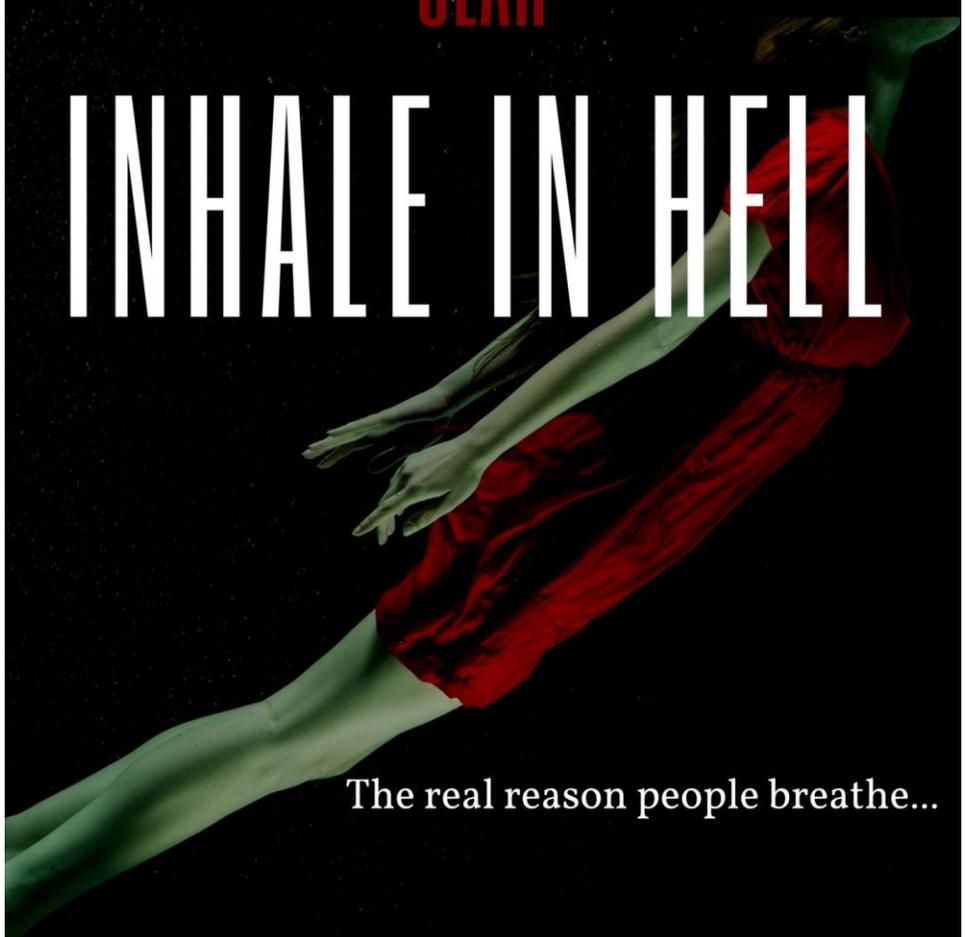


"One of the Best Novels of the last 100 Years!"

JEAR

THE BOOK

INHALE IN HELL

A woman in a red dress is shown floating in space, her body oriented diagonally from the bottom left towards the top right. The background is a dark, starry space with some nebulae visible in the upper right. The woman's arms are extended forward, and her legs are also extended. The overall mood is mysterious and ethereal.

The real reason people breathe...

Germaine Franklin

All rights reserved. No portion of this book may be reproduced in any form without permission from the publisher, except as permitted by U.S. copyright law. Names, characters, places and incidents are either a product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual people, living or dead, events or locales is entirely coincidental.

Published by Rustenburk Group, 2018

Copyright © Germaine Franklin, 2018

The right of Germaine Franklin to be identified as the author of this work has been asserted by her under the *Copyright Amendment (Moral Rights) Act 2000*

This work is copyright. Apart from any use as permitted under the Copyright Act 1968, no part may be reproduced, copied, scanned, stored in a retrieval system, recorded or transmitted, in any form or by any means, without the prior written permission of the publisher.

Rustenburk Group

Chicago, IL 60606

Paperback ISBN- 9781522088561

A Catalog record for this book is available from the US Congress Library.

Acknowledgements

Thank you for reading. This book is designed to take your mind to a new realm, a new possibility. What we think may not be possible, may very well be our own reality.

Twitter: @jearthebook

Instagram: @jearthebook

Facebook: jearthebook

www.jearthebook.com

TABLE OF CONTENTS

CHAPTER ONE: THE WAKE

CHAPTER TWO: TOMORROW HAS NOTHING

CHAPTER THREE: LYING FOR THE GUILTY

CHAPTER FOUR: MORE THAN JUST A CAR RIDE

CHAPTER FIVE: I CAUGHT HIM IN THE ACT

CHAPTER SIX: SHE THOUGHT COUNSELING WOULD FIX IT

CHAPTER SEVEN: FATHER SIMON

CHAPTER EIGHT: LETTERS FROM A SWISS GUARD

CHAPTER NINE: GCSS

CHAPTER TEN: TREES OF LIFE

CHAPTER ELEVEN: THE LAKE, THROUGH THE FLAMES

CHAPTER TWELVE: DARKSIDE OF PAPACY

CHAPTER THIRTEEN: THE BREATH I REGRET

CHAPTER ONE: THE WAKE

I struggled to figure out why this day was different.

The unparalleled vibe in the atmosphere spoke volumes. Though it appeared to be relatively normal, I knew this morning brought uncertainty and a new chapter in my life. I walked out of my house on my way to work and backed the car out of the garage, checking my rear view mirror for cars and pedestrians. Through my mirror, I noticed the sun shining, hot and blistering. What an incredible sight; it was almost as if the sun was pulsating, slowly opening up and slowly contracting, similar to the functioning of the heart inside of the body. If one were to peek inside, they would witness a bright pulsating muscle moving outward and contracting, then pulsating outward and contracting again. Nonetheless, it was a great day in July, not too hot, but warm and not too humid. This was the perfect day to skip work for the beach or relax on the patio with a good book and coffee.

"Good morning; how are you?" came from a voice outside, a sensual voice. Quickly turning my head to the left, I noticed it was my new neighbor. She walked up to my vehicle just as I backed out of the garage and said, "Hey, my name is Samantha." "Hi! I'm Jear," I said. She proceeded to tell me that she jogged regularly on a nearby trail since being new to the neighborhood. Initially, I found her outspokenness unusual considering I saw her when she moved in approximately three weeks ago, but she never said anything to me. In fact, when I tried

to make eye contact with her in the past, it almost appeared as if she purposely avoided eye contact; but who knows, maybe she really didn't see me before.

