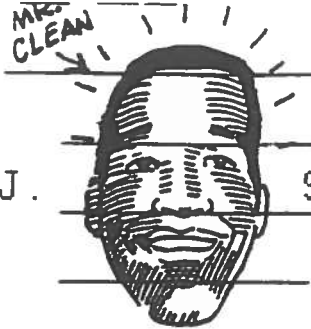


O.J. SIMPSON



O.J. It's not just for breakfast anymore. It is a staple for business lunches and dinner parties, the center of small talk at barbecues and weddings, the lucrative fodder of radio shows and the talk show circuit. Never have two letters of the alphabet sparked more controversy or discussion than the acronym for the trial of the century. After Nicole Brown and Ron Goldman's brutally slashed bodies were discovered in front of a posh Brentwood condominium, the world has been fixated on the media whirlwind that has engulfed the prosecution of an ex-football star as if it were the second coming of Christ.

And it has been the stuff that nightmares are made of. Yours, to be precise. For you have been playing dead center in this maelstrom as the hard-as-nails exacter of retribution, the tough unflappable broad who prosecutes hardened celebrity criminals, always aggressive and unrelenting as you angle for the jugular. You are the dragon lady of the courtroom, the defense's fiercest opponent. You are Marcia Clark, a deputy district attorney whose success in high profile cases has brought you to the forefront of that last bastion of democracy called justice, the last stand of Western civilization. As the erstwhile representative of the long-forgotten victim of crime, you are merciless in your pursuit and destruction of evil.

Little did you know that next to O.J., your own name would become a household word, and the expectations of millions for the vindication of the truth would ride on your every effort. As if carrying this burden wasn't enough, the media has dogged you personally, and your own child custody battle and your topless days on the Cote d'Azur have become national headlines in countless tabloids. The trial was so manipulated by the media, and their search for a sexy story, that the result was a circus that rivaled Barnum and Bailey, if not every prime time sit-com competing in that trash t.v. slot. The ringmaster was Johnnie Cochran, injecting racism into every aspect of the case, ridiculing the evidence collection techniques of the your coroner's staff and yet depicting the police, via Mark Fuhrman, as Machiavellian conspirators dispensing blood and fibers to frame O.J., icon of the African-American community. Robert

Shapiro was another double-breasted fixture providing a string of juicy sound bites to the camera, while marketing his own perfume and fortune cookie product line. The rest of the so-called "dream team" performed like an L.A. Law rerun, attorneys stepping into theatrical roles, orating, questioning and filibustering as if they were campaigning for an Oscar.

Nothing prepared you for this, and the bizarre twists the trial would take before the verdict.

Or lack thereof. One juror after another was excused for misconduct in a series of ridiculous rulings from Lance Ego, your presiding judge, whose own conduct belied a media hungry personality. On the last day of deliberations, one juror remained, and as the world stood with baited breath, riveted to their television sets, the juror spoke, and in two sentences of mumbled incoherence shot down every hope that justice, riding a white horse, would win the day.

With a mistrial, the unmentionable has occurred. District Attorney Gil Garcetti's reelection prospects hinge on an O.J. conviction, and you of course have been tapped for the retrial. If you refuse, you will be unceremoniously shipped off to Pomona to do prelims on dope cases, and you will never enjoy the respect of your peers again, not to mention your family, who know you as the unstoppable trial animal with a string of guilty verdicts in her belt, leather and studded as it is. Devastated, chain-smoking Marlboro's and downing your fourth Scotch, you begin watching some old Hard Copy footage of the trial to ponder the question, "How could this have happened?" Perhaps that insidious television camera caught some clue that escaped you . . .

1. You had thought this case was one slam dunk,
But in retrospect one witness stunk,
Fuhrman's racism came through clear,
A KKK plot is what you hear,
The last of the juror's had a doubt,
'Twas a police conspiracy he was thinking about,
For if the glove was truly planted,
Towards an acquittal your juror was slanted,
If it came from O.J.'s kin,
The DNA source would be hard to pin,
The officers' names in Fuhrman's statement,
Frame a square off of one street's pavement,
The street's a state in the Midwest,
Your prosecution skills are put to a test,
In the direction of Kato's stare,
Is a public walkway that leads to where,
A man with a hammer says "good day!"

To his construction brothers across the way,
The fortune cookie was a mere technicality,
In a plaza that smacks of virtual reality.

