

Final Fling Excerpt

Ginny's eye traveled up the woman's torso, noting that the front of the white blouse was marred by dirt and a spatter of blood. One leg lay crossed over the other, as if the body had been lying face down, and had turned over to face the dawn. There should have been a pale oval above the opening of the blouse. Ginny couldn't understand why she couldn't see the face. Then, suddenly, she did.

Ginny gasped, starting backward, tripping over the uneven ground and sitting down, hard. She dropped the phone, staring at the corpse.

No wonder John had said the woman was past help. Half her skull had been crushed, the contents spilled onto the ground. Splinters of white bone showed through the mangled flesh. The socket of one eye was broken and the eyeball hung from the optic nerve like some gruesome Hallowe'en decoration.

There was no question about the source of the injuries. The caber lay where it had fallen. At some time in the night, someone had hoisted that weight into the air, to the point where physics had taken over, bringing it back to earth with enough force to smash a human skull like an eggshell.

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