

# Murder at Jamestown

Chapter Five: Language of Flowers

## Jamestowne Colony, 1619

Marriage didn't agree with Jeremiah. Anne was a bonnie lass, that much was true, but the mewling of babes did nothing for his rest at night. He'd grown up with no father of his own, and hardly knew what was expected of him. Certainly not cleaning up after them. Three now, in as many years. Ach, Francis! What Jeremiah would have given to have his brother there to listen to him complain, if nothing else.

At least he could get away now. The fort had at last been opened, and the colonists given the freedom to range outside it to hunt and expand their farmlands. The peace with the local tribes had extended these past three years, and Jeremiah was grateful for it.

With his musket strapped to his back, he had left the fort early that day, just as the light was breaking the horizon. No point pretending

he was going to sleep longer, with the babes awake and wanting to feed. He'd have his morning meal in the fields, with Abijah.

Arriving at the farthest field away from the settlement, Jeremiah could see Abijah already working. He joined the dark-skinned man, who offered him a hunk of barley bread without words.

No point speaking. They shared little enough language, just the words necessary to get by each day. "Here," "go," and "danger" chief among them, somehow the two men got by.

After the second wee one had made her appearance, Jeremiah had quickly realized he would need more help to both grow his family and finance the changes he'd like to see to their homestead. With a prime space in the village within the fort, he had the land--and now the influence--to enlarge his home and purchase more arable farmland further afield, but only if he could prove he was able to make it productive. After years of struggling with growing grain and attempting flax and corn and every other crop they thought they might be able to export back to Mother England, the colonists had finally stumbled upon the one that might just make them all wildly wealthy: tobacco.

Near the time that sales were beginning to outpace supply, the first shipload had arrived from Africa. Some clever money-maker had discovered that there were strong backs in the villages there, and

in exchange for their passage, many of them were willing to indenture themselves for four or seven years to repay the cost of their transport to the New World before earning back their freedom.

Jeremiah had been unsure of these new settlers. With skin deep dark, the color of mahogany wood, they were as unlike pale and ginger Jeremiah as anyone he had ever seen. They didn't speak his language, and he had no idea how to even be an overseer--he'd never had a position of authority back in England, and was vastly better at taking orders than giving them. But he needed the help, and had saved just enough to purchase the man's Certificate of Indenture and bring him to the fields to live.

Abijah was agreeable, if silent. He smiled little but he worked hard, and Jeremiah had found him both honest and fair. Anne found time to bake extra loaves to provide him, and Jeremiah had learned the man was a skilled hunter. When the noise and chaos of a small home with three wee babes was too much, the silent company of a man with a full stew pot was very often exactly what Jeremiah most desired.

The two men stood together and between their few words and some practiced gestures, made a plan for the day. Abijah would complete the planting of the upper field with tobacco, and Jeremiah would prepare the seed for the lower field. When they were finished with that

work, they would prepare the last eight acres for planting, and with any luck, there would still be light enough to hunt before the sun set.

As he stooped over the turned soil in the lower field, Jeremiah thought of the meeting the other landowners had gone to attend the day prior. Just eleven miles from here, the Governor had made his home in a village called Williamsburg, and the first congress of leaders was to be held one day hence. With his hands crusted by red clay soil, the pouch at his waist filled with tobacco seed, and a black-skinned man indentured in his service, Jeremiah couldn't help but wonder how far he had come and so fast.

From the collar of his shirt fell a small green sprig, and he knew Anne must have placed it there. Rosemary. For remembrance. In the language of flowers, this token was meant to call something to mind. But with his crops in the ground and the sun high in the sky, Jeremiah didn't know for the life of his what it was he was meant to remember.

### **Jamestown, Present Day**

Kitty careened around the corner of the hallway, and could see the rectangle of

light made by the open door of the copy room at the end of corridor.

The darkness around the opening was emphasized by the illumination leaking from within, and Kitty could see the hinges of the door reflecting stars on to the tile floors.

Bryan was behind her, and she could hear his ragged breath as he struggled to keep up. He didn't seem to have the same level of urgency that she did, and it made Kitty irritated.

Was it The Itch that made her always want to move forward, move faster, move to the next thing? In some ways, no matter how fast she ran, Kitty felt she was always running.

At least tonight, she had something to run towards, instead of once again running away.

