

## File #008

### The Return of the Alphabet Terrorist

**Report by: Detective Emma Stevens**

**Location: New York City, New York**

It was a terrible night in the Big Apple. A major and severe storm had entered the city and all you can hear and see for miles was the loud thunder and bright flashes of lightning that kept appearing every few minutes. The storm originated off Lake Michigan had furiously made its way to the Big Apple but on this night the people had more than a storm to worry about. Deep down an extremely dark alley in which even the most wretched person wouldn't dare go down alone were several men. Two men were holding another man down as he was begging and pleading to a man whom he couldn't see for his life. The man slowly walked out of the shadow and the man who had been begging and pleaded nearly died at the sight of the other man.

"Please," cried the man. "Please. I did not mean to fail. I won't fail again."

"You're right. You won't fail me again," the shadowy man said.

"Please," the man cried again.

"Boss what are we going to do with him," one of the thugs holding the man down asked.

"Kill him," the shadowy man said without hesitation.

"No. No," the man again cried.

"As you wish boss," the thug said as he took out his pistol and with one single shot killed the man.

"Boss, you keep killing folks there won't be any one to work for you," another man said.

"Soon, my followers, we will have more people. Soon," the shadowy man quietly whispered as sounds of thunder could be heard throughout the city. "And then revenge." The shadowy was a criminal whom New York City had never seen before but someone who I dealt with earlier in London. The Alphabet Terrorist was back and was now in New York City getting ready to strike hard against an unsuspecting city.

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I returned home after a long trip in Dallas and was seemingly extremely happy as my sister and her two children came over to my place. I had a small apartment which I rarely got to use anymore as we normally travel almost instantly after each case but this time I really felt like I got some time to myself as it had been a week since we came back home. Elizabeth was an excellent cook and she was more than willing to allow me to rest as she cooked the best spaghetti I had ever seen or tasted. To be quite honest it was the best meal I ever had and I had just got the evening newspaper which I immediately opened and read the front page article.

"What is it Emma?" Elizabeth asked as she handed Jessica and Justin their food.

"I don't believe this. Our old friend has returned," I sighed.

"I didn't know you had too many friends Emma," Elizabeth said.

"I don't," I said.

"Let me look at what you are reading," Elizabeth said.

"Here you go Elizabeth but don't be surprised if Charles, Rick and I get a call from the New York Police," I said quietly.

“I’m looking at the article and I don’t see why they would need your help. This man is just a thug like the many thugs and criminals out there,” Elizabeth said quickly as I grabbed the article to look at it again and as I looked at the article and read what it said flashes of our last encounter with the Alphabet terrorist entered my mind.

*“What are we going to do with them boss,” the men asked the Alphabet terrorist who slowly approached us out of the shadow. He looked at both of us for several moments before yelling at his men.*

*“Take their clothes off,” the Alphabet terrorist said.*

*“Both of them,” the men said with disbelief.*

*“Yes both of them. Take off all their clothes. They both will be tied up to these poles naked. I will show them the meaning of a slow and painful death but before you men do put-,” the Alphabet terrorist said as he looked at my identification badge. “Detective Stevens on the ground and hold her. I’ll show her how cruel this world can really get.”*

I continued to think about that afternoon and how fortunate I was not to be raped again by the Alphabet terrorist. I said nothing for a few more moments before Elizabeth got my attention again.

“Emma,” Elizabeth said. “What’s the matter?”

“Nothing,” I replied.

“You act like you just seen a ghost,” Elizabeth said.

“In a way I have,” I began. “That man the police are seeking is more than a common thug.”

“Oh really. How do you know? Have you met him?” Elizabeth said.

“I have. Although I wish I could say I have not met him. I met him before on a couple occasions and each time we’ve met it has been quite painful,” I said bluntly.

“What happened? You can tell me. I’m your sister and will always be here for you,” Elizabeth asked.

“This man is extremely vile and evil,” I said as it became harder for me to speak but I knew I needed to tell Elizabeth. “I know Elizabeth you’ve never met our grandparents, but they were the best in the world. They took care of me after my parents disappeared.”

“Disappeared,” Elizabeth asked.

“I know very little of what happened,” I said.

“Alright. What happened? How do you know this thug?” Elizabeth asked.

“Anyway on my thirteenth birthday I met the Alphabet killer for the first time and it was then I truly realized how evil people can be,” I began. I stopped for a moment as I tried to compose myself again as I told her the story.

“Take as long as you need,” Elizabeth said.

“He began,” I said stuttering. I knew what I wanted to say but could hardly get the words to come out for a few minutes.

“Easy,” Elizabeth said. “Take your time. It will come out slowly.”

“He began that night,” I said as tears fell down my face. “By raping me.”

Elizabeth was stunned. She could hardly say a word just like I was unable to.

“Mom, we’ll go for now,” Justin said. “You and Aunt Emma can have your adult talk.”

“Yeah, we’ll leave you two. It seems like you have a lot to discuss,” Jessica added.

“What’s the matter?” I asked.

“Nothing. They just know when we need to talk privately like we do now,” Elizabeth said before turning back to her kids. “Go ahead. I’ll let you eat in the living room just this time.”

Justin and Jessica went to the living room to eat their food while Elizabeth and I continued to talk.

“He what?” Elizabeth asked. I knew she understood what I had said but her expression told me she wanted me to repeat it to make sure she heard what I said correctly.

