A woman laid on the ground. Townspeople were gathering around her trying to get a glimpse at what happened. She had blond hair and blue eyes. She was wearing a black cocktail dress. Diamonds around her neck and wrists, including two diamond earrings and rings on her fingers. She was lying in a pool of blood. A knife was in her back. She carried a look of shock in her eyes. The woman clearly hadn’t been expecting to be murdered anytime soon.

“Make way, make way.” A man said as he approached the scene.

The crowed widened allowing him through. The man kneeled down and looked at the woman, her injuries, and the condition she was in. He shook his head as he closed her eyes. He searched her body for clues. Clutched in her hand was a crumpled up piece of paper. A note. The man took it out of her hand. He unfolded the note to find it empty. Turning it over, the other side was empty as well.

“What’s wrong Sheriff?” A boy asked from the crowd.

The Sheriff stood up and pocketed the note. “This woman’s been murdered.”

Gasps could be heard throughout the crowed. It was the first time they’d ever had a murder in their quaint little town. Other forms of crime were typical, stealing, drug running. But never murder.

As the crowd started asking questions, and the commotion increased, more and more people came to see what was going on.