

Transparency

by: Barry Sherwood

Entering the motel room Paul's eyes drew upon the prostitute's pale arm as it jetted out from beneath the blood covered striped blanket. The two queen beds could be a representation of the poor woman's life. One bed completely untouched baring some blood spatter while the other had used and discarded. Paul stepped over to the side of the room to avoid interrupting the forensic officers as they carefully and meticulously cataloged everything about the horrifying scene. Gently nibbling on the unlit cigarette as it dangled from his lips, Paul could hear Sam apologizing to an older woman on the back patio. Gesturing several times, he stood up before tiptoeing through the gauntlet of yellow evidence triangles scattered across the room.

"Paul," said Sam.

"Sam, you do know you made detective two months ago, I think you can afford new shoes," said Paul.

"These bring me luck," replied Sam.

"Yeah, they bring something with you alright, I wouldn't call it lucky," replied Paul as he rubbed his nose.

"Well—"

“Yeah okay, what’s the breakdown?” asked Paul.

“I am finishing up my interview with the night manager, she claims she heard nothing,”
replied Sam.

“They always do,” said Paul.

“According to Laura, she was conducting her nightly rounds when she found the door ajar.
Upon finding the victim, she went back to the office and called it in.”

“So, we have no suspects...what about a murder weapon?” asked Paul.

“Our suspect was in a hurry,” pointed Sam. As an officer bagged the still intact snow globe
for processing.

“Maybe we will get some prints,” said Sam.

“If we’re lucky,” replied Paul. Replacing the now damp cigarette with a fresh one from the
recently purchased pack, Sam raised his eyebrow.

“I thought you told Jill that you were quitting?” asked Sam.

“Do you see me lighting it?” asked Paul.

“No—”

“Exactly, go finish up, its nearly noon and I haven’t eaten,” said Paul.

“How do you do it?” asked Sam.

“Do what?” replied Paul.

“Eat after a scene like this?”

“Look kid, eat or don’t, but after ten years not much surprises me anymore,” replied Paul.

With a nod Sam returned to the patio.

“Sir, I think we’re about done here,” said one of the officers.

“No problem, we’ll be out of your hair in a couple of minutes...wait, out of curiosity did anything stand out?” asked Paul as Sam began wrapping up his last question.

“Sorry sir. Any luck catching this guy?” asked the officer as he began to put away his camera equipment.

“Unfortunately, no, but I’m getting close. I can feel it,” replied Paul.

“We’ll process this snow globe as quick as we can, but if it’s like the other two—”

“Yeah, I know,” interrupted Paul as Sam escorted Laura out through the room.

The End