

## GARDEN OF THE GODS

Laura Heaton was an eyewitness to a murder.

She had gone to the Garden of the Gods park in Colorado Springs on a Saturday morning for hiking at about seven to avoid the crowds and was pleased to notice only one other car in the parking lot, a Nissan Sentra with an Enterprise Rent a Car sticker. After parking her Toyota Camry, and as she was preparing to get on the trail, she saw a man about a hundred feet ahead of her walking into the depths of the park. She decided to wait a few minutes to allow more distance between the man and herself. All of a sudden, she saw the man fall. Instinctively, she rushed to him to help but found him dead with an arrow embedded in his neck. She looked around to see where the arrow came from and noticed a blue Studebaker with distinctive airplane nose driving away at a breakneck speed from an adjacent parking lot, east of where she had parked, next to the Nissan. She immediately called '911' on her cell phone and waited for the police to arrive.

Within ten minutes the police arrived along with a forensics team, paramedics, and an Ambulance. She showed her ID to the lead detective and told him what she had seen.

At the end of her narration the detective said, as if to confirm that he got it right, "So there were just three cars here, you came in Camary, the rental Nissan apparently belongs to the dead man, and Studebaker in which the likely killer escaped."

"There could have been other cars and people I did not see."

"Of course. So Miss Heaton, that's all for now. I may have more questions later."

She got an early morning call from the detective on Monday, "Miss Heaton, something very puzzling. Could you come to the station right away?"

She would be late for work but this being a police matter her employer would understand.

When she showed up at the police, the detective did not act very friendly. He started in an accusatory tone, "Miss Heaton, I don't think you have told us everything you know."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, first, you knew the murdered man, didn't you?"

"No, I didn't."

“How could you have not? His name is Norman Santayan. He was here to give a talk on ‘Child Sexual Molestation’ on Friday at Bright Future. You had attended his lecture and had seen him.”

“But the dead man was face down. I only saw his back. ... How did you know I had attended his lecture?”

“Once we identified the dead body from the driver’s license in his wallet, it was easy to learn that he was in town to give a lecture at Bright Future. The lecture had been advertised everywhere. We checked the registration list, and your name was on it. True, the dead man was face down. Still, his build would have made him identifiable to you.”

“No, I didn’t know who he was. I was probably too upset to notice the details.”

“That’s possible but very unlikely. Then there is another matter.”

Another matter? She was scared, and it showed on her face. She did not answer the detective, only stared at him, ‘What?’

The detective said, “We found your finger prints on the shaft of the arrow which killed Mr. Santayan.”

“How did you find my fingerprints to match?”

“Simple. You are a therapist at New Directions which treats clients of all ages, including children. Our state law requires that everyone working with minors must be fingerprinted, and the prints become part of the national database. For a situation like this.”

“I see. Well, to find out if the man was alive, I checked his pulse and while putting my fingers on his neck I must have brushed them against the arrow.”

“You don’t leave identifiable prints on something just by brushing against it. The arrow had to be tightly held between fingers.”

“Come to think of it, I did try to get the arrow out of the neck, but stopped in the middle realizing that it would be fatal in case the man was alive.”

“You didn’t tell me that.”

“I just forgot. After seeing the teenager drive away, I focused my attention on the fallen man and was too upset to remember everything I did.”

“Teenager?”

“Yes. The driver of the Studebaker looked like a teenage girl.”

“Did you notice anything about her which can help us find her?”

“The only thing I noticed was her clothing. She wore a multi-colored tie-dye t-shirt emblazoned with ‘Peace’ and ‘Love’ signs, and blue jeans.”

“Who wears clothes like those nowadays? They went out of fashion in the 60’s.”

Now Laura was irritated also, “I can’t explain other people’s behavior. ... Are you accusing me of something? I thought I was a witness and helping the police.”

“But why would you lie about Studebaker? You know, there is no Studebaker registered in this state. Nationwide, we found five, only one matched your description and it is in a museum and has been there for several years.”

“So? Maybe the car I saw was not registered. Or maybe it came from across the border, from Canada.”

“Yes, miss, you may have a point there. Anyway, it looks like you’re more involved in the case than appeared in the beginning. I may have more questions for you later, so don’t go out of town.”

Laura was totally drained after the interview. Her day was totally ruined. She could not concentrate on her work and had to take the rest of the day off.

