

Jail and Marcel's sense of entitlement

It took a while to sort out the bail; so I was in the joint for 14 hours.

Jail is nasty. They throw you in with drunks and drug addicts and all sorts of low-lives. My lawyer had warned me it's better not to sleep. When you sleep, he said, bad things can happen.

There were four guys in the cell, and three cots. I sat on a stool. A big guy with tattoos, taking a whole cot to himself, stared at me. "What are you looking at?" he said.

A friend in jail

"Marcel," spoke a voice. I turned around.

"Ernie," I said. "What are you doing here.?"

"DUI," said Ernie. "My third one. How many strikes do you have?"

"What do you mean?" I said.

"How many times have you been arrested?"

"Never before," I said. "This is the first."

"You're lucky," he said. "You'll be OK. Just some fines, meetings and service. This is my third DUI. If I don't beat this one, I'm going to prison."

"What happened?" I asked.

"Last night?" said Ernie. "I have no idea. But I have a terrible hangover."

"I thought you were in AA," I said.

A Deadly Secret

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A fictional serial by John Angell Grant

"I was," said Ernie. "But I thought I got cured. So I was able to drink again."

"I don't think it works like that," I said.

"No," said Ernie. "Maybe not."

The money transfer for bail took longer than I expected.

"They want \$6 million," said Tom, my attorney.

"Six million!" I exclaimed. "That doesn't seem fair."

Old Palo Alto versus new Palo Alto

Tom looked at me. "You have to get rid of that sense of entitlement," he said to me. "The jury will hate that. You think life is your playground. It's going to get you in trouble in court."

"Life is my playground," I said. "I live in the new Palo Alto, where all things are possible."

"Well don't tell the jury that," said Tom. "There will be people from the old Palo Alto, who don't like the new Palo Alto."

When the bail wire finally came through, I'd had enough with this jail thing.

"Just be glad you got bail at all," said Tom. "You're a high-flight risk. That's why they took your passport."

All the paperwork to get out of the joint was annoying. I'm not really a paperwork kind of guy. I'm more the dreamer-and-ideas type of guy. Carla, my ex, now deceased, was great at paper work, so I left it all to her. That may have been the only reason not to kill her.

He's sure they don't have proof

It certainly was inconvenient to spend 14 hours in jail. Even if I had hit my wife in the head with a rock, and pushed her in a gully to die, no one was going to be able to prove it. I was sure of that.

As we drove away from the incarceration center after my release, I said, "Tom, I hope I never see the inside of a jail again."

Tom pulled over to the side of the road and stopped the car. He turned and looked at me.

"What?" I finally said, after our stare-down.

Tom looked like he was trying to read me, but could not. "Good," I thought.

"Whatever," he said finally. "You're paying the bills." He put his Beemer in gear and headed to Highway 101.

"Yes, I am," I said, "And don't you forget it."

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