

**2019 TENNESSEE STATE HIGH SCHOOL
MOCK TRIAL COMPETITION
CASE MATERIALS**

IN THE CIRCUIT CRIMINAL COURT FOR CRATER COUNTY, TENNESSEE

STATE OF TENNESSEE,

v.

**PEYTON PATTERSON,
DEFENDANT.**

Case No. 18-CR-1111

The Tennessee State High School Mock Trial Competition is organized by the
Young Lawyers Division of the Tennessee Bar Association.

Questions or comments may be directed to your Mock Trial District Coordinator or to the Chair of the Tennessee High School Mock Trial Committee. Teams may not edit materials.

The problem stands as written. If there are discrepancies, please consider them to be complexities for consideration in developing a trial strategy. **All parties and witnesses may be portrayed by persons of any gender.** All similarities between this problem and true events or actual persons should be disregarded.

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PAST WINNERS

| | |
|-------------|--|
| 1980 | Austin-East High School |
| 1981 | Bearden High School |
| 1982 | White Station High School |
| 1983 | White Station High School |
| 1984 | Knoxville West High School |
| 1985 | Father Ryan High School |
| 1986 | Knoxville Doyle High School |
| 1987 | Greeneville High School |
| 1988 | Memphis Central High School |
| 1989 | Jackson-Central Merry High School |
| 1990 | Father Ryan High School |
| 1991 | Father Ryan High School |
| 1992 | Franklin High School |
| 1993 | Montgomery Bell Academy |
| 1994 | McCallie School |
| 1995 | Montgomery Bell Academy |
| 1996 | Clinton High School |
| 1997 | Clinton High School† |
| 1998 | Houston High School |
| 1999 | Clinton High School |
| 2000 | Clinton High School |
| 2001 | Clinton High School |
| 2002 | Family Christian Academy* |
| 2003 | Family Christian Academy* |
| 2004 | Hume-Fogg Academic High School |
| 2005 | Hume-Fogg Academic High School |
| 2006 | Knoxville West High School |
| 2007 | St. Mary's Episcopal School of Memphis |
| 2008 | St. Mary's Episcopal School of Memphis |
| 2009 | White Station High School |
| 2010 | White Station High School |
| 2011 | White Station High School |
| 2012 | McCallie School |
| 2013 | Kingsport Area Christian Home Education Association |
| 2014 | Springfield High School |
| 2015 | Springfield High School |
| 2016 | Montgomery Bell Academy |
| 2017 | Montgomery Bell Academy |
| 2018 | Agathos Classical School |

* National champion.

† National championship runner-up.

NOTE TO TEAMS ADVANCING TO STATE COMPETITION

TO ADD COMPLEXITY AT THE STATE COMPETITION, THE COMMITTEE **MAY** RELEASE ADDITIONAL MATERIAL FOR THE STATE COMPETITION ON OR BEFORE MARCH 5, 2019. TEAMS ADVANCING TO THE STATE COMPETITION SHOULD ACQUIRE AND PREPARE ANY ADDITIONAL MATERIAL BETWEEN THE DISTRICT AND STATE COMPETITIONS.

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CASE SUMMARY¹

The Grand Jury of Crater County, Tennessee, has indicted Peyton Patterson on the charge of Second Degree Murder, which occurred in Crater County, Tennessee, on or about June 18, 2018.

Peyton Patterson and Rory Reynolds were best friends and college roommates at Crater State University. After graduating in 2017, they decided to continue to live as roommates. Peyton is employed as a Park Ranger at Crater State Park. Part of Peyton's job duties includes carrying a firearm. Rory works at the Crater Post Office. Rory did not carry a gun for his/her job, nor did Rory have a gun carry permit. Even though they were best friends, they commonly got into fights when they went out with their friends. Usually these fights were resolved by the next morning, but sometimes could carry on for weeks. Peyton and Rory resided in a second floor condominium in downtown Crater. The front windows face the parking lot for the condominium.

On June 18, 2018, Peyton and Rory were enjoying some beers on the balcony of their condominium. At some point in the evening, Rory and Peyton began to argue. Rory grew frustrated and began loudly yelling at Peyton. During the argument, Andi Anderson, a neighbor who resided in the condominium directly below Peyton and Rory, overheard the yelling, although Andi could not tell if it was one voice or two voices as he/she was watching and singing along with his/her favorite reality television show, "The Singer."

Rory stated to Peyton his/her intention to leave the condo and go for a drive. Rory didn't know if he/she would be gone for an hour or for days, and neither did Peyton. Because Peyton's car was currently at Phil's Auto Shop for brake repairs, Rory and Peyton had been carpooling for the past few days. Peyton went outside to retrieve a few belongings from the vehicle, which included a gym bag, a cell phone charger, and a handgun from work.

As soon as "The Singer" concluded, Andi Anderson started to change the channel when he/she heard a popping noise outside his/her front window that sounded like it came from the parking lot. Andi was confused and looked out the window towards the parking lot. The only street light at that end of the parking lot was out, but he/she was able to discern a figure close to Rory's vehicle. Andi called 911 to report what he/she initially believed to be an auto burglary.

The EMTs and the first responding police officers arrived at the same time. By this time, Peyton had moved out of the way, but was hysterical and covered in blood. Peyton attempted to give Rory CPR and told the paramedics that, but Peyton was not trained in CPR. Peyton also informed the paramedics of his/her attempts to stop the bleeding with a towel from the gym bag, but that it didn't work. The EMTs attempted to render aid to Rory, but by this point Rory had

¹ The case summary is meant only to quickly acquaint participants with the 2019 problem. It is not evidence, nor does it represent a statement by any characters/witnesses.

no pulse and was considered to be dead and beyond resuscitation. The officers then secured the scene and radioed for a Detective to come as quickly as possible.

When Detective Brett Beckett arrived at the scene, the Detective observed Rory lying on the ground next to the passenger door of a car registered in Rory Reynolds' name. Rory's face was covered in blood to the point where Rory was not recognizable. A 9-millimeter handgun was on the pavement next to the body. Detective Beckett located one spent shell casing on the ground near the weapon. Detective Beckett was then briefed by the first responding officers, and then quickly requested for Crime Scene Investigators, or "ID," to come out to photograph and diagram the scene and to preserve any possible evidence. At this time, the Medical Examiner jurisdiction was assumed, and the body was transported via Tennessee Removal Service to the Center for Forensic Medicine for further examination by a Medical Examiner.