As she crossed the threshold into the copy room, Kitty paused to get her bearings. The hinges, still reflecting light back into the hall, were on her right, and the door swung inward. Beyond the swing of the door was a short wall of cubbies, each one holding mail and each cube labeled with names of department members throughout the Archaearium. Perpendicular to that, the back wall directly across from the door hosted two enormous copy machines, side by side, with a gap between them filled by large black power cords plugged into a single outlet in the wall.

And in front of that, a pair of legs, very still.

Kitty moved into the room, but her pace was slower now. The stillness of the legs, combined with Ruth's attitude when she shared the news moments ago, made it clear that the need for speed was past.

Peeking out around the corner of the copier was a bit of orange shirt, the sleeve of a tee, and just a hint of skin. The skin was pale and sickly looking, blueish in the harsh overhead fluorescent lights. There were small round circles dotting it, little holes punched out of paper, something you would brush off when working on a project for your boss.

Bryan came up behind her and she moved slightly to the right to allow him to see into the room. Immediately she regretted that, because she was suddenly sharing a very narrow space with a man who was simultaneously gagging and trying not to weep.

There was a bang behind her, and a shuffling sound. Kitty and Bryan both turned and looked to their right, past the opening of the door, to where the hallway took a ninety-degree turn and continued on into an endless dark corridor, punctuated periodically with small green emergency lights in the ceiling. Kitty searched the gloom for the source of the sound, irritated that the lateness of the hour meant that nearly every one of the inhabitants of these offices was gone, and the

lights gone with them.

She quickly made out movement in the darkened hallway, the flash of light on skin moving rapidly through space.

Suddenly, a weight crashed into her, forcing her backward into Bryan, and pinning both of them against the door jamb. Kitty instinctively shoved back, attempting to both get the weight off her chest and raise her knee so she could kick back at whatever had landed on her. She twisted her body slightly and wedged an elbow into the form, leaning forward. Bryan cowered behind her.

“What the hell?” bellowed an angry voice.

It was Greg.

“I could say the same to you,” Kitty muttered, finally managing to push him away now that he was backing off her. Bryan wiped his nose on his sleeve.

“I thought you were in your lab,” Greg say, somewhat grudgingly. His version of an apology, Kitty assumed.

Kitty stood silently, gave Greg a withering look, and then moved back toward the door, at last entering the copy room.

“Making copies, Bryan?” Greg said, a weak attempt at humor, or maybe just trying to gain some acknowledgement that his “apology” had been received.

Bryan winced, and wiped his nose again.

After a pause, Greg asked, “Wait, seriously? I bumped into you, it was dark! Lighten up!”

Kitty glanced at him over her shoulder, then said, “I think we found our missing crew member.”

Greg stared at her, quizzically. The abrupt change in subject--away from himself--seemed to leave him off-balance.

“Because we ran into each other?” he asked.

Kitty nodded toward the copy machine.

Greg leaned past her and frowned, then squinted slightly.

“What’s...” he began, then broke off.

“Oh, my God,” he whispered.

Kitty’s face was grim. She lifted one foot gingerly and placed it in front of the other. She wasn’t afraid. She wasn’t even hesitant. She was trying not to let on that this discovery, this mystery, this question looming before them--this was the highlight of her day. No Itch, no anxiety, no distractions. She was totally focused, and she was running toward something.

Kitty looked around her once inside the room. The cubbies on the wall went all the way to the ceiling. They were mirrored on the opposite wall, to the left of the copiers, by cabinets with white laminated doors, some on the wall above a counter, others below the counter, all presumably holding the standard assortment of office supplies. Sta-

plers, highlighters, reams of paper. Maybe gloves?

Taking three quick steps to the left led Kitty to the cabinets, and she began pulling them open and rifling through them.

“You can’t do that!” Greg exclaimed, as if office propriety or requisition forms could possibly matter when there was clearly a human being stuffed behind the xerox machine three feet in front of his face.

Kitty didn’t bother to look back at him. She shoved a box of ball point pens away, and another of felt tip, reached toward the back of the cabinet and found what she was looking for: an open box of latex gloves.

She pulled two gloves from the box and began putting them on, ignoring Greg as she did so.

“Listen, I’m sure you’re big news wherever you were before here, but this isn’t your personal supply closet,” he began with an acerbic tone. Kitty adjusted the fit of the glove and took a step closer to the copy machine.

“Hey! Listen to me, you can’t just come in here--”

He was interrupted by a great intake of breath and a lunge, both coming out of Bryan. Even Kitty was surprised to see the doughy man brush between her and Greg, and square his shoulders up to the bully.

