

## The stranger I met

Regret and anger filled within me. It felt like yesterday as armed police flooded my apartment for my arrest. I had murdered someone. A murderer they called me.

Ready to die she stood up the balcony, arms out, her left hand with a bottle of whiskey and the other held a gun. "What am I living for? I mean he wants nothing to do with me" Her words spoke of a heartbroken soul in need to ease the pain. Death was her only wish. "Please lend me your hand and get down from there. I want to help you. I am a doctor, Doctor Joanne Smith" An hour and a half her hand was in mine and she was down unharmed.

Jessica Holmes was her name. She was an open book with me. Jessica was a twenty-eight year old newlywed who just discovered her husband was cheating on her with his secretary. Often would she drop by my office for a cup of coffee, to release pain or get her wounds treated after a heated argument with her husband. I would feel angry, something Jessica was supposed to feel. Eager was I to meet her husband, Jessica would always disapprove of it.

My arrest started from the night Jessica called me claiming her husband had collapsed. She said she was unable to inject his medicines. Arriving at the scene Nicholas laid on the ground, Jessica by his side in tears. Without wasting much time, I immediately injected Nicholas with medication Jessica handed over to me. Within seconds he began to froth by the mouth and there was silence. He was dead. A phone call made the police aware of Nicholas' death. Breathing heavily in tears Jessica made the call "Officer I don't know what she gave him. She killed him"

The syringe had poison. She had a solid story, I was the one who had injected him after all. Nicholas was allergic to lilies which Jessica filled in the hallway, explaining why he was unconscious. This was how far she would go to get her husband killed. She would bruise herself to title herself as an abused woman. A suicidal act to get closer to me and later on frame me for the murder of her husband. You would wonder what she would gain. All of it for money.

She played her cards right and gained herself an enemy.