“Yeah. He raped me,” I said. “Not only did he rape me but he let his thugs take their turns with me too. I never felt as dirty in my life as I did. I tried to live my life by the commandments in the Bible and according to how my grandparents taught me. Honestly until that night I really did not know what sex was. I mean I had heard my grandparents talk to me about it. They talked to me and told me they wanted to teach me better so I would not make the same mistake they did when they were young.”

“You mean having sex before marriage,” Elizabeth said as I laughed in agreement. “Well Emma, they would not have been the only ones to make that mistake.”

“They weren’t,” I asked.

“Nope. I myself did the same thing,” Elizabeth said.

“You did,” I asked.

“Yes, I was well let’s just put it another way a wild party girl,” Elizabeth began. “But after my met my husband and realized that someone could really love me for who I was I changed. I learned what commitment was. Through the good and bad my husband and I learned how to stick with each other. That is what is good about marriage. It is not only having a partner but also having a best friend you can confide things to that you would maybe not even tell you parents.”

“I know,” I cried. “After what the Alphabet terrorist and his thugs did to me that night I am not so sure there is a man that wants me.”

“Don’t say that. Of course, there is. It may take time, but your Prince Charming will come to you and sweep you off your feet,” Elizabeth said.

“Yeah,” I whispered, in disbelief. “I don’t know Elizabeth. Most of the men I see they want the young attractive women that are clean and that have not been with many men. I had tried to live my life as I was taught by God’s word and by my grandparents’ examples. In fact, I was still a virgin when the Alphabet terrorist and his men attacked. A virgin.”

“Good for you Emma for sticking to your principles. I really commend those who make the choice to stay celibate until marriage. Really hard to do,” Elizabeth said.

“Yes, it is Elizabeth. In fact, not only was I trying to not have sex and keep myself pure, but I did not even allow myself a first kiss by a boy though I admit I came close to that,” I said.

“A young woman with honor and integrity. Sounds like your grandparents taught you well,” Elizabeth said.

“Our grandparents,” I corrected her. “And yes. They taught me right from wrong and how to live my life as I should. Elizabeth, I wanted nothing more than to make them proud.”

“I am sure you did,” Elizabeth said.

“But that night my life changed forever. The Alphabet Terrorist and his men made sure of it. I made the mistake of telling the Lord of Crime,” I began.

“Lord of Crime,” Elizabeth said.

“Another name for the Alphabet Terrorist,” I added. “He is called that because of the numerous crimes he has committed all over the world. Last I checked he is wanted in over twenty countries.”

“Oh, okay. He is a Lord of Crime,” Elizabeth. “Now, what were saying. You said you mentioned you made a mistake of telling him something.”

“Yes,” I said before pausing for a moment. “I made the mistake of telling the Lord of Crime I was a virgin.”

“Probably would have been better telling him that you had slept with a few boys,” Elizabeth said. “As you said men would prefer clean girls.”

“I don’t think that would have worked in this case,” I said. “Knowing myself I could not lie. Even I did try to lie to him and say I had been with many boys he would have easily deduced I was lying based on my body posture and body signals. And even if I could lie to him I did not want to. He did not strike me as a person who tolerated lying. It would have only made that night worse than it was.”

I paused again for a few moments. Elizabeth said nothing either as she continued to listen to my story. I had no doubt she was angry about hearing what was happening but whatever anger she felt she was doing a good job keeping it hidden as I again continued.

“Elizabeth I was scared. I had never met anyone as evil as that man was. I did what I thought I could to maybe prevent him from hurting me but no. He hurt me anyway.”

“That’s not your fault,” Elizabeth said.

I heard her words though I ignored them as I continued.

“Once he began the-,” I began as tears fell down my face.

“Now. Now, Hush,” Elizabeth tried but I ignored her again as I continued.

“I mean. Once he began forcing himself on me I knew my life would never be the same. Once he got inside me, I nearly lost the will to live. My body became numb. Whatever he and his men wanted to do, which was pretty much anything and everything you can imagine and then some more, they pretty much did and there was nothing I could do to stop them. Oh, Elizabeth,” I began crying. “Why did he hurt me so?”

“I’m sorry,” Elizabeth said as she sat beside me trying to comfort me. “I’m sorry he did this to you.”

“And that is not even the worst of it,” I said as I wiped my tears from my face.

“Oh, really. What can be worse than having your innocence taken away and your childhood ruined?” Elizabeth asked.

“Forcing me to watch as he executed my grandparents and leaving me for dead as he burnt down my grandparent’s house and destroying everything they ever owned,” I said as my tears began drying up and my face becoming as red as an apple.

“Oh my God,” Elizabeth yelled as she held on to me tightly. “Why didn’t you tell me earlier?”

“I was scared,” I said.

“I bet. Being raped and watching your loved ones get killed is traumatic enough,” Elizabeth said.

“I also did not want you to act foolishly if I said anything earlier,” I replied.

“Foolishly,” Elizabeth said.

“Or do anything stupid like try to go after him,” I added.

“No. You’re right. If I had known that earlier I would have likely gone after him and killed him for what he did to you,” Elizabeth said. “How dare he? Who does he think he is?”

“The Alphabet terrorist. The Lord of Crime. The Man with No Name,” I said.

“I don’t care who he is or not. Terrorist or not no one gets away with hurting my sister,” Elizabeth said.

