YSpeak No Evil Teaser

I pushed my way through the heavy, wooden doors of the courthouse to be met with the warm, afternoon sun and the blinding flash of reporters' cameras. Two security guards in grey uniforms came out of nowhere and escorted me through the jumbled crowd of reporters and all sorts of religious groups who shouted inspirational things at me as I weaved through. I liked those sorts of groups; they were sensitive about the situation. The reporters? Not so much.

"We're now seeing Mary Sullivan leaving the courthouse after testifying against her brother-in-law Todd Sullivan for the murder of her husband Mark. Todd will face sentencing a week from today. Mrs. Sullivan," not Mrs. anymore, "do you have any thoughts about the trial today?" The woman reporting this to the thousands of people in the television camera was clearly not worried about my feelings. She held the microphone towards me and I paused my frenzied escape.

"I'm still mourning my beloved husband Mark while also mourning the relationship with a good friend and brother. I would appreciate some privacy at this time." That seemed like a reasonable answer; it had just enough emotion to where it wasn't over the top and told everyone to screw off at the same time. I again started on my way through the growing sea of people and got into the back of the police car that would take me home to my much needed solitude.

The footage of the trial aired that night; I saw the snippet of me exiting the courthouse. I looked grief-stricken and dismal, but I also had a touch of elegance about me. Juries loved a beautiful widow and I practiced morose faces in the mirror for hours to get them exactly right. What I didn't notice when I was leaving the courthouse was a man just adjacent to the mad swirl of people. His appearance wouldn't have made him stand out; he was an average-looking Caucasian man. The only reason I noticed him on the film was because he was holding a big sign. It said "ALL SINNERS ARE PUNISHED" in scrawled, black handwriting. I looked at the man and laughed. There really are some nut jobs out there these days.

I didn't go out much the next couple of days; my neighbor had made me enough grief food for a month. I just wanted to wait for Todd's sentencing. I hoped they would send him away for life. I woke up Thursday morning (four days after the trial) feeling refreshed. I had slept better than I had in ages. I didn’t have Mark snoring in my ear or kicking me all night. I turned on the small T.V. on my kitchen counter so I had something to listen to while I was making breakfast. I turned on some sitcom that wasn't totally asinine and started whisking some eggs. A few minutes later a booming voice came over the channel. "Breaking news! Todd Sullivan, the man convicted earlier this week of shooting his brother, Mark, has been found dead in his cell. It is speculated that his cell mate...". The bowl of yolks was suddenly on the floor and my face was inches from the tiled floor as I got onto my hands and knees. "Oh God...Todd" I moaned. This was not a part of my plan. I just wanted him to take one for the team and take the fall. I sat on the floor with my head in between my knees. But the more I thought about this new development, the better I felt. In fact, this was good! Now everything was taken care of. "It's okay Mary. You're a smart woman. You'll be okay." I told myself this in the utmost confidence; after all, I had always been my best consultant.