

Deadly Mistake

By Debra Elliott

Cara stared at her computer screen. Staring back at her in black and white was an email she'd written to herself detailing her failing marriage and other private, personal information. Her finger was poised over the delete button, but instead she accidentally hit the send button.

Oh well, she thought. It didn't really go anywhere except into computer space. Cara wasn't really worried about the email. She turned off her computer and went into the bedroom to get ready for her appointment with the divorce lawyer.

She arrived at the lawyer's office thirty minutes late. "I'm Cara Walker," she informed the receptionist.

"Mrs. Walker, have a seat. Mr. Perkins is expecting you."

Cara found a soft, comfortable chair and waited.

"Mrs. Walker, Mr. Perkins is ready for you."

Cara proceeded into the office. There was another man she didn't recognize in his office.

"Mrs. Walker, have a seat please." His tone was icy.

"What's the meaning of this Mr. Perkins?" Cara demanded an answer.

"Mrs. Walker, this is your husband's attorney Mr. Jackson.

"My husband's attorney? I don't understand," she stammered.

Mr. Jackson spoke up. "Mrs. Walker, it seems you send a very interesting email to your husband this afternoon and..."

Cara jumped up from her chair. "Excuse me?" I have no idea what you're talking about!"

Her lawyer interjected. "Mrs. Walker is this true?"

"No!"

Cara stormed out of the office. Sent John the email? Impossible.

Terrible thoughts ran through her mind. John got the email. This can't be happening. Her husband had a violent temper. He would kill her.

Cara arrived home and went straight to her computer. She turned on the power, logged into her email account and clicked on her sent folder. There it was. The email she meant to delete, but thought she sent to computer land. She opened the email and her husband's email addy was in the sent to field.

"Oh my God!" She gasped. John did get the email. Cara rushed to her bedroom, threw a few clothes into a suitcase and was headed out the door when John burst in.

"John, I..."

"You what Cara?"

"I'm sorry. You weren't supposed to see the email."

He rushed toward her and pushed her onto the bed. "Cara, I thought you loved me?" His hands tightened around her throat.

She couldn't breathe. She couldn't speak.

"Here's an email for you Cara", he spat. His grip grew tighter around her neck. "Be careful to whom you send an email. You never know who'll get it."

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