

File #016

Enter Agent Heath

Report by: Detective Charles Early

Location: Birmingham, AL

For many years the man known to us as the Alphabet terrorist has been a thorn to us and many countries around the world. Perhaps what aggravates me even more is that every time I think we have him captured he always finds a way to escape. The Alphabet terrorist regardless where he goes always leaves a trail of death and destruction. I have been thinking about the Alphabet terrorist a lot lately and what he has done over the years and realize that without him the three of us wouldn't be doing what are doing today.

I am usually in the office early and today was no different except for that Emma and Rick were already in the office. I had stopped by the coffee shop for some coffee and a newspaper and I had just sat down in my chair when I saw an article that nearly caused me to lose my temper.

"What does the government think they are doing," I asked myself as I started looking at the article. "Why do they need a black ops agent? Do they not realize that by doing those things it could get worse?" I couldn't believe this and could only pray that this was some sort of a joke as I turned on the television.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I present to you Agent Heath," the first man spoke to the reporters as Agent Heath quickly took his place behind the podium. Agent Heath was a tall slender man who had dark black hair and a dark mustache and whose eyes were covered by dark glasses that either lightened up or darkened depending on the amount of light that hit them.

"It feels so good to be here. Thank you for allowing me this opportunity Agent Jones to be the one to capture the so-called Alphabet terrorist. I can promise you my fellow Americans there is not one person or scumbag that gets the best of me. I promise you my friends that I will do a much better job than that Early Detective Agency has done to this point. No one will get away from me," Agent Heath boasted on television.

The more I saw the interview the angrier I became. The three of us have spent too much time trying to catch the madman and it made me feel sick to my stomach that the government would hire a black ops agent to do dirty work it didn't want to get its own hands on. I picked up the newspaper and the first article I read questioned who the Alphabet terrorist was and the more I read the article the more intrigued I became in trying to find out the identity of the terrorist.

"Detectives Stevens and O'Malley come into my office," I called over the intercom as I continued to look at the articles as I knew neither Rick nor Emma seen either article. I wanted to be the first to show them rather than for them to find out the government's plan by someone else.

"Did you call?" Emma asked.

"Yes I did. I wanted to show you something," I said as I handed her the two articles and Emma quietly read the first article.

THE LONDON TIMES

Who is the Alphabet Terrorist?

LONDON, ENGLAND-The Alphabet terrorist also known as the Alphabet killer, the Angel of Death, the Lord of Crime, the King of Agony, the Fearful One and the Man with No Name was once an English chemist who after a freak accident at the ABC store in London became twisted and sadistic as he began his thirty five plus years of crime. The Alphabet terrorist whose real name is unknown has no known records about him save for the criminal complaints against him across the world.

According to sources any record which might have provided a name and picture to the man who became the Alphabet terrorist seemed to disappear in the 1960's about the time he began his long criminal career. Over the span over thirty five plus years the Alphabet terrorist has gone to several countries around the world and has committed many hundreds of rapes, murders and terroristic attacks. It is rumored that the Alphabet terrorist has committed at least one felony in every country he has ever stepped foot into and will use any weapon to his disposal. Sources inform us that the Alphabet terrorist is currently getting control over the criminal underworld and that he is exercising such tight control that he is being compared to Julius Caesar and the way he controlled the Roman Empire.

"Yes sir the Alphabet terrorist is really now taking control over the criminal underworld. He uses any means necessary to get done any job he wants done including brutally torturing and killing his own men and if you failed him you were killed no questions asked," said one man who is an ex-con who didn't want to be identified.

Sources informs the *Times* that the Alphabet terrorist is currently somewhere in the Unites States where he is responsible for the murders of hundreds of people. He is also wanted for several counts of rape, arson, robbery, kidnapping, burglary, torture, and other criminal mischief. According to sources the United States Government is offering a reward of up to \$50 million dollars to anyone with information that leads to the capture and arrest of the Alphabet terrorist but will anyone ever find out who the Alphabet terrorist really is a different question altogether. A question most experts believe will never be answered.

"This doesn't bother me Charles. I've been asking the same question for many years now. I would like to know the name of the man who killed my grandparents, the one who cowardly goes by the nickname the Alphabet terrorist. The man who cowardly raped me and took my innocence. Yeah I would like to know that coward's name if for nothing else but for closure," Emma began.

"Emma," I started as she continued.

"No Charles. I would like to know the man whose face I still can see in my nightmares

but which I have no name connected it. I can't even begin to tell you sir how I am still sickened by the fact I truly do not know the identity of the man who caused me so much pain and suffering," Emma replied.

"I'm sorry Emma. Of course, you do and you deserve to know that too. That will perhaps come in time, but that article was not the one I was talking about. This article is the one I want you to look at," I added as I showed her the second article.

"Let me see that," Emma said as she began reading the article.

NEW YORK POST

Federal Government to Hire Special Agent

WASHINGTON D.C-It was announced yesterday afternoon by FBI Director Johnnie Simms that the federal government which has been getting frustrated with the Early Detective Agency and their lack of success in capturing the Alphabet terrorist has decided to hire a special agent that specializes in terrorism. The special operative Agent Heath specializes in terrorism and in fact single handedly caught some of the world's worst terrorists. Agent Heath was formally introduced at a press conference yesterday afternoon by the FBI director.

"I am a man of words and action. Everything I say I will do I actually do," Agent Heath said bluntly. Agent Heath had no kind words when asked about Detective Emma Stevens who on several occasions suffered at the Alphabet terrorist's hands along with her two partners. "I tell you Detective Emma Stevens has no business in being a detective. She is immature and too emotional when involved with this case and I don't believe she can handle the pressure of capturing the Alphabet terrorist. My advice to Emma Stevens is go home get married and start a family. Let the professionals handle the Alphabet terrorist. Mark my word when I capture the Alphabet terrorist it will be like the shot that was heard around the world." Agent Heath is known for his tough talk, but he has never failed in capturing wanted criminals and this he says will be his toughest challenge yet. FBI Director Simms is confident that Agent Heath will be able to capture the Alphabet terrorist as he announced the assignment but he also announced he is keeping the Early Detective Agency on other major federal and state cases

"Do you see that Emma," I asked as she read the article.

"Do they really believe that they can do better than what we have been doing," Emma asked me.

"Well Emma they do have more people and sources to go with on these kinds of cases. I never said it would be easy for them. Trying to find the Alphabet terrorist is like finding a needle in a haystack," I said as I turned on my computer. "It finally looks like the feds have lost confidence in our abilities. They are now are going to hire a government black ops agent to do the job of capturing the Alphabet terrorist. I think the government is going to end up eating crow on that but that is me."

Emma said nothing for a few moments as she again reread the article.

"Who does Agent Heath think he is telling me how to live my life? Why I ought to," Emma said when she finally did speak again.

"Emma let's not worry about that. Let's focus on the tasks that we do have now," Charles said calmly. "Rick is still in the hospital recovering from his injuries but doctors inform me he might be out in another week or two."

“I do wish he was here. It is a lot more fun and less stressful when he was here,” Emma said as both Detective Alexander and Thomas walked past her.

“Hey Emma, I’m sorry to hear about Rick. I hope he gets well soon. What else is happening?” Samantha asked.

“Well it looks like the federal government has lost confidence in our ability to catch the Alphabet terrorist so they have hired a special operative to handle the case,” Emma said. “You ought to see the article about it.”

“Apparently Agent Heath hasn’t met a terrorist like the Alphabet terrorist,” Samantha said as she and Detective Alexander looked at the article.

