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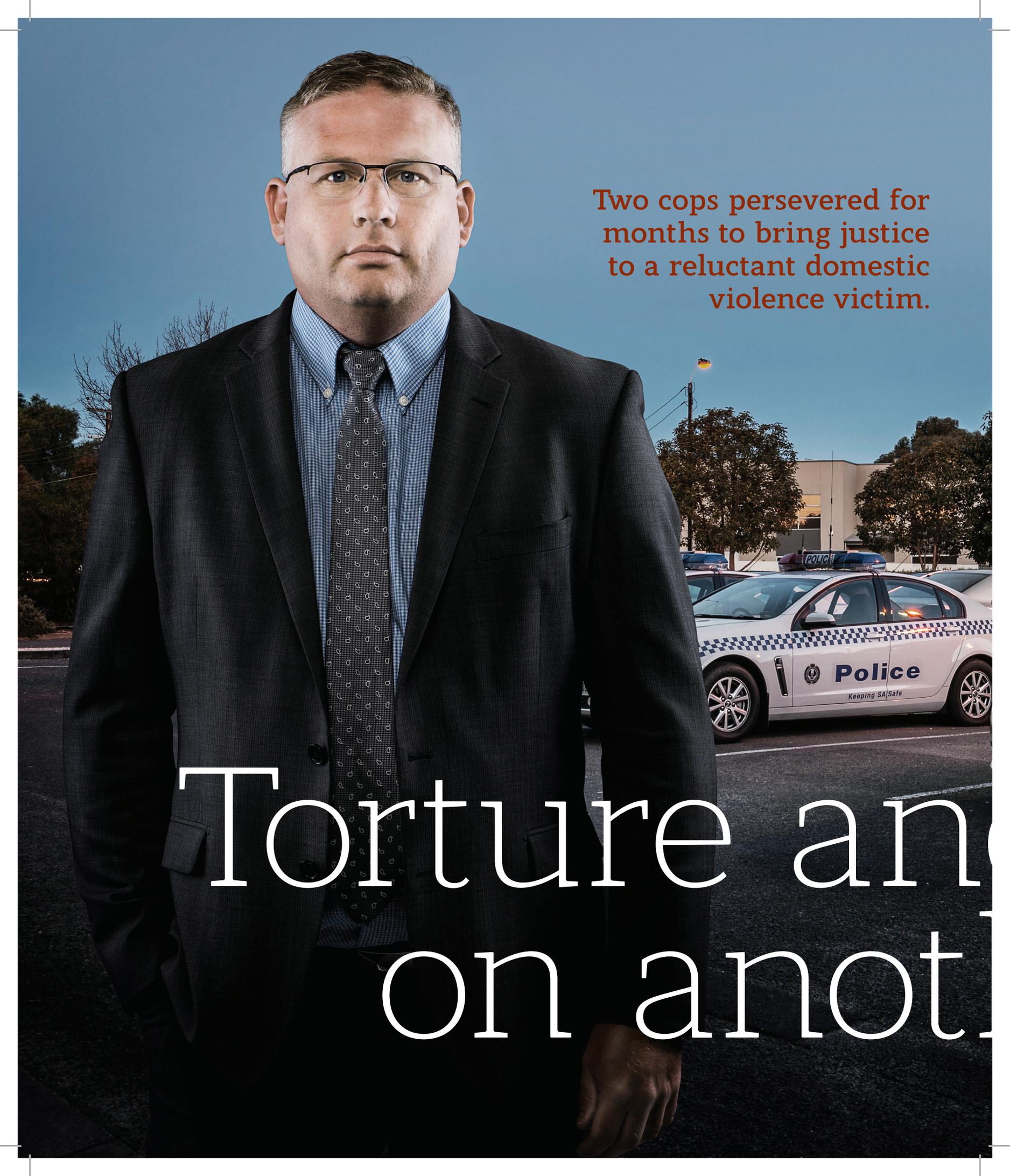
Police Journal



"The flames flared up very quickly and, before I knew it, the right-hand side of my body was on fire."

