

Give Blood and Thanks

By: Daniel Machal

Copyright © 2009 by Daniel Machal.

Published in electronic form in 2009 by DannyMachal.com.

Chapter One: Can I get fries with that?

The Police tape outside Emily Snoogin's home held back the hoard of media. Flashing cameras blinded Detective Arthur Martian as he ducked under the plastic yellow barrier. Apparently some sicko decided to terrorize little Miss Emily. The CNN news ticker would later read:

'Elderly woman tortured to the point of heart failure in her own home.'

"Can we get these fuck sticks out of here please? For Christ's sake John, this is a crime scene not a god damn fashion show," Arthur said.

John Martian followed in big brothers foot steps and joined the police force when their dad strictly forbid it. It almost tore the family apart. Winston Martian could handle the oldest boy not giving a shit about the family, but he would be damned if his prize winning honor student would follow the same road as his rebellious older brother. That was five years ago, right before the old man died. John blamed himself for it. If he had not stormed out that day, his father would not have gone looking for him. If the fight had never happened, if he wasn't so jealous of his older brother, if only they

could have tried to talk it out more, he would still be alive.

"Give us some room here boys. Push them all the way back to the street." John shouted to his fellow officers and strode along side his older brother.

"What are we looking at in there?" Arthur asked.

"The forensic team just left. From the way their jumpers looked it is a real horror show in there. The shit that nightmares are made of. Try not to puke." John said.

"I've seen more things I want to forget than you ever will rookie. Remember, I was on the front lines of the riots eight years ago. They were tearing woman apart and murdering children right in front of us. Good thing the military was called in or it would have been us next."

"Yea, but it still wasn't right with the way they handled it. Heads should have rolled for the brutal tactics they used," John said.

"Sometimes little brother you have to break a few eggs to keep the peace. Give me a mask, this body is ripe."

John handed Arthur a face mask to keep the smell down. After all these years he still could not bare the smell of a corpse beginning to decomposed. It really did make him want to puke, but he kept his cool most of the time. They stepped through the threshold and were directed to the kitchen to see the crime scene and body.

"Alright, the cavalry has arrived now that the nerds are gone. Detective Martian I assume you will be heading up the investigation so let me bring you up to speed." The small Asian crime scene analyst was new and still had a personality, hopefully he would lose that soon. Arthur still couldn't remember the bubbling little pricks name, Yango, maybe?

"What we got?"

"Let me give you the tour. To your left you will see a nice arc of blood from the severed brachial artery. The spray that you see on the ceiling is from when she lost balance and twisted her arm upward before hitting her head on the counter. She laid there and suffered the heart attacked," Yango said this as he gracefully twirled around, pointing his white latex fingers at the white numbered evidence tags.

"Hold the phone Yango," Arthur said.

"It's Yan, Detective."

"So you are telling me this guy cut her arm off, she stumbled around, probably slipped in her own blood, bangs her head on the counter and she dies of a heart attack? Bullshit. If he just left her there, she could have gotten to a phone it's right here on the counter. It would take a while for her to bleed to death, she could have called for help," Arthur didn't like new guys spouting off like they could do his job as well as he could. It was Arthur's job to find out who and what went on here. Yan motioned behind the counter to the floor. Arthur looked over the mortified face of Emily Snoogin, now purple with black circles around her open eyes.

"Look at this body. Her arm wasn't just cut off. The meat is just hanging there and the bone is chipped," Yan said.

"So it was pounded off. Crushed with a big hammer until it separated from the torso."

"I don't think so, look at this." Yan held up the glass cup of the blender filled with blood and bits of what Arthur could only guess was Emily's arm.

"Not your average Mc D's strawberry shake, but yea, its what you are thinking. We sifted through most of the contents and found her wedding ring and bits of cloth from the shirt she has on now. This guy jammed her hand in there and chewed her up. A real psycho," Yan said.

Arthur got a lump in his throat and held back the vomit, he needed to leave.

"I want every inch of this place photographed before the body is out. I want the body autopsied today, wake up the doc if you have to. I want statements from every person in this neighborhood. This is a big one, I think this guy isn't done yet. None of this shit gets to the media. We keep it under wraps till we have some solid leads. We do not want to have people buying up guns and shooting everything the moves close to their driveways," Arthur said the orders and turned to leave.

"How do you know he isn't done yet Art?" John said.

"Just a feeling, now do your fucking job and I'll do mine." Arthur made a fast paced walk to his old Cadillac El Dorado. He sat in the crusty torn leather seat and put his hands on the steering wheel. A couple pumps of gas and she always fired right up. John

watched the chipped red painted boat of a car turn the corner out of sight.