While Detective Beckett was being briefed, Peyton was sitting on the ground a few feet away, sobbing hysterically. An officer was standing near Peyton to make sure Peyton didn't disturb the scene or the body. Peyton agreed to go to the station to be questioned by Detective Beckett. Then, Beckett followed the transporting officer to the station, and once Peyton was in a secure room, the detective went in to take Peyton's statement. Although Peyton wasn't officially under arrest yet, Peyton was Mirandized by Detective Beckett and gave the following written statement:

Rory was my best friend, and I would never hurt him/her. We got into a fight, which happens sometimes. We had just had a couple beers that night, and I guess Rory had more than a couple. Rory was mad and was going to drive around, which I didn't think was safe since Rory had been drinking. Rory did this from time to time when we would argue or when he/she was upset in general; sometimes, Rory would be back in an hour but sometimes it could be days. I had stuff in the car and went to get it out. When I got my gun out of the car, I tripped. As I was falling, I guess I just squeezed the trigger by accident or somehow the gun went off. I didn't even realize I shot Rory until I got up and saw the body lying on the ground. I was going to call 911, but I couldn't find my cell phone. One of the neighbors must have heard something because the police arrived shortly after this happened.

After giving the statement, Peyton consented to a blood test at Saint Manning Hospital to determine toxicology levels. Peyton was transported by Detective Beckett, where Peyton's blood was drawn by Nurse Kris Jones. After the blood was analyzed by the Saint Manning Hospital Lab, it was determined that Peyton's blood alcohol level was .07.

Back at the scene, Tracy Benson, a crime scene investigator, photographed and collected the gun and the shell casing. Benson packaged it to be catalogued as evidence, and handed it to Officer Cory Bell, one of the first responding officers that was still helping to secure the scene.

Officer Bell took this evidence to the Crater Crime Lab for testing after he/she was relieved from the scene by another officer.

After collecting evidence outside, Benson conducted a sweep of the condominium. Benson found a cell phone on the kitchen counter. Benson also found eight empty beer cans in the trash can. That evidence was also photographed and collected for evidence. Benson then took photographs of every room, as well as photos of inside and outside the car, the outside of the condominium, the condominium complex's stairwell and hallways, and where Rory's body was found.

Benson went to the Medical Examiner's office and took photographs of the body and of the wound. He then collected all of Rory's personal items and took them to the property room. Among Rory's personal belongings was a cellphone found in the pants pocket.

Dr. Wimberly conducted an autopsy and prepared a report. However, he/she was not able to finalize the report until two months after the homicide because Dr. Wimberly needed additional information from Detective Beckett. Once Dr. Wimberly, received the information and was able to personally examine the evidence, along with Peyton's statement, Dr. Wimberly determined that the cause of death was gunshot wound to the head, the manner of death was homicide, and the circumstances of death was decedent was shot by another person.

Dr. Wimberly recovered the bullet from Rory's head. The path of the gunshot was slightly upward and to the right. He weighed all of Rory's organs and did not find anything remarkable. Dr. Wimberly screened Rory's blood for toxicology and found that he had a Blood Alcohol Concentration level of .02. The bullet was then sent to the Crater Crime Lab for testing.

Detective Beckett conducted interviews of several neighbors, including Andi Anderson, and Francis Franklin. Francis, who knew Peyton and resided just a few doors down, claimed to see the entire event. Francis had known Peyton for years since their time growing up in Rough Neck, Tennessee. Francis is adamant that Peyton did not murder Rory.

Several months after the shooting, Chandler King, a ballistics expert that works for the state crime lab, determined that the shell casing was consistent with the 9 millimeter handgun found at the scene, as was the bullet that was recovered from Rory's skull. On October 1st, 2018, once the crime lab results were in and the medical examiner had issued their finalized report, Detective Beckett took out a warrant for second degree murder against Peyton Patterson for the death of Rory Reynolds.

Witnesses for the State:

- Tracy Benson
- Andi Anderson
- Detective Brett Beckett
- Dr. Sam Wimberly

Witnesses for the Defendant:

- Peyton Patterson
- Francis Franklin
- Kris Jones
- Chandler King

AGREED STIPULATIONS

As a prefatory note, it is the express intention of the Mock Trial Committee that this lawsuit proceed to a hearing on the merits of the case. Accordingly, many of these stipulations are intended to obviate many prehearing procedural challenges that would exist anywhere except the Mock Trial universe.

1. Whenever a rule of evidence requires reasonable notice, teams must presume that such notice has been given.
2. No props may be used. Teams may use markers, pens, pointers, or sticky notes to assist in the presentation of witness testimony concerning an exhibit. Exhibits may be copied and enlarged for demonstrative purposes if the proper foundation for admission is laid at trial.
3. Participants may only cite evidence contained in these problem materials. Cross-reference to other mock trial problems is prohibited. Any similarity to true events or actual persons is to be disregarded. Participants may not cite legal or factual authority outside that presented in the problem materials, the Rules of the Competition, and the Mock Trial Rules of Evidence.
4. Stipulations may not be contradicted or challenged. It shall be the responsibility of the teams to bring the stipulations to the attention of the Court as the situation may require.
5. All witness statements have been sworn to by the declarant.
6. No objections or arguments may be made upon the grounds of jurisdiction or venue.
7. Teams may not raise objections or defenses based upon procedural defects or constitutional violations. Teams may not assert criminal responsibility or any defense against any non-party person or entity.
8. The Indictment(s) is provided only for reference purposes. No argument shall be raised based on a perceived deficiency.
9. All exhibits included with these materials are authentic. Teams may not object to any exhibit's authenticity.
10. No objections or defenses shall be raised as to the statute of limitations.
11. Each expert has knowledge of his/her *curriculum vitae*.

12. The Defendant is considered to have been given a full and accurate reading of his/her *Miranda* rights before his/her witness statement. Further, the Defendant has been fully advised of his/her Constitutional rights with regard to testimony at trial. The Defendant has waived his/her right against self-incrimination and may testify in his/her own defense. No defense may be raised regarding any perceived Constitutional or *Miranda* deficiencies (1) in the manner in which the Defendant's witness statement was obtained, or (2) in the manner in which the Defendant chose to testify in his/her own defense.
13. Teams may not argue any lesser included offenses of the charged offense.

Additional stipulations may accompany exhibits.

A Word on Inconsistencies in the Case Materials: As with any actual case, not all facts develop consistently among witnesses or exhibits. As a general matter, the case materials should be deemed to be correct, insomuch as inconsistencies should be read as intentional complexities that permit teams to develop their own strategy for their presentation of the materials. However, with that in mind, **teams should also be aware that there is no single dispositive fact contained in these materials.**

APPLICABLE LAW²

Burden of Proof

The State must have proven beyond a reasonable doubt all of the elements of the crime charged and that it was committed before the finding and returning of the indictment in this case.

Reasonable Doubt

Reasonable doubt is that doubt created by an investigation of all the proof in the case and an inability, after such investigation, to let the mind rest easily as to the certainty of guilt. Absolute certainty of guilt is not demanded by the law to convict of any criminal charge, but moral certainty is required, and this certainty is required as to every element of proof necessary to constitute the offense.

