

National Forensic Doctor

Chapter: 21

Originally, he made fine-tuning within the range of 20%. However, as more and more fingerprints were excluded, by the time of the third 150 fingerprints, the matching fingerprints given by the system were already very exaggerated. Many fingerprints were detected by human eyes. Looking at it, it looks completely irrelevant—the fingerprints after two deformations can't be expected to be sorted accurately by the system, otherwise, Jiang Yuan wouldn't need to sort 150 fingerprints.

But at this time, Jiang Yuan thought of other colleagues.

They must also know how to fine-tune. Moreover, in terms of patience, the policemen who do fingerprint posts are not weak. What is it to look at fingerprints for several hours? Experts can see hundreds of thousands of fingerprints, and it is normal to see thousands of fingerprints for one case.

Jiang Yuan moved his fingers slightly, and slowly indented the suspect's fingerprints by 30% towards the middle.

This figure must be an exaggeration. Normal deformation cannot be changed to this extent. However, considering the 150 candidate fingerprints, the probability of the second half is already low to a certain extent. Jiang Yuan decided to choose a normal fingerprint expert. The ratio will not be selected.

Of course, the 30% was not drawn casually, and Jiang Yuan still edited with reference to the more stable area in the middle.

After quickly marking the new feature points, Jiang Yuan clicked OK again, waited for a while, and saw the refreshed candidate inspection list.

Still looking from top to bottom, as expected, the similarity of the fingerprints in the front is extremely insufficient.

Jiang Yuan quickly clicked on "Exclude" to swipe down. Because he had seen it many times, the suspect's fingerprints were firmly in his mind, and he could make a judgment just by looking at the matching fingerprints on the right.

If it is said that multiple considerations are required to prove the comparison, it is relatively simple to prove the exclusion. As long as there are obvious similarities and differences, then you can point to exclusion.

This time, it took only 20 minutes for Jiang Yuan to scan the 90th fingerprint.

At the moment when he habitually clicked the right button, Jiang Yuan paused.

The 91st fingerprint, the upper middle part, gave Jiang Yuan a sense of déjà vu.

Jiang Yuan sat up a little bit more and checked it more carefully.

The degree of difference between two fingerprints can be large or small. In fingerprint identification, to identify the identity, first, there must be 8 or more characteristic points that are the same, and second, there must be no similarities and differences, or the similarities and differences can be explained.

As far as Jiang Yuan's current fingerprints are concerned, it is very difficult to achieve the two criteria for identifying the same, but if you count the fingerprint correction part, you can make up eight—after all, it has been achieved.

Jiang Yuan swiftly uploaded the finished picture, wrote down the identification statement that it was identified as the same, clicked OK, and then let out a long sigh of relief.

It really hit the mark.

Moreover, in the 91-bit ratio of a set of candidate fingerprints, this low probability of success brings a great sense of accomplishment.

Jiang Yuan leaned against the back of the chair, picked up the glass, gulped down the full glass of water, felt refreshed as if he drank a whole bottle of cold beer in three or nine days, his forehead was still cramping, and he was properly overusing his brain status.

"There are results?" Wu Jun looked over from the opposite side of the office, looked at Jiang Yuan's appearance, and guessed.

Jiang Yuan smiled triumphantly, and then said modestly: "I just uploaded it, and I still have to wait for experts to verify it."

"Then there is a high probability." Wu Jun was really surprised, he looked at Jiang Yuan again after he collected his mind, and said, "Actually, this case is our county's own. You have won the match, so report it directly to Captain Huang That's it, no need to go through expert verification."

"Check it out, don't worry, the fingerprints are seriously deformed." Jiang Yuan paused, then smiled: "I'm not in a hurry for this day."

"It's true." Wu Jun said with emotion: "If you win the competition this time, it means you have directly solved a serious injury case."

Jiang Yuan smiled obediently.

Although the quality of the intentional injury case cannot be compared with the homicide case, it is also one of the eight major serious cases in the criminal law. In addition to the elements of the backlog, any police cracked such a case, at least for a few months, must be in the criminal police team. The prettiest boy.

