

Hi, my name is Tristin Stone, and I am 35 years old. I am, well, I was Faith Darling's business partner. Faith and I met at a networking event many years ago and hit it off. For over a decade, I have been consulting small companies in marketing, product placement, and bookkeeping. Faith reached out to me not long ago and expressed her frustration with growth. After working with Faith and Motivational Clouds for a few weeks, I knew I wanted to be more than just a consultant. With my business background and her creativity, we were a perfect match.



Suspect: Tristin Stone, Partner  
Ht 5'3 - Age 35

We had made so much progress with the company; the biggest hurdle was keeping products on the shelves. The night she was killed, I stopped by her house to reevaluate our supply-demand issues and discuss a new product line request that I thought was a viable solution. A department store requested that we consider adding patterns to the pillows. Such as stripes or my favorite polka dots. While I was there, we chatted about business, and she put me to work. I did some cutting and ironing while we discussed business.

I was there for about an hour and a half when we heard a loud knock on the door. The knocking got louder as Faith headed to the door to answer it. When she opened the door, a woman announced, "we need to talk now!" I recognized the voice instantly; It belonged to Faith's neighbor Nancy Crow. Nancy's Son Jack is engaged to Faith's daughter Becky, and the wedding is just around the corner. The two kids grew up next to each other, were high school sweethearts, and were fated to be together.

Nancy didn't even wait for Faith to invite her in. She just pushed her way in, walked right past me, like I wasn't even there, and wasted no time asking Faith if she had anything to do with a letter Nancy received from Becky. Nancy reached in her purse, pulled the letter out, and started waving it at Faith; Nancy was beyond upset.

Faith told Nancy to back off if that was what Becky was asking. Nancy's face turned three shades of red, which was right when I knew I had to get out of there. I grabbed my stuff and jumped in the car. The car radio read 7:55 pm. I remember thinking I still had time to swing by the grocery store before they closed at nine. I was home before ten that night.