

File #012

Double Jeopardy

Report by: Detective Rick O'Malley

Location: Atlanta, Georgia

Atlanta, like most of the southeastern region part of the United States, had recently been involved with a series of major thunderstorms that started terrorizing the region for the last couple weeks. There had been reports of several tornadoes hitting across Alabama, Georgia and Tennessee and killing several dozen people. The storms raged everywhere and leaving many scenes of destruction but the storms were the least of the people's worries.

It was a dark and thunderous afternoon and school had been dismissed early as reports of flash flooding and tornadoes caused the school board grief. Mrs. Davis, an older teacher who had been teaching English for thirty years had been grading papers when she looked up and she heard glass shatter.

"Who's there," Mrs. Davis asked quietly as she slowly stood up. Mrs. Davis was a short white older woman who had dark red hair and dark blue eyes that was covered by thin glasses. She slowly walked out of the classroom as she looked both ways in the hallway until moments later she saw a large pile of glass lying on the ground. "Who's there? Show yourself."

"Your wish is my command," the mysterious voice said loudly as Mrs. Davis turned around.

"What? It's you," Mrs. Davis screamed as she fell onto the ground after being electrocuted by several bolts of white electricity. Mrs. Davis had fought valiantly but the electricity that shocked her kept increasing in intensity until moments later she fell onto the ground dead.

"Ah that poor woman never stood a chance. Never had the chance and by the time Atlanta knows who I am the city will be at their knees," the voice said loudly as the figure looked at the charred body of Mrs. Davis.

After several weeks of intensive therapy Emma received a full medical clearance to return back to work and that made her the happiest I had seen her in quite some time. Doctors were still amazed at how quickly she recovered and how determined she was getting back to work. I had never seen anyone in my life as strong willed as Emma and it was a good thing she was as strong willed as she was especially given our line of work.

Being a detective is all I had ever wanted in my life and it has been the most rewarding experiences of my life though I admit I started becoming frightened by Dr. Godson and his time machine. I hated to imagine having to live as millions of molecules in different periods of time and still being technically alive but unable to do anything. Nevertheless Dr. Godson escaped through a time portal and likely to strike again soon but tonight Charles and I decided to celebrate Emma's return by having a party at my place.

Emma was extremely elated as she brought her sister and her niece and nephew over for the party as Charles and I prepared everything. For the first time I met Elizabeth, Justin and Jessica whom Emma referred to quite often but whom I had never seen before until now.

“Nice place you have here,” Elizabeth said as I introduced myself.

“Thanks. I am Rick O’Malley. Emma talks about you all the time,” I said as I turned and saw Emma blush for a minute.

“It looks like Rick that you and Mr. Early have been here for a while preparing. You could have called us to help,” Elizabeth said.

“No. Don’t worry about it. We have everything under control. Now why don’t you ladies have a seat,” Charles asked as he put a crock pot of spaghetti on the table. I also brought out a few other pots of vegetables and fruit as Emma, Elizabeth, Jessica and Justin sat down at the table.

“I didn’t know you could cook Rick,” Elizabeth said.

“Oh yes he can sis. Rick can do quite a bit,” Emma said admirably as she looked on as Charles and I continued to fill the table with food.

“It feels so good to relax. I admit the Godfather of Time almost had me turned into atoms,” I said quietly.

“Ah yes haven’t you three already have had enough trouble with another criminal namely the Alphabet terrorist,” Elizabeth asked.

“Yes. I would love no more that to ring his neck,” I said angrily.

“No you wouldn’t. I wouldn’t want to kill him either,” Emma said as she knew how to calm me down.

“You still wouldn’t want him dead even with all that he has done to you,” I asked bluntly.

“Yes he did quite a lot to me but I wouldn’t be comfortable with even his death on my hands. Revenge is not justice. True justice for me comes when he is finally captured and he can answer for all the crimes he has committed and whatever the court sentences him that will make me the happiest,” Emma said quietly.

“Well yes. He has done quite a bit Rick, but Emma is right. Killing even the Alphabet terrorist or the Godfather of Time out of spite doesn’t make justice rather it makes you look as bad as them,” Charles said calmly.

“You’re right. I wonder what the news is tonight,” I said as I turned on the television and as soon as I did I wish I hadn’t as we all became alarmed as the news broadcaster came on with breaking news.

“Police in Atlanta are baffled by yet again another mysterious killing. This time the victim was a chemical plant maintenance worker named James Kobb whose severely burned body was found tonight in a trash dumpster,” the broadcaster said. “This is the second such murder to occur this week. Earlier this week police found the burnt body of Mrs. Davis elementary school teacher who appeared to have been murdered on school grounds. If you have any information please contact the Atlanta Police Department or the Fulton County Sheriff’s Department.”

“This is extremely serious. Who would want to kill a teacher and maintenance worker,” I asked calmly as I turned off the television set.

“I don’t know but it looks like we may have another case,” Charles said as my phone started ringing.

“I don’t know this number. I wonder who it can be,” I said as I stood there not wanting to answer the phone and within a minute it went to my answer machine as the six of us waited anxiously to find out who would be calling me.

“Who are you?” I yelled loudly over the speaker.

“You know who I am,” the voice replied threateningly. I didn’t recognize the voice but

when I turned and saw Emma sitting in her chair as her face became pale white and she became as quite as a mouse it became apparent to me she knew whose voice that was. Charles also knew who it was as he stood up and began walking into the kitchen slowly.

“How did you get this number? It is unlisted,” I yelled.

“Nothing is unlisted or hidden from me boy. You are so unfamiliar and yet I know you work with two detectives I know very well especially Detective Emma Stevens whom I know really well,” the voice said menacingly.

“Well I don’t know how you got this number, but I really suggest you quit bothering us,” Rick yelled.

“You still don’t know who I am do you boy?” the voice on the phone said.

“I don’t know you and nor do I care,” I shouted using my Irish accent to get the point across. “And if you don’t hang up right now I will give you a piece of my Irish temper.”

“Ah yes, I remember,” the voice replied. “You’re voice sounds quite familiar. Now I remember who you are boy. You were just a lad when your family fell victim to me.”

“What do you know about my family you cretin?”

“Enough to know when and where they were when they life was snuffed out of them. I was there when I saw the light leave their eyes,” the voice cackled. “In case this does not make sense to you boy it means I am the one who killed your family when you were away during that summer. I am the one who have killed thousands of people and wiped out entire villages. I am the one who caused your two partners extreme pain when they tried to catch me in London. Yes you remember don’t you Detective Early and Stevens,” the voice hissed lowly as Emma stood up appearing to be frightened a little as the voice continued to speak. “Yes, you Detective Stevens remember what my men and I did to you and your partner in that warehouse. How painful and humiliating it was yet you two escaped my trap but this time what I have in store for the lot of you will be much worse and by the time I finish killing the lot of you none of you three will be able to be identified.”

“What is he talking about?” Elizabeth asked quietly.

“I’ll tell you in a moment,” Emma replied calmly as she continued to listen to the Alphabet terrorist speak on the phone.

“What is it you want,” Rick yelled over the speaker.

“Don’t get that tone with me boy,” the Alphabet terrorist yelled loudly. “As a matter of fact boy, you have volunteered yourself to be annihilated last. You will watch Detective Early and your girlfriend both be blown into millions of pieces of ashes. I will kill them rather quickly and watch you scream in agony as they are blown into atoms but you will be killed differently. When I kill you boy know that your death will be slow and agonizing. I will rip you apart bone by bone and muscle by muscle. If you don’t think I will just try me boy.”

“I’m not afraid of you scum,” Rick yelled again.

“No, you might not yet be afraid of me but when I am finished with the three of you and before I batter and shatter your three bodies you will know what true fear is,” the voice again said menacingly. “Oh by the way here is a little gift I wanted to give you. As you might not be aware of I take pictures of each crime I commit and keep the pictures in an album but for you three I have decided to leave a gift.”

I didn’t know what he meant by gift until a second later I saw a picture coming out of my fax machine. I quickly took the picture and I immediately became incensed as I realized he sent me a picture of him stripping both Emma and Charles and trying to kill and humiliate them.

“You won’t get away with this. I will make you pay,” I yelled angrily.

“I seriously doubt that boy but if you really want to know I will be in Atlanta. There are killings due so you better hurry unless you want to see obituaries cover the entire newspaper in the morning,” the voice laughed as the Alphabet Terrorist hung up.