Wu Jun himself is just an ordinary forensic doctor. Relying on his rich experience and the only label in the county, he has also had a bright moment, but looking at Jiang Yuan at this time, he still can't help but feel envious—if he could With this level of technology, you can still grow so tall. Why don't you marry a wife who doesn't swear or beat people, doesn't need a salary card, cooks delicious food, and is willing to clean?

"Let's go home." Wu Jun looked at the time and got up in a dispirited manner.

It was already 6:30 in the evening, and the normal off-duty time had passed, but on the floor of the Criminal Division Squadron, the policemen in various offices were still working silently.

Chapter: 22

The two people who came out of the medical examiner's office looked at each other, and tiptoely locked the door.

"There is no body, so I can only get off work. I have to go back to do the laundry today." Forensic Doctor Wu walked lightly and spoke in a low voice.

Jiang Yuan nodded and said, "I'll go back to eat."

"Shh." Wu Jun dragged Jiang Yuan down the stairs, and then chatted in a relaxed mood: "What kind of table are you eating?"

"Uncle Seventeen's table." Jiang Yuan glanced back at Wu Jun and invited, "Do you want to go?"

"Where am I going...it's your Seventeenth Uncle..."

"You cut it."

"That's also..." Wu Jun was speechless, and said for a long time: "I have been a forensic doctor for half my life, and this is the first time I have been invited by a client."

"go?"

Wu Jun shook his head helplessly, opened his pocket and said, "Help me with someone, just take a pack... half a pack of cigarettes. Just give him some."

Jiang Yuan took the half package of Yuxi from Wu Jun, waved his hand, went to the parking spot, and rode his electric car home.

Jiangcun District.

Before reaching the door, the sound of crackling firecrackers has reached the ears.

Ningtai County is a small county. Although you can ride an electric bike from the city center to the foot of Mount Sining, as long as you cross the Taihe River, you are considered a rural area, and the city ban is useless.

The promotional slogan at the intersection of the community is still "return the straw to the field to increase the fertility of the land", and many nearby green spaces have been turned into vegetable fields. From a more humane point of view, everyone is still Trying to maintain the original life as much as possible. model.

In the first few years of the demolition, the old man drove his son's newly bought Land Cruiser to farm, and when he came back, he cursed the RB car for nothing. In recent years, more land has been taken up, and everyone's

mentality has gradually become peaceful. Car buying has gradually integrated into the public, from the Land Cruiser to the Cayenne to the Continental.

"Yuanzi is back." Outside the small shop at the entrance of the community, there are more than a dozen idlers chatting. These are villagers who don't even bother to play mahjong. Who is it? Where is the dead person?"

Jiang Yuan slowed down the car and said in a good voice, "No autopsy today."

"Then what do you do all day long?"

"If there is no autopsy, there is nothing to do. Do what you want to do." The fingerprinting was done by Jiang Yuan voluntarily, and it cannot be regarded as the work of a forensic doctor.

The idlers and aunts at the door of the small shop praised each other: "Why don't they all say that civil servants are good. You see, people who work in state units can get paid for doing nothing all day long. How can a part-time job do it? It's like renting my front building, a group of young people, they only come back after dark, some young couples go out early and return late together, their tired faces are dark."

"The same goes for the young people who rented my house. There are a few cyclists who are not as fast as me."

"What I'm talking about is that I still have to be an official. Look at the demolition office, each of which is worth 2,580,000 yuan. When the east end was demolished last time, my tree was clearly 10 centimeters long, so I insisted it was 9 centimeters. , count less!"

"My son just doesn't study well. I couldn't help it before, so I found a temporary bank worker for my son. I deposited two boxes at first, which was not enough. From time to time, I asked people to deposit money, saying that it was a deposit business. One deposit It's 500,000, 800,000. The house is stuffed with oil from the bank, and it's never used up. By the way, brothers, if you want to fry something, come to my place to pick up the oil."

"No, no, it's the same, there's oil everywhere."

Listening to these unfamiliar and familiar chats, Jiang Yuan felt as if he had returned to the village again. He has lived on campus since he was in middle

school, and when he came back from college, he just missed the days when people in Jiangcun got rid of poverty and became rich, and then went from rich to rich.

Smiled politely, then slowly passed the canteen, passed the square occupied by another group of aunts, and the courier point occupied by a group of middle-aged and young people, and arrived at the downstairs of my house.