“She’s here as a guest lecturer, Greg,” Bryan began, and Kitty could feel him shaking where his back brushed against hers as he took

this unexpected stand.

Greg clearly thought it was a joke.

“Get out of the way, Brown, you’re ridiculous,” he said dismissively, reaching past Bryan to attempt to grab Kitty by the shoulder. Bryan reached up and wrapped his hand around Greg’s wrist, and pushed his hand away.

“A man is dead, Greg,” Bryan says, his voice slightly bolder. “She’s helping us, can’t you get that? What’s...what’s the matter with you?”

Kitty imagined Bryan’s face, and was fairly certain that if she looked now, he would be appalled at his own nerve. But she was proud of him for standing firm. She froze, one hand still at the wrist of the opposite glove, listening hard and waiting to learn what would happen next.

“Stop being dramatic,” Greg said in a low voice, dripping with disdain.

Out of the corner of her eye, Kitty could see Greg take back his hand and make a show of adjusting his rolled-up sleeve to keep it above his elbow.

“How could you possibly even know he’s dead?” he asked snidely.

Kitty took this as a cue to crouch down and begin examining the

body.

“Aside from the fact that you’ve been having a public tantrum for the past five minutes and he hasn’t even twitched?” she asked him.

Greg scoffed softly behind her. She could almost hear him rolling his eyes.

“There’s also the fact that twenty minutes ago, the rest of our crew ran into the lab and told us they’d found him, folded in half and stuffed behind this copier.”

No response from the naysayer, so Kitty continued her examination.

“What...uh, what do we do, here, exactly?” Bryan asked her from here he stood. He was still facing Greg, but twisting his body around and leaning dangerously backward so he could both block the other man from the room and see what Kitty was doing simultaneously.

“We are treating this exactly like a site recovery,” Kitty said in a quiet voice. She was crouched down with her gloved hands between her knees, leaning closer to the space between the two copiers.

“So you’re, what, doing survey?” Greg asked waspishly. Despite his attitude, he had leaned around Bryan to get a better look.

Kitty glanced back once at the sound of his voice, then turned her full attention to the scene before her.

“Survey,” she repeated after Bryan. “Exactly.

“Bryan, will you glove up and come over here, please? I want to make some more space.”

Bryan turned back to Greg and hesitated.

Greg let out an exasperated sound, mixed with disgust. “What, you think I’m going to get in the way? The kid’s probably just passed out back there. He’s high or something.”

At this, Kitty finally turned and looked Greg dead in the eyes.

“So you’re saying, one of our crew members sneaked away and got HIGH, then crawled behind a pair of copiers to, what, hide? Before being discovered by other crew members and then lying here motionless while three grown adults--including his boss--have an extended conversation just a few feet away? Is that your explanation, Greg?”

The other man stood just inside the doorway, and Bryan took this opportunity to slink silently to the other side of the room, where he put latex gloves on his hands but never allowed his eyes to leave Greg’s face.

“You think it’s more likely that he’s DEAD? That’s the conclusion to which you jump, DOCTOR Campbell?” Greg snapped back at her. “Doesn’t it seem equally unlikely that some kid tripped and fell and died behind an office machine?”

He stared at her in defiance.

Kitty maintained eye contact and then said quietly, “Yes, I think

that does sound unlikely.”

There was nothing but silence for two heartbeats and then the snapping sound of Bryan putting on his gloves. Kitty pivoted on her heel where she rested, still crouched in front of the copiers, and gave him her attention.

“We should catalog what we see,” she said to him, “and start a record.”

Greg threw up his hands in disbelief.

“Ugh, WHY?? Why aren’t you just calling the cops if you’re so sure the kid is dead? This is all INSANE.”

His voice was loud and aggressive, but he never budged from where he stood in the doorway of the copy room. It was as if his feet were locked in place.

It was a fair question. Just because Greg was behaving like a power-hungry ass didn’t make him wrong. Why WASN’T Kitty calling the police?

In the past, she’d helped identify killers. But in those cases, it was always out of necessity: high on a mountain that could only be reached on foot, it had been impossible to get the authorities to the site before the killer might strike again; on an isolated island off the Atlantic coast, with the only ferry out of commission, there had been 48 hours where Kitty’s own freedom and career had been on the line

if she’d been unable to find a killer; and here...what? It was too late at night?

Kitty knew that wasn’t a good reason. Why didn’t she just pick up the phone and call someone, for goodness sake? Three digits and the cops would be on their way, and they could all nurse their horror in the brightly-lit lab while the experts figured it all out.