Presumption of Innocence

The law presumes that the defendant is innocent of the charge(s) against him/her. This presumption remains with the defendant throughout every stage of the trial, and it is not overcome unless from all the evidence in the case you are convinced beyond a reasonable doubt that the defendant is guilty.

Second Degree Murder

Any person who commits second degree murder is guilty of a crime. For a defendant to be found guilty of this offense, the state must have proven beyond a reasonable doubt the existence of the following essential elements: (1) that the defendant unlawfully killed the alleged victim; and (2) that the defendant acted knowingly.

“Knowingly” means that a person acts with an awareness that his/her conduct is reasonably certain to cause the death of the alleged victim. The requirement of “knowingly” is also established if it is shown that the defendant acted intentionally. “Intentionally” means that a person acts intentionally when it is the person’s conscious objective or desire to cause the death of the alleged victim.

Direct and Circumstantial Evidence

There are two kinds of evidence: direct and circumstantial. Direct evidence is direct proof of a fact, such as testimony of a witness about what the witness personally observed.

² For purposes of this case, the Mock Trial Committee has chosen to adopt the law as promulgated here, which consists of portions of Tennessee statutes, jury instructions, and case law.

Circumstantial evidence is indirect evidence that gives clues about what happened. Circumstantial evidence is proof of a fact, or a group of facts, that cause the factfinder to conclude that another fact exists. It is for the factfinder to decide whether a fact has been proven by circumstantial evidence. If the factfinder bases its decision upon circumstantial evidence, it must be convinced that the conclusion that it reaches is more probably than any other explanation.

For example, if a witness testified that the witness saw it raining outside, that testimony would constitute direct evidence that it was raining. On the other hand, if a witness testified that the witness saw someone enter a room wearing a raincoat covered with drops of water and carrying a wet umbrella, that would be circumstantial evidence from which the factfinder could conclude that it was raining.

The law permits equal weight to be given to both types of evidence, but it is for the factfinder to decide how much weight to give to any evidence. In making its decision, the factfinder must consider all of the evidence in light of reason, experience, and common sense.

Credibility of Witness: In general and when defendant testifying

The jury is the exclusive judges of credibility of the witnesses and the weight to be given to their testimony. If there are conflicts in the testimony of the different witnesses you must reconcile them, if you can, without hastily or rashly concluding that any witness has sworn falsely, for the law presumes that all witnesses are truthful. In forming your opinion as to the credibility of a witness, you may look to the proof, if any, of his or her general character, the evidence, if any, of the witness' reputation for truth and veracity, the intelligence and respectability of the witness, his or her interest or lack of interest in the outcome of the trial, his or her feelings, his or her apparent fairness or bias, his or her means of knowledge, the reasonableness of his or her statements, his or her appearance and demeanor while testifying, his or her contradictory statements as to material matters, if any are shown, and all the evidence in the case tending to corroborate or to contradict him or her.

If the defendant testifies in his/her own behalf, his/her credibility is determined by the same rules by which the credibility of other witnesses is determined, and you will give his/her testimony such weight as you may think it is entitled.



INDICTMENT

State of Tennessee, Crater County

THE GRAND JURORS of Crater County, Tennessee, duly impaneled and sworn, upon their oath, present that:

PEYTON PATTERSON

on **June 18, 2018**, in Crater County, Tennessee, and before the finding of this indictment, did knowingly shoot and kill Rory Reynolds in the parking lot of Cumberland Condominiums constituting the offense of **Second Degree Murder**, meeting the requirements of such offense as set forth in Tennessee Code Annotated § 39-13-210.

Witnesses for the State

TRACY BENSON

My name is Tracy Benson, and I am a crime scene investigator with the Crater Police Department. I am 32 years old. I've lived in Crater County my entire life. I graduated from Crater County High and went on to attend the Crater Police Academy. After graduating, I became a patrol officer. While I enjoyed being a patrol officer, I wanted more after five years, so I decided to go to college in order to obtain a degree in forensic science. In 2013, I graduated from Crater State University and began working as a crime scene investigator with the Crater Police Department.

On the night of June 18, 2018, I was called to investigate a crime scene at Cumberland Condos. When I got the call, I was at the local bowling alley, Livin' on A Spare, with three of my best friends celebrating my friend Jordan's engagement. Livin' on A Spare is on the far side of town, so it took me about twenty minutes to arrive at the crime scene.

When I arrived, the place was already buzzing with police officers. As I was walking through the parking lot to the crime scene, I noticed Detective Beckett standing beside a police car. I also noticed that someone was sitting in the back of the police car. After doing a double take, I noticed it was Peyton Patterson in the back seat of the police car. I recognized Peyton because he/she was friends with my little brother when they were in high school.

After getting briefed by one of the officers securing the scene, I got to work. I began by taking photographs of the crime scene. The victim – who was identified as Rory Reynolds – was lying about five feet from the passenger door of a car. It was such a sad sight. The victim's head was covered in blood, and he/she was unrecognizable. I've investigated a lot of homicides, but that was one of the saddest things I've witnessed.

Based on the position of the victim's body, he/she was facing the car when he/she was shot. The passenger door was wide open, and a pair of shorts, a cut-off Nirvana t-shirt, and some tennis shoes were strewn all over the ground next to the car. There was also a gym bag on the ground next to the body. It looked as if someone had dumped the contents of the gym bag in a hurry like they were trying to find something particular in the bag. There was also a gym towel that was soaked with blood next to the victim's head. Lying on the pavement next to the body was a 9-millimeter handgun. I photographed this along with the shell casing that was on the pavement about two feet from the victim's body. I also photographed the inside of the vehicle. All I can say is the owner needed to take some pride in his/her vehicle because there were McDonald's wrappers and empty soda cans all over the vehicle's floorboard.

After photographing the crime scene and vehicle, I bagged and tagged the gun and shell casing. I then delivered the gun and shell casing to Officer Cory Bell who was tasked with the job of delivering all evidence to the Crater Crime Lab for testing.

One of the things I remember the most from this investigation is how dangerous that condominium parking lot was at night. There were no working street lights in the parking lot, and no moonlight due to cloud cover. Even with headlights from police cars and other lights brought in to help investigate the scene, it was dark in that parking lot. And let me tell you, whatever company was in charge of maintaining that parking lot did a very poor job because it was in horrible shape. The asphalt was cracked and crumbling. Plus, there were huge potholes throughout the parking lot. It was not easy processing the crime scene. I tripped several times and actually sprained my ankle on my last tumble as we were wrapping up the investigation. Between the dark and the parking lot's poor condition, I'm surprised it wasn't worse. The next day I went back and took a picture of the parking lot.

