

Chapter 16

Agent Wilson looked at the photographs of Roland 1 over and over again. He looked at the fingerprints. Then he looked at the footprints in the mud. There were photographs and also rubber molds made by FBI's forensics units.

Ballistics came back and identified the weapon as a Russian made .22 caliber pistol. Forensics found traces of cardamom, turmeric and cloves on the weapon. The CIA looked at the data from the FBI and advised that it's the type of gun used by Indian RAW agents. The guns cannot be traced.

The case was getting murkier and murkier. In the summer, a hunter killed a bear in the woods. When he gutted the animal, he found a human jaw in it. He reported the jaw to the local constable. The jaw had fragments of a .22 caliber hollow point bullet in it.

FBI ballistics analyzed the bullet and the jaw. The bullet was from the same .22 caliber gun that was used in the armed robbery at WalMart in Ithaca. But the bullet was purchased in Ithaca by a woman named Saraswati Gandhi, the missing PhD from Cornell.

The jaw came back from the same forensics unit and it is the jaw of Suprita Gulprita, the other missing PhD from Cornell. The jaw had fragments of Kevlar on it. This Kevlar is only manufactured in Germany for advanced tactical weapons that are used by snipers. These guns shoot from 500 meters to three kilometers from the victim.

"What's going on?" he said to himself.

Agent Millrue came through the door. "We got something", he said waving his hands. In one hand were a file with papers bulging out. And then in his other hand he was shaking his pointed finger at the ceiling.

"What's up?" Agent Wilson asked.

"We found some DNA in the WalMart robbery. They found some DNA on the jaw of that woman. They match."

“Great,” replied Agent Wilson.

Agent Millrue started nodding his head right to left. “Unfortunately, there is no match in any databases or birth records. So we went to ancestry sites and looked for clues. We found the DNA matches some lawyer. And that lawyer had a son, Roland Svengali.

Then we went to the Ithaca birth records. Mr. Svengali had two children before and I have subpoenaed their DNA.

It looks like Dr. Svengali had a son. And it looks like he may be harboring a fugitive.”

“What’s the plan?” asked Agent Wilson.

“We have a tail on him. He is being tapped. We have a bird on him. Wait for the chicken to return to the coop.”

“OK. What about Suprita Guprita and Saraswati Gandhi?” enquired Agent Wilson.

“We need to contact Indonesian authorities and advise them that Miss Guprita is dead. Based on preliminary forensics, it appears that Suprita Guprita killed Saraswati Gandhi. It appears to be a lovers quarrel. They were lesbians. We found a butt plug in Miss Gandhi’s apartment with Miss Guprita’s DNA all over it. In addition, we found jock straps belonging to Miss Gandhi in Miss Guprita’s laundry bin.”

“Case closed?” Agent Wilson asked.

“Looks like it. The case of the WalMart armored truck robbery remains unsolved.”

“DNA may link Roland Svengali to the robbery,” Agent Wilson stated.

“Hold on Agent Wilson. DNA may link the suspect to Roland Svengali. But we have no way to arrest or question Dr. Svengali. The perpetrator by all evidence is a boy. The boy is a vicious murderer. That is all we have now.”

“The money was from the cash registers there. It is not counted. WalMart was taking the money to its regional processing center to be processed,” Agent Millrue added.

“The kid is gone. We checked the schools. Birth records. Orphanages. Hospitals,” Agent Wilson stated.

“Ever since this crime we had multiple homicides in Ithaca. Ithaca will have close to 100 murders next year. It is pretty bad.”

“Who is being murdered?” asked Agent Millrue.

“The weirdest thing is that all the murders are occurring in rich neighborhoods. All the robberies are occurring in rich neighborhoods. The videotapes show gangs of white men, well organized. We have no voices, no faces and no identification marks. We had some fingerprints but they were not in the databases. So they are useless.”

“Did you get any forensics feedback?” asked Agent Millrue

“They told us the fingerprints were odd. They were all uniform. Usually the fingers are scarred or bruised. All of these prints were clean and spotless. Not a single palm even had a piece of sperm or feces on it. It is as if they scrubbed and washed before the robbery. We found hair at one robbery. Forensics said six different samples were the same hair,” Agent Wilson replied.

“That makes no sense.”

“These are professional thieves. You know what that means?” Agent Wilson asked.

“What?”

“Organized crime,” Agent Wilson stated.

“The mafia?” enquired Agent Millrue.

“Not what we are used to in New York. A much more sophisticated gang. Erudite. Using signals. No words.”

“What?” asked Agent Millrue.

“I’ll show you a three hour robbery. Not a single word spoken. Not a single sneeze. The man had a full liquor cabinet as well as a really hot Mexican servant. No one touched the liquor. The woman was not even slapped. No one even fondled her breast or squeezed her cha cha,” Agent Wilson stated.

“Really?”

“See the tape for yourself. I am serious. Three hours. Methodical. Watching a tax attorney work or a mason. Not a single screw up. They knew where everything was. How? They had no maps. No radios or even walkie talkies. Not a single cell phone,” replied Agent Wilson

“Wow.”

Agent Wilson said, “one of them disabled the house alarm system. Punched in the code.”

“How?” asked Agent Millrue.

“In another one, they came and talked to the gardener. And entered the house through the pool house. The pool house had no alarm. So they just walked in and disabled the alarm manually with a simple toggle. They robbed the house via the pool house exit. They knew the pool house was not alarmed,” Agent Wilson replied.

“Inside job, no?”

Agent Wilson said, “looks it.”

“But these rich people are not saying anything.”

“You got that right. Tight! They are all close. No one in their circle is having money problems of any kind. Their porn searches are all normal. BD/SM, transvestite, lesbian and gay.”

“Where do we go from here?” Agent Wilson asked.

“I have no idea. I am stuck.”

“What are you doing for lunch?” asked Special Agent Millrue.

“Let’s grab a burger.”

“Sounds good,” replied Agent Wilson.