We sat there at the table for a few minutes stunned. None of us could believe what we just heard. The Alphabet terrorist was up to his tricks again and I knew, as did Emma and Charles, that we had to stop him.

“It looks like we have a major problem,” Charles said.

“What did the Alphabet killer do to you and Charles in London?” Elizabeth yelled at Emma.

“Elizabeth sit down and do nothing but listen,” Emma said quietly as Elizabeth sat down in her chair appearing more fearful at that moment than either I or Charles had ever seen her.

“Charles and I got a call from my friend Samantha Thomas who at the time was working for Scotland Yard. The police in London had been having problems with the Alphabet terrorist for a while as he went on crime spree which included several robberies, rapes and murders. During our investigation we went into the warehouse that we suspected was his hideout and were quickly ambushed by the Alphabet killer and his thugs where he stripped both of us. He was going to kill us by poisoning us with carbon monoxide and freezing our bodies but before he did he attempted to rape me a second time hoping to humiliate both us.”

“Attempt rape a second time,” I said looking at her stunned. She told me about her first encounter with the Alphabet terrorist where he and his thugs gang raped her before executing her grandparents but she never mentioned this second encounter.

“HE DID WHAT,” Elizabeth shouted hysterically.

“Elizabeth, calm down,” Emma said.

“That no good creed tried to rape you,” Elizabeth said.

“Again. You forget the Alphabet terrorist and his men had already raped me once. Had he been successful it would have been his second time,” I said.

“Though I doubt he would have known that. He did not even recognize you. If he had indeed raped you back in London you would have been the only one that did happen to twice. From my personal dealings and what I know about the Alphabet terrorist pretty much every girl, woman and boy, and yes we have records of him raping and molesting boys too, that he raped or molested he killed as well,” Charles said.

Emma and I were shocked at the announcement. We both knew the Alphabet terrorist had raped and molested many women over the years but the fact he had done the same to boys was indeed news to both of us. In our research we had not seen anything to indicate that he had done so but I trusted Charles, as did Emma, and he was by far more experienced than we were and obviously had more dealings with the terrorist.

“Except for Emma,” I added.

“Please Elizabeth sit down. I need to tell you the rest,” Emma said calmly as she helped Elizabeth sit down.

“I’m so sorry. Why didn’t you tell me this? Why did you not tell me what happened in London?,” Elizabeth asked.

“Elizabeth, I didn’t want you to get involved with the Alphabet killer but now since he has threatened us you needed to know precisely what kind of person he is,” Emma replied.

“I could tell that by his threats over the phone,” Elizabeth replied. “So it looks like you three will go to Atlanta and hopefully stop him for good.”

“That’s easier said than done. Every time we think we have him stopped he reappears

soon not after that,” Emma replied.

“But we can’t just sit here and let him carry out his threat of letting tomorrow’s newspaper be completely filled with obituaries. Didn’t you look at the news earlier about the two burnt bodies,” I said.

“Yes Rick and that’s what disturbs me. The Alphabet Terrorist while being a rapist and murderer I don’t think he is responsible for the deaths on the news tonight. We will be going to Atlanta but we need to use extreme caution as there likely may be two psychopathic killers out there,” Charles said calmly.

“So what do you want me to do?” Elizabeth asked as Justin and Jessica stood beside her.

“Stay here. Here are the keys to my place. Keep the place locked and don’t answer the phone unless it’s myself, Charles, Emma or the police department,” Rick said calmly.

“Thanks,” Elizabeth said quietly.

“Are you going to be alright sis,” Emma asked calmly.

“Yeah but I wish you wouldn’t go. What if he tries to kill you again?” Elizabeth asked.

“I know he will try to kill the three of us again. He said as much over the phone and even though I admit I’m terrified of him I still have a job to do as do Rick and Charles. That’s why we do what we do. Hopefully to keep people safe from criminals like him and regardless of what he has done to me or what he will continue to do I will bring in him alive to stand trial,” Emma replied firmly.

“You’re a much braver person than I could ever be,” Elizabeth said quietly as she watched us leave the apartment.

No one in Atlanta knew who the shadowy figure was or that the Alphabet Killer was about to start his killings as people went around doing their usual business. It had been a rather unusual busy night as people went out in thousands to see the première of a blockbuster summer movie. The movie had sold out leaving thousands to come back the next night and the disappearance of a particular couple would really shock the city.

Kenneth and Eva Kelly was a young socialite couple who helped the city by financing new parks and recreational areas for the youth. Kenneth Kelly had inherited his father’s oil business and wealth and unlike his father he actually was willing to improve the city’s infrastructure. Eva had come from a poor household and it was by chance at a summer premiere movie did the two meet. Kenneth and Eva had been walking away the theatre one night when they were greeted by a shadowy figure.

“Stay right there,” the shadowy figure said.

“Who are you and what do you want?” Kenneth said. Kenneth was a tall white man who had short smooth blonde hair and dark brown eyes. “I must warn you that I am armed.”

“Foolish man,” the shadowy figure said threateningly. “I am armed too but by a different sort of weapon.” Kenneth tried to take out his gun but before he could he found that he had been blasted by fifty thousand watts of electricity as he fell onto the ground.

“You monster,” Eva yelled. Eva was a short white woman who had extremely beautiful red hair and extremely brown eyes. Eva had approached the Shadowy figure and like Kenneth she found herself on the ground after being struck with fifty thousand watts of electricity. She struggled and hollered in pain as the Shadowy figure approached her.

“So you poor fool didn’t die the first time,” the shadowy figure said threateningly as it

pointed its finger at Eva again and this time shot her with seventy five thousand watts and keep shocking her until she was dead and completely burnt.

Downtown Atlanta was extremely busy and no one was really aware that the Alphabet terrorist and his thugs had begun their crime spree. A church had been set on fire and several dozen police officers and fire fighters had arrived to help put out the fire leaving most of the downtown area unpatrolled. The firefighters had been called to the burning church by a pedestrian who claimed he saw a mysterious man and several thugs take several containers of gasoline and matches to use to burn down the old church.

“Lieutenant, this fire appears to have been started in the back of the church,” one firefighter said to another as the others continued to put out the fire.

“What do you have,” the lieutenant asked.

“I have several matches and there are also traces of gasoline spread throughout the structure,” the first firefighter said.

“ARSON,” the lieutenant yelled as he got another call over his radio. “Speak up what is the matter.”

“There is another suspicious fire at an apartment complex. It just started a few minutes ago sir,” the voice on the radio replied as the lieutenant turned to the first firefighter.

“Take several men and go check it out. If it is too arson, we may have a serial arsonist on the loose,” the lieutenant said as the first firefighter quickly complied.

Little did the firefighters, or anyone realize the Alphabet terrorist and a few of his thugs stayed in the shadows watching as the firefighters try to put out the fire that they had started earlier.

“Another arson attack well this is a surprise,” the Alphabet Terrorist said to himself. “But never mind that. I pity those fools because by the time they can prove the church fire was arson I would have committed my first robbery and killing here undetected.”

“What are we going to do now boss?” one of the other thugs asked.

“We’re going to do our jobs,” the Alphabet Terrorist said. “Come we do not have a moment to lose.”

The Alphabet Terrorist was not one to wait to do his jobs. When he wanted something done he did it right then and there with or without questions asked though for the most part no one dared to ask him questions or dared to challenge him out of fear for their lives. The Alphabet terrorist and his men who had been watching the church burn a few minutes earlier now arrived at Alvin’s Pawn shop where more of his men were already waiting for him.

“Are we ready?” The Alphabet Terrorist asked.

“We are boss,” the thug said as he put the timer on the pawn shop and within a minute the time went off and allowing the Alphabet terrorist and his thugs to enter the pawn shop.

“Take everything you can get. Remember we only have a few minutes to do this. We must act quickly and quietly,” the Alphabet terrorist said as the thugs began filling their bags with electronics, chemicals, weapons, and other valuables. The Alphabet terrorist barely turned around when he saw the owner approach them.

“Who are you?” the owner said loudly as he pulled out his shotgun.

“I am your angel of death,” the Alphabet terrorist said as he pulled out his small knife and accurately aimed it at the owner and much to the owner’s horror he shot his shotgun just as he was hit in the chest by the Alphabet Terrorist knife. The Alphabet terrorist and his men barely avoided being shot as they jumped out of the bullet’s path.

