

# Marcel may be the luckiest man alive

“One incident might be a coincidence,” my attorney said to the judge and the district attorney in the judge’s chambers. “But three is a pattern.”

He was talking about videos of Jordan following my wife surreptitiously, in multiple locations, in the weeks leading up to her murder.

“So what is going on here?” he asked rhetorically. “I’ll tell you what is going on here,” he replied to his own question. “What is going on here is that the jealous mistress followed her rival — my client’s dear wife.

“She stalked her, looking for an opportunity to dispose of her. And when she learned of the jogging route, by watching the woman’s house with binoculars from her car, she decided on her location and means.”

## ‘The perfect crime’

“Thus, the morning of the murder, early, she went up onto the jogging route, waited for the victim to arrive, and when the victim showed up, she hit her in the head with a blunt object, killing her instantly. She then rolled the body down into the gulley, where it sat for several days until a ranger found it.”

“She left no traces, so she thought. It was the perfect crime. Except that her lover, my client here, was accused of the crime in error, and put on trial. That was not the outcome she had expected.”

## A Deadly Secret

Homicide in Palo Alto



A fictional serial by John Angell Grant

“Your honor,” my attorney continued, “And Mr. District Attorney, I am respectfully asking you to rectify this egregious error, and release my client — an innocent man who has been mistakenly charged.”

So they let me off, and formally arrested Jordan. That’s all there was to it.

## Therapist apologizes

My wife’s therapist sent me a letter of apology. “I’m sorry I suspected you,” she wrote. “That was wrong of me. I got emotionally involved with a patient — very unprofessional. This has been a growing experience for me. Thank you for helping me mature, and to see myself better.”

Wow, what a world, I thought.

So it had happened again. Just when I thought things were going to get really bad, they turned around.

I’ve had a lucky life that way. I’ve been in scrapes before, and somehow, at the last moment, I seem to pull out of it. The marriage with Carla was like that. I was down on my luck when the two of us met, after my previous wife had left me.

My kids hated me. Work had tanked. And along came Carla, with her proposal of marriage.

And now, with her death, I was rich. I’d inherited a chunk of her assets. Life was looking up. I was even starting to think about stepping into the dating world again.

## Thinking about that detective

I couldn’t get that Russian detective out of my mind. I wondered if she’d go out with me. Nothing serious — just lunch.

Or would that even be a good idea? I could tell she didn’t like me — but hey, that was part of the challenge. And she hadn’t seen the good side of me yet. If you catch the good side of me, you’ll see that I am fun to spend time with.

Still, dating her might be a bad idea. Instead, perhaps I should take a cruise. I’d not been to the Antarctica yet. It was on my bucket list. That, or Senegal, where an old college classmate lived. That also sounded interesting. Or maybe I’d learn Italian. That was also something I’d always wanted to do.

But the Russian detective, there was something about her. I couldn’t get her out of my mind.

**Tomorrow: Episode 31 and on Monday, the final episode. To catch up on previous episodes, go to [johnangellgrant.com](http://johnangellgrant.com).**