“Calm down. This is partly the reason I did not want to say anything before,” I said.

“You’re right,” Elizabeth said. “I am overreacting. Can I see that article again?”

I quickly handed her the article as she began rereading it silently.

## NY COPS MYSTIFIED AS KILLER REMAINS AT LARGE

NEW YORK-New York City Police are baffled by the recent turn of events as within the last few days several people who police say are not related or connected have been found slain in the streets of the Big Apple. The first victim which was found in one of the more isolated areas was socialite Alvin Stephenson. \

Alvin Stephenson had made most of his fortune in his family oil company and was one of New York's more respected socialites. He had given over \$1 billion in charity over the last five years and was working on raising more for cancer research and helping children with Muscular Dystrophy and other ailments. New York City police say his body was found yesterday by a garbage worker who happened to go down the alley. Stephenson had only been shot once but it was at extremely close range police say.

This murder along with the quick and efficient robbery of Boswell's Bank has baffled police. Witnesses say that three men walked into the bank and apparently had their escape route planned so well that they robbed the bank of \$2 million dollars and by the time police showed up five minutes later they were already long gone. One of the men witnesses say was so ugly and scraggly looking that they couldn't bear to look at him while he robbed the bank and when the police looked at the video recordings it looked as though someone had tampered with the security cameras and causing the cameras not to record the robbery.

"I've never seen anything like it," Detective Roberts exclaimed. "Whoever committed these crimes knew exactly what they were doing and how they could do it without being caught." Police have not offered any other information other than to say the investigation is ongoing.

I continued to stay silent as she reread the article. It was only when she put the article down onto the table did I speak again. "Elizabeth, he is very efficient at what he does. There is a reason he has not been caught."

"Really? That is going to change. So tell me Emma, you said you encountered him a couple times. The first time you encountered him was what when you were-" Elizabeth began.

"13," I added.

"And all that bad stuff happened," Elizabeth said as I nodded in agreement. "That was the first time. When else did you encounter him?"

"A few months ago back in London," I said. "And believe me Elizabeth I was glad when the case was over. So was Charles. I did not think we would make it out alive but we did."

"Well Emma, I can assure you no one is going to lay a hand on you again. If they do, I will tear them apart limb for limb. They are going to wish they were never born," Elizabeth said.

I was shocked by her words. "Elizabeth you don't mean that. That is why we do what we do. So, we can catch people like that," I responded as my phone rang loudly. Elizabeth already knew I would answer and sighed as I did pick up the phone. "This is Emma Stevens and who is

this?"

"It's me Charles," the voice said. My partner Charles called from a payphone number which I didn't recognize but as soon as I knew it was Charles I became less stressed even though he called and told me to go to the office.

"Mission time again," Elizabeth said.

"Yes," I said.

"Go on Emma. Go help people out. Whenever you need me I'll be here," Elizabeth assured me as she gave me a farewell hug as she knew as I was about to be leaving for New York City.

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It did not take me long to drive to the office as I sped through the city trying to get to the office quickly. I do not normally drive as fast as I was going but I desperately wanted to catch the Alphabet terrorist. I wanted nothing more than to stop the man who caused me so much pain. I did not want him to hurt others as he had hurt me ten years earlier.

*What in the world* I said to myself. I was rather surprised as I got there that I was the first to arrive in the office as normally Charles and Rick normally were there before me, but I soon found out why. Charles and Rick had already purchased our plane tickets and were ready to go as soon as they entered the office.

"I'm sorry about keeping you Emma but Rick and I went and got the plane tickets," Charles said as he handed mine to me.

"Let me guess we're going to New York City," I quipped.

"You are correct, and I know you understand why," Charles said quietly as Rick shut the door to his office. "Emma, New York City is now having the same problems London had a few months ago and it is very likely and is reasonably suspected that the Alphabet terrorist is committing these crimes." Charles then turned around and turned on the television as the three of us watched the reporter on the screen.

"The mysterious criminal has struck again. This time at Cameron's Grocery Store where he and his thugs escaped with a quarter of a million dollars," the young reporter said. "No one is really sure what the criminal is after or who he really is except for that he wants to be known as the Alphabet terrorist."

"It's him," I said as I stood up. "When do we leave?"

"We're leaving right now but under no circumstances will you go anywhere on your own," Charles said sternly.

"I can take care of myself," I protested loudly.

"It's not that at all. Neither Rick nor I are traveling alone either. When we do go somewhere we all must go and stay together. You remember what happened the last time we were up against him," Charles said.

He needed to say no more. I agreed with his reasoning. It hurt me every time I was reminded about what happened in London and though I knew he didn't mean to make me cry I knew he was right. The Alphabet terrorist was much too dangerous for any one of us three to travel alone. I silently agreed as we left the office and started heading for New York City.

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Nighttime had quickly fallen onto New York City as the sun had set and the sky became extremely dark. There were stars in the sky and some shined brighter than the others as people

looked up and carried on with their business. It was an otherwise quiet night and the people of New York wasn't aware that the Alphabet terrorist was about to commit another crime right under their noses.

The Alphabet terrorist's thugs had taken a torch and had begun trying to break into the Dollar's Gun and Ammunition shop. What the Alphabet terrorist wanted no one knew but it didn't take long for the Alphabet terrorist or his men to enter the shop. It was widely known that Dollar sold many different kinds of weapons including several different automatic machine guns. The Alphabet terrorist who seemingly knew his way around the shop quickly found the different secret compartments which Dollar had used to hide his illegal weapons and he quickly stole every one of them.