The Alphabet terrorist quickly went over and pulled the knife out of the owner who was dead within seconds of being hit. “I have no time for your obituary and like the dust of earth you will soon be forgotten.” The Alphabet terrorist let his thugs get out of the building before he pulled out of his pocket a small grenade which he threw onto the ground and within a minute after he got out of the shop the building completely burst into flames.

“Cops,” one of the other men shouted.

“Disappear now,” the Alphabet terrorist said loudly. “Meet back at our hideout.”

The Alphabet Terrorist and his men quickly disappeared as firefighters and police officers began to arrive at the pawn shop that was now engulfed in flames. Though the firefighters did their best to try to extinguish the flame by the time they extinguished the fire the pawn shop had completely been burnt to the ground.

“How much more can this city take?” one of the firefighters asked.

“Son, it may be tough but we have to endure. We have a job to do and that is help protect this city from whatever thugs may be trying to harm us,” a second fighter said.

The crimes throughout the city made national headline news and when three of us finally arrived in Atlanta we were greeted enthusiastically by several officers who recognized us even though we were not expected in Atlanta. The first two officers who approached us appeared to be officers who were just recently hired or graduated from the academy.

“Welcome to Atlanta detectives I am Officer Willard and this is my partner Officer Lamb. We have heard so much about you three and are willing to hear about your adventures but for now onto more pressing issues,” the first one said quietly. Officer Willard was a tall dark colored man who had neatly combed hair and a small mustache. He had extremely dark eyes and his uniform was extremely well pressed unlike Officer Lamb who wasn’t quite as neat. Officer Lamb was a short husky white man who had thin blonde colored hair. His blonde colored hair was so thin it appeared as though he had none. Officer Lamb had dark green eyes and he also had a rough sounding voice.

“I’m Officer Lamb,” the second said as he introduced himself to us.

“Pardon for my partner’s appearance. I’m still trying to get him squared away on his uniform,” Officer Willard said calmly.

“Yeah we’ve heard you are the best. Can you help us out? We’ve got quite a problem,” Officer Lamb said.

“Yeah I know. Take a look at the television screen,” I said as we all turned and watched the news.

“This just in,” the announcer said. “Police are baffled yet again as the socialite couple Kenneth and Eva Kelly was found burnt to death in a trash bin this morning. Police say the bodies were found by a man who was dumping his trash into the bin.”

“Whoa! It sounds like something the Alphabet Killer might do,” I said.

“No. If I’m not mistaken these four killings have been done the same way and the

Alphabet Terrorist never kills the same way twice in the same spree,” Charles said.

“That’s true but we know he is here in Atlanta and has probably already started killing people but if he is not responsible for these four murders then who is,” Emma asked.

“Hey Charles, Emma look at this,” I said as I held up the newspaper and turned the pages and after the first three pages the rest of it was nothing but obituaries. “It looks like the Alphabet Terrorist started making good on his threat to fill the newspapers up with obituaries.”

Emma and Charles also read the article and saw the names which we knew were done the same way the Alphabet terrorist always done his crimes in Alphabetical order. “Look at these both of you. Alvin Barr, Brenda Drew, Catherine Alexander, David Rite, Earl Sanders, Frances Ingles, George Harold, Henry Jacobs, Irene Brown, Jeff Simms, Kevin Moss, Laurie Allen, Missy Heath, Nina Roberts, Olivia Samson, Pamela Tolbert, Quintina Mousey, Robert Stinson, Sara Michaels, Tim Alford, Unity Gram, Vanessa Tomas, William Granger, Xerrain Womack, Yellow Jones, and Zane Phillips were all taken before their time by the criminal known as the Alphabet Killer.”

“I wonder if he has already started and if this is the threat he was referring to,” Emma asked.

“It’s probably the threat. I seriously doubt he has had the time to kill 26 people without getting noticed,” Charles said.

“I wouldn’t put it past him,” Emma said. “For all we know he could be out there right now killing or committing some other atrocity.”

“Look at this Charles if he has indeed killed the 26 people in the list this is how he probably done it,” I said as I handed him another newspaper article. The three of us looked and read in horror at what it said.

“He sure does not take long to get started,” Officer Lamb said.

“No, he doesn’t, After all he is a man of his word,” Emma said.

“No kidding,” Officer Lamb said as we read the article.

OLD HISTORIC CHURCH BURNS TO THE GROUND

ARSON SUSPECTED IN CHURCH BURNING

ATLANTA-Police are baffled at by what they describe as a senseless act of violence against a church as the old historic one in downtown Atlanta was burned completely into ashes yesterday afternoon. Police are baffled by who would do such a thing but they are calling the blaze as arson as they found traces of gasoline and other explosives and accelerants at the scene. Police have very little clues to the identity of the person responsible but are offering a \$1,500.00 award for information that will lead to an arrest and conviction.

“I don’t know who would do such a thing,” Reverend Williams told reporters. “The church has always been very welcoming. No matter who you are or where you came from or what you did in the past all were welcomed here. All are children of God. So this act was completely unnecessary. I do pray that whoever is responsible is caught or comes forward and admits their action.”

Reverend Williams was praised for his calm reaction to the church fire. Other

reactions were not quite as positive or kind as several people speaking to the media blasted the individual responsible for the crime.

“Whoever did this can go straight to,” one man bluntly told reporters.

“I just wish the coward that done this would have enough courage to come forward,” another woman sadly said.

“You can put this in the newspaper and I hope that he and everyone else in the city and nation reads this. He is a piece of garbage. That is all he is garbage. There is no room in the world for people like him. As far as I’m concerned garbage like him can rot in the bottom of my septic tank,” another angry man told reporters.

Police have assured citizens this is an isolated incident and not the work of a serial arsonist and the police ask citizens to continue to do their normal activities.

“There’s a better chance that we win the lottery than for the Alphabet terrorist and his men to be captured or to turn themselves in and personally I’m starting to believe we will never catch him,” I told Charles and Emma as I took the newspaper back from them.

“What makes you so sure that this Alphabet Terrorist committed the church burning?” Officer Willard asked.

“Good point. Detectives, as my partner correctly points out this crime could be committed by anyone,” Officer Lamb added.

“Well yeah but since we know he made that threat and since we know that a lot of firefighters and police officers would be there to help put out the fire that would give the Alphabet Terrorist more than enough time to commit these murders without much notice. I am willing to bet that he probably burnt the church down intentionally which would cover his tracks long enough to kill his 26 intended victims,” I said calmly.

“Oh pardon me for saying detectives but that list you read is correct. All 26 people you read on that list were killed last night,” another officer said as he approached us.

“What?” both Officer Willard and Lamb yelled.

“Oh I’m sorry. I forgot to introduce myself. I am Detective Yell and I am the head of the Homicide division,” the man said quietly to us. Detective Yell was somewhat tall but not as tall as Officer Willard and he was extremely pale looking with dark brown hair and hazel colored eyes. “Last night as the police and firefighters put out the fire between 6:45 and 11:30 there were 26 robberies and murders. The first killing occurred at 6:45 and apparently was Mr. Alvin Barr during the course of a robbery at the pawn shop he owned.”

“I do have one question Detective Yell. What is your department trying to do to catch this sadistic killer that apparently killed 26 people in less than five three hours,” Charles asked.

“I know it’s quite a lot and to be frank I’m really amazed myself. The chief and I were talking about that this morning and even though we are extremely short handed we are trying to use our resources to catch these killers,” Detective Yell sighed.

“So you don’t think that the Alphabet terrorist whom we know killed these 26 people isn’t responsible for the other murders as well,” Emma asked.

“Detective Stevens when I heard about the killings this morning I was shocked to say in the least and at first I thought we might have just one serial killer out there but evidence that my other detectives found suggest that there are two killers,” Detective Yell said. “However we’re not sure of how he was able to kill the 26 people without much detection. Surely you would think someone would have seen the killer, but we interviewed everyone who knew the victims and no one saw a thing. It is like the killer knew whom he was already targeting before he killed them.”

“I’m not surprised. The Alphabet Killer has always used special means to track down his intended targets. He killed hundreds of people in many other cities long before he was even detected,” Emma said.

“This means the Alphabet Terrorist has some way of tracking his victims down before they realize what is happening. We’ve got to find out how he is tracking down his victims. That might give us a clue to help determine where he’ll strike next and stop him before he does,” I said quietly.

