

STABBED IN THE TART by Carol E. Ayer

EXCERPT

With no niceties this time, the detective said, “We have information that you were romantically involved with Edward Winthrop. First you told us you didn’t know him. Then you said the two of you had been in a class together but hardly spoke to each other. Now we’ve found out you and he were in a relationship. I’d like an explanation.”

I stared back at him for a few seconds, emotions bubbling up inside of me. A relationship? Romantically involved? How could he say such a thing?

Keeping my voice as even as possible, I said, “Like I told you, I did realize after the murder that we’d gone to college at the same time. He was going by Ted then. We had one class together, only one, in which we barely interacted with each other. We didn’t have a relationship of any kind, not even a friendship. That’s the absolute truth. I don’t know where you’re getting your information, but it’s not correct.”

We did our mutual staring thing. Then the detective made a couple of notes on his pad and said, “All right. You can go for now. We’ll be in touch.”

I let out a long breath and went to collect Dad. I silently handed him the sand dollar and he put it back in his pocket.

I told him about the interview as soon as we were out of earshot of anyone in the station.

Dad’s jaw fell when I relayed what Det. Hernandez had said.

“How is that possible?” he asked.

“I have no idea. I’m gonna find out, though, I can tell you that.”