

Trot fast, my dapple gray!

by Carl Santoro

OVER THE RIVER AND THROUGH THE WOODS
TO GRANDMOTHER'S HOUSE WE GO.

"And then what happened?"

The detective leaned in and offered Marley a tissue for his nose.

"Do you remember how this person got into your house?"

It was night. It was Massachusetts. It was an interview in a snowstorm that Detective Vivian Diaz wished would go away. She looked at her watch and waited for Marley's 4:46 a.m. answer.

"Marley, look at me please - do you remember anything about the shooting?"

The boy's head remained downcast, still, sullen, swallowed up by his pajama top.

"I know it probably hurts to remember, but what you tell me may help us to catch your Grandmother's killer."

THREE HOURS EARLIER

THE HORSE KNOWS THE WAY TO CARRY THE SLEIGH.

