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CBC Writing Competition
Junior Level Entry
Category: Fiction
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Expensive Blood

The silence hung eerily in the air, no one knew what was going on, one second there was music and the next there was death. Everyone scattered, but still stayed close enough to see what was going on. A circle had formed, but what was in the middle was not dancing like one would assume when witnessing a circle of people in a dance club. A man in the center lay on the floor next to fragments of his skull. The left side of his face had been shattered.

Everyone gawked at him and didn't know what to do, the needle must have accidentally been pushed back onto the LP, or someone was trying to distract us. Either way it happened, people started to slowly funnel out the two front doors to the funky beat of John Paul Jones' organ in "Trampled Underfoot".

I didn't leave, I waited in a small corner booth for the Creek Valley Police Department to arrive. They entered the Light Foot club about twelve minutes after everyone had been shoed out, a record time.

That was dumb. How are they supposed to get witness reports now? What if the killer was in the crowd? He would have had to have been. He could have walked right out with the rest of them. Could have.

I guess nobody noticed me in that corner booth, I wasn't asked to leave like the rest of the spectators anyway. They probably didn't expect anyone to stay seated after it happened. Probably didn't even think to check the dining area. The music had now been shut off and the cops had surrounded the body.

It'll be interesting to see how this plays out.

The cops were busy doing their jobs, not the one that tax-payers expected, but they were doing their job alright. There was another source of income fueling this crime-scene's sloppy handling.

The officer in charge, Sanderson, was asking the club owner a couple standard questions that anyone would expect, but didn't really care about the answers. The owner, Richard McFlinn I believe, was asking some questions of his own, "I'm not going to have to shut down am I? What about that blood, I'm not diggin' that sittin' there man, its freakin' me out."

No he wouldn't have to shut down and that blood would be gone within the half-hour. Any other murder he would have to shut down, probably for a week. And the blood? No they wouldn't normally clean that up, it would have to be studied for awhile, for splatter patterns and such. Officer William Sanderson wasn't following protocol on this night though, neither were any of the other cops on duty April 22, 1973 in Creek Valley. They all had a thousand bucks in their pockets. Why should they care?

The body would be bagged, taken out of the city, and weighted to the bottom of a river of Sanderson's choice, and the blood with the bits of skull swimming in it would be cleaned thoroughly and quickly, as promised. The killer would walk out the front door of the club even after the cops were gone, walk to his home on 3rd Street, and kiss my wife at my front door.