"Put them in the bag," the Alphabet terrorist told his men quietly. "We will need every one of these guns for our big operation."

"Yes boss," the two thugs said as they continued putting guns into the extra-large garbage bag. The Alphabet terrorist who was never really concerned about being on camera looked up and took out his gun and shot the security camera.

"Why did you do that boss? You've never been concerned with being spotted," one of the thugs asked.

"Because you fool it amuses me just like this will amuse me," the Alphabet terrorist said as he took out his gun and shot and killed the thug. The other thug looked and suddenly became terrified for his life as the Alphabet terrorist put up his gun. "Ah that was refreshing it is time to go."

"What about him boss," the thug asked.

"Leave him. The police will soon find him anyway," the Alphabet terrorist told the thug as they quickly left the weapons store as they heard several police cars approach them but by the time the police arrived a few moments later the Alphabet terrorist and the surviving thug were long gone.

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The flight from Birmingham to New York was a very long one for the three of us but especially for me as images of my past encounters with the Alphabet terrorist suddenly appeared and disappeared out of my mind. Although I had fallen asleep and it was only dreams those dreams felt all too real. Even though I desperately tried to I still couldn't get rid of the images of the Alphabet terrorist's ugly and scraggly face. Images of him killing my grandparents, raping me and leaving me for dead as he burnt down my grandparent's house continued to race through my mind.

"NOOOOOOOOOOOO," I yelled as my face quickly turned as white as snow.

"Wake up," Rick began.

"Emma," Charles said.

"What's the matter?" a flight attendant asked as she approached us.

"Our friend is having a nightmare. Could you get us water?" Charles asked.

"Certainly," the flight attendant said.

“What’s the matter Emma?” Charles asked me kindly as he saw my extremely pale face and the sweat coming off it.

“No. Please,” I again cried. “NO. NO.”

“Wake up,” Charles said.

I finally woke up. I had not been as scared in quite a while as I was at the moment.

“Emma. What’s wrong? What’s scaring you?” Rick asked as he felt how hot my face had suddenly become despite it looking extremely pale white.

“The Alphabet terrorist,” I started saying but I quickly realized how much harder it was to speak the words as I slowly took my time to speak.

“We know Emma. That is why we are going to NYC to hopefully stop him,” Charles began. “Emma, listen to me. It is going to be alright.”

I said nothing for a moment as I tried calming down. The images of my first encounter with the Alphabet terrorist continued to race through my mind though I did my best to try to conceal it from Charles and Rick.

“We’re here. No one is going to hurt you,” Rick said.

“That’s right,” Charles said before turning to Rick. “Give her some room. Our last encounter with him was pretty traumatic.”

“Okay,” Rick said.

“The Alphabet terrorist,” I again repeated.

“Yeah,” Charles said. “And what about him?”

I turned on my radio which I often used to listen to soft rock and country which were my two favorite styles of music and as soon as I did the radio went to a news break.

“The master criminal known as the Alphabet Terrorist has struck again this time at the Dollar weapons store where he is believed to have made off with a half million dollars’ worth of weapons. Mr. Joseph Dollar confessed to the police that he indeed did have many illegal weapons most of which were stolen and police now believe that the Alphabet terrorist is planning a humungous operation as several AK-47’s, M16’s, rocket launchers, bazookas and other military style weapons were stolen. If anyone should have any information please contact,” the announcer on the radio said before I turned off the radio and yelled loudly.

“Whoa,” Rick said.

“Yeah. Whoa. The Alphabet terrorist stealing military style weapons. I believe he is planning something bigger this time and much worse than what we saw in London,” I said.

“Here you go,” the flight attendant said as she came back with three cups of water.

“Thank you miss,” Charles said.

“Let me know if I can be more help,” the flight attendant said as she started to help other passengers who continued to ignore us as though nothing happened which in my mind was a good thing.

“Listen to me. Everything will be alright Emma. We are here with you and that is all that matters right now,” Charles said as he handed me a cold glass of water. He always knew a way to calm me down and after all I could tell by the looks in both of their eyes that they too were also scared of the Alphabet terrorist.

“Let me tell you something Emma. I don’t know what happened when you encountered the Lord of Crime ,” Rick said quietly as I sat down drinking the glass of water and listening to him.

“Lord of Crime,” I said.

“That is what me and many others call him,” Rick told Charles and me. “I’m not going to

lie to you mate I am scared of the Lord of Crime. More so than what you can see.”

“Why? What happened?”

“When I was eleven years old I my friends and I went on a camping retreat for a week. It was the best and worst week of my life. I was on the retreat with my friends when the Alphabet terrorist killed several of my relatives.”

“He did what,” I cried in disbelief.

“He killed my parents and grandparents as well as one of my sisters who were at home at the time he shot a rocket at the house. My relatives didn’t have a clue and that was the first time I ever heard of the Alphabet Terrorist and to be quiet frank I hadn’t seen my two brothers or my other sister since then as we all kind of fell apart. I talk to them occasionally over the phone but all four of us are always too busy to see each other,” Rick told me quietly.

I sat there several moments stunned but when I when I looked at Rick again it was with the most admiration. How hard it must have been for him to tell me that but he did it anyway and for the first time since we started flying to New York City I felt relaxed.

