

## The Phone Call: October 1994

*My phone rang and jolted me out of a sound sleep. Blurry-eyed, I looked at my clock. 1:00 AM. By then I knew that good news never comes from a call in the middle of the night. Steeling my nerves, I reached for the phone and answered.*

*"Hello?"*

*"Hazel," came my mom's panicked voice, "You need to come and get me."*

*"What? What's happening?" I asked confused.*

*"Come and pick me up! Right now!" she cried urgently.*

*There was a terror in her voice that I didn't question. I sat bolt upright in bed.*

*"Lo mate. I killed him."*

*I threw on some clothes and sped to meet her.*