Torture and violence on another level

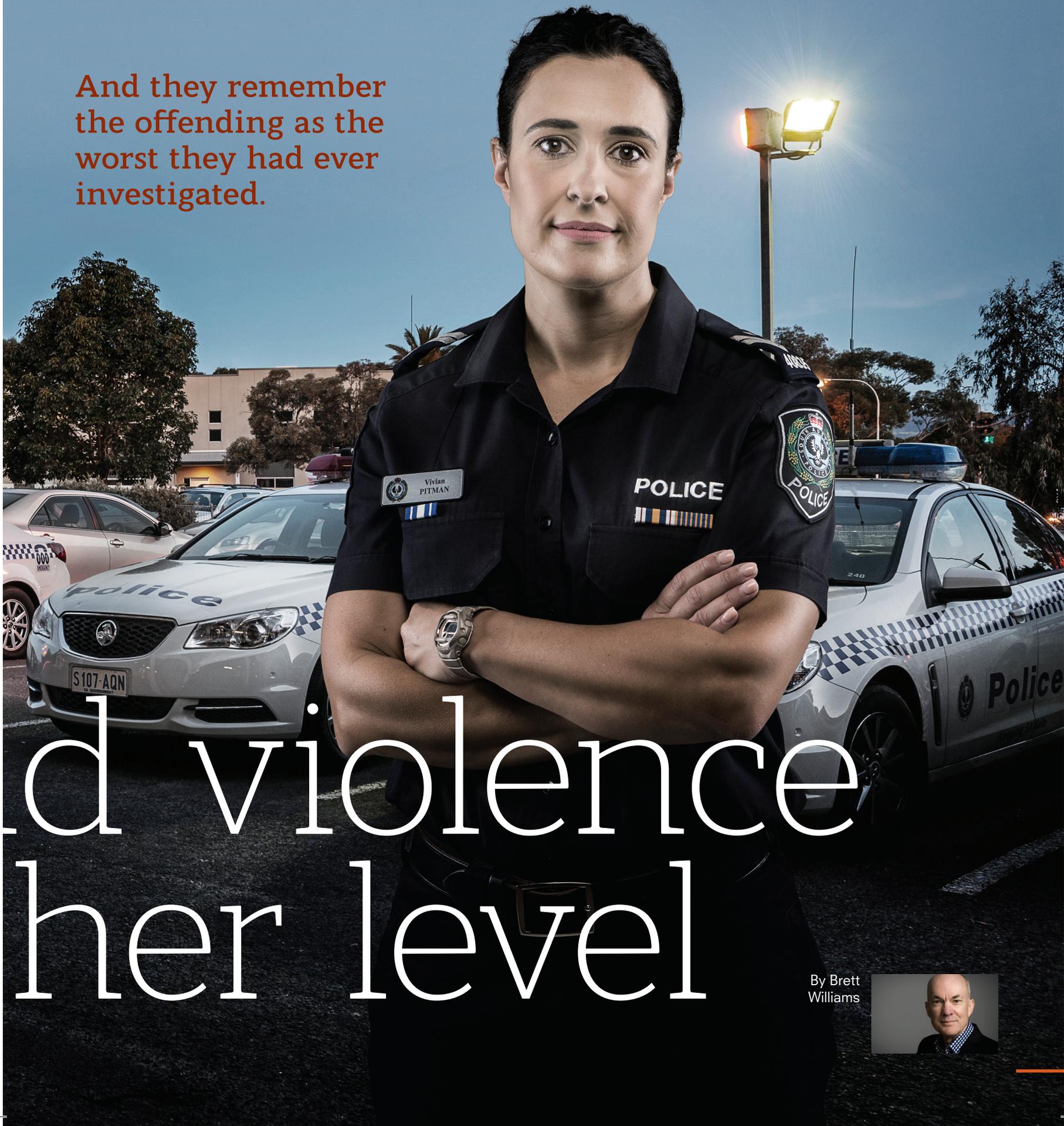


A man with short hair and glasses, wearing a dark suit jacket, a blue checkered shirt, and a patterned tie, stands in the foreground. Behind him, a white police car with a blue and white checkered stripe is parked. The car has "Police" written on the side and "Keeping SA Safe" below it. The background shows a building and trees under a clear blue sky at dusk.

Two cops persevered for months to bring justice to a reluctant domestic violence victim.

Torture and on another

And they remember
the offending as the
worst they had ever
investigated.



and violence her level

By Brett
Williams





It was little wonder that Daisy was prepared to inflict an agonizing death on herself with methylated spirit and a cigarette lighter. She could endure no more domestic brutality. Desperate, soulless and without hope, she had suffered more than a decade of violence – at the hands of her insane partner.

Vehan (not his real name) had habitually whipped, slapped, punched and kicked her. He had spat in her face, left her tied up for days at a time, and urinated on her head and face – and not allowed her to bathe afterward.

