

## **File #009**

### **Enter: The Dark Hood**

**Report by: Detective Rick O'Malley**

**Location: Miami, Florida**

It was a thunderous night in the city of Miami. A hurricane was coming off the coast and was only hours away from making landfall. While most people stayed safely hidden either in their homes or shelters during the hurricane there was one particular individual that used the storm to start committing crimes.

No one suspected nor they didn't care that they were about to be raided by an unknown foe. Dressed in extremely dark robes and his face covered by the dark hood the criminal simply began calling itself the Dark Hood. No one was really sure who the Dark Hood is or where it came from, but the Dark Hood had loaded itself inside its dark robes several different high tech gadgets which it would use during its crimes.

It was an extremely dark and stormy night in Miami and the Dark Hood whose robes was waterproof and kept it insulated from the lightning stood on top of one of the buildings as he laughed to him.

"Look at the poor fools. I laugh at this city as it is completely unsuspecting of me and now the time is right and by the time the fools realize what has happened I will be gone with their treasures. I am protected in these robes from both rain and lightning and I will use my gadgets to take the power away from those who still have it," the Dark Hood said loudly as it pointed his gloved left hand to the sky. Immediately as it did lightning came down and struck it and as it did all the lights from the buildings went out. The Dark Hood had a horrible voice and was even more horrifying to look at as he seemed to become as dark as the nighttime sky.

"What's going on," an older woman asked terrifyingly as she held onto her husband. "I thought you said the generator was working."

"It was Charlotte. Let me go check and see what happened," the man said irritably but before he could step further he heard glass shatter and an ominous voice begin speaking to them. The man, his wife and their guest turned and saw the hooded figure standing on the ledge where he broken the window a few moments earlier.

"You need not to look any further. It is I, the Dark Hood and I have now come for your valuables," the Dark Hood said as he opened up very large garbage. "Put all your purses, wallets and jewelry in the bag without questions."

"What if we should refuse," the man said angrily as he tried to get close to the Dark Hood. "I will give you my special treatment an electric shock therapy all fifty thousand watts of electric shock treatment," the Dark Hood said as he pointed his hand to the man and within a second a small jolt of electric seemed to come out of his glove and shock the man so hard he fell onto the ground in dead. "I just killed your husband with the electric shock and if you don't comply with my demands I will kill you the same way."

"Here. Please. Don't hurt me," the woman said as she quickly complied and put all their purses, wallets, cash, jewelry and other valuables into the bag.

"Very good," the Dark Hood said before turning to the other people that was with the man and woman. "And now you."

"I don't give into thugs," one of the other people said and he barely finished his sentence

when he felt a jolt of electricity begin shocking him. It did not last long as the man quickly fell onto the ground dead like the first man the Dark Hood killed moments earlier.

“What about you?” the Dark Hood screeched.

“Here, here,” the second woman said as she gathered their belongings and put them into the Dark Hood’s bag. Moments later after giving up their belongings the two women noticed the Dark Hood disappeared.

“Call the police and tell them we’ve all been robbed and two people have been murdered by the Dark Hood,” the first woman told her friend who wasted no time in making the call.

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The last several weeks recovering in the hospital for me were very painful and very miserable. To be quite frank I would have rather been at work and helping Emma and Charles solve the cases but the doctors and nurses wouldn’t allow it thought they came to see me every day. For quite a while and I was extremely thankful that it had slowed down and that we hadn’t got major cases in a few weeks and everything was seemingly normal.

“Rick it looks like the doctors say you can return to work today but on light duty until your leg completely heals,” Charles told me.

“AGH,” I said disgustingly as I wanted to go out and help Emma and Charles solve cases but instead I got stuck in the office and I absolutely hated that.

“It’ll be alright,” Emma said as she kissed me.

“No. You don’t understand. I hate being in the office and doing nothing,” I said somewhat loudly.

“No. You’ll be doing something and something very important. It might not be what you like for now but it is equally important and you’re still on the team,” Emma said calmly. Something about what she said and how she said it made me calm down dramatically as Charles spoke again.

“It looks like we got another case and Rick you will be helping us quite a bit in the office. It seems as though the Miami Police have been having problems lately with a fellow calling himself the Dark Hood. No one is really sure who the Dark Hood is as it is completely robed and his face is completely covered by dark hood and mask. Apparently the Dark Hood has special types of robes that make it invulnerable to thunder and lightning and in fact the Chief believes the Dark Hood has special gadgets that allow him to attract and drain electricity from buildings,” Charles said quietly.

“What is the Dark Hood accused of,” I asked as Emma sat beside me quietly.

“The Dark Hood is responsible for a series of burglaries and robberies in downtown Miami and during the last robbery it killed two men with what it called its electric shock therapy. Unfortunately no one is really sure when it will strike again but everywhere he strikes he leaves his mark DH and tells the people that he will come back again,” Charles said to us.

“How many robberies and burglaries has the Dark Hood committed so far,” I asked.

“Twelve that the police know of so far and every one of them have been committed in the last week. In fact there had not been so much as a killing until the last one where he robbed an extremely rich family and when the man confronted the Dark Hood the villain released its electric shock and killed the man,” Charles replied quietly as he turned on the radio hoping to listen to music but almost as soon as he turned on the radio the music was interrupted with a news break.

