

No Name

I had been hours since the police left me in the interrogation room and I was getting a little crazy. To keep my mind off the whole been isolated by police I looked through my pockets for something to do, when the door swung open. The Detective came in, he was an older man, the first thing I notice about him besides the huge circles under his eyes was the undone shirt with baby barf on it. He took off his jacket and raised his sleeves. He sat down right across from me and turned on the tape recorder on the table.

"Mr. Navi are you sure you don't want a lawyer present?"

"What? Right! No! I'm good." I told him "I'm innocent I don't need one. I'm just going to cooperate and get outta here. Sorry you confused me there, I don't get called mister that often."

He stared stoically back at me.

"Just call me Ivan. Mister..."

"Detective Stewart." He Corrected me "Mr. Navi."

"I'm not going to remember that, Detective Flass."

"Mr. Navi if you can just focus!" He yelled " I want to hear what you told the other officer who brought you in."

"Alright, Like I told the officers; I was taking a walk when I smelled something, it was blood. Lots a blood so I followed my nose and found her there dead. Just then those police officers showed up and told me to raise my hands, they handcuffed me and brought me here and even did that whole finger print things."

"Yes about that finger print thing..." he opened up the folder he brought with him "When we ran you name and finger prints all we found was a charge of destruction private property, though a week later the charges were dropped."

"Yeah,that was just a misunderstanding. We talked I showed him how to play Duran Speed Golf and we mended fences."

"It's not that, there are no other records on you not even a birthday."

"Yeah, I try to keep a low profile but that sounds like a problem for you to bring up with tech support."

"Ah huh" He said sounding unconvinced "Anyway thats part of the reason I wanted to talk to you."

He stood up, he opened up his folder and placed four pictures of the girl in front of me. She had been left with her back facing up, the pictures were gruesome, she had bleed out from a large gash in her back.

"What do you see her?" He asked

"Lets see." I said fixing my glasses " A young white female about 19 years old. She just had her hair done, fixed up nice I like. She shouldn't be wearing such a short dress not in this weather. She was wearing heels. Who wears heels in the rain?" Then a thought struck me. "Was her leg broken? Sprained? Anything?"

"No" He said looking at a file " The preliminary autopsy results show the only injury she had was a knife wound into her back which perforated into her lung."

"Really? She didn't run. That means she knew her attacker. You don't run from those you know."

"What makes you say that?" he said with a smile creeping up

“Well, Inspector Lestrade, she was doll’d up and she doesn't seem to have an umbrella so you would have been standing under an awning which mean her back would be to a wall, where no one could stab her. But her body was in an alley someone she knew tricked her into an alley and stabbed her in the back, why else would she go to an alley dressed up in the rain?” The detective smiled “Why are you smiling, Chief Inspector Bishop.”

“Because you just proved you did it. We came up with the same exact scenario after examining the crime scene we found you in. No one else could have known what happened to her.”

“You think I killed her!?”

“When I showed you the pictures you didn’t even flinch. No one but a heartless killer could do that.” He declared

“I found her body! I already saw it! Besides my whole generation is desensitized.”

He placed her graduation picture in front of me.

“Her name was Linda Price but you already knew that. She just graduated a few months ago she was going to Berkeley.”

“Yeah I know some people who went there.”

“She had a promising future ahead of her. You just took it away.”

“I didn’t do it.”

“You probably saw her one day and became obsessed. Admired her from far away but you know she would never love you. Then you decided you couldn’t have her, then no one would. When I look at you I just see a sick f\$%#&*!”

“You want to know what I see, Chief Inspector Bishop? I see a tired cop being kept up by his brand new baby girl. Just coming back to work on a murder case from a long leave of absence.”

“What? How did you know?”

“Its easy you told me. The circles under your eyes means you haven’t been sleeping, lots of things to worry about though economy, gas prices oh and the new baby. Baby puke on your shirt looks like apple, I personally go for banana, if that puke happened after you left the house you would’ve cleaned it up. But at home with a new baby things are crazy no time to to clean. Then you show up at work get a case and you have to show everyone your the top dog who can still solve a case. How am I doing? In the ball park?”

He was stunned.

I continued “I’m clever, I see things that others don’t. Thats how I know what happened.”

Then I realized something “Oh you were forceful. Oh the sleeves up trying to say things are going to get messy, trying to intimidate me. You went too hard, this is personal for you. You know the victim, no you know the parents.” He glanced at the one way mirror.

“There here aren't they, Detective Axel Foley?”

“Yes, me and the father were the marines together.” He stated

“Oh tough, why don’t you let him talk?”

“Your lucky I don’t. He got kicked out for his anger issues.”