The next day was not any better. She found out that the detective was at New Directions, talking to the Director and other staff about her. Questions began popping up in her mind: Did he suspect her of killing Norman? Why would he suspect her of killing someone she didn’t know personally? How could anyone entertain the idea, even for a second, that someone like her could kill another person, someone who was in a profession of love, compassion, and care?

Her questions were never answered. Instead, the following day, while she was getting ready to go to work, her door bell rang. Wondering who could be visiting her so early in the morning, she opened the door and found the detective, accompanied by two assistants. The detective flashed a search warrant in front of her eyes and stormed inside without seeking admission.

Not knowing what was this all about, Laura was confused and scared. She said nothing, but stood shaking in her living room while the policemen almost demolished her apartment. A few minutes later, when her wits returned, she called New Directions and informed them that she would be late, a few hours late, for work. Then she slumped in the sofa and waited for the police to finish their work and leave.

About two hours later, she saw the detective again who, holding a leather bag, came face-to-face with her. She recognized it as her sports equipment bag. He asked, “Ma’m, is this your bag?”

“Yes,” she answered a bit fearfully because she knew what was in the bag, her own archery equipment, the bow and arrows.

“Do the contents of this bag belong to you?”

“Yes,” again. Her voice was shaky now.

“Did you use your bow and arrows on Saturday morning?”

“No, I did not.”

“But you are an archer and you never mentioned that to us.”

“I did not think it was relevant.”

“Not relevant? A man is killed by an arrow in front of you, and you think your own archery interest is not relevant? It seems like you are hiding a lot of things from us.”

“If I intended to hide anything I would have not called the police.” Laura, still afraid, was getting angry with the detective’s accusatory questioning.

“Ma’m, here in your bag you have the Jensen stock and the the arrow found at the crime scene is also from the Jensen stock. Coincidence?”

“Jensen is very popular.”

“Okay. What about the fact that you actually hated Norman Santayan because he, while advocating the protection of children from sexual abuse, was also advocating treatment for both the victims and the molesters? You believe in punishment for the abusers, don’t you?”

“How do you know what I believe in?”

“I talked to you coworkers. You know that. So, did you hate the man?”

“But that’s not a reason to kill someone. I wouldn’t do that.”

“Many people do that and you could too. Also, what about the fact that you managed to get Mr. Santayan in a place and at a time of your choice?”

“I did?”

“Yes. You talked with him after his lecture and told him about the Garden of the Gods park and encouraged him to visit it while he was in town. Why did you do that?”

“Just courtesy. That park is our city’s pride. I mention it to all out-of-towners.”

“Okay. But you must have taken note of the fact that he expressed his enthusiasm to go hiking in the park the next day early morning, since he had the weekend free. Didn’t you?”

“I remember him saying that. But taking note? I resent the implication. Besides, how did you learn about all that conversation?”

“From your colleagues who had also attended the lecture. You didn’t tell me any of that.”

“Yes, but not because I was trying to hide anything. I only answered your questions and it never came up. Besides, if I did what you say I did, how could I be sure that Mr. Santayan would actually take my suggestion and show up at the park at the right time.”

“No, you couldn’t be sure. But you went there expecting him to be there and he was, and you did what you intended to do. If he had not shown up, he would still be alive and you would be disappointed.”

Laura wondered what was he going to do now? Arrest her?

Her fear materialized when the detective read to her the Miranda warning and added seriously, “Miss Laura Heaton, I am arresting you for the murder of Mr. Norman Santayan.”

Laura Heaton sat in the jail cell depressed, dejected, and angry, pondering over the possibility of her ruined career and life for something she did not do, a murder. Actually for doing something which any responsible citizen would do, reporting a crime. She had to defend herself. But how? With the measly salary she got from her counseling job she had no money to hire a defense attorney. Yet, there had to be a defense because she was not going to plead guilty.

She sat in the jail for two days, then got a surprise. A guard came and told her, “You have a visitor.”

In the visitation area she was put in a booth with a plexiglas partition. On each sides of the partition there was a chair and a phone receiver. Even before she sat down in her chair, she noticed that her visitor was Sandy Paxton. Laura knew that Sandy was a psychiatrist at New Directions, had seen her a few times just in passing, and had exchanged hellos, but had no interaction with her, personal or professional, the two of them being far apart in their approach to mental health problems, she herself oriented to cognitive-behavioral changes and the psychiatrist exclusively committed to medication.

Laura could not believe her eyes. She picked up the receiver and accepted the friendly gesture of the psychiatrist by thanking her. Then she asked, “What made you come to see me when none of my close coworkers cared to inquire about my well being?”

