

*It was a Friday evening on a crisp fall day and I had just finished cleaning the dishes in my apartment. My husband, Michael, stepped out a couple of hours ago to meet up with his friends to play poker. It was just me, and my pup for the night. It was our night in to binge watch Sons Of Anarchy and eat cookie dough and cheese balls, well me at least. I knew that watching this without Michael would drive him crazy. Watching Jax Teller be the empathetic gangster he is, my mind wandered to Michael. The man was a saint in my eyes and always did what he could to provide for me and his family. He put me before himself almost all the time and never complained about it. Of course he would never shoot someone in the center of the head over money unlike these **Sons** here. Michael was on antidepressants his entire life and has gotten to really bad points, but always manages to turn the corner. When I was walking to the fridge my eye caught on to something on the counter. It was a check in my name that I haven't yet deposited. I needed that in the bank as soon as possible in order to have enough money in my account for my electric and water bill to be paid. Money was pretty tight at the time and thankfully I had a paid leave of absence due to my incident that occurred at my job. That kept us stable for the time being. Mike said that he was going to deposit it last week, but there it was, cold, brittle and waiting to be deposited. What was I*

to do? I had a sprained ankle and no car to drive. I called him multiple times and it went to voicemail every time. I was a little worried and skeptical as to why he wasn't answering, but I needed this check deposited today the latest and if I had to do it, so be it. I decided after an hour or so of Mike not answering, it wasn't too far of a walk. Grabbed my crutches and limped out the door. The wind was angry that evening, and the clouds didn't look pretty I remember. Waddling down the street I hear a car horn, it startled me at first but, when I turned around I saw that it was my best friend Maria who was the one driving. She pulled over and rolled down the window screaming "Get your cripple ass in the car". I threw my crutches in the back and got in the car as fast as I could thanking god for putting this blessing in my life. I looked at her and said "You are my savior". She responded with an obvious "I know". She asked me where I was headed and I told her to the bank she said good because that's where she was headed. I asked where John was and she said he was playing poker with Mike and the guys too. I sat back relieved because it was all working out, I saw the check in time to deposit it, and now, I didn't have to limp the whole way. We got there in the nick of time, and there was only one person in front and behind us. To make up for the time me and Maria were talking about anything and everything. When it was my turn to walk up, the teller put a

POSITION CLOSED sign up, walked to the nearest desk with another co worker and started to shuffle papers. I was livid. Only thing I could think of to say was “ Oh, Thats nice!” I looked at the peculiar man behind me, thinking he would be on my side and said “One of those little human touches that keep us coming back for more.” He responded with such sarcasm that seemed too smart to fight with so I just kept my mouth shut and looked ahead. As I looked over with rage at the lazy teller one more time I see her face turn white as if she had just seen a ghost. Nope, it was something much worse. I turn around and I see two men in blue blazers that looked awfully familiar and black ski masks. The one man was screaming at the guard and telling him to keep his mouth shut. While the other man was screaming to unlock the gate. I looked at Maria with this “we’re going to die” face. She looked calm on the outside but I knew she was freaking out on the inside. Looking at Maria I could hear this man behind us continue to speak and say “justice is done”. One of the robbers heard him and screamed so loud and so damn familiar that it petrified me and gave me chills down my spine. He said “ Hey! Bright Boy! Did I tell you to talk?” the man responded with “No” right back the robber said “Then shut your trap.” I was standing pretty close to this and my initial thing to say was to tell him to just be quiet because this will not end well for you I am sure of that. He kept

his comments and laughter coming. Little did everyone know the innocent quirky man was shot dead center of his head. My eyes were focused only on the man, the dead man, the man who probably had a family and grandchildren. Seen with my eyes, his life end. He was so close to me that some of his blood splattered onto my sweatshirt. I saw everything. The sight to this haunts me. The gun shot put instant tears in my eyes. The robber with confidence turned around and looked at me for a quick second and, that was all I needed. Those eyes weren't just anyones eyes. They were my eyes. They were my husbands eyes. I said nothing because I couldn't believe it myself. The millisecond of eye contact was all I needed to prove my husband was a murderer. In a strange way I felt safer knowing that me nor Maria would be killed. On the other hand I was absolutely terrified of this man and myself for not knowing. I couldn't wrap my head around what just happened. Right after Mike shot that man he grabbed all the bags he could and ran out with his friend that I truly believe was John but, we'll get to that. The police arrive shortly after they left and all I was thinking am I coming home to an empty house tonight? Will I be a widow of a murderer by midnight? When the police see the dead mans body on the floor they looked at us with empathy asking what happened. We all had the same stories because we all saw the same thing, right? As a reward of partaking in this