“Your just trying to close the case quickly for your friend. You got nothing on me.”

“Your story doesn't make sense.” The detective said

“How so, Detective Bullock?”

“You said you were walking, it was raining when they found you.”

"I like walks in the rain. That why I brought an umbrella and a coat."

"You said you smelled blood."

"I have a good sense of smell."

"We got an anonymous call telling us they heard a scream at 10:20 we found you there 10:22."

"Bad luck. Scream? The lung was stabbed, you can't scream with a pierced lung. The killer is the caller!"

There was a knock on the door.

"Mr. Navi please empty your Pockets. Come in!"

I took out a pair of gloves, a wallet, a rubber ball, a pocket watch, some Kleenex, a silver chain, a gold pen and a notepad.

A guy came in wearing tick glasses, he was caring a spray bottle and a black light.

"Stick out your hands for-"

"I've seen CSI, spray plus light equals blood residue." I told him

I stuck out my hands and the guy sprayed them, they showed nothing. Then he sprayed the gloves to show the same result.

"What's with the ball?" The forensics guy blurted out

"I through it at dogs that chase me so they have something else to chase or throw it at people I don't like."

The detective went through my wallet.

"No ids, just some coupons." He stated

"Tough economy, Inspector Gadget, that I'm afraid of identity theft."

"I have note for you." The guy told the Detective

He took the note and told the guy to leave, which he promptly did. A smile crept on his face.

"Terrible poker face, TJ Hooker." I said

"What's your shoe size?"

"12, Why?"

"The note I just got just told me they found two different foot prints both 12. One is you and the other is whoever your working with?"

"I'm not working with anyone!"

"The killer had to be professional, a trained killer would could know to stab the lung so there wouldn't be a scream."

"I didn't kill anyone."

"Well I think we have enough to book you."

He pulled me out of the chair and handcuffed my hands. As he opened the door a older blond woman came in screeching "Why did you do it?" then she slapped me

Her husband held her back

"Honey let them do their job." He told her

As he lead her way I noticed a few things.

"Your clothes are dried but your hair isn't, you changed your clothes. You were in the marines they trained you to kill. I smell blood."

"I don't know what your talking about." He turned away and started to walk away

"Too calm for a man with anger issues." I noted

I slipped out of the cuffs, grabbed my rubber ball and threw it at the head. As he turned towards me I ripped open the spray bottle and spilled in on his shoes.

Detective Stewart slapped my head onto the table.

"Ow, check his shoes, there should be blood. He did it. I've been right about everything else I'm right about this!"

The detective reluctantly pulled the light on on the his friends shoes. The black light showed blood splatter. I jolted up.

"Dude, your own daughter that's messed up. Why did you do it? Oh she was all dressed up, in the rain. She was waiting for someone, a secret boyfriend. Off to an intimate night together. Did the idea of your perfect little angel getting down and dirty make you angry." He did nothing "Well who could blame you. I mean if she was still alive I'd have a go at her." He reach for me, but thankfully two cop alerted by the earlier noise held him back.

"There you go. There's the anger." I spilled some of the spray liquid on his hands. I took the light from the detectives hand and shined the light on him. More blood. "No matter how much you wash the blood does not come off. There, Detective John Kelly, there's your murder."

The guy was caught he knew it, he reach for my neck "I'll kill you!"

"Promises, promises, promises, I've heard that before. Take him away officers. Book him Danno and all that."

They took him away. I picked up my rubber ball.

"I told you to throw at people I don't like. I don't like murders."

I picked up the rest of my stuff. I turned off the tape recorder and I turned to the Detective.

"Heres your cuffs. Don't worry there not broken. Its a trick I picked up from Houdini. Now I know your a new father but you can't go to easy. Your trying to swaddle your kid thats why the babe is keeping you awake. You did the same with me, you let me run things. But you can't be too tough you'll push them away, like he did. That's why she kept secrets. You gotta push them away with one hand and pull them in with another. Now get some sleep your useless when your sleep deprived."

I turned to the mother who had been in a state of shock. I handed her some Kleenex.

"I'm sorry for your lost. Now I know people, I think she really cared for her mystery man, find him, tell him what happened. He will mourn like you, you can help each other through it. Now go live your life for her. She wouldn't want you to mourn her forever."

"Thank you." she whispered through her tears.

"Alright" Awkwardly I said "Well bye."

I turned to leave but then turned back.

"Seriously, Detective Stewart, Ivan Navi? That name did not raises suspicions. Oh well whatever."

I walked outta there. I took my id and bus pass out of my shoe. I decided to go get me a burger and a comic book, didn't feel like walking in the rain right now. Besides I figured I earned myself a treat.