

The Summer Wind

Thomas Capano and the Murder of Anne Marie Fahey

George Anastasia

Introduction

The cooler wouldn't sink. It was floating out there in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean, bobbing on the water. Mocking him.

Tom Capano looked at it for a long time; then he turned to his brother Gerry. Gerry looked away. He had made it clear that he wanted no part of this. But Tom needed him. Maybe for the only time in his life, he needed his younger brother's help.

They were out there together, and they had to finish what they had started.

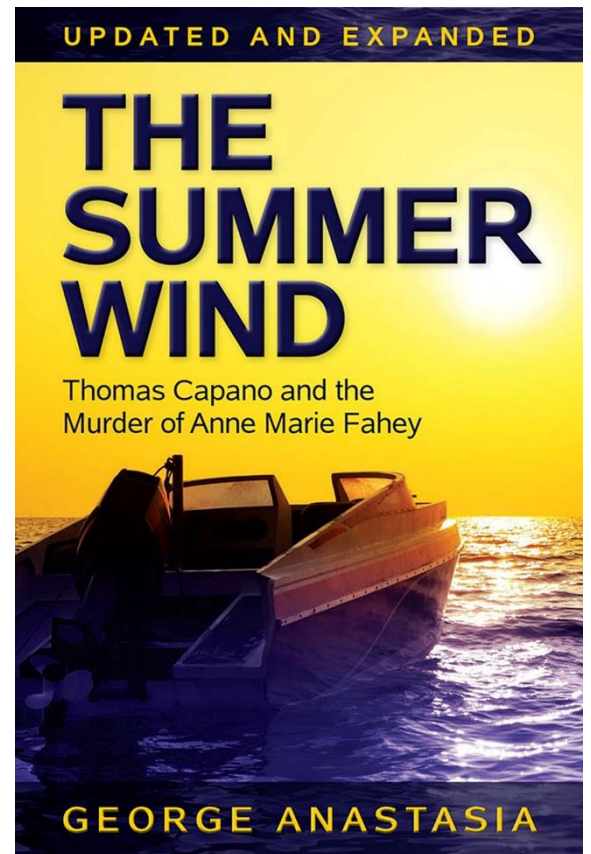
Tom cursed.

The cooler was an Igloo marine model, a fisherman's ice chest. It was about four feet long, two feet high, and two and a half feet wide, made of heavy-duty white plastic. Tom had wrapped a large metal chain around it and secured it with a padlock, but that and its contents still weren't enough to make it sink. The cooler stood out against the blue-green sea, floating calmly about thirty feet away from them.

They were standing on the deck of the *Summer Wind*— which was the name of Gerry's sports fishing boat, and also the title of a melancholy Frank Sinatra song of fleeting romance and the heartache of lost love. But that was an irony that would have been lost on Tom Capano as he stood staring at the damn ice chest, willing it to go down.

"I can't fucking believe you did this," Gerry Capano shouted. "Why did you get me involved in this? I can't fucking believe it."

They were about sixty miles out, south east of the southernmost tip of New Jersey. It was late on a hazy Friday morning at the end of June in 1996, the kind of day sailors and fishermen described as "snotty." There was a slight



wind blowing out of the southeast. The waves were two to four feet. The sun was trying to break through the heavy mist.

During the ride down to the shore that morning, Tom had assured his brother that everything would be all right. "I'll never let anything happen to you," he had said. But now, as he stood at the back of the small boat, he had nothing more to say to his brother.