I had to admit it, Samantha's glowing body and tight frame instantly aroused my interest. 5'7" with long, mocha-brown hair, a gorgeous smile, and very soft hands, any guy would gravitate towards her. She appeared to be a lot taller only because she sported high heels, open toe heels specifically. With her toenails polished a deep velvet red that added to her sex appeal, I had to catch myself before becoming lustful. I quietly chuckled to myself. "Well, I have to get off to work," I said. She smiled and whispered, "I understand. Maybe we'll catch up later." I drove off thinking about her in a crazy way. Her personality commanded attention and respect. Her chipper tone placed me in an upbeat mood, but then again, maybe she is a morning person.

I arrived at the office that day thinking about her. Being a public defender, my days were normally busy. With cases on top of cases, it can become overwhelming. "Hey, how was your weekend?" a voice uttered. Eric walked into my office. Eric, an attorney I had known for years, always seemed to catch me at the wrong time. He asked me what I had done for the weekend and I told him, "Nothing much." That wasn't exactly true, but Eric is the type of guy who if you gave him an inch of conversation would just keep on talking. That day, I wasn't in the mood for it. I wasn't able to leave until around 7:00 p.m., exhausted and mentally

drained; this was a typical day for me. Once I arrived home, I sat on the couch and watched television.

I woke up the next day sluggishly preparing for work as usual. Backing out of my garage, I see Samantha returning home from a run. Debating about whether or not to ask her out for dinner, I decided to commit myself without coming across as overly aggressive. I rolled down my window.

"Hi Samantha," I said. She walked up to my car from across her driveway and said, "I'm doing well. How are you?"

"If you're not busy, let's do dinner one night this week," I confidently suggested. Samantha looked at me very intensely.

"I'm not sure we should do that," she muttered. My heart dropped, I felt like a fool at that point. Then, all of a sudden, I saw her smile and Samantha said, "I'm just kidding, I would love to do dinner with you." I was definitely relieved to hear those words come out of her mouth. The last thing I wanted to do after meeting someone was to embarrass myself.

I went to work that day feeling great, better than I had felt in a long time. I spent most of the day thinking about where I wanted to take her out for dinner. There was a great American winery downtown that I'd heard so much about. I figured that should provide the perfect atmosphere to relax, enjoy good food and get to know her. The next morning I woke up and shaved like I do every day. I paid special attention to every strand of hair on my face. While shaving, I meticulously identified different sections of my face while taking the razor and slowly stroking up and down

every area to make sure not one strand of hair was present. I'd done this many times before, but today the results needed to be perfect.

I arrived at the office early that morning. About five minutes after I arrived, Eric walked into my office. "What's up, man," Eric asked with a smirk on his face. I replied, "I'm doing well." We talked for a little while, and then I wrapped the day up as fast as I could because I had an engagement that evening. Eric prided himself on making small talk and being social. I would small talk every now and then, though, for the most part, I focused on my upcoming cases.

Due to my engagement that evening, I wrapped the day up as fast as I could. I left work and headed downtown to the winery for dinner with Samantha. I arrived early because, after all, being late would only damage my reputation with her. Once inside the restaurant, the walls gleamed with sensuality; the smell of freshly grilled food and the site of exquisite wine set the tone. The lighting sparkled and the atmosphere was pleasant, calm but very inviting and regal. The dim light and red candles made the setting perfect for a night out. "Hi handsome," a voice whispered as I felt a hand being placed on my shoulder. I quickly looked over my shoulder and it was Samantha. She wore a very arousing white blouse and red skirt which strategically conformed to her body in all the right places. I stood up and gave her a hug, and then I pulled her chair out and asked her to have a seat. "You look beautiful," I said. She subtly gave me an inviting look and said, "Mmmm, you

look very nice as well." The way she said it made her comment intense. She was obviously attracted to me and the feeling was mutual.

I ordered us both a glass of Chardonnay. I felt this would help us open up and facilitate a personable discussion. As we talked, I noticed she kept playing with her hair very slowly, curling her finger around each strand and occasionally taking her index finger and circling the rim of the wine glass. "So I have to ask the world's most clichéd question; why are you single?" I asked in a very direct but, I hoped, also genuinely intrigued fashion. Samantha went on to say that after being in a relationship for seven years, she called it quits and had been single for the past year.

You could tell that Samantha felt that she wasted a lot of time in her past relationship. "I thought I would be married with children by this point," she uttered. So I asked her, "You and your ex didn't try to have children, Samantha?" She leaned back in her chair breaking eye contact. This was the first time she purposely broke eye contact with me during the night. She took a deep breath and muttered, "We got pregnant in the fourth year of the relationship, but decided not to go through with the pregnancy." She went on to tell me how her ex snarled at the concept of having children, so he encouraged her not to continue with the pregnancy. It was obvious that Samantha was slightly disturbed by this and though she never said it directly, I knew she strongly wanted to have children, but that her ex was adamantly against it. "Children are an extension of us. They share our physical makeup and

sometimes our personality traits," I said. Samantha nodded. "That was one of the most difficult decisions I've ever had to make in my life," she added. We went on to talk about a lot of things that evening; some of them serious in nature, others not so much. Overall, I enjoyed her company. Our vibe extended beyond a physical attraction.

Over the next couple weeks, we continued to see each other on a regular basis. We would go out for dinner, checking out our favorite baseball game and generally spending quality time with each other. One day after work, Samantha invited me over to her house. I approached her house somewhat nervously, not knowing exactly what to expect. I rang her doorbell and waited for her to open the door. I walked in and made my way to the living room. "Have a seat," she said. We must have talked for hours that night. But then again, since it was Friday, I wasn't exactly keeping track of the hours, or of the minutes for that matter.

After several hours and a few cocktails later, Samantha began to look at me with a deep thriving passion in her eyes. She looked so innocent, but her eyes invited me to take in every part of her. I took my left hand and placed it on her blouse while slowly leaning in to kiss her. I picked her up and carried her back to her bedroom. As I slowly went inside of her, she began to moan. I grabbed both of her hands as I lay between her legs, thrusting deep inside of her while she tried to gain control; at some point, she wrapped her legs tightly around my body wanting me to get deeper and deeper inside of her. Every time she spread her toes and

moaned it would turn me on even more. We ended up back in the living room. I bent her over the back of her couch, grabbing her right leg, placing it on top of the couch. While doing her, she passionately screamed and moaned, trying to balance on one leg while arching on her tippy toes. We went from the bedroom to the living room, then to the kitchen table and next to the kitchen floor. We screwed everywhere that night, exploring each other's bodies in the deepest and most intimate ways possible. We went at it for hours. It must have continued until four in the morning before we finally stopped and lay in her bed.

You could tell that Samantha looked at me very differently. "I didn't know," Samantha whispered with a light, subservient voice. I slowly grabbed her head and caressed her hair and replied, "You didn't know what?" Samantha went on to say how nice of a guy I seemed and that she didn't think I carried a bad-boy side to me. I laughed to myself thinking, "Well, you didn't ask." That morning, we lay holding each other, talking about various topics. You would have thought we both would have been exhausted, but that was not the case. In fact, we still had a lot of energy left. I guess we proudly indulged in the excitement about our adeptness to express ourselves with one another and enjoying each other's company. We spent the rest of the weekend together, laughing, eating, watching movies and gradually soaking in happiness.

