

a body near the water in the 70's

all beauty must die

Von alanqi

all beauty must die

He flung himself recklessly into the water and heaved his whole weight against her. Her struggle was weak. She could use little strength from the awkward angle she was trapped in. The man did not move. Nonetheless the girl kept trying against reason and still she had failed so far. She took all the strength left in her and pushed again.

Hutch sighed. The world was always the same. He stood next to the body. A beautiful woman had she been. Starsky was talking to the couple who found the body. It had been displayed. The woman was wearing a white dress. A rose had been placed beneath her clasped hands. Maybe the murderer was catholic. Starsky's voice drifted over. Hutch's eyes staryed towards his partner. Now the brunet was talking to the cops. Ogue and Nick had arrived first. Not that they knew much. Hutch suspected they had been surprised. Corpses in water never looked that good. She had not layn there long. It was as clear as day. Hutch saw Ogue reach for something. He offered his partner a purse. Starsky nodded. Their eyes met over the scene. Hutch smiled. Starsky smiled back. A silent conversation was held. Hutch walked over. The blond had seen enough. Enough to know she wasn't murdered in that dress. The headwound had bled. The blood fed the meadows. The dress was white as snow. Probably meant the murderer was a purist. Starsky watched and waved. Hutch drew closer. Now he could see what it was all about. The purse belonged to the victim. A ID was inside. The photo showed the victim. She smiled. Her name was Eliza.

Brown suit and yellow tie a mismatched pairing to the eye. A woman pounded her fists fruitlessly against the tall man, she turned her face away, so that her attacker would not see the helpless frustration she felt. She had strained every muscle to near breaking point, and lost her footing countless times in the current.

Back in his diner a man had a headache. Joe had removed the scarf from the chair. Three day was enough. The woman could have come for it. Joe winced. The pain in his

head increased. Pictures flowed into his conscious mind. The woman – water – pain – blood. Joe sighed. Wouldn't it ever stop? Unused it should run dry. By now he new it never stopped. He looked at the scarf. Nobody would come for it. The owner was dead. Her body near the water. Joe knew. He wanted to ignore the call. He sighed again. The tired man walked over to the bar and dialed. His vision had gotten better.

In her hand she held her sisters small gold-necklace. She shouted at the top of her voice, before breaking into the fastest pace she could manage. She kept constantly shouting as she moved on. Tiring muscles were becoming a problem soon but she kept moving.

A call came in at 2. Minnie answered it. A man talked about water. Minnie sighed. Another werido on the phone, great. The man called himself Joe. Apparently an artist. He said he was the great something. Minnie nodded. She only listened half. Her mind was occupied. Harris had asked for files. He was an impatient man. Joe talked about a car whith a white stripe. Minnie listened closer. Blond and brown were they. The blond believes me. Later. Joe winced. Minnie asked if he was alright. Headache Joe rasped. The phone went dead.

The woman stared ather boyfriend. The same bathtub that had seemed so benevolent a moment ago, suddenly became her enemy. He knelt beside the tub a rock in his fist. The woman tried to gain an inch by raising herself up.

Minnie was at the door. She waited for the Duo to return. Dispatch had informed her. They were on their way back. She stretched her neck. The Duo rounded the corner. As usual they chatted. Nothing uncommon. Starsky's hand was on Hutch's back. As soon as they had passed the door Minnie talked. She told them about the call. She explained they possibly knew the man. That man called himself Joe the great. Hutch stared blankly. Starsky smiled. They knew a lot of people called Joe. The man had mentioned water – a scarf – white – and death. Hutch pointed as Starsky. One word was said. Callendra.

She took a tentative step towards the water, then another all the while watching her boyfriend, who did his best to smile encouragingly. The scarlet roses were really beautiful.

Hutch looked at the picture. It was the crime scene near the water. One foto showed Starsky. Next to him was a smal rosebush. Wild roses Hutch recognized. Scarlet ones as that. The blond had not seen them before. He grapped a magnifying glass. The bushes were small. He knew what he wanted. He found it. One bush looked ambushed. He called for a blow-up. The colour was the same. The bloom was similar. The murderer knew the place well. He knew about the roses. He knew not to bring a rose himself. Hutch smiled. The murderer would come back. All they to do was wait.

The water had climbed from her chest to just beneath her chin. Her head had numbed a little. She had noted the rising water a while ago. She couldn't move, she was trapped inside her body. She recalled her boyfriend had knelt above her with a rock in his fist. She could not hold her face above the water.