

Chapter 75

Chapter 75 of *We Solve Murders* follows Bonnie Gregor as she lies in her childhood bed, staring at the ceiling painted to resemble a starry night sky. The delicate brushstrokes of constellations, once a source of childhood wonder, now evoke bittersweet memories of her father, who had meticulously created this celestial scene when she was young. She remembers the nights she spent marveling at the luminous stars above her, feeling as though she could reach out and touch the universe. Her father's steady hands had painted each detail with care, wanting to give her something magical to fall asleep to. But after his passing, the painted sky became something more—a reminder of absence, of time slipping away, and of the love that still lingered despite the loss. Tonight, as she lies in that same bed, preparing for a journey that will take her far from home, she allows herself a few moments to revel in nostalgia before facing the excitement and uncertainties of the next day.

Her flight from Heathrow is set for early morning, and Bonnie, never one to leave things to chance, has meticulously planned every detail of her departure. She has made arrangements with her neighbor, who has generously agreed to drive her to the airport in exchange for petrol money. The two had shared a brief but enthusiastic conversation about her upcoming trip, with her neighbor expressing genuine excitement on her behalf. Though Bonnie appreciates the encouragement, her mind remains fixed on her checklist, running through each step to ensure she is fully prepared. There is something both thrilling and unnerving about stepping into the unknown, and she finds comfort in having control over the small details. As the rest of the house sleeps soundly, she takes a moment to rehearse her lines for an upcoming performance, fine-tuning the way she delivers each phrase. Experimenting with different words, she lingers on the idea that “a tin of paint is a tin of happiness,” amused by how such a simple thought can encapsulate so much meaning.

Bonnie finds herself invigorated by the thought of creating something new, of bringing vibrancy and joy into the world, just as her father had done for her as a child. A partial payment from Vivid Viral Media has already been processed, adding another layer of excitement and curiosity about how the company operates. She still has questions about the structure of the payments and the nature of the agreement, but for now, she allows herself to bask in the feeling of progress. Nearby, the "Good Luck" cards from her loved ones sit stacked neatly, a reminder of the support system cheering her on from afar. Before she departs, she intends to rise early, prepare breakfast for her family, and soak in these last few quiet moments before embarking on what she hopes will be a life-changing experience. The thought of flying above the stars her father had once painted brings a poetic symmetry to the moment, almost as if he will be watching over her journey. With this comforting thought in mind, she exhales deeply, feeling the weight of anticipation settle as she drifts toward sleep.

Just as she begins to fade into dreams, Bonnie's mind lingers on the mysterious leather holdall she packed earlier in the day. It feels heavier than she remembers, and the thought briefly unsettles her, though she quickly reassures herself that it's nothing more than travel essentials. She considers double-checking its contents but ultimately decides against it, trusting her original packing process. Instead, she allows her imagination to take over, picturing herself stepping into the bustling streets of a new city, surrounded by unfamiliar faces and endless possibilities. She envisions the thrill of meeting new people, of immersing herself in a world that is both foreign and exhilarating. The mixture of nervousness and excitement lulls her into a deep slumber, where dreams of adventure intertwine with memories of her father's gentle presence. Tomorrow, she will step into the unknown, armed with determination, the encouragement of those who believe in her, and the unwavering hope that the path ahead holds something truly extraordinary.