

The day was rising slowly. My radio alarm time displayed everything just 5 h 45 and it was only little time to enjoy the sweetness of the night. I lingered a little longer, and then finally, I pushed away my duvet and decided to get up. He was barely 6 o'clock in the morning and an important step in my life was about to begin.

After a shower, I tossed my short blond hair and adjusted a light makeup to bring out my blue eyes. I was finishing getting ready and put on a Navy blue suit over a white shirt United.

I rarely take a breakfast, but allowed myself when the time to enjoy my cup of coffee, while contemplating the city awoken by the Bay window of my living room from the fifth floor of the building where was my new apartment.

Last week was grueling. Leave the city of Boston in Massachusetts, where I lived for my last years of student and the apartment that I shared with my fiancé, Andrew, for coming to settle in Alexandria in a suburb southwest of Washington located just below Arlington. Cartons, move, install furniture, unpack my stuff had me all week.

I had spent several days to contact local estate agents looking for a comfortable but not luxurious apartment. My current income did not yet allow me to offer me the apartment to which I aspired. In addition, rents in Washington were horribly expensive.

I had little money, because my lawyer salary, although comfortable, had mainly served me over these past five years, to repay Bank loans that I had obtained to finance my studies of rights. After multiple searches, I had finally opted for the nearby suburbs and stopped my choice on the town of Alexandria, one of the residential neighborhoods of Washington. It would take me thirty minutes in the morning to go by road to the FBI, Federal Bureau of investigation offices in downtown Washington.

My new home was located in a residence in the heart of the neighborhood of Falls Church, not far from the Mall. The street was quiet and lined with trees, with green areas that surrounded the houses. The front of the building was white and of fairly recent construction. Each apartment has large windows opening onto a balcony. Outside the main entrance were a lawn and a few flower beds, which made rather friendly access. The hall was decorated with woodwork, and clear and spacious with floor tiles of imitation marble. Large clumps of ornamental plants completed whole. Parts had been freshly repainted white and the entrance faced a hallway leading to the bedrooms. The entrance opened on the stay, with its right a kitchen overlooking the living room. A window opening onto a balcony was the two sections of the wall of the stay.

I decided for a four parts, it would change me than I was with Andrew in Boston, because he had only one living room and a bedroom. The main room was bright and had I set up my office to work at night. After many hesitations, I had finally placed it in the living room near the bay window. A bathroom was communicating with the room. The wall tile was in the blue-green tones. The tub and

were suited but darker color. The second room was also equipped with a small bathroom with a shower. As for the third part, I thought reserved for Andrew to set up his office and library. I started by installing the furniture that I had taken, those of Andrew would complement the planning as soon as he would join me. Put here and big green plants and disposed in the living room of the cushions on the off-white color sofa to add a note of comfort. My English furniture with mahogany tints came out beautifully.

Now, I was going to spend my first day as an Agent specialized in the Federal Bureau of investigation (FBI) in Washington and more precisely to the "Criminal Investigations" Department.

After law school and once my lawyer degree at Princeton University in New Jersey, I had worked for six years in a large law firm in Boston in "JEFFERSON & ASSOCIATES", specialized in judicial law. Like many students, I had been seduced by their notoriety during their presentation in our University, and the possibilities of evolution and career within their group. My joy I had been recruited along with five other students in my class in one of the most reputable firms.

My fiancé Andrew Berkeley was a practitioner at the hospital in Boston. We met at a party at the home of mutual friends. Large, brown hair, her big green eyes had immediately seduced me. He was smart and distinguished two essential qualities I like in a man. We moved together less than two months after our meeting in his apartment.

He had enough influence in my choice to go in a different direction : the FBI. I now wanted to work differently. More fun in pleading cases in which investigations were limited. Now, I wanted to devote myself to an approach more upstream in the investigations. I was also very attracted to the side 'profiler' Department and including the psychological aspect of the approach. But for now, before you can access this specialization, I would learn everything from the operation of the FBI and acquire the skills and knowledge necessary for our investigations.

After meeting the Director of the Department "Criminal investigation" of the FBI, Warren Hawthorne who was also a friend of Andrew and of answering dozens of questions, I had accepted their offer to join. We should Andrew and I live with this separation until

the Hospital University George Washington that he had contacted
could offer him a position of internal.