traumatic incident, all of the customer requests were accepted at the bank that night no matter what. Yay! My check was deposited! Life is good, am I right? I guess you can call that a silver lining. When Maria and I got back into her car there was nothing but silence, confusion and sadness. Mostly confusion, but me I was awkward as could be because I knew something that she didn't and it was a pretty big piece of the puzzle. Maria called John hysterically crying to tell him what happened and he said he would be there as soon as possible. When John arrived, he was driving my car with the killer himself, my dearest husband. They jump out of the car and ran up to us to kiss us and make sure that we were okay. He's lucky I didn't vomit on him right then. Funny thing is, they were both wearing dress shoes with pretty casual clothing. I immediately said "that was fast where were you" John answered for him and said "playing poker at the saloon with the boys" Mike stuttered in "you knew that". Playing dumb I nodded along and said "you're right I'm sorry I forgot". I didn't want to stand there any longer but I did not want to be alone with that man in the house. What does a young woman do if she doesn't know if her husband might kill her in her sleep? She calls her mom. I told Mike that I needed my mom tonight. I saw the frustration in his eyes, knowing that I knew, and he knew but we both didn't say a word. Those eyes made me sick try stomach.

Luckily my mom doesn't live more than an hour from me so Mike let me go with ease and said be careful please. I said nothing, got my keys from John, got in my car and drove back home. I used these moments of silence to gather my thoughts on everything that had just happened to me. All I kept thinking about was that little innocent old man that a life of his own and how heartless Mike was to shoot him in the head with no remorse. The best part about this was the suits they wore, were the suits from our wedding. How stupid can someone be? I was terrified of this man, I didn't even know who he was anymore. He had no soul. I was closer than halfway there when I see headlights so frigin' bright they lit up my entire dashboard. When I picked up the pace, he picked up the pace, I moved lanes, he moved lanes. My heart was in my stomach at this point I just keep telling myself he's going to kill me tonight, he will kill me tonight. I reached an intersection and made a quick right and lost him. I finally get to my parents house to tell them that I was so sorry for bringing this sort of danger even close to them but I didn't know where else to go. My father didn't ask anything and grabbed his shotgun from the basement and told me to tell him everything that happened. So I did just that. In no time at all I heard a knock on the front door and a missed call from Mike. I knew that I had to answer sooner or later. When I looked through the peep hole I saw his face covered

in tears and eyes piercing red and a gun in his hand. My father screamed through the door to put the gun down and to step on the grass. He did what he said, slowly and gently he opened the door, with the screen door still dividing us. When Mike looked at me I saw his old self through all the evil he did. He screamed to me and said "I know! I know!" My father asked "What do you know!" Michael said "The pregnancy!" I was in shock. No one knew about this baby yet and this was definitely not the way I planned for everyone to find out. I screamed back "So you kill someone and rob a bank to make us a happy family!?" I saw how torn he was and how horrible he felt but there was no taking back what I saw and what happened and he knew that I would never look at him the same way again. That killed him inside but I was already there. Michael walked up to the screen door with tears and snot hovering his face and said ever so gently that he loved me more than anything in the entire world and that he was sorry for everything he did. He grabbed the gun that was tucked in his back belt and shot himself dead on my parents lawn. I screamed so loud I thought I would have woken him up. I busted through the screen door and ran to Michael, blood covering the both of us. I cradled him and kissed him and held him one last time and told him that I loved him more. So badly I wanted his eyes to open and

this be a huge prank. No, this was my life, this is how my husband committed his suicide.