

# Detective fed a theory about the murder

I barged into the Russian detective's office. She looked surprised.

"I have something to tell you," I said.

"Shouldn't your lawyer be here?" she said.

"No," I said. "There is something I haven't been able to tell you."

"And what is that?" she replied.

"I have a strong suspicion who the murderer is," I said.

"Oh," she said. "And who would that be?"

"Jordan Carlton," I said.

"Jordan Carlton," the detective repeated.

"Yes," I said.

"Now she's the woman you are having an affair with," she said.

## Surprise

I was taken aback. "Wow," I said, "You know everything."

"That's my business, Mr. Tesco," she said.

She looked at me. "OK," she said, "Tell me about Jordan Carlton."

So I blurted it all out. I said that I'd been trying to keep Jordan out of the story, since I had assumed she was just an innocent bystander. But that things recently had come to my attention, I said, that caused me to wonder if that was true.

## A Deadly Secret

Homicide in Palo Alto



A fictional serial by John Angell Grant

I explained that Jordan had been stalking not just me, but also Carla. (I was making this part up. Help me, I Ching! I hope this works out. Hexagram 56, the Wanderer.)

"And why would she do this?" the detective asked me.

"Well, I'm not sure," I said. "It took me a while to figure it out. But I think she just turns out to be one of those people with a stalker type of personality."

"She's the kind of person," I continued, "where you look out the living room window into your yard at night, after dark, and you see a person standing on the other side of the yard, next to a tree, looking in the window. That's her."

"I see," said the detective.

"It's creepy," I said.

"And that happened to you?" said the detective.

"Yes," I said.

## A motive offered

"So why would she do this?" the Russian detective said.

"Jordan and I have been having an affair for a year," I explained. "Now she wants to get married."

The detective sat in silence.

"The first time the thought occurred to me that she is the killer," I continued. "It seemed ridiculous. When you first meet her, she seems such a sweet little person."

"But while she may be little, barely 100 pounds, she is in fighting condition, and has a fighting spirit. And as I reflected on it, I realized she actually wasn't sweet at all. In fact, she is kind of a psycho."

"Tell me more," said the detective.

"Here is a woman whom I've been intimate with for the last year," I said. "With whom I've shared some of my most closely held feelings. The idea that she ambushed my wife on a morning run is horrifying to me."

The cop kept staring at me. She said nothing. Don't dig yourself into a hole, Marcel, I said to myself.

"It's thrown me into real turmoil," I continued. "I've just lost my wife, whom I loved dearly — even though we were in a phase of our relationship where we had 'an understanding,' and were allowing ourselves the space to explore other relationships. Even so, we were close."

"Yes," said the Russian detective, "You must be a wreck."

"I am," I said.

"I'm sorry," she said.

"Thank you," I said.

Then I went to see my lawyer.

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