I closed the door of my apartment, took the elevator and went to the parking lot of my apartment building. I sat at the wheel of my rental car and then left Alexandria to take the direction of the center of Washington. The night before, I had carefully studied the course that I had to borrow in order to not get lost and do not arrive late for my first day. The sky was clear and the day looked sweet.

I borrowed the highway leading to the airport Ronald Reagan then came to Arlington and then finally the Independence Avenue in Washington. Traffic was flowing at this still early hour and I arrived safely at the FBI offices on Pennsylvania Avenue. At a few steps away stood the White House which I saw the dome by far. From the outside, the building looked a bit like a blockade. Five-story beige concrete, he occupied the corner of Pennsylvania Avenue and ninth Street. This was my first visit in these offices because I met Warren Hawthorne during my hiring process in a restaurant in Boston.

The entrance to the Federal Bureau of Investigations was guarded by two officers dressed in the uniform : rangers, Black mesh, white shirt, jacket and hat with the initials of the office. Very short hair gave them an air of Gi's, but have their machine guns that they wanted the hand that impressed me the most. I handed them my Identity Papers as well as the letter that made me achieve the Direction of human resources of the FBI evidence of my taking office on Monday. I borrowed the descent leading to the parking lot and parked me in the first basement just to the space reserved for the 'visitors' as had indicated me one of the agents. After a last glance in the rearview mirror to adjust a strand of my hair, I took my door documents and left my car. From the basement, I took the elevator and won the entry hall to introduce me to the home.

After an audit of my passport and the formalities of use, generally my door documents search, it made me pass under the portico laser and I received my temporary badge on behalf of the Federal Bureau of Investigations (FBI) on which featured my picture and my name.

The lobby was sober and elegant. Leather chairs allowed visitors wait comfortably. Interior decoration stopped at the badges and

emblems of the Office and some green plants that made the place less icy than it appeared. A map of the United States carved out of the stone representing the fifty States occupied the entire inner façade of one of the walls. In the beautiful middle of the hall stood the American flag, surrounded by a cordon of security of red color. Agents came in and out. They were easily recognizable through their badge hung on their clothes.

After a few minutes waiting at the reception counter, a Secretary came to pick me up and took me upstairs where our Department offices were grouped. We took the elevator and reached the eighth floor of the building. We were going through different security doors which we insert our badges equipped with chips that allowed us to identify in each unit. By the way, I met my future colleagues and some men turned in our path. The floor was covered with a dark blue carpet. The light gray walls alternated with dark gray wall panels. Everywhere the name of the FBI was displayed.

My office was pleasant and comfortable. The walls were covered with a beige color paint and the floor covered with a carpet dark gray. Back to the window overlooked a varnished Dark Oak color office. A

round table and two leather seats completed furniture. Wall shelves were empty. They would allow me to store my books and in the subwoofer to my forthcoming files skateboarding. Window that devoured half of the section of wall up to mid floor, I could see the city. The traffic in the surrounding streets was heavy.

Standing in the middle of the room, I heard no not get my new Manager and Director of the Department "Criminal investigation" of the Federal Bureau of investigation : Warren Hawthorne.

-- Hello Celia. I see that you're early !

-- Hi Warren, I replied as I turned around and shook his hand. I didn't want to be late for my first day!

Indeed, he was not yet eight hours. He stood up against the door frame. 50, medium size (a little smaller than Andrew), slightly grizzled temples, his dark gray color costume gave her an elegant look. His green eyes were watching me :

-- Well, let's start with a cup of coffee! You like it black, isn't it ?

-- Yes, thank you, I replied.

I was dropping off my bag and my documents on the desktop and follow-up Warren Hawthorne door for my first tour. He made me go around the floor. The open-plan offices were organized in the form of small satellites and separated by glass partitions. They were working on investigations. Warren Hawthorne introduced me to some of its teams. Other offices were reserved for managers and team leaders. TVs embedded in the walls were broadcasting national and regional information. I felt in a newsroom of a television channel.

