Excerpt from *Ted and Ann – The Mystery of a Missing Child and Her Neighbor Ted Bundy*, by Rebecca Morris

His eyes would turn black. Or he would suddenly develop a mark on his cheek. Other times he would emit an odor, one more animal than human. From the time Ted was a three year-old scaring his aunt with knives, to later when teachers, friends and relatives began to witness his sudden anger, there was a physical metamorphosis that came over him.

Ted's childhood and high school friends witnessed changes in him when he got mad; his normally blue eyes darkened. Ted was quick to rage as a child. If he got angry, he could shove a plate of food in your face. If a fern caught him near an eye during a pretend game of warfare, he would start a fistfight, even with his best friend. He liked to jump out from behind bushes and scare his friends. It wasn't just in the spirit of fun; he experienced a kind of twisted glee if he startled them. On death row, he admitted that as a child, he threw tantrums and urinated in a store to get the attention of his mother. His longtime college girlfriend wrote of a peaceful river rafting trip interrupted when he suddenly lunged at her and shoved her into the water. He couldn't understand why she was upset. He grew up, but in many ways he never matured.

His great-aunt, Virginia Bristol, told of a pleasant evening at a concert in Pennsylvania with Ted, then college-aged. They were standing on a platform waiting for a train when she said Ted suddenly started to verbally ramble; she said that he made no sense and looked crazy and that she was "afraid to be alone with him." Joe Aloi, an investigator for the Florida public defender's office, said that one day when he and Ted were talking, Ted suddenly "became weird." Aloi described how Ted's body and face changed, how there was almost a complete

change of personality and how Ted exhibited extreme tension. And Aloi was aware of an odor. He said that was the day he became afraid of Ted.

Journalist Stephen Michaud began to call Ted Bundy "the hunchback" when the Florida prosecutor, while trying Ted for the murder of twelve-year old Kimberly Leach, described what people *think* a criminal is: "a hunchbacked, cross-eyed little monster slithering through the dark, leaving a trail of slime." Michaud, who spent hundreds of hours audio taping interviews with Ted, said he hid behind "a mask of sanity." Like Aloi, Storwick, and Ted's great-aunt, Michaud witnessed moments of metamorphosis. "When we'd be talking about the murders, he would grab the (tape) recorder and cradle it. There was a white mark on his left cheek, like a scratch. After awhile it would fade away." Ted's longtime college girlfriend noticed moments when his eyes looked close together.

During the last fifteen years of his life, an army of detectives, psychiatrists, attorneys, journalists and family members of dead girls would struggle to understand the darkness that descended on Ted beginning in his teenage years. In addition to Michaud's "the hunchback," Ted's "problem" would be called "the malignant being" and an "altered state." He would be diagnosed or described as having a life-long personality disorder, bipolar disease (manic depression), dysphasia, abnormal brain chemistry, maladaptive personality structure, affective disorder , and DID or dissociative identity disorder. Ted simply called his talent for hurting others without remorse his "flaw." He learned to compartmentalize, to have "boxes in his head," according to one investigator. He could think of himself as the "good Ted" and the "bad Ted." It was "the other Ted," "the entity," who was responsible for those horrible murders. And yet he would never let his attorneys use "the other Ted" as a defense for his crimes.

Experts debated – are *still* debating - exactly what the early and adolescent influences on Ted were. As a teenager, Ted almost certainly began to show evidence of the manic depression that plagued both his grandparents. It took different forms in them: his grandfather was violent and controlling, his grandmother prone to depression and agoraphobia (and who knows what traits his birth father might have passed on to Ted). One psychiatrist believed that because Ted always bludgeoned his victims, he had most likely been beaten with a stick – by a woman – when he was a child.

As he entered his teenage years, a pattern began to emerge; when he was in the grips of the downside of his depression he lied, he stole, he manipulated others, he felt no empathy and no responsibility for his own actions and – eventually - he killed. Alcohol or marijuana helped him to act on his impulses and act out his fantasies. When he was on a manic upswing, he would move, change colleges and change majors. And then his moods would drop again, and he couldn't go to classes, would sabotage himself and his relationships, drop out of school, drink, smoke pot, prowl, steal and kill. He called them his "frenzy episodes," even while continuing to proclaim his innocence.

