



## Beating Vic Found

On Thursday, just in time for the early broadcast of the evening news, the badly beaten body of a man was encountered laying on one of the feeder roads in the county just outside Arlington city limits.

Reporters attended by cameramen, television crews, vehicles large and small all swarmed out to the location within moments of their learning of the call made to the police by a distraught citizen. A solitary bicyclist out for an afternoon ride in the early spring sunshine had made the gruesome discovery. Unnerved the young college student had eyed the corpse in dismay as he reached for his cell phone. The 9 1 1 call to the authorities was made within seconds of the discovery of the body. The shoeless corpse had no identification on his person, or in his pockets, on that account at the time the first announcements were made over the several television channels, the body had not as yet been identified. As he did each evening the newscaster, every perfect coifed hair in place, gazed into the camera and set forth the facts of the matter in his usual blasé manner. It did appear, said the newsman in his well modulated, faultless voice which neither wavered nor showed the least inflection no matter the story, that the bruised and battered body of the deceased may have lain out on the edge of the roadway for as long as two or three days. A report from the Medical Examiner's Office was expected within 24 hours.

The screen filled with a picture of the investigation site. Police cars, officers, yellow tape and waning sunshine revealed a bleak, little traveled roadway where the body appeared to have been dumped. The coroner's van could be seen in the background. Slowly it drove away from the site as the newscaster continued his report. The police were keeping a tight lid on the investigation, the officer in charge did allow the statement that the late victim had been found laying in a sequestered locale near a little used strip of asphalt. It was an area well known to local law enforcement. More than one body had been dumped in that same region over the years.

Nolly Penderson's cobalt eyes narrowed as she gazed across the comfortable chamber toward the lighted television screen. She had changed from her customary navy two piece sheath and jacket to a more comfortable pale lavender caftan. Her shoes had been placed in their customary spot next to the open door way. Sitting in her usual spot on the cozy velvet settee with her stockings feet curled under her the tall woman was silent, thoughtful, as she listened to the newscast