

Police finally arrest Marcel for murder

When they came to arrest me, it was a big surprise. Sort of. Well, I don't know. Not really.

I mean, yes, of course, it was a big surprise.

Who expects to get arrested for murder, even if I did bash my wife's head with a rock, and push her into a gully to die, where she lay several days before they found her body.

But the cops were a little rough about it, and rather impolite. They cuffed my hands behind my back.

"Be careful," I said. "I have a torn rotator cuff that has never properly healed."

"We are being careful," the cop said, as he twisted my arm.

I didn't appreciate that. The torn rotator cuff was real — a diving accident from my childhood which had never been properly treated.

"Your shoulder has been frozen for 30 years," one doc told me recently. "I recommend yoga." I'd tried the yoga, but the shoulder repair was — how should I put it — still in progress.

Cops mind their manners

The police took me down to the San Jose jail. "What's wrong with the Palo Alto jail?" I asked. "That's my home town."

The cops driving the car said nothing. I didn't like their attitudes, and the way this was starting to shape up.

"We've been told to be civil to you," one

A Deadly Secret

Homicide in Palo Alto



A fictional serial by John Angell Grant

of them finally said. "You're lucky. That's not always the way we handle it."

Apparently I was some kind of celebrity felon, and they didn't want to do anything wrong that would push their case off track.

Mentally I made a note of the officers. One was the guy who'd stopped me on the street a year earlier, to ask about a homeless guy sleeping in Peers Park. He'd flagged me down, at that time, in his car. I remembered him. Officer Hoffman.

I was wearing my jogging shorts. As the police guided me into the jail, one of the waiting cops whistled at me.

"This isn't good," I thought to myself.

No belt

They had me take everything out of my pockets, and then double-checked the pockets themselves. It was like a pat-down at the airport.

"Take off your belt," said the in-checking officer.

"My pants will fall down," I said.

"That will make you popular with your new roommates," he said.

This wasn't going well.

"We don't want you hanging yourself," he added.

I thought that was a rude remark. I'm not the suicide type.

"Where's my lawyer?" I asked.

"You tell me," he answered. "You made the call."

I had called Tom, my lawyer, and told him I needed help. He said he was on his way.

Not like a TSA search

The cops had their hands all over me during the search. It made the TSA people at the airport look like amateurs. Heck, I'd gone through the TSA scan several times a couple years back, before one semi-articulate functionary found the Swiss Army knife buried in my shoulder pack that I'd forgotten about. Some security.

But the San Jose jail process was different. They searched my orifices.

"Now what are you looking for?" I asked the officer doing the search.

"What have you got?" he replied.

It was not a friendly environment. I wasn't happy to be in this situation.

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