“You’re right, obviously,” she said to Greg.

The man looked like he was about to argue some more before he caught himself. With a little shake like a mutt getting out of a river, he said, “I know I’m right.”

“We should call the police,” she told him, “as soon as possible.”

“The police?” she heard a tremulous voice ask. “Oh my dear word, why didn’t I think of that? I was just so worried about poor Stella, the lamb, and it never even entered my brain, oh, Dr. Campbell, I’m so sorry!”

The older woman had just arrived down the dark corridor, materializing out of the gloom like a child’s doll, all soft edges and curly hair. She was alone.

As she paused to draw breath, Kitty interrupted Ruth: “Where is Stella?”

Kitty had stood, her gloved hands held out to either side, no longer crouching in an uncomfortable position. Bryan stood similar-

ly, although he looked awkward and uncertain where Kitty looked as though she were at the ready.

“Bless her heart,” Ruth answered, “I remembered that there was a cot in the graduate student lounge, and I’ve got her all tucked in, poor thing. She’s just flat wore out with all that crying, and I’ll be honest, Dr. Campbell...”

Here Ruth’s voice trailed off a bit as she looked around her, making a show of not wanting to be overheard, despite the fact that it was now nearing midnight and the four of them were the only ones in the gloomy corridor.

Softly, Ruth shared with them, “I just don’t think she’d be much help in her current state, I mean, I think she’d really be in the way, don’t you?”

She looked knowingly at Greg and then Bryan, and then closed her eyes and nodded sagely before opening them and looking directly at Kitty.

“Now, did you say police? Are we going to need to call them and get them down here?” Ruth asked her.

Kitty hesitated. She should just call the police. It was the logical, the RIGHT thing to do, right? She was an American, and in America, when you discover a dead body stuffed behind a copy machine in the dark of night with only a handful of people around, you don’t put

on gloves and start poking things, you call the authorities and let them sort it out.

But Kitty didn’t WANT to call the authorities. That was the thing. This was a lock that needed picking, this was a door that she wanted to peek through. This was an undiscovered prehistoric site that wanted to be opened, excavated, explored.

Kitty was an explorer.

“Bryan, is your Canon charged up?”

“Canon?” gasped Ruth, “Oh, my goodness, what?”

Greg winced, then said, “She means the camera,” in a voice that was bathed in loathing for the older woman.

Ruth raised her eyebrows and half turned to Greg, then gave an unconvincing half-start before saying, “Oh, Dr. Wood! I didn’t notice you there.”

Her face was girlish and flirty.

For his part, Greg replied in an unpleasant tone, “I’m sure you didn’t.”

Bryan jumped into the sour silence that followed, interrupting Ruth’s look of hurt by saying, “Yeah, uh, yeah. We keep the camera batteries all charged all the time, as a rule.”

“You mean like this one?” announced another voice, very close behind Greg and Ruth and causing both of them to jump, for real this

time. Ruth reached out to grab Wood's arm as if for support, giggling, but he snatched his elbow away, again adjusting the sleeve of his shirt to keep it rolled up.

The voice belonged to Brandon, who must have trailed along behind Ruth. In his hand was a DSLR Canon digital camera, complete with what appeared to be a very expensive lens.

"Do you know how to use that?" Kitty asked, without missing a beat. Brandon's antics had stopped surprising her. Whenever she thought the kid was out for the count, he showed up, more prideful and arrogant than ever. So be it--she would put him to work.

"Hells, yeah!" he crowed. "Gotta keep my Insta game strong, you know it."

He grinned widely and flexed the arm that wasn't holding the camera. It irritated Kitty that he was so good-looking, because his behavior should have been laughable, but somehow he pulled it off so that it seemed charming and not obnoxious. Again.

Ruth let a small sniff. She didn't find Brandon charming at all, apparently.

Greg let out a sniff of his own, his paired with a loud scoff. "What, crime scene photos now? That's your plan? Call the police, Campbell!"

His face was flushed deep red and he was practically shouting

now.

Kitty stood before him, gloves still on her hands, and she took two deep breaths in, letting each one out slowly and methodically.

Greg stamped his foot like an impatient child. He had his arms crossed in front of him and his fingers continued to fuss with the cuff of his sleeve.

Kitty looked from Greg to Ruth and then to Bryan. She had a silent conversation with the project leader, who nodded and shrugged, looking lost. He seemed content to let her take the lead.

Kitty turned back to Ruth. "Ruth, Dr. Wood is right: we should call the police. I would like you to please go do that from the phone in our lab."

