

Hey, I failed to rein in my anger

Sometimes I get angry. I mean, who doesn't get angry? The trick is not to let it go over the top, and do something damaging.

Like physical violence. No one wants that. I mean, I certainly don't want that. What would the world be like if everybody did that?

It's just that when I killed my wife, when I hit her on the head with that rock, and pushed her down the hill, it turned out that I had lost control of my emotions. I'd gone over the top for a moment, and the consequences were going to prove to be extreme.

Hey, I failed to rein in my anger. I admit it. I'm not proud of that, but stuff happens. No one's perfect. Are you perfect? I doubt that.

A difficult person

It's just that my wife was incredibly difficult to get along with. If you'd had to live with her for eight years, you'd understand. You'd probably want to kill her, too. In fact, I'm certain of it.

My wife used to tease me and tell me I was gay. Hey, I have nothing against gay people. I have a ton of gay friends. But, hey, I'm not gay. You got that, Carla? I'm not gay!

Then my wife would tease me more, and tell me that I'd married a lesbian. Carla, in fact, liked to call herself a lesbian, and said that she identified as

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a lesbian. She'd had affairs with women over the years, and the handful of her former female lovers that I'd met were annoyed when she married me.

One of her female friends said to me, "I'd be happier if you were born a woman." Actually, she said something cruder than that.

But Carla's identification with lesbians was more political, I came to think, than emotional and sexual. She was an ardent feminist. She saw the system broken by the male way of doing things.

Men vs. women

She used to tease me on the issue of what she called male problem-solving and female problem-solving. She said men were all attack, assault, war, dividing, and death. Women, she said, were more nurturing and inclusive. That it came from the child-rearing thing.

"That's ridiculous," I said back to her. "You're not nurturing at all. Your kids hate you. At least, your daughter hates you. What's nurturing about that?" I asked.

"My daughter has psychological problems," she said.

"Don't we all," I said. "You're going to a therapist; I'm going to a therapist; two of our four children are going to therapists; we all have psychological problems."

She told me I was being a man, and not contributing to the solution — just itemizing problems.

"What's the solution," I asked.

Do what you're good at doing

"You do what you're good at," she said. "And I'll do what I'm good at."

"What are you good at?" I asked. "Sleeping with other men?"

"Well, that's one thing," she laughed. "Do you have a problem with that?"

She was the breadwinner in the family; so I said "no" quietly, and went about my business.

Until that day I hit her in the head with a rock, and she was no more.

Tomorrow, Episode 5. To read the previous episodes, go to www.johnangellgrant.com