

THE MURDER DETECTIVES

You have been working for the Los Angeles County Sheriff's Department as a homicide detective for fifteen years and have gained substantial recognition for the many serious cases that you have successfully investigated. Among your more famous collars were the arrests of the Night Stalker and the Hillside Strangler, two serial killers who terrorized Los Angeles neighborhoods for years. Without your expertise and perseverance these butchers would still be walking the streets. In recent months there has been an abnormally high rate of murders committed in Los Angeles County and speculation has begun that another serial killer is at large. Unfortunately, the murders appear to lack a common thread, as the victims have been from different societal groups, occupations and neighborhoods; they have ranged from street-wise gang members to respected professionals. Their deaths are seemingly unconnected by motive, intent, or modus operandi. The deaths, however, share two common characteristics: each victim has met his demise in a brutal fashion and a small blue feather has often been found near the carnage.

On Saturday morning you decide to go into the office to study the reports of the most recent victim. Lost in thought, you contemplate when the killer will strike next. As you sip bitter coffee from a styrofoam cup and drag deeply on the end of your cigarette, the shrill ring of the phone shatters the silence.

1. South on PCH you must sail,
To swiftly pick up the murderer's trail,
'Tis an unfenced building on the south,
Where you'll find him shot in the mouth,
Watch closely noone tracks you there,
Of trespassing laws you must beware,
Once inside you'll find the code,
Which could lead you to her abode.
2. The suspected mistress in Santa Monica does stay,
At a fancy hotel that's on the bay,
From the balcony she did bail,
By the way, why was she first wearing a veil?
Through the lobby and to the elevators race,
Up to the sundeck to solve your case,
But inconspicuous and quiet you must be,
For the management may ask if you have a key,
Off this deck the woman had her room,
Before she made the gun go boom.
3. Go South on the road named Ocean,
Hang a left at the "Park" if you get the notion,
Bundy and National will also be guides,
Be sure badges are displayed at your sides,
"We be detectives" you tell Michelle,
Give your bottle to this belle,
Once you have the clue in tow,
You'll be even less in the know.
4. You know now that the mistress died,
From a murderer's poison, not suicide,
And of the taped conversation you do surmise,
That the killer was wearing the mistress' disguise,
And now you have one more reprieve,
For of felons and feathers a thread you weave,
The pharmacist's advice you take in hand,
And tunnel your way to the promised land,
There you'll find a sight to behold,
An epitaph in letters red and bold.

5. You find yourself in a bloody mire,
For the blackmail man was garroted with piano wire,
In his blood is scrawled a street,
Over which the killer her next victim will meet,
On a northwestern skyway near the 2,
Facing KEEP is your cue.
6. You get there in time to find the report,
But where did killer and victim resort?
In your mind a solution does chime,
Perhaps they returned to the scene of the crime,
Blue feathers again lead you on a trail,
From the beginning point under the rail.
7. You're dispatched now to an explosive scene,
Where a new fatality is forseen,
There inside inconspicuous you must be,
A Corvette sportscar is the key,
And signs of arson you must seek,
For in the gas tank you'll find a leak.
8. You noticed Slime represented a client now dead,
Whose guilt to a liberal court was plead,
Follow the path of a vigilante's rage,
At Curson and Wilshire you'll turn the Page,
For a certain judge was followed there,
Where he strolled toward a bear.
9. The blue feathers you've seen ring a bell,
They've fallen from a hat with a story to tell,
Of dramatic court scenes and litigation,
Told in whispered scuttle at the police station,
You remember clearly the Morgan case,
A court's ruling that was a judicial disgrace,
Go now to the victim's burial ground,
The cemetery's name upon a hill is found.
10. Though this grand place isn't new,
It's a classy location for a rendezvous,
Look closely at the tables and you'll see signs,
Of a three legged one with three lions,
Underneath this long table you should peek,
If it's her fingerprints you seek.
11. While strolling to this hotel bar,
The Chief D.A. was hit by a speeding car,
This public official they did hospitalize,
His life the murderess did jeopardize,
And now though he is comatose,
The car's description he did disclose,
Lest consciousness he does regain,
And an i.d. you do obtain,
The murderess has now gone to do the job right,
His life-support she'll unplug tonight,
In a western wagon his body lies,
Covered tightly to keep away flies.
12. A 7th victim has now been erased,
If you don't catch the killer you'll be replaced,
The evidence you've found is abundant,
It's now time to be redondant,
Take the exit where rocks do star,
And travel west not very far.



