The police chief James, Patrick’s best friend, accepted the case immediately after the two police came back with not a single clue about the murderer.

“Who contact with him latest before he died?”

“Mrs. Mary but, it can't be her. That lady's just so nice. She even served us lamb as supper" They told him easily.

No one else came out or into the house except Mary. Could this really be possible? That small woman, crying so desperately on the dead body……“I'm gonna figure this out by myself," he muttered to himself.

The track of Mrs. Maloney has been checked out in detail. “Hmmm, the grocery? Maybe the shopkeeper noticed something......" The wind is howling outside the window, James put down the coffee, took the car keys and walked out.

" Anything I can help you with, officer?" said the grocer Sam. "My name’s James, from C.K police station, I'm here to investigate a, ummm, murder case. "I don't mean we suspect you but just asked for some details. Where are you at yesterday 6 p.m?"

 "In the grocery, of course."

"You served Mrs. Maloney?"

"Oh……Yeah, she asked for some potatoes to fix the supper for Patrick."

"How's she?"

"Happy as normal, I guess."

"No, I mean, did you sense anything unusual?"

"Emmm, well, I can't remember well, but I think she's in a hurry or something, she smiled quite……nervously."

"Really? Did she say anything else?"

"No, just the normal stuff."

"Okay......What about Patrick?"

"You mean whether he comes? He's a busy man... Oh, wait, yes, I remember something."

"Go on." James expected something crucial.

"About three days before, there's one afternoon that he took a young lady here. I was a little bit confused about who that woman was so I thought......"

"What?"

"Yeah, she picked some fruits and sweets, he paid for all of them."

James keeps thinking about the storekeeper's words after he left the grocery. How come? Is it really possible that Patrick cheated on his wife? If, only if this is true...... this is possibly the motivation for the crime.

But, how? He hurried to Patrick's house, thinking about finding the big bar that broke Patrick’s head into pieces. She had to dispose of the weapon, but how? In such a short time?

He shook his head. No, somehow it seems that the murderer couldn't be her, how could a woman dispose of such a huge weapon in that short time, especially for a virtuous woman who even could not raise up the heavyweights? The image of the mortified woman came into the officer's head again.

Nearly giving up, he paralyzed on the chair next to the table. That two lazy polices must have eaten the delicious dinner on this desk, he thought. He looked numbly at the oven and tin foil that haven't been cleaned up yet.

Wait.

James felt the blood rush to his brain but broke out in a cold sweat from the thought that came into his mind.

“What about the lamb?"

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(One month later.)

The winter in the town has not yet passed. Snow is falling, the white hid the scattered dead grass in the cemetery. The wind whistled and blew, blowing the officer's face red with cold. His leather-gloved hand crouched over a white marble headstone, plain but not rustic. The name on it was apparently inscribed: Patrick Maloney.

The court closed the case with the decision that the man suicide because of the huge pressure of work. Few people believed this is the truth, but no further evidence or witnesses could provide any other explanation for the death. Mary has been diagnosed with major depression due to the great trauma of her husband's death and even didn't attend the funeral of Patrick.

"She is preserved pretty well in the mental hospital and refused any visits. At night, I always tried to think again from the beginning. We, the police, always suspect the people who latest contact with the dead at first when dealing with murder cases. But why we didn't suspect Mary this time? What if we have even little vigilance towards her and did not accept her kind invitation to eat the meal? ”No responses, everything kept silent to hear James’s monologue.

"Patrick, sometimes the truth cannot be proved, the murderer cannot be punished, and justice cannot defeat evil. Sometimes our own assumptions might be totally wrong, innocence can be pretended, a woman can be a wife, and a murderer."

Snow softly patters against the window of the house and the wind screeches through the yards, the streets. A new family moves into the house, the wife is cooking, waiting for her husband to come back from work.