

“What makes you think you could find Olivia?”

The man paused, taking his toothpick out of his mouth and looking Mr. Hudson dead in the eyes. “When the usual stuff doesn’t work, and the police don’t find any traces of her, they’ll give up. It’s all just a checklist for them. They search the house, they sweep the area, they interview the family, take DNA, look for a motive, and you know why? Because they’ve got a list. One simple sheet of paper with a bunch of boxes. And after every step, they go down the column with their pen and they put a check in their box, and they go about the rest of their day. And once that pen gets to the bottom, all they do is answer one little question that they think of as a formality: *Was the victim found?* And then they put their ‘Y’ or their ‘N’, doesn’t matter to them which it is. Then they’re done. If they didn’t find the person by then, they give up. That’s business as usual. And they sleep happy at night, you know that? I think that’s despicable.”