

# At least there's no death penalty here

I visited Jordan in jail. Unlike me, she didn't have a seven-figure financial reserve with which to post bail. She smiled happily when she saw me, as she was led into the visitor's room in her orange jumpsuit. She looked good in orange.

When she sat down behind the clear plastic divider, the smile turned to a glare.

"I can't believe that you betrayed me," she said. "And falsely, no less!"

She was already churning into a rage. What a woman.

"It would be one thing if I'd actually killed Carla," she said, "And then you betrayed me. But the fact that I didn't do it, and you betrayed me, I can't believe that."

## The truth

"Jordan," I said. "I had to report the truth to the police. Many times you told me that you wished my wife was dead, so that you and I could be together."

"Because I love you!" she exclaimed. "Don't you understand that?"

"At the time," I said, "I assumed that was just exaggerated emotion on your part. I never believed you would actually do it."

"But I didn't," she yelled. The guard came over and told her to keep it down. She began to whisper. "That was just me expressing how much I hated her, and how much I love you."

"Do you love me so much that you would kill my wife?"

## A Deadly Secret

Homicide in Palo Alto



A fictional serial by John Angell Grant

Jordan thought about it. "I probably do," she finally said. "But the truth is, I did not kill her. What is wrong with you, Marcel? Can't you get that through your head?"

"I'm sorry," I said, vaguely.

"You and I, in our romance, we got in over our heads," I said. "It was my fault. For me, you were just a fling."

That seemed to hurt her. She burst into tears.

"I just didn't take our romance that seriously," I continued.

## A plea

She wiped her face on her sleeve. "Can you get me out?" she said.

"I think you'll be safer here," I said.

"What!" she shouted. "How will I be safer here?"

"You just will," I said.

Without the clear plastic barrier between us, I think she would have leapt over the table and attacked me.

"I'm so sorry it has come to this," I said.

She slapped the barrier in rage.

"I didn't do it!" she said. The guard came over and warned her again.

"Calm down," I said to Jordan. That just made her more furious.

"Don't you believe me?" she said.

"I am so sorry," I said.

"You don't believe me, do you?" she said.

I paused, and then I said, "Jordan, you were going to let me go to prison for a crime I did not commit."

"I didn't do anything," cried Jordan. "I don't know anything about Carla's murder. You have to help me, Marcel."

"I'm so sorry," I said. "At least there's no death penalty in California. We have that to be thankful for."

"You think I did it," she shouted. "What kind of man are you?"

"They have you on video," I said. "Following Carla."

I left the prison. Later in her trial, I testified against Jordan. After that I never saw her again.

I was moving on to the next phase of my life.

**The last episode will appear Monday. To catch up on previous episodes, go to [johnangellgrant.com](http://johnangellgrant.com).**