

CaseFile: ALU-179 “Murder Madness in Toon Town”

WARNING

**** This file is not for the faint of heart, dear reader, because it is filled with horrible images that will haunt your nightmares. If you are weak of stomach, have irritable bowel syndrome, or are simply paranoid, DO NOT READ FURTHER! Otherwise, read at your own risk. ****

One fine sunny day, Police Chief R. Runner called up the forensics department at Acme-Looney University. There had been 166 murders in the past 7 days, one murder every hour, of many of the local Human workers, shop keepers, and residents of Toon Town. These alarming rates threatened to destroy the fragile balance of Toon and Human camaraderie that had developed in Toon Town.

Professor Twee T. Bird, a world-renowned forensics specialist and a Czechoslovakian native, received the call. “Professor, we need your expertise in this field to identify the pattern of the killer or killers,” Chief Runner exclaimed. “We need to establish a link between these people to stop this massacre.”

“Yes, Chief Runner, please give me the details of the case,” Professor Bird declared with a heavy native accent, (though, for the sake of the case file, reader, I have decided to leave out the accent due to the fact that it would obviously drive you - if you will forgive the pun - looney!)

“All prints are wiped clean and there are no identifiable marks on the bodies of the victims. All we are able to come up with is the possibility that perhaps there is some kind of alternative method of which we are unaware. We have sent a secure e-mail with a listing of all of the victims’ **rac**es, **g**enders, locations of the bodies, and the sequential **o**rd~~e~~r in which they were killed. We have also included other information that might be helpful,” said Chief Runner.

“Thank you very much. Perhaps I will contact my colleague in the Statistics Department here, Dr. Elmer Fudd-Einstein,” exclaimed Professor Bird. “He might be able to identify a pattern of attack with mathematics.”

“Good luck trying to find him, Professor. Last I heard, he had a bottle of scotch and was in the Hundred Acre Woods hunting rabbits,” Chief Runner declared in a manner that questioned the beloved doctor’s credibility.

“Perhaps I will take a drive to find him. The fresh air will do me good.”

**** I will skip ahead, dear reader, for much occurred during this time. Needless to say, after a fierce battle with a mountain cat that the Toon-ology Department had tagged earlier in the year as “Sylvester,” Professor Bird found Dr. Fudd-Einstein and brought him back, with much bribery of alcohol and the promise of*

*the future slaying of those “wascally wabbits” (it would help to explain that Dr. Fudd-Einstein had a speech impediment which was only worsened during the consumption of alcohol.) ****

Once our two heroes returned to the beautiful Acme-Looney University, and once Dr. Fudd-Einstein became sober and coherent, they set off to examine the case and begin solving these mysterious murders.

“First off,” Dr. Fudd-Einstein explained, “these people all worked at the University at some point or another. Also, there also seems to be a trend in the fact that they all had a **salary** between \$370 and \$1157 when they retired.”

“That’s not really a lot to live off of,” explained Professor Bird.

“Yes, but you forget that the Looney Currency System works differently than the rest of the American Currency System. One Looney is equivalent to ten (10) American dollars. Also, these faculty members are the ones who faced a cut in their salary, as denoted by ‘**Reduction**’. Some of them dropped quite substantially when the University had to fix that little faux-pas in the Chemistry Department. You remember, when Dr. D. Duck tried to create that ‘Everlasting Elixir?’ As a result; these faculty left the university. Speaking of which, when is his memorial service?” inquired Dr. Fudd-Einstein.

“This coming Monday. But if there were all of these killings, how in the world could one person do it? It just doesn’t seem to be possible; to stay up 7 days straight and be able to kill all of these people and have the energy to continue on,” Professor Bird exclaimed, doubting the guilt of only one person.

“Perhaps then, it was a group of people; perhaps there was more than one killer placed throughout Toon Town to commit these crimes. If I feed in these variables, along with any others that might have a pattern, the Acme Computer will give us an accurate reading of suspects, with a scant probability of error. As you know, Acme Computer was developed entirely in house here at Acme-Looney University,” Dr. Fudd-Einstein said as he began feeding the numbers into the massive server.

“Hey, look at this,” Professor Bird exclaimed, “What’s with this Before/After information?”

“Scroll down; it shows it as a note from the coroner’s office. Apparently Toon Town Coroner Marvin - that strange fellow from Mars, Pennsylvania - feels, in his opinion, that given the fact that the cadavers were either **smokers** or **non-smokers**, their personal health, and family medical history, this was their life expectancy **before** contact with cigarettes or second-hand smoke and **after**,” Dr. Fudd-Einstein declared matter-of-factly.

“Well, would **race** or **gender** have something to do with it, Elmer?” inquired Professor Bird.

“Maybe, but I would bet my money on somebody was trying to quiet these faculty before they made a big ruckus about the secret money-laundering of Old Man Acme. You know, most people think that is how the University receives most of its funds, through the mob families out of Chicago. And I would be willing to bet that these faculty figured out the connection and were ready to tell the Looney Police,” Dr. Fudd-Einstein spoke lower, fearing that somebody would overhear their conversation.

