



I explained the situation to her. She was shocked. She told me she would gladly help.



Together we tried to figure out if Tessa had any enemies or crazy ex-boyfriends.

We hadn't even been friends with the girl, so finding details about her was impossible.

We decided to continue solving the case the next day.



I went to bed. The thought that I was a murderer was keeping me awake.



WEE WOO!

I woke up to the sound of sirens.



Your dad is being arrested for murdering Tessa Cruise.

Stop! What's going on here?

I rushed downstairs and saw policeman handcuffing my dad.



I had to talk to Lizzie.

I went to her house unannounced.



Huh? She was surprised to see me so early in the morning.



Just why, why did you tell the police? You know my dad is innocent!

I'm sorry but it had to be done. I was worried about you...

I shouted at her but she still explained everything calmly to me.



I took a deep breath and tried to process what was happening. It was very hard to accept that.



The next few weeks were the most depressing in my life.



A few months after the incident, I moved on and tried to live a normal life. Me and Lizzie decided to have a sleepover.



When she went to the bathroom, her phone started beeping.



I didn't know the guy who was texting her so I peeked at their messages.



As I kept reading, it got worse and worse. That person had given her detailed instructions on how to kill Tessa Cruise and make me look like the killer.



That Friday, Lizzie put a strong sedative in Tessa's drink and later stabbed her and put her body in my car so it looked like I was the murderer.



MY FRIEND WAS A KILLER...