13. To fan the flames of evidence,
West down your street you must go hence,
To prove your case beyond a reasonable doubt,
Travel to and then left on the PV route,
And at the location in a little closet,
Is the clue they did deposit.

14. Head now down to the killer's abode,
Straight north down the Catalina road,
There tell the 306 host with glee,
The silent partner's identity.

HOTLINE 540 - 6019

MURDER DETECTIVES CLUES CONT'D

8. In hand in pit

Judge Emonrist, your days were numbered,
Against your liberal rulings the People lumbered,
You gave "Killer" Dunkem probation,
To his gang's jubilation,
You threw out one case because of the search,
Your knowledge of law left me in the lurch,
My paralyzed victim died a broken man,
Avenging his death is part of my plan,
Arthur "Noddie" Morgan he was called,
In the Sanctuary of Trust his body was halled,
I'll now stop his spirit's qualms,
And pay last respects at the Abbey of Psalms,
I now motion to sever you Your Honor,
This one for Noddie will make you a goner!

ACT (now!)

12. In windmill

From the deaths of a politician and his lover,
.38 calibre shells you did discover,
For the murderess' conviction to be realistic,
You'll need the gun and results ballistic,
You know it was a white LeBaron in the hit and run,
In which the District Attorney was overrun,
And you have Angela's prints on the knife,
That took one gangbanger's life,
And though everywhere her motive abounds,
To Riviera Village you must make some rounds,
For what you have now in court won't fly,
Against your killer's airtight alibi,
For your respected rally host will say,
With him she's been drinking Bloody Mary's all day,
And her serial murders were not just from revenge,
Upon a paid salary they did hinge,
To find who her silent partners were,
To a deposit box you must chauffeur.

13. In deposit envelope
at bank

The Star Chamber of the Supreme Court,
To vigilantism they did resort,
For the Constitution they had to uphold,
To it victim's rights had to fold,
Behind the scenes of their jurisprudence,
Twas true punishment they did dispense,
They found their hitman in a killer D.A.,
Angela Thompson would do it for pay,
Now take this key to 1310,
In the left garage is the murder weapon,
As if you haven't worked enough,
'Tis the gun you must uncuff.

14. In gun

The ballistics match gives you probable cause,
To arrest Ms. Thompson for breaking laws,
At #306 she'll be apprehended,
And of your work you'll be commended.

MURDER DETECTIVES
Necessary Clues

In covered wagon

11.

The D.A. disguised as an E.R. nurse,
Made her boss' condition much worse,
She unplugged all life-support,
And his life she did abort,
She's now fled south down the 110 Freeway,
To her secret hideaway,
In a windmill near Hickory street,
A cache of items she did secrete,
To build your case against her now,
To this place you must now plow.

In Biltmore Hotel

10.

Your prints finally came back today,
The results leave you in shocking dismay,
The comparison points to one who prosecuted,
Because of her the convicted were electrocuted,
At the height of her heyday,
She was known as "The Killer D.A.",
They say she became insane,
In the courts' lenient domain,
She quit her job out of disillusion,
Vigilante justice was her conclusion,
Now to expose for good this mystery,
Drive to the Museum of Natural History,
It's down the Harbor you must embark,
To a place called Exposition Park.

In Colombarium

9.

Dearest brother,
Sadly I weep as you lie in this grave,
Through your suffering you fought and were brave
For your death they all shall pay,
The judge is dead, and now the D.A.,
In this old hotel I'll find my boss,
Through his incompetence your case was lost,
I hear he'll be drinking in the bar,
When he leaves I'll run him down in my car.

Angela