His inhumanity had even extended to starving her and, on one occasion, forcing her to swallow a radioactive capsule from a smoke detector. And, in the greatest threat to her life, he had pulled a gun on her and fired. By design or bad aim, he just missed her head.

His barbarous acts had left Daisy (not her real name) with injuries as severe as burns, a broken nose, and facial bruising and swelling which left her unrecognizable.

With all sense of purpose gone, and the will to live beaten out of her, going up in flames seemed, in her confused mind, her only escape.

“I could not live another day with this pain and torture,” she later told Senior Constable First Class Viv Pitman.

So, during yet another round of torment one evening back in 2015, she made her move. She had wound up in the ground-floor laundry of the two-storey inner-suburban apartment she and Vehan shared with their two young children.

He was not only brandishing a handgun but had also grabbed a bottle of methylated spirit, which he started to splash onto Daisy. It seeped into the jacket she was wearing, and her hair.

But, as Vehan had thrust the bottle toward her, she had hit out at his hand and seen that some of the methylated spirit had splashed onto him too.

Daisy then grabbed the bottom of her jacket with one hand and, with the other, flicked the cigarette lighter to “set myself on fire”.

“The flames flared up very quickly and, before I knew it, the right-hand side of my body was on fire,” she later explained in a witness statement.

Left: Fire-damaged vertical blinds in the laundry; **top:** burnt remains of a chair in which an unidentified object had burnt; **above:** burnt remains of glassware, chemical containers and electronic items.



“As (Vehan) leaned in towards me, he went up in fire as well. The fire set up on his arm first and then spread very quickly over the rest of his body.

“Flames were coming up above his head. He looked like the top half of his body was covered in flames.”

In the chaotic moments that followed, Daisy ripped her jacket off, charged outside and hosed herself down. And, in an act of mercy – which Vehan had never afforded Daisy – she hosed him down as well.

Police patrols and fire and ambulance crews were soon on the scene, as were Holden Hill CIB detectives Mark Young and Luke Townsend. Inside the apartment, they could see the obvious fire and water damage, particularly in the laundry.

But nothing about the scene indicated any connection with domestic violence. What the detectives had good reason to believe at the outset was that they were looking at a small-scale meth lab.

They spotted meth pipes, butane burners and various chemicals, and noticed an “irritating” chemical-like smell throughout the apartment.



“So, we then realized that we weren’t dealing with a meth lab anymore, we were dealing with domestic violence.”

Top left: The gun located in situ under the child seat top; **right:** a gas blowtorch outside the laundry door; **above:** glass vials and unidentified chemicals in a cupboard.

In the laundry were circuit boards and a laptop computer and, in the backyard, sat portable gas cylinders, one with a blowtorch attachment.

Young and Townsend rightly treated the scene as a potential hazard and called for an expert assessment. Members of the Drug Investigation Branch responded and examined the apartment but determined that it was not a cook house.

But police continued to investigate the fire and found, among other things, a handgun under a child’s seat in Daisy’s car.

It would not emerge until the next day, however, that it was extreme domestic violence which had led to the near fatal blaze.

At the hospital in which Daisy and Vehan were receiving treatment for their burns, a nurse had picked up on some critical information.

“She said (Daisy) had told her basically what had happened,” Young says, “that there was a domestic violence incident where she had set fire to methylated spirits.



“So, we then realized that we weren’t dealing with a meth lab anymore, we were dealing with domestic violence. We just had no idea about the extent of it.

“And, at that point, we were well aware that (Daisy) didn’t want to talk about it, and so we knew the sensitivity we needed to treat her with.

“So, we got Viv Pitman onboard to start working with DV services and building up some rapport and trust with her.”

So Pitman – then attached to Holden Hill Family Violence Investigation Section – started with a visit to the hospital, where she saw Daisy for the first time. And to get close enough to talk to her, she had to suit up so as not to put Daisy at risk of infection.

Pitman found her covered in burns, withdrawn and unwilling to

say anything about what had led to the fire. Daisy seemed concerned not to say anything that might contradict what Vehan had said, or was yet to say, about the incident.

Indeed, she repeatedly asked Pitman what Vehan had had to say.

Says Pitman: “We were trying to ease our way into that by saying: ‘Well, look, he’s still unconscious; he’s still in theatre. This is why we’ve come to see you.’ But she didn’t want to speak to police. She almost hated us.

“You got the impression that she was a person who was captive for a time, not seeing many people. She was almost child-like, as if saying: ‘Am I allowed to talk? I don’t know what I’m allowed to say.’

