

A Clever Deduction

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Hallelujah! Spring is finally here—no thanks to the techno-geeks. Don't get me wrong, I love the folks who brought us electric cars that recharge the grid instead of draining it, communities with the carbon footprint of a mouse, and phones that fit in a bracelet. With all that technology you'd think controlling the weather would be a snap.

But noooo. The winter of 2030 was the worst on record, complete with winds that tore hundred-year old trees out by the roots and ice storms that turned the city into a frozen sculpture for almost two months.

Well, this past week Old Man Winter decided to move on. Folks are shucking their parkas and letting the sun warm their backs. Perfect weather for introducing my cousin to the wonders of our city.

Dear old Cousin Rita's New York City born and raised, wrinkled as a prune, and twice as stuffy. When we were kids we used to play the Prince and the Pauper—her version—where she was always the princess and I was always the country bumpkin. The only thing we had in common as children was our love of ice cream. That's why I was shocked when she decided to come see first hand how Reno has increased its sustainability over the last twenty years. Could it be my cousin had changed?

Apparently not. Ever since I picked her up at the airport she's gone on and on about how New York is better than Reno. She even turned up her nose at my new AirWave saying New Yorkers have the best public transportation system in the world so they don't need cars, electric or not.

I'm thinking I should turn the car around in my daughter's driveway and take Rita back to the airport when my eight-year old granddaughter, Marcelle, races up with the news that a body's been found in the river not two blocks away. I start to explain about Murder in the Park Day, but Rita waves her hand like a princess in a Thanksgiving parade and mumbles something about New York cutting its crime rate in half.

Hmmm. Maybe there's something more fun than sending my cousin packing. I can explain about our drought-tolerant landscaping, catchment systems and solar roof tiles later.

I casually mention that murder happens around our neighborhood all the time. In fact, last week we had a double homicide right down the road. Crime's gotten so bad and the city is so poor, that the kids are helping solve crimes.

And Rita swallows it—hook, line and sinker.