

# We know who did it!

Gisele Marion Rosa

‘How was the police interrogatory, honey?’, asked Sofia.

‘It was OK’, answered Joaquim, still standing at the front door of their living room, looking very confused.

He did not want to share with his wife his worries, so Joaquim told her he had got a headache and would lie a little bit before dinner.

The headache was an excuse, but he really needed a time alone to put his thoughts in order.

‘Think’ – he said to himself aloud as soon as he closed the bedroom door. He laid in bed and fixed his eyes on the ceiling. ‘I need to fix that crack near the lamp... Oh, My God, please, focus on the problem, man’, he kept speaking to himself aloud. ‘Okay, when was the last time I saw the car? Not the time I told the police, I mean the real last time. Okay, it was today, Saturday, in the morning. I know, I couldn’t tell the police this information. I couldn’t. But why did I lie? Sofia would never be involved in a car accident and hide it from me. She is my wife. I trust her. But if it is so, why did she tell me she didn’t use my car today when I asked her, for God sake? Why did she tell me she hadn’t gone jogging today? I saw her, taking the car 7 a.m. and leaving the garage, today. She lied to me and she did it because she knows I never wake up early at the weekend, so I wouldn’t see her out of the bed. However, I did. I don’t know the reason why I woke up early today but I did, and I don’t know either why she lied to me. The worst thing is that, naturally, I went back to bed but when I woke up again, at 11 o’clock, she was in the kitchen having breakfast, as always. Now, there are three people in hospital, and the policeman told me another one is dead. What was his name? José Campos, right? This name seems familiar, but I can’t recall from where. Oh, My God, now what? What am I gonna do?’

'Knock, Knock', said Sofia already inside the bedroom staring at her husband. 'Are you ok, honey? The dinner is ready. I cooked your favourite meal.'

'Sure honey', he said. 'Give me a few more minutes and I'll be there'.

Then, she left the bedroom. 'I can't tell her that I saw her', Joaquim said aloud, again. 'She would think I'm suspicious of her and would never forgive me!'

So, he stood up in front of the mirror staring at it in order to make up his mind, when suddenly he said 'I can't let the things the way they are. I'll find out why she lied to me'.

Joaquim went to the dining room very determined and ready to ask her about the car again, but as soon as she turned her face towards him smiling very peacefully, he gave up.

'She couldn't have done anything bad', he thought. 'It's impossible! On the other hand, she knows I would be in trouble once I didn't call the police to inform about the supposedly car stolen. Especially, because they had instead called me to inform the accident involving it. Now, they think someone stole the car yesterday, during the evening, since I told them that it was the last time I'd seen it. That is, someone would have stolen my car under my nose and I wouldn't have heard anything, neither would I have missed it!'

At last, Joaquim sat with his wife and both of them had dinner silently.

Some hours later, wearing pyjamas, he was going to the kitchen in order to take a glass of milk before going to bed, when suddenly he saw something strange. In the corner, behind the cylinder, something was wrapped in a piece of newspaper. He came close and took it. It was Sofia's pair of sneakers but it was dirty and muddy. In fact, it rained a lot in the night before and naturally the streets were full of mud. However, only on Saturday morning because in the rest of the day the sun was strong and the street had been dried.

'Now what?', he started speaking aloud again. 'This is the proof she really left the house this morning just as I saw. Why did she hide it from me? That's it! I have to face this situation!'

Again, Joaquim went after Sofia in the bedroom very determined to face her. There she was. Covered with the blanket Sofia was sleeping deeply in their

bed holding Joaquim's pillow very carefully. 'She's dreaming', he spoke in a low voice. 'I can't wake her up and throw my stupid suspicions on her. Let the police solve it... Everything will be fine'.

Joaquim laid in bed very close to her and fell asleep.

The next morning, on Sunday, he woke up and did not see Sofia in the bedroom. He went to the kitchen and did not find her, neither her sneakers. 'Why are you nervous?', he spoke to himself aloud. 'She certainly went jogging as she always does in the morning. Stop freaking out, would you?', he said laughing nervously.

Then, he went to the front door and took the newspaper of the day. He opened it and came back to the kitchen. Joaquim started reading aloud the news about the accident. '*Picape ran over four people in the Marginal sidewalk. The construction assistant Jose R. Campos, 34 years-old, died.*'

'Jose R. Campos', he repeated. 'Construction assistant', Joaquim said aloud as if a spark of memory had just come into his mind. 'I know him. By reading his name, I can remember him. Sofia had hired him to finish the garage last year. Of course, it was him!'

But then, Joaquim's eyes turned dark as if a shadow had crossed them at this moment. A flash of memory came to his mind. It was the scene of Sofia, his beloved wife together with the construction assistant, stuck one to the other, naked and happy, laid down on the living room sofa. At this moment, Joaquim looked to the same corner where the sneakers were last night but they had disappeared. He came closer, just as he did before and then saw exactly the same strange package. Very frightened, Joaquim took, unwrapped and threw it away in a heart bit. It really was a pair of dirty sneakers, but not Sofia's. They were his sneakers.

Then, the phone started ringing. Joaquim was still in shock but the answering machine was on. An angry woman voice said from it 'Joaquim? Are you there, damned? Answer the phone! It's Sofia! In case you forgot I just want to warn you that you didn't pay the divorce pension last week and I need it, ok? The fact that we haven't lived in the same country for six months doesn't mean you're free from it! Oh my God! It must be karma! Is it impossible for you to be a

better ex-husband than you were a husband? It has been a year since you saw me with that man. Get over it, Joaquim!', and she hang up.