“Yes I agree Charles. We’ve to find out his means of tracking his victims down whether it is by stalking or by electronic means but what are we going to do with the other killer,” Emma asked. Charles was about to reply but was interrupted as we all turned and saw the television report breaking news.

“Pardon us folks but this just came in. Police have found yet another burned body in the middle of an ally in the downtown area. The victim identified as 45 year old computer technician Mario Languerie. Mario’s body like the others was also found in a dumpster. Anyone with any information on this case please give the Fulton County Sheriff’s Department a call,” the announcer said.

“Well that’s just great. Another person burned to death and we’re still no closer to finding out who is killing them or to catching the Alphabet terrorist,” Emma said.

“Pardon me for also saying detective but I just received word that Chief Richards would like to speak to you at the station,” Detective Yell said after getting off his radio.

“Well alright then,” I said as Charles and Emma as also followed him.

The Alphabet Terrorist and his thugs were hiding in an abandoned warehouse watching the television as the reporters began reporting the mysterious killings in which all the victims had been burnt to death. The Alphabet terrorist was none too pleased as he watched the reporters tell the news.

“Can someone explain to me why an amateur killer who burns their victims to death gets more press than me the greatest criminal in the world who last night robbed and killed twenty-six people in less than five hours?” the Alphabet terrorist asked. “What must I do to make the world terrified of me? This amateur of a killer kills a few people and people are terrified of them and

yet I rob and kill 26 people and I hardly get noticed.”

“You are the greatest criminal in the world boss but perhaps the police here don’t know that yet. Perhaps sir you should do something spectacular to get the attention away from the clown that’s burning their victims,” the thug said quietly. “It’s not whoever it is killing the people but how they are killing them. Boss burning people to death like the way they’re doing is a lot more gruesome than just shooting them therefore they would get more press.”

“Yes perhaps you’re right. We do need to get the press away from whoever is burning and killing people. I will own this city and will be the most feared criminal ever. Get the weapons ready. We have a little mission tonight. We’re going to show the people who the Alphabet Terrorist really is,” the Alphabet terrorist said quietly as he took out a laptop computer and began searching for places to commit crimes.

“Why do you need that boss?” another thug asked bluntly.

“Because I’m not real familiar with Atlanta and besides the internet is a wonderful tool for information which is how I was able to hack into the detective agency’s system and get Detective O’Malley’s home phone number,” the Alphabet terrorist said louder.

“Boss, we’re still going to deal with the detectives for what they’ve done to us,” the first thug asked.

“You dare to question what I, the Alphabet terrorist, have planned for us. Remember moron I am in charge here and not you. You will do as I say, or you will be killed. Now get back to work and no more questions. Revenge is mine only and yes you simpleton fools will help accomplish it, but I will kill the detectives myself especially Emma Stevens. I don’t know what else I could do to make her die. I should have realized when I encountered her in London and then in New York who she was.”

“Who is she boss?” one the thugs asked.

“A thorn in my side. I thought I had killed her many years ago along with her grandparents,” the Alphabet terrorist replied. “As bad as my men and I hurt her-”

“Hurt her?” the thug asked.

“Yes. As bad as my men and I raped and sodomized her there should have been no way that she had the strength of will to survive. And to top things off I executed her grandparents in front of her after my men and I got finished with her,” the Alphabet terrorist said.

“That’s just a little cold don’t you think sir,” the thug asked.

The Alphabet terrorist was a second away from pulling out his pistol and shooting the man but once he saw the fear in the man’s face as he began trembling in front of the crime lord the Alphabet terrorist put the gun away.

“Or more like a personal vendetta. The Stevens’ family had been a thorn in my side. The old man Judge Stevens was the one who sent me away when I was captured originally. At his trial I swore I would get even with him and all those who helped capture me. I did escape prison and I cannot even tell you how elated I was when I found out he had a granddaughter he was raising. A perfect way to get back at the old man,” the Alphabet terrorist said. “I still remember that night. Her screams. Her cries. He begging me not to. She even told me that she was a virgin before I raped her. That made the night even sweeter. To me that was the icing on the cake. I

would not only hurt her, which would hurt the old man and I wanted him to suffer greatly before I killed him, but I also got to be her first one and if you remember they always remember their first ones.”

“That is not always a good thing. One of the girls that I had dated in high school, which I was her first one, still remembers me to this day and I cannot tell you how annoying she became after we broke up. When she calls she would remind me of that special night and how that we would be together always,” the thug said. “Honestly I just ignore her now. We both got we wanted out of each other and once her use was up for me, I abandoned ship.”

The Alphabet terrorist snickered. “Yeah, I can see that not always being a good thing. It was good for me that night. I thought I had finally completed my quest for revenge on the Stevens’ family until we ran into her ten years later. I did not realize who she really was until months after my encounter with her in New York and once I did my plans began to change. Now all that matters for me is revenge.”

“Revenge, very good boss. But how are you going to do that?” the thug asked.

“I am glad you asked my friend. I will get revenge by humiliating, torturing and killing them and having their death videos posted on the internet so the whole world can see how cowardly they truly were before dying and after I completely destroy them I will kill the clown who is getting the press right now,” the Alphabet terrorist said.

“Boss we don’t know who the clown is,” a second thug said as the Alphabet terrorist took out his small handgun and shot and killed the third thug.

“You’re right but that will soon be corrected,” the Alphabet terrorist said as he turned to the first thug. “Johnnie I have a mission for you?”

“Yes sir,” the first thug said.

“I want you to go and find out who this clown is that is stealing my press. Be careful as it appears as though this clown is very good with fire or electricity and if at all possible do not let this clown even come close to the detectives. I will be darn if I let anyone else take the glory for killing them and should you fail just go ahead and dig yourself a six-foot hole. You will need it,” the Alphabet terrorist told the first thug as Johnnie quickly left the hideout.

The other thugs said nothing as the Alphabet terrorist turned to his computer as he spoke quietly to himself. “So Detective Stevens you and your partners came to Atlanta because of a threatening phone call I sent to Detective O’Malley but now it seems as though we both have a problem an unknown assassin who is also killing people. Though I don’t want the assassin to kill the lot of you the assassin may be useful to help lead you three to me where I will completely humiliate you three before killing you all.”

The three of us arrived at the Police Station in downtown Atlanta where most of the killings had occurred. None of us would realize how short of time it would be before the Alphabet terrorist would strike again. It had taken us only fifteen minutes to leave the airport to

get to the station but before we arrived another killing had occurred.

“I’m sorry Detective Yell while you were bringing Detectives O’Malley, Early and Stevens here there was another killing,” an officer said as we entered the station.

“What?” we all asked.

“This is serious. It seems as though someone is trying to get our attention away from the Alphabet killer and is doing an exceptional job at it too. I just got finished with speaking with my friend who works back at the lab and is a computer crimes expert told me that he suspects that the Alphabet terrorist is tracking his victims down by the internet,” Charles said as within a second the police intercom speaker quit for a second before turning back on as it transmitted a message.

“How very observant of you Detective Early,” the voice said over the intercom.

“The Alphabet Terrorist,” the three of us said together.

“Who did you say?” another officer said as the voice on the intercom began to speak again.

“The city of Atlanta has recently encountered a mysterious criminal who has killed every one of his victims by burning them to death and charring their bodies. If you all think that has been spectacular, then you all have seen nothing. Apparently the fact I robbed and killed 26 people last night means nothing to the police as the crimes barely got noticed and I’m very disappointed that the press didn’t put it into the paper but I guarantee you all that my next act will be one no one will soon forget. In exactly thirty minutes I will blow up the Atlanta Memorial Hospital and if you fools think you can stop me try it,” the voice said.

“Can he really do that?” an officer asked loudly.

“I believe that answer is yes he can and yes he will. He doesn’t hesitate in any of his crimes,” Emma said. “We need to get everyone out of the hospital right away.” The officers began calling and informing the hospital staff to get everyone out of the hospital.

The scene at the Atlanta Memorial Hospital was that like an animal house as thousands of people were running all over the building trying to get out before the Alphabet terrorist could carry out his threat and unfortunately during the confusion the mysterious Shadowy figure struck again as one of the patients ran into the figure.

“You,” the young woman said angrily as the shadow figure looked at her threateningly.

“Ashes to ashes and dust to dust your butt will soon become dirt,” the shadow figure said as it pointed its hands to the woman and electrocuted her until she was nothing more than ashes. People hardly noticed that a murder had just occurred as they kept running and trying to get to the exits. The Shadowy figure, who knew of the Alphabet terrorist threat to blow up the hospital, disappeared behind a smoke screen bomb which she laid on the ground moments earlier.