He was the head of a fifty employees, investigators, agents, but also a team of thirty people composed of researchers and laboratory assistants, a hundred people, to which he had to also add staff Administrative and Secretaries. Everyone was busy, the Secretaries were knocking on their treatment of text sitting behind their computer. It was a real anthill ! Agents were in conversation with their mobile phone connected to a headset. Each exchanged messages and certainly discussing current affairs. It was exhilarating ! I was totally impressed and I was trying to not show it.

We were headed down the Hall, opposite the whereabouts of my office. Warren Hawthorne opened double door covered with leather.

It was the main boardroom on our floor. The walls in woodwork were decorated with the insignia of the office, 15 people of our staff were there, and my first working session would be able to start.

-- Well, first let's make presentations announced Warren Hawthorne. First of all, I present to you Celia Wilson, who has our greatest joy, has agreed to join us in order to bring his knowledge particularly in the judicial area in our Department.

I waved my new colleagues and took place alongside Warren Hawthorne on the Chair he pointed me located to the right. Around the oval table in Cherry was waiting for us coffee and doughnuts. I thus met John Steward former police officer in New York, where he did much of his career, who addressed me just a look. His suit was not a first youth. A little paunchy his face was marked by the years.

Then came Rudy Summer tour, agent for four years at the FBI, he had a face a juvenile fear and her smile was warm. Mike Ford attached to research and recognizable to her white blouse as well as his two assistants who wore the same outfit : Virginia Parkson and Emma Stern, all two graduates in "Cell biology" for Virginia and in

'Materials and Fibres' for Emma. The five agents Alan Parker, Willy Murray, Bill Stevens, Brandon Thomas, Samuel Jones and finally Hillary Preston Secretary Warren Hawthorne.

It was a young woman of 30 years Brown who sent me a big smile while handing me a cup of coffee. His eyes left me thinking she was thrilled that there a woman more in this service because, according to what I saw when I arrived, we were surrounded mostly by men.

-- We were informed early this morning, began Warren Hawthorne while readjusting his reading glasses and looking at his notes, a murder in Chinatown. A restaurateur was found murdered. His body is of multiple stab wounds and death is due to hemorrhage.

-- In my opinion, he has to empty his blood in less time than it takes to tell, retorted John Steward while using a doughnut.

-- There's likely Warren replied.

-- And what are we concerned ? asked Bill Stevens by turning his cup of coffee between his two hands.

-- It's up to me to decide ! replied Warren Hawthorne while standing up to be reused coffee. This murder is in our jurisdiction,

and moreover is not the latest in this sector. This is for those of us who arise or be wondering ! added by resting the thermos on the set.

The tone had been net and without appeal. Warren Hawthorne handed us each a folder containing the first carried out on the same place photos of deadly aggression as well as preliminary reports on the spot on which the next thirty minutes were spent. The autopsy would be performed in the morning.

-- Celia, you can call Sam Jordan which is doctor medical examiner at the morgue and with which we have been working for several years, and will go to attend the autopsy. See with Hillary who will give you the address, this will be your first isn't it ? said Warren. But it must be a beginning and the body is in good condition.

-- Great Warren, I go there in an hour.

-- Perfect. Then you will go with John Steward in Chinatown restaurant where we found the victim. Impregnate you places and give me your impressions cold. Our next meeting is scheduled this afternoon to 15 hours.

The agenda had been brief. I was tidying up my notes in my diary and left the meeting room. The discussions were well underway and Hillary Preston accompanied me up to my office to complete several formalities due to my hiring. I had already filled in large part my file but I had still some documents to be provided.

-- Warren told me of you and he was eager to have you join us, said Hillary.

We we settled around the round table in my office and I grabbed my briefcase.

-- Also couldn't wait me. Meetings are always as 'cold ' ? I asked her.

-- No, don't worry. But now, Stevens looking a little Warren ! It has long teeth and he wanted to be the right-hand man of Warren! As he refused, it seems that he wants to be transferred to San Francisco, what makes that the climate is a bit tense between the two. In any

case, I'm thrilled that you are among us, even if I'm not agent, it's nice to have a woman over with us.

-- Thanks, that's very nice of you Hillary, and I further you very often because I show up completely !

-- I'm here also to help you just like Warren.

