Und du? Wenn isst du deine Pinklady am liebsten? Zum Frühstück oder gegen den kleinen Hunger? Pinklady vor dem Schlafengehen oder Pinklady nach der Arbeit? Pinklady zu Nachtisch oder Pinklady als Snack?

Warum sich überhaupt entscheiden? Der Pinklady-Apfel einfach immer ein Genuss.

Winden Sie Pinklady in den Zieldörfern der Deutschland-Tour vom 23. zu 27. August.

Unseres und oft destresse Insidenz

Unseres und oft destresse Insidenz Unseres und oft destresse Insidenz

Unseres und off destresse misidenz

Unseres und oft destresse Insidenz

Das ist die Message, die die Besonderer

zu der jetzt befundenen Website

amyboyer.com

Klicken ein Button, labelt Anta

und hat eine neue Page, die ein Foto

von einem jungen Mann mit kurzen Haaren und ein Goatie darstellt.

Er war ein heavy Jacket und Sunglasses.

In einer Hand holte er einen Assault-Reifen

mit einem Finger auf den Träger.

Der Komponierende Text meinte

Hallo Infodurals, ich bin Lea Miaowens.

Wer bin ich?

Wenn ich 20 Leute in meinem Backjagd

berichten würde,

würde meine Nachbarn mich als

Quatsch,

basically kept to himself.

Lea Miaowens war auch die

closest to Lea Miaowens

knew very little about him.

Lea Miaowens hailed from the city of Nashua

in the American state of New Hampshire.

He lived there with his divorced mother,

aunt, niece,

and whichever of his five older siblings

were visiting at the time.

Despite being constantly on the

side of people,

Lea Miaowens war rarely seen or heard.

He hardly spoke to his family.

who left him to his own devices.

At Nashua High School where he attended,

Lea Miaowens was referred to as a ghost.

Fu knew his name,

and he garnered little attention

aside from being teased.

Thin and bespectacled,

Lea Miaowens viewed himself

as so unattraktive,

that he wouldn't let anyone

see him.

He never dated or participated

in extracurricular activities,

instead wandering the halls alone

and eating lunch by himself in the corner.

Living off frozen pizza and soda,

Lea Miaowens spent hours alone

in his locked bedroom.

He sat at his computer playing video games, watching pornography, and interacting online. While the internet was still in its infancy. Lea Miaowens war unabhängig While the internet was still in its infancy in the early 90s, its expansion into the home environment allowed recluses like Lea Miaowens to foster a new existence online. He created at least four websites for free on web hosting services like tripod.com and GeoCities. These sites became Lea M's virtual diaries, where he vented his innermost thoughts and feelings. Lea M also wrote fiction. In one short story he posted online, Lea M described a young man named Willem, who always wanted to belong. His extremely low self esteem and lack of self confidence made him guiet and withdrawn. An outsider looking in, Willem wanted to approach others and join in their fun, but feared being humiliated. Lea M wrote, Willem remembered one particularly regretful moment in his dull, uneventful childhood, that he wishes he could do over again. It was the summer of his 11th year at a sword fighting tournament, in which almost all the village boys participated. Willem was standing away from the small crowd of gatherers that cheered on their champions to victory. Willem was alone,

like a daisy sprouting up from a field of grass.

it was actually more like an acorn

that had fallen off its tree,

No, wait a minute,

helplessly cut off from the other. Willem drifted away like smoke

into another one of his daydreams,

one of the ways he kept his sanity

in his lonely life.

Willem pictured himself as the queen's champion,

a warrior who stood above the others,

his followers.

But the happy fantasy turned sour

as the queen and all the followers

had the faces of the villagers of his town.

How can I be a champion?

I can't even muster the courage to talk to them.

Willem was at rock bottom now.

He knew that wherever he went

there would be people just like the ones surrounding him now

that he would have to communicate with.

He knew they would look at him

and laugh at his lanky appearance,

although he was sure everyone else did.

In 1993,

while in the eighth grade,

Liam Yawans attended a church youth group meeting

where he encountered a fellow Nashua high student.

Although they didn't have any significant interaction,

Liam was instantly enamored with this mystery girl.

It wasn't until the tenth grade

that they crossed paths again.

The pair were assigned to the same algebra class

where Liam heard the girl's name for the first time.

