

The story behind *The May Day Murders* . . .

My first two novels, *The Edge* (as yet, still unpublished) and *Katherine's Prophecy* (currently available), were both essentially science fiction/supernatural stories. I wanted to try my hand at mystery writing and *The May Day Murders* is the result of that endeavor. I had a good time writing this and my greatest challenge was making it as believable as possible without letting it be predictable. This story takes a lot of twists and turns that (hopefully) will keep readers guessing until the end and on the edge of their seats along the way.

Below are a couple of brief excerpts from *The May Day Murders*.

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He checked his watch again. It was 8:06. In another ten minutes Cindy would pull into her driveway, engage the garage door opener and pull inside. Then she would get out of her car and head for the door that led into her kitchen, pausing only long enough to press the garage door button mounted on the wall beside the door before entering her impressive home.

Once inside, she would head straight for the kitchen pantry where she kept her copious stock of liquor and take out a brand new bottle of Johnny Walker Red. (She'd just finished off the rest of the old bottle the night before.) Then she would proceed to fix herself her usual drink: two ice cubes, a few ounces of scotch and a splash of soda water. Next, she would take the drink along with her into the den, turn on the television and sit down on the sofa while she nursed her drink, thinking much of the time of how relieved she was that her mother had taken the kids for the night. It was Wednesday again, and that meant another romp in the hay with the mayor, whom she would be meeting at his rented chateau on Buena Vista Lane in another hour.

Tonight, however, Cindy was going to miss her appointment with the mayor. And it was a downright sacrilege that the mayor's wife would most likely never find out that he had been having a torrid affair with the city prosecutor for God only knew how long.

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Located just before the intersection of Ridgemont and Pinecrest was a sharp, hairpin curve that couldn't be safely negotiated at any speed in excess of fifteen miles per hour. Along this perilous curve was a short strip of grassy roadside, about thirty feet wide, and beyond that a cliff with a sudden drop-off of perhaps 1500 feet or so. The only barrier standing between the roadside and the cliff was, amazingly, a pathetic guardrail constructed only of treated pine posts and a pair of wooden beams. He had been elated the first time he'd laid eyes on this engineering faux pas as he noted that this would be a primo site for some less-than-responsible motorist to lose control of his car and go plummeting over a cliff with a vertical drop-off of nearly half a mile.

And tonight Cindy Fuller, he thought with relish, was going to be that luckless motorist.

It was a chilly night and the air smelled of an impending snowstorm. He turned on the car's heater and zipped quickly along the steep mountain road just as Cindy would have done en route to her rendezvous with the mayor. He'd discovered in the last couple of weeks that she was a reckless and incompetent driver to say the least, often exceeding the speed limit and rarely wearing a seat belt. She had been quite a wild lady in general, as a matter of fact, considering her age and her lofty position in the community.

from *The May Day Murders*, © 2005 by Scott Wittenburg