

## Murder in DC

Startled at the sudden noise of the phone ringing, Christie woke, reached around her desk and fumbled with the phone's receiver.

"Yeah..." she yawned.

"You need to get down to the Grand Hyatt Hotel. That is where the woman died in Congressman, Silverman's room."

The call ended and Christie's newfound adrenaline kicked in. She picked herself up, grabbed her briefcase and hurried out of the office. She jogged to her car and her excitement grew. Another fumble of her keys, she finally opened the trunk. A loud gasp escaped her lips.

She saw a woman in the trunk, dead. Her eyes darted left and right to search for any sign of life, anything to lead to a clue. Nothing appeared to her. She looked at the woman again, lying on her side covered in dried in blood.

The woman was world renown feminist, Marissa Mattingly. Christie hated feminists. She always voiced her opinions about them as well in her articles. Another gasp almost choked her.

Perhaps those women finally had enough of her opinions and framed her to make her go away. Christie knew she could never kill anyone. Last time she checked, this was America, and she could say almost anything she wanted. If anyone could solve this, it was her.

She closed the trunk. Her eyes darted left and right again. Shit. DC Metro was making their rounds. As the police cruiser made its way to the parking lot of her building, Christie put on her best show.

Officer Miles pulled up next to her. He climbed out and smiled.

“Good day Christie.” He said while tipping his hat to her.

“Good day Charles.”

“Say, you’re here pretty late or early.” He looked at his watch. “It’s five-thirty and you’re usually here around seven pm.”

“Yeah, I got a tip so I stayed late actually.”

She prayed he didn’t notice her extreme nervousness. During their chat, she noticed him looking around. She’d hope that was just customary.

“I got a tip too. Mind if I look in your car?” Charles asked.

Her eyes blinked. She gasped again. “Seriously?”

“Seriously Christie, I’m sorry.”

She nodded and opened the trunk for him. No way out now. She knew she was innocent.

Charles reached for his service weapon and pulled his hand cuffs from behind his back.

“Hands up, place them behind your head in a locked position.”

She put her hands up and tried to remain calm.

“Christie Nigawicz you’re under arrest for the murder of Marissa Mattingly.”

He read her, her rights and walked with her to his cruiser. He carefully helped her in the back seat of the car. Christie knew who set her up. Marissa’ friends did this. There had been a big pull in their feminist camp once they were awarded the million-dollar grant. Taking Marissa out would grant them all the money. Now she had to prove this, once she was free on bond.