“Police in Miami are baffled as the criminal known as the Dark Hood has struck again. This time he robbed a midtown bank and escaped with \$1 million dollars. Bank customers and tellers were amazed and terrified as the robbery occurred only moments after the ban opened for the day and right before the Dark Hood departed it left its mark DH on one of the walls of the bank. There was one reported injury during the incident as one of the tellers tried to fight the Dark Hood and the villain gave her a shock which caused her to fall onto the ground unconscious. Last report indicated the teller was in the hospital in grave condition,” the announcer on the radio said.

“I hope the teller recovers. That Dark Hood appears to be getting more dangerous by the day. I mean whoa! One million dollars in just minutes without any help” I said quietly.

“Yes I hope the teller recovers and that the Dark Hood must be stopped but how? Every time someone gets close to him and tries to stop him the Dark Hood just gives them the electric shock treatment which is nearly fatal every time,” Emma asked.

“You forget my young friends that no matter how terrifying the villain may be they were always be undone by their own evil. Come we must go to Miami and stop the Dark Hood,” Charles said to both Emma and me. The nurse came in right at that moment and handed me my discharge papers which I really loved but she also handed me my limited duty orders which I despised.

“Thank you Miss,” I said as the nurse left the room. Charles and Emma helped me get all my personal belongings together as we quietly left the hospital and went back to the headquarters.

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It felt so good to be back at work even though I knew I was going to be in the office for some time but still work was work and I really enjoyed helping in any way I could to help catch the criminals and when we finally arrived back at the headquarters where we were greeted cheerfully by the other teams in the firm.

“Welcome back,” several of the detectives said loudly to the three of us.

“May I have everyone’s attention,” Charles said calmly. “Our good friend Detective O’Malley will temporarily be working in the office with some of you and no I won’t be bringing someone in his place for the time being.”

The office at once seemed to fall silent as it had been well known that everyone wanted to work with Charles and I was seemingly relieved that I knew I would be back on their team when the doctors clear me to go back to the field. “Emma do you have everything ready?”

“Yes Charles,” Emma said as Charles got the last of his belongings.

“Then it is time to go and catch the villain,” Charles said as he locked his office. They were about to leave when he turned and spoke to me. “Rick you know what to do. Keep listening for us and find out what you can on the Dark Hood and help these other detectives also when you have time.”

“Yes Charles I most certainly will,” I said calmly.

“I know this is difficult having to be in the office but all will be well,” Charles said.

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It pained me as I watched him and Emma leave to go to Miami. Their departure was extremely quick and it was no sooner than after they left did some of the other detectives start asking me several questions at once and to be frank I almost had a nervous breakdown until I told them all to be quiet.

“I will tell you all that working with them is extremely good,” I said somewhat irritably. “The cases are extremely difficult and in case any of you haven’t noticed the Alphabet terrorist is still on the loose.”

“Yeah I’ve heard about him Detective O’Malley. Detectives Early and Stevens had major trouble with him in London. To be honest I’m surprised both returned here alive. Heck, I heard the Alphabet Terrorist stripped them both of all their clothes off them and then he and his thugs attempted to rape her,” one of the detectives said.

“Yeah, I know about that,” I said.

“You do. How? You were not even with us when it happened?” the detective said.

“She told me Detective Barnes,” I said, as I looked at his badge.

“Well, did she? I am curious Detective O’Malley did she also tell that she actually was raped by the Alphabet terrorist and several of his thugs when she was thirteen and that she also lost her grandparents,” Detective Barnes said. Detective Barnes was a young Hispanic detective. He was tall, had dark brown skin, dark brown eyes and was somewhat muscular. He spoke with a dialect that I was unfamiliar with. He also came across as being a hotshot and not in a good way. I looked at him again and he said nothing else as he knew I meant business. Nothing was said in the office until a minute later a female detective started talking.

“I heard it kind of messed her up in the head,” a female detective added.

“Enough,” I said. “Don’t you all think you have better things to do than to talk about Detective Stevens and what happened to her. I am sure she would not want that to be talked about like gossip.”

“Sorry,” Detective Barnes said. “We do like to have a little fun. Did not mean to get on your nerve.”

“Joking about a person being raped is not a joke at all. There is nothing funny about it. I don’t know what it is like and I hope I never find out but I am certain of one thing though. It is no laughing matter and that being raped can have both short- and long-term consequences for that person,” I said.

“I think he is in love with her,” a second, younger female detective said, causing some of the other detectives to laugh.

“Enough,” I angrily replied. “Don’t you folks have something better to do than to talk about a colleague?”

“Yep,” the female detective said again. “He’s in love with her. How sweet.” The other younger detectives continued to laugh until one of the older detectives intervened.

“Enough of that Detective Miller. Those jokes aren’t funny. In fact they are extremely close to bullying and harassment,” an older detective said.

“Sorry,” the younger female detective said.

“Detective O’Malley is right. You have more important things to do than to gossip. And besides spreading rumors, even if they are true, about someone else is never a kind thing to do. What do you think Detective Early would do if he was here and saw this?” the older detective said.

“Reprimand and maybe even fire us,” the female detective said.

“What do you want to do Detective O’Malley with them? Do you want to file a

complaint?" the older detective asked.

