



*My name is Hakeem Baptiste.
I am a man of science.*



*I'd like that to be my legacy in all of this,
that I've lived my life according to the
tenets of logic and investigation...*

*...no matter what kind of
image the news outlets
paint of me otherwise.*



Three years ago, my wife Adriane went missing.

*I'd gone on an errand when she disappeared.
The little market in the next town over boasted
the freshest locally caught shrimp in Louisiana.*

I came back, and it was like she had never existed.



*Of course, I immediately reported her absence.
Within days, detectives came down to investigate...*

*...and within minutes,
they had named me suspect prime.*



*The shrimp vendor that I had so recently
visited had been found dead.*

*No one recalled seeing me at all,
but my wife was the one missing.*



*I'd loved my wife in all the ways
that a man could love a woman.
And she'd left it all behind*

*—everything, except her wedding
band, and a red scarf that I'd
gotten her from paris some
summers before. That's how I
know that she'd left on her own.*