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We arrived in New York City a few hours later and as I had never been I was excited to see the Big Apple. Outside of going to London a few times I generally had not been in real large cities and immediately I knew as soon as I stepped into the city there were places to see and things I wanted to do. *But first things first* I said as I got my mind back onto why we came to New York in the first place.

“Aren’t we supposed to be meeting someone here?” I asked Rick and Charles.

“Yes and here they come,” Charles replied as a detective approached us.

“Good evening. I am Detective Alice Smith and I will be your guide for tonight. I welcome you three to New York City,” Detective Smith said quietly.

Detective Smith was short younger woman but she was a little taller than I was and she had extremely beautiful dark black hair and light blue eyes. “I am the lead detective in our homicide division. I’ve heard you three have a few incidents with the Alphabet terrorist before.”

“Yes Detective Smith and we’re all more than anxious to catch him,” I said the loudest of the three of us.

“My boss Lieutenant Abby Sommers says your agency has done fabulous work in the past,” Detective Smith told Charles.

“We’ve had a few major cases but nothing out of the ordinary that couldn’t be handled,” Charles said modestly as we walked to the vehicle in which she was using to escort us. We were especially glad when we arrived at the fourteenth precinct which had taken charge over the Alphabet crimes. I felt somewhat uncomfortable as I saw the other officers look at us somewhat in disgust as I heard them begin to chatter amongst themselves.

“What is going on?” I asked Detective Smith as she turned and saw the other officers talking quietly to themselves.

“It’s not you personally. They don’t like it when other detectives and agencies help us in our cases but to tell you the truth I think we need and so does my boss,” Detective Smith said as she led us to Lieutenant Sommers’ office.

Lieutenant Sommers was a strong and tall woman. She was not large as most would think but rather extremely muscular and in fact had beaten most of the officers in the precinct in lifting weights. She had dark brown and red hair and had the brownest of eyes I had ever seen in a person. She had a rough and tough sounding voice but from what I seen and heard from

Detective Smith she wasn't strict or mean in the least except to an officer named A. Riddle. There was something familiar about him but I couldn't tell right off but he did have a particular odor which I couldn't stand. A. Riddle also had raggedy looking hair which was dark brown and he had the darkest eyes I had ever seen.

"Officer Riddle what do you think you're doing," Lieutenant Sommers asked loudly.

"Nothing lieutenant," Officer Riddle replied. I was under the impression that Officer Riddle really didn't care for the lieutenant as a second later he seemed to throw a chicken bone on her desk.

"I know you didn't just do that Officer Riddle," Lieutenant Sommers yelled furiously. "Now get out of the office and on patrol." Officer Riddle quickly got out of her sight as we turned around as saw the lieutenant sit down in her chair. "Excuse me you three but he is the laziest recruit I have ever seen in my life."

"Now what is happening Lieutenant Sommers?" I asked quietly.

"We've been having problems with a criminal who's been calling himself the Alphabet terrorist. No one is sure of what he is after but just earlier this evening the Alphabet terrorist robbed a weapons store. The owner admitted to having illegal firearms and every one of those he had were stolen... We need to find him before he uses the weapons to cause chaos," Lieutenant Sommers said quietly. "We also know that he killed a couple people already including one that we suspect was one of his henchmen. I've heard you three have had trouble with him before."

"Yes ma'am we all have," Charles answered quietly as neither Rick nor I said anything.

"With that said I'll leave the case to you three," Lieutenant Sommers replied as we stood up and started to leave the officer. Lieutenant Sommers was a very good officer from what I saw but I was still bothered by Officer Riddle. Something about him disturbed me but I couldn't say what it was except for one thing I knew and that was I couldn't stand the smell of him. Officer Riddle looked as though he hadn't showered in weeks and his uniform wasn't much cleaner either, but I suppose it was his eyes that bothered me the most.

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The three of us went into the main city and ate dinner at a small pizza parlor. I had a small cheese pizza while my two partners Charles and Rick each had a meat stuffed small pizza.

"Let me ask you two something if you don't mind. How do you two know the Alphabet terrorist also known by a lot of the underground world as the angel of death," Rick asked calmly.

"Emma, has a couple of encountered with the Alphabet terrorists. I have not had many personal dealings with him except that encounter we had with the vermin in London a while ago," Charles said calmly.

"London," Rick said. "What made you two cross the pond?"

"We went to London to help her friend, Samantha, stop the Alphabet terrorist before he could terrorize London again. Needless to say the police were extremely terrified of the man and honestly after meeting him the first time I was too. I had never met such an evil person before and I hope I don't ever meet another one either," Charles replied.

"Emma, you are being awfully quiet again. Is there anything you want to say?" Rick asked.

For a moment I did not know what to say. I was still scared but looking at my two partners I knew they were equally scared. Even though I had told Charles about my previous encounter with the Alphabet Terrorist I was not so sure I was ready to tell Rick. Still though,

Rick trusted me enough to confide to us what had happened to him so I felt that I needed to do the same. *If I was ever to overcome my personal fear* I said to myself I would need to be more open to people starting with Charles and Rick.

“Rick,” I began. I told him everything, from being raped by the Alphabet terrorist and his men to watching them execute my grandparents, that had happened to me that night I first encountered the Alphabet terrorist. I also told them why it took me so long to confide to others. Neither Charles nor Rick said anything until after I finished telling what had happened and even after I stopped it was few minutes before either of them spoke.