“But Agent Heath is right if he is able to catch the Alphabet terrorist it would be like a shot heard around the world and look at the bounty on the Alphabet terrorist. There isn’t a person alive that wouldn’t want \$50 million dollars,” Detective Alexander said.

Detective Alexander was a tall white man who originally was from Scotland but had moved to the United States with his parents when he was eight who had dark brown hair and dark brown eyes. He was mostly quite when he worked in the office but Samantha told me that he could be a joker when they were out investigating. He was a good detective and worked well with Samantha in homicide investigations. Samantha Thomas had been originally hired by our agency for the drug task force division but got transferred to Homicide-Non Major cases shortly after the last time the Alphabet terrorist struck.

“Emma and her partners are trying to catch him to help make the world safer but it looks like all Agent Heath wants is the money and glory. Can you imagine how much press he would get if he did catch the Alphabet terrorist?” Samantha asked Detective Alexander.

“I don’t see anything wrong with making \$50 million while making the world safer,” Detective Alexander said.

“Detective Alexander fifty million dollars that would be used to get someone to capture the Alphabet terrorist would be better used to help victims go through counseling or pay their medical bills and help them recover,” Emma yelled.

“Let me guess you’re one of his victims and that you would like to have the money,” Detective Alexander said sarcastically as Emma, Samantha and I gave him a look of displeasure.

“No Detective Alexander, but I would like to see the other victims and their families helped. There is really no way in telling how many victims the Alphabet terrorist has and I suppose we will never know,” Emma replied more calmly as Detective Alexander looked at her and Samantha.

“All I meant was \$50 million dollars would be good to have. Catching the Alphabet terrorist should be our first priority,” Detective Alexander said as everyone else turned to me. I had started to speak when we received a call.

“What happened? Where?” I asked as everyone looked at me as I spoke on the phone. “Alright we will be there in just a few minutes.”

“What happened,” Emma asked as I hung up the phone.

“Dr. Rogers is already at the scene inspecting the body and he was the one that just called me. It looks like we have another Alphabet killing. Let’s hurry,” I said as Emma and the others followed me. Dr. Rogers was a very good friend of mine and a very good forensic expert and he normally remained calm but I could tell by his voice something really was wrong and I found out too soon when we arrived there.

Fear would creep up into my mind as I knew it did with Emma and the others that I worked with every time the Alphabet Terrorist was up to his bag of tricks. The Lord of Crime was no easy target to catch and every time he showed up his crimes would get more theatrical and more devastating. I said nothing as we quickly raced to the location where Dr. Rogers was already waiting for us.

“Ah glad that you could make it. I see you also brought Detectives Thomas and Alexander with you,” Dr. Rogers said as he looked at us.

“What happened?” I asked calmly.

“Well there is no doubt that this is an Alphabet killing but this is some of the cruelest things I had ever seen done to a person in my life. This was personal from the looks of it and the murder was done as though it was to appear like a ritual killing. The victim is thirty-five-year-old Alice Johnson,” Dr. Rogers said as we walked into the alley where her naked body was found hanging on pole.

“Typical. The Alphabet terrorist does like to remain in the shadow,” I said.

“This is where the officers responding to a call found her,” Dr. Rogers said. “When I got here the police officers who found her quickly covered her up with a sheet. I tell you Charles I have never seen anything like this in all my years of forensics. Alice Johnson was brutally raped and sodomized and I can tell by the evidence we’ve collected that we know that at least five men raped and sodomized her. She was stabbed over a hundred times all over her body and that she also has several broken bones in her face and hands. It looks like the Alphabet terrorist and his gang is trying to send you a message.”

“How do you know it’s the Alphabet killer that killed Alice?” Detective Alexander asked.

“Should you ask detective but if you should have to know he left a note pinned into her chest when we found her,” Dr. Rogers said as he handed us the note which I read slowly.

This is the first of many left to go. I do hope you three aren’t too slow. The feds don’t trust you and don’t think you can catch me and neither do I so just for once we both see eye to eye. I don’t like spies or anyone who lies but unfortunate for you that an hour after you read this note someone else dies. I’m sorry for you Charles your name begins with C for my next victim begins with B. The question of who this person is will make you prickle but my clue to you is that they do work for a nickel. Better hurry up and don’t waste a lime for they don’t have too much time.

“It looks like one of his riddles,” Emma said loudly as she also read the note.

“Let me look at it,” Detective Alexander said as he grabbed the note out of Emma’s hands and infuriated her. “Ah yes the person he chose to kill next works for a Nickel Thrift Store and it appears as though the one he chose is on Lime Street.”

“How did you figure that Detective Alexander?” Emma asked angrily but before we could speak we were interrupted by Agent Heath and his men who arrived on the scene thirty minutes after we did.

“It matters not you fools because all of you are now off the case,” Agent Heath said bluntly as he approached us.

“You must be Agent Heath. I wish I could say it was a pleasure to meet you,” Emma said sarcastically as he approached her and grabbed her neck as he lifted her into the air.

“Sarcasm is something that I don’t tolerate very much from anyone much less a young detective who gets too emotional in the Alphabet case. The Alphabet case is too tough for you and your partners Detective Stevens. Haven’t you already been victimized enough in your short life? My advice to you is stay off this case and go home to your now crippled boyfriend,” Agent Heath said as Emma looked at him angrily as she kicked and fought her way out of his grasp.

“Never talk about Rick. He is not a cripple,” Emma yelled angrily.

“Oh really Detective Stevens then what do you call him being in the hospital? I call that being a cripple,” Agent Heath said before stopping for a moment and speaking again. “You’re right Detective Stevens I am mistaken. Your boyfriend is not a cripple rather he is weak and lazy and lazy detectives can never cut it much like the real emotional ones can’t.” Emma started to charge and lunge forward to Agent Heath but I stopped her as I saw how quickly her face was turning red from anger. I didn’t like Agent Heath either and every word he spoke was like poison to me and the other detectives.

“We’ve got the picture Agent Heath. There is no reason to come here and insult a detective who got injured in the line of duty,” I yelled angrily.

“Very well Detective Early but mark my word this is my warning to you all. Should any of you or your partners come and try to interfere with my investigation I have authorization to shoot and kill every one of you as you will have been impeding my investigation and believe me when I say this. I know each of you and all of your partners and detectives as I have access to all of your files so I know how each of your abilities and how you work,” Agent Heath said.

“That may be. I don’t know who authorized you to do all that research but the one thing I will say is I won’t back down to anyone. I promised my friends and partners that we would catch the Alphabet terrorist and I intend to keep that promise,” I forcefully said.

“Oh we shall see Detective Early when my boss comes here tomorrow and suspends all of your licenses and takes away all your weapons,” Agent Heath said as he turned to his men as he spoke. “Come and follow me. We have a big fish to catch today.” Agent Heath and his men quickly got into their cars and drove off as the three of us stood there for several moments.

“What are we going to do now Charles?” Emma asked as her face was still extremely red.

“I don’t care who this Agent Heath has contacted. We’re going to the Nickel Thrift Store and we will get there before he does. I know a shortcut. Come on,” I said.

“See you later Charles,” Dr. Rogers, said as he left.

I nodded. Emma, Samantha, Detective Alexander and I got into my car as we quickly sped to the Nickel Thrift Store and hoped we weren’t too late.

We arrived at the Nickel Thrift Store and much to our horror we were too late. I slowly entered the building and almost immediately I wished I hadn’t looked as immediately on the floor I saw the dead body of another young woman. The woman appeared to be older than the first one and yet her body was extremely mutilated like the first one. I could tell by the scars, cuts and bruises that the woman had also been raped and sodomized while slowly being killed. I looked around at her naked body and like the first one she had a note pinned into her chest and I quickly took it out and read it.

