**A mysterious murder**

We enter the dimly lit room and I wait a few seconds to let my green eyes adjust to the light. I, Gwen Roger, look around at detective Petra Delicado as she dismisses a crime scene photographer. I kneel over the body and put on a pair of latex gloves.  
- “What can you tell about the victim?”- Asked the detective, curiously.   
I observe the body, carefully checking the pockets and clothes. I gently pull off the wedding ring on the woman’s finger.  
-“Detective, look, the woman was married, but having an affair.”  
-“How do you know that?”- She asked.  
-“If you look at the state of the rest of her jewellery, it is all shiny and polished, but her wedding ring is dirty, meaning she wasn’t happy in her marriage”  
-“And how do you know about the affair?”  
-“The ring, on the inside, is clean, which signals she took it off a lot.”- I state.  
-“Do you ever leave your house? Or do you stay cooped up in there reading?”- She says as she nudges my arm, gently.  
I chuckle and walk over to the forensic team.  
-“Sorry to interrupt, but I think you should swab the victim’s lips for traces of poison.”-  
The team looks a bit reluctant.  
-“Why? What did you find?”  
-“I notices the victim seems to be in a very tense position, and she shows signs of having suffocated to death, because her skin and lips are tinged blue.”  
And after saying goodbye, I head home for the night.  
  
The next day, I arrive to the police station and I am met by detective Petra, waiting for me.  
-“Good morning, is everything alright?”- I say, concerned. She nods.  
-“Yes, Gwen, you were right, she was poisoned.”  
I think for a moment.  
-“Let me guess, she was poisoned with Coniie?”  
The detective is taken aback.  
-“Wh-what?! How did you know?”  
-“Detective, you need to arrest the husband immediately.”  
-“Why?”-She asks, shocked.  
-“He is the killer. Did you discover his job?”  
-“He is the CEO in a flower company, why?”  
-“ And where was he on the weekend before the murder?”  
-“He was…at a flower convention in LA.”  
-“Detective, do you know where Coniie poison comes from?”  
-“No, not really.”  
-“It is made from crushed Hemlock leaves, and where do Hemlock flowers come from, abundantly?”  
-“I…I recall reading from…North America.”  
-“Exactly!”