Amy Boyer.

Shortly after,

Liam was on the school bus

when another male student began making strange noises for a laugh.

A girl yelled out playfully for the boy to shut up.

Liam turned his head and realized it was Amy Boyer.

The otherwise unremarkable interaction

was a defining moment for Liam.

He posted about it on his website.

It was the moment he fell in love.

Amy Boyer was the stark contrast of Liam Yawans.

Described as gentle, caring and loving,

she never left home without giving her mother and stepfather  $% \left( 1\right) =\left( 1\right) \left( 1\right)$ 

an embrace and telling them she loved them.

Whether it was going to concerts with her older brother,

having cookouts with her friends

or helping her little sister with homework,

Amy valued every person in her life.

She held on to every friend she ever met.

When she wasn't studying or working at a local ice cream shop,

Amy camped with her family and sailed on their boat.

She loved the outdoors and everything associated with it.

She lived a full and happy life

and looked forward to her future.

Liam Yawans created a public website

dedicated to Amy and his feelings for her,

titled AmyBoyer.com.

On the site, he posted identifying details about Amy,

including her full name, physical descriptions

and where she lived.

He surreptitiously obtained pictures of Amy

that he posted and gusht over.

He analyzed each encounter the pair had.

In one instance, Amy drove past Liam

with a friend and playfully yelled out high.

On his website, Liam wrote,

I was so fucked up in the head,

it didn't even register to respond.

In his senior year,

Liam enrolled in the same classes as Amy,

hoping it would draw them together.

I need a daily intake of Amy, he admitted online.

When Amy apparently caught wind of his crush,

Liam was mortified.

He pondered about it online, writing,

This actually is not necessarily a bad thing,

as this only heightens Amy's awareness of me in a major way.

From that point on,

whenever Liam and Amy were in the same vicinity,

Liam felt like Amy was thinking about him.

They once passed by one another in the school lunchroom.

Liam avoided making contact,

but Amy brushed against him in a way

that Liam perceived as intentional.

Dissecting her behavior online, Liam wrote,

She would act as though she didn't notice me,

whether or not I was staring at her.

To pretend that you don't notice someone

uses twice as much concentration on that person

than if you just ignored them.

On Valentine's Day,

Liam noticed that Amy was holding a rose.

He later watched from a window

as Amy spoke with a male student.

Liam sensed that Amy knew he was watching.

She glanced in his direction three times.

The person Amy was talking to became her boyfriend.

Watching the two of them make out made Liam feel insane.

He was certain Amy was purposely taunting him.

Regardless, his infatuation continued to grow.

Amy disembarked the school bus on Woodbury Drive,

leading Liam to assume that's where she lived.

At night, he drove down the cul-de-sac

and took pictures of all the ranch-style houses,

hoping to identify Amy's home.

Liam disclosed online.

I won't even tell you why I did this.

I can't imagine the absurdity of it.

He eventually spotted Amy's car parked out the front of a home

with the faux wishing well on the lawn

and a large welcome sign near the door.

Describing the sighting, Liam wrote,

When I saw that car and looked at that house

and realized Amy was asleep in there and dolphins flew,

it was like crack cocaine.

I have never felt that kind of rush in my life.

Liam took the role of film to be developed at a local pharmacy.

When a store clerk saw that the film contained

nothing but images of a straight car and house,

they became unnerved and contacted authorities.

Liam returned to the store only to be greeted by a police officer

who informed him that the photos had been destroyed.

In hindsight, Liam realized he should have taken

other random images to detract from the others.

As he left the pharmacy, the officer sarcastically remarked,

You're welcome.

Liam knew he was being perceived as strange,

but that didn't bother him at all.

By the time Liam Yawans graduated from Nashua High in 1997,

he'd spent two years fixated on Amy Boyer.

He enrolled at the Rochester Institute of Technology

in New York State, putting 400 miles between him and Amy.

This did a little to curb his infatuation.

During mid-semester breaks, Liam returned to Nashua.

On one occasion, he borrowed his mother's car

and drove to Amy's house at 2.30 am.

He parked out the front and watched.

Ten minutes later, a car approached from down the road.

It was Amy.

Scared of being spotted,

Liam tried to drive away, but his car wouldn't start.

He had to get out and walk to a payphone.