What do all coins you spend have in common? They're all metal and combine them and they can add up to dollars. Coins such as these can be found almost anywhere and spent anywhere but if you were to want rolls of these coins or turn them in where would you go? There are many of these in Birmingham, but I also have a mafia connection. What am I?

Emma and the others came in just as I finished reading the note when she looked at me for a second before looking up and seeing the dead woman. Emma stayed calm and silent even though I saw some tears fall down her face. I admit seeing how the Alphabet terrorist and his thugs kill these two women were disturbing but nothing got me so angry as Agent Heath did when he appeared a second later as he began shooting at us.

"I told you I would shoot at you if you or your fellow detectives interfered with my hunt. I will be the one to capture the Alphabet terrorist and I don't care what I must do to do it," Agent Heath said angrily as he stopped shooting at us a second later when he saw the naked and dead body of the older woman. "Cover her up. I am surprised at you three. Leaving her modesty left in the open."

"We just got here," I protested.

"Shut it old man. The rest of the police and the coroner will be here in just a few. I take it you received another note. Give it to me. I don't know how you got here before me but the next time you interfere I will the lot of you thrown into jail until I capture him," Agent Heath said.

"Agent Heath do you really believe that you can catch the Alphabet terrorist?" Emma asked.

"Shut up Detective Stevens. I didn't speak to you. I'm sorry you're so weak that you couldn't capture him after all these years but be rest assured I will and I'm not going to let you three ruin my chance," Agent Heath said as several officers and the coroner entered the store.

"The victim Brenda Jenkins died approximately an hour ago and her cause of death appears to be blunt force trauma, but she also appears to have been raped and sodomized as well as stabbed several times," the coroner said to us and the other officers.

"Were any weapons recovered?" one of the officers asked us. I didn't say anything for a minute as I looked around and saw Agent Heath had disappeared and I could only hope that he didn't solve the riddle as I began speaking to the officer.

"No officer. We only got here a few moments before you did," I said as the officers began looking around the building. The coroner finished up with his preliminary report as they took the dead body of the older woman away.

"I hope that you can catch these pricks that are doing these crimes. I've been doing this for forty years and these killings are just making me sick," the coroner said to us as he left.

"We will sir," I said as we stood there for several moments watching the other officers search and get evidence from the scene.

"That's just great Charles. Agent Heath has the next note and we don't know where the Alphabet terrorist might strike next," Emma said quietly.

"Oh yes we do. The Alphabet terrorist's next target will occur at a bank and in fact it will occur at the same bank the Godfather of Time robbed and killed people at with his time machine," I said calmly.

"How do you know?" Emma asked.

“The note said it was a bank with a mafia connection. If you remember the case with Dr. Godson,” I began.

“Very good sir,” Emma added. “We better hurry and hope that Agent Heath can’t figure the clue out.”

“He’ll know it’s a bank, but he might not know which one,” Charles said as he turned to Samantha and Detective Alexander. “Samantha, I want you and Detective Alexander to go back to the office and do some research on our two victims and find out what they might have in common. I don’t think these are just random killings. Emma and I will go to the bank hopefully before the Alphabet terrorist can kill his next victim and also hopefully before Agent Heath arrives.”

“Yes sir,” Samantha said as she and Detective Alexander caught a taxi and went back to the offices. Charles and I quickly got into his car and quickly sped to the bank.

The bank which had been rebuilt and reopened for business a few months ago after being attacked by the Godfather of Time was closed. It was extremely quiet, and I saw no other cars or vehicles in the parking lot. Emma and I took our time slowly continuing to look around in case we might have missed something.

“It looks like we made it here again before Agent Heath. Let’s look inside,” Emma said as we slowly approached the door and noticed it was unlocked as we slowly opened it. “It looks like he wants us to go in.”

“Let’s go in slowly,” I said cautiously as we slowly entered the building and it was not a moment after we entered when Emma and I saw the naked body of a badly burnt man lying on the floor.

“Oh my,” Emma said.

“Yep. This is definitely the work of the Alphabet terrorist,” I said.

“You’re telling me. Look,” Emma said as the two of us continued to look at the dead man’s body.

“The Lord of Crime also stole,” I began.

“Yeah. The man’s family jewels,” Emma finished the sentence.

“Not only that Emma but if you take a look this man has been sexually assaulted just like the women,” I said as I pointed the evidence to Emma.

“The man was raped like the women were. This is unusual for him sir. Isn’t? I mean I knew he molested women but never men,” Emma said.

“Emma, you are wrong on that,” I corrected her. “Although it is rare it is not unheard of the Lord of Crime to sexually molest men too. And when he does those men are dead and almost always unrecognizable.”

“Something about this man must have really set the Alphabet Terrorist off,” Emma said.

“True,” I said.

“Look at this Charles,” Emma said as we both saw the note that was pinned to the man. We quickly became even more horrified as we read the note.

Here is the dead body of Calvin Stiles. He is the son of the rich Stiles family. Calvin was a simple young man who loved a simple game. The game is the national pastime and the basic rule is three strikes and you're out. The game can be played in many different venues and at many different levels but the next victim will be killed at a game that is scheduled for 12:30 p.m.

"It looks like he is going to kill his next victim at a baseball game but how is he going to do it with all those people there," Emma asked.

"Good question Emma but do you remember that the Alphabet terrorist is also a master of disguise criminal. He can dress up as anyone including as a police officer," I said.

"And we don't even know what baseball game he is talking about," Emma said.

"Yes we do. I found our game," I replied as I looked at my phone. "Come on we don't have much time."

I knew we did not have much time. The baseball game the Alphabet Terrorist was going to strike at was about to start in fifteen minutes. I had never driven as fast or as reckless as I did as we drove to the baseball stadium. We quickly arrived at the baseball stadium where a baseball tournament was being held between four different collegiate teams and Emma and I were looking around and throughout the stadium checking to see if the Alphabet terrorist had already struck.

"How are we-," Emma began.

"Just keep looking," I said, as fear crept into my voice, I was beginning to panic because I knew the Lord of Crime was a man of his word which meant we did not have the time to be wrong and miss.

For thirty minutes Emma and I had checked just about everywhere except for the men's visitor restroom which I entered and much to my horror I saw the naked body of a young man who had been decapitated and shot several times lying on the floor with a note also pinned into his chest.

"Call it in," I said over the radio. "Alert the security folks and tournament organizers to postpone the tournament. There is a police situation. Do not let them exactly what happened. Just say police emergency."

"Will do," the voice over the radio said. I did not know how long it would take for the message to get through. Emma quickly ran to the bathroom and at once she let out a gasp as she saw the naked body of the young man. I had no doubt Emma, like me, was disturbed at seeing the naked body of this young man as well as the callousness of the Lord of Crime. This was the second young man that we saw that had been stripped of everything including his dignity before being killed. I could not tell immediately if he too had been sexually assaulted like the last man or the women had been but I had a hunch he had been too. I had knelt down to get it out of his chest and when I did and was about to stand up I heard a gun cock behind my head.

"Surprise to see me are you Charles? You and Detective Stevens thought you would be slick enough to get rid of me but now it is I who has put you into a bad situation," Agent Heath said as he grabbed the note away from me. Agent Heath looked at the paper for a moment before

turning around and reading the message 'YOU'RE DEAD.' "Is this supposed to be some kind of joke?" I didn't realize at first what Agent Heath was talking about until a moment later I heard the tick of a bomb which had been planted in the garbage can.

"Charles," Emma began.

"Emma, get out," I shouted. Emma quickly ran as I turned to Agent Heath. "You too."