“Emma, I’m so-” Rick choked. He again stopped for a moment. “I’m sorry to hear that.”

“Thanks,” I said.

“And you don’t have to worry. I do not see you any differently because of it. On the contrary I applaud your courage and commitment in spite of your personal suffering,” Rick said.

I smiled. I felt good knowing I finally had people, besides Sam who I could always turn to but was on the opposite side of the pond, that I could tell anything to and that they would listen and not be judgmental. Made all the difference in the world I said to myself.

“And now he has returned only this time in New York City and has already began his murdering spree,” I said.

“He has already killed one man we know of for sure. He is probably out there committing some crime even as we speak,” Charles said calmly. It hadn’t even been a second after Charles spoke when the three of turned and heard the chief’s voice over Charles’ radio.

“This is not a drill. A crime is currently in progress on the 15<sup>th</sup> street. Officers are requesting assistance and all available officers and detectives are requested to report to that location immediately. I repeat this is not a drill and the suspects are considered armed and really dangerous,” the chief said over the radio.

“It looks like the Alphabet terrorist is at it again,” Rick said as he quickly paid for the food as we quickly got into our car and left for the house on 15<sup>th</sup> Street.

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The Alphabet terrorist and his thugs were robbing a house which he knew had belonged to the extremely rich socialite Earl Myles. Earl was an extremely successful oil businessman and had started his own company with a small inheritance he received from his father and unfortunately for Earl and his family they were home when the Alphabet terrorist struck.

“Get all the valuables,” the Alphabet terrorist told his thugs as they quickly began taking valuable jewelry and glassware out of the cabinets. Earl Myles heard the intruders as he quickly took out his gun and caught them by surprise.

“FREEZE,” Earl Myles warned the Alphabet terrorist and his thugs. The Alphabet terrorist was not afraid to say the least as he slowly approached Earl Myles and the socialite looking at the Alphabet terrorist straight in the face suddenly began yelling. “Who are you?”

“I believe,” the Alphabet terrorist said quietly and menacingly as he stared directly at Earl Myles. The old socialite suddenly became terrified as the Alphabet terrorist suddenly grinned as he spoke again. “I believe I am your angel of death. Goodbye.” At once Earl Myles knew what to expect as the Alphabet terrorist quickly took out a M16 and quickly killed the socialite at point range.

“Great. What now boss?” one of the thugs asked.

“You cretins, continue to pack the bags. I will go up and kill the others,” the Alphabet

terrorist said. He wasted no time, as his thugs continued to loot the place, going up stairs. To say that Mrs. Myles and her kids were frightened would be an understatement as they screamed in horror as he broke into their bedroom though the screams did not last long as he quickly executed them.

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The moment that the dispatcher had called for police assistance I knew something terrible was happening. I could only silently pray that we were not too late but when we arrived at Mr. Myles' residence we saw many police cars, firetrucks and ambulances. I knew at that moment the Alphabet terrorist had struck again.

"We're too late," I screamed angrily as I realized the Alphabet terrorist already struck and killed more people. Several officers continued to look around the crime scene as the lead investigator approached us.

"It looks like the fiend the Alphabet terrorist struck again," the officer said quietly.

"He killed Mr. Myles didn't he?" Rick asked.

"Yes. The Alphabet Terrorist killed Mr. Myles and his family and stole about a million dollars' worth of jewelry and other valuables," the officer said as we turned and heard another officer yell.

"I found something," the officer yelled loudly as the four of us quickly went into the Myles' residence.

"What did you find?" the first officer asked the second officer.

"Well perhaps you three should see this," the second officer said as he handed Charles the note.

"What does it say Charles," I asked curiously as I saw his face become somewhat blank and fearful as he read the note.

"Look at what the note says you two," Charles said as he handed me the note as Rick and I started reading the note. The two of us read the note and at first neither of us could believe what the Alphabet terrorist wrote but when we reread it we stood there somewhat frightened by what it said.

***I do this for a living and everybody depends on me for food. I am poor but without me society wouldn't survive. What am I? I am a common household item that is sold every day at grocery stores. I am a necessity like bath soap and laundry detergent. I am also used frequently by doctors and nurses such as flu shots and other medicine. What am I?***

"He's telling us exactly where he's going to commit his next crime," Charles told the officer and us.

"Well how do you figure that Detective Early?" the first officer said suspiciously.

"The answer to the first part is farmer. A farmer is extremely poor, but society needs farmers for food and the second part to the riddle is chemicals. Medicine is a type of chemical as are laundry detergent and bath soaps. What he is telling us is that his next crimes will occur at Farmer's chemical plant," Charles said in an almost inaudible tone.

"FARMER'S CHEMICAL PANT," several officers yelled.

"Why would he do that for Detective Early?" the first officer asked again suspiciously.

"You can do a lot more destruction with the right chemicals and weapons. I don't know

officer but based on the crimes the Alphabet terrorist has committed so far I would say he's planning something humungous," Charles replied quietly.

"Let's go to Farmer's Chemicals before we're too late," the first officer yelled to the others as we also followed them to Farmer's Chemicals.