The three of us quickly arrived at the hospital and much to our horror we saw the Alphabet terrorist and his thugs standing several feet away in front of the hospital. The Alphabet terrorist was grinning as were his men as he looked down at his watched.

“Ah you all made it in thirty minutes and one second. You’re late,” the Alphabet terrorist said.

“You’re bluffing. The hospital is still standing,” cried one of the officers.

“Ah I don’t think you should have said that,” Emma said turning to the officer as the Alphabet terrorist spoke.

“I never bluff,” the Alphabet terrorist said and within a second after he spoke the entire hospital blew up in front of us.

I wanted to scream and lunge at him in anger but I kept my cool. I didn’t know if everyone managed to escape or not or how many people had been killed as my rage filled my mind as I looked directly at the Alphabet terrorist who didn’t care one bit. “I intend to be the supreme criminal here and no one will be able to stop me. Now for you three detectives I will now humiliate you before I destroy you. You all have been more than a pest and now I will show everyone in the world what I do to pest starting with you. After I exterminate you three, I will feed my dogs your mutilated bodies.” The Alphabet terrorist turned and looked at his men as he spoke. “Now it is time to show the entire world what clowns these three detectives are as we wipe them out on live television.” One of the thugs took out a large camera which seemed to be transmitting the images to the media who at once began showing the shootout on every television station.

“The images you are now seeing are quite disturbing,” the anchorman said over the big television screen we all could see and within a second it was showing us fighting the Alphabet terrorist and his thug. The Alphabet terrorist took his automatic assault rifle and at once began shooting at us and the other officers. The other thugs also took their weapons and began shooting as well and the shootout was as one sided as anything I had ever seen. Within minutes the three of us were the only ones surviving as the other officers had been shot and killed by the Alphabet terrorist and his thugs.

“Emma, stay away or you will be killed,” I warned as I saw how close she stood to the car where the Alphabet terrorist and his thugs were shooting at and destroying. Emma quickly ran back to us and lied down beside us. Fortunately, the dust and smoke that was everywhere in the neighborhood and quickly filling the sky blocked the Alphabet terrorist and his men from seeing where we were lying.

“Come out. Come out wherever you are. You may run but you can’t hide,” the Alphabet terrorist said loudly. He continued shooting in all directions as we crawled on the ground and hid behind another car which had been thirty feet from where we originally were.

The smoke and dust finally started clearly and at once we realized we were in trouble as he took out a rocket launcher and shot it toward the car we were hiding behind. The three of us saw the rocket coming as we quickly stood up and ran as far away as we could from the car as the rocket hit it and caused it to completely burst into flames. I knew we were really in trouble as the Alphabet terrorist and his thugs saw us.

The Alphabet terrorist again shot another rocket which missed us but hit a chemical plant which quickly burst into gigantic flames and destroying several other buildings and at once the smoke rising from the flames got so thick that again neither the Alphabet terrorist nor his thugs could see where we were running to as he yelled “Come and fight you cowardly detectives.”

“What are we going to do now boss? We can’t see,” the first thug asked.

“Men go back to the hideout. We’ll deal with them a bit later,” the Alphabet terrorist said as even he couldn’t deal with the thickness of the smoke as he began choking a little and within minutes they had completely disappeared.

Minutes later after the Alphabet terrorist and his men disappeared many police officers, medics and firefighters arrived at the scene. As the Alphabet terrorist’s attacks were being shown on television the firefighters and cops arrived from different precincts did what they could to extinguish the flames which were quickly spreading throughout the downtown area. The three of us really had a hard time seeing or breathing as the smoke seemed to become thicker every minute.

“Charles,” Emma said.

“Emma,” I shouted.

“Rick, Emma, stay calm,” Charles said as he too was coughing.

“I can’t see,” Emma said.

“Don’t talk too much. Don’t breath in the toxic air,” Charles added.

Neither Emma nor I said anything else after that. We stayed close to each other. Though it was only a few minutes it felt like an eternity. Smoke was everything and was appearing to get thicker by the minute.

“Rick,” Emma screamed as she saw me fall onto the ground.

“Emm-,” I began.

“Rick,” Charles said as he and Emma tried to lift me up onto my feet. “Don’t give up.”

“Please,” Emma cried.

“Sorr-,” I said as I again fell onto the ground unconscious.

“Help. Please help us,” Emma screamed. Charles also began shouting. A minute later the three of us were approached by firefighters.

“Thank you,” Charles said.

“Take the three detectives to a hospital for observation. We’ll have this under control shortly,” the firefighter said as several others grabbed us and put us into the ambulance.

Fortunately for us we did not suffer long term or severe injuries. We were kept at another nearby hospital overnight and were released the next morning we. As we sat in a coffee shop, we became horrified that another burning murder had occurred that evening.

“Look at this Emma, Charles,” I said as I held up the newspaper and read the article to

them. "Another mysterious death reported. This is the eighth charred body found in the last few days. The victim identified as Nicole Rosh, 32, was a swimming instructor who taught teenagers and children. Her charred remains were found lying in the middle of an ally by a garbage working who claimed he went down because he saw something very unusual and when he went to the ally that's when he saw the body."

"This is really serious. I do wonder who could be doing something like this especially when the Alphabet terrorist is here too," Charles asked.

"Well Charles I say it is about time for us to split up and investigate the two sadistic killers out there," I said calmly.

"I would agree," Charles said as Detective Yell came into the coffee shop.

"Detective Yell," I said.

"I agree with Detective Early. I think it is time to split up into two groups," Detective Yell said.

"Who will you go with?" I asked.

"I will go with Detective Early and help him solve these charred body murders and you two can go and hopefully catch the Alphabet terrorist," Detective Yell said as the three of us agreed quietly. "Have I missed breakfast?"

"We were just getting started," Emma said.

"Good. We'll need all the energy we can get. It is going to be a long day," Detective Yell said.

The Alphabet terrorist and his thugs were at their hideout trying to recover from breathing in extreme amounts of smoke. The Alphabet terrorist sat his in chair and watching the television as another news break suddenly came on.

"This morning there were several more killings only time an entire train full of people were killed as the train seemingly exploded at 9:30 this morning," the reporter said. "Police aren't sure if this is a homicide case or if it was an act of nature as the train's explosion seemed to have been caused by either an electrical surge or a lightning bolt strike but either way as police said that all 298 people on board including the engineers were killed."

"Whoa! All 298 people killed," the first thug said disbelievingly.

"Yes so it seems. It looks like our petty criminal has graduated crime school and is now rising to becoming a crime lord. Police might not know it yet, but I know murder when I see it and the so-called incident with the train was murder," the Alphabet terrorist said.

"Oh boss here is the report you requested," the first thug said calmly as he handed the Alphabet terrorist the report. "It seems like the mysterious criminal is a shadow like figure whose face and body seems to be covered completely by shadow. It also appears to me that the figure seems to draw electricity and uses it as a weapon. No one including the police knows who they're dealing with."

"Oh I bet I can find out," the Alphabet terrorist said as he entered the information into the

computer and within minutes he got a description.

“Look at this cretin. The police do have information on this criminal but the poor fools here are so dumb they haven’t checked it yet and in fact there is a warrant out for her arrest.”

“Her,” the first thug said not believing what he heard.

“Yes, you fool its Dr. Lindsey Roberts or otherwise known as The Dark Hood. Look at her suit. It appears to be made of very well-made silk which also helps insulate her from electricity and water as her weapons depend on electricity to function,” the Alphabet terrorist said.

“Does it say what she is wanted for,” the thug asked.

“It says she is wanted for murder and for several robberies,” the Alphabet terrorist said.

“I’ve also got news sir that the detectives themselves have split up. They are aware that there are two criminals here you and the Dark Hood though they are unaware of who they are going after,” the thug said.

“Did they say which detectives were going after me,” the Alphabet terrorist yelled as he turned around and looked at the thug directly.

“Yes sir. Detective Stevens and O’Malley are searching for you even as we speak,” the thug said calmly.

“Then I say it is about time to make another statement this time at Boswell’s Bank and Trust where most people in the downtown area do their banking. Get the other men ready,” the Alphabet terrorist said as he turned and looked at his computer for several moments.

Charles and Detective Yell went to the train wreck as they began looking for any clue that would tell them who the other criminal was and Charles went inside the train and saw that all 298 bodies were just now charred skeletons.

