

I promised I'd talk so here goes. I've never been one to be overly chatty, but for some reason I feel I need to tell what I know. Let's start with me. My name is Johnny V and I was murdered three months ago today. I won't disclose my last name for fear I'd incriminate my wife. She's the one who murdered me. Her name is Maria and we were married for 23 years. She'd been a pretty good wife up until the murder thing. Which isn't saying much I guess.

In the movies and in novels, when someone dies their spirit leaves their body. Their souls are free to hover near the ceiling and look down upon the scene of their vacated corpse. Well, it didn't happen exactly like that but for the purposes of this story, it's close enough. I was murdered in my sleep and some time after I looked down at my dead body lying on the bed. My wife stood in the dark, sobbing quietly near the bed.

So you're probably asking why I think she murdered me? First you have to understand one thing about Maria. Maria was a hard woman. Harder than most anyway. She'd been known to laugh at handicapped people and midgets. She also never gave a cent or a second of her spare time to any charity I can ever remember. She was a selfish, self-centered woman, but I loved her just the same. She gave me my only child, Dominick, whom I still love dearly. I'll talk about him later.

Now you're probably saying to yourself that being selfish and mean does not a murderer make. And you'd be right. But I left out one important detail. Maria is a nurse at the Kings County Hospital Center just a few miles from where we live. Which makes her surly disposition even harder to fathom. One thing I can tell you is that I am fairly certain Maria has a split personality. When she is at work she is the most charming, soft spoken and light hearted person in the building. She smiles, laughs, compliments and all the other things a humble servant of God might do. She is an excellent actor. And I think you can guess where we met. At home she is impatient, loud and selfish. She can hold a grudge like nobody's business and never lets a man forget his mistakes. Did I mention she was selfish?

Now I'll get to the part that I think proves my wife murdered me. Maria worked as a pharmacist's assistant. Every month she'd bring home a new supply of pills. Always some pain killers for her back, and my high blood pressure medication. Two blue pills with a glass of milk. Same routine for the last four years. I know, I should have exercised more and ate better. Hindsight is always 20/20, right? On the night of my death I had just started a new bottle of medication. I opened the bottle and shook out two of the blue pills into my palm, glass of milk in the other ready to wash down the medicine.

"Maria!" I called. She was in the bathroom brushing her mane or flossing her horse teeth. I'm not sure which.

"What?" she called back in that annoyingly loud voice she'd never use at the hospital.

"Why are my blue pills green?" I asked.

"What?" she called again, clearly annoyed with me and making no attempt to hide it.

"My meds! They're green! They've been blue forever!"

"I forgot to tell you." She was standing in the hall now looking at me. "We had to switch. Insurance company won't pay for the other one's anymore."

"Why not?" I asked.

Maria had already turned and started walking back toward the bathroom. She shrugged and did not look back. I shrugged as well and popped the pills in my mouth then washed them down with 2% lowfat moo-juice.

My mother never liked Maria. And now I know why.