

## **Chapter 3**

### **HOLIDAY TO REMEMBER**

I was born and raised in Istanbul, Turkey and that's where I first met Omar, when I was almost 18. My uncle introduced him to me at his wedding, while he was on a holiday with his family from Australia. He seemed to be a clean cut, well-spoken guy and although I couldn't speak much English, Omar spoke Arabic quite well. That night we laughed and danced and got on very well. I'm quite sure both our parents also noticed the good time we were having; by the way we were talking and dancing most of the night.

A couple of days later, my parents told me that they had got a phone call from Omar's parents, saying that their son was very interested in me and they wanted to know, if they could come over for another visit. My parents seemed to like Omar as well, so naturally they welcomed them to come over. I got very excited too, at the thought of seeing him again and I looked forward to their visit.

That night, both our parents hit it off like old friends and there were many times when we heard them screaming with laughter, as Omar and I sat outside and spoke on the veranda. We couldn't help but laugh ourselves, seeing that our parents were having such a great time. Omar told me how he had looked forward to coming to Turkey on a holiday, with his parents and he really wasn't looking for anyone to settle down with, but that was until he saw me at his uncle's wedding.

I later suspected that his uncle had planned our introduction, but I didn't mind, as Omar was a nice guy and certainly had a lot of appeal.

Over the next few days, we saw each other as much as we could, but knowing that he only had one month to go before his departure, we spoke to our parents and decided to get engaged. As our parents liked the idea as well, they all got together to make plans for our engagement party. We finally put it all together one week before Omar was due to leave and it gave him a chance to meet most of his future in-laws as well. That day was the happiest day of my life, as I was quite sure I had found the right man to spend the rest of my life with.

Then about a week later, Omar flew back with his parents to Australia and we kept in touch by phone and writing letters. Meanwhile, my family and I spent the next few months preparing for our wedding.

It took him nearly eight months to finalise all the paperwork when he got back to Australia and when everything was in order, he flew back with his parents and some of his family members for our wedding. It was a very grand event and the best day of my life. It was even more special for me, as I had never been alone with a man before.

After spending a week in Egypt on our honeymoon, checking out the pyramids and other interesting places, we flew back to Australia.

We then stayed at his parent's place, while saving up every cent to buy our first home. Then a year later, I fell pregnant and had a boy whom we called Hillal. Shortly after that, we managed to purchase our first home on the other side of town, as Omar had accepted a job with a higher pay over there. Almost a year after having Hillal, I fell pregnant again and this time we had a girl, we called Kela.

Now, with two children as well as a mortgage, we found it increasingly difficult to afford anything other than the basic necessities. Luckily a couple of years later, my family also managed to migrate to Australia, which then helped us quite a lot.

Meanwhile, I applied for a few part time jobs to boost our cash flow, but I found it extremely difficult to get any work, as my English wasn't the best. Then one day, Omar suggested that I should enroll for a part time English course at the local community centre. I thought it was a good idea as well, as it would improve my English and that's where I met Latha.

Latha was a happily married Fijian lady, who had migrated to Australia with her husband Moshine many years ago. They also had two kids, similar in age to ours and they only lived a street away. Over the next few months, Latha and I became very good friends and her husband and kids became frequent visitors to our place. I found her husband to

be rather charming and a bit mysterious at the same time and I knew there was more to him, than was apparent. He had a solid build and was quite handsome in his own way. On a few rare occasions, he even commented on my figure and said he wished his wife had a figure like mine.

As time went on, we went on a few short holidays together, as our kids were all growing up and everything was fine. Then one day, Latha told me that they were going back to Fiji on a holiday, to see their parents and she asked me if we would like to join them.

At the start, when we looked at our finances, we found that we just couldn't afford it, but I told her we would see what we could do. As they were going in about nine month's time, I managed to finally get a part time job with the help of my family, looking after the kids. Meanwhile, Omar was also given an unexpected bonus in his salary and we all got very excited, when we saw the possibility of us also going.