Dr. Fudd-Einstein then pressed “ENTER” on the keyboard and waited for the results. The massive computer roared to life...and when I say roared, I mean it literally roared. All the hidden bells, whistles, and alarm clocks in its secret compartments came out and created such a loud racket that classes across the university had to come to a stand-still until it finished computing.

Once it was completed, the computer listed 4 names:

*******SUSPECTS*******

- **Yosemite Sam (“Looney” Insane Asylum)**
- **Wile E. Coyote (deceased)**
- **Foghorn Leghorn (whereabouts unknown)**
- **Granny (1313 Mockingbird Lane, Toon Town USA)**

Dr. Fudd-Einstein and Professor Bird looked on in silence. They could not believe their eyes. The greatest computer on the Gulf of Mexico sea board had just released the most obscure results imaginable.

“There seems to be a mistake. Perhaps something is off,” Professor Bird asked, still unable to believe the results.

“Not possible; the Acme Computer takes into account every kind of connection available. It considers affiliations to groups, and affiliations those groups have to other groups. It checks the FBI, CIA, British intelligence, NAACP, AARP, NSA, JAG, TWA, EPA, FDA, USWA, R, MAPLE, SPSS, SAS, and Ben & Jerry’s files to identify possible links, creating the most powerful computer in the world - with a tweak of Toon fanaticism,” Dr. Fudd-Einstein proclaimed, being a proud co-founder of the Acme Computer Technology.

“Wait a minute, Ben & Jerry? What would eating ice cream have to do with anything?” Professor Bird inquired.

“It is in the works now, but a few of my fellow statistician colleagues are trying to find a mathematical model to link a type of ice cream consumed to the type of person they might become. Assassins always ate vanilla with chocolate sprinkles, a little known fact they would tell you about Oswald and Booth,” Dr. Fudd-Einstein declared.

“I’ve heard about this. My forensics graduate students are trying to identify car thieves with either rocky road or mint chocolate chip...so far the pattern is showing a clear trend with chocolate chip,” Professor Bird declared.

“Well, what do we know about these suspects, Twee?” Dr. Fudd-Einstein asked.

“Yosemite Sam was locked up after trying to rob that bank in the West Borough. Apparently, his guns were switched and he was sent the Acme Kids Joke Gun and they blew up in his face. The containers of peroxide they contained turned all of his facial hair red. Some little child is running around Toon Town with a pair of .38’s to this day.

“Wile E. Coyote was that terrorist working for the Yahtzee - the religious fanatics who believed that Toons were superior to Humans. He strapped sticks of Acme Dynamite to his chest to be a martyr for the cause, but before he got to the middle of Toon Town, this defective TNT blew him up. Not a single other person - Toon or Human - was even close.

“Foghorn Leghorn is the most infamous Dog Kidnapper of all times. He goes to the homes of prominent Dog citizens and holds one of their relatives for ransom. If they refuse to pay, he sends them to the pound. Either way, they’re sure stuck in the dog house,” Professor Bird laughed. Dr. Fudd-Einstein didn’t seem amused, so Professor Bird continued.

“Granny is the most beloved alumnus of Acme-Looney University. She was in the first graduating class and gives graciously each year to the University. Without her continued financial support, we wouldn’t have the jobs we do. She worked as a parking attendant at the University lots...wait a minute, take a look at this,” Professor Bird said as he scrolled down in the police information. “Granny’s signature is on each of these faculties’ **parking** tickets. Kind of odd, considering the Chief-of-Parking signed each personally. The deceased had from as few as one to as many as eight. All tickets were unpaid.

“And look at this, Granny married Old Man Acme after graduation. He was a resident of Chicago and rumored to be a consigliere to one of the most prominent crime families in Chicago, the Chuck Jones/Warner Crime Family” Professor Bird read from the screen as a cold feeling of terror rose from the pit of his stomach.

“Say, don’t you live at her house? Wow, you’re living under the same roof as one of the greatest criminals/murderers of all time,” Dr. Fudd-Einstein said in awe and sarcasm.

“I would never have suspected her, but I guess it makes sense. She is older, so she doesn’t need near the amount of sleep as a younger person. She has access to all of the cars so she can copy license plate numbers and follow them to their houses. She has the finances to pay for this kind of massive campaign on behalf of the Mob, and she hates anyone that even remotely smells like smoke,” Professor Bird explained, wishing to have his hit of nicotine at this time.

“Well, I guess there is nothing left to do but to call Police Chief Runner and have him arrest her,” Dr. Fudd-Einstein explained as he began dialing. “What I can’t understand is how in the world the Police Chief sent me all of this information and seemed to screw it up.”

“What do you mean?” inquired Professor Bird.

“Well, look here. It shows 168 murders, but there have only been 166. This doesn’t make any sense. I’ll have to straighten it out. Hey, wait a minute. Look at this, Person #167 and Person #168 seem to match our stats. But how can that be?”

It was at this moment that our two heroes were shot from behind and fell over the computer, dead. The killer hit “DELETE” on the computer and walked out... slowly, considering they had arthritis, and cackling loudly in the now quiet computer lab.

And so, I guess my question to you the reader is, did Granny murder 168 people, or did the murderer slip through the cracks of justice? You be the statistician and come up with your results.

Detective Pyork E. Pig

End File

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