And in the public auditorium diagonally opposite from my home, the bustling funeral ceremony was going on in an orderly manner.

The bald monk, the long-haired Taoist priest and the short-haired priest each occupy a corner, each showing their magical powers. The Jiangcun community has been rich for more than ten years, and there are many faithful men and women. It has long been an important town for people from all walks of life. Not to mention that Uncle Seventeen died unexpectedly, he needs to pay more money to buy roads. Dojo's.

Jiang Yuan's father, Jiang Fuzhen, helped out in the kitchen as usual, and the beef and mutton he cooked was the best in the village. In the village, once such a persona is established, active participation is indispensable for weddings and funerals.

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Jiang Yuan is also used to this kind of activity. After parking the electric car, he found a place in front of him to wash his hands and face, and then consciously went to the kitchen to help.

He is in charge of shredding potatoes, shredding carrots and so on all the year round.

"Are you busy today?" Jiang Fuzhen skimmed the blood from the beef and came over to ask.

Jiang Yuan just put down the kitchen knife and shook his hands, saying, "Not too busy, I did something else."

"Didn't you cut up the body today?" Jiang Fuzhen asked again, and Aunt Hua who was beside her also looked over.

"No cut. I have been in the unit for so long, and I only saw a corpse once."
Jiang Yuan gave a detailed explanation.

Aunt Hua next to her couldn't help but patted her chest, relieved, then changed her expression embarrassingly, and howled forcefully: "Uncle Seventeen... Woohoo, when I talk about Uncle Seventeen, I feel panicked. How long has it been, alas..."

Jiang Yuan calmly waited for her to finish crying, and asked his father, "Uncle Seventeen and Aunt Seventeen are gone, who is hosting the banquet?"

"Your fifth uncle is in charge. The gift money has been removed from the expenses. It is said that it is for Uncle Seventeen's doll to go to school. It is Jiang Le, you remember." Jiang Fuzhen said while stirring the beef pot.

Aunt Hua said from the side: "Jiang Yuan will remember to go out to take pictures in a while. The younger generation all go out to study. Some people don't see each other a few times a year. If there is a chance, take a few more pictures and look at them. At least recognize a familiar face."

Jiang Yuan responded, and when the vegetables in his hand were cut, someone called to take pictures.

When Jiang Yuan came out of the kitchen, he saw a dozen or so young people busily standing under a tree and posing. ,

The specially invited photographer also specially reminded: "Let's stand a little to the right, and it is easy to photograph the monk on the left."

"If you get a photo, PS it off." A girl said after posing.

The photographer said kindly: "The monks' bald heads are easy to reflect light. You can remove the bald head in the later stage, but the reflection will make the face bigger."

The girl quickly walked out of the shade, and when she saw Jiang Yuan, she quickly waved and said, "Brother Liu, why don't you come to the middle. You just got off work?"

"Yes." Jiang Yuan walked over.

"My brother and I will take a picture first." Cousin A made a pair of scissors hands in front of her face while she was speaking, and pulled Jiang Yuan and shouted: "Let's do it together."

"Turn it over." Jiang Yuan compared a pair of scissors, but turned his fingernails to the camera, and explained: "Fingerprints can be extracted from photos, so this action is more dangerous."

Cousin A obediently turned her fingers over, and then bragged to a few non-Jiang classmates who came to play: "My brother is a forensic doctor. Uncle Seventeen was the one who dissected it."

"Forensic...the forensic doctor is really handsome." Several non-Jiang students got together and giggled.

A girl who was taking a selfie in Biye stopped, looked at Jiang Yuan, and said boldly: "Brother forensic doctor, look at the photos I took. You just said that fingerprints can be extracted from the photos. In fact, they also used fingerprints to extract them. no more."

"Generally speaking, this is the case, but fingerprints are for a lifetime. Maybe..." Jiang Yuan decided to be more serious, and then said: "The other party may hold your fingerprints and unlock your phone."

The girl's thinking was substituted, and she was shocked for a moment, and hurriedly said: "I have sent a lot of photos to Moments."

"Beautified photos are okay." Jiang Yuan easily comforted the other party.

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"I am sorry for your loss."

"Please grief."

Jiang Yuan followed his father to pay respects to the coffin, stayed for a while, and then quickly walked out.