About three months later, when we had just paid our deposit on all our tickets, Omar found that his work commitments were too important for him to take any time off. He then spent a lot of restless nights thinking about it, but as the days got closer, he finally told me that he couldn't go. I was totally disappointed and so were the kids, but as we were going to lose our entire deposit on our tickets, he told me to go with the kids and have a great time.

We finally arrived safely in Fiji and stayed at Moshine's parents' place, which was a large house not too far from the beach. We then enjoyed ourselves down at the beach for the first few days and then we started to travel and sightsee around the island. As the days flew by, the kids were having a great time and so was I as we travelled around seeing many interesting places.

One night, while we were having a few drinks by the pool, Moshine suddenly put his hands on my shoulders and started to massage the back of my neck. His hands were large and strong and it was very hard for me not to discourage him. Luckily, there was no one else around. It might have been the feeling of being on holiday, or maybe even the warm tropical night, because I just didn't seem to mind.

I suddenly came to my senses, but it was too late, as the attraction was now quite obvious to both of us. Luckily for me, Latha had gone back to her room with her kids, as their daughter wasn't feeling too well. I then broke away and grabbing my towel, I raced back to my room leaving him behind. That night, although I was feeling a little guilty, I still got a tingling feeling whenever I thought of his strong hands massaging the back of my neck. I then thought of Omar and I came rushing back to my senses.

It was really hard the next morning, sitting at the same breakfast table, surrounded by all our children as well and seeing Latha sitting next to him. We both pretended that nothing had happened the night before and went on eating our breakfast as usual.

That day we had pre-booked tickets for an island hopping boat tour and we had no choice but to go. As Latha's daughter Mina wasn't feeling very well, she finally decided to stay back and look after her. The kids were all busy running around enjoying themselves, thereby giving Omar and me a chance to talk. To our amazement, we found that we had a lot more in common and also shared a similar outlook in life.

He was a different man whenever he was in the presence of Latha and he was much more open and relaxed with me. We were both having a really enjoyable day, while the kids were oblivious to what was going on. When we got back later that evening, all seemed well and Latha looked much happier as Mina was starting to feel much better. We had an early dinner that evening, because we were all worn out from our day's activities.

That night while I was lying in bed again, I just couldn't help but think of Moshine and the conversations we had. I also thought of Omar and I felt very guilty for letting another man touch me. I finally fell asleep and woke up early the next morning, with the sound of kids playing in the front yard. I then felt bad for Latha having to stay back the day before, so I decided to go over to see how she and Mina were keeping.

When I got there, I noticed she wasn't as friendly and talkative as she normally was and this seemed quite unusual, as Mina was starting to feel much better. I just thought, maybe she was still worried about Mina and had a lot on her mind. Later on in the

afternoon, we all went down to a local park that had a giant water slide. I kept my distance from Moshine and I tried talking to Latha, but she still seemed distant whenever she spoke to me and I wondered if she suspected anything.

Then about an hour after we got back home, I heard an argument going on between the two of them. As usual, all the kids were down at the beach as it was another warm night, so they naturally didn't hear anything. I suspected that Latha was questioning him, as he was acting a bit strange towards her and although he couldn't see it, she knew something wasn't quite right.

Omar kept in touch with the kids and me by phone and although, I assured him that everything was fine, I started to realize that it wasn't. He was excitedly looking forward to the day when we were going to return and he told me that he was missing me and the kids as well. But what he didn't know was that although I was enjoying being in Fiji with the kids, I was more excited with the attention I was getting from Moshine, when Latha wasn't around.

Over the next few days, we visited a few more places of interest and then came back to his parent's place. Latha then decided to spend a few days at her parent's place, with Moshine and the kids. But one night, he made an excuse and came back to his parent's place, leaving her and the kids behind at her parent's place. That night, after the kids were in bed and his parents had retired, we stayed up having a chat, which finally ended with us taking a walk on the beach.

I will never forget that moonlit night, when we walked on that beach with a golden moon reflecting on the water. As we spoke and walked along the shore, Moshine suddenly stopped and grabbed me by the arm and pulled me closer to him. He then said that he had fallen in love with me and he wanted to know if I felt the same. But before I could even answer, we were in an embrace with our lips locked together.