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Farmer's Chemical plant was in an isolated part of the city and very few people knew about the corporation. It was extremely well hidden and to be honest I started to believe we wouldn't find it until a few minutes later the first officer who knew exactly where it was found it though the Alphabet terrorist and his thugs were already inside Farmer's Chemicals and stealing several different types chemicals.

"Put the chemicals into the containers very carefully," the Alphabet terrorist said to his thugs. The thugs had begun pouring different chemicals into different containers and all for them was seemingly going well until a few moments later on the thugs dropped a powdered chemical which as soon as it hit the ground and fell out of the bag immediately exploded. "I told you cretins to be careful as some of the powered chemicals are so volatile that they will explode the moment that it has contact with oxygen."

"Yes boss," the thug said as he continued putting the other chemicals into different containers.

"What are we going to do with these chemicals boss," the thug asked quietly.

"We're about to use these to make a statement," the Alphabet terrorist said as he chuckled to himself.

"The only statement you'll be making Alphabet killer is from the county jail," I said loudly as the three of us and the other officers suddenly burst into Farmer's Chemicals.

"Look boss it's the detectives," one of the thugs said loudly.

"Crap," the Alphabet terrorist turned and grumbled as he dropped a container that had a highly explosive chemical. Almost instantly after the Alphabet Terrorist dropped the container the chemical leaked out and as it did a large flame began to appear. "Look at what you made me do you fool. Detective Stevens, I knew there was something about you I despised and I should have killed you a while ago. I see you found the note I left at Mr. Myles' place and figured it out and now this place will become your tomb."

Immediately the Alphabet terrorist and his thugs took out their automatic guns and quickly began shooting at us. Rick, Charles and I managed to quickly get out of the way but the other officers weren't as fortunate as several of them were killed quickly by the Alphabet terrorist and his thugs. One of the thugs who saw that the three of us had blocked the only exit from the plant quickly turned to the Alphabet terrorist.

"What are we going to do boss? The detectives have the exit blocked and we don't have much time before the building blows completely," one of the thugs asked bluntly.

"Fool give me the bag," the Alphabet terrorist said as he took the bag and quickly brought out a rocket launcher and at once I knew he was pointing it to us. Charles and I was quick enough to completely dodge the attack as the missile hit right above us and caused some of the roof to fall down to where we were and unfortunately Rick, while I was extremely glad he survived, managed to get hit and break his left leg.

"AGHHHHHHHHH," cried Rick as he held his left leg. He instantly knew he had broken his left leg but he was trying to hide the pain and not cry as we all turned and saw the Alphabet

terrorist and his thugs approach us.

“Detective O’Malley, you’re a foolish man. You should have done what I told you years ago and not join the police force. People die including those who you love,” the Alphabet terrorist mocked.

Even though it was Rick who the Alphabet Terrorist was taunting I was becoming angrier than I had been in quite some time. For a moment the Alphabet Terrorist smiled and laughed as he saw me tend to Rick.

“It’s going to be alright Rick,” I said.

“And you are a fool too Detective Stevens. By now you should have realized that its a dangerous world out there,” the Alphabet terrorist said. “Now you have a choice Detective Stevens. You can either save your two partners or come after me and watch both of them die. See you around.”

I wanted to chase after him so bad but at that moment I wanted to help Charles get Rick out of the building which I knew would soon blow up. By the time the three of us got out of the building a few minutes later the Alphabet terrorist and his thugs had already vanished. Rick, while I knew he was hurting all over, was trying not to cry as he began yelling instructions to both Charles and me.

“Charles, go and call the fire department, medics and other police to come here. The building is about to explode,” Rick said quietly. Not a moment after he said that the chemical building quickly burst into a gigantic flame. I quickly turned and saw the black smoke rise into the air. Charles wasted no time in calling the police, firefighters and medics to arrive as I sat down beside Rick.

“What do you want me to do,” I asked quietly as I couldn’t stand to see my friend and partner in pain.

“Stay here with me,” Rick said as he grabbed my arm softly. “You are my inspiration. You’ve done so many I wish I could do and right now I would wish nothing more than for you to stay here with me.”

“Of course I will,” I said. I tried to keep tears from running down my eyes. Rick was an inspiration to me too and his words seemed to have an effect on me as all I wanted to do was stay with him until the medics and other officers arrived. I turned around for a moment and saw that the firefighters and medics finally arrived as they began to put out the fire and lift Rick into the ambulance.

“Go with Charles and help catch the terrorist,” Rick said softly as he slowly lifted himself a moment and gave me a soft kiss.

I stood there speechless for a moment both shocked and surprised by his kiss but just as quickly I turned around and gave him a deep affectionate kiss return. Although I wanted to be with Rick more than anything else at the moment I knew he was right and that unless we caught the Alphabet terrorist everything would be lost and I sure didn’t want that. For the first time in my life I truly was in love and it felt very good as all my painful memories of the Alphabet terrorist disappeared. How long we were there for I didn’t know but I knew it was time to go as I turned and saw Charles had been watching.

“How long have you been there Charles?” I asked.

“A few minutes but it was really good to see you help and stay with him. Very well done,” Charles said as he said nothing about the kisses between us. “We do need to go now though as he lieutenant called and she needs to see us at the office.”

I said nothing and neither did Rick as he seemed to understand. I wanted to go to the

hospital with him and would have argued to go with him had he not signaled to me all was alright and that I needed to go to the office with Charles.

