

Boudreaux lay on his deathbed. The doctor had come and gone - the priest had come and gone. The windows were open and the spring breeze fluttered the curtains sending shafts of sunlight dancing across the room. The little cabin on the bayou was spotless bright and airy - the sounds and smells of Charmaine cooking drifted into the room.

“Charmaine”, Boudreaux called.

Charmaine entered drying her hands on her crisp white apron. “Yes Boudreaux”, she whispered calmly.

“Charmaine, I’m dying”, Boudreaux stated.

“I know Boudreaux”, Charmaine whispered calmly.

“Charmaine, I want to confess something. For years Marie and I, we’ve been have been having a wild affair”, Boudreaux mumbled.

“It’s all right Boudreaux”, Charmaine whispered calmly.

“Dat time I went to Las Vegas - I took her with me. When I went to Florida - she went too. And dat new car she got - I bought it for her”, Boudreaux mumbled.

“I know Boudreaux”, Charmaine whispered calmly.

“Really? You knew all dat?” Boudreaux asked.

“Of course I knew Boudreaux”, Charmaine calmly whispered, “That’s why I gave you the poison.”

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