Sandy answered, "As soon as the story broke, I was shocked. More so when everything seemed to be pointing toward you. So, I dug into it and found something which the police had missed, maybe because they had their suspect and weren't interested in looking at all the facts. In the police files, I saw the photographs of the crime scene and found that the shaft of the arrow embedded in Norman's neck pointed West while the parking lot where you were was to the East of the point of reference. So I went to the place myself and found another confirmation of my photo observation. You see, the arrow killing Norman had to have an unobstructed straight air-path and no such path existed between the parking lot spots and the place where Norman fell, the space being full of tree branches, tree trunks, and bushes. But there was one spot, and only one, from where the fatal arrow could travel unhindered and it was in the West. I came to tell you that I am convinced that someone hiding in the bushes away from the parking lot shot Norman for his or her own reasons. I pointed this out to the police."

"And what do they say about it?"

"They think that you shot Norman from the West spot and then moved back to the parking lot."

"That means the girl in the Studebaker wasn't the murderer. Then who was?"

"I'll try to find out."

Laura expressed her gratitude, "If you unravel this jumbled ball of twine, I'll be forever grateful to you."

"Then let me ask you a couple of things, if I may."

"Go ahead."

"Did you have the bow and arrows with you on the day and time of murder?"

"Yes, I did. And, to be honest with you, I did want to kill Norman, that's if he actually showed up. But, I guess I had no guts for that kind of thing."

"It seems to me then that as soon as you saw Norman fall and realized that he was shot by an arrow, your mind became dissociated and a murderous self was created which invented a teenager with a blue Studebaker. Your wish was fulfilled without you actually carrying it out."

"I don't know. I don't think there was any dissociation."

"Then there has to be a teenager in the sixty's clothing with a Studebaker, and there's no sign of it."

"Are you also accusing me like the police? I thought you wanted to help."

“I am not accusing you of anything. Please be assured that I am convinced of your innocence and I’m trying to help you.”

“What assures you?”

“Let’s say that your story to the police is totally unconvincing. Anyone guilty of the crime would not try to fabricate a story which has so many holes in it.”

“But I was not fabricating anything.”

“That’s exactly the point. You are telling the truth, but the truth seems to implicate you in the crime. It appears to me that the only thing that can clear you is finding the real killer.”

“And how?”

“At this time I don’t know. But I’ll try.”

In spite of her confining and depressing environment, Laura felt a little better and anxiously waited for another visit from Sandy. It came three days later. Since they were allowed only 10 minutes for the visit, the conversation was brisk.

Sandy started, “You know, Laura, while I am convinced of your innocence, it’s becoming harder to prove it. The police have been digging into your background and have found something what they call motive.”

“What?”

“You see, they think that you hate adult males. The reason for this lies in the fact that you were sexually molested by your father for years, since you were six years old. They also found out that on your fourteenth birthday your mother gave you a used car as a gift and you took off in it, sold it for money, and when the money ran out, you resorted to prostitution. After four years on the street, during which you endured many rapes, you were found by a middle aged woman who ran a home for runaway teens. You were found lying in an alley, hungry, cold, and in pain from brutal beating by a bunch of young men who had first gang raped you. You spent many years in the shelter and developed sympathy and concern for all sexually molested children who became your treatment subjects after you got training to become a therapist and found a job with New Directions.”

Laura listened her history patiently and then retorted, “And that makes me a killer?”

“No, not to me. But the police think that the content of Norman’s lecture made you so angry that you decided to kill him.”

“The content!”

Sandy took Laura's exclamation as a question and said, "I attended the lecture, too, and was also offended. Particularly when he said that it was a fallacy that children were sexually innocent who, he thought, showed curiosity toward reproductive organs and their functions. He really became radical when he said that many children actually initiated sexual acts and sometimes the adults, being weak humans, responded to them."

Laura was patient throughout this long summary of Norman's lecture but impatient at the implication, "I know all that. But that's not a motive."

"I know. No need to become defensive with me."

"Yeah, I'm sorry."

"So you knew Norman?"

"Yeah, who didn't. He was famous, although I don't understand why? He was not trained in child development, parenting, sexual offenses, areas like those."

"So how did he become so famous and began to be treated as an expert in an area he knew nothing about?"

"I think he was a good peddler. He was a journalist, not a therapist. Finding that child sexual molestation was a hot topic, so he started writing articles about it. Managed to make the media and even the general public pay attention to his unconventional ideas. You see, the more outrageous your ideas, the more attention you get."