"Detective," I began as I read his badge. "Detective Gonzalez. Let us pretend this did not happen. I want no trouble. I just want for us to do our job and help catch this goons. Like Detective Stevens, I too want to catch the Alphabet Terrorist for what he did to her and everyone else over the years. I am not so sure the younger detectives are truly aware of how vile and sadistic the Lord of Crime is but I can certainly tell you by experience he is a nasty bloke that you do not want to cross."

"I'm sorry Detective O'Malley," the young female detective said. "We were just joking and got carried away."

"If you don't mind me asking Detective," I said as I looked at her badge. "Detective Welch, how old are you?"

"I am twenty five," Detective Welch asked. Detective Welch was a young dark colored detective who was short, like Emma, but had long dark brown hair which she kept braided. Like Emma, Detective Welch was also slender though I could tell she did not have the experience around the world that Emma did..

"About the same age as Emma," I said. "Let me tell you that I do think you will be a good detective. And I hope you never have to encounter the Lord of Crime. He is truly a nasty bloke. I know because I myself lost relatives to the terrorist."

"You did sir," Detective Welch asked.

"Yes, I did. I was not raped like Detective Stevens but I still suffered greatly to the Lord of Crime. He literally destroys anything and everything in his path. I hope you do not get into his path otherwise you will suffer a lot," I said. "I ran into him a couple of times. I had a chance to kill him but chose not to."

"Why didn't you?" Detective Gonzalez asked. Detective Gonzalez was a light dark colored man who had extremely dark hair and an equally black mustache. He was shorter than I was but I knew he had been in police work for many more years than I have been. "Me, if I suffered like you and Detective Stevens I would have killed the no good vermin but then again that's why I'm working robbery cases instead of major cases. I couldn't do it. I would have killed the terrorist when he struck no questions asked but I do know Detective Stevens wants to bring him alive which is quite admirable. I hope you two keep up the good work."

"Thanks. Detective Gonzalez," I said honestly as I turned and began looking up information on the Dark Hood.

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My two partner's arrival in Miami got delayed by an extremely bad thunderstorm that struck the hurricane ravaged city. Dark clouds seemed to quickly fill up the sky and lightning started hitting the ground faster than anyone had ever seen. Everyone except for the Dark Hood was inside their homes or buildings as he stood outside on top of a bank in the middle of the storm.

"How amusing is this. The Miami Police department is bringing in outside help to catch me. Well I'll fix them all. You fools will never catch me. I am the great Dark Hood master of crime and misery and now I will show you all destruction," the Dark Hood said as it lifted its two hands up into the air and lightning at that moment came down and hit both of them causing its entire robe to light up like a Christmas tree. It stood there momentarily as the lightning went back into the sky before he looked down and took out its left hand and shot out a large stream of

electricity which hit a hospital causing it to burst into flames. "Run you fools. Run! This will be the last days you have before I completely run this city into ashes." The Dark Hood stood there laughing as it watched the doctors, medics, nurses, and police officers rush to get all the patients out of the hospital before it completely collapsed into flames.

"Look up there. It's the Dark Hood," an officer said as he tried to shoot the Dark Hood off the building.

"Do you fools think you can stop me?" the Dark Hood shouted.

More police officers begin trying to shoot at the Dark Hood. The Dark Hood already sensing the attack had taken out his other hand and shot out a large blast of electricity which not only disintegrated the bullets but it also caused another large explosion as it hit a tanker carrying several thousand gallons of gasoline.

"Run," another officer yelled as the Dark Hood again shot out more large bolts of electricity.

"Get everyone out," a third officer instructed.

The other officers wasted no time in helping the doctors, nurses and other hospital staff all the patients out before the hospital completely burst into flames.

"You may run but you folks can't hide," the Dark Hood laughed menacingly as it watched the hospital burn. "I will now burn this city to the ground."

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Emma and Charles finally arrived in Miami after several hours of delays and found that there were many more people trying to leave Miami than either of them could remember. People were lined up in large lines that seemed to go for miles as each tried to book a flight out of Miami.

"I wonder what is going on," Emma told Charles. Charles immediately turned and saw an older man who had a small child with him.

"I do say sir what is going on," Charles asked the old man.

"You two best be getting out of here. The Dark Hood is a menace and strikes very quickly and often. Just earlier tonight the Dark Hood stood on one of the buildings and seemingly blew up a hospital," the older man said quietly.

"Blew up a hospital," both Charles and Emma said as they turned and looked at each other in disbelief.

"That's right. It stood right on top of one of the buildings in the middle of the thunderstorm. A friend of mine told me that he got hit by lightning and for a moment he looked more lit up than a Christmas tree and that it wasn't even a moment later after being struck that he turned and shot out a large blast of electricity that blew up the hospital and a gas tanker," the older man said calmly.

"Oh no," Charles said as he turned to Emma. "You don't suppose that the Dark Hood is using a special gadget which allows him to be insulated from all forms of electricity including lightning."

"Well Charles I suppose he is but let's talk to the Chief and find out more about our slippery friend," Emma said.

"I hope you have a pleasant day and thanks for your time. We've got to be going," Charles said.

Emma and Charles quickly left the airport and went to the police station unaware that as

they went to talk to the police chief the Dark Hood again was leaping from one building to the next as it got ready to strike again.

“So those foolish police think they can bring in Detective Early and his partners to catch me. I’ll show them what happens to those who cross me. I will kill them all and rob them of everything they have,” the Dark Hood yelled thunderously as another lightning bolt seemed to strike it and cause him to be lit up for a few moments. “I dare the detectives to try to get me. If they do I will show them true pain.”

