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# Duane Morrison's Suicide Note

*Transcribed by*

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*This document contains the text of Duane Morrison's suicide note, written by hand in a lined notebook and sent to his brother, Gary, before committing the 2006 shooting at Platte Canyon High School in Bailey, Colorado. Our transcript preserves Morrison's spelling and punctuation; capitalization has been standardized to some extent. Paragraph breaks and indents are per the original. Additional editing by Peter Langman, Ph.D.*

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Page 1        Since your reading this now, you know I'm gone and some terrible things will be said about me. Some true, some not. This not a suicide note or a diary. This is my idea about the way things are and why they are.

I want to appologize to all of you. I know the way things will end will hurt many and I'm terribly sorry. Once I knew the way things were going to end up, I thought I better try to explain the way things were in my mind.

I would like to request three final things. ① ... I prefer that this letter be read only by Gary, JoAnn, Rebecca, and Judy. ② ... I wish to be creameted [cremated]. I don't want my ashes kept in some urn. No church service, no memorial service, and no burial. If you wish, you may dispose of my ashes in the trash. I would like to have them dumped in the mountains though. Maybe up at Jefferson lake, that is such a pretty spot.

Page 2        My third request will come later. Please look for the number ③ ...

Its so hard for me to write this, to put my feelings down on paper. I think I know why that is and I'll git into that in a bit. I know that awful things will be said about me, and I hope this doesn't cause any pain or hurt to any of you. I'm so sorry about this

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because I love all of you so much. I will try to see or talk to each of you before things come to an end.

I'm sure all of you have noticed over the years that I had problems. On my 21st birthday, I remember thinking about suicide seriously for the first time. Through my teenage years I remember thinking if I could get my life straightened out by the time I was 21, I might have a normal life. That was not to be.

Page 3        Sometime in my mid to late twenties, I began to lose touch with reality. I would forget things that I had done or wonder if some of my other memories had actually happened.

Things got bad in the early 1990's while I was living in Sacramento. There were times my mind would go completely blank. I wouldn't know where I was or what I was doing. Sometimes this would only last one minute, sometimes ten minutes. This was when thoughts and urges began entering my mind. These were easier to control at first but now seem to run my life, going in and out of my mind at will. I have no idea what life is about. I have no idea why I'm alive. I have no idea what's real and what's not real.

Page 4        I've lately begun to wonder why "he" (your father) chose me to be the "one". Do any of you know? Did he ever tell anyone or did I do something wrong as a baby? Don't get me wrong, I [am] thankful that none of you had to go through what I did! Since we were on this subject ..... This is difficult !!!

Some people will say that I may have had a terrible childhood. Well, they couldn't be more wrong! Actually, I had no childhood at all. It was stolen from me. Taken before it began. Replaced by constant fear and occasional terror. Why would any parent mentally and physically abuse a child. You may not know it, but I believe the mental was the worst. Not knowing where "he" or when he would be coming after me. That was the worst. Constant fear of not knowing. School was nice. I was

Page 5        safe at school. For part of the day I could almost relax. For six or seven hours, I was out of "his" reach. I'm not sure I can put into the words the way it was when "he" was around.

Fear was constant growing up. I got away from the dinner table as fast as I could. I would take a few bites, say I was full and leave. Fear overrode hunger because I could not stand to be in the same room as him.

Often we (kids) would all watch T.V. in the evening. If he came in and sat down, I would wait a few minutes, go to the bathroom, turn the water on or something, then go to my bedroom.

Wherever we lived, whichever house we had, I always had a certain spot to [go?] to. It would be in one of the corners, some place where I couldn't be seen if he were

Page 6        walking down the hall. I spent a lot of time sitting and standing in the corners of my bedrooms.

The worst, the nightmare more terrible than all others was when the two of us were home alone. When that would happen, when he came home or everyone else left, I would quickly go find my unseen corner and stay there until someone else got home.

I was always afraid to close the bedroom door, as he would know I was in there. I know all of you love him, so I won't go into any details of what happened. If I remained quiet,

no noise no music, not a sound I was usually safe. But not always. Once in a while he would call me. As soon as I heard my name, fear would turn into panic and sheer terror!