Ruth nodded back at Kitty, wide-eyed. "Oh, of COURSE, Dr. Campbell, I am happy to help just in any way I can, this is all so awful and poor Stella couldn't even stand to be here again after seeing... that...and you know I hate to even bring it up, but seeing as he's dead already, or at least he looks like he's dead, I mean, we came down here more than half an hour ago and he hasn't budged since, but the thing is, I love to watch Law & Order and shouldn't we check to see if he has a pulse first? Just to be sure, I'm saying."

Now it was Bryan's turn for his face to go red. He was clearly working valiantly to keep himself under control--not because he was

going to lose his temper, but because once again he gave every indication of wanting to cry.

“Ruth,” he said in a strangled voice that was slightly raised. “YOU are the one who told us he couldn’t still be alive! You said he was folded in half and stuffed behind the copier and he couldn’t still be alive!”

Bryan’s voice was practically pleading.

Ruth nodded apologetically.

“I did, I did say that, Dr. Brown, and I am sure that it’s true, but I’m wondering, since both you and Dr. Wood are here and you’re both the ones responsible for all of us as crew members, if maybe it wouldn’t look bad if we do NOTHING? I mean, I agree with you, of COURSE, Dr. Wood...”

She looked over at him fawningly. He stared back at her, seeming dumb-struck by the torrent of speech coming from her mouth.

“I agree that we should ABSOLUTELY call the police, it’s just that if he has even a little bit of a heartbeat and we don’t check, aren’t we complicit or something?”

She spread her hands wide in front of her and looked from Bryan to Greg and finally to Kitty imploringly.

This was all the permission Kitty needed, it turned out. She

wanted to pick this lock, but she knew there was no reason it needed to be her--and as soon as the words were out of Ruth’s mouth, she realized all she wanted was someone to give her the go ahead so she could get to work.

Kitty felt a rush of energy and focus.

“Brandon, bring the camera. I want you to take as many shots as you can before we move anything, and then I want you to take photos any time I ask for them, can you do that?”

The tall young man nodded and gave a little salute.

“Will do, Doc!” His manner was flippant, but he had gone slightly pale when he looked past Kitty and saw the hand and arm, ghostly blue and limp on the floor of the copier room.

“Bryan, I need your help,” Kitty told him.

Bryan gave a small yelp, and pulled his hands in close to his body. Even in the gloves, they were clutching one another and his reluctance to move away from the counter and cabinets against which he was leaning was telegraphed across the small space they all shared.

Greg Wood rolled his eyes.

“Scared, Brown?” he asked, scathingly.

“Yes,” Bryan retorted without delay. “Aren’t you? There’s a

dead body in the copy room, Greg!”

Wood had no reply to this, and stood where he had been, arms folded and lips pressed into a thin line.

Brandon wasted no time getting to work on his assignment. He seemed to handle the camera well, from what Kitty could see, and spent some time adjusting the settings and lens before getting to work. She could hear the digital shutter clicking as he worked his way around the small room, and had to move out of his reach once he got close to the copier.

Kitty observed Brandon shoot photos from low to the ground, where the arm lay undisturbed, and from above, reaching his long body over the copier to see behind it. None of the others said a word.

“Hey, you guys,” Brandon said from behind the camera, not pausing in his methodical picture-taking but stiffening slightly as he continued to press the shutter button, “there’s more back here than just...you know...him.”

“By him,” Greg asked, his voice showing only a hint of discomfort, “you mean who, exactly?”

“Whom, I think you mean, Doctor,” Ruth interjected sweetly, smiling at Wood. He ignored her.

“I mean,” Brandon said, sounding slightly out of breath, “I

can’t exactly see his face? His arm is in the way, and there’s stuff everywhere.”

Kitty looked at Bryan, who looked back at her, confused and a little scared. He was chewing his bottom lip, and his eyebrows were pinched like they did before he cried.

“Alright, Brandon, I think that’s good,” Kitty said aloud. Turning toward both Bryan and Greg, she continued, “I need help getting this machine out of the way.”

“Now you’re destroying evidence! And you want me to help?” Wood sounded incredulous.

“There isn’t another way for us to get close enough to see if he’s alive or who it is, Greg,” Kitty responded, as if explaining the obvious to a slow student.

Ruth tsked her tongue and sighed. “So sad,” she said softly.

Brandon stepped over to Greg and smacked the camera into his hands with a scathing look.

“Here you go, Doc,” Brandon told him. “I’ll help.”

