

Hi, my name is Siena Travis. I'm 29 years old and was pretty much the happiest person I've ever met until the other day when my best friend was killed by her cheating bastard of a husband. The cops evidently have their priorities busted up. They have no problem harassing little me while I'm minding my business driving home while my best friend is being beaten to death.

The night she died, I went to her house to get her out of that damn craft room of hers. If she had come out with me and enjoyed herself for once, she would still be alive today. I was so determined I even pulled out her favorite sexy green dress and ironed it for her. She would not shut up about work and kept asking me if I needed help. I told her yes, I need help, getting you out of this damn house. I wasn't paying attention to the clock, I never do, so I couldn't tell you what time I got there or what time I left. I just knew she was alive when I walked out her front door.

Faith should have never taken that loser back. It wasn't even a year ago that I had to pick her up off the floor after he crushed her heart. Jim was having an affair with a woman he met on the internet. She probably would have never found out, but the idiot took the waste of space to Sally's fine dining during rush hour. Who does that? He just flaunted the hussy for everyone to see. Faith must have gotten half a dozen calls, texts, and even a photo of them sitting at the table. When she called me, I could barely make out a word she was saying to me. I jumped in my car and went straight to her. We sat up all night talking about life while we drank an entire bottle of tequila and watched the sunset come up.



Suspect, Siena Travis, Waitress
Ht 5'1 - Age 29, Two DUIs