"What the-," Agent Heath shouted as I pushed the two of us out of the bathroom as the bomb exploded.

"That was a close one," I said to myself.

"How dare you push me Detective Early," Agent Heath said angrily as we both stood up for a moment before he spoke again. "I don't know whether that bomb was intended for you Early or not, but I know this stay out of my way." Agent Heath quickly departed as Emma ran to me.

"That jerk. He should have be thankful. You saved him," Emma said.

"That is okay," I said.

"Are you alright sir?" Emma asked.

"Yes I am okay," I began.

"What did the note say sir?" Emma asked.

"It only had two words on it. It said, 'You're Dead'," I began.

"It only said 'You're dead,'" Emma asked.

"Right and next thing I know was that we barely escaped as a bomb that was in the garbage can exploded," I said for a moment before speaking again. "I think we need to go back to the office and see if Samantha or Detective Alexander found out anything new."

"Right you are," I said.

"All clear," the voice on the radio said.

"That is good news Charles. The security personnel managed to get all the people out of the stadium without scaring the folks," Emma replied.

"Yeah it is good news. The medical examiner and the other police should be here in a few moments and maybe we can find out who our victim is. I also want to find out how the Alphabet terrorist and his thugs killed a man here in the ballpark without being seen or heard by anyone," I said as the coroner, several officers and several paramedics and firefighters arrived at the scene.

"What do we got?" the medical examiner asked as he entered the locker room.

"Looks like we have a young man in his twenties, I am guessing and judging from his composition I would say he has not been dead long. I would also take a venture and say that the young man has been sexually assaulted but that the killing blow was likely from one of the gun shots," I said.

"Very good Detective Early. Getting better and better I see. I will let you know the identity of the young man once it is available to me," the medical examiner said.

"Thank you sir," I said. "We have to get back to the office."

Emma and I left the medical examiner and his team to clean up and to try to find out who the fourth victim was of the Alphabet Terrorist's recent run. This was very unusual I quietly to myself. All the crimes to this point in this run of his had been straight rape-murder. There was no robberies, burglaries, no arson, and no confrontation with the police as of yet. But I also quietly said to myself. This was just what we knew. We had no idea if there had been other crimes

reported yet.

While the news of the Alphabet killings spread throughout the city downtown Birmingham was bracing for another problem. The Godfather of Time and his men had found an old abandoned building which they turned into a lab. George Johnson who helped rebuild the lab also helped Dr. Godson make modifications to the time machine.

“Ah Dr. Godson now you can travel not only through time but also through space. With the modifications we added boss you should be able to travel now to other places around the world without going into a different time period,” George said.

“Excellent George and now while the fools are dealing with the Alphabet killings we will go and commit the crime of the century,” the Godfather of Time said.

“And what about Detective O’Malley sir?” one of the other men asked George.

“Last I heard the poor fool nearly had his leg blown off and he is still in the hospital laid up and unable to work. So he will be no problem besides what the Godfather of Time has in store is more important and besides like the boss said the detectives will be more worried about the Alphabet killer than they would of us so that would give us a perfect opportunity to pull this crime off,” George said.

“And so we shall. Make sure everyone is ready. It is about time,” the Godfather of Time said as George nodded in agreement.

The Alphabet terrorist and his thugs had also found a perfect hideout in the business section of Birmingham. They had taken over a building which had been a chemical plant only a few months earlier, but the plant had closed so quickly that most of everything including the chemicals was left there intact.

“Boss, why are you playing games with these detectives? Why don’t you just kill them and get done with it,” one of the thugs asked.

“Cretin don’t you understand anything? These detectives deserve a more personal touch rather than a quick death. They deserve to be slowly and painfully humiliated just as I was humiliated in all those defeats and that no good Dark Hood will pay as well. They made a fool of me one too many times. I cannot forgive them for allowing me to fight that dumb robot while the real Dark Hood escaped when we were in Atlanta and I also have a little treat for her too when I see her again. They will all suffer,” the Alphabet terrorist said.

“Boss I did some research and it seems like Detective Emma Stevens also has a sister named Elizabeth,” another thug said.

“WHAT! I thought Detective Stevens was an only child. I thought I took care of the last of her family that night,” the Alphabet terrorist said before realizing what the thug said. “Well this is unexpected good news. So Detective Stevens does have a sister. Get me her address. I will make the visit one that no one will ever forget.”

“Yes sir and one more thing sir is that the feds have also hired a special operative to try to capture and his name is Agent Harold Heath,” the thug said as he walked away slowly.

“Let this Agent Heath try to come to me, and I will give him a surprise,” the Alphabet terrorist said to himself as he turned on his television.

Emma and I were in my office listening to Samantha and Detective Alexander as he explained about everything that the two had found. It turned out that the first two victims lived only a few blocks away from each other and both owned their own businesses and were extremely wealthy. I sat there looking at the charts for a moment before speaking to them.

“So it looks like the Alphabet terrorist is striking wealthy socialites again. The third victim owned the bank but how does that connect to the baseball player we found decapitated in the bathroom,” I asked as we looked up and saw that the coroner came to visit me.

“Perhaps I can answer that sir. I came here myself instead of calling you as that no good Agent Heath has been tracking my calls. That is how he found out about the bank and the baseball player. The baseball player decapitated was twenty one year old Darren Michaels and he is the son of the very rich Michaels family. Darren walked onto the college team and was quickly becoming one of their best players and in fact the coach told me that he awarded Darren a scholarship this year for his hard work and determination,” the coroner said.

“What else did you find sir?” I asked.

“Well like the earlier victims we found that Darren had also been raped and sodomized and shot several times as we found gunshot wounds in his chest, stomach, thigh, and buttocks,” the coroner said.

“It really looks like the Alphabet terrorist is trying to send us a message but who is he intending to target next as the note he left was just a message that was left to kill whoever found the victim ,” Samantha said.

“That’s a good question. The Alphabet terrorist didn’t say or give a clue to who the next victim will be, but chances are it will be a socialite,” I said and I started to speak again when the phone rang. I looked at the number that was calling and didn’t recognize it ,but I recognized the speaker when it went to the message machine.

“Greetings you wretched detectives you know who I am, and you thought that I went to the grave after our last encounter. I’m sorry to disappoint you and my only wish right now is to watch the three of you die a slow and painful death for all the humiliation you have caused me. Ever since our last encounter I have been devising a way to destroy you three and all those who have humiliated me. Now for the fun part my next victim. I can’t tell you how surprised I was to learn that Detective Emma Stevens had a sister as I thought I exterminated her last relatives when she was thirteen. In exactly one hour, Emma’s sister Elizabeth Dawn Richards will be dead,” the Alphabet terrorist said loudly as he laughed.

“You no good,” Emma started to say but I stopped her. Her face was as red as the dress she was wearing but what bothered me most was how easily the Alphabet terrorist found Emma’s sister.

“Let’s go right now,” I said as Emma, Samantha and Detective Alexander quickly followed me.

Elizabeth had taken her children Jessica and Justin to the daycare center a few hours earlier as she went to work but she came home for her one-hour lunch as she began washing clothes and watching the television. She had just sat down when the phone rang, and she slowly got back up and picked it up.

“Hello,” Elizabeth said as she picked up the phone before realizing it was Emma was calling. “Hey sis how’s everything?”

“Not well at all sis. You, Justin, and Jessica need to get out of the house quickly,” Emma said over the phone.

“Why?” Elizabeth asked sounding a little frightened.

“You know the man known as the Alphabet terrorist and how he lately been killing and mutilating his victims’ bodies,” Emma asked.

“Yes, I do and in fact they were just talking about one of the victims had he and his thugs raped and sodomized and stabbed her nearly a hundred times across her body,” Elizabeth said.