One thing then led to another and soon the passion overrode us. Before we realized what we were doing, we were on the ground taking our clothes off. Although I tried my best to resist, I was too far-gone and soon we proceeded to do what came naturally,

with the sound of the waves crashing on the shore. Time had no meaning, as we spent the rest of the night making love under those twinkling stars and the moonlight.

It was in the early hours of the morning and the sun was about to peek over the horizon, when we finally woke up and found ourselves lying on the shore. Then like teenagers, we laughed and picked ourselves up and managed to sneak back to the house, before anyone woke up that morning.

When I got back and saw my children fast asleep in their beds, the reality finally dawned on me. I felt ashamed of myself and tried my best to blot it out of my mind. I then drifted off to sleep, waking up a couple of hours later. Thank God, no one seemed to suspect what had happened the night before, but whenever I looked at him, it all came rushing back to me. Shortly after breakfast, Moshine left and went back to Latha's parent's place and I thought the best thing to do, would be to get out of the house for a little while.

That day, I spent most of the afternoon shopping with the kids, with the intention of buying some souvenirs to take home, but all I could think of was Moshine and what had taken place the night before. I then realized that I was in a lot of trouble, as this would probably affect my marriage when I got home. I also knew that what we had done the night before wasn't something we could just forget. I then kept thinking of Latha and how she would feel, if she knew what we had done. I thought that she might even hurt me if she suspected anything, as she was a big woman and was quite strong physically. That evening, when he returned with Latha and the kids, we all decided to stay home and play cards with his parents. Seeing Latha again was really difficult for me, as she had been a good friend of mine for many years. She was still acting a bit strange towards me, but I thought that's because she was feeling sad about having to leave her parents and family behind in a few days. We had an early night that night and I found it very hard to sleep, wondering about the future and what had taken place, I finally drifted off to sleep a few hours later.

The next day, we all ended up at a Mini Golf course, not too far from home, where the kids had a ball. While we were there, Moshine met an old friend who invited all of us, to

join his friends and family at a beach party that night which wasn't too far from his parent's place. Although, Latha was a bit more talkative towards me as the day wore on, I still knew that something wasn't quite right.

That afternoon when we got home, I managed to take a catnap as the heat was quite exhausting. Later that evening, we all walked down with the kids to where they were having the beach party and I was quite surprised at the number of people that were already there. As the night progressed, we had a few drinks and kept dancing, having a great time.

We were there for a few hours, when Moshine suddenly pulled me aside and whispered in my ear, that Latha had gone back to the house with a friend to get some dry towels for the kids. Before I could say anything, he led me by the hand and we walked behind a beach hut that was close by. Within seconds, we were lying on the cool sand in a tight embrace and I didn't even realize that he had unbuttoned my top. He had his face between my breasts, when suddenly a beach ball landed with a thud near the two of us. When we looked up, to our horror Moshine's son Rimal's face appeared in the moonlight.

He then stood there for a few seconds, gazing down at the two of us, while I tried hurriedly to button up my top. The next minute, he picked up the ball and ran off in the darkness towards the beach. We just sat there, dumbfounded for a few seconds and then we sprung up and neatened ourselves up. I think we were both in shock, at what had just happened and there was nothing we could do about it, but go back to the party.

Latha returned about twenty minutes later and as we didn't know if Rimal had mentioned anything to her, we thought the best thing to do would be to pretend that nothing had happened. Rimal was nowhere to be seen and I was dreading his return and I knew that Moshine was feeling the same way too.

That night we all drank more than we should have and finally the party came to an end at about three in the morning. Luckily, the kids had all returned home earlier in the

night and they were in bed fast asleep. Again, I just couldn't fall asleep, as I just kept thinking about what had happened, knowing that as soon as Rimal mentioned something to Latha, all hell would break loose.