I went to work that week very relaxed and with a clear mind. In all honesty, it had been a while since I'd met somebody

who I really vibe with. Over the next several weeks, we continued to talk while becoming closer the more time we spent together. On Tuesday, getting ready to head into the office, as usual, I went through my normal routine of grabbing my lunch and checking my briefcase to ensure I had packed everything. My phone rang; it was Samantha.

"Good morning," I said. Samantha chuckled.

"It's not morning unless you're in it."

"What?" I shouted.

Totally confused by what she meant, I repeated what she said in my head; "It's not morning unless 'you' are in it; it's not morning unless 'you' are in it; it's not morning unless 'u' are in it, morning, 'u' in it, morning, mourning." I told Samantha I would call her back. I immediately became sick. I dropped to the bathroom floor; gripping the toilet rim, I vomited everywhere. My palms became pale; I crouched over, nauseous and confused. "No, not now," I timidly said in a soft and scared voice. "Fuck" I shouted as I became more agitated, slamming my fist on the bathroom floor. Tears began to flow down my face as my eyes filled with tears and redness from my elevated heart rate. As I thought about my life, it appeared to hold a different meaning; my perception of everything around me changed. I am not the most religious person, though I remember reading somewhere that in the end, transgressors would mourn. My mind began racing as I recalled everyone I may have mistreated along the way, every woman I'd ever slept with, every white lie I'd ever told.

I didn't consider myself a bad person; I'd done a lot of good in my life. I wasn't perfect, but I was far from being a bad guy. "This can't be; this just can't be," I murmured. I called Eric to have him let the team know I would not be at work due to a high fever. I was in no position to go to work and in no position to defend anyone. Barely in a position to defend myself against my own thoughts, I lay in the bed exasperated, too tired to move. Tired, I struggled to go to sleep, but it was daytime and the cold, wet blankets from my profuse sweating made it almost impossible. "How do I fix this? How do I stop this feeling? It has to be a misunderstanding. Someone must have put something in my drink, or the pharmacy must have mixed up my medication." Naturally, I began to formulate my own rationale to calm myself down as I started to lose my grip on knowing my own reality. The day went by and the night came.

Sleepless and restless, in and out of sleep, and in and out of grueling thoughts, I experienced multiple dreams that night. Although I'm not sure if my dreams arose from hallucinations from a lack of sleep, I found little comfort in not knowing whether they were dreams or hallucinations. I tossed and turned all night. I looked at the clock and it was 3:35 am. I watched the clock turn to 3:36 am. I rolled out of the bed and started to go through my plan. The plan aimed to get out of this egregious state of mind. In a state of numbness and desperation, I started to plan for the only thing I could do at that point. I waited on the side of the garage. I waited and waited until she backed out of the garage and headed to work.

Before the garage door closed completely, I managed to slide underneath and gain access to the garage, which gave me access to the house.

Before I knew it, I was standing in her living room. I stood in Samantha's living room and waited for her to return from work. I sat on her floor looking around, taking a slow look at Samantha's photographs, which were all over the walls. I saw pictures of Samantha with her sister and pictures of Samantha with her college friends. She appeared happy in the pictures, smiling and basking in her normal glow. Even though they were photographs, they told a story. It was as if the pictures took on a life of their own, moving inside of the frame. The more I stared, the more the eyes of the people in the pictures stared back at me, judging my thoughts. I sat on Samantha's floor and my palms became sweaty while my heart filled with anxiety.

It raged and pulsated; it pulsated like the image of the sun that I'd seen a while back. Random images in my mind suggested that in order to live, a life has to be consumed. It's no different than eating a piece of steak. That animal has to lose its life in order for another living being to use the nutrients to sustain its own life. The same is true for plants. Even if you're a vegetarian, when you eat, you are consuming a form of life, because, of course, plants are indeed a form of life. So in order for you to continue living, you must consume the life of another living source. Living forms of life, whether plants or animals, all have to sacrifice their lives in order to sustain the life of another human or

other living thing. I'm not sure why these thoughts existed in my mind, but they definitely did. These thoughts lingered and dwelled in my mind in an ambiguous yet persistent way. Coming to terms with this proved to be challenging. "Stop it! Stop it! Stop it!" I said to myself. This didn't make any sense. I didn't want to have thoughts about consuming a life to sustain another life. I had to clear my mind; nothing good could come of this. I planned to leave her house before she came home. All of a sudden, I heard a key! I quickly turned to the clock and noticed I'd already been at Samantha's house for several hours. At that moment, I realized that she was about to walk through the door. I sighed. I quickly made my way to her bedroom closet. I waited there. The closet was small and I couldn't see anything.

A small ray of light came from the bottom of the door, gleaming in. I waited, but I didn't hear any movement. Ten minutes went by and I still didn't hear any movement. Fifteen minutes, twenty minutes go by, then thirty, then forty-five. I decided to come out of hiding and face the music. "Hey, I wanted to surprise you," I said, which was about the dumbest thing I could think of; on the other hand, I didn't know what else to say. "Hey, I wanted to surprise you," I shouted as I walked toward the living room; I didn't receive an answer. As I turned the corner of the living room, I saw Samantha laying on the floor.

I immediately ran up to her and tried to shake her. I didn't understand the scene in front of me. I quickly turned her

over and noticed that she was no longer breathing. I frantically checked for a pulse but was unsuccessful.

I looked at her neck and I noticed hand impressions around her throat, almost as if she'd been asphyxiated. I thought to myself, "How could this be?" I just heard her walking through the door and it didn't sound like anyone else was with her. How could this be possible? I took a couple of deep breaths and placed both of my hands over my face and just said to myself, "I can't believe this, I just can't believe this." "Damn!" I shouted as I started to think about Samantha and the fact that she was dead in front of me. I didn't have anything to do with this. I reached into my back pocket to grab my phone to dial for help. After pulling my phone out, I instinctively put it back in my pocket. I couldn't call anyone; look at this scene, just me and her. Who would believe me? I needed to get out of there.

I left her house and walked back to my house still visibly confused about what just happened. I believed that I was not responsible for her death, although, in my heart, I felt the opposite. I went there with no intention of harming her. I hadn't put a single finger on her until I checked for her pulse. I nonetheless felt somehow that my presence caused her to die in a very awkward and unusual way. It's just that Samantha said, "Morning" to me one day, or something along that line and I never again viewed the word 'morning' in the same way. Every time I heard the word, "Morning" or someone said, "Good morning" the only thing that I could think of is that it's, "Mourning" once you add "u." "Who was

the 'u' or you?" Still scared out of my mind, I thought at the time that surely this was a coincidence. But now, I had bigger problems to deal with. Now, her death weighed on me and even more on my conscience.