After processing the crime scene, I went to the victim's condominium to continue my investigation. On the way, I made sure to photograph the path from the vehicle where the victim's body was found to the condominium. This included photographs of the condominium complex itself, the condominium complex's stairwell, and second-floor hallway. Once inside the condo, I photographed every room. It was a nice two-bedroom condominium. The best part was the balcony with two adirondack chairs and side table. It looked like the perfect place to relax after a long day and enjoy a beer or glass of wine. However, one of the chairs was turned over on its side, which I found odd. I also noticed that the patio's sliding glass door was unlocked as if someone had been using the patio earlier that night.

I ended my sweep of the condominium in the kitchen. The first thing I noticed when I walked in the kitchen was several empty beer cans in the trash can. After I photographed the trash can, I removed and tagged the beer cans. I counted eight in total – seven Pub Light cans and one Blue Sun can. I also noticed a cell phone on the kitchen counter, which I photographed. I checked to see if any text messages or missed phone calls appeared on the phone's lock screen, but there were none. The phone was password protected, so I tagged and bagged it as evidence. I gave the beer cans and cell phone to Officer Bell to take to the Crater Crime Lab for testing as well.

My last stop was the Medical Examiner's office to photograph the victim's body and collect his/her personal items. The victim had very few personal items on him/her at the time he/she was shot. In addition to the victim's clothing, I found a set of car keys, a wallet identifying the victim as Rory Reynolds, and a cell phone. The cell phone was found in the pocket of Rory's pants. The phone was not password protected, so I looked at Rory's most recent text messages. The only messages from June 18 were from someone named Gyan Rosling. From reading the text messages, it appears that Gyan wanted to meet up with Rory on the night he/she was killed, but Rory said he/she couldn't because Peyton was home. I later heard that Gyan was Peyton's ex.

After finishing up at the Medical Examiner's office, I headed back to the police department to deliver Rory's personal items to the police department's evidence room.

Andi Anderson

My name is Andi Anderson and I live in the Cumberland Condos down by the river. I work part time at a local organic tea and incense shop, which is how I first met Rory and Peyton—they were frequent customers of mine in college. They seemed like pretty cool kids, so I gave them a heads up when the condo above me came open last year. We all got along fine, but after they graduated Peyton quit coming by the shop, so I didn't see him/her as often. Rory told me it was because Peyton "didn't approve of my lifestyle anymore," but whatever. I would still try to make small talk with Peyton when we passed in the lobby or elevator, but he/she was usually short and dismissive. Peyton did take the time to complain about me leaving trash on my balcony and the odor when he/she was on his/her balcony a couple of times—even left me a note once—but you never heard me gripe about the beer cans or the noise coming from upstairs. I swear, Peyton was always toting a 12 pack of beer every time I saw him/her, and at least two or three nights a week Peyton and Rory would get loud and rowdy well into the night.

Well, on one such evening—a Monday, and I know that because "The Singer" was on and I LOVE that show. Never miss it. I like to just relax and let them sing me into a deep sleep. Anyway, I'm halfway to snooze town, when I hear yelling coming from upstairs. Like I said, this was nothing new. I figured they were just watching sports and yelling at the TV or something, so I cranked up the volume—they were doing all Prince covers that episode—and tried to drown out the noise. It was working too, until all of a sudden I heard a loud "pop." We were still a couple of weeks away from July 4th and I couldn't believe folks would already be shooting fireworks, but I wasn't going to miss it if they were. Who doesn't love fireworks?! So I go to the window to check it out, but I didn't see any spleen splitters, whisker biscuits, honkey lighters, hoosker doos, hoosker donts or even a single whistlin' kitty chaser. In fact, I couldn't see much of anything at all because the streetlight beside our building has been out for several months—which is fine by me because otherwise it shines right through my window.

All I could really make out was someone standing in the parking lot next to a vehicle and what looked like a bag or something at his/her feet. Anyway, the person was really close to Rory's car, so I thought maybe they were trying to break in—we had a couple of auto burglaries a few weeks earlier, but I thought the police had caught the perp. I tried to call Rory's phone, but he/she didn't answer. I tried Peyton's next and it rang once, but then went straight to voicemail. I wasn't about to try and be a hero at that time of night, so I figured I should go ahead and call 911. I told them I thought someone was breaking into cars again and gave the condo address.

After the police arrived, I ventured down to the edge of the parking lot. I noticed immediately that something more than a car burglary had occurred. I noticed a postcard on the ground and picked it up. I noticed it was postmarked from Los Angeles and addressed to Rory. It read, "One year ago, we were together here." It was signed with a smiley face at the bottom, but no name. Odd for sure. When an officer walked over, I was still examining the odd postcard. I

learned then that poor Rory was gone. I filled the officer in on what I had seen and heard earlier in the night and turned over the postcard, just in case it could be of any use. What a bizarre and tragic evening.

Detective Brett Beckett

My name is Brett Beckett and I'm a detective with the Crater Police Department. I've been a detective for a year; however, I was on the police force for three years before that as a patrol officer. Obviously, you have to do your time as a rookie cop before you can work your way up to be a detective. Luckily, I was promoted pretty quickly in my career—a lot quicker than most other detectives. Some people think it's because I started dating the Mayor, and the Mayor appoints the Chief of Police, but I think it's just because I'm smarter than most people and very diligent. Sure, I almost failed out of college, which derailed my plan to go to law school, but I did the next best thing and went to the police academy. The police academy wasn't as easy as I expected, but I made my way through with a little help from my friends higher-up. It helps to date the training leaders, but that's neither here nor there.

Anyway, so on June 18, 2018, I was called out to my first homicide. We don't have a lot of homicides in Crater, at least I am not called on many; mostly just shoplifting, auto burglaries, and some vandalisms, maybe an aggravated assault now and then. But this occurred in Central Precinct and I happened to be the only detective in that precinct on the clock at that time. The other, more seasoned detectives in my unit ended up kind of being on my back and micromanaging every little thing I did (even going with me to my meetings with the DA's office) but I was finally able to get the Mayor to put the kibosh on that. I don't know why they think that forgetting to log evidence and misplacing it in my last case was such a big deal. I mean, the guy ended up pleading anyway, so no harm no foul right?

I arrived at the scene at the Cumberland Condominiums around 10:30. I got the call around 10:10, but I was watching my favorite show on Netflix, and it had just a few minutes left. I figured that the body wasn't going anywhere- am I right, or am I right? When I arrived, I saw a figure whom I later determined to be Rory Reynolds lying on the ground next to the passenger door. I determined the car was registered to Rory after checking the paperwork in the glove box. The victim's face was completely covered in blood, so I couldn't even tell what the person looked like. There was a towel covered in blood next to the body, as if someone had tried to stop the bleeding. I thought about collecting the napkins but then I decided this wasn't going to be a case that required DNA or anything because the killer was obviously there and not much investigation was needed. Anyway, if it was going to be collected I'd make our crime scene investigators, or "ID" do that; that's way below my paygrade.