Riding about this close encounter online, Liam said,

I called a tow truck at 3 am to get my car from my first attempt at stalking.

And you know what?

Turns out I was so scared that I forgot to put the car in park to start it.

Who didn't say life was fun?

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Jane course.

Afterwards, she went to one of her two jobs.

Amy was now the manager of the ice cream shop, while also working as an orthodontist's assistant.

She often didn't get home until midnight, while other nights were spent at her boyfriend's house.

This frustrated Liam, but still he persisted.

Eventually, he stopped seeing Amy's car on Woodbury Drive all together.

Liam suspected Amy had cottoned onto the fact he was observing her.

He felt flattered.

Liam told one of his sisters about his self-confessed obsession with Amy, and took her with him to Woodbury Drive.

This time, Amy's car was parked out the front.

Liam was convinced there was a set up by police to catch him stalking.

A short while later, Amy's car disappeared again.

This indicated to Liam that the sting was off.

He continued parking on Woodbury Drive, and on one occasion, a police car drove by.

Liam now had no doubt that they were onto him.

After a year of studying at Rochester Institute of Technology, Liam dropped out.

The dormitory life simply wasn't for him.

He cried uncontrollably on the bus ride to Nashua, feeling sorry for himself.

He lasted a semester at a local college before taking on unskilled night shift work where he could be left alone.

Outside of work, he was either holed up in his bedroom or out driving around.

Weeks went by, and Liam's family saw less and less of him.

They knew he was depressed and wondered where he went in the middle of the night, but no one discussed it with Liam.

Nor did they enter his bedroom, where Liam mostly sat hunched over his computer, typing about his increasingly morose life.

In one poem, he wrote,

One day fades into another.

People are used to know go on together.

But I stay where I was, where I am.

Alone and forgotten, I stay.

Adding to Liam's low self-esteem was the fact that he had a condition known as sunken chest disorder.

This caused his ribs to stick out unnaturally.

He pleaded with his mother to get plastic surgery to fix it, but she refused and called the request silly.

Enraged, Liam threw a china cabinet down a flight of stairs.

It was the first time he had lashed out aggressively and his mother subsequently called the police.

When they arrived, Liam threatened to kill himself, remarking, why don't I just buy a gun?

Liam's mother assured police that her son wasn't serious and the matter was dismissed.

He was arrested for criminal threatening and criminal mischief and ordered to attend to anger management classes.

In reality, Liam had been thinking about taking his own life for a while and was upset that his mother dismissed his cry for help.

He visited suicide forums online, where he divulged that he'd attempted self harm but had vomited before he could go through with it.

Liam's charges prohibited him from purchasing firearms, but he saved up to buy a shotgun regardless.

When he went to get the gun, it was unavailable.

Liam feared the police would find out and punish him.

He made a plan to drive his car into a tree at high speed but lost his nerve.

Instead, he went to the police station and confessed to trying to obtain a firearm he intended to use to take his own life.

The officer allegedly told Liam to go home and sleep it off.

Writing about the experience online, Liam said, they missed their chance to report my statement and institutionalize me.

Oh well.

Liam Yawans avoided a criminal conviction and completed his three court mandated anger

management classes, which he mocked online for being ineffective.

His firearm prohibitions were subsequently lifted.

Liam went to a Walmart store in the neighboring state of Vermont.

He chose a .22 caliber rifle with little thought, calling it a small step into that world.

He then went to the bordering state of Maine and to a different Walmart, where he purchased a second rifle.

Over time, Liam obtained four more rifles.

With each new purchase, he became more confident that no one was going to stop him.

Liam posted pictures of his guns on his website and discussed what he could do with them.

On a page titled Mass Murder, Liam revealed that one of his favorite things in life was seeing the breaking news banner appear on TV.

He relished the aerial shots of people running from a building as a SWAT team converged with their guns drawn.

Admit it, he wrote to his website visitors.

You love it too.

You think it's horrible, but you still watch it, don't you?

Taking inspiration from Spree Killers, he admired, Liam fantasized about returning to Nashua High during lunchtime and firing indiscriminately at students in the courtyard.

He hoped to emulate a high school shooting that had recently occurred elsewhere in the United States.

Liam went to Nashua High to enact his plan, but couldn't go through with it.

He screamed and cried in his car before driving on.