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Emma and Charles finally reached the Miami Police Department where they were escorted by several officers to Chief Wiggins’s office. Chief Wiggins was a tall hefty man who had light white hair and a small white mustache. He had dark blue eyes and an extremely deep and rough voice.

“Welcome to Miami. I am Chief Wiggins,” the man said quietly.

“I see you have a major problem,” Emma said quietly.

“Yes, we do Detective Stevens. Yes, we have a major problem and it’s called the Dark Hood. The Dark Hood has been responsible for several burglaries and robberies and everywhere he goes he leaves his sign DH telling his victims he will return,” Chief Wiggins replied. “To makes things worse the Dark Hood stood outside in the middle of the storm and blew up one of our hospitals.”

“Chief what do you know about the Dark Hood,” Charles asked quietly.

“We really don’t know much about the Dark Hood except that it has a special type of robe which seems to insulate himself from the rain and lightning and that he also has special gadgets within the robes which he uses during his crimes,” the Chief said quietly.

“I wonder why he would need to insulate himself from the rain after all it is only water,” Emma asked calmly.

“My guess Detective Stevens is that he needs to keep the gadgets from getting soaked with water. Since the gadgets attract electricity very well the Dark Hood does not need the water to get onto them as it would be lethal to it,” Chief Wiggins replied.

“How often does it strike,” Charles asked.

“Well to be honest it only showed up recently during a hurricane and every time he has struck it has been storming,” Chief Wiggins said calmly as he sat down in his chair.

“What are you doing,” Charles asked as he saw Emma pick up the newspaper which had been sitting on Chief Wiggins’ desk and start looking through it.

“I’m trying to find the weather report and find out when it will storm again,” Emma said calmly as she continued to look through the paper until a moment later she found the weather report. “Look at this Charles.”

“Why it is supposed to storm again tomorrow night,” Charles said as he looked at the weather forecast.

“Meaning that’s when it is likely it will strike again,” Emma added.

“Find out where and try to stop it. The town is scared enough and people are leaving in droves,” Chief Wiggins told us loudly as we could tell that he was bothered by the Dark Hood.

“Yes sir,” we both said as we quietly left his office.

“Do you know we should be heading to?” Emma asked Charles.

“Yes to where he committed his last crimes,” Charles said as they quickly left the station.

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Emma and Charles quickly raced throughout Miami until they reached the downtown section of the city where the hospital had been completely blown to pieces. There wasn't much of anything for them to see as what was left of the hospital was going up in smoke and the truck that had had also been blown up had been completely cleaned off the streets.

"That's where witnesses say they saw him," Emma said to Charles as she pointed to a nearby tall building that appeared to be a hotel.

"I'm going to check it out Charles," Emma said quietly as she began running to the tall hotel.

"Alright be careful. I'm going to be here looking for evidence," Charles replied as he turned around and began looking through the hospital ruins. Charles looked for several minutes in the ruins before he finally found a small piece of black cloth. "What is this? It is a highly insulated piece of clothing like the type of robes the Dark Hood wears. I do wonder what it is doing here. What is it you really want Dark Hood?"

Charles continued to look throughout the ruins and areas nearby and found nothing else as he again spoke to himself. "Oh I do just wish that someone knew anything about the Dark Hood. It would make life so much easier"

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After several minutes of running Emma reached the hotel where witnesses said they saw the Dark Hood standing on earlier. Emma waited for a few minutes to talk to the manager who immediately took her to the ceiling where she began looking around for any evidence. She had looked only for a minute when she found a small piece of wire lying on the ceiling.

"What is this," Emma said as she picked up the wire and for a split second felt a little shock. "Ouch, this thing still is static. Does this wire go to any of your antennas?"

"Let me see that," the manager said as he put on his glasses and carefully inspected the wire. "It doesn't go to any of my antennas and even though it is cut it still has some charge to it which is why you were shocked a little Detective Stevens. It is so small that I think it goes to either a very small gadget or explosive device."

"Gadget! Explosive device," Emma said to herself before looking up to the manager again. "May I look at your antennas?"

"Most certainly," the manager said suspiciously.

"I have one question sir," Emma said as she looked at the antennas and noticed some unusual scratch marks on them. "It looks like the Dark Hood was using your antennas for something. Did you happen to lose power even more a minute when the hospital got blown up?"

"No. Why do you ask?" the manager asked.

"It looks like he used your antenna to attract the lightning but instead of the lightning hitting your antenna and causing you to lose power the lightning bolt hit him in his insulated outfit and recharged his gadgets. Apparently he used some special equipment to connect to your antenna but he let it go as soon as the lightning approached," Emma said quietly.

"That is amazing. To think that an antenna could do so much," the manager said.

*Which means we need to go to the locations of the burglaries and look at their electronics too* Emma said to herself as her phone rang. Emma picked up to which she was surprised I had called with information on the Dark Hood. "Well hey. What did you find out?"

"I didn't find out anything much Emma. There are no records of the Dark Hood committing crimes anywhere else so I would say it is a safe bet that he or she is from Miami. Something else I did find out that the police got a hold of a sample of the robes that the Dark Hood wears and apparently the robes are extremely rare," I said on the phone.

"How rare are those robes?" Emma asked.

