The Crime Scene Investigation Unit responded to the Johnson residence and took control of the crime scene. The vibrant yellow crime scene tape slithered around the house, sealing off the area from the rest of the world.  Uniformed officers scurried around like ants constructing a crime scene mound, marking off their territory and awaiting their designated Crime Scene Investigator.  CSI Tyler Woodward idled the CSI vehicle forward while an officer lifted the tape over the top of the van.
 Tyler parked beside the crashed Blazer and exited the rear of the crime scene vehicle.  His face was bathed in the gentle wash of rotating red and blue light while he wrecked the rest of a cinnamon twist bagel.  He swallowed and sighed. *What a mess.*  He zipped up his Level A protective suit. It covered his body from head to toe. He refused to wear his hood, knowing that the added heat would fog up his eye protection*.  If some nasty ass bug can get through this getup, I've got bigger problems.*

Tyler carried a tool box in one hand and Canon Rebel digital SLR in the other.  His bag of tricks contained everything he would need to process a crime scene.  The kit was composed of common tools like screwdrivers and duct tape as well as things seen on TV like fingerprint powder and alternate light sources. Over the years he had put together a bag with enough gear that he could tear apart anything from a car to a charred out electrical panel.  Remembering the electrical panel bought a smile to his face and a laugh to his lips. He was a legend for pulling a fingerprint off of the inside of an electrical panel that had been fried from arcing electricity.  He was, by far, the most experienced Crime Scene Investigator of the department.  He was White's go to guy when things got dicey.

Tyler used his camera hand to lift the tape. The flash caught the sun and the reflected light danced across his suit like a disco ball.  He penetrated the barrier to the homicide, logged in with the uniformed officer assigned to the log, and made his way into the backyard.

Tyler pushed open the fence and took in what lay before him.  Crime scene work is tedious, meticulous and often thankless work that requires the eye of an individual with exceptional attention to detail.  Tyler loved every minute of it.

His irises constricted like a camera lens, bringing his pupils to the appropriate F-Stop to capture every detail.  He saw everything.  It was clean and simple.  *A dead woman, a pool of blood, and one big ass hammer with two expended shell casings.*  *No doubt .40 caliber Remington Golden Saber rounds*. Tyler knelt down beside the body. He pulled out his stack of scene cards and got to work.

In manner of minutes, it rained more crime scene tape, number stands, chalk outlines around evidence. Several more of Woodward’s team finally arrived. They assisted by handling all of the photographs and video taped the scene as well. The District Attorney’s Office loved video tape. CSI personnel also photographed Deacon and Jessica, to show their injuries or lack thereof. Pencils and paper recorded measurements, evidence logs and drew sketches of what was found where. They processed and collected all of the evidence at the scene, including Deacon's handgun, both of his expended shell casings and even the hammer that Tuefel had picked up.

They held off on asking Daniels to surrender his weapon as evidence until one of the range masters could retrieve a new pistol from the armory to replace it. There are few things in this world that are more psychologically damaging than asking a cop who was just in a fire fight for his weapon. Not give him one to replace it would be one of those things. When finished, CSIs seized all of the evidence and transported it back to the station where they finished processing and booking it.

The Major Accident Investigation Team (MAIT) responded to the scene of the crash. They came out with their cameras, surveying equipment and laser range finders. Similar to CSI for the crime scene, the MAIT personnel recorded the evidence from the crash so that they could recreate the entire collision scene for court if need be. The Lieutenant in charge of the unit preached that the events were collisions, not accident scene. An accident implies that there is no one at fault or no one to blame. Thorough and efficient, they cleared the collision scene and towed all vehicles standing in the roadway within a couple of hours. When they were finished, the only evidence of the wreck was the chunks of wood missing from the power pole.

Police Chaplains arrived to assist Mrs. Johnson who, ironically, had yet to say a word to anyone. It took three of them nearly half an hour to convince her to get dressed. They contacted Adult Protective Services to have a councilor meet them at the department to provide Mrs. Johnson with the counseling and services she would need over the coming days to cope with what she had seen. They gently escorted her out the front door of the residence, past the downed pink flamingo in her yard, to their vehicles waiting beyond the yellow tape.