

nide, guaranteed to give effective results within a matter of minutes.

PROSECUTION: The Prosecution will show that last month Mrs. Ricolah drove to Boca Raton to purchase an industrial metal cleaner, a clear liquid composed primarily of potassium cyanide. We will also show that this was not the first time Anabel Lee Ricolah, born Amy Long, and also known as Annie Lyons and Andrea Leon, has lost a husband under suspicious circumstances. In at least two previous instances, she married wealthy men. In both of these cases, her husbands died within a year and in both cases their remains were cremated. Anabel Lee is what crime literature calls a "black widow," someone who weds and kills with impunity. It is your job, ladies and gentlemen of the jury, to see that her crime spree stops here.

Anabel's lawyer was dismissive.

DEFENSE: There is no evidence connecting my client to this crime. So, she bought a metal cleaner. She likes a clean house. As for opportunity . . . cyanide is a fast-acting poison. And yet Mrs. Ricolah and her husband had no contact with each other for the last half-hour of his life. Other suspects abound. The Ricolah housekeeper, Emma Peters, had been the deceased's mistress for years before he threw her over for the defendant. The deceased's best friend, Keith Brown, had been an ardent suitor of Anabel's before the marriage. Both Emma Peters and Keith Brown had motives just as compelling as my client's and even greater opportunity.

You get the sinking feeling that no matter who poisoned Victor, there may not be enough evidence to prove it. Still, the question remains: Who killed Victor Ricolah? And how?

FOR TWO MONTHS, the exclusive community of Palm Bay has been obsessed with a murder that many of its most influential citizens actually witnessed. You and your eleven colleagues feel lucky to sit here every day and weigh the evidence against this beautiful, and, some might add, deadly woman of the world.

It was less than a year ago that Anabel Lee moved to Palm Bay, renting a tastefully expensive beach house. A vivacious and stunning woman, Anabel quickly made friends, especially with Victor Ricolah, next-door neighbor and retired financier. They were engaged within two months, married within three. In his opening statement, the district attorney outlines the events of Victor's final garden party of the season, his last garden party ever.

The festivities were in full swing on that sunny afternoon when the host asked his wife to fetch him a drink. Anabel had just sent the bartender off for more limes; so, she made it herself, expertly mixing the gin and tonic and adding ice from an electric ice cooler plugged into an outlet in the gazebo. She tasted the drink, pronounced it delicious, then handed the glass to Victor, who used a paper napkin to wipe a red gash of lipstick off the rim before drinking.

That was the last contact that Anabel had with her husband. For the next half-hour, Victor sipped his drink, munched on a catered buffet of overpriced delectables, and chatted with his neighbors. At one point he borrowed a cigarette from his best friend and tennis partner, Keith Brown, but smoked only half before stubbing it out.

When Victor collapsed on the lawn clutching his throat, no one even imagined poison, except the poisoner of course. Three plastic surgeons and a dermatologist made vain attempts to revive him. And all this while the servants were busy washing glasses and disposing of whatever evidence might have existed of the murder.

Anabel tried to arrange a quick cremation, but Palm Bay law required an autopsy. The result left no doubt: potassium cya-