

# FLAWLESS WITNESS by Merida Johns

## EXCERPT

“Are you Suzanna Jordan, my father’s previous wife?” he asks.

The slight nasal tone and clipped cadence of his voice are too familiar. It is one thing to know Jonathan is dead—another to have his rebirth materialize before my eyes. Sweat bubbles in the creases of my palms and under my arms. The priest casts his eyes downward and says nothing. The air turns into a block of ice, and the birdsong stops as if the feathered creatures in the trees sensetrouble brewing.

“Yes, I was Jonathan Spencer’s first wife. The death notice didn’t mention a son named Jonathan. Who are you?”

The priest offers me the envelope. “I want to give you this. You deserve to see what’s in here.”

I reach for the ordinary office packet. The words “Trojan Horse” burst into my head as I read the white address label on the package, typed with my name.