

## **The lie**

Jon looked at the clock. It was almost midnight and he was sitting in his office, reading an opened letter in his notebook, that was slipping through his brain without leaving the slightest trace of meaning behind. The more he attempted to focus on it, the more clearly he could see the face of the man laying on the muddy road.

Stretching his arms above his head, he looked around his office mournfully. It was a handsome room with a fine fireplace facing the long windows. It was then, when he stood with his back to the table, that he heard a cough behind him. He turned around and found himself facing the man with a tattoo of the snake in his neck.

The shock had taken a little while to wear off. For a time, he had tried to convince himself that the man had been a hallucination brought on by lack of sleep. However, the man looked deeply into his eyes and said: "I know what you've done and you are going to pay for it." Jon was ready. He pressed the button under his table and police rushed into the room. They knocked the man into the ground. „You were right when you said he was going to show up.“ said the police officer to Jon. The police had been waiting for this man for two hours, properly hidden. "I'm innocent, It was him!", screamed the man. But police had already arrested him and took him to the car.

Little they knew, that the real murderer wasn't in the car, arrested, but standing in his office, smiling. He was the one who had killed that man and it wasn't his fault that this strange man had seen it. It was easy for Jon to call the police and play the witness. And the world will never learn the truth.