

Police Mistakenly Release Murderer: An Analysis

by Gita M. Smith

I wonder how far he'll get in his thin prison garb, in Chicago's February weather, without even the change for a phone call in his pocket.

It's not as if he'd planned a great escape, not as if he'd been prepared. One moment he was shackled, the next they let him go. He walked away *with their permission*, disappeared in the wind, thinking to himself (I'm guessing here) "*oh shit oh shit oh shit oh God, please don't let them realize their fuckup for at least an hour.*"

I imagine him looking for a laundromat, just one unguarded dryer or maybe a dry cleaners where he grabs a heavy coat and hustles down the street, tearing away the plastic baby-suffocating bag.

He has no plan, he needs a plan, he has no plan, he needs a plan -- the two thoughts bounce around inside his skull like racquet balls, slamming against his fear-machine lizard brain, driving him down one sidewalk and up the next in this unfamiliar city, in this brutal cold.

He knows his skill set (murder, non-specific rage) will serve him well if he can find some residential streets with cars asleep beneath their humps of fallen snow, some residential streets with gentle houses where he can cadge a meal and boost a car.

The cops *could* catch him quick before he offs some codger for his wallet and the SUV (not that they're asking my advice) if they'd just figure out exactly what a lifer wants to do *the most* when he gets out, then search those places.

<https://www.cnn.com/2013/02/01/justice/illinois-prisoner-released/index.html>