At the dawn of the new day, my paranoia started getting worse and I thought the best thing to do, would be to leave Fiji as soon possible, before Rimal opened his big bloody mouth. I then managed to fall asleep for a few hours, but when I suddenly woke up, I felt even more anxious; so I decided to phone the airline to try and change our flight. The earliest flight was later that evening and I had to use Omar as an excuse for our rapid departure. I told Latha and Moshine's parents that Omar had rung me that morning and asked me to come back, as soon as possible, as there was a family emergency. The kids were all disappointed, because we had another three days to go. That afternoon I stayed in my room and packed our suitcases, never knowing when Latha might come flying in through the door.

I finally managed to talk to Moshine, when Latha was having a shower and he also agreed that it might be best if I leave with the kids, in case Rimal opened his mouth. He pledged his love for me and I still remember the sad look in his eyes, as I snuck back to my room. Shortly after that, I got the kids together and started saying our goodbyes. We were almost ready to leave for the airport, when suddenly the door flung open and Latha was standing there. To my relief and surprise, she said that Moshine's parents would drive us to the airport. Luckily, the airport wasn't too far, as I just couldn't wait to get on that plane. Finally, after saying goodbye to his parents with tears in our eyes, the kids and I then boarded the plane.

Only when the aircraft was taxiing down the runway, did my heart beat normally again and the higher the plane climbed, the more relaxed I became. I suddenly woke up, to find a stewardess leaning over me, asking me what we would like for dinner. For a few fleeting moments, I didn't know where I was and then, it all came rushing back to me.

After dinner was served and the kids had fallen asleep, I decided to really think about the situation I was in, as I only had a few more hours to go before landing. I had already told Omar, that we missed him and that's why I decided to come back early. He

was very happy to hear that, when I rang him in morning. I also thought about Rimal and I wondered when he would tell his mother. I then thought if things got really bad, I would just tell Omar, we all had a bit too much to drink and whatever Rimal had seen, was entirely false.

Omar was waiting for us at the airport and he was very happy to see all of us again. This was the longest time that he had ever been away from the kids and he just kept telling me how much he had missed us. Finally when we got home and after having a small bite, I crawled into bed feeling a bit jetlagged.

A couple of hours later, I suddenly woke up to the sound of a phone ringing in the distance and not thinking too much of it, I drifted back to sleep. A few minutes later, I was shaken violently and woken up by Omar, who was standing over me with a look of anger that I had never seen before. He then screamed at me, that he had just got off the phone with Latha and then I realized, that the cat was now out of the bag.

Then just as I was getting off the bed, he gave me two thundering slaps, which nearly broke my jaw; while grabbing me by my hair he dragged me off the bed. I then started screaming, asking him what the hell was going on and then, he began to speak. During this time, I thought the best thing to do would be to cry. So I sat down on the side of the bed, while holding my head and pleading with him at the same time, to give me a chance to explain.

He finally calmed down and said that I had five minutes to explain what went on over there. Not knowing what he had heard from Latha, I thought I would play it safe and let him ask me the questions and then try to convince him, that nothing bad had happened.

When I had finished lying my head off, he yelled at me saying that he believed everything that Latha had told him and now the two of them were going to break up when they got back.

He kept on yelling and screaming and blaming me for what had happened, saying that he just couldn't believe what I had done and how disappointed he was in me and then

he stormed out of the room. Meanwhile, Kela and Hillal had also woken up and they were crying at what was going on. Omar finally got into his car and drove off, demanding that I be gone by the time he got back.

I hurriedly grabbed as many things as I could and then I called a taxi, to take us to my parents' place. On the way over, I was thinking of how I was going to explain all this to my parents and I also wondered how Omar must be feeling. I think the kids were in shock too and they were sobbing in the taxi, as it drove along that long lonely highway.

We finally got to my parents place and as I had already rung them prior to our leaving, they weren't really surprised to see me there. Then after settling the kids down in front of the TV, I quietly spoke to my parents over a cup of tea. They were stunned at what had happened, but they promised to support the kids and me in every way they could.