“We spent a substantial amount of time there (at the hospital) but it was all one way. It was her saying: ‘I’m not going to say anything until

Top left and above centre: Burns to Daisy’s hand and arm as a result of the fire; **top right:** burns to her face, neck and shoulder; **above left and right:** blisters caused by the burns.

(Vehan) wakes up.’ That was the answer we kept getting for pretty much everything.”

The fear-struck Daisy might have chosen silence, but the investigating officers well understood the need to protect her. So, within a few days, they had her moved to a different hospital, well away from Vehan.

Pitman then set out to talk to Daisy a second time when she noticed lines etched into the skin of her forearm. She had seen them on her previous visit but not realized that they formed a word.

Daisy, who had become slightly more open, told her it was Vehan’s name and that she had herself done the etching. But she was still not ready to give an account of the fire or the preceding years’ atrocities against her.

“You got the impression that she was a person who was captive for a time, not seeing many people. She was almost child-like, as if saying: ‘Am I allowed to talk? I don’t know what I’m allowed to say.’ ”



Neither was Vehan prepared to explain what had happened. Seven days after the fire, Young and Brevet Sergeant Paula Dunworth called on him at the now former Royal Adelaide Hospital.

Bandages covered just about all of him as he lay in bed, but Young could see his face and read its expressions.

“I’m not sure cocky is the word,” he says, “but he didn’t seem to care that he was about to be charged with offences.

“He was emotionless and didn’t make much comment. In fact, virtually no comment. It was almost like, behind the veil, he felt confident, as if saying to himself: ‘Oh, this isn’t going to go anywhere. I’ll be out.’ ”

But Young was determined to bring about the opposite: to get Vehan remanded in custody. He understood that it was a question of the safety of Daisy and her children; and it had

started to look as if Vehan was set to score his release.

“We did have a very strong idea about how much fear Daisy was in,” he explains. “We needed to be able to protect her.

“Plus, there was some history. He had some charges that were dropped some years beforehand: threatening to kill her with a firearm.”

So Young arrested him for a range of serious firearm offences associated with the gun police found in Daisy’s car.

There was also a charge of trafficking in a controlled drug. That was based on drugs police found in the apartment on the night of the fire. So Vehan wound up remanded in custody.

“Then,” Young recalls, “we at least knew that (Daisy) was safe, and that he wasn’t going to be a risk to the community.”

Above left and right: Detective Brevet Sergeant Mark Young who charged the offender and Senior Constable First Class Viv Pitman who took a 38-page statement from the victim.

In addition to the arrest, Young issued Vehan with a police interim intervention order.

“The fear we had was that it would mean nothing to him and that if he wanted to inflict further harm or kill her, he would,” Young says. “That’s why we put in the effort to get him remanded, and to remain remanded.”

The task for Pitman demanded a strong effort as well: to establish a rapport with Daisy and ultimately win her trust.

“He (Vehan) had programmed her mind not to trust anybody,” she says, “and to believe that everything he said was right.”

But, in the end, that indoctrination failed. After two months, Daisy got word to Pitman that she was ready to make a full statement.

The breakthrough led to six days of intensive conversation and statement-taking at the shelter in which Daisy had stayed since the fire.

Pitman never expected to hear of acts as vile as those Vehan had committed. She would later describe the case as “absolutely the worst one” she had ever investigated. In her police experience of 20 years, it was “on another level of torture and violence”.

It emerged that Daisy had met and begun a friendship with Vehan when she was just 16. But, not until five years later did the two become a couple and, even by then, Vehan had revealed almost nothing about himself.

The first time Daisy saw his propensity for violence was in 2006, when he threw and smashed his mobile phone against a wall.

One form of intimidation he came to use was to polish bullets in front of her. He would often hand one to her and say: "This is your life."

Possibly his worst act of violence came in 2008, when he became enraged over an advertisement he thought Daisy had failed to place on eBay. She was, at the time, close to giving birth to the couple's first child.

Vehan punched her in the face so savagely that her head snapped back with enough force to leave a dent in the wall behind her. She tried but failed to escape as Vehan took her into their laundry. There, he handcuffed her to a towel rail and pointed a gun at his unborn child.

Says Daisy: "He asked me who should go first, me or the baby."

Vehan indeed fired the gun toward Daisy, and after that came a second shot which he fired right behind where he stood. Daisy survived, but only because the first shot had just missed her head.