I saw a 9-millimeter handgun on the pavement next to the body. Then I saw a spent shell casing on the ground next to the weapon. After picking it up and looking to see if it was consistent with being fired from a 9-millimeter (and it was) I put it back down and went to talk to the first responders. Then I requested my ID people come out and do what they could with any evidence or whatever it is exactly that they do. Hopefully they took some pictures because it was pretty gory—good for the jury to see those to rile them up a little. Then the Medical Examiner's office

came and got the body to do the autopsy or whatever, like that was really even necessary. I mean, the victim was shot. And there was one person by the body. $1 + 1 = 2$. Duh. Easy as pie, and pretty lucky to be my first homicide.

After I walked all the way around the scene and looked around in the car, I followed one of my patrol cops to the station, so I could get the confession out of the defendant, Peyton Patterson. I didn't think it would take long and I wanted to get it over with, so I could finish binging my Netflix show. At the station, I quickly recited the Miranda Rights to Peyton and then Peyton just opened like a book.

Peyton told me all about how Rory was his/her best friend and how they got into a fight and were drunk and something about Rory wanting to drive somewhere. (My mind was a little preoccupied because I was thinking about the cliff hanger from my show, and the interview is recorded so it wasn't a big deal . . . at least I thought it was. I realized I didn't turn the recording on, but I have a good memory and Peyton scribbled down most of his/her statement). The details don't really matter much in a case like this. Anyway, long story short the friends were drunk, fighting, and then Peyton shot Rory. That's pretty much the gist of it. Peyton tried to say that he/she tripped and the gun went off but as a gun enthusiast myself, I don't know if I believe him/her. Even if I did, the academy teaches us to go ahead and arrest them and the courts will sort it out later.

After Peyton's interrogation, Peyton consented to a blood test to determine exactly how drunk he/she was. I was glad Peyton consented, because I really did not want to have to go through the trouble of getting a warrant and finding a judge to sign it and all that jazz. I forgot to get Peyton to sign the consent form, but I don't think that will be a big deal. Plus, it had been a few hours since Peyton had drank any alcohol, and I didn't know how long it would be in his/her system. At Saint Manning Hospital, Nurse Jones drew Peyton's blood. I'm pretty sure Nurse Jones may or may not be addicted to some type of pills but our hospitals have been short staffed lately so they can't be picky. After the blood was collected, I put it in my pocket and eventually took it to the Crater County Crime Lab a few days later once I remembered where I had put it. As soon as that blood was drawn my job was done for the night and I could get back to my show, so I may have been a little more careless than usual with the vial. A few weeks later we got the results back from the Crime Lab and Peyton's BAC was .07.

This is an open and shut case. I knew from the second I got the call that it had to be the roommate—it is *always* the roommate. Or at least it is on all my favorite shows. I really think that's what makes me such a good detective—I just *know* things without having to do much work. I knew all that crime tv watching during college before I flunked out would be useful for something.

Dr. Sam Wimberly

My name is Dr. Sam Wimberly and I am the Crater County Medical Examiner and Coroner. I have the greatest job in the world. Not only do I get to help solve mysteries as to how and why people die, but I get to experience constant peace and quiet in my medical examination room and the morgue. While some people might believe I am a little odd for enjoying spending my time with the deceased, they just do not understand. Each body I encounter tells a story and it is my job to unravel that story with my investigation and examination. The examination of a body reveals secrets about a person that even the best friend of the deceased never knew.

My medical training occurred at the University of Alicante in Spain, where I completed my medical school and residency. I then completed a one-year medical examination fellowship at Boston General back in the states. I was even nominated for the prestigious award of Medical Examiner Fellow of the Year for Crime Scene and Gunshot Investigation and Examination. While I did not win the award, only five fellows are nominated each year, so I was thrilled that my hard work and dedication to the truth was paying off. It was immediately after my fellowship that I sought a new part of the world I had not experienced, Tennessee. The Crater County Medical Examiner and Coroner job posting appeared on my radar through word of mouth from a fellow fellowship recipient at Boston General. She was from Tennessee and her charm, politeness, and fascination with fried chicken made me want to check the state out.

When I first arrived in Crater County, I was taken aback by how welcoming the community was. On my very first night in town, I met the nicest person at the local diner and he/she guided me through my first few weeks by showing me the local hangout spots. It was not until my first crime scene investigation that I found that my first friend was Detective Brett Beckett. Detective Beckett commanded attention from the police officers and always made sure procedure was followed. After a few months of witnessing Detective Beckett investigate a crime scene, I knew that the detective followed the rules and investigated cases thoroughly.

In the case at hand, I was first notified about the death of Rory Reynolds as I was walking into work one day. I had just returned from a vacation in the Maldives and was trying to catch up on the massive workload in the morgue. Crater County had four deaths while I was away, so I was in a rush to get caught up. Rory Reynolds was my last autopsy and at that point I was tired, hungry, and ready to go home. I recovered the bullet from Rory Reynolds' brain and noted in my file that the bullet was slightly upward and to the right of the decedent's back portion of the brain. I also tested the decedent's blood alcohol content which came back at .02. It was clear that the decedent's cause of death was by a gunshot to the head, but I was unable to complete my report the day of the examination due to Detective Beckett being out of town visiting family in Alaska. I decided to place the file in my "to do" list stack and come back to it after Detective Beckett returned.

I unfortunately forgot about the Rory Reynolds' file for a few weeks until I saw Detective Beckett at the grocery store in the pasta aisle. Detective Beckett stated the relatives he/she visited in Alaska were in bad health and another trip would likely occur soon. I knew Detective Beckett was under a lot of family stress, so I decided to put off the report until a more appropriate time. It was not until two months after I initially examined Rory Reynolds that Detective Beckett sent me over the documents I needed to complete my report.

When I received the documents, I glanced over them and noted Detective Beckett's theory on how the death occurred. I trusted Detective Beckett's opinion, but also understood that I had to come to my own conclusions regarding how a person died. The most compelling part of Detective Beckett's documents was the statement of Peyton Patterson. Peyton's statement solidified my examination by stating Rory Reynolds was shot in the head by Peyton Patterson's gun. I noted that Rory Reynolds death was homicide based on Detective Beckett's report. After I complete an autopsy and the initial draft of the report, I typically wait until the next day so I have time to process and review all documents and examination materials collected before reaching a final conclusion and signing off on all of the paperwork. I have not ever changed an original draft since I am one of the best in my field, but it always gives me peace of mind knowing I thoroughly reviewed each file before submitting my final report. Rory Reynolds' report is the one report that I signed without reviewing the entire file since the very next day a multi-car collision occurred and my workload increased twofold.