“Well yes the last victim we found at the baseball park we found out he had been raped and sodomized like the two women but he had been shot several times and decapitated and we believe that the Alphabet terrorist is going to try to kill you in a similar way,” Emma said.

“He found out about us. Well thankfully the children are at a daycare center, but I will go,” Elizabeth said and she started to say something else when she heard glass shatter. “Oh no he is here.”

“Yes, I am and you will be going nowhere,” the man said angrily to Elizabeth.

“I don’t know who you are or what you want,” Elizabeth said to the man and his thugs.

“Oh, but I do. You love your sister very much and are willing to even die for her. Well now it will be time to prove what you said is true,” the man said menacingly.

“I may die but I will die fighting,” Elizabeth said as she took out her sword.

“Oh I love it when my victims fight back. It makes me all the happier. Stand back the rest of you,” the Alphabet terrorist said as he approached Elizabeth.

The Alphabet terrorist did not realize that Elizabeth had been taking martial arts and self-defense classes as she started furiously fighting the Alphabet terrorist. “I must say your skills are impressive. Apparently I underestimated you a bit but can you handle my skills?” Elizabeth was a good fighter but soon she found out she didn’t have the skill or the agility the Alphabet terrorist had. He was much quicker to fend off her attacks and he seemed to move quicker when she got ready to strike.

“Quit toying with me,” Elizabeth yelled as she fought the Alphabet terrorist.

The Alphabet terrorist moved so quickly by the time she turned around and saw him standing at the door he had already thrown a knife which hit her in the shoulder. Elizabeth despite the pain took the knife out of her shoulder and started charging to the Alphabet terrorist. The man just stood there at the doorway and when Elizabeth approached him he took out another knife and stabbed her in the thigh causing her to fall onto the ground in agony. The Alphabet terrorist slowly picked Elizabeth by the throat and lifted her into the air as he spoke.

“I’m keeping you alive long enough so your sister can watch you die piece by piece,” the Alphabet terrorist said to Elizabeth and just as the Alphabet terrorist was about to speak again he saw the windows break. “What’s that?”

The Alphabet terrorist and his thugs stood there for a moment as the smoke clear and when it did they saw Agent Heath and his men standing there and point their guns to them. The Alphabet terrorist saw this and became extremely angry as he threw Elizabeth extremely hard to the wall as he turned and spoke to Agent Heath. “I don’t know who you are but you will die like the rest of them. A slow and painful death awaits you.”

“Let me give you a lesson in Criminology 101. I am Agent Harold Heath and I have been sent here to bring in you to justice,” Agent Heath said.

“That so huh?. Agent Heath let me show you what I do to people who try to stand in my way,” the Alphabet terrorist said as he showed Agent Heath the pictures of the men and women he raped, sodomized and tortured before killing.

“I’ve seen your kind before. You don’t bother me all you are to me is just garbage,” Agent Heath said he took out his handcuffs and began approaching the Alphabet terrorist.

“You are either foolish or just so narcissistic up your butt you can’t tell the difference. Let me give you a lesson in Crime 101. I am the Alphabet terrorist the greatest criminal the world has ever seen, and everyone shall fear me,” the Alphabet terrorist said as he took out his machine gun and began shooting it at Agent Heath and his men.

We quickly arrived at Elizabeth’s house a few minutes later only to find that it was being destroyed by the shootout between Agent Heath and the Alphabet terrorist.

“Our only concern right now is to get Elizabeth out of there,” I said to Emma, Samantha and Detective Alexander. “As far as Agent Heath and the Alphabet terrorist we can let the two of them try to exterminate each other for now.”

Everyone agreed and quickly entered the crowded house. Neither the Alphabet terrorist nor Agent Heath paid us any attention as the two of them were trying to shoot and kill each other and none of the other men paid any attention to us as they seemed to be entertained by their bosses fighting. We slowly got to the other side of the room where we saw Elizabeth lying on the ground unconscious.

“Is she dead?” Emma asked as I checked Elizabeth’s pulse.

“No but she is not well at all. We have to get her out of here,” I said as we began trying to get out of the house. The Alphabet Terrorist had knocked Agent Heath onto the ground when he looked and saw we were nearly out of the house.

“You,” the Alphabet terrorist said to me as I looked at him directly. The Alphabet terrorist turned to his men as he spoke. “Kill the old man and whoever else he may have brought with him. Do not kill Detective Stevens or her sister. I want them alive for the time being. I want to have the pleasure of allowing Detective Stevens to watch her sister die before I kill her.” The thugs nodded as they took out their guns and began shooting at us. Agent Heath stood back up and began fighting the Alphabet terrorist again.

“You should know by now that it will take more than what you have to get rid of me,” Agent Heath said to the Alphabet terrorist.

“Oh, that is so huh. You have been a thorn in my side that I will now easily pluck out,” the Alphabet terrorist said as he took out his long silver knife. He threw it at Agent Heath who easily caught it by the handle.

“Is that all you have because if it is you’re now going to jail where you belong,” Agent Heath said to the Alphabet terrorist.

“I think not,” the Alphabet terrorist said as he turned to his men who were still shooting at us. “Let’s disappear and regroup. It seems as though Agent Heath has ruined our plan for now but mark my words, I will kill him and the three detectives before the day is done.” The Alphabet terrorist threw a smoke pellet onto the ground and moments later he and his thugs had disappeared.

“Blast it,” Agent Heath yelled.

“What now boss?” another agent asked.

“I will have the detectives heads on my plate before this is said and done,” Agent Heath yelled. There was no doubt that Agent Heath was not pleased at all when he saw the Alphabet terrorist and his thugs had escaped. He ran outside the door and saw that we were trying to revive Elizabeth as he started speaking. “You three have done it again. You have ruined my chances for catching the Alphabet terrorist and his thugs.”

‘Can it Agent Heath. Can’t you see we’re trying to revive my sister who has severe cuts

and several broken bones from when the Alphabet terrorist threw her to the wall,” Emma asked angrily.

“Well you got what you’ve deserved. You fool should have stayed out of my way,” Agent Heath said. I wanted to stand up and hit him but I stayed where I was as we watched Agent Heath leave. Elizabeth was revived and came out of being unconscious several minutes later.

“I’m sorry. I should have listened to you instead of fighting him sis,” Elizabeth cried.

“It’s alright. All I care about you and the two children are alright and speaking of Justin and Jessica where did you take them,” Emma asked.

“They are at a daycare center about five miles away from here,” Elizabeth said as firefighters and paramedics arrived at the scene.

“Elizabeth is your husband able to get off work and pick up the husband?” Emma asked.

“I forgot to tell you sis my husband and I divorced a few months ago and I’m taking the children myself,” Elizabeth said as the paramedics lifted her and put her into the ambulance.

“I’ll go and get the children and will meet you back at the office,” Emma told me.

“We’ll meet you back at the office after you pick them up. I must confess that even though Agent Heath is extremely narcissistic he did a good thing by interrupting the Alphabet terrorist and his plan,” I said. Emma quickly caught a taxi and went directly for the daycare center as Samantha, Detective Alexander and I went back to the office.

We got back to the offices where we received word that the Alphabet terrorist and his thugs struck yet again. This time however they robbed and killed an older woman named Francis Xavier by stealing her gun and using it to kill her. We watched the television as the chief spoke to the reporter.

“The victim in this case is forty-five-year-old socialite Francis Xavier. She was shot and killed with her own gun by the Alphabet terrorist. From what we see here all that was taken was her gun and several of the finesse weapons that she had in her possession. She had in her collection several ancient swords, sais, and ninja style weapons,” the chief said to the reporter.

