

Mystery On Canoe Branch Road

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Like all classic “Who Done It’s”, this one began on a non-descript Saturday evening. There had been a warm breeze blowing all that day and the smell of imminent rain was now lingering in the evening air. The murmurs of children could be heard in the dark night as they chased lightning bugs oblivious to the foretelling rumblings of thunder. And the adults were comfortably sitting around the back yard listening to classic 80’s music, enjoying the company of friends while debating whether the rain would wash out the fireworks show. It was a simple Fourth of July cookout that became - - - not so simple.



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One of my favorite things to do is to have people over to the house. I love to entertain from late April to mid-October. The rest of the time –“we are closed!” Reason being, its too cold during

those remaining months to tell my invited guests that they are not welcome inside my home. But during the warmer months I can get away with it, without them catching on that my OCD prevents me from having dirty people, with their dirty little children milling around my squeaky clean home. In fact, the thought of actually locking the doors and getting a permanent port-a-potty for my parties has seriously crossed my mind. But I digress...

The party had been in full swing for about six hours, some guests had come and gone and those that remained were the ones who were staying put for the rest of the evening. The conversation was centered around the unfortunate death of a local celebrity and everyone outside was engrossed in the conversation.

When from inside the house a high pitched scream was heard. Like one I had never heard before ...and then...hushed silence.

A ghostly white female guest came to back door and in a whisper everyone could hear said "Angel, you are going to freak out."

Thoughts raced through my mind, had someone used a glass without a coaster, were there chocolate fingerprints on my crème colored walls or worse yet ...had small child secreted a bag of Doritos upstairs!

"There are muddy shoe prints all across your white rug!"

Everyone gasped except one male who obviously had a death wish.

"Serves her right – who the heck has a white rug." His wife's head spun around full circle three times and she gave him "the look" and forthwith that man spoke no more.

I let out a nervous laugh "Oh, I'm sure I can get it out with Resolve – don't worry about it."

But another guest who had investigated the crime scene just shook her head “No, it’s bad and it’s an adult shoe print.”

Every woman there immediately looked down at her husband’s shoe – except one woman – because she already knew.

Who could have done it? What adult male would walk all the way across my living room floor with mud on his shoes just so he could turn the television on and watch NASCAR?

And seconds later, the wife of the culprit couldn’t cover for him any longer and Becky blurted out “Oh God – Jay did it!”

The look on Jay’s face was priceless. Eleven years of marriage and in that time they had built a wonderful home together and raised two beautiful boys and in two seconds flat she had sold him out!

He tried to run. But the mob caught him and stoned him. Jay is now dead.

Ok. Not really – but in my mind – that is how this mystery should have ended!

Angel Kane can be reached at [This e-mail address is being protected from spambots. You need JavaScript enabled to view it](#)

For those who are not subscribers to *The Wilson Post* and *Wilson Living Magazine* – you can still pick up a copy of the July/August Issue of the

Wilson Living Magazine

at various locations around town including Cox’s Jewelry & Gifts, Gifts On Main – Monograms Plus, S.S. Graham Floral Interiors, The Paper Mill, On-Call Pharmacy, Simply Southern, Painturo’s, Lavieres, Cuckoo’s Nest, Honey Baked Ham Co., Hello Beautiful, New Image Salon and Spa, Billy Goat Coffee Café, Crave’s Café & Bookstore, Moss’ Florist and Garden Center, Creative Accents & Scarlett’s Garden Tea Room, Judy’s Fashions, Sherlock’s Book Store and Books-A-Million.

Telling Tales

Angel Kane and Becky Andrews live in Wilson County. This is their story (or tale) about their life, families and times that they share. Besides their weekly column Telling Tales Angel and Becky Co Founded Wilson Living Magazine. The idea of developing a magazine for Wilson County first came to Becky and Angel one afternoon while they sat on her back porch watching their children play in the backyard.

They were discussing the outpouring of emails, calls and responses to their column "Telling Tales" and wanted to find a way to capture that community spirit. People were stopping them wherever they went to share their own "tales." They suddenly realized everyone has a story to tell and many of these stories were amazing. And in that moment, Wilson Living Magazine came to life. Be sure to check out Wilson Living Magazine at www.wilsonlivingmagazine.com

You can read Angel and Becky's weekly column on-line at www.wilsonpost.com under the Style section.

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