

It was a

TELEPHONE CALL

that changed my life.



It was midnight. I was in a deep slumber until I was awakened by the distant shrill of the telephone. A bullet of annoyance shot through me as I wondered who on earth was calling me in the dead of night. For some time, I had been suffering from insomnia. Hence, I had to spend a lot of money on professional treatment and I had to purchase soothing music in order to fall asleep. Just when I managed to doze off, something had to wake me up. Reluctantly, I dragged myself out of bed and picked up the receiver.

An unfamiliar voice called out my name. I asked who the caller was. It was Kitty. I dreaded the sound of her name.

Kitty sounded rather apprehensive and panicky. First, she apologized for disturbing me. Then she said that something had happened and that she needed

me to come over now. I asked her what it was, but she could not disclose it over the telephone. All she said was that something had happened to Lincoln, a man whom I once loved and cared for.

After I hung up, I brushed my teeth and got dressed. When I checked my cell phone, I saw that I had miscalls from an unknown number. It must have been Kitty. I hopped into my car, switched on the ignition, and drove over to their place. The streets were empty, except for some drunk people who were trickling out of bars and night clubs.

When I arrived, Kitty clasped my hands and thanked me for taking the trouble to come. She escorted me to the kitchen where I almost collapsed at what I saw. My ex-husband was lying in a pool of blood. A knife had been stabbed into his chest.




“I told him to shut up, but he just wouldn’t stop talking about you.”

There was a long moment of silence, until Kitty broke it.

“I told him to shut up, but he just wouldn’t stop talking about you.”

I was stunned. Why would he talk about me? He was the one who had walked out on me.

Kitty filled me in. “He compared me with you. He said that you were independent and that you didn’t have to ask him for money, whereas I was the opposite.”



“He compared me with you.”

I could not believe what I heard. Lincoln had left me because he felt that I had put my education and career ahead of him. Yes, I was ambitious. I wanted to study and get a good job so that I did not have to depend on my husband for money. Despite that, I loved him and I tried to find time to invest in our relationship. However, that was not good enough for him. When we were courting, I had already made it clear from the start that I wanted to go overseas for further education, but he wanted us to get married before that. So we went ahead with the wedding. Shortly after, I left to do my masters. Upon graduation, I came back and found a better job. Unfortunately, by then, he had already fallen out of love with me.

The woman whom he re-married was the opposite of me. With her limited qualifications, she was stuck at an entry-level job which paid her a paltry salary. When I spoke to her for the very first time, I already knew that she was a damsel in distress who could not go very far in life.

I walked up to Lincoln’s motionless body and placed my fingers against his neck. There was no pulse. Tears filled my eyes but I controlled them from rolling out. Even though we were no longer married to each other, I still loved him, and I wished that he had given our marriage another try.

Kitty continued with her narration. Their argument had begun when she chanced upon a wedding

invitation addressed to both of them. However, he had lied to her, saying that only he was invited. When she confronted him, he denied it. When she showed him the invitation card, he had an outburst.

“He said that he was too embarrassed to introduce me to his colleagues, clients, and friends because I wasn’t smart enough. He said that other people were laughing at me because I was dumb and shallow.”


I knew that there was some truth in it, but I held my tongue. If I had said anything, she might have killed me as well.

“He said that he was so proud of you because you could sustain intelligent conversations with people,” Kitty informed.

Once again, I could not believe my ears. One time, after dinner with his co-workers, he told me off for dominating the conversation. Another time, after dinner with his clients, he scolded me for stealing the limelight from him. On a separate occasion, after a social gathering, he accused me of flirting with his friends. Now I realized that he had only started to appreciate me after he married his second wife.

“He called me a bimbo,” Kitty said. That was the last straw that broke the camel’s back. “So I did what I had to do.”

I told Kitty that we had to call the police. However,



“He called me a bimbo.”

she said that she wanted me to help her hide the body instead. I said that we could not do that. Just then, she held a knife to me and threatened me. I raised my hands and gave in to her demand.

Together, we carried the body, placed it on a tarp, and wrapped it tightly. Then we proceeded to the garden to dig the ground.

After the body was buried, I drove to the nearest police station.