

‘I want my lawyer’ Gerrard muttered somewhere between his glances at the images in front of him and horror and shock in his eyes and reddening face. After a brief disapproving glance at him, she stood, walked to the door, paused, glanced back at him. ‘Last chance Gerrard’.

Gerrard sank in his chair and put his face into his hands. He was broken.

Immediately after his wife’s death, his widowed mother in-law had convinced him to let her keep the children in the meantime while he got back to his feet. She never liked him that much but had promised he can have them back as soon as he was back on his feet financially and emotionally. Now this? He was devastated. But there was no time to cry.

‘Tell me the everything they said to you and what you told them’, his lawyer said as he sat down and ignored the look of horror on his client’s face.

Although, Gerrard’s wife had died only a few months after his release from prison, and from a road accident nonetheless, an anonymous tip had pointed detectives toward evidence of foul play. Indeed, as the state prosecutor proved later, Chelsea’s car was tampered with before she crushed into a tree on her way home from a work even on that fateful day.

Gerrard was denied bail on the grounds that he had no official residence and therefore was a flight risk. ‘I will leave no stone unturned to beat this case. Soon you will be a free man’ his lawyer had promised his overwhelmed client.

Prison. Again. It was like he had time travelled back two years.

A loud bang on the iron bars keeping him inside his seven by ten prison cell knocked him out of his wandering mind as he lay on his back on the bunk waiting for his clothes to arrive. It was court day.