

## ...And Justice for None

Richard Phillips, a private detective, has started his Wednesday as per usual. He had woken up at 4 to enjoy a cup of coffee, while watching a movie written and directed by Tobias Dice. Watching his movies was a routine, just like fog and rain every morning for Birmingham, where Richard lived. He was alone in his agency downstairs, waiting for his assistant to arrive, when all the sudden, the door burst open and Richard couldn't believe his eyes! It was him, Tobias Eugene Dice! There was no time for admiral, his assistant, Giovanni Satrucci, was assassinated! Richard quickly grabbed his leather wallet and entered his car. On the spot, he reluctantly approached the police officers, his enemies, by the squad cars. "Three fatal GSW's, two went through his heart, one is in his head!" Having walked around the house, he hadn't noticed any signs of violent breaching, or theft, as there were too many valuables exposed all around on geeky shelves. The only thing to be considered out of the ordinary was a broken mirror, suggesting that a projectile had penetrated the body and still held enough momentum to break the mirror. The victim must have been shot from low proximity for that to happen. Dice stated that they had planned a meeting at 6 to discuss their new project, but as he was entering the house, everything was silent. He had noticed him lying down in a pool of blood, so he dialled 999 on the landline immediately and left the house afterwards not to devalue any evidence. Richard couldn't wrap his head around that murder. There were no fingerprints... wait... there were no fingerprints, not on the landline nor the murder weapon found 5 minutes prior. There he was... him... Tobias Eugene Dice, looking all elegant in his long coat, fedora, black trousers and most importantly – leather gloves. Richard had to remain silent, not to protect the suspect, but to gain more evidence. There was an open letter on the desk, which Dice had allegedly written to Satrucci. It was a threatening letter stating that if Satrucci refused to do all his work and decided to leak the information, he wouldn't see another day. Next to this letter, there was a notebook with a scenario describing this very event, as if Satrucci had predicted his death. That was a sufficient amount evidence to arrest and convict Dice. Despite having pleaded not guilty, everyone had disgustingly chosen not to testify for him at the trial. He was sentenced to 40 years of imprisonment in HM Prison Belmarsh for armed manslaughter and extortion. Shortly after his imprisonment, another Dice's partner died of food poisoning. Dice's rival, Colin Mackett, released a movie identical to Satrucci's scenario that had acted as key evidence against Dice. It was a perfectly laid trap and Dice was fully acquitted. Although he was brought to justice, there wasn't enough evidence to prosecute Mackett. This miscarriage of justice had absolutely ruined Dice's reputation and he blamed himself for all the death. He turned his rifle towards himself and shot himself.