I desperately needed a break from my current surroundings. I needed to get away until things calmed down. A college buddy of mine moved to the UK with his family because of his job. I knew that I could take a leave of absence from my job for two weeks in order to travel out of the US. This would give me time to clear my mind and watch the news in hopes to hear that the authorities found Samantha's body and ruled her death as the result of natural causes. It definitely wasn't caused by me.

The next day, I called my boss and told her a concocted story about a death in the family and that I needed to take two weeks off because I was having a hard time coping. Despite my lies, my boss sympathized with compassion. Besides, I went to the office every day, day after day, year after year and busted my ass; this was the least they could do for me. I called my buddy Neal, who lived in the UK and let him know that I was going to be in town for business and I asked him if I could stay with him and his family.

This wasn't an issue for him. He said that he and his wife would love to have me. Mr. Chaser always came through for me. Mr. Chaser was Neal's college nickname. It sort of stuck with him well after college. Since Neal was a close friend, I'd met his wife and his kids several times before. They were a great family.

Later on that week, I flew out of the US. As I went through the airport headed to Leeds, England, I took on paranoia from every direction. Every airport security personnel I saw, every person in a uniform made me instinctively nervous because I felt as if someone was going to stop me and question me about my neighbor Samantha. I wasn't a suspect, nor was I under arrest, so I was well within my rights to leave the country for a short time in order to take a vacation. However, this still did not put me at ease.

My conscience jumped out from all sides, taunting and teasing me. I finally passed security and eventually boarded my plane. As I stoically sat in my seat on the plane, a man in a business suit walked up to me; he looked me directly in the eye and said very firmly, "Excuse me." My heart dropped to my stomach and I immediately became defensive, even though I did not display this behavior on the outside.

I prepared for the gentlemen to ask me to stand up and place my hands behind my back. Not now, this was not about to happen. I thought about lunging at him, throwing him to the ground and incapacitating him as I ran off the plane. "Excuse me," the gentleman said again, slightly increasing the volume in his voice. I must have been in a daze, with a stoic look on my face. "Your carry-on bag is about to fall from the overhead bin." "Thank you," I responded with a huge sigh of relief on my face as I stood up to readjust my bag. Being uneasy and worried, I was more than relieved to know that he was not one of the authorities. Nothing would have been more detrimental than being arrested on the

airplane and brought in for questioning. Nevertheless, I arrived in Leeds, England that evening.

Excitement engulfed me, followed by the thrill to be off the plane considering my continuous paranoia. Making my way to Neal's house, I remember walking up to the front door and nervously ringing the doorbell. Neal answered the front door, "Long time no see," he said. I quickly responded with, "It's good to see you." "Hi Michelle, it's good to see you again," I blurted out with a charming and upbeat tone. Michelle was Neal's wife. They were married for about eleven years and shared three children. They were definitely the typical family; I was very proud of Neal and his family, including his accomplishments over the last several years.

We talked for a little while, but shortly thereafter, I made my way to the guest room. The flight was long and I simply wanted to rest because of the long day ahead of me. The next day Neal and I went for a jog along with his chocolate lab, Coca. It felt good to jog. It felt especially good to jog with an old friend. As we ran down the hill I could not help but notice that Neal's breathing seemed strange. Neal and I were both in shape and we jogged routinely, but for some reason, his breathing struck me as being abnormal. He wasn't breathing hard and he wasn't gasping for air, but watching his chest expanding and contracting seemed abnormal. It definitely seemed abnormal, but I couldn't put my finger on it and I didn't know how to explain it. Later that day, we went to a local coffee shop.

"There's something I want to tell you, Neal."

"Yeah, shoot for it," Neal replied. I went on to tell him how I met this awesome young lady. I told him about our wonderful experiences over the last several weeks.

But then, reluctantly, I started to tell him about the day that Samantha spoke to me and the words she used which had changed my vision and outlook on things, and how misery has followed me ever since. Neal looked at me with an expression on his face that I had never seen before, one of great intensity and one of great concern. I sighed and slowly put my head down; about a half of a second later, I slowly raised my head up and whispered, "Samantha is not alive."

"What do you mean? What do you mean Samantha is not alive?" Neal said, looking confused and distraught.

I told him that I was in her house and she died in the next room.

"What, did you kill her?" he whispered.

"No, no I didn't," I said. I told him that one day she said, "It's not morning/mourning unless u/you are in it. Then I became violently sick, I mean, I mean."

"Jear take it easy," Neal said as he noticed I was becoming visibly upset.

He told me that he believed me and that as long as I hadn't done anything wrong, I had nothing to worry about. I told Neal that I was afraid because I didn't understand my existence anymore. I explained to him I understood that I was alive, but I

could no longer be 100% sure I knew exactly what that meant. I didn't remember touching Samantha or anything of the sort, but I battled to figure out if I bore responsibility or not. Physically touching her and being responsible for her tragedy were two different things. I thought to myself; "Could my unconscious will to harm her make me responsible for her actual death?" Neal tells me to: "Just relax," as he sees me staring off into space with an awkward and ambiguous expression on my face.

"What you need is an evening out," Neal told me.

Neal informed me that his company would be hosting a cocktail party as a result of closing a huge government contract. He explained that this would be a formal event, but also a great opportunity for me to network and shift my mind away from all my crazy thinking.

"That's a great idea! You are absolutely right." I needed to clear my mind of everything.

"Perfect. So you're coming?" He smiled.

"Sure, why not? I definitely need to socialize a little bit," I added.

The cocktail party was approaching in a few days. I didn't plan on attending an event like this so I rented a tuxedo. On the evening of the cocktail party, Neal's company sent limousine service to his home to pick up Neal, his wife and I to attend the event. As the chauffeur opened our doors, he proclaimed, "Good evening, Madam, Sir. Please," as we stepped into the Maserati Quattroporte saloon. As we made our way to the convention center

and walked in, we noticed that the decor fit perfectly and that the room was filled with well-dressed people who were all laughing, joking and enjoying the event.

"Jear this is Jay Donahue," Neal said as he introduced me to one of his coworkers. Neal went on to tell me that Jay was the senior capital project manager for the company and how they both had become better acquainted with one another. "Look out for this guy," I said to Jay in a joking manner, amicably warning Jay Donahue about Neal's occasional antics. As the night went on, everyone's conversation began to flow naturally as the champagne and red wine engulfed everyone's personality. You could look about the room and see the men unwinding, loosening their bow ties and the women playing with their hair and becoming increasingly more flirtatious. This continued as the hours passed. "Jear enjoy yourself," Neal pleaded as he left our table and made his way across the room to catch up with his boss. As I sat there trying to have a good time while nervously drinking as much Chardonnay as possible, Michelle, Neal's wife, came up from behind and took a seat.

"Hey you," she said. I chuckled to myself and replied with, "Thanks, I'm good; how are you?" Michelle and I started to engage in small talk and shortly thereafter she began to ask me questions about my personal life including dating and marriage.