Witnesses for the Defendant

Peyton Patterson

My name is Peyton Therese Patterson, but family and close friends call me “Patt.” I was born and raised in Rough Neck, Tennessee, a small town about 50 miles or so North of Crater County. I grew up hunting and fishing and camping right alongside Dad, much to my mother’s dismay, and I wanted to be just like him when I grew up. Dad takes self-reliance pretty seriously, and he loves the outdoors.

Like Dad, I was in the ROTC in high school and learned how to handle firearms pretty early. Everybody in Rough Neck has a piece or two, the local permitting office is 50 miles away in Crater County, and no one much bothers getting certified. As Mom told me once, “Patt, we figure that any trespasser who winds up on our property will find out real quick just how certified we are.” Mom may have given Dad a hard time for dragging me everywhere with him outdoors, but she and Dad were on the same page when it came to self-reliance. Mom was an ex-Marine, and it was Mom who first showed me how to shoot.

After high school, when I got to Crater State University in the fall of 2013, I knew I wanted to study something that would set me up for a career in the outdoors. Dad had started a small landscaping business after retiring from his job as a construction foreman, and he always seemed to enjoy his work. My second year, I took a class in Natural Resources Management, found my passion, and declared a major in Forestry and Wildlife Sciences.

I also met my first serious significant other sophomore year, Gyan Rosling. Gyan was a real heartthrob—he/she was a drama major with his/her own rock band, and there were rumors that his/her tap-dancing hobby had landed Gyan a feature in an upcoming musical. Gyan was already a minor celebrity on campus because a play that he/she had written, some weird sci-fi thriller called “Do Electric Sheep Dream of Androids?” had gotten the attention of a major studio who wanted to turn it into a movie.

Anyway, I did not know about Gyan’s play, rock band, or tap dancing when he/she buffalo-toed into my heart at a PETA fundraiser. We bonded over our mutual love of animals and the outdoors and dated for a year. But when Gyan left CSU in the middle of junior year to pursue acting full time on the West Coast—apparently the musical and the movie were really going to happen—we decided that it would be too hard to keep things going from opposite sides of the country.

I told Gyan that I was fine with the decision, but my roommate, Rory Reynolds, knew the truth. I had met Rory at freshman orientation a week before I started at CSU, and we had been inseparable since then. Rory and I were more like siblings than friends, which I thought was really

cool because I am an only child. In fact, once or twice I had thought that Rory might be jealous that I was dating Gyan—he/she had said something once about Gyan being too hot for one person to handle—but Rory sat up with me every night for three weeks after Gyan and I broke up. I did not do much crying; Dad would tell you that he did not raise a softie. But I was pretty upset, and I kept wondering whether I had done something to push Gyan away. Rory helped me talk everything out.

When we graduated in 2017, Rory went to work for the post office in Crater, and I became a ranger at Crater State Park. The job was like a dream come true. I passed the fitness and field arm certification tests with flying colors, as any Rough Neck would, received my badge and service pistol, and settled into my new career.

Rory and I continued to live together, but the fights that we started having our senior year at CSU got worse. Rory was a city kid, and he/she thought that my love of the outdoors was backwards and silly. Rory always cracked jokes about “trigger-happy Rough Neck” and made fun of me when I told him camping stories about me and Dad, and the jokes and laughing seemed lighthearted at first. By our senior year, though, the jokes had gotten old, and I was tired of hearing them.

Rory and I also had a huge fight about Rory’s senior spring break trip to L.A. Our group of friends all had planned to spend spring break in Miami. We had bought our plane tickets, gotten an Air B&B right off Ocean Drive, and had VIP reservations at some of the hottest clubs and bars on South Beach. Then, at the last minute, Rory told us that he/she had booked a flight to L.A. instead. As far as I knew, Rory did not have any family or other connections to L.A. I asked Rory if he/she was going there to see Gyan, and Rory got really defensive, yelling and carrying on. We did not speak after that argument for more than two weeks. To this day, I do not know why Rory went to L.A. or what he/she did there.

On June 18, 2018, Rory and I were having a few beers at our condo around 9:00 P.M. on the balcony. It is at Cumberland Condominiums in the heart of downtown Crater. The owner is a wealthy CSU alum who rents the condo out to recent grads for pretty cheap. I had gone inside to throw away some of the old cans and grab another brewsky when I saw a postcard about to fall from Rory’s bag. I caught the postcard and went to place it on the counter when I saw that it was post-marked from L.A. I immediately flipped the card over to see who it was from, but all it said was “One year ago, we were together here,” with a smiley face at the bottom.

I marched out to the balcony with the postcard and asked Rory who had sent it and whether it was the same person that he/she saw in L.A. for senior spring break. Rory rolled his/her eyes, said, “Not this again,” and we started arguing like we had our senior year. I am sure that people could hear us from the floors below, especially as loud as Rory was yelling, and maybe all the way down to the street. After about an hour, Rory said, “I can’t take this anymore, Patt,”

and told me that he/she was going for a drive. Rory said that he/she did not know when or whether he/she would be back.

I hated it when Rory said things like that. It seemed like every time we had a fight now, Rory would drive off in a huff. Sometimes Rory would be gone for an hour, and other times for several hours or even days. Rory also had been drinking more lately, which was part of the reason that our fights escalated so quickly.

Rory and I had been carpooling to work for the past couple of days because my car was in the shop awaiting new brake pads. So, I grabbed the keys and went downstairs to get a few things from Rory's car before he/she took off. I was so angry I could hardly see straight, and it did not help that the only street light near our building was out. I pulled my gym bag and cell phone charger from the trunk without a problem. But my service pistol caught on something as I was taking it out. It came free suddenly, which threw me off balance as my gym bag and charger were in my other hand, and I must have accidentally squeezed the trigger or pressed it against whatever had caught on the pistol.

I did not realize that Rory had followed me outside. When the gun went off, I looked up and saw Rory's body lying on the ground. For a moment, I did not know that it was Rory or that I had shot him/her. When I saw that it was Rory, I became hysterical. I pulled a towel from my gym bag and held it against Rory's head, and I tried to give him/her CPR, but that is one thing my Dad had not taught me, and ranger training only included one half-hour session that I barely remembered. I tried to find my cell phone to call 911, but it was not attached to my charger, and I could not see whether it was in my bag because it was so dark. Someone else must have called the police because they and the EMTs from Saint Manning Hospital arrived on the scene pretty quickly. I told the EMTs that I tried to give Rory CPR but that he/she was not responding.

I did not know what was happening. I was crying and babbling uncontrollably. Rory is my best friend, and we had just had this huge fight, and now Rory might be dead, and I did not know what to do. An officer pulled me away so that the EMTs could work on Rory, and I sat down on a nearby curb, but Rory was not moving or anything. Then the EMTs declared Rory dead. A detective took me to the police station to be questioned. I wanted to go; I did not have anywhere else to go. The detective said that I was not under arrest but that I might want to talk to a lawyer, and he/she said all of the other things that police officers say in the movies about how the police would use anything I said against me.

