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My darling Allan my baby boy  
I sit here and wonder what I've  
done wrong. For two years you have  
done really well. You tried to  
push away the past and start a  
new future. I know you were always  
a troubled boy. Something in your  
mind I just couldn't understand.

I blame myself for pushing too hard  
when you were still struggling with  
the past. Those demons in your mind  
that must have been still there. But  
I didn't realize, but this time I wasn't  
there. And that's left a hole in my  
heart that can't be repaired.

A few months ago I told you I thought  
I was a failure as a mum. Because the  
first part of doing "IT" at TAFE they thought  
you were one of the smartest young man  
they taught. The second half something  
went wrong. I only said it to see if you'd go  
back. I told you I was only joking just  
to see if it would make a difference.

I hope you knew in yourself that what I  
said would never be true, because what you  
achieved was always good enough for me.  
I should have stayed that night but I didn't  
now you were going to be alone. I blame  
myself for giving you the money to  
see the ~~psychologist~~ <sup>psychologist</sup>, because I should have  
realized when you feel down that  
you would have went out and spent it



you did, but you should have known I would have still given it to you. In an absence of my own mind I should have put the money in the bank the day you were to see him. To me I feel guilty for not thinking, but hoping you didn't do this because of my absence of thought. I also didn't realize the pain you were in. The phone call the next day you were really hurting. If I knew what you had on your mind I would have left and came straight to you.

Why didn't you tell me what you were thinking you know we could always talk and we could have got through this.

I know you and your brother weren't really close, but the year and a half you lived together. You really got to know each other. He was made with what you did but he couldn't understand your thoughts the same as us. He didn't show much emotion but he was really hurting. He is getting a tattoo in honour of you.

Even your step brother & sisters are missing you so much. With all of us trying to understand all this is full of confusion. Your girlfriend Kathy is really hurting.

I know your dad left when you were young, but I couldn't keep living with him it was just too hard. I know the two of you were so close then, but as life went on the drugs & drinking consumed his life. But as you got older you understood fighting his own



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demons he just didn't have that time for you.

Four months earlier when your dad died I didn't want to tell you now he did it. But I knew you would eventually find out. I was scared for I now sometimes how your mind works and for ~~god sake~~ I hope it wasn't that, you thought you could do it. I know sometimes you ~~were~~ were sick of fights going on in your head maybe this was a way of peace for you.

I know you and George had hard time getting on even he couldn't understand your illness and that it takes a long time to get over. It's only latley he could see how wrong he was. As a friend he knew years ago is still fighting the disease in her mind with somehow she could explain to him, where he could understand more. I even think if I stayed single maybe things would have been better. A stepfather can never be same as your real father they can't treat them the same. He was born in the hard times in Melbourne where you were gentle young man with different blood lines, he just couldn't understand. But deep down he did

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really care, you made him cry a lot of tears. And the guilt he felt that he didn't understand early on.

I don't know what happened that last night. It goes round and around in my mind, what actually tipped you over the edge. Maybe you relapsed and over drank. Not being in your right mind that other voice in your brain took over and you weren't thinking straight.

I feel guilty saying I didn't want you ending up like your dad. But if you relapsed we could have started again. So I hope in your mind you'd know I wouldn't be disappointed.

I suppose deep down I will never know, but where ever I am were ever I go you were the best son a mum could ever have. I still can't believe you are not here:

I know <sup>you would have</sup> ~~you would have~~ cry tears every day ~~you would have~~ said I was a good mum and what ever happened wasn't my fault. But losing you like this I just can't cope. all I can say if this gave you peace. I just have to believe, you felt it was right.

With so much love from your  
mum. I still keep waiting for you to walk through our door.