Eye Spy:

Sprawled in the middle of the small apartment lay the bloody body. It had hash marks on the abdomen, which, to Detective Fischer, were all too familiar.

“This was most definitely Burkson’s doing,” he said to the chief. “I know we won’t be able to prove it—he cleans up really carefully—but these are his signature slash marks. Trust me.”

“Oh, I trust you. But soon enough I won’t have to.” The old chief turned to Fischer now. “We can actually prove it was him.”

“And you’ve been through the screening and instruction?”

“Yes.”

“Okay, come on in Detective Fischer,” the lab assistant said. “It’s just over here in the corner.”

“Alright, but what kind of proof is this?” He got his answer as he pulled up to the metal table the lab assistant motioned towards. On it was a white cloth. In the cloth was an eyeball.

“What we can do now is remove the victim’s eyeball and extract its last image out of it. You see, when a person dies, their final image gets permanently burned into their eye. All we do is scan it to copy the biological code and transform that information into a visible png.”

Detective Fischer stared in amazement. “That’s brilliant. So if Burkson was the murderer, and the victim was looking at him when they died, we’ll know.”

“Exactly. We’re processing the information now.”

Detective Fischer waited in a chair in the hallway. He was excited to finally prove, and hopefully eventually catch, Mr. Burkson for his crimes. Suddenly, the lab door opened and the chief and the lab assistant walked over.

“Did you get it?”

“Mr. Fischer,” the chief began. “You’re under arrest for murder.”

“What? What are you talking about?” But the chief was already putting the cuffs on him.

“The eye scan showed your face.”

But that wasn’t possible. He hadn’t done the murder. As he was escorted into the car he tried to think of what happened. Suddenly, an idea came.

It was such a twistedly fascinating idea that it couldn’t possibly have happened. Could it? If Burkson had been aware of this new technology, then surely he would’ve *prepared*.

He shouted at the police chief, “The eye! Examine the eyes!” But they continued to drag him along, ignoring his absurd pleas. As a policeman, Detective Fischer had watched a fair many people die during his time on duty. That’s to say, he had been the *final image* on a great many eyeballs.