Just then the time was up and the visit was terminated.

Laura waited and hoped for Sandy to come up with something.

Two days later her hopes were shattered.

She was put through another interrogation grind by the police.

"What do you know about Sandy Paxton?"

Laura was inclined not to answer any questions without the presence of an attorney representing her. But she had no attorney. Still, she was anxious to find out what the police were doing, so she decided to talk. "She is a psychiatrist at New Directions."

"We think you two are friends, have a hostile attitude toward Mr. Santayan because of his philosophy of treatment of sexually abused children, and planned his murder together."

"That's crazy."

"Crazy? Then tell me how come Sandy's gray Volvo was seen only within a quarter mile of the site of Mr. Santayan's murder at about the time you were there?"

“How do you know she was there? I certainly didn’t.”

“An anonymous caller told us. He had gone to the Garden of the Gods park on the day of the Norman murder and had seen a late model gray Volvo in an off street parking area about a quarter mile West of the site of the murder. He remembered the vanity license plate because it was so amusing, THERAPY. The caller, when he learned about the murder, thought that the Volvo was close enough to the crime scene to be of significance. We traced the Volvo to Sandy Paxton.”

“Does this mean you’re going to arrest her?”

“We have already arrested her. Of course, she denies having anything to do with the Santayan murder and even any knowledge of or expertise in handling bow and arrows. But we know the truth. You two decided on bow and arrow as the means of murder because it was less traceable and also because you could do the job. The two of you went to the park together but in your own cars; you to commit the murder and Mrs. Paxton to provide you with psychological support. You stopped at the trail head and Mrs. Paxton continued on another quarter mile further west. Then, after completing your task, you implicated a nonexistent teenager driving a Studebaker.”

“This is all supposition.”

“Yes. But we are gathering evidence and investigating Mrs. Paxton’s background to prove our case.”

“Then why are you talking to me?”

“You admit to what you did and we close the case.”

“I’m not admitting to something I didn’t do.”

“We’ll see about that.”

The officer left in a huff.

Back in her dorm bed, Laura wondered, ‘Now what?’

She wondered for about a week and then the case became murkier.

She got a letter from a woman, Jackie Solten. The return address belonged to an area just outside the city limits. The letter had been opened and obviously read by the jail authorities. The gist of it was, *I am glad what you did.*

The next day Laura was in the interrogation room again. The detective grilled, “Who is this woman, Jackie?”

Again to learn what the police had uncovered, she chose to answer the question, “I don’t know.”

“We have been to her home already. You know what, she is an archer too, only she claims not to have any equipment and not to have delved in that hobby for years. We didn’t find any bows and arrows at her place, that does not mean she did not use them. And she hated Mr. Santayan like you do.”

“So? A lot of people probably hated Norman and are not known to me.”

“But she says she attended Mr. Santayan’s lecture, too, and afterwards talked to you, asked you what you thought of the lecture and you told her that it was disgusting and wished Santayan were dead. How’s that?”

“I did talk to several people after the lecture, some of them unknown to me. This woman Jackie could have been one of them.”

“Okay, I’ll give you that. But how’s this for a shocker? Jackie was Santayan’s ex-wife. We dug into the backgrounds of both of them.”

“Oh my God. What’s going on?”

“Well, you tell me? Could it be that Miss Solten was also in your plan to kill Mr. Santayan?”

“I told you I don’t know the woman and I didn’t kill anyone. ... Are you going to arrest her too?”

“She is already in custody.”

Laura had been having hard time sleeping in the jail, but that night she could not sleep at all. She found it darkly comic that the police were collecting suspects. And she wished that they would charge her soon, so that she could get it over with, one way or the other.

Next week her wish came true. She was brought in front of Judge John Pierce for arraignment. When she told the judge why she did not have an attorney, she got one appointed for her.

Right after that, Laura had her first meeting with her defense lawyer who said, “Miss Heaton, you know that both Sandy and Jackie have been released. The police found out that Sandy had gone to Aspen with her husband for the weekend having left her car in care of a neighbor who had taken it to the park in the morning of the incident and Jackie has such arthritic hands that she can barely hold a dinner fork let alone pull a bow string. Now it’s just you. If you

plead guilty a jury trial would be eliminated and the judge would most likely go easy on you knowing the kind of person Mr. Santayan was.”

“No, I’m not pleading guilty. But, what kind of person was Santayan?”

