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Subject: ROTARY - Oyez! Oyez! Oyez! (2-1-10)
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It was a cold blustery winter day good for only one thing...staying home. But she couldn't ignore the call she had just gotten. The Rotary Club of Marshfield was finally meeting. Linda Greer had been trying for months to get proof that the club existed. Stories had been swirling of howling interspersed with what only a tone deaf corpse could call singing punctuated by bursts of maniacal laughter and other sounds of torture. Rumors of money laundering schemes such as car shows were raging like wild fire. The problem was...they were unpredictable. No one knew exactly when or where they would meet. One week they might gather at Sheila's Southtowne Grill for a brazen mid-day meeting and the next they might secretly meet at Southern Missouri bank at dusk. The biggest problem with proving this group's existence was that it had its clutches in everything. Realtors, bankers, lawyers, court personnel, business owners and managers...even ministers were thought to be members and no one was talking. But finally she had gotten a lucky break saying they were at Sheila's in the back room.

So with her heart pounding and her hands shaking she stumbled through the front door. As she quietly and carefully pushed open the door to the back room she gasped and those three precious words all reporters long to say echoed like a shot through her brain...STOP THE PRESSES!!!

Tune in Tuesday at noon at Sheila's Southtowne Grill to see how this story ends.