Jiang Fuzhen sighed as he walked: "My father is dead and my mother is imprisoned, poor child. And your uncles and uncles, some of them have worked hard."

Chapter: 24

Aunt Seventeen's case has not yet been sentenced, but anyone can foresee that even if Aunt Seventeen is not sentenced to death, she will stay in prison for a long time. The two's son Jiang Le is still studying, and now he has become the saddest and most injured person.

Although the people in Jiangjia Village are rich, they can do very little in this matter. Jiang Yuan also couldn't see this kind of scene. After leaving the auditorium and returning to the kitchen, he felt a little better.

"Your Seventeenth Uncle's problem is that he is too frugal." Jiang Fuzhen said with recollection: "When the conditions in the village were not so good, he was a person who would not be willing to cook meat, and later he ran to cook. The small restaurant is actually unnecessary. His shop said it made a lot of money, but it didn't include the rent and the labor of the husband and wife. The initial cost and the interest were not included. Later, he used the demolition to earn money. The money opened a store in partnership with someone, and invested again, and I don't know how much I lost...Your Seventeenth Aunt is justifiable for making trouble with him."

"I think Uncle Seventeen is quite fat." Jiang Yuan said.

"Let's eat the leftovers from the restaurant." Jiang Fuzhen curled his lips: "It's fine if you don't have money, but if you have money, you're still so picky. It's no wonder your Seventeenth Aunt doesn't get mad."

Jiang Yuan has no impression or understanding of Uncle Seventeen, but judging from the egg fried rice skills he has acquired, it is very likely that what the old man said is true.

"Taste it." Dad fished out a piece of beef for Jiang Yuan, and sprinkled some salt on it.

Adding salt when cooking meat will make the meat shrink, making it chewy and not easy to be soft. Therefore, people who like meat with a stronger taste and a firmer texture, such as many Mongolians, will put salt first when cooking beef and mutton, while if you like soft meat, you should do the opposite.

The beef cooked by Jiang Fuzhen was rotten and not falling apart. It could be separated by tearing it with hands, but it had good elasticity when chewed. Jiang Yuan nodded while eating.

"Bring a plate to your group of young people." Jiang Fuzhen waited for Jiang Yuan to eat two pieces of beef, then filled a large plate of fatty yellowish beef, and handed it to Jiang Yuan.

The freshly cooked beef bounces slightly up and down on the plate, like a heart muscle that has been plucked.

Jiang Yuan brought the meat directly to the square, and he was welcomed by young people who didn't like banquets.

"It would be even better to have skewers." Cousin A ate a piece of meat, filled her stomach a little, and began to make new requests.

"I'll get it." One of her male classmates responded positively.

"It would be great if there were crabs." Cousin B looked at the male classmate who came with her.

"I'll go." The male student wiped his mouth and ran away.

After a while, Jiang Yuan waited in front of a group of young people, and the plates were piled up. Everyone was eating and chatting like a picnic, quite relaxed.

Until Jiang Yuan's phone rang.

Watching Jiang Yuan take out the phone, cousin A swallowed the meat in her mouth, and asked eagerly: "Brother Jiang Yuan, is there a corpse?"

Jiang Yuan could only smile, then got up and walked aside to answer the phone.

"Jiang Yuan, did you find the suspect in the intentional injury case?" Captain Huang Qiangmin's voice pierced into Jiang Yuan's ears with a strong penetrating speed.

Jiang Yuan said "En", and said: "The fingerprint is in the match, I submitted it to the system and waited for the experts to review..."

"The experts confirmed it." Huang Qiangmin interrupted Jiang Yuan's words, and continued: "It's fine if you did it. Well, it's a good job..."

When the captain spoke, his voice became farther and farther away.

Jiang Yuan continued to answer "yes", before the captain continued to speak, he only heard the chaotic voice of orders coming from the earphone:

"Let the members of the second team get up and go directly to Qingbai City, to the suspect's home. The third team will go to the suspect's parents' house and search carefully. I will send a letter and make a call...if you can't find it People, the two teams go directly to the power plant, pay attention to confidentiality, establish a good relationship with the local police station, be sweeter, and report at any time..."

At the sound of the order, Huang Qiangmin hung up Jiang Yuan's phone call.