She managed to free herself from the cuffs and run to a neighbour's house for help. And, the next day, she wisely reported the sickening assault to police.

Vehan went on the run but soon contacted Daisy by phone. He wanted to see her and so issued a bizarre set of instructions. She was to travel out to Port Wakefield Road, meet a woman there and get into her car.

Daisy did as Vehan instructed. At the meeting spot, she saw what she thought was a woman turn up in a car. She got in and realized that it was no woman. It was Vehan.

Wearing makeup and hair extensions, he had dressed himself in women's clothes. The disguise was, in his mind, a way to avoid capture by police after the shooting.

He ordered Daisy to stop speaking to the police and said: "If I wanted to kill you, I would have killed you."

Daisy managed to leave the rendezvous without taking another bashing. But on Anzac Day, 2008, Vehan moved on her again.

Armed and uninvited, he turned up at her mother's home, where she was staying. He forced his way in and demanded that she pack a bag and leave with him.

Says Daisy: "He yelled at my mum, saying: 'She's coming with me.' He had the gun, so I wasn't going to (defy him). I just wanted to protect my mum."

So Daisy got into the car Vehan had arrived in and could see 20-odd bullets in a plastic bag in the centre console. Vehan then took off with her, headed for Melbourne.

Two days later, at a Frankston service station, Victorian police pounced. "That was like a movie," Daisy recalls. "They just came in from everywhere. They dropped him to the ground and then grabbed me away from him."

The officers arrested Vehan, who wound up extradited back to South Australia, charged over the shooting incident and remanded in custody in Yatala Labour Prison.

Just after that, Daisy gave birth to her daughter, Trina (not her real name). Vehan got to see the child as a two-week-old, in jail, after his family had pressured Daisy to take her there.

But, rather than express his gratitude to Daisy for visiting him, Vehan spat in her face. She was, at the time, holding little Trina. And, during the visit, he kept demanding that she "fix this", by which he meant his incarceration and the charges against him.

It was not long before Vehan scored his release on home detention. But, after only a few weeks, he cut off his tracking bracelet and again went on the run. Six months later, he reappeared and had his sister lure Daisy to her place.

"When I arrived at her house, I saw (Vehan) there," she later told Viv Pitman. "I was shocked and terrified at the same time.

"(He) was forcing me to drop the charges. He told me that I needed to go into a police station and say ... that I made it all up."

The charge of threatening to kill never proceeded against Vehan, who continued to threaten and intimidate Daisy. Out of fear, she resumed her relationship with him and gave birth to their second child, Creighton (not his real name).

“Straight after that, he laughed and goes: ‘This is how you work the system. If I didn’t cut my throat, I would’ve been in jail. And now that I’m diagnosed with paranoid schizophrenia, I can do anything to you and get away with it.’ ”

In late 2009, Vehan attempted suicide and wound up diagnosed with paranoid schizophrenia. A community treatment order kept him confined for 28 days. Then came his release, but his character had remained unchanged.

Says Daisy: "Straight after that (diagnosis), he laughed and goes: 'This is how you work the system. If I didn't cut my throat, I would've been in jail. And now that I'm diagnosed with paranoid schizophrenia, I can do anything to you and get away with it.'"

In her witness statement, Daisy explained how Vehan kept "antagonizing" her by "constantly telling me that he (had) control of me".

"I had to keep the kids quiet all the time," she said. "He always ignored the kids. If I ever was to go out, I would take the kids to my mum's house."

Daisy also described an extraordinary "series of events and constant abuse" which began in 2014. It was after she, Vehan and the children had moved into their inner-suburban apartment.

The first "event" was around the time of the Royal Adelaide Show. It had angered Vehan when Daisy disagreed with him about taking the children there.

She was for it but he was against. The discussion ended after he gave her "three massive slaps" across her face, with enough force to leave it stinging long afterward.

It then became his practice to approach and slap her head or face at any time - without reason.

"That, really, was like the start of hell," Daisy recalls.

In November 2014, Vehan wrongly suspected that Daisy had a sexual interest in one of his friends. His suspicion led to another brutal assault.

"The force of the slap was so hard that the bridge of my nose snapped, and the bone pierced through my skin," she said in her witness statement.

"I started to bleed all over my face. I remember holding my nose tightly and pushing it back in place."

Not until three days later did Vehan take Daisy to a suburban medical centre, where he forced her to lie about how her nose had broken.

Later that month, after she left out details of a visit to her mother's place, he accused her of lying to him. His claim was baseless, but it brought on another round of torture.