Three days later, Moshine and Latha came back from Fiji and I got a call on my cell phone. It was Latha and she wanted me to know how disappointed she was when Rimal had told her what he had seen that night on the beach. She said she always suspected, that I had a soft spot for Moshine, but she never thought I would go this far. She then called me a few abusive names and said that "I could have Moshine if I wanted to, as she could never look at him the same way again". With tears running down my eyes, I tried to apologise and ask her to forgive me for what had happened, but then I suddenly realized, that she had hung up the damn phone.

A short time later, my phone rang again and this time it was Moshine and he said he wanted to see me. I naturally couldn't resist and a little while later we met at a roadside café. I then told him what had happened at home with Omar and we both decided to put our cards on the table. Realizing that our partners would never forgive us, we thought the best thing to do would be to get together ourselves. I can't tell you what my kids went through, when they suddenly realized that Mommy and Daddy won't be together again.

Within a few months, we found a place to rent and Moshine and I moved in with my kids Kela and Hillal. Latha stayed on with her kids in their home and Omar moved back to his parents' place, while our house was put up for sale.

As time went by, Omar remarried and had another child with his new wife and Hillal sees him occasionally, but he has no contact with me. Latha is still single and is living in the same house with her two children. Latha's son Rimal refuses to talk to his father and hasn't spoken to him to this day.

Moshine and I finally got married a few years later, after our divorce went through and we decided not to have any more kids. My father has never acknowledged Moshine and knowing him, he probably never will.

Now and then, I still wonder if things would have gone this way, if Rimal hadn't seen us that night on the beach. Who knows, it most probably would have just been; A holiday to remember!

## Chapter 21

### YOU GET WHAT YOU GIVE

I first met Garry, when I was going to high school. He was two grades higher than me and we used to sometimes meet after school for a soft drink or a coffee. He was very handsome and everyone liked him as well. As time went on, we got quite involved and eventually ended up having sex. Our parents naturally didn't know what was going on and we were very careful, that we didn't get caught; although I am sure they suspected what was happening, they never brought it up.

Finally when we left high school, Garry got a job in an advertising agency and I found a job as a receptionist. As we were both earning good money, we decided to move in to a flat together with the intention of getting married later. We were very happy for about two years, but then I found Garry acting a bit strange. He started coming home late from work, with the excuse that he was trying to catch up with his work. I suspected that he was seeing someone else and my fears were confirmed one day, when I happened to check his cell phone.

He had two different women sending him messages and from his replies, it seemed like there was something going on. Later on, when I questioned him about it, he got really upset, telling me that I had no right to check his phone. He then said, they were all work related messages and he sometimes met clients for a drink, to discuss advertising campaigns.

I believed him as I had no choice, but from then on, I kept a good eye on him. A couple of months later, I found a condom wrapper and a pair of girls' panties on the floor in the back of his car. I then definitely knew I couldn't trust him anymore and I think that was the beginning of the end, because we both parted ways soon after that.

Then about three years later, I met Jake and pretty soon we had moved into a small flat together. Shortly after that I found myself pregnant, so three months later we had a small wedding and got married. Not too long after that, we had a baby boy we named

Brian. Jake and I were very happy with Brian and we bought him all the toys that he wanted.

Things were fine for about three years, until the day I came home and sprung Jake in bed with his best friend, John. I was totally shocked and disappointed and that was the end of my marriage, to Jake the jerk.

Meanwhile, my ex partner Garry had also got married and settled down. He too had a little daughter and things seemed to be going well for him. Although we had broken up in a bad way, I still had feelings for him. Even though he was married, we occasionally spoke on the phone. He was very proud of his little girl and he knew that, I was very proud of my little boy, Brian.

During that time, Brian and I were living in a small unit and I was still working as a receptionist. I occasionally went on a few dates as the years went by, but I never found anyone that I really gelled with. Meanwhile my little man was slowly growing into a handsome young boy, as he was almost nine years old now.

Then one day out of the blue, I got a call from Garry and he seemed very worried when he spoke to me. He said his wife was quite sick and not doing very well. I tried to calm him down by saying, "Not to worry, things would be fine". We then spoke a bit more and then I hung up the phone. Later on I hoped that she would get better, as they had a six year old daughter to look after as well. Over the years, Garry's wife kept going in and out of hospital for tests and treatments and finally, she seemed to be getting better.