“I do wonder why the Alphabet terrorist and his thus would steal ninja weapons,” Samantha asked as Emma and Elizabeth’s two children entered the office.

“I’m glad to see that they are safe,” I said as I looked at Justin and Jessica. “Do you two want sodas and a candy bar.” Justin and Jessica nodded as Emma took them to the designated guest room. I was about to speak to Samantha again when Dr. Rogers approached us.

“I can tell you exactly why the Alphabet terrorist would steal the ninja weapons. Agent Harold Heath is extremely skilled in many areas including computer electronics, chemistry, and the martial arts. By being able to be as good as he is Agent Heath seemed to demonstrate to the Alphabet terrorist that normal weapons will not work so it looks like he is trying to kill Agent Heath as this own game,” Dr. Rogers said quietly.

“I’m not at all surprised. I knew it wouldn’t take the Alphabet terrorist long to figure out Agent Heath was after him as well,” I said as we looked and saw a news break.

“This is just in from the associated press. The videos of the robbery are just so shocking that I have a hard time believing it,” the reporter said as she turned on the video and even I and everyone else was stunned when we saw the video. The video which came from the security cameras at Fort Knox showed Dr. Godson and his men appearing in the underground part of the

base where the gold was hidden as they came through a portal and began stealing the gold bars.

“I don’t believe it. That’s the Godfather of Time and his thugs and they’re robbing Fort Knox of its gold,” Samantha said in disbelief as we continued to watch them steal the gold and the guards that were closest to the incident were immediately shot and killed by Dr. Godson and George Johnson and by the time that several more guards could arrive a few minutes later the Godfather of Time and his men had already went back into the portal after having robbed nearly twenty million dollars in gold. “I don’t believe it. That scum bucket and his men used his time machine to help them rob Fort Know of its gold.”

“I don’t believe it myself, but it just happened. I do wonder what the feds are going to say now that we have two major criminals on the loose and we know that Birmingham is his base of operations but where?” I asked loudly.

“It could take weeks in finding the Godfather of Time as he could be anywhere in the city,” Samantha said.

“Not necessarily so Samantha. With a time-machine like that it would takes lots of power to create a portal. Perhaps we might be able to find them by calling the electric company and find out if there are any places that today have had a surge of power usage that doesn’t normally use such amounts of power,” Detective Alexander said.

“That’s a great idea Detective Alexander,” I said as I was getting ready to call the electric company before I stopped for a moment and turned to Samantha and Detective Alexander. “Do you both realize that since this was done on national television that there is a very likelihood chance that the Alphabet terrorist seen the heist?”

“The Alphabet terrorist with a time machine that allows him to move through time and space sounds creepy to me. It scares me just thinking about him,” Samantha said.

“I know Samantha. The idea of him having such a device is horrendous which means Dr. Godson might also become a target of his. What is Dr. Godson’s first name,” I asked as Samantha handed me his file.

“Ah here it is. His full name is Dr. Gerald Godson aka the Godfather of Time. Originally hailed from Australia was born in 1948 but moved here to the United States in 1975 and was a chemical engineer and scientist but he had at the time began to create the time machine which he has used in several high profile crimes. Originally worked for the crime boss Don Vanderwick but killed him during his crimes in which he used the time machine first. It is believed that Dr. Godson and his assistant George Johnson have on several occasions modified the time machine to where it will allow traveling through both time and space. He is wanted by the FBI for several counts of murder, bank robbery, racketeering, destruction of government property and using an unlicensed device for crime,” I said as I looked at his file again.

“It sounds like the Godfather of Time to me,” Emma said. “Now that this heist of his has happened I wonder how long it will be before the Lord of Crime gets wind of it.”:

“That is the million dollar question Emma and is exactly what Samantha and I were talking about. The possibilities of what will happen should the Alphabet terrorist try to get the time machine from Dr. Godson,” I said.

“If that happens that would be disastrous for us all. We can’t let that happen,” Emma said.

“We’re not, but first we got to find either one of them,” I said.

“Not ever easy,” Emma added.

“No. It is not. I also have other news. The Lord of Crime during the short time from us leaving your sisters house to now robbed and killed a woman named Francis Xavier.,” I said.

“What was stolen?” Emma asked.

“All that was stolen were ninja weapons and it seems to me that the Alphabet terrorist wants to kill us and Agent Heath,” I said as Detective Alexander quickly approached us.

“Charles, I did find a building in the downtown area that the power company said had a real huge surge of power this morning. According to them 2.1 trillion watts of electricity was used at the old abandoned art museum,” Detective Alexander said.

“That sounds about right. They would need a lot of electricity for the time machine. Emma and I will go and check the building out while you stay here and monitor the situation and let us know if the Alphabet terrorist strikes again,” I said as I turned to Samantha. “I want you to stay here as well and watch over Elizabeth’s children. They are safer here than anywhere else.” Samantha nodded in agreement as Emma and I quickly left for the old art museum.

The Alphabet terrorist and his thugs were watching the television when Dr. Godson and his thugs used his time and teleportation device to pull the biggest heist in recent history. The Alphabet terrorist watched them pull the heist so quickly they had already departed by the time more guards arrived.

“I want that machine,” the Alphabet terrorist said loudly.

“What do you want with that machine like that anyway boss?” one of the thugs asked.

“Fools, do you not realize what that machine can do for us? It would allow us to travel through time as well as travel through space and going to different points of the world in the present and commit crimes anywhere so quickly that we would have departed before they realized what happened. Dr. Godson is a genius but will soon be a dead man,” the Alphabet terrorist said.

“Boss we don’t even know where Dr. Godson is at or where his headquarters are,” the thug said.

“Yes we do,” the Alphabet terrorist. “You see the Godfather of Time is known for his crimes and his machine. At first I thought that his time machine invention was a fairy tale, so I didn’t think too much of it but when I saw him commit that bold heist on live television it made me change my mind.”

The Alphabet terrorist turned on his computer and typed in the words Godfather of Time and he got more results than he needed. “See here fool. If you know what you’re looking for you can find it. It says here that the Godfather of Time is a master criminal who originally is from Australia but came in the United States in 1975 and has been here in Birmingham since 1990. He once worked for Don Vanderwick until he killed the crime boss during an experiment with his time machine and since then has led the criminal underworld here in Birmingham since.”

“But what about Agent Heath boss,” the thug asked.

“Why do you suppose we stole all those ninja weapons? Agent Heath is a skilled martial artist so I want to kill him in a more personal way rather than just shooting him,” the Alphabet terrorist said.

The FBI and the other police agencies were baffled after the heist at Fort Knox as none of them knew where Dr. Godson, George Johnson and the other men were hiding. The heist lasted

only a few minutes, but it was shown all over the world and every police and detective agency including ours was looking for him. We were sure we knew where he was hiding but we proceeded with caution as Dr. Godson and George Johnson were the last to reappear. We arrived at his hideout and watched as the Godfather and his men continued to converse.

“Boss that was a whale of a job, but do you suppose the police might be onto us?” one of the men asked George.

“Dr. Godson said he would take of that problem,” George said as he turned to the Godfather of Time.

“And I shall,” the Godfather of Time said as he turned on his time machine and entered the date 67,500 B.C and opened up a time portal and within seconds several thousands of large mosquitoes appeared in the lab. The mosquitoes quickly left the lab and went out into the city as they started killing people.

“Oh no,” Emma said.

“Call the police and paramedics. Tell them that Dr. Godson has just let loose his lethal stingers into the city,” I said to Emma. Emma wasted no time informing the chief and the paramedics of the killer mosquitoes.

“What now Charles?” Emma asked quietly.

