

*Context: Sheriff Bell and his assistant sheriff Torbert are on their way to inspect the aftermath of a drug deal went wrong. During the drive to the crime scene, Torbert is informed by the police office about a policeman that has been brutally killed in the interstate.*

- Well, what the hell did they say, Torbert?

- They said that he had what looked to be a large caliber bullet wound in the forehead and that said wound had penetrated to a distance of approximately two and a half inches through the skull and into the frontal lobe of the brain but that there was not no bullet to be found.

- Said wound.

- Yessir.

Bell pulled out onto the interstate. He drummed his fingers on the steering wheel. He looked at his deputy.

- What you're sayin don't make no sense, Torbert.

- I told em that.

- To which they responded?

- They didn't respond nothin. They're sendin the report FedEx. X-rays and everything. They said you'd have it in your office by in the mornin.

They rode along in silence. After a while Torbert said: This whole thing is just hell in spectacles, aint it Sheriff.

- Yes, it is. How many bodies is it altogether?

- Good question. I aint sure I even counted. Eight. Nine with Deputy Haskins.

Torbert studied the country out there. The shadows long on the road. Who the hell are these people? he said.

- I don't know. I used to say they were the same ones we've always had to deal with. Same ones my grandaddy had to deal with. Back then they were rustlin cattle. Now they're runnin dope. But I don't know as that's true no more. I'm like you. I aint sure we've seen these people before. Their kind. I don't know what to do about em even. If you killed em all they'd have to build an annex on to hell.