

# A SCHOOL OF DAUGHTERS

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## EXCERPT

Before I begin my morning chores, I must tidy up the crime scene. Fortunately, it's only 5:30 in Anchorage; Brian is still asleep and nowhere near his office. In his e-mail In box, I open the new message from Bank of America notifying him of a passcode change.

After I hit delete—and go into his trash file and permanently delete—I take a gander at the new e-mails, opening the message from AT&T. I hit the link that takes me to his account. I've been here before, but my access was thwarted by the unknown password. I type in KateRene930...

Before all my sleuthing, I had one, pretty easy password that, if you know me, could be guessed. Now I have one, hard password.

The screen displays the long, long list of calls to and from Brian's cell phone during the last 30 days. My number is there, but most have a 907 area code—

I jerk back. My heart pounds at the number I know as well as my own. Searching for additional calls having the same number, I find another incoming, one outgoing. One call I might justify—and ignore—but three?

Courageous or stupid, I'm not sure which, I move out of this bill and click the link to prior months.