

IT OF THE CREEPING SHADOWS



The Perfect Alibi

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Mary Maloney sat in her cozy living room, the soft glow of the lamp illuminating her needlework. She glanced at the clock frequently, her heart full of love and anticipation for her husband's return. The house was quiet, filled only with the rhythmic ticking of time and the warmth of a happy home.



When Patrick finally walked through the door, his face was a mask of exhaustion and grim silence. He bypassed Mary's greeting and headed straight for the whisky, draining his glass in a single, heavy gulp. Mary watched him with a gentle smile, unaware of the storm brewing beneath his tired exterior.



Suddenly, Patrick began to speak, his voice cold and detached as he delivered news that shattered Mary's world. She stood frozen, the words swirling around her like a confusing mist that she couldn't quite grasp. Fear began to take root in her heart as she looked at the man she thought she knew.



Moving like a person in a dream, Mary retreated to the kitchen to prepare dinner as if nothing had happened. She opened the deep freezer and pulled out a large, heavy frozen leg of lamb, its surface glistening with frost. It felt solid and cold in her hands, a stark contrast to the heat of her rising panic.



Mary walked back into the living room where Patrick stood with his back to her, silhouetted against the window. Without a word or a second thought, she swung the frozen meat high and brought it down hard on the back of his head. He crumpled to the floor instantly, leaving Mary standing in the sudden, ringing silence.



MARY MALANEY - AFTERMATH

For a long moment, Mary stared down at her husband's body, her mind racing through the consequences of her actions. She knew she had to be clever to protect herself and her unborn child, so she began to clear her thoughts and refine a plan. She took a deep breath, smoothing her hair and adjusting her expression to one of calm innocence.



She carefully placed the leg of lamb into the hot oven, the smell of roasting meat soon filling the kitchen. After making sure everything looked normal, she put on her coat and walked to the local grocery store. She chatted brightly with the grocer, creating an alibi of a mundane evening spent running errands.



Upon returning home, Mary let out a piercing cry as she discovered Patrick lying still on the carpet. She rushed to the telephone, her voice trembling with genuine-sounding grief as she begged the police to come quickly. Tears streamed down her face as she played the role of the devastated, heartbroken widow.



The police officers arrived and began a thorough search of the house, looking for any sign of a struggle or a blunt instrument. As they grew tired and hungry, Mary kindly offered them the dinner she had prepared, insisting they eat the roasted lamb. They sat around the kitchen table, their brows furrowed as they discussed the mysterious case.



In the kitchen, the detectives chewed on the succulent meat, unaware that the very evidence they sought was being consumed. One officer remarked that the weapon must be right under their noses, while Mary listened from the other room. A small, dark smile touched her lips as the sound of their forks clinking against the plates echoed through the house.