For three days, he kept her handcuffed, denied her food and made her beg to use the toilet. At one point, he forced her to sit on a couch with her wrists and ankles bound and poured methylated spirit over her crotch.

She soon felt the agony of a burning sensation and pleaded with him to uncuff her and allow her to wash and change clothes. His response was to pour more methylated spirit over her crotch.

At another point over the three days, Vehan corralled Daisy in the laundry. There, he poured a line of methylated spirit on the tiled floor, right in front of her bare feet, and ignited it with a cigarette lighter.

Flames rose to waist height as Daisy screamed for help and gasped for air. She managed to escape through a sliding door and into the backyard, with her ankle burning and her tights on fire.

After she patted the flames out with her bare hands, Vehan forced her back into the laundry and made her kneel in front of him. He spat in her face and urinated over her head.

"It made me disgusted, humiliated and ashamed," she explained. "I was begging for him to allow me to go and have a shower, or at least change my clothes, but he refused..."

And the torture continued up in the bedroom. There, he tied Daisy up again, whipped her with a ruler-length whip and, then, shoved a pillow over her head.

She visualized movies in which she had seen murder victims shot through pillows. And, now, she feared that Vehan was about to kill her in exactly that way. She screamed; he ripped the pillow away, but there was no execution.

The three-day ordeal only ended after Daisy freed herself from the straps with which Vehan had bound her. As the torture had played out, he had struck her repeatedly to the head and, at times, used thumb cuffs which dug deep into her skin.

"It made me disgusted, humiliated and ashamed. I was begging for him to allow me to go and have a shower, or at least change my clothes, but he refused..."

She would see no end to the horror until the night of her suicide attempt and the apartment fire. But that was still more than three months away. Many more beatings, some near fatal, were still to come.

There was a trip to Melbourne where, in a hotel room, Vehan produced a handgun. Wrongly suspecting Daisy of plotting against him with one of his friends, he pressed the weapon up against her head.

Of course, she had not plotted anything but, to save herself, said that she had.

Later, during that same trip, Vehan whacked Daisy in the head with the handgun and threatened to force her into paid sex with other men. He wanted cannabis as the payment and advertised the deal on a website.

"There was a bottle of vodka in the room," Daisy said. "I started taking big mouthfuls of it from the bottle. I felt demoralized and shamed."

As was likely to happen, Daisy resorted to self-harm. With a pair of tweezers, she slashed her left wrist until it bled, and Vehan called off the sex work.

With all she had been through to that point, and with Vehan endlessly threatening to kill her and their children, Daisy lost the will to live.

“I thought that, if he was going to kill me and dump my body, police would see my arm and know who (was) responsible.”

His constant beatings had numbed her both physically and mentally.

Ultimately, she came to practise more self-harm. One day in the laundry, as Vehan ranted about killing their children, she slashed the side of her neck around five times with a blade.

As she bled, Vehan offered not first aid but rather a solid blow to her head with his open hand. And, again, he pulled out a handgun, this time a revolver, and sat cleaning it in front of her.

Among other attacks, one took place in the carport, where Vehan repeatedly kicked and punched Daisy in the style of a kickboxer. And, one day in the kitchen, she took a kidney punch which left her barely able to walk.

But it was when he tied a necktie around her throat after cuffing her wrists and ankles that he almost killed her. Over her head he poured methylated spirit which trickled down into her eyes and face.

She choked, lost consciousness and later woke to the sight of Vehan resuscitating her.

One other evening, he continually zapped her with a stun gun and followed up with punches to her face. He only stopped when he split open her eyebrow. The attack left her face bruised, swollen and unrecognizable.

“The only thing that hurt was looking at, and not recognizing, yourself after,” she says.

Vehan came to use drugs as weapons, too, when he forced Daisy to take not only his antipsychotic medication but also ice.

Then came his last life-threatening assault on Daisy before the fire. It took place in the laundry, where he was demanding that she tell him certain truths, about which she had no idea.

After she failed to make the admissions he sought, Vehan produced a small round capsule inside a case. He told Daisy it was radioactive and threw it forcefully into her mouth.

“It landed right at the back of my throat,” she said. “It was lodged that far back that I could not bring it back up, so I drank some water from a glass in the laundry...”

Daisy swallowed the capsule but, as Vehan knew, it had come from a smoke detector and was indeed radioactive. In a panic, he forced Daisy into one attempt after another to bring it back up.

She vomited several times, particularly after he turned on a garden hose which he had told her to stick in her mouth. However, neither that method nor a range of others worked, and Daisy wound up in hospital.