"Let's just say that the robe he is wearing is so rare that they can only be purchased at one company in the entire world the Wang Ming Company in Seoul, South Korea," I said over the phone. "The Wang Ming Company specializes in rare silk robes which come from a rare plant that comes only from that part of the world."

"Who orders these types of robes?" Emma asked.

"Monarchs from quite a few places. It is that expensive. Given the rarity it is not surprising they are the major clients." I added.

"What?" Emma asked.

"You would think that if the robes cost that much and really only monarchs and the ultra rich can get them you would not think there would be any orders here," I said.

"No, you wouldn't. The cost alone would prohibit it but let me guess there is," Emma said.

"That's right," I began. "I've just got the list of their clients that have ordered from there and oddly enough there has been an order placed from Miami for one hundred robes," I replied.

"If the silk and robe he is wearing is so rare how is it there are one hundred orders in this area? That means the only ones who could be the Dark Hood are the well off socialites based on the cost alone," Emma said, becoming more shocked and furious by the moment.

"Well not exactly Emma. The order says it was made here. It does not say who? It could be a company that got those robes ordered," I said.

"For what?" Emma asked.

"Could be anything? Anyone could have ordered those robes for anything. It alone does not make one the Dark Hood," I said.

"True," Emma began.

"Consider this too Emma. Charles also told me that you found a piece of the Dark Hood's gadgets and that it was a very special kind of wire," I said.

"So what," Emma asked impatiently.

"That means whoever is the Dark Hood is also probably an electric engineer," I said quietly as I continued speaking. "I haven't seen the wiring yet but just based on what Charles told me no regular street person without electrical knowledge would be able to rig those gadgets up to those specifications. I'm looking at the list right now and you can easily eliminate all but fifteen of them quickly as most of them I see here aren't electrical engineers or experts that deal with electrical gadgets like those the Dark Hood uses."

"Have you told Charles any of this?" Emma asked.

"I've already told him earlier when I found out," I said over the phone.

"Well thanks. Let me know what else you find," Emma said as the call ended. Emma quickly turned around and began speaking to the manager again as she again showed him the piece of wire. "Sir, do you know where the Dark Hood might have been able to get this type of wiring? It looks like something you just don't come across in an everyday hardware store."

"Aye that is correct," the manager said quietly as he showed her the wire again. "Look at this Detective Stevens. This wire has four smaller wires connected to it. The first three as the usual black, red and white wires but the fourth which looks orange is something that I've only

seen once before it in my life. The orange wire seems to act as a power surge wire which if I'm not mistaken Detective Stevens that means the weapon the wire goes to is using both AC and DC current. The orange wire is very rare and very dangerous and not even the most trained electrical engineers would use it as it tends to cause a very dangerous electrical surge rather quickly."

"And where would you get such a wire," Emma asked bluntly.

"There is one store just a few miles from here that sells all kinds of electrical equipment. I don't know for sure if they sell that particular wire but they do sell some rare equipment that most electrical companies don't and the shop is Jones's Electrical Appliance store," the manager said quietly.

"Thanks for your help sir," Emma said.

"Let me show you," the manager began.

"I got it thanks. I'll show my way out," Emma said as she left.

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It didn't take Emma long to get to Jones's Electrical Appliance store which the hotel manager told her about. It was a small shop indeed but it had lots of equipment and wiring that she had never seen before. There were several hundred different types of wires most of which Emma didn't recognize. The owner an older woman who was extremely short had gray hair and small glasses suddenly approached Emma.

"May I help you young lady," the older woman asked kindly.

"Ah yes are you Mrs. Jones," Emma asked.

"I am. What is this about," Mrs. Jones asked.

"Did anyone come into this store and buy these particular kind of wires," Emma asked as she showed Mrs. Jones the wires that had white, black, red and orange wiring in them. "I'm not an electrical expert but the manager of the hotel told me the orange one helps power up whatever device the wires are connected to."

"Ah yes now that you mention Miss several people came in the last few weeks and bought these types of wiring though I wouldn't be able to tell you what for," Mrs. Jones said. "I'm no electrical expert myself either Detective."

"Fair enough. Do you keep records of those who buy electrical stuff like these wires," Emma asked quietly.

"Ah yes and I suppose you need to see them," Mrs. Jones asked.

"You suppose right Mrs. Jones," Emma said. Mrs. Jones took out her computer and printed out the list which had two hundred names on it of those who bought those types of wires within the last few weeks. "Thank you Mrs. Jones."

"All in good time. Is there anything else I can help you with young lady?" Mrs. Jones asked.

"Not at the moment but if there is I will let you know," Emma said calmly and just as she was about to leave the store the Dark Hood jumped in front of her.

"And just where do you think you're going Detective Stevens," the Dark Hood hissed.

"Get out of my way you fiend," Emma said sternly.

"Big talk for someone so small," the Dark Hood said menacingly. "I'll teach you meddling fools to meddle in my affairs."

"Oh yeah and just what are you going to do about it," Emma said before she realized the words escaped from her mouth. She watched in horror as the Dark Hood seemed to stand up

straight and point his finger to the sky and within minutes small bolts of lightning came to his finger and Emma looked and for one split second hit up again like a Christmas tree.