Finally, Liam purchased a 9mm semi-automatic pistol from a seller advertising it in the Want Ads.

He posted a picture of it online, writing,

I took this baby home.

I just said, wow.

Liam Yawans used his website to air his fantasies about killing multiple people, but there was one fantasy in particular that he zeroed in on.

Over the many years he had spent stalking Amy Boyer, Liam reached the conclusion that he no longer loved her.

He confessed online.

I wish I did, but I don't.

Despite this change in his feelings, Liam wrote,

I need to stop Amy from having a life.

He wanted her to die.

Liam gave multiple vague reasons as to why.

This included vengeance against unidentified people he felt wanted to punish him.

The Nashua Police Department was also a driving force.

Liam believed that they were aware of his stalking and were attempting to stop him.

He wanted to beat them at their own game, succeed where they failed.

It appeared that Liam was losing his grasp on reality.

His online posts became inarticulate incoherent ramblings.

They implied a personal relationship between himself and his readers, though made little

sense from an outsider's perspective.

His thoughts were also becoming increasingly dark and disturbing.

Liam wrote of a plan he had for Christmas Day of 1999.

Amy's family would have four close friends visiting them from Florida.

Liam envisioned alighting the house on fire, save for one exit.

He did then kill each member of Amy's family as they rushed out.

Liam was forced to call the plan off when he noticed that Amy's stepfather's truck was no longer at the family home.

Liam suspected they were onto him.

He concluded it was no longer feasible to target Amy at home, but finding an alternative spot was difficult without raising suspicion.

Liam hadn't stalked Amy beyond her home, and he didn't know where her workplace was located.

He rarely had his mother's car, so he couldn't simply tail Amy around to figure out where exactly she went throughout the day.

In late July 1999, Liam came across an internet-based investigation service titled DocUsearch.com.

The company touted the ability to find personal information about any individual, including their work address.

All they needed was the person's social security number.

Liam was inspired.

He contacted DocUsearch requesting Amy Boyer's date of birth, hoping he could use it to obtain her social security number.

Liam provided his name and contact details, paying the \$20 fee via card.

A DocUsearch employee called Liam to verify his order, asking no questions about why he wanted the information.

The next day, DocUsearch provided Liam with the birth dates of several Amy Boyers, but not the Amy Boyer he was looking for.

Liam emailed DocUsearch with Amy's home address, hoping to get better results.

He also placed an order for her social security number.

In early August, DocUsearch obtained Amy Boyer's details from a credit reporting agency.

They provided this information to Liam Yawans in exchange for \$45.

Mit Amy's Social Security Number, Liam submitted a new request for her workplace address.

Unable to find this information at first, DocUsearch hired a private investigator named

Michelle Gambino, who specialized in proper pretext, sub to future phone calls, and informative telephone conversations.

It was Michelle's job to place a pretext call to Amy.

This meant collecting information under false pretense.

Michelle called Amy and pretended to be affiliated with an insurance company that owed Amy an Overpayment

refund.

By referencing Amy's Social Security Number, date of birth and home address, Amy thought it was a legitimate call.

She willingly handed over the address of the dentist's office where she worked.

Liam Yawans paid \$109 for this information.

All up, it only took him a month and a half to gain all the intel he needed.

Posting an update on his website, Liam wrote, DocUsearch pulled through amazingly, it's like a dream.

It's actually obscene what you can find out about people on the internet.

Liam drove to Amy's Workplace on Main Street, but her car was nowhere to be seen.

He returned multiple times over the following weeks, failing to find any sign of Amy each time.

Liam ventured online, writing, Why isn't she there?

Why, why, why?

I am becoming increasingly agitated.

Whenever I scream fuck fuck at the top of my lungs, I do it in the car on the highway.

People's rolled up, but today I did it on Main Street and everyone heard me.

By the next day, Liam had calmed down, but admitted.

I'm afraid that if I calmed down too much, fear might take over me.

Liam typically drove by the dentist's office in the mornings, but on September 30 he went at 4pm.

For the first time he saw Amy leaving.

He realized she worked in the afternoons, and that's why he hadn't encountered her sooner.

It was such a rush, Liam described online.

Zero fear, I had my gun and still didn't go in.

I prayed to God that I won't have any fear when I go there.