There, she received medication designed to help her pass the capsule, but it remained in her body. Fortunate for her was that its low level of radiation was, according to medical opinion, unlikely to cause her harm.

In any case, her suicide attempt was now imminent. On an April evening in 2015, Vehan had launched into another of his rants, accusing Daisy of hiding things from him.

He found a mobile number Trina had written on a piece of paper. The number belonged to the mother of one of her school friends, as Daisy explained.

Vehan, however, refused to believe it and ordered Daisy to sit on the

kitchen floor while he spoke to Trina and Creighton upstairs.

Not knowing what he was doing with them left Daisy paralysed with fear. It was then that she took a piece of broken glass and etched Vehan's name into the skin of her forearm.

“I thought that, if he was going to kill me and dump my body, police would see my arm and know who (was) responsible,” she said.

Vehan carried on his talk with the children for around an hour, as Daisy remained isolated from them. But, at one point, she heard Trina crying and took her a glass of water.

Says Daisy: “She looked confused and said that (Vehan) was calling her a liar... I was so scared for her and what he could do to her.”

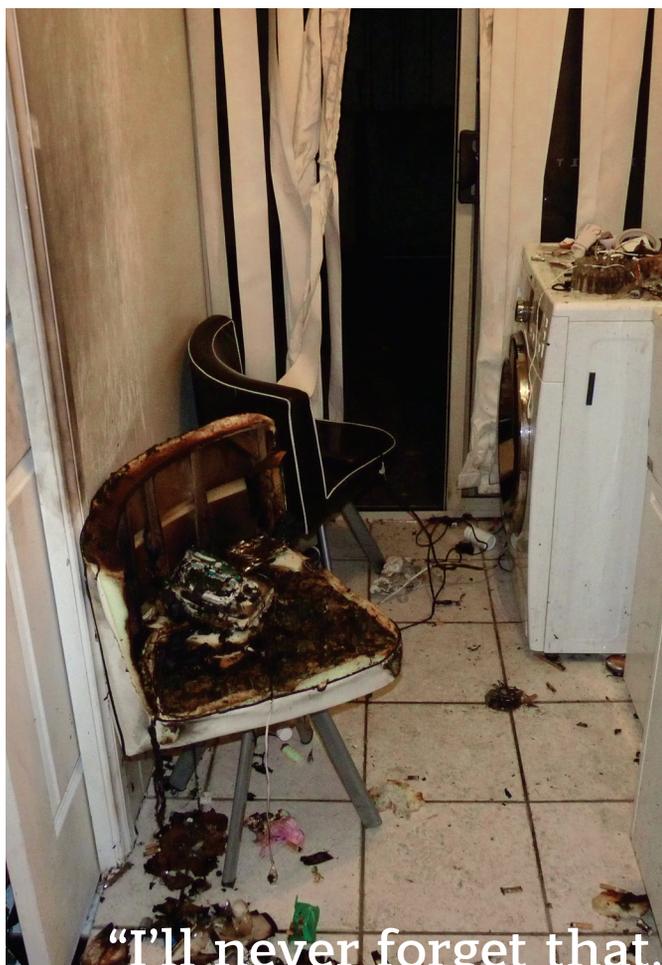
After the talk was over and Daisy had put the children to bed, Vehan accused her of corrupting Trina with pornography. Repulsed by the accusation, and feeling intensely vulnerable, Daisy went to change her clothes.

“I had a feeling that my life was going to end that night,” she said. “So I thought that, if I was going to die, I would want to die in nice clothes.”

Vehan then stepped into a walk-in robe and stepped back out holding the same gun he had threatened Daisy with in Melbourne. He thrust a towel over her head and again threatened to shoot her.

But rather than follow through, he took the towel off her head and thrust it back on several times, as he continued to repeat the threat.

Eventually, he demanded that Daisy bring Trina to their bedroom. And, against an angry, gun-toting Vehan, Daisy was defenceless. She collected the sleeping Trina



“I’ll never forget that.
That was like the
worst best day
of my life.”

and brought her back to the master bedroom, where she tucked her into bed.

Vehan, still holding the gun, started another rant, saying that he would not have “a slut as a daughter”. Daisy begged him not to hurt Trina and convinced him to go downstairs to “have a cigarette and think about it”.

And downstairs in the laundry that night was where Daisy, soaked in methylated spirit, set herself on fire. “I’ll never forget that,” she says. “That was like the worst best day of my life.”