"Detective Stevens, for one so young and small you have got such a mouth. I'm going to laugh at your misery. You and your partner Detective Early cannot stop me. With that said I'll make you as quite as a mouse," the Dark Hood said as he pointed his hand to Emma and Mrs. Jones.

"Please," Mrs. Jones cried.

"Mrs. Jones, I am here and the police will soon be here too," Emma assured her.

"You are a fool Detective Stevens. The police cannot stop me. You cannot stop. No one can stop me," the Dark Hood exclaimed as it began charging its weapons.

"We're done for," Mrs. Jones said. Emma wanted to comfort the older woman more but she could not say anything at the moment. Both expected to be electrocuted to death but that was not what happened.

"What is,-" Emma began. Instead of being electrocuted the Dark Hood began emitting an extremely loud sound. The sound was so loud that within seconds that the glass windows to the shop were shattered. Most of the glass containers, as well as lightbulbs in the shop were also shattered and all of the wires and other electrical equipment were torn and broken. "This is my warning to you Detective Stevens. Leave or you will be killed. The Dark Hood has spoken."

By the time Emma and Mrs. Jones stood up the Dark Hood had already vanished. Emma stood up and for several minutes after the Dark Hood vanished she stood there trying to talk quietly talk to herself and hoping that the Dark Hood didn't make her permanently deaf and when she realized a few minutes later she could still hear she turned and saw Mrs. Jones cry.

"My shop ruined. Who was that creep," Mrs. Jones cried. "All my life savings spent to be able to run a business and within a minute it all has gone to waste."

"Not necessarily Mrs. Jones and we will catch the Dark Hood," Emma said firmly as she picked up a strange looking wire from where the Dark Hood stood moments earlier. "Look at this Mrs. Jones it's another wire just like the one I found on the ceiling of the hotel. Which means one of the Dark Hood's gadgets wires are exposed and falling down."

"What are you saying Miss," Mrs. Jones asked kindly.

"It means that the Dark Hood intended to rob the place of the wires so he can fix whatever is broken but because I was here and it recognized me it decided to destroy the shop instead which also means it has another place to get the wires from," Emma replied. "I've got to get back to the station. I hope Charles found something because if he hasn't we're in trouble." Just as Emma was about to leave she looked up at the wall and saw the initials DH. "Mrs. Jones go to another location because if that is what I think it is it means that he will be back to obliterate everything around here."

"Yes I will," Mrs. Jones said frightfully as she turned and saw the initials DH. "Take care dear and get him."

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Emma finally arrived back at the police station where she found Charles was talking to Chief Wiggins. Charles had been talking with everyone around Miami hoping to find someone who would have known anything about the Dark Hood.

"You looking for your partner Miss," a female officer asked.

"Yes I am," Emma said calmly.

"He's in the office talking with Chief Wiggins. He has had no luck in finding out who the Dark Hood is and to be honest I don't think anyone will ever either," the female officer replied with a defeated sound tone. The female officer was a little shorter than Emma was and was extremely slender. She had dark blonde hair and hazel colored eyes and she was considered to be the most sarcastic officer in the department.

"Pardon me," Emma said as she looked at the officer's name badge. "Pardon me Officer Miles but you don't think the criminal will ever be caught."

"No. I don't Detective Stevens and if you ask me I don't think either of you are enough to solve the case. Heck I heard you had a third detective but the poor guy broke his leg in an accident," Officer Miles said.

"My partner Detective O'Malley didn't break his leg in an accident rather he broke it fighting against one of the meanest criminals in the world the Alphabet terrorist," Emma replied calmly.

"Oh is that why you three haven't caught him," Officer Miles said sarcastically again.

"We're good enough to solve this case and if you met the terrorist you would be scared too," Emma said again calmly. "Now let me see the list and I can compare the list to see if we can narrow the suspect list." Officer Miles got up from where she was sitting and let Emma check the list as she continued to make sarcastic remarks about Emma and Charles.

"If it were me I would be having a younger guy as my partner. Detective Early is just too old," Officer Miles said loud enough for Emma to hear it as she walked into another office. Emma paid no attention as she inserted both lists into the computer and within moments the computer narrowed the list down to five people. Emma looked at the list and for the first time in the investigation she felt like the case could be solved as she read the paper the computer printed out.

<u>Name</u>	<u>Address</u>	<u>Job Description</u>	<u>Code</u>
Michael Wright	1300 Maple Avenue	Electrical Engineer-	0001
Donna Gibson	487 W Main Street	Doctor/Electrical Engineer	1000
Lindsey Roberts	1999 15 <sup>th</sup> Street	Chemist/Electrical Engineer-	1002
Jonathan Small	1000 14 <sup>th</sup> Street	Electrical Engineer-	0001
Brittany Kelvin	900 14 <sup>th</sup> Street	Electrical Engineer-	0001

"Well it looks like you got it narrowed down to five," Charles said as Emma turned around quickly looking a bit surprised and frightened as he spoke to her without her sensing him approaching.

"You scared me. Don't do that again," Emma warned.

"I won't but you did a great job. I've heard you had a run in with the Dark Hood at the electrical shop," Charles replied.

"Run in isn't the words for it rather demolition is a better description. He totally destroyed Mrs. Jones's shop. For a moment I thought he had permanently made me deaf. The sound wave he caused was extremely loud. It was like going to six rock concerts all at once and at full blast. Is there any way we can check the records of these five," Emma asked Charles.