Liam Yawans now had all he needed to pull off the final stages of what he'd coined Plan Amy.

It was an operation 5 years in the making.

Back in the 10th grade, when Liam had first fallen in love with Amy Boyer on the school bus, his growing affection was immediately followed by depression.

He'd described the feeling on his website, saying, looks like it's suicide for me.

Car accident, wrists.

A few days later, Liam added, hey, why don't I kill Amy too?

Liam detailed Plan Amy extensively on his website.

I have always lusted for the death of Amy, he wrote.

I'll lay in wait across the street further down at 4pm.

When she gets in, I'll drive up to her car blocking her in.

Window to window.

I'll shoot her with my Glock.

Liam continued to return to the dentist's office on Main Street.

One Tuesday, he spotted Amy waiting at a red light.

She looked wonderful, like seeing God herself, Liam wrote on his website.

I may be mistaking these feelings of euphoria for love.

Maybe it's because I only see her in my dreams.

When I see her in real life, I feel like my dreams mix with reality.

Why didn't I do anything?

It was really fast.

I didn't have time to process what was happening.

Also, I can't just hang around.

She must never see me there.

By the following month of October, Liam was growing scared.

He'd been back and forth to the dentist's office many times and was starting to question whether he could go through with Plan Amy.

On the afternoon of Tuesday, October 12, Liam pulled up near Amy's car.

He waited from 4.35am to 5.05am, but Amy didn't show up.

Liam flew into a rage, destroying things and screaming fuck at the top of his lungs.

Later, he repeatedly wrote online, why am I killing her?

Shortly before 4pm on Friday, October 15, Liam posted a short message on his website.

Referring to a person named Peter, it read, see if I did it.

The text was followed by a clickable link that opened to a New Hampshire news website.

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Just after 4.15pm, 20-year-old Amy Boyer finished work at the dentist's office.

Sie und zwei of her co-workers happily discussed their plans for the weekend,

as they walked to their cars parked on a side street less than a block away.

Amy bid the others goodbye and got into her vehicle.

A Nissan Sentra then sped up the street and came to a sudden stop by her driver's side door.

A male yelled Amy's name, then came a series of loud bangs.

Just as onlookers registered what was going on, there was one final bang.

Amy Boyer had been shot by 21-year-old Liam Yawans with a 9mm semi-automatic pistol.

Liam then turned to the gun on himself.

He was pronounced dead at the scene.

Amy was rushed to hospital, where she succumbed to her injuries.

Sie stammte nach außen die Hälfte von 10 Gunshots auf den Kopf und auf den Körper.

Für die meisten war es ein open und schockes Case.

Von der Krime seien sie allein, die Polizei wusste fast alles, was sie zu wissen brauchten,

außer warum Liam Yawans die Amy Boyer mieter.

Liams Familie war verletzt zu reden.

Sie hat Investigatoren gesagt, dass Liam mitgedraht, depresiv, und dass er meistens unerwartet war.

Das war unterstützt durch ein former Klassmann von Liams, der gesagt hat,

er war einer der Menschen, die ihr nicht mehr wissen könnt, der da ist.

Ein Freund hat Liam als ein Mediocrempflierei, der die Kunden ignoriert hat.

Investigatoren haben sich eine einzige Freundin von Liams zu identifizieren, mit einem Detektiv, der die Medien erzählt hat.

Nicht eine Person kann mir sagen, dass dieser Kind in der ganzen Welt einen Freund hat.

Einem, der keinen Menschenkontakt hat, ist das aufgrund der Menschen-Psychiatrie.

Dieser Kind war eine Bombe, bereit zu gehen.

Die Nacht des Mörder-Suicide-Detektivs kamen bei Liam Yawans Zuhause.

Sie fanden Liams Bedrohung, um zu sein und unorganisiert zu sein.

Sechs Riffen wurden gegen eine Waffe geprobt, und über 100 Räume von Ammunitionen wurden durch die Flasche gestrungen.

All die sieben Flasche, die Liam gewohnt hat, waren zu haben legal eingeführt.

Liams Mutter hat Detektive gesagt, dass es schon weig war, seit sie in ihrem Sonntag gesteckt hat.

Sie hat nie seine Kollektion von Guns und Ammo gesehen.

