

Chapter 7

Tuesday morning, June 21
The Britton's Home

Ding.

Lindsay opened the front door.

“Hi,” said Heather.

“Hi.”

Lindsay noticed that Heather was wearing bright yellow shorts and a green Tee.

“Your shorts are so bright,” she said. “May I borrow your sunglasses?”

Heather pushed her shades up and looked at Lindsay with a discerning eye.

“Surely you’re not going to wear that long skirt,” voiced Heather in a kidding way.

“If you’ll accompany me to my bedroom I’ll change.”

They giggled.

When she reached her room Lindsay stepped out of the skirt and removed the blouse. She walked to the bed and placed the clothes on it.

“Wear your black shorts and gray Tee,” suggested Heather.

Lindsay put on black shorts and a heather blue Tee.

“You look great, Lindsay.”

“Thanks.”

“Where are we going?”

“We’ll try for Colorado Springs, Colorado today. Mom’s cousin, Ina May Horn, agreed to give us a home for a month.

“Wonderful.”

“Do you have traveler’s checks?”

“Sure do,” replied Heather. “The checks are mostly for food and maybe a boy toy.”

Lindsay laughed heartily.

“I was just kidding,” admitted Heather.

“Mom says we are supposed to help Ina May clean and keep the house in order.”

“No problem-o.”

Lindsay laughed at Heather’s intonation.

“How big is Colorado Springs?”

“Over one hundred thousand, I think,” said Lindsay. “We can come home July fifteenth. Mom gave me her 1999 yellow Subaru Outback.”

“Far out. I’d like to look at it.”

“The last one out the front door washes clothes in Colorado.”

Lindsay ran by Heather.

Heather screamed and gave chase.

Lindsay opened the door.

“Oops! Sorry detective,” said Lindsay as she ran into him.

Heather emitted a high throat sound as she tried to stop before running into the detective.

“Getting ready to leave are you?” said the detective with a smile.

Lindsay noticed the playful look in his eyes. I wonder. She smiled.

“Ahem.”

The attorney was with Detective Williams.

“Good morning, Carl.”

“Good morning, Lindsay,” he said.

Lindsay thought Carl looked a little tired. No wonder. He married a gal who’s less than half his age.

Hello detective,” Heather said.

“Good morning Lindsay.”

Good morning,” I said to Detective Williams.

“Do you have more questions, detective?” asked Heather. “Lindsay and I learned that Wilbur is apparently visiting a grandmother in Pueblo, Colorado. Pueblo is a few miles south of Colorado Springs.”

“Don’t intercept him,” said the detective sternly. That’s an order. Is your mom here, Lindsay?”

“She went to Albertsons. She should be back shortly.”

Detective Williams looked at Mr. Green.

“Can we proceed?”

“Yes.”

“My request is simple. I want each of you to relate everything that happened that evening. Lindsay, your attorney has given me permission to use a tape recorder.”

“That’s fine by me,” she said.

“Heather?”

“Yes.”

“Maybe you could sit in the lawn chair while we walk up the sidewalk.”

“Okay,” voiced Heather.

She walked on the lawn and sat down cross legged.

“After you, Lindsay,” said the detective.”

Lindsay walked about twenty feet toward Pioneer Park.”

“When I turn the switch on, I want you to tell us every detail from the moment you and Clark met.”

Click.

“Mom opened the front door,” said Lindsay. “Clark smiled at me. He gave me a beautiful orchid. Mom and I pinned a white carnation on his lapel. He and dad talked about football. Then we left. Mom followed. Heather and Jim were in the backseat. I sat next to Clark. We drove past the Deaconess Hospital. Clark couldn’t find a parking place so he let everyone get out. Then he drove to a parking garage. When we entered the hotel we saw many of our friends.”

“Could you name them?”

Lindsay told him about Jody and Madison.

“Please continue.”

“Clark and I went through the buffet line together. They had delicious prime rib.”

“Would you please tell us every thing you were going to eat and the people who were close by in detail?”

I related what I remembered the best I could recall.

“Go on,” said the detective.

“Before we finished our meal, we danced and kissed.”

“Did Heather and Jim remain at the table?” asked the detective.

“I believe they did.”

“How many times were you and Clark apart?”

“Well, he and Jim went to the rest room. I was near the table during that time. When they returned, Clark asked me if I wanted more punch. I’m not sure why he said that because up to that point all I had consumed was coffee and water. I think I had milk too. Clark drank milk too, I think. Heather decided to go to the powder room. I went with her. We met Madison and she came along.”

I told him about Melissa in the powder room.

“Off the record,” Lindsay said.

The detective turned off the tape recorder.

“I want to tell you that Alexis and Gretchen apologized to Heather and me.”

“I’m glad to hear that.”

“We apologized for pitching the paint on them. They said they probably would have done the same thing.”

“Thank you,” Lindsay. “Would you mind switching places with Heather?” asked the detective.

“Okay.”

Lindsay saw her mom drive up in Phil’s Buick.

Allison didn’t notice the detective and attorney.

Lindsay noticed that her mom was wearing a relatively short red rippled skirt and a green Tee. She had high white socks on and to top it off she tied green ribbons around the ends of her thick braids. *She always looks as if she had stepped out of a fashion magazine.*

Lindsay helped her mom take groceries in the house.

“Carl and the detective are here again.”

“What for?” asked Allison with concern.

“He recorded my remarks about everything that happened the night of the party. Now he’s taping Heather.”

Allison looked out the window.

“The detective is through talking to Heather.”

Allison and Lindsay went outside.

“I’m sorry I missed you, Mrs. Britton,” said Carl.

“What are the recordings for?”

“He intends to obtain similar recordings from most everyone who attended the party. Lindsay’s statement is very important.”

“I’m piecing together what may have happened that night,” explained the detective. Then I hope I can zero in on the guilty party.”

“Do you have some gut feelings about who did it?” asked Lindsay.

“Yes.”

“I hope my daughter isn’t a suspect.”

“Heavens no! I will compare everyone’s story to what I have learned from Lindsay and Heather.”

“I hope it helps establish a lead as to who the guilty party is.”

“I do too, Mrs. Britton. A clue would be most welcome.”

“A fingerprint, perhaps?” asked Lindsay.

“Perhaps.”

The detective walked to his blue nineteen ninety seven Buick Le Sabre, got in and drove away.

Mom talked to the attorney.

Then Mr. Green left.

“Are you finished packing, honey?” asked Allison.

“Yes,” replied Lindsay.”

“Allison kissed her daughter goodbye.”

Allison and Heather hugged.

“Drive safely. Don’t pick up any hitchhikers.”

“We won’t mom,” said Lindsay.

“You’re getting a late start. You may have to stay at a motel tonight.”

“We’ll do fine.”

“Don’t sleep in the car.”

“We won’t.”

Lindsay got in and started the car.

Heather got in.

Lindsay waved as she drove away toward 27th Street.