"Sure. We can do it right from here," Charles said as he put the names into the computer. It took the computer several minutes but a few moments later the screen came up with the records of the five.

"Look at this Charles. I think this is a bit odd," Emma said as she read Brittany's record. "It says here she was a brilliant student but troubled at times and in fact she had been expelled from a college before six years later going to another college and getting her master's degree."

"She was expelled for stealing another student's purse and taking all the money she had. The incident was never reported to the police but it became part of her college record. It says here she was diagnosed as having Borderline Personality Disorder while in school by the school psychiatrist and she attempted suicide on several occasions but nevertheless she finished school graduating with honors," Charles said. "I don't think it is Brittany. People with Borderline Personality Disorder are often extremely bright but they are so completely so emotionally unstable more often times than not they can't think straight or do anything really constructive. Whoever the Dark Hood is knows what he or she is doing and clearly is thinking of their next target. Let's see the others' records."

"Ah here is Lindsey Roberts' record. It says she got her doctorate's degree in chemistry in five years and she graduated with honors from the University of Miami. In her entire time at Miami she had more troubles with the law than any other student in her class. Most of her troubles came off campus for either underage drinking or contributing to the delinquency of a minor. Nevertheless she was exceptionally bright and finished first in her class. Her specialty was making electrical projects and coming up with inventive ways to save electricity," Emma read to Charles.

"What about the other three?" Charles asked.

"It says here. Well that is odd. It says here that Michael Wright is deceased and has been for the last three years but if he is dead how could he have ordered the shipments of the electrical equipment and the robes in the last two weeks," Emma asked.

"Unless the Dark Hood is using Michael Wright's name as an alias trying to throw the police off track. Does it say anything about Michael's family history," Charles asked.

"Yes Charles it does. It says Michael was married and had two children at the time of his death. He was killed by an assassin whom the police haven't identified or caught yet," Emma replied.

"Well let's go to 1300 Maple Avenue. Let's go pay this fellow's family a visit," Charles said as Emma quickly followed him.

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Emma and Charles quickly went to 1300 maple Avenue and neither was surprised as there wasn't an answer and when Charles tried to enter he was surprised to see the door had been left unlocked.

"Follow me slowly," Charles told Emma as they slowly entered the house. The house was extremely small and old as it had been built in the 1890's and had been remodeled several times since but Emma and Charles couldn't get rid of the feeling that they had been set up and their suspicions were confirmed when they stepped into the living room and saw a bomb ticking.

"Congratulations," a voice said loudly as both Emma and Charles looked to find the source of the voice before realizing the voice was coming from the speaker on the phone that was next to the bomb. "Congratulations to you two bozos you found my little trap I've prepared for you. I did warn you Detective Stevens that if you meddled in my affair that I would have to kill both of you. And so here we are. By now you two will have realized that Michael Wright has been dead for three years and by my hand too. Since you know my little secret I cannot let you

out of here alive. As you see my little bomb is made especially for you two. It will take extremely good wits to get out of this one as the bomb will go off with the slightest foot movement. Oh from the time you see the bomb you two only have ten minutes to live. Good bye." Emma and Charles stood there frozen both extremely frightened by the Dark Hood's threats. Unless they found a way to get out they both would be dead just as was Michael Wright.

"Wait a minute Charles. The Dark Hood said it would go off if we moved our feet," Emma said calmly.

"Well yeah," Charles said before he turned his head and saw what Emma was thinking.

"Back in my training in England we were taught about these particular bombs. The best way to defeat these bombs is to blind the senor. Now these bombs can be blinded by extremely bright light or smoke," Emma said calmly as she pointed to a lamp that was on a stool that she was close to. "Charles do you have a lighter?"

Charles handed Emma a lighter that he had as she slowly knelt down without moving her feet as she held the lamp toward the bomb's sense. She pointed the lighter at the lamp and causing a large bright smoke to fill the air.

"I get it," Charles said. "I just hope it does not take too long."

"Me neither," Emma added. It was a slow process, slower than Emma and Charles would have liked but the smoke filled the room to where both Emma and Charles barley could see.

"Alright," Emma said as she realizing the bomb sensor couldn't detect them. "Run Charles."

Both Charles and Emma ran the fastest they ever had ran and they quickly got out of the house just in time as the building completely exploded a minute later.

"Time's up. Great job in there Emma," Charles said gratefully as neither was aware that the Dark Hood was looking at them from another building's ceiling.

"So you fools managed to escape my trap. Next time won't be so lucky," the Dark Hood said to itself as he disappeared from the building's ceiling.

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Emma and Charles made it back to the station fortunate enough not to have been killed by the Dark Hood. Chief Wiggins was more irritated than ever but nevertheless he said nothing when he saw how the two detectives looked.

"You're extremely fortunate to survive the blast. That was how Michael Wright was killed three years ago," Chief Wiggins said calmly.

"Emma let me ask you something. You know a little bit about those kinds of bombs. Do those kinds of bombs generally have a chemical element to it," Charles asked as he sat down.

"Yes. Charles most of those types of bombs do and they are generally used by people who have a personal vendetta against another. Generally revenge is a major factor with these particular kinds of bombs," Emma replied.

"Revenge," Charles quietly whispered to himself. "Let me take a look at our list again."

"Yes sir," Emma said as she handed Charles the list.