Between the three of them, Kitty, Bryan and Brandon pulled the enormous copier, which must have weighed over 200 pounds, away from the wall. There was a tray on the back for paper as it came out of the machine, and this was broken in two and hanging loosely against

the back of the copier. Because it had extended towards the wall but hung over the back side of the massive bulk of the machine, there had been roughly a nine inch gap between the metallic structure and the wall itself. It was in this gap that Kitty found the body.

And it was, indeed, a body. There was zero chance this individual was still living.

Lying on his right side, the man--it was certainly a man, based on the musculature and the clothing--had his back to the wall and one arm over his head and covering his face. Dark hair was visible under the arm, and the pale, sickly skin stood out against the carpet. The other arm lay under his head, supporting it, and this was what Kitty had seen poking out from behind the copier. The man's legs were bent at an unnatural angle, folded behind him strangely, in a way that implied he'd been shoved behind the copier, rather than fell.

Kitty gestured to Brandon, who was standing next to Greg now that the copier had been shoved out of the way.

He came to stand next to her and she said, "I see what you mean. Can you get another shot of this?"

"There isn't a ton of light."

Kitty pulled out her cell phone. She had a very weak signal this deep into the building, but her battery was strong. She turned on the flashlight.

Holding it out over the body and balancing her hand against the wall to give Brandon room, she waited for the young man to retrieve the camera from Wood. He gave the older man a sour look as he re-adjusted his dials.

"Don't mess with it, please," Brandon said, although his tone made it clear he wasn't asking.

Kitty watched as he brought the camera back over and stood in front of her to get the shot. The light from her phone filtered down to the body below, illuminating a pile of debris on top of the man behind the copier.

"Bryan?" Kitty said softly as the shutter clicked.

Brandon finished wordlessly and moved away, and Bryan took hesitant steps toward Kitty as he indicated she wanted him to see what she was seeing.

With an audible gulp and a very pale face, Bryan wiped his sweaty lip with one shaking hand and joined Kitty.

"Flowers?" he said, his voice disbelieving.

Kitty nodded.

Bryan looked back at her, his face baffled. "Why are there flowers on top of him?"

"And how did they get there, I wonder, don't you, Doctor?"

Kitty and Bryan both turned to discover Ruth's face hovering

over their shoulders, her expression wide with fascination and not a hint of fear.

Greg's irritable voice piped up from behind them all, "I'm sure they fell there from heaven, aren't you?"

All three heads turned to look at Greg, then looked back at one another. As if realizing how close they were standing to each other, they all wordlessly broke apart and moved away from the body.

Kitty adjusted her gloves and moved back into the space between the copier and the wall. She reached over and picked up one of the flowers. It was a violet-tinged blue. Another was yellow, and a third was more of a persimmon color. She held it up.

"Pansies!" exclaimed Ruth. "I just love pansies, I plant them every spring, it makes it feel like the winter is finally over, don't you think?"

Noticing that none of the others shared her enthusiasm, Ruth hushed herself.

Kitty leaned back in and moved the arm away from the man's face where he lay awkwardly wedged, "stuffed" as Ruth had put it, behind the machine.

"It's Hank," she said quietly, and she heard Bryan finally break. He snuffled softly as the tears began to flow.

"Hank," said Greg. "One of your crew members? What's he do-

ing back here? He didn't have copy room privileges, none of you do."

"I wouldn't consider getting stuffed behind a copier a privilege, Greg," Kitty said with some sarcasm.

She was leaning even closer, using her flashlight to examine Hank's face. There was a spot of blood on his temple, and his hair had been matted down with sweat before he died. His mouth was slightly open, as were his eyes. On the whole, it was a deeply disturbing sight.

Kitty stood up and looked back at the group, deep in thought.

Bryan, who was working valiantly to keep it together, wiped his eyes on his sleeve and sniffed. He moaned softly.

Kitty looked up at him, then glanced briefly at the others. They looked back at her, expectantly.

"Here's the thing," she said. She paused, considering her words.

"Yes, Doctor?" breathed Ruth.

Kitty looked up at her, then made eye contact with Bryan. "He has all his teeth."

Silence.

"What are you talking about?" Greg exclaimed. "His teeth?"

Kitty nodded.

Ruth piped up, "But Dr Campbell, if Hank is here, and Hank is the body we found, but we thought Hank was also who lost the tooth we found and examined earlier..."

“Then who’s tooth is in the lab, right?” Brandon asked.

Kitty shook her head. She didn’t know.

Another locked door.