



Deadly Policy...an excerpt

Trish pulled up in front of Edna's house and lightly tapped the horn. The sun was just peeking up over the horizon, the rays of early morning light falling gently on the rooftops. The front door opened and Joe stuck his head out and waved. Edna, bless her heart, came out carrying coffee for all of them in travel cups. "What did you tell Joe?" Millie asked as she took two of the cups while Edna scooted in the back seat. "The truth," Edna said as she closed the door. "I told him we were going to see Michelle and then go to breakfast."

As if on cue, Trish's stomach grumbled. "Good idea." "Bet you didn't tell him about the car thefts," Millie snickered.

Edna pursed her lips. "I may have forgotten to mention that."

"Well, I've got something you can tell him. Someone tried to kill me last night."

Edna gasped and almost dropped her travel mug.

"What?"

"For heaven's sake, Millie!" Trish admonished. "Don't

you dare scare Edna like that."

"Well, they could have."

"Would someone *please* tell me what happened?" Edna asked impatiently.

Millie turned toward Edna, her face lit up with excitement. "Last night someone intentionally rammed my garbage can into my mailbox!"

Edna's eyebrows rose to her hairline. She turned to look over her shoulder toward Millie's house. "Oh, my goodness!" she said when she saw the damage, then she quickly turned back to Millie. "You weren't hurt, were you?"

"She wasn't even outside when it happened," Trish said.

Edna looked confused. "Then why did you say someone tried to kill you?"

"Because, if I *had* been outside, I would be deader than a doorknob."

"But you *weren't* outside," Trish said. "It was just some kids joy riding who thought damaging someone's property would be fun. It was mean and inconsiderate, but it wasn't intentionally against you."

"You don't know that for sure," Millie said with a pout, crossing her arms over her chest.

Trish looked at Edna in the rearview mirror and rolled her eyes before pulling away from the curb. "*Drama*," she mouthed.

Edna quickly ducked her head and took a sip from her mug. It wouldn't do for Millie to see her grinning.

It was only a short drive to the insurance office. "I wonder why Michelle wanted us to come over here," Trish said as she turned the corner onto the street where the insurance agency was located.

Millie shrugged. "I don't know, but it sounded important. Maybe she thought of something that would help us crack the case."

"It's not a case," Edna said. "Well, it's not *our* case."

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Excerpt Continued...Deadly Policy...

"Is so," Millie spouted.

"Oh, heaven help me," Trish groaned. "Would you two stop—"

"Hey! Look up ahead. What's going on?" Millie asked as she peered out the front windshield.

Whatever it was couldn't be good. Two police cars and an ambulance were parked in front of the insurance office with all of the emergency lights flashing. Trish slowly pulled into the parking lot and Millie jumped out before she could even turn the engine off.

"Oh, please don't let anything have happened to Michelle," Edna prayed as she and Trish got out of the car.

"No, there's Michelle running up to Millie now."

Michelle looked frazzled. Her clothing was disheveled and she wore no makeup with her hair pulled back in a pony tail. She was wringing her hands as she talked to her mother, then she gave her a quick hug. As Trish and Edna approached, concern etched deep on their faces, Michelle gave them a thin smile.

"Thank you for coming," she said. "I have to get back inside, but I'll talk to you in a little bit." She then turned and headed back to the commotion.

Millie's eyes were wide with excitement. It looked as though she could barely contain herself as she practically danced from one foot to the other.

"What's going on?" Trish asked.

"There was a dead body on the front step when Richard got here this morning."