Auf einem kleinen Desk, verwendet von Sodor-Botteln und Zigaretten, war Liams persönlicher Computer.

Die Examinierung hat die Webseite amyboyer.com revealed.

Sie hat die Decke des

Dames modeled, bei der

und die Polizei wusste, ob er stürzt, aber das konnte nicht mehr von der Wahrheit sein.

Keiner in Nashua wusste, nicht sogar Amy.

Habe sie gewohnt, Amy's Mutter war sicher, dass sie die Alarm gestorben hätte.

Neben Liams Websites waren es andere Redflags,

aber Liam spielte so einen unsignifikanten Ruh in anderen Lebens,

dass niemand die Science hat.

Auf der National-Highschool-Alumneis Website,

Liam listed his address as the Seventh Circle of Hell.

He described his occupation as obsessed stalker slash murderer.

A search of Liam's Internet history revealed websites dedicated to murder,

serial killers and other violent and morbid content.

On one of his Websites, Liam wrote extensively about wanting to kill a former

Classmate named Owen.

One day, he drove past Owen's house and saw him taking out the trash.

Liam wrote,

As I drove by, we looked each other square in the eye.

I was stunned.

On another occasion, Owen entered the convenience store where Liam worked.

Liam felt that Owen had pretended not to notice him,

so he started bringing a gun to work.

Liam wrote,

If Owen came back, I'd blow his brains out,

but he never came again.

Eventually, I stopped bringing my gun into work.

Owen was so close to death.

When questioned, Owen had no recollection of either of these encounters.

It became evident that Liam had overanalyzed many of his encounters with others

 $und\ had\ therefore\ interpreted\ things\ irrationally.$ 

Many of the experiences Liam chronicled online were found to be largely fabricated.

This was abundantly clear when it came to Amy Boyer.

Amy had never mentioned Liam Yawans to anybody.

By all accounts, they'd never even had a conversation

and Amy's friends were certain she wouldn't have remembered Liam's name.

Everything Liam wrote about Amy paying him any attention

appeared to be completely misinterpreted situations

he overanalyzed to fuel his misguided beliefs.

At no point did Amy or anyone close to her type her name into a search engine and uncover amyboyer.com.

When Amy's stepfather Tim Ramsberg viewed the lengthy police report

about Liam's online presence, he was brought to tears.

He wondered why anyone who viewed Liam's Websites hadn't reported them to the police.

Within 24 hours of Amy Boyer's murder,

Liam's online Diaries were deleted by their host websites

and scrubbed from the internet.

The companies denied any responsibility,

claiming they would have informed authorities if they were aware of Liam's online activity.

A spokesperson for tripod.com said that they did their best to monitor online threats,

but the technology to weed out such pages didn't yet exist.

Just performing an ordinary search for words like hate and kill

turned up an unfathomable volume of material.

According to the host sites,

Liam's Posts had only attracted single digit traffic.

They suspected this visitor was Liam himself.

In response, Amy's stepfather Tim said,

Do we create websites so that no one will see them?

Of course not.

I don't think for a minute that Liam Yeowans thought no one was going to see this.

He was screaming for help and we failed miserably.

Given the pages no longer existed,

investigators could not ascertain how many people

might have witnessed Liam's online content.

However, experts did recover a message in the guestbook

of one of Liam's websites that read,

Nice page, very informative, keep it up.

This indicated that at least one person had indeed stumbled across his site

and failed to report it.

In Liam's final Post 15 minutes before the murder suicide,

he posted a link to a news site that would later report on the killing,

along with the message,

Peter, see if I did it.

Police uncovered emails between Liam and Peter,

who was reportedly from Greece and had goaded the troubled young man.

Liam wrote online,

Peter recommends I go on a rampage, but I don't know.

The true identity of Peter and his full role in Liam Yeowans crimes

remains a mystery.

Tim Remsburg became an outspoken advocate

for website hosts monitoring their content.

However, federal law protected internet companies from liability

for material their customers posted on personal websites.

Instead, Amy's family pursued DocuSearch,

the online company that Liam paid to uncover Amy Boyer's personal information.

In April 2000, Amy's family filed a federal lawsuit against the DocuSearch

for negligence and invasion of privacy.

Amy's mother, Helen Remsburg, said,

If this had happened to one of Amy's friends,

I know she would have come to us wanting to do something.

