

Part four. Case # #207-9:22

The Trial

Rubbing the perp's nose in oil-dry was not enough for the ambitious SoCal DA. With an ugly primary looming in the Spring, his heart was cold and his resolve steeled. With disdain of the Old German, the DA harbored a "reaped what he sowed" paradigm. He was going to extact the essence of this mortal sin. He would extract oil, demand antifreeze, and plead for petrol. The very AUTO-trocities his Prius spurned.

The judge was curious and impatient. The steps of Justice were escalated. Within a fortnight depositions, experts, AUTOpsies, witnesses, evidence, time-lines were prepared, selected and coached. The big-top in place, the jury empanelled, the stage was set for the Man vs. Machine "monkey-trial" of the decade. Evolution by Darwinian natural selection, or by Grace. Could modern man coexist with primitive machines? Should they?

Did the accused purposefully abuse and break the old machine with disdain? Was the victim a victim? Was the victim a casualty of adoration and consensual rough foreplay? Was there a safe-word? Was it uttered? Was it ignored? We are about to find out.

The DA laid out his interpretation of the facts. Facts that were corroborated by the lay and ordained. Haggling with himself, he repeatedly stressed irrelevant pseudo-science favorable to his verdict. Often citing selected passages from his Prius owners' manual. He debased both the criminal and victim. Finally, after thoroughly puffing himself, the smog began to clear.

The Accused, the Defendant, and the Perpetrator all rose to face the charges and the Jury. Counsellor-less, they stammered through an unrehearsed statement from the depths of their character. An aria, an ode, and a solo psalm, eulogising. Such were their praises of the harmed. Beyond mercy, abuting attonement, and skirting grace they revealed the inexplicable passion that bound the doer to the done to. Words done, the "trio" took a chair.

Dry eyes ran throughout the venue. The jury gasped, some softly sobbed and daubed. Those with greasy fingernails and busted knuckles openly wept. The opposing team maintained control by staring at their Gucci's, the robed by fixating on his engraved gavel.

Corvettes, Camaros, Ferraris, and MG's in the gallery sighed, ***if only they could have what the Old German had.***