Sometime it was nothing, he would just want to know wher I was, but the terror

Page 7 was still there. Maybe a third to a half the time that he called me, he would come right for me as soon as he saw me. Terror was then replaced by something I don't think I can put into words. When I would see "him" coming after me I froze, unable to me [move?]. I would shake from head to toe my stomach in knots and my heart pounding, preparing for his temper to be unleashed on me. I would often wet myself.

This was my childhood, my life. Except for fishing with Gary a few times in North Carolina, I have no pleasant memories of growing up. None. "He" didn't take those from me, he didn't allow me to have any.

Page 8 I wanted everyone to know the true facts about what happened at the Harley dealer and why. I'm not sure what will happen, but if I have my way it may just hit the fan.

On Dec. 24, 2002, I bought the new bike, a 2003 H.D. Wide Glide. I also purchased a set of aftermarket performance exhust system, a better carburator and several other acces.[sories] to be installed before I took delivery. When I picked up the bike, no carb had been installed and a defective set of pipes were on the bike. I called and called and all I got was a major runaround. About Feb or March I started calling them and yelled, screamed, and cussed. That was my mistake. I should not have done that but it may have been only 3 or 4 calls. The accessories that they cheated me out of amounted to about \$1200 to \$1400 dollars, I dont remember exactly. I guess because of the phone calls, the H.D. dealer decided to press charges

Page 9 against me and I was arrested the other day. The papers are in my glove box. My bond was \$500.00 and someone can get that money back from the jail or court. If things go as planned, I will try to make someone at the H.D. shop pay!

Today may have been one of the saddest days of my life. I realize that I may never talk to any of you again, and probably never see any of you again. I want all of you to know how much I enjoyed having dinners with you for the holidays, Christmas and Thanksgiving. And even the times I didn't accept it made me feel good that you thought enough about me to ask me to spend holiday dinner with you.

Page 10 I have never owned much and don't own much now. I would like my belongings to go to James, if he wants them. My T.V., stereo equipment, couch, bed, ect. If Gary wants my telescope, he may have it. I also told James that he may have my few remaing [remaining] guns. My fishing poles are in the Jeep. Maybe Eric would like those. He and I sure had fun fishing up at Jefferson lake.

There is one thing I would like Judy to have, if it survived packing. On top of my microwave there was a glass butter dish. It belonged to aunt Lela. I don't know how long she had it, but I got it from her about 20 years ago. It's old and fragile. Its round with a glass base. I hope it didn't get broken.

Page 11 Things are getting pretty close to the end now. I figure about a week is all I have left. I'll try to call everybody one last time. I may try to visit everyone, but I'm not sure

if I could keep the tears back. I know that sounds strange coming from me. So it may be just a phone call.

I miss all of you so much already. It's a terribly hurtful, empty, tearful pain inside me knowing I will never see any of you again.

Page 12      Please forgive me for the terrible things you have heard or are about to hear. Suicide is sometimes an embarrassment to family members, so for this I truly apologize for any hurt I may cause all of you. To me suicide is finally a release from an empty and painful life that has never had any meaning for me. I'm tired of living, and for the last 15 years or so I'm tired of living in pain. Constant pain.

Page 13      So to my sisters, Judy, JoAnn, and Rebecca, to my brother Gary, please know that my last thoughts will be of you! My last few breaths, my last few heartbeats will be yours. Of my love for each of you.

My last moment will be painless!

# ③

I wish for all of you to get along with each other. No more arguing over petty things. And they are petty items if you think about it. Please get along. Life is so short.

Please hug each other for me....

I love all of you so much....

duane [*flourished underline*]

Page 14      [*Business card for the Mallory Manor Hotel, in Lakewood, Colorado, with a handwritten change to the printed telephone number*]

I'm staying in the Mallory Motel in room 10 if anyone wants my last few personal items.

I meant to call everyone today, (26th) but I couldn't handle it. I called Judy first but [*two words canceled*] it was too emotional.

Page 15      [*Front of envelope, addressed from Duane Morrison, in Denver, Colorado, to Gary Morrison, in Centennial, Colorado. The envelope has five stamps, suggesting Morrison may have mailed the entire notebook, not just the fourteen pages transcribed here.*] [SS.I]