“I can tell you Detective Yell this was no accident,” Charles said as he looked around the entire train.

“Duh,” Detective Yell said sarcastically as he looked at the charred skeletons. Charles continued to look throughout the train until a moment later he looked and saw the mark where the lightning had struck and caused the explosion. He looked even more closely as he found a small wire which had got caught in between two pieces of metal.

“Look at this,” Charles said as he handed Detective Yell the piece of wire.

“It’s just a wire. Nothing important,” Detective Yell said.

“You are mistaken Detective Yell. This piece of wire tells me exactly who your other killer is. I’ve seen this before and I’m not mistaken the police in Miami had put information about her into the system,” Charles said as he took out his laptop computer. “Let me see. Ah, there it is.”

“What is it?” Detective Yell asked as he looked the computer.

“This is your killer. Her name is Dr. Lindsey Roberts also known as the Dark Hood. She is wanted in Miami for murder and several burglaries. Her weapons include the robe she wears

and the gadgets she uses during the robberies. Her robes keep her insulated from lightning and water as her gadgets depend on electricity to work properly. She mainly electrocutes victims and leaves their bodies mostly charred and almost unidentifiable,” Charles said.

“That’s good to know but that doesn’t bring us closer to catching her,” Detective Yell said.

“Perhaps not but at least we know who we’re dealing with now,” Charles said.

“Let’s just hope your two junior partners have any luck in catching the Alphabet Killer or whoever he is,” Detective Yell said loudly.

It had been a quiet day at Boswell’s Bank and Trust until the Alphabet terrorist and his thugs entered the bank heavily armed with rocket launchers and other assault rifles. The Alphabet terrorist slowly walked to one of the tellers as he spoke quietly

“Give me your money or I will kill everyone in the building and don’t even think about sounding the silent alarm,” the Alphabet terrorist said loudly and he got more impatient as he saw the teller taking her time in getting the money. “I know what you’re playing with me Miss and unless you want to end up dead too I’d suggest you hurry up and give me all the money.”

The Alphabet terrorist wasted no time carrying out his threat as he took out his small knife and threw it across the room and much to the teller’s horror the knife landed in her friend’s head killing her instantly. The teller then quickly started putting the money into his and the thugs bags and just as they were about to leave several police officers approached.

“Stop. Freeze. Or we’ll shoot,” the officer replied.

“Ah, look the kids want to come out and play,” the Alphabet terrorist mocked.

“What are we going to do now boss,” the thug asked.

“Kill them all. Leave no one alive,” the Alphabet terrorist said as he turned and began killing every one of the bank tellers and security officers as his thugs began shooting and killing the police officers which had arrived to stop them. “And for good finishing I am leaving this bomb here to completely destroy the bank.” The Alphabet terrorist set the bomb for ten minutes as the last officer had been killed by the thugs. The Alphabet terrorist and his thugs wasted no time in vanishing as within minutes of their departure the bank completely burst into flames.

Emma and I heard the loud explosion as we quickly drove to see what had happened and we got there a few minutes later and saw that several firefighters had already arrived and had the fire under control.

“We’re too late. He already struck again,” Emma shouted as we slowly walked to the crime scene and within seconds we knew that the Alphabet terrorist had struck a bank as we saw the sign BOSWELL’S BANK AND TRUST.

“That’s too bad. Now most people here will have to get new bank until this one gets rebuilt. Boswell’s Bank and Trust was very popular amongst the people here,” one firefighter

said.

“I wonder if the Alphabet terrorist is striking at places he knows he would get a lot of press,” Emma asked.

“You’re not saying he may be committed crimes in these neighborhoods to try to get more press than the other criminal,” I said.

“Oh, that’s what I think is happening here. Rick, the Alphabet terrorist has a major ego and that he wants everyone to be terrified of him and I admit I am still a little afraid of him especially after him calling you at your house and threatening to kill us all. But yes, Rick I believe his ego is forcing him to commit more horrific crimes than the other criminal so he can get more press,” Emma replied. “People like the Alphabet terrorist and this other criminal like the press. It makes them notorious and feared and I believe the two are trying to outdo each other and unless I’m mistaken sometime soon one of them will try to kill the other.”

“Then we need to know who the other killer is. Maybe Charles found out something,” I said as I took out my cell phone and called him. Charles quickly picked up the phone and the first five words that came out of his mouth was all I needed to know as it appeared that he knew what I needed to know.

“It is the Dark Hood,” Charles said over the phone and I finally understood what was happening. Both the Alphabet Terrorist and the Dark Hood were trying to outdo each other for more notorious crimes and with each passing second both still were on the losing more people would be dying. Both needed to be stopped and I knew neither was working with each other although I kind of wished they were as neither being separate would be easier to find.

“Thanks,” I said as I hung up and Emma was looking at me curiously for a minute before speaking.

“What did you find out?” Emma asked.

“The Dark Hood is the other killer,” I said as Emma stood there not a bit surprised. “Neither the Dark Hood nor the Alphabet Killer will be easy to find. We don’t know much about their plans except for that they’re trying to outdo each other, and I fear when we do find out it will be too late.”

“It most certainly will be for you meddling detectives,” a voice roared as Emma and I turned and saw it was the Alphabet terrorist and his thugs. “Detective Stevens and O’Malley how fortunate it was for me to find you two here.”

“Not fortunate for us,” I said calmly.

“I knew that you three would show up here if I called and taunted you with the pictures,” the Alphabet terrorist said as Emma and I walked away from him. “How ironic is it that for the first time in your pathetic lives things are going right but I will an end to your meddling right now?”

“I don’t think so,” I said as I took out my small handgun but unfortunately the Alphabet terrorists had already taken his small handgun which he turned and shot me in the arm.

“STOP IT,” Emma yelled as she took out her gun and began shooting the Alphabet terrorist’s thugs. She hit several of them as the Alphabet terrorist turned and looked as he became more hateful than I had ever seen him before.

“The game ends now,” the Alphabet terrorist said as he took out a bazooka and hit a building which we were close to.

“Watch it,” Emma said as she grabbed me and pushed the two of us out of the way as the building began to collapse.

“Where are we going?” I asked as she continued to help me run.

“Let me see,” Emma said as she looked all around and saw an underground tunnel near another building. “There.”

“NOOOOO,” the Alphabet terrorist shouted as he shot another rocket which hit the building and caused it to begin collapsing as well. Despite my injury Emma and I were able to make it to the tunnel safely before the building collapsed.

“Boss, did you do it?” one of the thugs asked.

“Find them and bring them to me. Our mission is not accomplished until they are dead, dead, and dead,” the Alphabet terrorist said as the men began searching the debris.

We stayed hidden in the secret underground passage looking up as we saw the thugs looking for us. The Alphabet terrorist did nothing but watch as the other men continued to search for us. Even though I did my best to show it I was becoming frightened by the Alphabet terrorist. Emma, for all her strength she had shown, I could tell was as equally frightened. His words and voice did not help matters either. He again spoke as he got impatient with the thugs not finding us. “Find their bodies. I want to personally strip them both of everything they have and after doing so I will tie their naked and mutilated bodies to a pole so everyone in Atlanta can see and watch in fear as the animals and buzzards will eventually start eating away their decaying flesh.”

“Yes sir,” the thugs said as we started slowly walking through the underground passage.

Charles and Detective Yell went back to the station where they entered the information on the Dark Hood and much to the surprise of the officers in the department the Dark Hood matched the description that a few of them got from witnesses but unfortunately none of them knew where the Dark Hood would strike next.

“Great job you two now all we have left is to catch her,” the Chief said proudly as we were about to leave the news station started reporting breaking news.

“Good afternoon. This just in from one of our stations copters,” the anchorwoman said calmly. “As you can see the criminal mastermind known as the Alphabet terrorist and his thugs struck again this time in the heart of the downtown area where most of the crimes struck. There were no killings confirmed yet, but police and firefighters say that two detectives Detective Emma Stevens and Detective Rick O’Malley are missing. They disappeared shortly after being attacked by the Alphabet terrorist and his thugs as shown on tape.”

“EMMA! RICK,” Charles yelled loudly in disbelief.

“Calm down sir. Police are still looking for them and there is no evidence to suggest that they’re dead,” another officer said calmly.