Jiang Yuan put away his mobile phone, looked up at the already dark sky, and felt a sigh for the criminal policemen of the second and third teams. Now gather and go out, if the person is caught, then continue to interrogate, handle the case, and prepare various physical evidence; Then go back to the previous cycle...

"Brother Jiang Yuan, are you going to work?" Cousin A's best friend presented two skewers with eyes full of anticipation.

Jiang Yuan took the skewers, took a bite, swallowed, and said: "No need to go, it's none of my business."

Chapter: 25

For the pure field work of arresting people, whether we need people from the Criminal Division Squadron depends only on whether the manpower is sufficient, and whether the member is young and strong like a bull. It now appears that Jiang Yuan does not need to be a basic labor force for the time being.

Of course, it is also very reasonable and advanced to be equipped with positions such as field survey and videography while arresting. Taking photos, videos, and even collecting physical evidence on the spot are also very helpful for subsequent handling of the case. But in actual operation, this level of spot investigation is directly performed by the criminal police. If necessary, they can also extract fingerprints, collect physical evidence that may contain DNA samples, etc...

The above very realistic operation is like using a mule as a cow and a cow as a donkey. Everyone is a big animal, so don't envy anyone else.

evening.

Policemen from the Second Squadron and the Third Squadron of the Criminal Police Brigade of Ningtai County Bureau of Qinghe City rushed to Qingbai City 200 kilometers away nervously, flattering the local police, and preparing to deploy defenses and squat guards.

Jiang Yuan and a group of relatives and friends who attended the funeral of Uncle Seventeen seriously ate skewers and swiped Douyin.

morning.

Liu Wenkai watched the suspect go home, stopped drinking, and started the arrest operation with a burst of adrenaline.

The sky is shining with stars, the breeze is blowing, the grass on the roadside is swaying, and there are occasional sounds of clinking glasses and chatting.

into the night.

Liu Wenkai and the police officers of the No. 2 and No. 3 Squadrons rushed back to Ningtai at night, needless to say they were bumpy and sleepy.

Jiang Yuan turned over, pursed his lips, and sullenly, as if a difficult mystery appeared in his dream.

All in all, it was a peaceful funeral.

In the early morning in Ningtai County, there is still a trace of mist.

Jiang Yuan rode an electric bike and entered the yard of the criminal police brigade, his arms were already a little wet.

"Morning." A passing police officer smiled at Jiang Yuan naturally.

Jiang Yuan was stunned for a moment, and hurriedly replied: "Morning."

It was the first time he was greeted on the road in such a long time since he arrived at the unit. The policeman who greeted him looked familiar, but Jiang Yuan didn't expect his name and unit.

Shaking his head, Jiang Yuan turned and entered the building, and two more people in the middle nodded and greeted each other.

Although everyone was in a hurry, Jiang Yuan's mood became happier unconsciously.

Entering the office, Wang Zhong and Yan Ge were already sitting inside.

"Forensic doctor Jiang can do it, and he can't hide it." Yan Ge sighed in admiration, and also used the name of forensic doctor Jiang. To be reasonable, this is much more respectful than Xiaojiang.

And in a place like the local police force, where there is no money, no power, no promotion, respect is the most precious thing.

Hearing Yan Ge's words, Jiang Yuan immediately came to his senses. The suspect in Liu Yu's injury case arrested yesterday must have a result.

"Did you catch anyone? Did you review it?" Jiang Yuan looked over expectantly.

"Catch someone. If you want to re-examine, you can see for yourself." Yan Ge directly handed several fingerprint cards to Jiang Yuan.

When Jiang Yuan matched the fingerprints of the "Liu Yu Injury Case" yesterday, he first did fine-tuning several times, and secondly, he only marked 8 feature points, so a review is required.

According to the regulations, the 8 feature points are the same, which is only the standard of investigation. In other words, if the fingerprints have the same 8 feature points, it can be considered as a match for the criminal police team, and they can be arrested, interrogated, and issued with an arrest warrant, etc. wait.

However, in order to enter the litigation stage and use fingerprints as evidence, a fingerprint identification certificate must be issued, and the minimum requirement for a fingerprint identification certificate is that 13 characteristic points are the same, and there are no exclusions.

However, now that there is a real person, it is easy to compare fingerprints.