



An update had come in through the mail, the one I had patiently been waiting for. The envelope was plain, unmarked, and still sealed. I was scared to open it. What would I do if my suspicions were true? Would I tell? Who would I tell? It wouldn't matter if I never opened the envelope, never read the letter. I debated tossing it out, not opening it at all and trying to forget. But it was too late, I had already paid the guy and I wouldn't be getting my money back whether I read the letter or not. Still, the fear was creeping in the back of my mind, running through all the possible information that the parcel could contain. In a moment of confidence, I grabbed my letter opener, dull and tarnished from its lack of use, and sliced the top of the envelope open. It tore through the seal, the paper shredding as it struggled to cut. But it was open. The contents finally see the dim light of day. It was late in the evening, the envelope having sat on my counter for hours already that day. I reached in through the ragged edges, my fingertips grasping the two pieces of paper inside. The photograph and the report. I looked at the photograph first, the shine of the paper reflecting the dim ray of sun creeping in from the shuttered window. Those were my parents. Out and about in the town about two-weeks ago, my father followed along as my mother shopped. Questions raced through my mind. Why did he look distraught? Why did she look pleased? All questions that surely were addressed in the report. Reading that report meant finding out if I had been correct in my suspicions, and hadn't wasted my money on nothing. Although I suppose it wouldn't be for nothing either way. Either I was right and upset, or wrong and reassured.

Time to read the report. Snippets of sentences processed in my mind as I skimmed the page. "Mr. Cranel was quite interested in the person in the car, seemingly upset by their presence." "Mrs. Cranel saw nothing as she only walked towards a store window across the street." "After following them both, it appears that you were correct in your suspicions." I couldn't believe it. One of my

parents was in fact having an affair. From what I had read, it was my father? He was my first suspect, avoiding my mother often, staying late at work, and being overall distracted at home. I wasn't as upset as I thought I would be, I guess the idea had settled into my mind from the moment I hired

the investigator. I needed the conclusive evidence though, to give to my mother, let her decide how she wanted to proceed. I turned over the page, seeing the last notes from the investigator. "I regret to inform you that for the last 3 months, the fabric store owner has been having an affair with Mrs. Lucy Cranel. The incriminating photographs will be sent to you by mail once the final payment has been made." What? Now what? That night passed slowly as I tossed and turned, unable to fall into slumber. I had made my decision. I would send the final payment. I would receive the photographs. I would gather them up. And then I would burn them. I would never tell my father.