“We still have a job to do Charles,” Detective Yell said. “Perhaps if we catch the Dark

Hood and eliminate the competition for the city's crime lord then the Alphabet terrorist will come out a little foolishly and make a mistake so we can get him."

"I do wish it was that easy Detective Yell. The Alphabet terrorist doesn't make those kinds of mistakes. He knows when he wants to strike and where," Charles said loudly. Charles and Detective Yell began arguing until a moment later they were interrupted by the Chief.

"What's going on here detectives?" Chief Rogers yelled.

Chief Rogers was a hefty dark colored bald man who had a clean shaven face and really dark eyes. Chief Roger had been in the police force for over twenty years and was the most decorated officer in the department. The chief despite being hefty and extremely strong was actually soft hearted and had an unusual quiet voice.

"Well sir Detective Early here wants us to go and try to find his partners whom the police are already looking for instead of going and trying to capture the Dark Hood," Detective Yell said.

"Let me ask you Detective Yell have you ever lost a partner?" Chief Rogers asked.

"No sir," Detective Yell said. "I don't have partners normally as I work alone."

"Well in this time of need we all need partners and as many as detectives and officers as we can get. Something is just telling me that we are really dealing with two sociopathic killers out here in which no one seems to know where they are. So yes, I agree with Detective Early and to allow him if he wants to go find his partners. Losing a partner or anyone that you care for is the worst thing that can happen to anyone," Chief Rogers said calmly.

"Yes sir," Detective Yell said quietly.

Charles and Detective Yell went to the site where the Alphabet terrorist had blown up while trying to annihilate us and while both were looking through the building for clues the Dark Hood suddenly appeared in the streets.

"What a shocking development this is? I never expected to see you three cretins here in Atlanta after disposing of my robot in Miami but I assure you three that everything this time will be different," the Dark Hood hissed loudly as both Charles and Detective Yell turned and faced it.

"The Dark Hood," Detective Yell said quietly as he looked at the Shadow figure.

"Dark Hood what is it you want?" Charles asked roughly.

"You know what I want and now that you are here I will dispose of you and your partners for defeating me back in Miami," the Dark Hood hissed as it pointed its fingers toward both Charles and Detective Yell. Both Charles and Detective Yell quickly jumped out of the way as the Dark Hood shot out a large bolt of white lightning which hit an apartment and causing it to burst into flames.

"Help," a woman in the apartment screamed and within a second the Dark Hood looked up and pointed her fingers at the apartment again as she shot out another large bolt of electricity which hit the woman and killing her.

“Mommy,” a child screamed as both Charles and Detective Yell looked at the apartment.
“Please wake up mommy!”

“Well, what is it going to be detectives save the child and the other people in that apartment or go after the villain?” the Dark Hood laughed as it disappeared behind a large gray smoke.

“A smoke bomb,” Charles said as both he and Detective Yell choked for a moment.

“Let’s get the people out of the building and then we’ll search for your partners,” Detective Yell said as Charles whole heartily agreed.

The apartment was burning fast and Charles and Detective Yell heard several people scream and Charles wasting no time tore off his white dress shirt quickly used it as a mask as he entered the burning building.

“Help,” screamed a little girl.

“Coming,” Charles replied.

“Mommy,” screamed a second girl. “Mommy. Please wake up.”

“Help,” screamed a boy.

“Charles, you go this way and get these folks out and I will go this way,” Detective Yell said. Charles nodded in agreement.

Charles had been in many burning apartments before and this one was no different as he and Detective Yell quickly got the children and other people out of the building. They barely got out of the building when the apartments completely collapsed onto the ground. Charles and Detective Yell fell onto the ground coughing and extremely exhausted as one of the children who they rescued gave them both a bottle of water.

“Thanks,” both Charles and Detective Yell said gratefully and Charles had barely turned around and saw that Emma and I had escaped the underground passage.

“Emma. Rick. I thought you both,” Charles said as he found the energy to stand up.

“You thought we were dead,” I said as Emma had patched up my wound on my arm.

“It looks like you’ve been shot,” Charles said.

“Yeah but thanks here to Emma my wound doesn’t hurt at all and I’m more than ready to catch the Alphabet terrorist. Whoa! What happened here,” I asked as Emma and I looked at the burnt down apartments.

“The Dark Hood burnt that apartment and tried to kill all the people inside though the Dark Hood did kill one woman,” Charles replied.

“I am curious about one thing though Charles is how all these crimes are connected,” Emma asked.

“Let’s think about this,” Charles said as he sat down and took out his miniature laptop computer. “The first victim was a school teacher. The second victim was a maintenance worker. The third and fourth victims were a socialite couple. The fifth was a computer technician. The sixth was a hospital patient; the seventh victim is truly unknown or doesn’t have any relatives that can identify her. The eight was a swimming teacher and then we had the train killings”

“They are all in a small section of the city,” I said as I looked at the map.

“Yes and according to the map based on the crimes which the Dark Hood has committed

it is projecting that her next crime will take place at the Chanticleer's Art Museum and Exhibit."

"Why there," I asked.

"That's one of the most popular art exhibits in Atlanta. There are always crowds there," Detective Yell said.

"And it is a safe bet that you will probably find the Alphabet terrorist there too. In fact, the last crime the Alphabet terrorist committed was at Boswell's Bank and Trust which means," Charles said before being interrupted by me.

"That Chanticleer's Art Museum would also be his next target. He killed 26 people in his first round of Alphabet crimes and then started another alphabet round by first blowing up the Atlanta Memorial Hospital then he robbed and killed at Boswell's Bank and Trust so naturally comes C," I said calmly as we thought the same thing. "We need to hurry and get over there before it is too late."

As expected there were hundreds of thousands of people at the Chanticleer's Art Museum and Exhibit as several rare paintings from the Renaissance had been loaned to the museum for two weeks. People traveled from all over the United States to come to Atlanta for the art exhibit and as soon as the museum opened at 9:00 a.m. the building became quickly filled with people and some people stood outside waiting for a chance to go in.

Detective Yell and the three of us quickly hurried to the museum where I looked up and saw that the Dark Hood had snuck into the museum. Something told me that the Alphabet terrorist wouldn't be far behind as this would be the best opportunity for either of them to prove to the city that they were the city's crime lord.

"Let's go. The Dark Hood just went in there," I said to the others as we quietly went to the museum.

As soon as we entered the museum we all split up and began searching through the entire museum. Emma went and looked through the higher levels of the museum as she had no luck in finding either the Alphabet terrorist or the Dark Hood. Detective Yell looked through the eastern part of the museum and he too had no luck in finding either killer. Charles checked the western part of the museum and just as he was about to give up he found the Dark Hood standing in front of one of the loaned paintings.

"Long time hasn't it been Detective Early," the Dark Hood turned so quickly he had no time to react as she turned and shocked him with a white bolt of lightning. Charles again stood up as the initial shock wasn't anywhere near lethal as the Dark Hood again shocked him with another bolt of electricity. Charles tried to stand up again but fell onto the ground in agonizing pain as he clutched his chest. The Dark Hood approached Charles as it looked unmercifully at him. "Well it looks like I've killed you old man and I didn't even give you a lethal dose. Do I see regret and remorse? Oh it is such a pit that you are so weak. I barely shocked you and yet you will because of a cardiac arrest since the pacemaker in your body was short-circuited by my electrical charge."

“I’m not dying yet and how do you know that I have a pacemaker,” Charles said defiantly.

“Ah, I smell that usual awful that Early defiance. I knew there was something about you I truly despised. I know more about you and your friends Charles Early. I know through research that you had a heart attack several years ago and doctors had to give you a pacemaker so your heart could function. What irony is it that the one thing used to save your life will be the one that kills you,” the Dark Hood said quietly.

“No matter what you do to me my friends and partners will beat you,” Charles again said defiantly.

“Way to talk to her Charles,” Emma yelled loudly as she was followed by me and Detective Yell.

“Your time is up,” I yelled. “Stand back away from our partner.”

“Oh really and what makes you think I’ll go so quietly,” the Dark Hood said as it shot more lightning bolts which the three of us dodged rather easily. “So you want to play games? I’ll show you games.” The Dark Hood pointed its hands toward the ceiling as it shot out white bolts of lightning and causing the entire museum to go dark.

“Watch it,” I told Emma and Detective Yell as the Dark Hood shot out white lightning bolts which we saw and easily avoided again.

“You’ll have to do better than that,” Emma said sarcastically.