At the time Michelle was very sober, so I was surprised that she asked such personal questions.

"A lot of women settle" she added. "A lot of women settle for anyone because they don't want to be alone, all the while missing out on someone better." She winked.

Her tone of voice bothered me. She looked at me with a feisty demeanor and I was fixated on how her eyes were so intense. I could see her long eyelashes batting and even the small moisture pockets on her lips as she bites them. She slowly placed her hand on top of mine and leaned in and whispered, "We should go. I'll tell Neal that I was sick and that you had to take me home."

"What!" I blurted out in a quiet but firm manner and snatched my hand back. "What are you talking about?" I was frustrated and distraught. "What about Neal? What about the family?" I argued. I could not believe that Michelle crossed the line. After everything that she and Neal went through, this seemed unbelievable to me and it was so out of her character.

"Why are you acting like this?" I asked her. Michelle looked at me and put her head down. Then, she slowly raised her head up and began rubbing her eyes as she took a deep breath and began to tell me how Neal has been coming home late for the past several months. She said that she has found lipstick on his collar several times, and hotel receipts in the trash can.

"I know he's cheating, "Michelle voiced." "I mean one day I heard him in the other room talking to her. He's a son of a bitch!" Michelle chided.

Her description and how she felt about him was anything but soporific. Her eyes watered.

"One day he hit me when I questioned him about leaving the house so late at night." She held her head down in shame.

Placing my hand on her shoulder, I told her "I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I didn't, I didn't know." I felt bad. I didn't know what to say to her. My insolent attitude towards Michelle quickly dissolved. Sitting there thinking to myself that Neal was a 360-degree jerk, I began to question our friendship and question my association with him. The night slowed down from that point.

CHAPTER TWO: TOMORROW HAS NOTHING TO LOOK FORWARD TO

After a few more drinks and more empty conversations; Neal, Michelle and I made our way back to the vehicle. I felt uncomfortable during the ride, to say the least. Neal and Michelle's marriage appeared perfect on the outside, but under the surface, it embodied dysfunction in every sense of the word. During the car ride, Neal told Michelle and I how his boss had become so drunk that he verbally gave out raises to everyone.

As I sat there and listened to Neal's story, it sounded like he was talking in an empty hallway because I didn't hear him. His words sounded distant; I could only focus on what Michelle just told me which muted everything that came out of his mouth. We made our way back to the house a little after midnight. Neal and Michelle's kids were sleeping. The sitter gathered her things to leave.

I was exhausted; I headed to the guest room. "Have a good one man," Neal said as he pointed at me. Michelle looked at me with an empty stare, as if she would rather sleep next to me. She then gave an inauthentic smile and said, "See you tomorrow." As I walked into the guest room, I uttered quietly to myself; "Tomorrow, tomorrow." As I made my way into the guest room, I closed the door and lay on the bed. Michelle said, "I will see you tomorrow."

"Tomorrow, 'two' morrow," I thought about this. Even though I heard this word a million times before, hearing it now made me feel uneasy. "Was this a sick code for me to figure out?" I scrambled to get my pad and pen from the adjacent nightstand. I sat there that night scratching my head, biting my pen nervously while writing down that phrase over and over. I wrote the word "Two" down on my paper and the word "morrow," "morrow" meaning the day after. As hours went by with no sleep and increasing unrest, I asked myself if "morrow" is the day after, what is after the "r." In this word, it would be another "r" in the alphabet it would be "s." "s" comes after "r" in the alphabet. If tomorrow is the day after today, and today is the day before tomorrow, then the putting the "s" two letters before the first "r" would render "sorrow." Two- sorrow. "Ahhhhh!" I shouted at the top of my lungs, squeezing the plastic pen so hard it cracked, squirting ink everywhere. Small pieces of clear plastic from the pen jammed into my index finger, causing me to bleed profusely.

I grabbed the bed sheets, wiped off the blood and applied pressure to minimize the bleeding. My entire body clinched from the sickness in my stomach. In addition, I just knew I woke up everyone in the house. I jumped up to go into Neal's bedroom to tell him and Michelle not to be alarmed, I had a little accident. "Neal" I whispered as I knocked on his bedroom door trying not to wake up the kids if I hadn't already done so.

I didn't want him to think someone was breaking into the house and panic. When I didn't hear a response, I slowly turned the

doorknob and stuck my head inside the door and said, "Neal, Michelle." I said this again in a louder tone; they should have heard me by now, but they didn't respond, nor did they move. I saw them under their counterpane; they both lay still, unresponsive. As I slowly walked closer, light hinted from underneath the bathroom door.

I noticed blood coming from Neal's mouth. Immediately I snatched the covers off of him and shook him vigorously. I looked over at Michelle, blood came from her mouth and nose and she lay still like a displaced rock. I ran into one of the children's rooms, their son was around twelve years old. I stood there as I saw him lay lifeless. As the tears came down my eyes, I staggered around the rest of the house. As I made my way to their daughter's room, or as Neal used to put it; "his little princess," I found her dead too. Vomit spat on the floor as I regurgitated my dinner. My eyes appeared bloodshot red and my anxiety level grew intensely high. I looked up towards the ceiling clutching my fist and asked, "Why the hell is this happening to me?" "I'm sorry, I'm sorry" I kept repeating over and over. I ran back to the guest room to grab my cell phone to call for help. I looked at my phone and noticed three missed calls from my boss and six voicemails. "Wait a minute," I thought.

How can I have six damn voicemails but only three missed calls? Three missed calls, but six voicemails from the same number. Maybe she called and it went straight to voicemail because she called back to back. Shit, I couldn't figure this out

anymore, I sank deeper and deeper into the misery and sorrow. "Bastards!" I yelled out, I didn't know who or what I was talking to. "Be slow to anger," my conscience was telling me.

My boss never called me this early before, she wasn't an early person; the time reads 2:00 a.m. in the morning as I looked at the clock. (There were two in the "mourning" as I would later find out.) I dialed her number back. After a few rings, she answered, but three seconds of silence passed before she spoke. "Is there something you want to tell me," she chided. "No ma'am, what are you referring to?" She told me that the local police wanted to talk to me in regards to the mysterious passing of my neighbor Samantha Stevoucha. She said that I needed to fly back immediately to talk to them. "Okay," I told her as I hung my head low.

I couldn't believe how everything in my existence nosedived. It reminded me of a military plane being shot down from the sky; one day you're above it all and the next second you're diving deeper and deeper, approaching the end every passing second. At that point, I didn't know if I was alive anymore. "What if I thought I was alive, but I was actually..... Geez, what if we all thought we were alive, but we were actually...." I said to myself. I didn't even want to finish the sentence. I didn't want to think about it. These signs can't be a coincidence, I thought. I called the airline to change my flight back to the states. I needed to talk to the local detectives about this case. I was a lawyer, so I thought I should be

able to talk my way out of this and not incriminate myself. Again, I wasn't being arrested; they just wanted to talk to me.