Above left: The laundry initially suspected to be a meth lab; **above right:** Senior Constable First Class Viv Pitman.



After Viv Pitman had drawn on all her expertise to elicit the whole story from Daisy, she ended up with a witness statement of 38 pages.

“And we only just touched on a few instances (of violence),” she says. “I’m sure there were a lot more instances.

“She didn’t even know that she was a DV victim. She didn’t see that until her first few sessions with the DV workers.

“And when I stopped for breaks from taking the statement, she made comments like: ‘Now that I’m saying all this to you, I can see the domestic violence.’

“By providing the statement and getting all the counselling from the DV workers, she was putting two and two together.”

Over the two weeks in which Pitman went about her statement-taking, she kept Mark Young informed of the emerging details. Naturally, it became increasingly clear to him just how serious the offending was against Daisy.

And, later, after he had read the entire statement, he described it as “38 pages of horrendous things”.

“I’d had a number of DV cases before,” he says, “so I’d experienced these things in smaller portions with different jobs.

“But I hadn’t had a domestic violence case where such an extent of things had happened to one person over such a long time.

“When I first got the statement, it took me and my sergeant and another team member a while to go through and discuss it paragraph by paragraph.

“By the time we got to the end of the statement, we were looking at something like 25 major indictable offences.”

Among those offences were threatening to kill, false imprisonment, aggravated assault with a weapon, and threats relating to a person involved in judicial proceedings.

Says Young: “Once we’d worked out what further charges we could lay, I went to Yatala Labour Prison where we took him out of custody.

“Detective Brevet Sergeant Tim Kirtland and I rearrested him and then charged him again at the City Watch House with a raft of domestic violence offences.”

Vehan admitted to all the offences the police alleged. But, by reason of mental incapacity, he never had to enter a plea or face a trial.

Detective Brevet
Sergeant Mark Young



“The toughest challenge was

just simply compiling enough of a brief of evidence for such a large number of offences.”

Instead of time in prison, the court committed him to a minimum of 15 years and six months' detention in forensic mental-health facility James Nash House. He will remain there until at least 2033.

“It was the best outcome to have defence agree to the facts,” Young says. “That way we didn't have to prove everything beyond a reasonable doubt.

“And we didn't have to put (Daisy) through the trauma of a trial. Nor did we have to run the risk of losing some of the offences we charged.

“And he (Vehan) has to stay inside until he's deemed fit to return to the community.”

Of course, Daisy is now free from the barbarity of her past but, in her future, she sees little if any promise. She lives with her mother and children, has had no success in relationships with men, and has no friends.

When a man's mannerisms or gestures bear the slightest similarity to those of Vehan, she “freaks out”.

“I'll be scared forever, that's my problem,” she says. “It's just that I'm supposed to be free from him and I'm not, and I don't think I'll ever be.”

Nothing forgotten

Detective Brevet Sergeant Mark Young and Senior Constable First Class Viv Pitman have forgotten nothing about their investigation into the abuse of Daisy. It was one of those cases about which cops say: “What you see, you cannot ‘unsee’.”

And it was always unlikely that the mind of either officer would be clear of thoughts about the investigation after hours.

It most often came to Pitman when she took her 45-minute drive home from work and picked her children up along the way. She would think of Trina and Creighton living in an environment filled with brutality.

“I do remember getting home with my kids and just hugging them, and going: ‘Right, you kids are loved,’” she says. “And there might have been a few times when I took them to the shops and bought them some things.”

Young still thinks about the case, although less so now than at the time of the investigation. He still remembers the first time he met Daisy, when he perceived her as “broken” and “fragile” but, at the same time, strong.

And he reflects on the scale – and duration – of the violence she suffered as “extraordinary”.

“It was relatively early in my investigational experience from the CIB perspective,” he recalls. “And it allowed me to realize how important our job is from a victim perspective.

“We had a victim who had gone through such extraordinary circumstances and was willing to accept help. So, it was a pleasure to be able to do everything that we'd been trained to do and have that accepted by the victim.

“The toughest challenge was just simply compiling enough of a brief of evidence for such a large number of offences.”

The investigation did not leave Young feeling hatred for Vehan. Rather, he remembers the emotionless way in which Vehan responded to him in hospital and, for Young, the feeling was – and is – mutual.

For Pitman, the feeling *is* hatred. “But,” she says, “it's one of those once-in-a-lifetime investigations. I don't think I'm ever going to (come across one like that) again.” PJ