I gave the detective a statement, which he/she wrote down and had me sign. I also told the detective that Rory and I had been drinking before everything happened, and he/she took me to Saint Manning Hospital to have my blood drawn and tested. I consented to the blood draw; I was not trying to hide anything. I did not understand how any of this could have happened.

The next day, I told my supervisor what had happened and was placed on administrative leave. I had to turn in my gun and badge, and I have not been able to go anywhere or do anything because everyone is saying that I deliberately killed my best friend. Rory's parents would not speak to me at the funeral. Mom and Dad have tried to be supportive, but I am not sure that they believe me either. Being trapped indoors is terrible. But I really just miss my friend.

A few months after the funeral I was charged with Rory's murder. The same detective who had questioned me and taken my statement in June came to the condo to arrest me.

Francis Franklin

I met Peyton Patterson years ago when we were both children. When Peyton walked into a room, everyone noticed—not because of anything Peyton said or did, but because of a quiet confidence that came out of his/her pores. I was there on the evening Rory died; I know what happened, and it was not murder.

I grew up in Rough Neck, and I spent my early school years with Peyton. I know Peyton better than just about anyone in Crater County. We did not spend much time together in school socializing, but it was the quality of our interaction that was important. One semester we had almost every class together, and I always tried to sit with Peyton. Peyton was always that person, the one in the room you gravitated toward, and we were always ending up in the same places one way or another. I remember one time during our sophomore year we both wound up at the same party. While we were waiting in line for the bathroom, we started talking about the Chinese Belt and Road Initiative, and Peyton just let me talk for 10 uninterrupted minutes. Peyton got me in a way that isn't easily explainable.

I moved to Crater County in the middle of high school. At first, I tried to stay in touch with Peyton by sending direct messages. People get busy, and when you are living 50 miles away, it is easy to drift. I graduated from high school, and I have spent most of my time since as a correctional officer at Launay Correctional Complex. In that job, I've met criminals, real criminals, and let me tell you, they are 100% turds—nothing like Peyton.

My job takes up a significant amount of time, but I don't let anything get in the way of my passion: making ASMR videos. Until recently, my YouTube account, jailh0u\$eASMRforu was lit. I had over 100,000 subscribers, a constantly green Social Blade, and I was getting more than 500,000 views per month. But, like Icarus, I flew too close to the sun. I thought it would be a great idea to combine the entertainment of Scared Straight with the relaxing vibes of ASMR. I set up a recording station in one of the pods at Launay and enticed inmates to record aggressive, whispered messages about the ills of prison, which I uploaded to my channel. I had so many comments from parents who snuck the videos into their children's rooms at night to subconsciously keep them out of the slammer. They would thank me for getting little Bobby off smack or getting Little Suzie to put down the box of matches. This was public service at its highest and best.

This caper worked well until my bosses caught wind of it. I came in to work one day to a meeting between my supervisor, the warden, and a local assistant district attorney general. It was all pretty scary. The warden threatened to fire me, and the ADA threatened to charge me with introducing a cell phone into a penal facility (back story: one way I had enticed participation was to allow the inmates to make some off-the-record calls using my cell phone). Admittedly, this was not my finest hour. In the end, I was suspended from work for one month without pay.

I thought about just quitting to focus on ASMR, but around that time, my videos started getting demonetized.

About a year ago, I reconnected with Peyton when we randomly moved into the same condominium complex. The first time we ran into each other, Peyton didn't recognize me at first. Can you imagine how embarrassed Peyton was when I had to tell him/her my name, and he/she realized who I was? It was mortifying—for Peyton. After that, though, we reconnected and started hanging out all the time. I knew Peyton really like watching movies, so I got all the premium channels at my condo. It made sense because I went straight to the workforce via the school of life. I had a little more disposable income than Peyton from my work keeping the Turd Fergusons of Crater County in line. Honestly, I didn't mind hosting Peyton, even buying dinner or a nice bottle of whiskey because Peyton's company was an escape from the unbearable mundanity that was Launay. It always seemed that the more drinks we had the more we got accomplished, and the better we felt. After a few complaints and possible solutions thrown out there, Peyton would walk home leaving the both of us feeling much better about life.

I also knew Rory, though nowhere near as well. Rory was fine. I know Rory and Peyton were close, almost as close as Peyton and I became, but by the time I met Rory, his relationship with Peyton was tumultuous. The two of them would fight, and more times than not, that would send Peyton over to my condo. We didn't often talk about what they were fighting about, so I tried to provide distractions. I am pretty into studying Rolwing, so sometimes Peyton would let me try out my skills. Like I said, after a few drinks and a couple of hours watching *The Room*, we both felt better.

Rory was in a fairly open relationship with Gyan—open to everyone except Peyton. I only hung out with Rory one-on-one a couple of times, but I knew it was a thing. Whenever Rory and I would go out in the same group—with or without Peyton, Rory would spend the entire time snapping photos to Gyan. I felt a little off about the relationship because I knew Peyton had a history, albeit casual, with Gyan, but I wanted to stay out of the drama. Peyton remained oblivious to the whole thing as far as I knew.

June 18 is a terrible day every year; it seems like that day marks some terrible occurrence on an annual basis. In 2016 and 2017, there were riots at work. It seems like all the idiots want to celebrate their idiocy on that day. In 2018, I had been hopeful that we could change that. I invited Peyton over in the late afternoon to play Fortnite and listen to the new Widespread Malaise album. Peyton was in a great mood, and we had a great time. We didn't drink, but Peyton did bring a spliff, which he/she smoked. Peyton was an occasional smoker, which was fine by me. I never saw him/her have a bad reaction to it. I never smoked because my job drug tested me. Peyton's did too, in theory, but he/she never seemed to care. We hung out for a couple of hours, but Peyton wanted to head home because he/she had to work the next day.

I stayed up to binge *Last Tango in Halifax*. Sometime around 9:30, I stepped outside for some air. I saw Peyton at Rory's car. Peyton was getting some things out of the car. The streetlights were out, but in a condo complex, you can still see almost everything that happens in the parking lot at that time of day at that time of year. I watched Peyton gather things and then turn to walk away from the car. When he/she did, it looked like he/she got stuck on something. Peyton was obviously struggling to get free. It was right at that moment that I heard a gunshot. Peyton wasn't aiming a gun. I wasn't entirely sure where the gunshot came from, I saw someone about five or six feet from Peyton fall. I later learned it was Rory. At that point, I still didn't know where the gunshot came from, so I screamed, "Not today Satan, not today!" I also ran back into my condo.

