

04/01/2013

To: [****]

Subject: The End of Sand Breeze Broadcasting

Dear [****],

Hello. Hope everything has been going well and smoothly for you and your family lately. I am going to be travelling through [****] in about 2 weeks time and I was thinking that maybe I could stop in at your house and catch up with you?

You are probably wondering why I would be very spontaneously travelling through [****] in 2 weeks, which as you know is probably about 1,600km from where I live. Well, it is something that I wanted to talk to you about in person, but I'll explain it now.

I lost my job. I am no longer a cameraman for Sand Breeze Broadcasting anymore. Sand Breeze Broadcasting does not even exist anymore. Let me explain.

Over the last 3 months, the crew at Sand Breeze had been harassed numerous times by an unknown individual. Almost every time we ventured out to film our usual routine for the show, this individual always tried to fuck it up for us. One time I noticed the individual standing in the distance from us, in a very gawking type of matter. I lost my temper and chased this clown for almost 2 blocks. I caught up to this person and punched him right in the jaw. A fight between us soon broke out, eventually being broken up by bystanders and the rest of the crew. One weird thing about this person I had not noticed until this fight was that he wore a mask. It wasn't one of those \$2 pieces of shit you buy from a kid's shop, it was a strange, black fabric mask. It had no facial features or anything, just black fabric. This all kept on being built up over time and last week it all reached a terrifying climax.

We were on our way to our studio to discuss over some video topics that we could shoot for the show. When we arrived to our studio, there was a white van outside the main entrance. We were all confused as to why this vehicle was here, so we pulled up outside the studio and got out of our car to investigate. The front doors had been broken open and almost all of our equipment was in this van. Broadcasting monitors, cameras, you name it. Before we had the chance

to call the police or further investigate this burglary, the individual who had been relentlessly harassing us came sprinting out the front doors with a knife, stabbing our host and sound technician. Before any more damage was done, I rushed the individual and managed to seize the knife. The individual then proceeded to push the knife into my chest, eventually stabbing my right thigh. He jumped into the white van and drove away.

After a long battle in hospital, our sound technician passed away. Our host for Sand Breeze was stabbed pretty badly, but was forced to undergo a thoracotomy, as a piece of the knife had broken off inside of his chest during the attack. I was given 14 stitches on my thigh and left with some grazes and bruises. Due to the death of one of our crew and close friend, we all mutually decided to cancel the show and go our separate ways. Sand Breeze Broadcasting is now nothing. And even if it were ever to be anything again, about 95% of our equipment was stolen by that fucking deranged maniac. That motherfucker took everything we had. Our show, our aspirations, even our friend's fucking life.

I sold the remaining equipment that wasn't stolen from the studio and the studio itself to a guy who lives in [****] Plateau, hence me travelling through your town. I really don't know what I am going to do with my life now, [****]. This experience has scarred me for the rest of my life. I will most likely never know who this individual is. Even the police can't find a trace of him, anywhere. I'll talk more about this in person. Explaining this experience through writing just isn't cutting it for me.

I'll give you a call sometime soon.

Stay safe,

Samuel C.