The flight back to the States seemed to drag out. I started to frantically write down everything I could remember, from my encounter with Samantha to this horrific scene that I just encountered. I could not dodge these tragedies forever; all of these people were murdered. But I couldn't figure out who murdered them. "Why was the 'u' in the morning making it mourning?" "Who was the 'u'? Who were the two in sorrow?" I wanted to write down everything that I could possibly think of to warn anyone who came across this. I didn't have all the answers, but I wanted to document what I knew and what I experienced.

On the plane, I caught myself staring down into this darkness. We must have flown over an ocean or lake of some kind. It was nothing but darkness. Looking down from above the ground appeared to have no end, there were no lights and it seemed as if life was timeless and pitch black. It must have been a lake because we hadn't been in the air long enough to already be flying over the ocean. It must be a lake, a lake of darkness, a lake of emptiness.

I arrived back home the next day. I soon went to the police station to talk to the detectives. "Is Detective Frank here?" I asked the desk sergeant as I walked into the building. I didn't have to wait long before detective Frank came down for me and brought me upstairs. Upstairs, "Why am I staring up," I said to myself as my consciousness started to wander arbitrarily. The hot and small room cramped me in. It was a little bit too hot.

"Is something wrong with the AC?" I asked him.

"What AC?" the detective said in a condescending voice as if he was blowing me off.

"Do you know Samantha?" he asked.

"Yeah, I know Samantha. She's my neighbor and we hang out every now and then," I replied.

"What? Ummm, what's wrong? Is she okay?" I blurted out. The detective ignored me and my original question.

"What is your relationship with her?" he said contentiously

"She's a friend/girlfriend if you want to call it that. We hang out."

"When was the last time you spoke to her?"

"It was right before I went out of the country to visit a buddy of mine." There was no way that I was going to tell him that I went to visit Neal because I did not want the detective to try to call Neal to verify the story. If he did ask me, I planned on giving him the name of someone he couldn't locate in England.

"How long have you been "seeing" Samantha?" He leans forward in his chair.

"A few weeks," I said. As he looked at me, I became slightly more nervous.

"A friend from Samantha's job found her in her home after she didn't show up to work for two days in a row," he said.

"What do you mean 'they found' her?" I pushed my chair back away from the table.

"She is not alive. She suffered from asphyxiation."

I tried to act surprised. I couldn't cry because no more tears were left. But yet I still acted as if this was the first time I heard this, at least enough for the detective to see that I genuinely cared. Over the next few hours, the detective continued to ask me questions about my relationship with Samantha.

"Is it possible that I could have some water? The air is really dry in here," I told the detective.

"People in hell want ice water," the detective uttered.

I slammed both fists on the table, pointed at him and shouted, "What did you just say to me?" "What do you mean?" I asked him again. "What do you mean by that?" I said as I yelled at the top of my lungs. I was enraged. I didn't know what the detective meant at that time he made the comment. I became furious because I thought he behaved like a smart ass.

At the time, I'd never heard the phrase before. Not knowing what the detective meant, I mentally took a note of that phrase in my head. "People in hell want ice water," I repeated it to myself. Thinking about this again, I still didn't understand it. I didn't know if I had the phrase right or if I was spelling it correctly, but I wanted to write down everything that I could possibly think of to warn anyone who came across this. I didn't have all the answers, so I documented what I knew and what I experienced.

After leaving the police station somewhat relieved, I headed home. Not surprised by the outcome, I still released a sigh when I found out no evidence linked me back to the case. And in

all honesty, I didn't do anything wrong in the first place. I went home and opened a bottle of whiskey. Not long after I'd stepped through my front door, I was already crooked. As I sat on the couch, Samantha crossed my mind immediately. I vividly remember reminiscing about her gorgeous smile, her upbeat personality, and those killer legs. I took my right hand and placed my palm directly on my face and slowly brought my hand down as I raised the glass with my other hand and took another drink. Being slammed didn't help me, but it temporarily masked the pain. My objurgating of the tragedies grew by the day. I fell asleep that night, not by choice, but as a result of my drinking.

As soon as I arrived to work the next day, my boss wanted to talk to me. She was the chief public defender; her name was Casey. As I walked into her office, "You look like shit," I heard her say as she sat up straight in her chair. I told her that my night was rough. "How did it go, down at the station?" she asked. I told her it went fine and that the detective just wanted to know a little bit more about my relationship with Samantha. Casey was definitely a badass. She was smart, tough, but also fair. She'd graduated at the top of her class in law school, it was rumored, yet she was still well rounded. She was older, some would call her "hot," but she didn't do it for me.

"What is going on with you? You haven't been yourself the last couple of weeks," Casey asked me.

"Look, I have to be honest with you," I said. I started to talk to about the visions and conceptual logic I was experiencing,

most of which centered on what it meant to be alive. I struggled to speak, although it proved necessary in order for me to shed light on my recent peculiar behavior.

"What if we thought we were alive, but we actually were somewhere else?" I asked Casey.

"What are you talking about, Jear?"

"What if we were somewhere else?"

"Somewhere else, like where?"

"I mean, we all think we're alive, but how do we really know that? How do we really know we are where we think we are? What if we were all in a horrible place, a place so horrible that we don't even realize the misery because we have become so numb to it? Once we do realize or get confirmation that we are in the most miserable place possible, the misery and sorrow get amplified."

"That sounds like hell to me." Casey laughed.

"I'm serious. I'm starting to get signs and they're scaring me to death." She continued to laugh, placing her hand over her mouth. She glanced towards me out of the corner of her eye and began to smirk. I became more agitated.

"Look, don't be ridiculous, Jear. You're a great lawyer and you have a lot of potential for a bright future. But, I will tell you if you keep daydreaming that future will be short-lived." She folds her arms. I just sat there in silence and nodded my head.

"We all have rough days, and we all work long hours. I know with the heavy workload and our back to back trials, it can

start to take a toll on all of us. Sometimes the best thing for us to do is just relax and clear our mind while keeping to ourselves.”

"Okay," I muttered.

"Jear, don't let this job get the best of you," she said.

Casey was a bright woman, but I instinctively knew she wasn't taking me seriously. Or to put it another way, she did not take my claims seriously. Casey rationalized everything. Anything outside of the box or anything that was remotely ambiguous she would disregard. She wanted to see hard evidence and she wanted that evidence to be supported by hard facts.

I understood her point of view; however, some things are based on more than facts. They are based on instinct. A majority of the people in my profession subscribed to this logic. They were not creative in nature; they did not want to go beyond the scope of reality. There was a knock on the door.

"Come in," Casey said.

It was Eric, who'd come to talk about our upcoming case. Casey told him to have a seat.

"I hope I'm not interrupting anything," Eric said with a grin on his face.

"Not at all; we were just talking about the case," Casey replied. Eric was helping me with an extremely difficult case. This was an upcoming trial defending a seventeen-year-old young man who was being accused of rape. Without question, he was definitely going to be charged as an adult.

