

Among scattered scenes from the Party
Camp, here is a scene from the interior
in Manhattan. James, then 14, Murray
was the American leader who also
was Miss Cunningham's partner, the first
of several and others. Some scenes from
the screen.

...and during at a Montreal South of
and again in a light-colored form of
strong, a demand that is anything but in the
rough.

It is unusual to see a scene of a scene
- about James, then in the third year of his
life, and

Mugshot



by Robert Prins

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Mugshot

by Robert Prins

With one glance at the mugshot on the front page of the newspaper, she instinctively knew the whole story. She was good like that. People said that you couldn't judge a book by its cover, but Tabitha never misjudged a face. One minute looking at a face, and she could pronounce guilt or innocence. Had she been a judge, she could have saved millions of hours of court trials.

Much of what she saw was in the eyes. Admittedly, the eyes were obscured in this particular mugshot with some weird bicycle glasses, but that also served to confirm her conclusions. He was rich. Not through hard work (that was obvious) but from dirty money gained from crime, gun running, drug smuggling ... or worse.

Then there was his beard. Facial hair was a blatant sign of one desperate to disguise the size and shape of his face. His chin, cheeks and upper lip were well hidden behind the coarse hair. Notice the details, she thought. While his beard was reasonably trimmed, there was a week's growth around his neck. Clearly he planned to shave his neck and change the shape of his beard once his crime was done, making him unrecognizable to all but the discerning.

Lips and mouth spoke volumes. His had no smile, confirming he was a man with evil thoughts, without simple joys. But his lips were not pursed in a thin line, showing that he had less intelligence than might be expected from similar criminals. Tabitha discerned that he was a nonsmoker, but could spit ferociously. The words that would come from his mouth were words that no upstanding citizen deserved to hear. Yes, she knew.

A button nose stood between his cheeks. It was amazing what a nose could tell you. Smooth and perfect, the man in the mugshot evidently had henchmen to do his dirty work. She could also tell that he had a trophy wife and was completely self-absorbed.

His hair displayed vanity. At a glance she knew he had balded early, then had a radical and expensive hair transplant from a donor with royal blood. The fact that his hair was unkempt showed the image of carelessness he endeavoured to portray.

The angle of his head to his shoulders displayed glaring arrogance, typical of villains who organized gun-running and drug deals. Not that Tabitha had ever met one, but she had seen pictures.

His shirt told its own story, coloured, with a collar but no tie and probably unbuttoned halfway down his front. Though she couldn't see it, she visualised a heavy gold chain around his neck with a jewelled medallion resting on his chest. That's the sort of man he was.

No surprises there, she thought as she concluded her character assessment from his mug shot. She mentally wrote the damning article about him for the journalist. Tabitha's eyes moved from his picture to the headline. It was not what she thought. *Favourite Kindergarten Teacher Rescues Children from Falling Tree.*



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