```
In my sleep,
in my sleep last night

In my dream,
in my dream last night

In the dark,
in the dark last night

In the hall,
walked Richard Speck last night
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[Going back. Going way back. Rewind. Chichichichichichi. Going way back to 1966.

My mother was talking with her sister about some nurses who wer e murdered up in

Seattle late in the night. Her description of these murders was vivid, and she

accurately identified with the fear that the surviving must hav e felt, all curled

up underneath that bed listening to her friends get killed one at a time. Waiting

for the moment she too would be discovered and disposed of.

Hence, in my overcrowded childhood mind, these murders played o ut time and time again

like a sickly off-Broadway production that keeps getting revive  $\ensuremath{\mathtt{d}}.$  And so, sometimes in

my dreams, Richard Speck walks the hall at night.]