Another three years went by and then I got another call from Garry. He was crying on the phone, as he told me his wife had suddenly taken a turn for the worse and had passed away. I was shocked, as he had previously said she seemed to be getting better. He went on to say, that he was felling quite depressed and so was his little girl, as she was missing her mommy. I said I was sorry about what had happened and I hoped, that things would get better for him in the future. He said luckily he had his mother's help looking after his daughter, but she still missed her mom very badly.

Then a couple of months later, I got a call from him again. This time he said he would like to catch up with me over a drink, or even take me out for dinner. I said I was too busy and we would have to make it some other time. That night, I thought it might not be a good idea meeting him, as I still had some feelings left.

Three weeks later, he called me up and once again, I said I was too busy and made excuses for not meeting him. Finally, when he called me for the third time that month, I gave in and agreed to meet him for a casual drink. That night over drinks, he told me how he had often thought of me, even though he was married to his wife. He went on to say, that although she was nice and looked after him well, he always regretted the two of us breaking up.

He then said how sad and lonely he was since the death of his wife and I really felt sorry for him, as he also had a daughter to look after, in between his work commitments. We spoke for a while and I told him that I was sometimes lonely too, but luckily I had Brian for company. We parted shortly after that, with me promising to catch up with him again.

A few days later, he rang and convinced me to go out with him again and each time I did, I found myself getting to like him again. Then one day, he brought his daughter Sabrina out for dinner as well and I took Brian along. They both seemed to get on pretty well and I was quite surprised, how sweet his daughter was. That night Brian said that he liked both of them.

Then one day when we were going out for a walk, Garry suggested that we try and work it out as a couple again, as we weren't complicated and had nothing to lose. I said that I needed some time to think about it and I would let him know very soon.

About two months later when he asked me out again, I said all right, let's give it another go. So a month later we moved into a larger house, which Garry had bought with his wife's insurance payout. Pretty soon the four of us settled down into our new home, which also had a swimming pool that the kids liked. Sometimes even our friends and family would come over to enjoy our pool as well.

Garry still had plenty of money left over from his wife's insurance, so we enjoyed going overseas on many holidays and there were even times, when Garry's best mate, Tyson and his wife would also join us. Tyson was a detective in the police force and the two of them had known each other from school days. Tyson always had many interesting detective stories to tell and they would sometimes, catch up for a beer and a game of pool whenever they had the chance. Occasionally, Tyson would even come over on the weekends, to help Garry work on his old Chevy that he was doing up.

Then one day Garry surprised me, when he asked me to marry him. He said that as we were already living together and the kids were also getting on well, why the hell not. I thought it wouldn't hurt either, so a few months later we had a quiet wedding. We had Sabrina as the bridesmaid and Brian as the best man and with a few family members, we had a good time. But with Brian's baseball and Sabrina's basketball going on, there wasn't any time for a honeymoon.

Over the next few years things were quite good, Brian was growing up into a fine young man and Sabrina was growing up to be a nice young girl. Although Brian was a very good boy, I didn't really like some of his friends, but he always made sure I knew where he was and whom he was with. He also had some teenage girls hanging around him and I was hoping that he wouldn't do anything stupid, like getting one of them pregnant. He also liked playing heavy metal music loud in his room and there were many times, when we had to ask him to turn it down.

A few more years went by and then one fine day, I got a call at work and it was Garry. He sounded really upset and he wanted me to come home immediately as he had something very disturbing to tell me. Although I tried to ask him what the problem was, he refused to tell me until I got home. As I was driving back, I was wondering what the hell was so important, that he just couldn't tell me over the fricking phone.

When I finally got home, he was waiting for me at the front door and he quickly led me in. He then asked me to take a seat and I could see the anger on his face, as he made me a cup of tea. He then sat down next to me and then told me that when he came

home, he found Sabrina and Brian in bed together. He said they were having sex in her room and when he walked in, they almost jumped out of their skin.