Dr. Dorothy Lewis, the psychiatrist who worked on Ted's behalf near the end of his life, testified that Ted had "no insight into these wide fluctuations" before she documented his ups and downs. She could chart his mood swings to when he had committed crimes. There would be an upswing of mania that would lead to killings; the depression came after - not over his hurting someone, but over the physical release killing provided him. She says that during his "frenzy episodes" his compulsions would build, and what little impulse control he had lessened. Only killing would quiet his rage.

But his parents and half-siblings saw nothing, or said they saw nothing. To his mother, Louise, he would always be the thoughtful young man who never forgot to send flowers on Mother's Day. His half-sister, Linda Bussey, six years younger than Ted and the oldest of Louise and Johnnie's four children, recalls only "a great childhood, super great parents." The man who finally admitted to killing dozens of young women – and hinted of many more – was, according to Bussey, "not the person I knew."

Bussey still lives in Tacoma, near where Louise and Ted first settled and just blocks from the UPS campus and the Burr home. Repeating "it was a great childhood," is all she will say about Ted's early years. She says she never talked with Ted about who his birth father was, and claims she has never given any thought to what made Ted arguably the most famous serial killer in America. Her explanation of their childhood and home life is much like Ted and Louise denying there was anything amiss at his grandparent's house.

Without question, the most complicated relationship of Ted's life was with his mother. For most of his life, Ted Bundy would tell himself – and others – conflicting stories about his parentage. When he confided his illegitimacy to Ann Rule (a friend and co-worker at a crisis hotline in Seattle who was writing a book about the search for a young killer with only a first name, "Ted"), he said he was raised believing that Louise was his sister and he was a "late baby" born to Samuel and Eleanor Cowell. A college girlfriend, who under the pseudonym Elizabeth Kendall wrote about her six-year long relationship with Ted, stated that he cried when he told her about finding out he was illegitimate.

On January 23, 1962, the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer's* headline read: "145 Days of Heartbreak: They'll Hunt a 'Lifetime' for Ann Marie." Pictured are Bev and Don Burr, seated in their living room with Ted Strand beside Bev and Tony Zatkovich leaning over Don and pointing to a calendar in Bev's lap. As if any of them needed to be reminded how much time had passed.

One hundred and forty-five days of swimming through sewers, crawling under houses, mailing twenty thousand posters with Ann's photograph to law enforcement agencies. One hundred and forty-five sleepless nights for Bev and Don, nights spent talking with Julie after the other children had gone to bed. Julie, at seven, was the most distressed of the children and felt the loss of her older sister – her best friend – keenly. She was in second grade at Grant elementary School, where Ann should have been right down the hall in a third grade classroom.

Julie was aware that everyone was talking about Ann's disappearance; Julie felt pitied, and she did not want to be pitied. A classmate of Julie's remembers how quiet the girl was that year, and that the school didn't say much, not officially anyway, to the students. "The school probably assumed there would be a ransom and Ann would be back in a few days," the woman said. "I was scared, and didn't know what to say to Julie. So none of us talked at school about Ann. But my parents talked a lot about it at home."

Bev had taken the children with her while she put up the posters, and according to Julie, the children went along to help search the parks, gullies, and ravines for Ann. Presumably, they might have stumbled over their sister's dead body. It was what everyone was looking for, wasn't it? Bev denied that the children helped search, but Julie was adamant that they did and that it added to their trauma. Of course, Bev didn't drive, so where she went, the children almost always went. Bev and Don didn't believe in babysitters except for Bev's mother, Marie.

Julie was terrified to turn eight years old, but she did on February 28, 1962. She was now the age her sister was when she disappeared. Bev told a newspaper that Julie didn't like being the oldest.

It wouldn't look right for a mother of a missing girl to be pessimistic, so in interview after interview, Bev spoke of having hope. Sometimes she even believed she did. And in articles, Don sounded hopeful. If their relationship with their parish priest was strained, Bev and Don didn't let on. An article mentioned Don quoting Father Godley as having told the family: "She is already with God, if that's the way it is to be."

But Bev was floundering, trying to decide if her Catholic faith was a solace or disappointment. If prior to Ann's disappearance Father Godley didn't see the Burr family in church very often, that would change. Julie's memory of the months after Ann disappeared are of Sundays and how her mother would sit in church, sobbing. "When she was first taken, I thought it was God's will," Bev said. "Later I said, 'That was a stupid thing to say.'" Bev wrestled with what she believed, but regardless, she concluded every prayer with these words to herself: "And bless our Ann."