





...We just found a stash of FLF gear in this kid's closet, and you're telling me you don't care? Did you bump your head this morning, Duval?



Of course we care, Klem, but Dougie Shaw was small fry. Handing out those leaflets is the most we ever saw him do.



Yeah, well I saw him lying dead on a ziggyball court last night, and he was stashing cash away in his closet.

So he was dodging taxes, like everyone else in Midway.



Look, we appreciate the heads-up. But nothing you're telling me indicates his murder is connected to anti-terror.

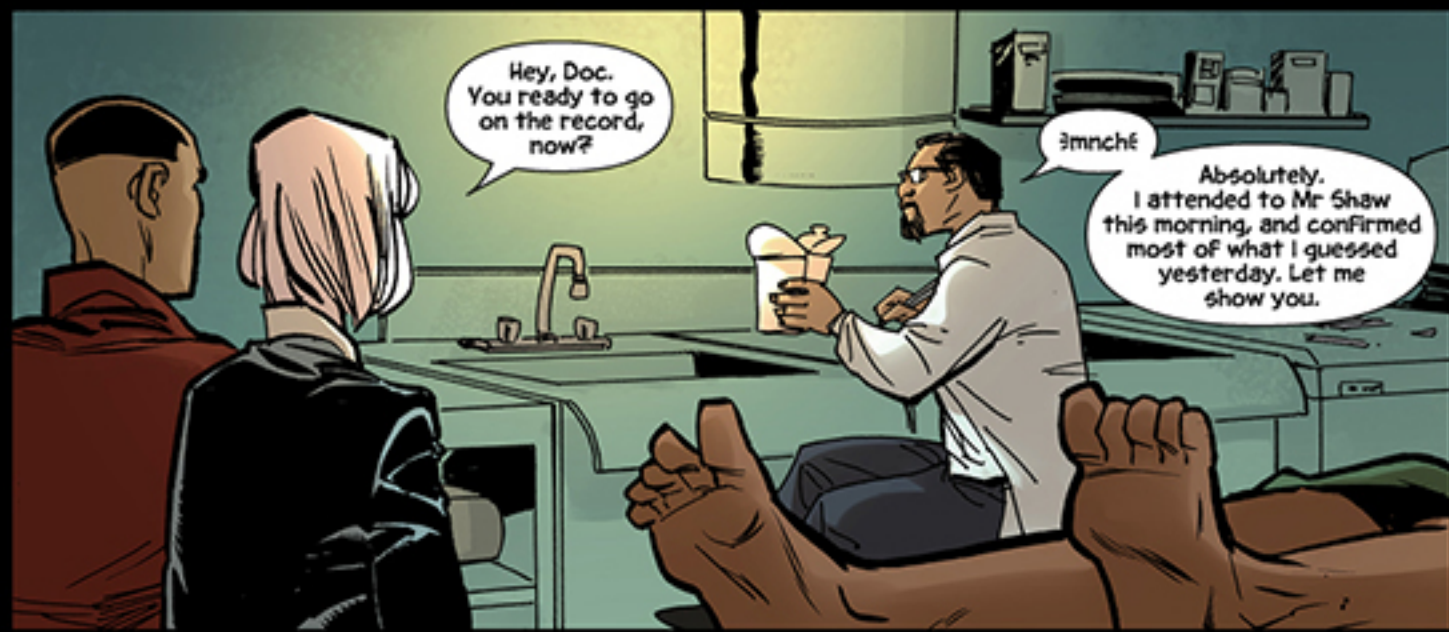
Just keep us in the loop, OK?

KLIK



Some days, you just can't get rid of a case.

Then if we must pursue it, let us find out what we can.



Close blows, delivered by sheer muscular force, tend to leave messier, shallower wounds.

But this wound is neat, and deep. The fracture pattern suggests a single blow. From a circular object traveling at speed.

And that fits even better. First, the killer tries to strangle Dougie in the locker room.

But Dougie escapes, and runs onto the court.

So the killer grabs a helmet, intending to whack Dougie with it, and chases him into the arena.

But the victim is already beyond striking range, so instead the killer throws the helmet, delivering a fatal blow. That is...

...One heck of a throw.

No question. Whoever you're looking for either got real lucky, or this isn't their first game of ziggyball.

There was one other thing, that I only found when I got Mr Shaw on the slab. There was a piece of colored fabric gripped in his palm. No idea what it was, but I sent it to Bianca.

Somebody say my name?

Wait, have you been listening the whole time?

No, of course not!

I was only half-listening. I'm busy, here.