I was bloody shocked when he told me that and I said, "So where the damn hell are they now"? He then told me they both left the house shortly after that. He went on to say, that he thought this might happen one day and he always dreaded it. We then decided to wait until they got home to have a serious talk with the two of them. Later that evening when they came back, we sat both of them down and told them how shocked and disappointed we were with the two of them.

They then said, they were very sorry for what had taken place and that it wouldn't happen again. We pointed out that they were now brother and sister and these things don't happen in decent homes. They again promised us, that it would never happen again and we all left it at that.

All was fine for a while and we both kept an eye on them, making sure they weren't alone too often when we weren't around. But then again, it happened about three months later, when he came home early and caught them in bed. This time, he got really upset with Brian and he started to blame everything on me. I naturally pointed out that his daughter was at fault too, but he just blamed it all on Brian and me. From then on, things started to get a bit stressed at home and we ended up having arguments more frequently.

Finally, when he sprung the two of them in bed for the third time, all hell broke loose and for the first time it ended up with the two of them coming to blows. That night, I got bloody slapped as well and that's when I packed up a bag and took off with Brian to my sister's place.

On the way over, I told Brian that his behaviour was going to cause the breakdown of our marriage, but then he said; "Mom I love her". I was pretty shocked with what he said and I told him that he was too young to be in love, besides that, she was his damn stepsister. He then promised me it wouldn't happen again, although I knew he was bloody lying.

The next day when Garry called me, I was still mad with him for fricking slapping me in front of the kids as it really wasn't my fault. He then apologised and begged me to come home, saying he was very sorry for hitting me and he promised that it wouldn't happen again.

That night, all was quiet when we got home and nothing was said about the night before. From then on, he and Brian hardly ever spoke to each other and there was always tension between the two of them. Then one night they got into another big argument and it finally ended up in blows again. From then on, the two of them never spoke to each other and I knew that Garry was keeping a good bloody eye on them. We both knew that it was affecting their schooling as well, because it showed in their reports.

I also suspected that Garry was confiding in his friend Tyson about what was happening at home. Meanwhile, Brian started staying out with his friends more often and I even caught him smoking a few times. I felt like I was losing control, but there was nothing I could do. Garry and I were fighting more often as well and things were really getting out of hand.

Then one day, while we were having another argument, he bloody slapped me again. For his bad luck, Brian walked into the house at the same damn time. Then when he saw what Garry had just done to me, he turned around and punched Garry in the jaw and then, the war was on again. They punched each other while they rolled on the floor, each trying to get on top of the other one, while smashing and bumping into things at the same time. Meanwhile, I was screaming for them to stop and that's when Sabrina walked in.

Finally they separated and while trying to get his breath back, Garry told Brian that if he ever came close to his daughter again, he would tell the police and have him locked up. Brian then yelled back to Garry "And if you ever touch my mother again, I will fucking kill you". That night, Brian went out and didn't come home for a couple of days.

From then on things weren't the same. They both kept out of each other's way and things weren't any better between Garry and me either. Then one day, while we were having a massive argument again, Garry said, "It's all your fault, as Brian is your son". I then said, "But what about your daughter, she's also to blame for this". He naturally, had nothing to say to that and things just kept on getting worse.

As time went on, we hardly even spoke and there was no more fun between the two of us, like in the past. I knew that things couldn't go on like this and something had to be done.

One day about six months later, when I had just got home from work, I heard a knock on the front door and when I opened it, I was surprised to see two police officers standing there. I immediately thought something bad had happened to Brian and I said, "Oh my God what's wrong"? They then came in and asked me to take a seat, as they had something to tell me.

At that very moment, Sabrina walked in as well and she wanted to know what was going on. An officer then looked at me and said, "They were very sorry, but my husband was murdered in a car jacking". When we both heard that, we burst into tears and started crying hysterically, because we couldn't believe that Garry was gone. Brian wasn't home that night to hear the bad news and I was sure he wouldn't have cared anyway.

Now, I am going to let Garry's friend Tyson, tell you the rest of the story;

I was naturally shocked, when I heard my good friend Garry was murdered and in fact, the case landed on my desk. We had spoken many times about different cases like that in the past, while having a beer and I always remember telling him to make sure, that nobody was lying in the back of his car before he got in, as that's the most common way that people had been taken by surprise.