"Now, if my memory serves me correct I recall that we had one in the five remaining potential suspects that was a chemist," Charles said.

"Lindsey Roberts," Emma replied.

"Lindsey Roberts. And you said these are personal vendetta bombs," Charles said.

"Yes sir," Emma added.

"Now let's see what the relationship between the two was," Charles asked as he put the information into the computer. "Now here is something interesting. It says here Michael and Lindsey were married for a year but had a falling out and the divorce was especially nasty. Lindsey accused Michael of having an affair with a rich socialite named Charlotte Drew."

"That was the family that got robbed not too long ago and Mrs. Drew's husband was killed by the Dark Hood," Chief Wiggins said calmly.

"It does go onto to say that Michael did happily remarry with another woman and they had one child together and after Michael died she moved to Ohio," Charles said quietly.

"So, it is a revenge crime spree but my question is if she killed Michael then why the crimes didn't stop," Chief Wiggins asked.

"We suspect that she is targeting people whom she believes knows something and what better way to force people to be quiet than through intimidation and fear," Charles replied.

"So now we know who our mysterious hood figure is my next question is how we catch her," Chief Wiggins asked bluntly.

"I've got a plan on that one. Now listen," Emma said as everyone huddled together to listen to the plan.

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Emma and Charles went into midtown Miami where most of the crimes had been occurring and they waited for several hours as nothing unusual was occurring. Emma had started getting hungry so she went inside Joe's Grocery Store and got a couple of apples and bananas some for her and Charles as he continued to look for the Dark Hood. Emma had just finished shopping and step outside when the Dark Hood shot out a large spark that missed her by inches as both Charles and her looked up and saw the hooded figure. The Dark Hood said nothing as it suddenly turned and started running across the ceilings of the buildings and much to both Charles and Emma's amazement the Dark Hood seemed to continuously run without tiring.

"Let's get her," Emma said to Charles. "I'll go to the right and you go left so we can trap her."

"Alright," Charles agreed as they split up and ran in different directions hoping to try to catch the Dark Hood.

Emma said nothing as she quickly raced back to the hotel she had spoken to the manager earlier. The manager was surprised to see Emma again but once she explained the situation he quickly led back to the ceiling where they encountered the Dark Hood.

"Oh my," the manager said.

"Leave sir," Emma said. The manager wasted no time in complying. Emma said nothing for a moment as the Dark Hood did not appear to notice her at that moment. After a moment Emma began shouted at the Dark Hood. "I know who you are so you can unmask yourself."

The Dark Hood said nothing but seemed to take out a large kitchen knife out of one of its pockets. "Alright I know who you are Lindsey Roberts. Stop where you're at or I'll shoot."

Emma took a warning shot at the Dark Hood but the shot completely missed as the Dark Hood slowly lifted its fingers and began shooting lightning bolts at Emma. She was able to avoid the white lightning bolt sparks initially but the more the Dark Hood shot them the faster they kept coming and the hotter the bolts got. Emma kept avoiding the Dark Hood's lightning bolts as she kept shooting at the Dark Hood and much to her horror the bullets didn't seem to affect the Dark Hood at all.

"You've got to be kidding me. What is the Dark Hood? A superhuman," Emma asked as she kept firing at the Dark Hood.

As Emma reloaded her gun again to shoot one of the Dark Hood's lightning bolts that it shot seconds earlier deflected off the chimney and hit her in the back. Emma screamed for a minute as the Dark Hood again shot out a large bolt of lightning which missed her but destroyed the chimney. During the second it took for the Dark Hood to charge again Emma shot it once in the stomach and arm.

"This is the end of the line Lindsey Roberts. It's time to take that mask off," Emma said.

"Never," the Dark Hood screeched as it jumped off the building.

"I don't believe it," Emma said. Charles and several other officers quickly arrived on the roof and had the same expressions of disbelief on their faces as they too watched the Dark Hood make the plunge.

"Coward," Charles shouted.

The Dark Hood said nothing as it fell fast toward the ground. Charles, Emma, and the few officers looked on in horror knowing that the Dark Hood would not survive the plunge it took. Their horror quickly became astonishment and then anger as they saw the Dark Hood explode as it hit the ground.

"Why that no good vermin? It was only a robot," Charles howled angrily. "Lindsey Roberts tricked us." Charles had barely finished yelling for a moment when both of phones rang and he was the first to pick up and when he did he became instantly angrier and at that moment Emma knew who was speaking.

"You fools may have won this time but you will never capture the Dark Hood. I am since long gone with all the valuables and money I stole and you're wondering what might have been," the voice of the Dark Hood said before it quickly hung up the phone.

"The Dark Hood tricked us. It knew exactly every one of our moves and beat us every time," Charles said angrily to himself. Emma said nothing as she turned and saw the mayor and Chief Wiggins also get onto the hotel ceiling.

"Oh well you stopped the robot but where is the real Dark Hood," Chief Wiggins asked.

"It got away and to where we're not sure," Charles said. "It talked to us but the call ended so quickly we couldn't trace it."

"We'll we have a warrant out for her arrest so that if she is ever spotted anywhere the police there can arrest her on sight. You two did an outstanding job and helped make the people here feel a little safer again. Thanks," Chief Wiggins congratulated both Emma and Charles as he and the mayor left. Emma and Charles stood there for several moments before finally leaving and heading back to Birmingham.