An hour later she gave me the coordinates of the morgue where I was attending my first autopsy that I was somewhat apprehensive. I was getting my car in the parking lot and followed the instructions as well as the road map that Hillary had communicated to me. It had also provided me a complete workbook on practices and methodology of work within the Federal Bureau of investigation. All forms to use, internal notes, the procedures were documented, not to mention a detailed city plan that would be very helpful. I knew that very little Washington and I had to learn all of the city, of its way of life and practices.

The building housing the morgue was a bit austere. A few step away was the University of Washington Hospital. In red brick, it seemed dated some tens of years. It was relatively large and had six floors. The street largely been paved led to the main entrance where

there were several cars parked on the median just outside the entrance of the building. The driveway extended on the left side who had to give on access for the unloading of the body. I left my car at the 'visitors' parking and strove to penetrate in the lobby of a not insured.

The place was freezing ! The hostess took my name and replayed twice my FBI badge before call the coroner: Sam Jordan. He had been appointed for three years for the State of Washington and had exercised a year previously in Vermont where he had also been general practitioner, from the information that was provided to me Hillary Preston.

After a few checks that seemed to last an eternity, the hostess handed me a free pass to access the floor I should hang on to the collar of my jacket. Access to the floors were as secure as the FBI and I was sliding my pass in the electronic box located for this purpose in the elevator.

The medical examiner's office was on the third floor. Out of the elevator, I met several people dressed in white coats. The corridor

was tiled immaculate white. The second office on the left was the one I was looking for. The door was open, but I was still hitting. A voice answered me to enter. What I did :

-- Sam Jordan ? I said hello, I'm Celia Wilson of the Department "Criminal investigation" of the FBI.

It was a big enough man, light brown hair and hazel eyes. He had a comely face, well-drawn lines and was probably not much older than me.

-- Yes, Hello Celia. Indeed, Warren Hawthorne told me of your arrival, he said while standing up to greet me. In fact, I expect you to begin the autopsy. I believe this is your first experience, isn't it ?

-- That's right, I said, and I'm dreading it a little.

-- Don't be scared, he said, while readjusting her blouse of surgeon. It is true that it is impressive. But I prefer honesty to all these cops who think armoured and who wander into my morgue seem like nothing! But above all, we must equip you !

In doing so, we sneaked out of his office, and he took me to a small room located next to the rooms of autopsies on the first floor so

that I can change me. The place served as both locker room and also allowed to shower.

I due take over my skirt and my line a blouse of green protection whose wrists ended by rubber bands, and as a closure of the staples. I took care to remove my jacket that I was hanging in the locker room beforehand and I there was also dropping off my bag. I discovered my small plastic slippers shoes whose top ended with a small rubber band. I put my surgical mask, eye protection, and a pair of latex gloves that I put on with a little difficulty.

-- What paraphernalia, sighed I, while joining the medical examiner in the hallway.

-- Well Yes ! But it is important to protect himself well. Please keep in mind that these people are dead and that microbes are living organisms, he replied kindly.

I looked like almost a Hospital surgeon and for a moment, I thought Andrew my fiance stayed in Massachusetts. We entered the room called "the fridge", where the dead are stored before and after an autopsy. He opened the door of the refrigerator stainless, several bodies were distributed on shelves. He took a cart he glided under the

stretcher located on the second shelf. Under the sheet rested our victim of the restaurant.

Sam Jordan pushed the cart helped by one of his assistants into the first autopsy room. I somehow helped him drag the body on the table in stainless steel. I noticed the label with the name of our VIC set at the big toe of the left foot and a slight shudder through me traveled the spine. In addition, it was cold in the room which didn't surprise me. In fact, I didn't really a coroner conduct an autopsy in an overheated room.

The autopsy room was big enough. Two tables stainless were connected to a sink that is connected on the left side of the wall that went on with covered benches of white tiles, and served as a work table to drop off payments made. Empty jars and bottles containing chemicals solutions were aligned and carefully stored. On the central part of the bench was willing work laminated boards. Some molds bone, hands and even a plaster skull sat on shelves. A carriage placed near each table consisted of surgical equipment for autopsies which instruments were hidden under a sterile linen. Opposition tables

stood closets to the glass doors in which the rest of the material used was stored.