The attorney provided a summary which he had secured from the police files.

Norman Santayan had a troubled upbringing. He was sexually molested by his stepfather. since he was only six until age 12 when he ran away from home. He spent a few months in a shelter for abused children and came back home after his mother separated from his step father and eventually divorced him. He did okay in school, went to college, and got his degree in journalism. At age 24, he married Jackie, a reporter, and settled in Buffalo, New York. The marriage was rocky apparently because of infidelity and a year later the couple divorced. Norman did have an extramarital relation with a young journalism student, Nicole, and established a home with her after his divorce. He had a son with her named Charles. Nicole died in a car accident caused by a drunk driver when Charles was only two. Norman raised the child who, at age 18, left home on a peace corps mission and has not been heard from since.

She got more than she could digest. So, Norman had a disconnect between his personal and public lives, a nice guy exuding compassion for abused children in public, and a philanderer in private. But there did not appear anything so serious as to drive someone to murder him. There had to be more than what met the eye. Maybe Jackie, who had lived with him for a number of years, could fill in the gaps. So she asked her attorney to talk to her.

Only four days later Laura was formally charged with the willful murder of Norman Santayan. She pled not guilty.

Right after that, she got a call from her attorney.

He talked and Laura listened, “According to Jackie, Norman was a very violent person abusing her physically. He was also a very secretive person, used to disappear for days without telling her where he was going. She became suspicious and began to spy on him, looking into his papers, appointment books, and listening to his phone conversations, etc. She thought there was a journalism student, Nicole, he was intimate with and spent time with her on an out-of-state property he had somewhere in Idaho. She also noticed his preoccupation with the released child sex molesters. She had seen him collecting information about them, had a feeling that he was contacting them, but did not know what for and what did he do with the information. She was

tired of abuse, spooked with his secrecy, and furious at his infidelity, and felt a divorce was the best way out, although she would have been happier to see him dead.”

The attorney had not uncovered anything new and certainly nothing which made Norman a murder target. Oh yes, Norman’s property in Idaho was a new fact, but what about it? Laura put the whole thing aside, and decided to wallow in her misery.

On the day of the trial, the prosecutor presented the case, explaining to the jurors that Laura had a motive, she hated the victim’s ideas; had the opportunity, she had suggested the hiking to the victim and was at the trail head at the time the victim was on the trail; had the means, she knew archery and had the equipment. He also pointed out the evidence that Laura’s fingerprints were on the arrow embedded in the victim’s neck. What more was needed?

The defense only suggested that the motive, opportunity, and means could be applied to anyone including someone as yet unknown. And he simply rephrased Laura’s explanation to the police about how her fingerprints got on the arrow.

Laura was convicted of first degree murder, sentencing to follow.

Despaired, and almost suicidal, Laura was visited by her attorney regularly to plan an appeal strategy. One day she learned from him that Sandy had paid announcements in the newspapers, radio, and TV, which were directed at the Norman murderer: *Save Laura. You don’t have to turn yourself in or expose yourself, but just tell the police that you, not Laura, killed Norman and give some convincing proof of it. Please.*”

It made Laura feel a bit hopeful that, in addition to her attorney, now Sandy was working to save her. The hope quotient increased when her attorney told her a week later, “Mrs. Paxton’s efforts have yielded result. The police have received an unsigned letter mailed from Paris, France, which reads, ‘*Let Laura Heaton go because she did not kill Norman Santayan, I did. And I did that to pacify my disturbing guilt conscience. The reasons for my guilt conscience are available in a house on a small ten-acre parcel of land about a mile north from the end of Sleepy Lane, east of the infamous Coeur d’Alene, in Idaho.*’ How’s that?”

“Are the police taking it seriously?”

“Yes. They have coordinated their efforts with the local police and the FBI and are checking out the place as we talk.”

Laura's heartbeat stabilized. From that day on, she anxiously waited for the results of the police investigation. She was elated and appalled at the same time when her attorney informed her about what the police found in Idaho.