“After the mosquitoes disappear, we’re going inside to stop Dr. Godson,” I said. Emma and I continued to wait patiently despite seeing all the killer mosquitoes. We stayed hidden behind one of the bushes and thankfully none of the mosquitoes seen us as they continued to go throughout the city and when we saw the last of them disappear we quickly went into the old building and confronted Dr. Godson and his men.

“Stop right there,” I yelled at the men who turned and began laughing at us as they saw George sneak behind us.

“You’re in big trouble now detectives,” one of the men said as we turned and saw George grab both of us by our necks.

“Well look at what we have here Dr. Godson,” George said as he held both of us tightly. “It looks like we have a couple of detectives snooping around here. What shall we do with them boss?”

“It looks like you must have been lifting weights George,” I said as I tried to get myself free from his grasp. Emma tried freeing herself too but she quickly found out that George started tightening his grip on her throat as she fought.

“Yes, Detective Early and I will gladly show you what I can do with my strength,” George said loudly. George wanted to strangle us to death but before he could Dr. Godson shouted out at him.

“Let me see them first,” Dr. Godson said as he turned around and faced us. “Ah, it has been a long time hasn’t it Detective Early and Detective Stevens although I do remember you having a third detective with you.”

“Boss the third detective was the one that nearly got his left blasted off but killing these two will make his get well time a more painful and miserable one,” George said.

“Ah I should have remembered to get Detective O’Malley a get well card. Detective Stevens I am disappointed in you. You should be looking after your crippled boyfriend rather than trying to chase me but now,” Dr. Godson said sarcastically as he laughed. “It seems like for him instead of celebrating his release from the hospital he will be mourning at your funerals.”

“We weren’t chasing you until we saw that you committed the heist at Fort Knox and it was another colleague of mine that figured out where you might be hiding,” Emma shouted.

“Ah you got more detectives in your agency. What a thought. I think I should use my time machine to bring out even more killer insects to kill them then you,” Dr. Godson threatened.

“Good idea doctor. I wonder why didn’t I think of that,” the Alphabet terrorist said as we all turned around and saw him and his thugs blocking the entrance. “A poor fool once said that the only things in life guaranteed are death and taxes and I’m going to be the angel of death for all of you.”

“Who the devil are you freak?” Dr. Godson asked as he and George got close to the time machine.

“I’m the one everyone fears. I am the criminal overlord, Lord of Crime, King of Agony, the Angel of Death, the Man with no Name and the Alphabet terrorist,” the Alphabet terrorist said.

“Why do you not have just a single name? A crackpot with no life would have so many names,” Dr. Godson said sarcastically as the Alphabet terrorist became angrier.

“I’m a crackpot am I oh well I’ll show you what this crackpot can do,” the Alphabet terrorist said to his men as he turned to me. “Kill them all, the detectives too and get me the time machine.”

With that George let me and Emma go as they took out their guns and began shooting at the Alphabet terrorist and his men. The Alphabet terrorist and his men returned fired as Dr. Godson quickly pulled out his device.

“You fools will realize no one crosses the Godfather of Time,” Dr. Godson said.

“Godfather of Time,” the Alphabet Terrorist mocked.

“I will teach you to mock me boy,” Dr. Godson said. He wasted no time after hearing this in turning on the time machine and opened up a portal. “I will teach what happens to those who mock me.”

Emma and I knew exactly what was about to happen. We quickly took cover and hid behind several crates while avoiding being shot by the Alphabet terrorist and his men. As soon as Godson opened up his portal many of the deadly insects that we saw earlier appear out of the portal. The insects began attacking the Alphabet Terrorist and his men which gave Dr. Godson, George and his men enough time to escape the portal.

“Don’t let them leave,” the Alphabet terrorist screamed.

“We’re trying boss,” the men replied.

As soon as Godson, George and the men disappeared we noticed the insects disappeared too. For a moment we thought it was good and quiet but once we stood up again we saw we were still in trouble as the Alphabet Terrorist and his men were clearly looking at us.

“These fools are responsible for Dr. Godson’s escape and now I want them to pay with their heads,” the Alphabet Terrorist shouted. The Alphabet Terrorist and his thugs began shooting at Emma and I when we all heard the windows beak and the glass shatter.

“Boss,” one of the men shouted.

“Just lovely. Some more bad news just arrived. It’s Agent Heath. Scatter everyone I want this man dead.” The Alphabet terrorist’s thugs quickly scattered as Agent Heath and his men entered the building.

“Secure the area men I don’t want this scumbag leaving the area,” Agent Heath said bluntly to his men before he turned and saw Emma and I surrounded by his men. “You foolish detectives don’t know the meaning of stay out of my way. Are you two just thick headed or just plain dumb? How many times do I have to tell you all to stay out of my hunt? It is extremely dangerous for amateurs like you but never mind after this my boss will have your guns and

license to investigate taken away.”

“Never mind that Agent Heath for now. We’ll save the petty argument later but now we must stop the Alphabet terrorist,” I said bluntly.

“What do you mean? I don’t know what you mean by that. I don’t work with many people and I certainly don’t work with children. I will be the one to stop the Alphabet terrorist while you two sit down here like good children,” Agent Heath said as his men grabbed me and Emma as they began handcuffing the two of us. “Now sit them down and let them watch the professionals do their work uninterrupted. If you two be good I might just release you two after I’m done instead of having you both thrown in jail.”

“Go right ahead and try to stop him if you can you monster. The Alphabet terrorist will see you straight through and he will anticipate your every move,” Emma yelled.

“Please stop the whining. You’re not going to say anything to me that I haven’t already heard in my life. You’re just an emotional amateur who lets your emotions get the best of you. Like I said you’re too emotional and you have to be unattached to everyone if you want to catch criminals like him,” Agent Heath said as he turned and began fighting the Alphabet terrorist who had just taken out one of the swords he stole earlier. Agent Heath again seemed to easily dodge the Alphabet terrorist’s attacks which seemed to make the Alphabet terrorist even madder.

“Agent Heath come and fight like a man and not a coward,” the Alphabet terrorist said bluntly as Agent Heath seemed to take out his hidden short sword which he hid in his coat.

“Alright have it your way criminal for today will seal your doom,” Agent Heath boasted.

“I think not you worm,” the Alphabet terrorist yelled. “And after I destroy you, I will personally kill the two detectives myself.”

Agent Heath and the Alphabet terrorist at once began dueling as Emma and I began trying to free ourselves from the handcuffs. Emma managed to get herself free first and she quickly got me released as we watched the two men continue to duel. The Alphabet terrorist who never fought fairly managed to get the upper hand in the fight as he managed to parry off one of Agent Heath’s attacks while he took out another hidden knife and hit Agent Heath in the shin. Agent Heath didn’t seem to be bothered by the pain kept fighting as the Alphabet terrorist slowly began throwing other small knives and hitting Agent Heath in other parts of the body and when Agent Heath finally fell onto the ground the Alphabet terrorist quickly turned to us.

“You two have been more than a thorn to me for so long and now you two will pay with your lives,” the Alphabet terrorist said as he dropped his sword and took out a miniature pistol which he turned and began shooting at us.

I quickly took out my gun and shot at the Alphabet terrorist who seemed not even flinch when he got hit. The Alphabet terrorist shot at me and much to Emma’s horror one of the bullets from the Alphabet terrorist’s gun hit me in the stomach. The Alphabet terrorist again took another shot and hit me in the shin as well and the third shot hit me in the thigh. I couldn’t move one bit and I looked up and saw the Alphabet terrorist looking at me directly. “How fortuitous is it for you that you and your partners to be here! Detective Charles Early you must know by now that I the Alphabet terrorist the greatest criminal in the world shall be the one to destroy you and your partner Detective Stevens one limb at a time. Now say farewell.” The Alphabet terrorist pointed his gun to my head but before he could get a shot Emma had taken her gun and began shooting at the Alphabet terrorist.