He handed me a WAD of form to complete :

-- Here, you can follow the entire procedure and complete all the points relating to the samples we will do. And if you don't feel well during the autopsy, let me tells me Sam Jordan. I know how it is not easy the first time, as a body is not odourless, well on the contrary. For us valuable clues, but these odors are often extremely difficult to bear, even for a regular like me, he continued.

-- Yes, thank you Mr. Jordan, I'll let you know before falling apart!

-- Celia, call me 'Sam '.

-- Fine, I replied.

-- Perfect and on my side, I'll call you 'Celia' If you agree.

-- That suits me quite I replied.

I was hoping however not fall down in the immediate future and be a laughingstock. Because even if Warren Hawthorne in would not hold me rigour, that's exactly the kind of situation that you hang out with you for many years. I clenched my teeth while he took off the cloth covering the victim. He was a man of 30 years of average size

(for an Asian) Brown and thin. He was wearing a Navy Blue t-shirt stained with blood and mangled shorts of knives and a pair of jeans. His feet were not socks or shoes. I helped him remove his clothes while observing it from his precise movements and left him to deprive him of his underwear. The sight of naked bodies made me the effect of voyeurism.

The skin was white in stark contrast to a living body. For long minutes, he returned clothing observing them meticulously searching for fibers and trash. The first step of the autopsy was by cleansing the body with the water jet. The muscles were tense due to the cadaverous stiffness. Indeed, as the hours pass, the body undergoes different changes, but at this point, more than ten hours after death, the body was less steep so a little easier to handle.

He began by external review and dictated his report to a suspended wire just above the table of exams. He enumerated the various regions where we could observe the blows. There were four stab wounds to the abdomen, one in the stomach, two faces and one in the neck.

-- See Celia, the bleeding has been important at the level of the neck, at the corner of the internal jugular, just at the level of the carotid artery, which was almost severed, he said while looking at me and pointing the tip of his scalpel to the base of the neck , and I think that the death occurred in the minutes that followed. We can also see continued bruised, it of two on the face, to the right cheek and look, one at the level of the liver, which leaves us to think that the victim has certainly attempted to protect themselves.

Sitting on my stool to observation, I me back inside in the reading of the WAD and continued to follow the regulatory procedure: "Phase 1 : signs of death: cooling, rigidity, lividity, abdominal green spot (including intensity and positions...).

Phase 2 : integumentary features: tattoos, scars... Examine the back of the body... the scalp... »

-- Warren told me that your fiance is doctor ? He asked me while bustling.

-- Yes, indeed, it is internal to the Boston hospital and we are waiting for his transfer to the Hospital University of Washington for the next school year, I replied.

-- Very well, I'm glad to have you on our team, and if you have medical knowledge, we will much better move forward in our procedures.

After returning the body down to inspect the dorsal side, it the replaced again on the back, collected fibers and debris using tweezers. Then, he slipped them into small tubes similar to samples that he packaging and labelling of dangeroussub and placed in two different kits for future analyses. One would be addressed at the laboratory of the morgue, and the second would go directly to the laboratory of the FBI for the second opinions.

He returned once again our victim's body on his left side, and made other samples in the back with its claws and a magnifying glass. We discovered no previous injuries or recent scars. I listened to every word and watching his every move.

-- Well, we shall now proceed to the internal review, told me Sam Jordan watching me.

-- Okay, I'm ready.

The most difficult was waiting for me. After donning a new pair of gloves, it will endow a scalpel and made a cut called "incision in

Y". Made of one shoulder blade to the other down to the navel he bypassed to complete at the level of the lower abdomen. Blood escaped and it took me all my courage to stand without wavering.

A strong smell of mixture that I couldn't identify fills the room. It went up to me directly until the sinuses and despite my mask of surgery, tears me went up to the eyes.

Using forceps he disengaged the abdomen, sawing the sides with a surgical saw and withdrew the rib cage. Then he rinsed the table in stainless steel with water jet to evacuate the blood around the body. I continued to follow the procedure contained in my slips :

' 1. Toxicology: withdrawals of samples of blood, heart, lung, hair, vitreous liquid gastric and urines, muscle, tissues and organs.