*The police followed the directions in the letter from Paris and found the house. It was locked and they had to break it open. Inside, it was simply but nicely furnished and appeared to be a normal 3-bedroom middle class residence. Contrary to the police expectations, nothing unusual was found until an entrance to the basement was uncovered under the family room carpet.*

*The basement was a sex torture chamber. On the wall, there were photographs of men, with the date of their release from the prison written underneath. There was a two-drawer filing cabinet which contained information about many men, all of whom had been released from the prison after serving sentences for different kinds of child sex molestation. The records indicate that Mr. Santayan contacted each one of them right after their release and tried to lure them to his secret place by offering jobs which they desperately needed and had hard time finding because of the nature of their crime. He succeeded in capturing some of them, who were then sexually tortured and killed. The photographs of their tortured and dead bodies are in their files. Police speculate that the bodies have been buried on the ten-acre property. They intend to dig up the whole place to collect evidence. They also speculate that Norman Santayan did not act alone, he had help probably from the man who wrote the letter from Paris.*

Her attorney told her that he would talk to the prosecutor. A few days later he came to her with the bad news, "The prosecutor thinks that the letter writer is taking the blame upon himself to free you, that's all."

Laura slumped.

Her attorney said, "An incontrovertible proof that someone else killed Santayan is what is needed."

'But, where is that proof?' Laura wondered.

A week later there it was. She received from her attorney a copy of an electronically printed letter, mailed from London, England, addressed to the judge who had presided over her case.

*Honorable Judge Pierce,*

*I have been following the media reports in Colorado Springs and find that the police have searched the house in Idaho which I mentioned in my letter to them. However, they still don't seem to be convinced of the innocence of Ms Laura Heaton. So, let me provide you with the proof you need.*

*Norman and I had been partners for a long time. The police now know what we did and where. We did not worry about being caught, because no one seemed to connect the disappearance of the released sex offenders with our activities. Actually, the parole officers of the ones on parole treated our victims as absconders and just got arrest warrants issued for them.*

*When I realized my depravity, I just left, even left the country. I could not go to the police because of my own complicity in the acts. But I continued to worry about the lives Norman was destroying. Then I decided to kill him myself. I made numerous unsuccessful attempts. Finally I succeeded. To save myself from punishment for stopping Norman's activities, I have a different name, a different nationality, and it's neither French nor English. I have traveled to the USA several times to kill Norman on a passport which allows me entry without visa, and I have used entry points where fingerprints or any other links to my passport are not required. My task done, I won't be doing this any more.*

*While living abroad, I continued to track Norman's activities as best as I could, and showed up at those venues which afforded me an opportunity to kill him. I even tried to get him at his residence a couple of times. I always made sure that he did not see me. As I mentioned earlier, I failed until this last time. Once I found out about his speaking engagement at Bright Future, I entered the USA through one of my usual safe channels, purchased the archery equipment, took a bus to Colorado Springs, left my suitcase in a locker, carried with me only a bag containing the murder weapon and essentials of daily living, and checked into a cheap hotel on cash basis under an assumed name. On the day of the lecture, I took a cab to Bright Future, listened to the after-talk conversation hiding behind other audience, and learned about Norman's possible hiking trip the next day. I left the hotel early in the morning with my bag, walked about a mile or so before catching a cab to within a couple miles of the Garden of the Gods park, then walked over to the parking area with trailheads. I did not see any Studebaker or a girl in sixties clothing anywhere during my presence there. I made a quick survey of the area and found a spot from where an arrow could travel to the trail without hindrance, and waited for Norman to arrive. Once he was on the trail, I shot him. I was so focused on my task that I did not realize*

*that another car had arrived in the parking lot just before my shooting. That car brought Laura who became a suspect, as I learned afterwards. Anyway, after committing the murder, I took several different streets to put some distance between myself and the park, and then took a cab to the bus station, exchanged the archery equipment for my belongings in the locker, and took a bus to the city from where I exited the USA. I made a stop in Paris just to write and mail the previous letter to the police. I am right now in London but will be leaving for my country of residence within a few hours.*

*Now for the proof you need, go to the bus station. You will find the murder weapon in locker number 18. It has my fingerprints, not Laura's. They can be matched with the fingerprints on the arrow which killed Norman.*

*Don't try to catch me because it can't be done without the interpol searching for years and spending millions. Besides I've done a good deed.*

*By the way, I am an expert marksman. I learned archery from my father since I was a child, about 12, and have participated in hunting trips with him which are part of my most cherished growing-up memories. It hurts me to think that I killed someone whom I adored and loved, because he raised me from the time my mother died when I was only two.*

*Sincerely,*

*Charles Santayan.*

Laura, her conviction vacated, was received by Sandy Paxton at the prison gate. They had driven only about a mile toward her apartment, when Laura said, "Sandy, you were right about my dissociation. My mother had given me a used Studebaker as a gift on my fourteenth birthday, and I wore those tie-dye t-shirts."