"You two, make sure all of your ducks are in a row because you know the DA doesn't think too fondly of either of you; especially you Eric," Casey said. Eric helped a guy get acquitted of murder not too long ago and ever since then, the DA has hated him.

Over the next several days, I spent time with Eric preparing for the case. We finished up all of our documentation. We spent a great deal of time reviewing our witness list to make sure we didn't overlook someone, in addition to making sure we covered all of our bases. After a few days, I received a phone call from my boss, Casey. She said that Samantha Stevoucha's case has been ruled a death by natural causes. I don't know how this was possible, but relief filled my mind, knowing the investigation had come to an end.

With everything going on at the time, this was a huge deal for me, or at least I thought so. Later on that week, I attended a birthday party for my grandfather. I invited my longtime friends Madison, Janice, and of course Eric to join me. I loved my grandfather dearly, but I did not want to attend the party with all senior citizens. Having more people there my age would make the event more manageable.

My grandfather, Jonathan, was turning ninety-three and had done well for himself in life. He bought a yacht some years back when he retired. A majority of my family attended: my mom, my dad, and my sister. My mom and dad had been divorced for a few years, but they still managed to be amicable. Jonathan was my

grandfather on my dad's side. However, he'd known my mom a long time, so my mom wanted to show her respect and attend the party in spite of her divorce from my father.

Madison, one of my friends who I'd brought to the party, was an interesting girl. I'd known her since high school. Even though we attended two different colleges, we managed to stay in touch. All of us managed to stay in touch: Madison, Janice, and Paul. Paul couldn't make it to the party, but I'm sure that if he had, he would've been the life of the yacht-board gala.

"Maybe I can find my husband," Madison says as she looks around the boat.

"Amongst all of these old guys?" Eric asked her.

Some would classify Madison as a gold-digger, but I never viewed her that way. I would call her a person who shamelessly springs at any opportunity. Madison stayed in the corner of the yacht, flirting with one of my grandfather's friends. "His wife must've passed and maybe he is lonely," I thought to myself. "What do women see in these senior citizens?" Eric uttered. "It's the money, Eric." Nowadays, most people don't understand what love means. Most would say that love is unconditional. Judging by today's standards, it seems that love is all about the, "What you can do for me" concept.

As soon as you can't do for someone or provide for someone, then they no longer love you. I watched Madison as she gazed into the eyes of this older man; she treated him like a commodity. She gave him an intense stare. The more he talked the

more drawn in she became, acting lustfully and playing with her hair. She became increasingly attracted to the wealth. As I watched from across the way, I noticed that her eyes were focused like lasers on the victim. This older gentleman was the prey and she was the hunter.

As I watched her and others who were interesting enough, I saw several generations in the same place at the same time. I thought to myself that getting old appeared unavoidable. It could be avoided if you died young, but for the most part, it was unavoidable. I looked at my grandfather and said to myself, "He was once like me. Strong, healthy and with his whole life ahead of him." I noticed that as older people began to approach the end of their lives, the simple things became important. "Grandpa, grandpa," I said, as I walked toward him, looking at him with admiration and a deep level of respect. "Little Jear. How's my boy?" He smiles from ear to ear.

It was good to see my grandpa; it made me smile just to know he was still alive to witness the family sharing special moments. "What's the secret, grandpa?" He told me that there was no secret and to have a seat as he took his palm and tapped on the seat next to him. His hair shined all white; his eyes drooped with heavy bags. Up close, you could see every wrinkle on his face, every crevice and every crater. His leathery skin suggested he'd endured the world on his shoulders and had faced the world for many years. In several ways, I saw myself in him. Strangely enough, it was almost as if I physically saw myself inside of him.

When he looked at me and I looked back at him, it was as if I was looking at myself. My grandfather started to tell me that there are no secrets to living a long life. He said, "As a man thinks, so is that man. As a man thinks, so will it be unto that man." I thought about this for a while, knowing that this could mean multiple things. He began to tell me how people continue to look for answers and ignore signs that will confirm the questions they seek. In other words, don't look for the answers. Instead, you should look for the truth and in that you will find the answers.

"I'll tell you that most people are in search of money, especially when they don't have any. Once you are financially set, you realize that money does not fulfill you," my grandfather whispered.

I sat up straight, looking at him with curiosity.

"The most valuable things in life are things that were given to you for free." He places his hand on my knee.

"What do you mean by free?"

"Free meaning that you didn't have to buy it with money," he responded.

"I'm confused," I told him. I didn't quite understand what he was trying to say.

"Things that cost money to buy are useless. Things that you can't buy with money are priceless. You didn't have to pay for your eyesight; it's priceless. You didn't have to pay for your hearing; it's priceless. You didn't have to pay for your ability to feel and touch; it's priceless. As all of us will soon realize as we

age, what you value the most are the things you didn't have to pay for. As your eyesight and hearing begin to fade away, you start to appreciate them even more. But, you will have to pay for your wrongs, they aren't free. The price of sin is death and it must be paid," he explained.

My grandfather looked at me with a deep conviction when he made this statement. His eyes were deep and steady, piercing through my emptiness. He said a lot, I patiently waited there in silence as I glanced out over the yacht and looking into the lake. The lake seemed empty. It appeared dark and deep; like a black hole that shifted back and forth every time the wind blew. The lake reminded me of life, so simple yet so complex.

Glancing out into the lake, I saw darkness and uncertainty. Here were creations such as fish, plants and other life forms moving inside of the lake surrounded by total darkness, but yet they seemed to be totally unaware of their reality. It was dark outside, so I obviously could not see into the lake, but I imagined the many forms that were underneath.

These animals were eating, reproducing and going about their lives totally unaware that they are surrounded by darkness and oblivious to the fact that they were in the depths of the lake. My grandfather had always been a wise man. He routinely provided insight on multiple occasions. That night my grandfather said something to me which I hadn't heard before, "The price of sin is death." I understood the words that were being said and the rationale behind the words, but what I did not grasp was the true

meaning of the phrase. If death was the price you pay, then what does death look like, I wondered.

This comment, in conjunction with all the strange occurrences unveiling in my life, created a sinister and mysterious internal battle for me. It was one that challenged me and created a difficult dilemma. I had always tried to maintain my composure when I was out in public, but deep inside I was more scared than I'd ever been before. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw my dad approaching me and my grandfather with a woman walking next to him. The woman was approximately my age, petite and very attractive. I took note of the deep dark purple polish on her fingernails. The color was very seductive; she appeared confident but yet reserved. She almost reminded me of Samantha in a way, but her hair was darker.

"Jear, I would like you to meet someone," my father said.

"This is Jennifer" he added.

"Nice to meet you, Jennifer. I'm Jear." I shook her hand gently while noticing her soft skin and feminine touch. As my dad introduced Jennifer to my grandfather, I struggled to resist looking at her up-and-down while noticing every curve and every inch of her radiant sex appeal. My dad told me that Jennifer was the daughter of one of his coworkers and how she'd recently been promoted to VP of marketing with her company.