I turned out all my lights. Almost immediately, Peyton called me. I was so happy to hear his/her voice. He/she told me what happened, how his/her service revolver got stuck on something and went off. Peyton was so distraught, but everything he/she said was consistent with what I saw.

Since this accident, Peyton has been having a rough go of things. Prior to the arrest, Peyton would just come over to my place and sob. I have felt so bad for Peyton, but it has been a privilege to be there for him/her. I know my friend, but I also know what I saw. Rory's death was tragic, but it wasn't murder.

Kris Jones

My name is Kris Jones, and I'm a nurse at Saint Manning Hospital in Crater County, Tennessee. I graduated from Crater County Community College back in December of 2017, with an associate's degree in nursing. Although I graduated back in December, I only started working for the hospital within the last couple of weeks. There was a real dry spell over the summer where I couldn't even get a job interview. Eventually, I made friends with a doctor at the hospital who really helped me out with the application and interview process. Since starting at the hospital, I've been really enjoying my work and forming new relationships with my colleagues.

I started at Saint Manning Hospital on June 1, 2018, on the night shift. Since this was my first nursing job out of school, I was assigned a supervisor, Nurse Jackie, who showed me the ropes and trained me on all the Hospital's policies and procedures. This training period spanned my first couple of weeks on the job. Typically, my duties include making rounds on patients at the hospital, checking vitals, administering medication as ordered by the doctors, and making blood draws. I rarely do blood draws, working on night shift and all, and most of the blood draws I do are for medical tests when ordered by a patient's physician. Occasionally, I'll do a blood draw when the police bring in someone they think is intoxicated.

On June 18, 2018, I was on duty at the hospital when the police brought in Peyton Patterson for a blood draw. That night, my shift started at 5:00 p.m. and I worked a full twelve-hour shift that day like I do most days. On the 18th, I had been at work for a few hours when Peyton Patterson was brought in, probably closer to 11:00 p.m. or midnight. I don't remember the exact time, and he/she wasn't the only blood draw I did that night, there were at least three others the police brought in for blood work. Actually, it was a pretty busy night because the police brought in all these people within an hour or two of each other; I think there were four or five of them in all. The police must have set up a roadblock or something because I'd never seen that many people brought in for bloodwork all at once. Coincidentally, that night was also the first night I worked a solo shift; my training period ended the night before, so my supervisor had taken a vacation with her family – somewhere tropical, or maybe Alaska, I don't really remember.

Anyway, I always follow the same procedure when I do a blood draw, whether it be a patient or someone brought in by an officer. First, I get the person's information and take some biometrics (like blood pressure, height, and weight). I then prep the materials I will use during the blood draw, including laying out the needle and collection vials and affixing stickers to the vials with the person's name printed on them. Then I explain to the person that I am going to insert a needle in their arm and collect a sample of their blood. Once I have collected the person's blood, I walk all the vials to the hospital's lab, where they will either be processed or sent to another lab for testing.

On June 18, 2018, I followed this procedure perfectly for all of the collections I did during my shift. Except, I was so busy that I didn't walk all of the vials down to the lab right after I

collected the samples. There simply wasn't enough time as the police were basically bringing in people one right after the other for about two hours that night. I also didn't place the stickers on each vial like I normally do before collecting a blood sample; again, it was hectic that night for a bit. Instead, I put each person's paperwork and their vials into a little basket and then stacked these up, so the paperwork stayed with the right person's samples. As soon as it slowed down, I walked all the samples I collected that night to the lab, placed the labels on the corresponding vials at the lab, and submitted all the samples.

Peyton Patterson was a wreck the whole time he/she was in the room for the blood draw. Evidently, his/her best friend had just been shot accidentally. Peyton Patterson was really upset about the situation, sobbing while talking about how his/her best friend was gone.

I only made one stop on the way to the lab, and that was to help out a colleague. You see, the doctor who really helped me with my interview, Dr. Heart, and I have become terrific friends since we first met earlier this year. It was at a local arcade, kind of late, and we just clicked. We have a lot of the same interest and ambitions. We were also both going through a bit of a rough patch, me with my struggles to find a job after graduation, and Dr. Heart was having some issues at home. Anyway, Dr. Heart really did me a solid and helped me out a lot with getting a job at the Hospital. He's also very particular about office supplies; sometimes he even does his own audits of the supply closets to make sure there are enough essential materials on site and that people aren't pilfering supplies. So, on June 18, 2018, Dr. Heart wanted me to help him count gloves in a fourth-floor supply closet. The lab is also on the fourth floor. Since I was going right by the supply closet, it only made sense that I stop off on the way to the lab and help Dr. Heart count the gloves. It just took us twenty minutes to count the gloves, and blood is stable in the vial for hours at room temperature before it has to be refrigerated. After the gloves were counted and sorted, I dropped off all the samples with the lab and finished the rest of my shift. Later in my shift, I received the report back for Peyton Patterson and his BAC was only .07.

CHANDLER KING

My name is Chandler King. I am a ballistics expert employed with the state crime lab. I have been employed with the crime lab for approximately four years. Prior to obtaining employment with the lab, I graduated from Middle Tennessee State University with a Bachelor of Science Degree in Chemistry. I was employed with the Rutherford County Sheriff's Department for eight years upon completion of my degree. While employed as a sheriff deputy, I also graduated with my Master's degree in Physics from Middle Tennessee State University. I have been a certified Firearms instructor for the past three years, certified AFTE in Firearm Evidence Examination and Investigation and a graduate of the American College of Forensic Examiners Institute.

I was assigned to investigate a bullet, shell casing and gun involved in the potential homicide of Rory Reynolds. I first examined the gun. At first glance, the gun appeared to be a functional standard Generation 3, Glock 19, 9 millimeter handgun used by many Park Rangers in the area. Upon firing into a water tank from nine (9) feet away, I discovered the gun had been slightly modified. The trigger pull was approximately 3.75lbs when firing. In my opinion, this modification may have been a dangerous choice. The lowest trigger pull should remain at 4lbs to avoid accidental discharge.

I then collected the spent casings and bullets from my test fire and compared them to the ones found at the scene. The shell casing provided to me from the scene was a Barnes, 115gr ammunition which is a standard self-defense bullet and standard for the gun found at the scene. I placed the shell casing at the scene under a microscope to inspect the markings of the shell casing. I then compared the shell casings from my test round and found that the markings made by the firearm in the test were a match for the markings on the shell casing at the scene.

Upon examining the bullet found at the scene, I determined that it matched the shell casing provided to me. It was a solid copper, hollow point bullet. I performed the same test on the bullet as I did with the shell casing comparison. Under the microscope, I noted the rifling grooves and found that the crime scene bullet and my test bullet matched.

After complete review of all evidence provided from the crime scene, the bullet and shell casing found at the scene were shot from the Glock 19, Gen 3, 9 millimeter also recovered from the crime scene.