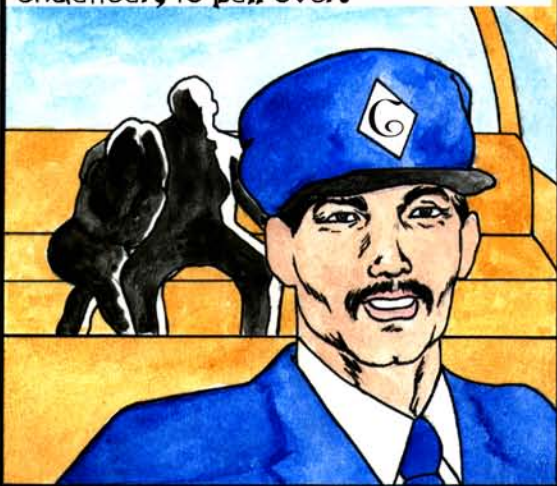
Lake Michigan was beautiful that day. The huge waves rolled in from afar.



As we drove by, Jonathan noticed some other couples strolling hand in hand along the lake shore.



Jonathan beckoned Albert, our chauffeur, to pull over.



Honoring his wishes, Albert pulled over, and we climbed out holding hands.



I will never forget that day. The last day of Jonathan's life. And mine.





Time seemed to stand still. I do not remember how long we walked, pausing every now and then to kiss, and reminisce about our lives. About our hopes and dreams, as well as our wonderful future together.



Once or twice we paused to watch the gentle waves along the beach. Jonathan, like a schoolboy, threw rocks and watched them glide across the water. Soon evening came. The sun was setting as we continued our walk. We were caught up in the moment, enjoying the closeness. Enjoying the warmth and beauty of love. We were caught up in time. If only we had known.

Suddenly, there were shadows.
Moving shadows that surrounded us.
I will always remember the shadows.



YOU
MOVED ON
UP.



NICE
SUIT.



WHERE YA
BEEN HIDIN'
CHRIST?



WHO'S
THE GIRL
NIGGA?

CAN I HELP
YOU GUYS?



They spoke to Jonathan as if they knew him well. As though he were a long, lost friend. Only they did not refer to him as Jonathan. Instead, they kept calling him "Christ" a nickname that had been shortened from the name Christian.



S'UP CHRIST?



LONG TIME, NO SEE.

HEY BABY!



They began to interrogate him, asking about the money he had owed them. Money from selling crack cocaine.

Suddenly, things turned violent.



HA HA

HA HA HA HA HA HA
HA HA HA HA HA HA

KRACK!