-- The liver is in good condition, he announced afterwards, the weighs.

I watched from the corner of the eye. The sight of this liver which featured a purplish bruise turned me the heart. He cut the arteries of the heart, withdrew it and the weights, just as he had weighed the liver.

--... Heart in good condition, 320 grams, he continued to dictate, has no signs of abnormalities at first glance.

-- Well, you seem to hold ? he says without even lift his head.

-- I think so, but I don't lead to wide ! hastened I add.

Go back inside me in my reading :

«1.1 : the blood samples: 20 ml in a dry tube...» Viscera: 5 gr (or a fragment of side 3 cm body)... Hair and hair (section of a wick of the thickness of a pencil to the root whose position will be indicated by a label, in a tube dry... »

"2 : pathological analyses: fragments of different organs: Lung, heart, liver, kidney and brain.. .fixes using a solution diluted to 10% formaldehyde and kept at room temperature...." »

-- It gets better as you go and as you will attend other autopsies. He takes blinder you Celia, and don't let your emotions take over. But you've done very well at the moment from what I can see !

For the moment, yes indeed, I wanted the shot but the hardest finally had to come. He shod his goggles and then took a small electric saw her Hots and explained to me that he would open the skull. Me were not falling apart a man after that, if I had the chance !

I thought. The sound of the saw was almost unbearable, the skin of the face collapsed suddenly down like a mask plastic. The blade on the bones startled me then he withdrew the cap and went out the brain that he held in his hands. After weighing him, he watched from every angle and then placed it in a bag containing formaldehyde.

He had finished to dictate his report and collect the fibers and samples for future analysis. On my side, I had finished to complete the various forms and had taken many notes. I didn't used to write with gloves and the pen was regularly sliding between my gloved fingers. He cast a glance at the wall clock, the autopsy was more than two hours. We left the autopsy room to change us having previously thrown in the dustbin for waste our masks, protecting shoes, on blouses as well as our latex gloves. I also cast my eye protection.

After me be carefully washed the hands that were covered with a thin layer of talc due to the latex gloves and wearing my jacket, I rejoined the coroner in his office and sat on one of the chairs in front of him. He handed me a cup containing coffee :

-- Sugar ?

-- Yes, thank you I answered him.

-- Well, Celia, I can assure you that you have perfectly successful your exam and you are one of the few to not falling in and out in five minutes! Besides, if my memory serves me, I believe that Warren was ran before that I cut the skull !

-- I'm glad I replied, but I well almost I also run away !

-- My lab will contact you as soon as we have the results of the analyses showed me Sam Jordon. Let you get back to your desktop and if you have any questions, do not hesitate to call me.

-- Fine, I replied, and thank you, your help is very precious to me.

I left very happy how the morgue. On the way back I had knotted throat. I saw the body lifeless on the autopsy table open and blood spread on the table in stainless steel. I knew that after an autopsy the bodies were relocated. The body was then carefully stitched and efforts were being made to hide at best, using the hair, the terrible Gash left on the skull by the saw because it was made from one ear to the other. This had also the talent of the funeral home staff to give a less gloomy appearance by a meticulous makeup to the face of the

dead. There was also what I call Andrew tonight, I wanted to learn more about the formless and other solutions, including their components, used to preserve the bodies.

My cell phone on the 'free hand' on the dashboard of my car flickered, it had tried to reach me, but I had no message. I went to the offices of the FBI and left my car in the parking lot 'visitors' because I had not yet assigned place.

It was time for lunch, but for me this idea enrages me in the light of the morning that I'd just go to the morgue. Warren Hawthorne was waiting for me in his office located right next to mine, and insisted that we go to the 'kitchen' for lunch. It was located on the ground floor of the building opposite the entrance. I had just enough time to drop my bag in my office. Warren Hawthorne put on his jacket while the elevator took us on the ground floor. We entered the 'kitchen', the place was spacious and functional.

A kitchen (where its name) was fitted with several microwave, hob, shelves filled with jars containing cookies. A counter separating the kitchen from the rest of the room. Long tables of wood were willing to allow a certain conviviality. Two 'Chesterfield' style leather sofas swathed angles. Small landscaped box completed at all. Two other counters offered dishes that were cooked on the spot.