“Oh, so you are the sarcastic young Detective Emma Stevens. You crossed the wrong criminal. I’ll fix you for good,” the Dark Hood said threateningly as it shot out white lightning.

Initially, Emma was able to avoid the large white lightning bolts the Dark Hood shot out but the more the Dark Hood shot the faster the bolts came and Emma unfortunately despite her best efforts got hit in her left thigh by one of the bolts that had ricocheted off the metal wall.

“Ouch,” Emma cried though she did her best to keep the Dark Hood from seeing the pain she felt. The Dark Hood shot out another lightning bolt which missed Emma but hit one of the circuit breakers and causing the lights to go off.

“Show yourselves you cowardly detectives,” the Dark Hood shouted. Despite the circuit box being damaged the lights came back on a minute later.

“What the,” Detective Yell said.

“We’re in trouble,” Charles said as he stood up.

“Indeed you are,” the Dark Hood said as it turned its attention away from Emma to the other detectives. Detective Yell, Charles and I were barely staying ahead of the Dark Hood’s attacks. The Dark Hood didn’t pay Emma any attention as it continued to shoot out white bolts of lightning toward us.

“Man how much power does the Dark Hood have? Surely, she must be running near empty,” Detective Yell said to Rick. Rick was barely avoiding the large lightning bolts as the Dark Hood kept shooting them and for every one she shot it seemed like the bolts got larger and faster.

“There is no chance for you two detectives. I will now kill you two and you friends,” the Dark Hood shouted.

“Not so fast,” shouted another voice. Emma, Detective Yell, Charles and myself became horrified as we turned and saw the Alphabet terrorist and his thugs standing at the entrance. “You will not be the one to kill the detectives. The detectives are my prize.”

“You fool,” the Dark Hood shouted.

The Alphabet terrorist was not a man of patience as he began yelling as he took out his automatic rifle and began shooting at the Dark Hood. The Dark Hood stood there and even though it was being hit by the bullets it didn't have any effect on the Dark Hood who seemed to stand still even when he lifted his hands. “Why can't you just die like everyone else?”

“No. I don't die. I will use electricity to kill you though,” the Dark Hood yelled as it shot out another bolt of electricity which missed the Alphabet terrorist and his thugs completely.

“You will have to do better than that if you are going to tangle with the Lord of Crime,” the Alphabet Terrorist said.

“Lord of Crime. What kind of name is that?” the Dark Hood said.

“I will show you,” the Alphabet terrorist said as he again shot at the Dark Hood.

“Simpleton. I will show you destruction,” the Dark Hood at that moment seemed to take a remote out of it cloak.

“Oh, I see you are going to remote us to death,” the Alphabet terrorist taunted.

“If it were only that simple,” the Dark Hood said. As soon as it pressed the button we began to hear an extremely loud noise. The noise was so loud it was causing the building to shake and glass to shatter.

“What the heck?” the Alphabet terrorist said with disbelief.

“You cretins do not know the power of the Dark Hood,” the Dark Hood replied.

“Power this,” the Alphabet terrorist said as one of the thugs handed him a bottle which he threw. The bottle hit the Dark Hood in the hand and caused it to drop the remote. As soon as the Dark Hood dropped the remote the noise that was destroying the building ceased.

“No! Look at what you done you simpleton. I will kill you all myself staring with you,” the Dark Hood shouted angrily. She shot out lightning which missed the Alphabet terrorist and his thugs, but it reflected again off the wall and hit Emma again in her thigh as she stood up trying to help Charles get out of the Dark Hood's reach.

“Emma,” I cried as I saw her fall onto the ground again in agony as I turned and began shooting at the Dark Hood and much to my misfortune the lights of the museum went off again but when they came back on I saw Emma had stared standing up again slowly.

The Dark Hood and the Alphabet terrorist were dueling with each other missing the other and when the lights went out again Emma and I lifted Charles onto our shoulders. The lights stayed off for a few moments until the security team got them back on and when they did the Alphabet terrorist took out a bazooka and shot it at the Dark Hood. The Dark Hood fell onto the ground and none of us were surprised to find out that it was only a robot but this time the robot had a recorded message.

“What a robot! That no good,” the Alphabet terrorist yelled as the robot's message began to be heard by everyone.

“As you might now I, Dr. Lindsey Roberts, aka the Dark Hood, have escaped again but

this time I was kind of enough to leave you all with a parting gift. By the time you hear this message the robot you destroyed will be in self-destruct which will destroy the building it was in and by the time the message is over you will have only two minutes to escape. Chao,” the robot’s voice said.

“Two minutes,” the Alphabet terrorist yelled. “Well that is enough time to utterly destroy you all.” He took out his most treasured gun which was the type I had seen in Ireland before and as soon as I saw it I knew if any of us got hit it was almost instant death as the bullet when it hit the victim when it entered the body the bullet would shatter into many parts and often times hitting vital organs.

“Run everyone if you get hit by those bullets it will almost be certain death,” I told the others. Charles wasn’t well but he slowly stood up and walked out of the building as Emma, Detective Yell and I fought the Alphabet terrorist. The Alphabet terrorist took his gun again and unfortunately his bullet hit Detective Yell and much to our horror when the bullet exited out of him it left in eight different places as he fell onto the ground dead.

“NOOOOO,” Emma screamed as she lunged at the Alphabet terrorist.

“Curse you Detectives Stevens and O’Malley,” the Alphabet terrorist said as he shot me in my wounded arm. Emma shot at him but missed and rather hit the robot which now was only thirty seconds from blowing.

“Go Emma. Go help Charles. I’ll deal with the Alphabet terrorist,” I said as Emma quickly ran out of the museum.

“Noooo,” the Alphabet Terrorist said as he shot at Emma another time before I got his attention by shooting at and hitting him in his shoulder. “You will pay for that.”

“Sure,” I replied.

“Prepare to meet your doom. I will now be your angel of death. After I finish with you O’Malley then comes your girlfriend and then the old man,” the Alphabet terrorist said as he again shot at me and missed and I quickly knocked him down and took his gun away from him.

“You are under arrest whoever you are Alphabet Terrorist,” I said.

“I think not,” the Alphabet terrorist said as he took a smoke bomb and threw it onto the ground.

“Great. Smoke,” I said as I quickly began running outside. I did not look back as I kept running until I got safely outside. I looked forward and saw Emma and Charles looking at me happily but when I turned around the museum completely blew up and burnt to the ground.

“Glad to see you made it,” Charles said.

“With a second to spare,” Emma said.

I laughed for a moment. The three of us watched as the museum continued to burn. Charles and Emma had already called in so the police and firefighters were on their way again.

“Do you suppose the Alphabet Killer got out,” Charles asked quietly looking extremely exhausted and worn.

“I don’t know,” I said honestly. “Perhaps or perhaps not but if I had to guess we will see both him and the Dark Hood again.”

“Emma thanks for saving me. I am impressed by how much you’ve learned,” Charles

said calmly as Emma's face blushed after he spoke. Emma turned to me and gave me a hug and kiss me as my cell phone rung. I looked at the number as Emma continued to hug me and although I didn't recognize the number, I answered the phone and at once I wished I hadn't as I heard the most menacing laugh I had ever heard.

"You fools may think you have won but you haven't seen the last of me and before I die I guarantee I will have your heads mounted on a wall and kept as trophies" the voice over the phone said menacingly. "You have not defeated me nor will you ever do so. Look around everywhere you go and at the moment you think it is safe to go to work or even sleep in your home I'll be there to strike hard. Neither you nor your girlfriend or Charles are safe from the Alphabet terrorist."

"What's the matter Rick?" Emma asked quietly as Charles looked on.

"We just got our answer. The Alphabet terrorist escaped again. I don't know how but he escaped the explosion," I yelled as I hung up the phone.

"Oh don't worry about him right now. The point is we're alive and we all still have each other," Emma said calmly as Charles and I turned and looked at her admirably.

"Do you think Emma we will ever catch him," I asked.

"Yes," Emma said calmly as we sat there for several minutes drinking water and watching the firefighters put out the fire at the museum. Having her and Charles as best friends and partners is the best wish that I could have ever had. I have learned so much from both Emma and Charles and yet I still have a lot to learn too but I will say this. I didn't want to think anymore of the Alphabet terrorist and though I knew he could carry out his threats neither me nor my two partners would let him. It is criminals like the Alphabet terrorist, the Dark Hood and the Godfather of Time that we strive to keep the world safe from and until they are caught, we will never rest.