“This is for my grandmother,” Emma said loudly as she shot at him the first time which missed. “This is for my grandfather.” Emma’s second shot barely scraped the Alphabet terrorist who stood motionless as she shot at him and when she shot at him a third time she yelled “This is

for me and what you did to me as a child.” Emma’s third shot hit the Alphabet terrorist in his arm which didn’t seem to bother him in the least and when she got ready to try to shoot at him again he quickly took out his small kitchen knife which he threw at her and missed and as she looked to where the knife landed the Alphabet terrorist quickly punched in her face and stomach causing her to fall onto the ground beside me.

“Detective Stevens, you think what I did to you as a child was rough. You have seen nothing yet. I will show you a new meaning of pain and suffering. Before I do you my old friend you will watch your partner Detective Early die,” the Alphabet terrorist said as he took out a handgun and pointed it towards Charles.

“I don’t think so,” I said as I took another shot at the Alphabet Terrorist. Like many of my earlier shots I intentionally missed.

“Your grandfather was a much better than you are,” The Alphabet Terrorist taunted.

“Stop. Or I will shoot,” Emma shouted.

“Really,” the Alphabet Terrorist said as he started walking to me.

“I mean it,” Emma shouted again.

The Alphabet terrorist did not believe her as she pointed her gun downward and shot and hit him in his knee. He was stunned for a moment, but he hid his displeasure by again taunting her.

“Ah, you are rather cute when you are angry,” the Alphabet Terrorist said.

“I’ll show you cute,” Emma shouted as she again pointed her gun at him.

“No. Need to. I already know how cute you were,” the Alphabet Terrorist taunted again.

“And still are. You have not changed much in the ten years since I made love to you.”

“That was not love. That was rape,” Emma shouted.

“Rape. Love. What is the difference?” the Alphabet terrorist asked.

“Quite a bit of difference and for a genius such as you I am surprised you have not figured that one out,” Emma shouted.

“Matters not. All that matters to me is that I was your first one. Your first time doing it is supposed to be special and believe me it was,” the Alphabet terrorist again taunted. I had no doubt Emma knew the Alphabet Terrorist was trying to get to her through his taunts, but she stood firm. I was proud.

“Special for you but for me mister it was a nightmare. You’re right about one thing though,” Emma said.

“Oh yeah, and what might that be?” the Alphabet Terrorist asked.

“You were right when you said it would be a night I would never forget. I never have forgotten that night. I have never forgotten it was you buster who took my childhood and innocence away. Things I can never get back. Knowing that I will always carry a part of you inside me makes me sick,” Emma again shouted.

“Ah, but that is what made it doubly special. Me being your first one, the one to pop your cherry, I made sure that night would be one you would never forget, and I will gladly give you another special night,” the Alphabet terrorist taunted.

“No thanks. I would rather rot in a septic tank than see your filthy body again,” Emma said emphatically.

“You soon shall be rotting underground along with your partner,” the Alphabet terrorist said as he began pulling the trigger but before he could release the trigger the Alphabet terrorist was shot at again. He turned around and we were quite surprised as Agent Heath took several shots at him and missed.

“I may be down but I’m not out. Now let me show you how I deal with miscreants like you,” Agent Heath said as he shot at the Alphabet terrorist again.

“I have had enough game playing with you. Now I will rip you apart and feed your bones to my dogs,” the Alphabet terrorist said as he and Agent Heath began shooting at each other. For the moment both Agent Heath and the Lord of Crime forgot about Emma and me. Emma raced to me as she saw I was hurt.

“Charles, sir,” Emma said as she approached me.

“It is okay Emma. Go get that no good creep and bring justice for your family,” Charles said.

“Yes sir,” Emma said.

As the Alphabet terrorist and Agent Heath were heading to the other side of the building Emma noticed an elevator which seemed to go an underground level. She slowly followed the Alphabet terrorist and Agent Heath who were shooting at each other. Neither side seemed to have an advantage. Emma continued to watch and not act until she knew one of the other had an advantage which neither side appeared to have.

Unfortunately for Emma, who had been lying on the ground trying to avoid their gunshots, one of Agent Heath’s bullets ricocheted off the ceiling lights and came straight down and hit her in the butt. She used all her strength to hold her mouth and not scream as the two men continued to duel. Neither Agent Heath nor the Alphabet terrorist paid her any attention as they fought closer to the end of the room and despite the pain she crawled slowly to where they were fighting.

“Now it is the end of the game for you,” the Alphabet terrorist said as he pointed his gun to Agent Heath’s head as they reached the elevator. Emma who was still crawling slowly noticed a roll of plastic wrap quietly grabbed it and quickly rolled it and hit the Alphabet terrorist on his ankles and causing him to fall onto the ground as he shot in the air. Agent Heath quickly grabbed the Alphabet terrorist and punched him in the face and much to our horror the Alphabet terrorist fell backwards into the elevator and quickly closed it before either us or Agent Heath could stop him.

“No. No. No. I can’t believe it. The Alphabet terrorist got away again. The elevator leads to an underground passage in the basement level,” Agent Heath said angrily as he turned to Emma. Despite having been shot Emma slowly stood up as Agent Heath yelled at her again. “This is entirely your fault. I will have your badges for this. Mark my word you two will never be detectives again.” Agent Heath limped as his men reentered the building and took him to the helicopter but before he left he turned and faced Emma and I as he spoke. “This is not over in the least. I will catch the Alphabet terrorist and neither you nor anyone else will stop me.”

“Whatever,” Emma whispered. Emma slowly walked to me and I could tell by her grimacing face she was in pain much like I was in but fortunate for us neither of us had to wait very long as Samantha, Detective Alexander and the paramedics arrived.

“Whoa! What happened here? It looks like World War Three,” Detective Alexander cracked.

“Yes, there was a major shootout here,” Samantha said as she fell onto the ground in disbelief as she saw Emma and me on the ground in agony. “Now Emma you of all people should know to be more careful than that.”

“It’s not too bad Samantha. I’ll recover,” Emma said as she turned to me. “What about you Charles?”

“I’ve been in worse shape than this. I’ll live to fight yet another day,” I said calmly as

Emma turned to speak.

“Charles got hurt worse than I did. I only got shot in the butt. It hurts like heck, but I’ll be fine after a day or two in the hospital,” Emma said calmly and Samantha and Detective Alexander quickly let out a laugh for a moment.

“Good to hear that you both will recover. So, it looks like the Alphabet terrorist escaped again,” Samantha said.

“Yeah down that elevator which goes to basement levels and from what Agent Heath said one of the passages in there leads to an underground passage to which he could easily escape from,” Emma said as I could hear the sound of disappointment in her voice.

“Don’t worry Emma. Someday we will catch the Alphabet terrorist no matter what Agent Heath says,” I said as Emma continued to sit beside me as she thought for a moment before speaking.

“Agent Heath, I don’t think we’ve seen the last of him either. He will stop at nothing to catch the Alphabet terrorist and I must admit he has the skills to do so,” Emma said.

“But he doesn’t have the heart or courage to do so at least not like you,” I reassured her.

“And he doesn’t have the friends you do either. Come let’s get out of here and go home. Your sister has very good children. Jessica and Justin are very quiet and polite and plus they are extremely cute,” Samantha said as Emma looked at her and smiled for a moment before both of us were lifted into ambulances and taken to the hospital.