I also felt sorry for his wife and kids, so I rang and told them to call me if they needed my help in anything. I then made up my mind that I was somehow going to find his fucking killer.

We found his car parked under a bridge the next day and dusted it for prints and somehow, managed to find one that didn't belong to anyone in the family. It was in the boot of the car and also on a door handle. We then realized whoever had shot him had obviously been hiding in the boot, waiting for him to get in and by that, we knew it wasn't a random car jacking.

I then ran the prints through the police data base and was quite disappointed, when I didn't get a match. I knew that the prints belonged to the killer and I was hoping that one day, he would finally fuck up.

Then about six months later, we busted a guy for armed robbery at the local grocery store and when he realized he was in deep shit, he tried to cut a deal for a lighter sentence, saying that he knew the shooter of the car jacking that took place about six months ago. After we had agreed on a deal, we got all the damn details from him and then we went out and picked up the fucking shooter.

At first he refused to talk, but then he realized we had found his finger prints in the boot of the car and that he might get the death sentence for what he had done, he soon loosened up and then started to spill the beans.

He then told us, how his good friend Brian had offered him \$2,000 to kill his stepfather and he had refused to do it, but then his stupid girlfriend had got pregnant and they needed the money for an abortion. He went on to say, that he was paid a thousand dollars and was given the gun and also a key to get into the car.

He then said that he got into the back of the vehicle at Garry's work place and then waited for him to get in. He had let him drive down the road for a while, as he slowly crawled out from the back and then surprised him with a gun pointed to his head. After that, he told him to drive to a quiet spot, where he then shot him in the back of the head.

He went on to say he was told to burn the car to get rid of any evidence, but he had panicked and abandoned it where we had found it. At the start, I just couldn't believe

Garry's stepson Brian was involved in his murder. I knew he was messing around with his daughter, but I never thought that it would ever come to this. By this time, he and his mother plus Sabrina had moved into a larger house, which she had purchased with his insurance payout.

Later that day, with harder questioning, the shooter dropped another bombshell when he said; "By the way, the lady also gave me the gloves". When I asked him what lady gave him the gloves? He then shocked me even more, when he said; "My friend's mother did"!

He said that in the rush, he had forgotten to take them with him and had left them at home when he left. It then looked to me like it was all planned between the two of them and I was more damn determined to get down to the truth. After I had gathered all the evidence I needed from him, I went out with a team of detectives and arrested Brian and his mother.

As usual they both denied any involvement in Garry's murder, but they soon realized they were screwed, blued and tattooed when we told them that we had the shooter. They finally confessed and we held them in jail until their case came up, as the magistrate refused them bail. Shortly after they were arrested, Sabrina moved into a flat with another guy and I heard that she was pregnant.

With more investigating, I also found that Garry's wife had cashed in a \$500,000 life insurance policy shortly after his death. That most probably explained, the new house and car she had bought for herself.

When their case came up a year later, mother and son were tried together as they were involved in the same murder. The jury found them both guilty and he gave her eighteen years. Brian got twenty-four with hard labour and the triggerman got fucking life. I was very happy when it was all finally over, but I still missed my good old mate Garry.

Then one morning, about two years later when I had just got into work, my friend Joe came over and said, "Hey, have you heard what happened in jail to your friend's wife last night". I said, "No, what the bloody hell happened"? He said, "Didn't you hear, she

was murdered in her cell last night"? I said "Are you sure it's my old friend, Garry's wife"? He then said that he was absolutely sure. I then just couldn't believe what had happened and I felt very sorry for her.

Then one cold rainy night, while I was having a drink by myself, I thought of my old friend Garry and how we used to laugh and joke while enjoying a beer. I also thought of his wife and I wondered how such a good marriage, could have gone so bad. I then thought, if she only hadn't done what she did, she wouldn't have lost her life that way.

I believe that karma is real and sometimes it shows itself. I also believe in this life; 'You really get what you give'.