DocuSearch's business was lucrative.

With just two employees and a handful of independent contractors,

the company grossed over \$1 million a year selling personal information.

DocuSearch claimed that they could find anything about anybody.

Yet, neither DocuSearch or its subcontractors took any steps

to determine who Liam Yeowans was

or why he wanted Amy Boyer's personal information.

Had they simply typed either Liam or Amy's name

into any free search engine,

they would have found his website documenting his intent to kill.

At the time Liam was seeking the company's services,

DocuSearch had been notified that their website was being used

by potential stalker's intent to do harm.

Two days before DocuSearch staged the pretext call to Amy

to deceptively obtain her workplace address,

another client was attempting to obtain the address of a young Texan woman.

In that case, a DocuSearch investigator made a pretext call to the woman's mother.

She realized that they were trying to deceive her

and revealed to DocuSearch that her daughter had a restraining order against their client.

The Remsburgs argued that DocuSearch should have notified Amy

that Liam was requesting her personal information.

The company should have also made sure Liam was obtaining the information

for a legitimate purpose.

Speaking with ABC's 2020, an Internet-Expert and lawyer said,

if Liam Yeowans had walked into the National Detective Agency,

the detectives sitting behind the desk could have looked at him and said,

this guys are not, I don't want any part of this.

Over the Internet, you don't have that ability to judge someone's demeanor

and judge whether you think this is someone you want to do business with.

You're just opening up a door and allowing anyone who wants to come through it to do so.

DocuSearch claimed they, quote,

could not have reasonably foreseen that providing Liam Yeowans

with Amy Boyer's work address would result in a premeditated murder.

They called the expectation that they search records

of each prospective client unreasonable and asked,

are we supposed to give every client a personality disorder exam?

DocuSearch also argued that providing Liam with Amy's work address

was incidental, given he knew her home address anyway.

As far as DocuSearch and similar companies were concerned.

even if the sale of personal information was blocked,

this information was still easily obtainable.

In Amy's case, DocuSearch said,

the fact that we're being sued for providing public information is absurd.

It's not a secret where Amy works.

Her neighbors, her friends know where she worked.

They also said pretexting was a perfectly legitimate way of private investigation and accused the lawsuit of being motivated by money.

In March 2004, four years after Amy's murder,

the Remsbergs received an \$85,000 settlement from DocuSearch.

It was as close to justice being served as they could expect.

But it wasn't about the money.

Amy's family simply wanted to fuel awareness

about the way private information was sold on the Internet.

Tim Remsberg has since facilitated a reproduction of amyboyard.com,

the people to educate themselves, explaining,

if just one person in the whole wide Internet would have told us about this page, we would have had a very merry Christmas.

Tim und Helen Remsberg appeared on news programs around the country and testified before Congress to support new laws on Internet privacy.

Tim said.

not a minute goes by that your thoughts don't revert back to it.

You can get engrossed in a project,

but as soon as you're done, you think of Amy and how mad it makes you.

In October 2000,

Amy Boyer's Law was introduced to address the issue of cyber-stalking.

It highlighted problems like inconsistent stalking laws between states,

as well as gun control and the sale of personal information without consent.

Amy Boyer's Law spurred a discussion over privacy versus protection.

Ultimately, it wasn't enacted.

Helen Remsberg,

warnt parents.

We want other people to do what we didn't know how to do back then.

Put your name, your children's names in a search engine,

and see what might be out there.

Liam Yeowen's behavior has been used as a guide to help identify the potential for explosive violence in young men.

Red flags include obsessive behavior, irritability, poor children, death threats, and withdrawal.

Although, as one detective conceded, it's impossible to rationalize Liam's irrational mind, and therefore one cannot expect any closure.

When Amy's funeral was held in downtown Nashua, a large crowd of mourners gathered, including loved ones, locals, the media, and police.

Liam's funeral was held in downtown Nashua,

und Liam's funeral was held the following afternoon.

Only his family attended.

Amy's 11-year-old sister struggled to comprehend what led to Amy's death.

When her father delivered the news, she pounded against his chest, wailing,

why daddy?

Amy's sister later penned a letter to Liam Yeowen's family seeking answers.

In it, she asked,

how come you never asked him, how was your day?

Why didn't you play games with him?

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