

But there was something disquieting about him. After all, how can you trust someone who wears sunglasses inside?" But Louise had none of these misgivings - at least not yet.

By October, a scant four months after meeting Michael, Louise moved into the Jackson mansion. At first she was awestruck by the pool, the private screening room, the electronic security system, the video arcade, and the old-time popcorn machine. Soon, however, the trappings of stardom wore thin. Michael wasn't quite the man she thought he was.

Less than a month later, Farrah Fawn received a distraught telephone call from Louise. "I think it must have been Louise - either that or an obscene phone call," says Fawn. "I answered the phone about two in the morning one night and there was nobody on the line. I figured it must be Louise

because she's the only one of my friends who's not very good on the phone. Don't get me wrong, Lou is a smart girl, she knows how to dial and everything, but it's pretty hard to pick up a receiver with your hoof and when Ma Bell designed the classic black telephone, the receiver wasn't intended to reach from a llama's mouth to its ear. Also, she's a little self-conscious about talking on the phone because her English still isn't too good. Most people don't realize how difficult it is for an almost-grown llama to pick up a second language."

At any rate, Fawn packed a suitcase and headed out to Encino to spend the week-end with her friend. "It wasn't because I wanted to stay with a famous star, I was just concerned about my friend. I mean why would she call if she weren't in trouble?"

But when Fawn arrived at the Jackson mansion she was shocked by what she saw.

The colour had drained from Louise's cheeks, her normally bright, wide eyes were sad and mournful. "Lou used to be so cheery and full of life but when she met me at the gate she was just listless." Fawn also noticed the bruises on Louise's nose and sides.

When Fawn met Jackson he briefly shook her hoof, mumbled something inaudible and turned away. Farrah didn't see Jackson again until the next morning.

On her way to the bathroom, Fawn passed the video arcade. There was Michael Jackson slouched in his chair with a Pepsi Free in one hand and a bag of granola in the other staring vacantly at the Frogger video screen. Evidently Jackson had been in the same pose all night.

When Fawn passed the arcade on the way back to her room, Jackson stared at her and mumbled something about "I like to ride deer." "Then he said the three of us (Louise,

Farrah and Jackson) should get together for a good time," says Fawn.

Farrah spent the next two days trying to convince her friend to leave Jackson, but "Lou would stare wistfully into space and repeat over and over, 'We'll see.'"

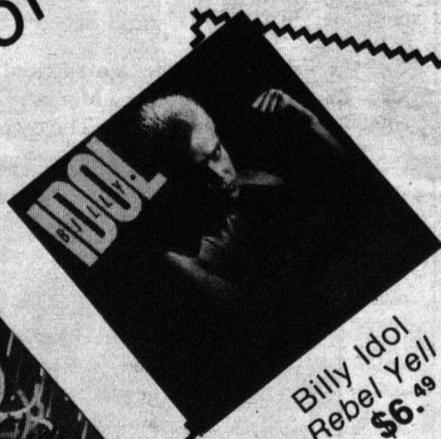
When Fawn returned to Los Angeles after the weekend she was deeply concerned for her friend but there didn't seem to be anything she could do. It would be two months before the two friends spoke to each other again.

When Deputy Wilbur Smith realized what had happened with the coroner's report, he tried to go public with what he had seen at the Jackson mansion that fateful morning. But Smith was fired from the Encino police department for
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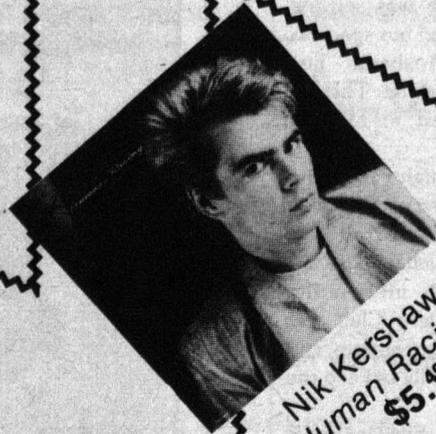
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