Jennifer appeared to be a smart woman and she was definitely attractive; however, I wasn't in the mood to meet anyone new. I was still grieving over Samantha. After a few minutes of

small talk, we eventually exchange business cards. I was only exchanging my business card to be friendly and appease my father. I quickly wrapped up the conversation with my dad and Jennifer and then made my way to find Eric. I checked on my friends to ensure they were enjoying themselves.

"Hey, what's up Eric? Are you hammered yet?" I asked as I approached from behind.

"I'm trying to get there." He laughed.

"Are you looking forward to this upcoming rape case?" Eric said.

"I'm looking forward to it as much as my other cases." I gave him a sarcastic smirk.

It's always difficult to defend rape cases because there is always a question in the back of your mind wondering if the guy really did it. I understood that this came with the job, but I'm a human being first with an instinct. Sometimes your instincts tell you that in spite of the evidence something is not right about the circumstances.

"Why don't you get him to cop out to a plea deal?" Eric suggested.

"I can't do that. You know me; I have to fight it out to my last breath, that's just how I am. I finish interviewing more witnesses later on this week, so hopefully, good news comes from that."

"Yep, that would be legit," he says.

"It would be inherently bad if these witnesses did not provide information in our favor, but it's not like it hasn't happened before." I placed my hands in my pocket.

"So seriously, what's been going on with you?"

"What do you mean?" I looked away.

"Oh, don't give me that shit. You haven't been yourself lately and you seem distant and mentally preoccupied," Eric mentioned with an oddly stoic expression.

I didn't know what to tell him. I didn't want to tell him everything, especially about the mysterious death and my inadvertent involvement. That would be too much. But, I gave Eric an overview of what I was going through because it was tormenting me to keep such egregious experiences to myself. As I took a deep breath and gathered my thoughts, I let him know that it was difficult for me to view my life the way I have in the past. I explained to him that the confusion and alienation were all a part of it. It was sickening to think that there is a possibility that all I ever knew about my life and the life of others around me could be completely wrong.

"I have been getting signs, Eric."

"What kind of signs?" he asked.

"Just bad signs indicating that I am in a terrible place, a very terrible place. The damaging thing is that I believe I've been in this terrible place all along. Now, it's just starting to be revealed to me, something like a revelation."

"Someplace like he..." Eric couldn't finish his sentence before I cut him off and said, "Don't say that word, just don't say that word."

I wasn't 100% sure, but then again, I wasn't 100% sure about anything anymore. I steered away from jumping to conclusions, but nevertheless, I was terrified out of my mind. I felt as if I was trapped in a room watching it slowly fill up with water. I saw the door and I saw the water; it was only a matter of time before I became completely submerged. Eric took another drink of his apple martini and forcefully shouted, "Damn this sounds serious." I wanted him to know that this was serious enough for concern, but I did not want him to question my mental stability or my ability to perform my job. However, I expressed to him my concerns and informed him that I longed to find answers. That was all I could do.

As I talked to Eric, Madison came up from behind and slapped him on the butt. Her flirtatious antics weren't limited to older men. "Are you done harassing the other guys on the boat?" I shook my head. "It's all in days' work." She was being a smart ass.

"I don't target older men all the time, especially not the elderly. But I do enjoy the company of a mature, distinguished man. They turn me on," she said as she winked.

"Oh really!" I said, watching her in disbelief.

"Guys my age move too fast. Once they have your number and take you out for dinner they try to get into your pants. So I

guess you can say that older men offer me something that younger men can't" she chided.

"And..." Eric said as he jumped into the conversation.

"I can offer older men something that older women can't. We both benefit, so I don't see the problem," Madison explained as she ran her fingers through her hair.

"You're as twisted as that sweet-and-sour cocktail you're drinking," Eric whispered to her.

Despite all of the sarcasm and jokes, I really enjoyed myself that night. My conversation with my grandfather was enlightening. It was also a good opportunity for my friends, family, and co-workers to join together and enjoy themselves. "Has anybody seen Janice?" Madison asked. "I think she went overboard," Eric said with his typical smart and sinister sense of humor. "Speak of the devil." Madison points as Janice walked closer to us and joined the group. I suddenly got a hot flash. I ran to the edge of the yacht, vomiting into the lake while holding on to the edge of the rail. Eric, Madison, and Janice all rushed up behind me shortly thereafter wondering if I was ok. Janice touched my lower back and said, "Jear are you ok?" I swiftly turned around and slapped her hand. "Don't touch me; I'm fine," I yelled. Janice was very startled by my actions, she looked afraid of me. I was ashamed.

"I'm sorry. I'm sorry, Janice. I don't know what came over me, I apologize" I told her. I did not want Janice to think I was out of control or that she was wrong for touching me. I truly

didn't know what came over me. The only thing I could do was to apologize to her for my actions.

We were having a great night and I did not want the evening to turn sour because of my carelessness. "I'm ok," I told everyone as they clearly expressed concern. To most, it appeared as if my drinking was extreme. I didn't drink that much. Actually, I wasn't intoxicated at all. But that was ok with me; they could think what they wanted to think. I didn't know why I became sick. I wasn't feeling good, I was light headed and I briefly started to feel chills. I took out my pad and wrote down what just happened. Documenting as much as possible was the only way to eventually research and try to explain what was going on. "Why did I just become sick? Why was the 'u' in the 'morning' making it 'mourning'? Who was the 'u'? Who were the two in sorrow?" I wanted to write down everything I could possibly think of to warn anyone who experienced something similar. This was extremely frustrating. Not having all the answers bothered me, though I still needed to document what I knew, and the egregious experiences that now plagued me. Shortly after, my friends and I left the party and we all made it back home.

CHAPTER THREE: LYING FOR THE GUILTY

The following Tuesday, I interviewed a witness in my upcoming case. This was a rape case involving a female victim. The defendant was a seventeen-year-old male from the city named Anthony. The victim was a twenty-three-year-old, Lexi, a local grad student. Unlike most violent rape crimes, this was a date rape case where the victim and the accused knew each other. From a defense standpoint, it made it easier to defend; however, we were in an uphill battle. I met Devin, who was a friend of Anthony's.

She happened to be in the club the night of the alleged rape. I met her downtown at one of my favorite coffee shops. I figured that having a mocha cappuccino would be the best way to start off my long day. It was hot outside; somewhere in the neighborhood of 93 degrees. This was not exactly the best way to spend the day. As I arrived at the coffee shop, I noticed that it was busy as normal. I walked in. Looking to my left, I noticed a nervous young lady.

She appeared to be of average height and had an extremely thin frame. She was dressed all in black and her arms were covered in tattoos.

"Devin?" I asked.

To keep reading, get the entire book.

Click on Link Below

<http://www.amazon.com/dp/B074RRGP4C>

Paperback or Kindle