

AUTOpsy Part Three

The case #207-9:22

The New Evidence

Before the echo of the slammed cell door could fade, all the powers scrambled into a unified force for good and justice on behalf of current and potential victims of the accused. Squads of investigators mustered to time-and-half (\$) sortees, trampling the landscape as they uprooted “evidence”, and overturned more than a few Court rulings. This was a crusade waged by the **Prius** worshipping DA.

Free to wreak havoc upon the accused property and domain, the monumental collection began. AUTO-porn was everywhere. Full color magazines of AUTOsmut presented hundreds of options for “collectables”, bookcases with alphabetized journals of exploits, reviews and “tests”; pin-up posters vamped curvaceous profiles; How-to-manuals specifying the exact procedures for disassembly and torture; hundreds of online “favorites” listing world-wide sources of victims; recorded cable programs heralding the retrofitting of abused victims; and there were **tools**, all sorts of tools, tools used for unimaginable purposes. But the most gut wrenching tool of all was a shameless 12 ounce container of hand cleaning gel, imagine wiping your hands free of such villainy.

Of all that was taken for “proof”, the most damning, the **nail** in the coffin, the **knot** in the noose, the **sin** for which there is no exoneration, was yet to be uncovered. The DA wanted to demonstrate beyond a reasonable doubt, that the Accused harbored malice of intent to physically and mentally break victims. There must be a single exquisite damning exhibit. But, where and what?

The marauders went from room to room picking through desk drawers, cabinets, bureaus, and cubbies, looking for the “smoking gun”. Then, in a night stand next to the perp’s side of the bed, it revealed itself. The “eureka” yell of delight echoed thru the hallway igniting an atmosphere of a medieval be-heading among the posse. The DA quivered and shook.

The betoken was a single brass key on a fob embossed with an “IF FOUND” address and phone. Crossing and dotting required a pause for the DA to get a wider warrant.

Assembling at the warehouse, the key fit, and the entry yielded. Inside, the stale air seemed to whisper a refrain of “nail, knot, and sin, are to be found herein”. There in the dusty mist, the perp’s 47 year old vintage Formula Ford racecar, fully restored, tracked, and flogged to it’s limits.... **Got’em!**