2. Was it Allen who stalked Nicole,
Only to find he missed his goal?
To a young waiter named Ron,
Was the O.J. trial just a con?
The People's case you must now refine,
In the vision of Gertrude Stein,
Where Kenneth Nevell laid a plaque,
You'll fight to get your respect back.

3. If Marcus killed your victims in Brentwood,
Then no alibi would ever be good,
For he must've been in an awful hurry,
To make that game in Missouri,
This is up one tree you should not bark,
But are Colombian drug lords your next mark?
For those murders look like a professional hit,
Not perfected in some Frogmen skit,
Authorities can be bypassed,
By a form of transport that is quite fast,
A Downtown departure might quicken their pace,
No cars, buses or planes to trace,
Just keep in mind when looking inside,
That a D.A.'s movements are hard to hide,
Soon enough you'll quell your fears,
But please beware, *the walls have ears*,
To the right of a lobby shop,
There the hitmen you might stop.

4. Upon a gay love triangle you should ruminare,
Down the I-10 West you should not hesitate,
For Goldman's lover watched him like a hawk,
One night the victims he did stalk,
But don't let lunch interrupt your clues,
But just make sure to read the news,
Some negatives might just reveal,
Where a jealous jaded queen did steal,
To an intersection close,
Still haunted by poor Ron's ghost,
There are two locations to investigate,
#5 will have to wait.

5. A cat burglar did testify,
That while on Bundy he heard a cry,
Across the street he was plying his trade,
Only to turn and see who held the blade,
It wasn't a flaming guy in pumps,
On PMS and in the dumps,
The knife wasn't wielded by the Juice,
But his limo driver whose only excuse,
Was his reaction to being stiffed,
When Nicole last used him for a lift.
But a convicted felon was the source of this tale,
To a haunted coffin you should set sail
For something about this doesn't ring true,
Why was Nicole always black and blue?
Where the par is two, the course is three,
A 911 tape is your destiny,
Head up to a freeway interchange,
In your evidence's proximate range.

6. You have miles to go before you sleep,
The bags under your eyes are getting deep,
This next lead might be easy to botch,
To get it, please stay off the Scotch,
Denise Brown's loony history,
Has further clouded your mystery,
Was it a sister, jealous and possessive,
Who on June 12th was so aggressive?
A northern asylum soon does beckon,
With Nicole and Ron's killer you should reckon,
At the Rincon intersection,
Shimmy up to your clue's detection.
For once you're barking up the right tree,
Where the Big Dipper is clear to see.

7. Kato Kaelin stood to gain,
Quite a bit with Nicole's pain,
He yearned for glory and movie fame.
How easy would O.J. be to frame?
For if convicted before the judiciary,
Kato becomes his beneficiary,
Such a ruse cannot fail,
When secured by a servant's blackmail,
There was too much talk of spousal abuse,
Real domestic violence came to roost,

In a museum square you'll have a hunch.
Where your suspect's out to lunch,
In the law's shadow sits your crook,
Where he peruses some old book.

8. Careful here to not confuse,
Indoor visits for rural views,
An Olive street leads the way,
Past a Spanish father you've gone astray,
In the bush you should beat a trail,
Past tannery vats you'll find a jail,
Off the rim of this very cell,
Are a defendant's notes you know quite well,
He doodled for months in Ito's courtroom,
Palm them now where fronds do loom.
9. Your nose tells you something's awry,
Back down the 101 you should fly,
When juror Larrabee declared himself hung,
Bail was posted and O.J. sprung,
Leaf through his notes to find the truth,
One last lead for the prosecuting sleuth,
With some research from the pad,
A snitch's hideaway can be had,
Through a cryptic Crossword an informant will squeal,
The name of your killer he'll soon reveal,
In the right corners of squares your numbers will tell,
Of a rendezvous that their letters spell,
There to serve you is the snitch,
To Cindy, Marty or Keith your tune you'll pitch,
Practice it now, it's in your bag,
If a cop-out you're to snag,
Take Alameda Padre for a scenic retreat,
Miles later you'll look for a California street,
Consult your maps for the preceding ramp,
Or your path you'll have to revamp,
For now don't hesitate,
There will be plenty of time to calculate,

And to truly construct a slam-dunk case,
An **encore** is needed at O.J.'s party place.