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We quickly made it back to the lieutenant's office where both she and Police Commissioner Johnson were waiting for us. Officer Riddle was there too smelling as bad as he did the last time I saw him but none of us said anything to him.

"I heard you detectives had a major accident at the chemical plant," Officer Riddle taunted.

"How would you have known that?" Charles asked somewhat angrily. I was surprised to see Charles this angry as I have seen him go through a lot of situations without getting this upset. I knew then at once something was bothering him though I didn't know whether it was Officer Riddle's taunts or the fact that Detective O'Malley was now in the hospital severely injured.

"I have my sources on the streets," Officer Riddle taunted which started angering me.

"WHY you," I began to yell but Charles held me back as we turned and saw Police Commissioner Johnson. Commissioner Johnson was a tall older and slender white woman who had dark blonde hair and equally dark blue eyes. I could tell by her uniform that she had been with the department for over twenty years but I wasn't for sure exactly how many years. She was highly decorated also and was extremely respected by the officers and community.

"Good evening detectives. I'm extremely sorry to hear what happened," Commissioner Johnson said kindly as quietly continued to listen. Lieutenant Sommers quietly turned and handed Commissioner Johnson the file on the Alphabet terrorist. The commissioner looked at the file for a moment before speaking again. "The Alphabet terrorist, the man you all know as that but is also known by others as the Angel of Death, the Man with No Name, and the Lord of Crime is wanted on fifty open counts of murder with forty seven of them with special circumstance, five counts of grand larceny, five counts of burglary and robbery, arson. Whoa this guy doesn't look like he plays around."

"Is he suspected in any rapes?" I asked.

"Not that we are aware of but we do have dozens of unsolved rapes in New York at the moment," Commissioner Johnson said. "

"They might not be unsolved for long Commissioner. Everywhere the Alphabet Terrorist has been he commits at least one rape. So far, he has not been charged with any rape here," I said.

"That is correct. Not yet anyway but you detective how investigations can change things," Commissioner Johnson said.

"The charges you read are just those charges he is facing here in New York," I said.

"Also correct," Commissioner Johnson said. "Where else is he facing charges if you don't mind me asking?"

"I know for a fact he has charges of murder, rape, burglary, arson and robbery in London that I know of and possibly other places," I said quietly.

"Tell me something Detective Stevens. How can you deal with him? I know and have been told of your past dealings with him and to be honest I would have shot and killed him," Commissioner Johnson said quietly.

"My grandfather when he was alive once worked for Scotland Yard and also later became a judge and he saw some of the worst criminal activity that anyone could had seen. When I was

six years old he once told me that a revenge killing only makes you as bad as the criminal that you killed and that he avoided using his gun or weapons whenever possible,” I replied. “While it pains me to know what he did to me and my family I would rather see him in prison than dead.”

“Commissioner I have a call,” Officer Riddle interrupted before I could speak again. Commissioner Johnson was rather glad to dismiss him as he quietly walked out of the office.

“That is the worst officer I’ve ever seen,” Lieutenant Sommers said bluntly as the commissioner agreed.

“If it is any consolidation, we are in the process of getting rid of him,” Commissioner Johnson said. “We just have to let the process run its course.”

“Thank goodness,” Lieutenant Sommers added.

“Well to be honest I’m also glad he is gone. I can’t stand him,” I said very bluntly.

“Why is that Detective Stevens?” Lieutenant Sommers asked calmly.

“Something else about him disturbs me. I can’t quite put my finger on it yet. Plus, he looks as though he hadn’t showered in weeks. His hair looks all raggedy and his uniform was very unclean and plus did you see the way he was taunting us over our friend’s misfortune,” I said not holding words back.

“Well yes he can rub people the wrong way but unfortunately we can’t get many people to be officers these days. That is the only reason we hadn’t already gotten rid of him though as you heard what I said a few moments ago they are now in the process of doing so. It seems like he finally got on the top brass’ last nerve. But I will be honest this doesn’t help us. Policing is still an extremely dangerous job and not enough pay considering,” Commissioner Johnson said calmly. “It takes real dedication to do this job and considering what has been happening lately you can see why no one wants to be an officer.”

“I most certainly agree with you Commissioner,” I said quietly. We sat there for about another thirty minutes discussing Officer Riddle when we suddenly heard the phone ring and at the moment we knew who was speaking we all became extremely terrified.

“Tonight you’re three best detectives tried to arrest me but failed and as a result the chemical factory got burnt down and the chemical fumes are now in the air. Now here is my next move. I’ve got here with me Police Commissioner Johnson’s daughter Gina. It was easy as my thugs kidnapped her after school earlier this afternoon. Precious little Gina Johnson here is seventeen and until tonight she had never known man,” the Alphabet terrorist began as we heard a girl scream in the background.

“MOMMY PLEASE HELP ME! PLEASE HE IS THE,” Gina screamed over the phone before being cut off by the Alphabet terrorist.

“That’s right that’s your daughter isn’t Commissioner Johnson. Yes Commissioner Johnson, your daughter screamed and cried as my men and I showed her the facts of life and made a woman out of her. Now for the fun part,” the Alphabet terrorist taunted over the phone as we could hear Gina cry for help. “In exactly one hour either Gina or her mother Police Commissioner Geraldine Johnson will be dead and in order to find Gina you must solve this riddle. I am where there are plenty of stones. I am where nothing moves. I am where it is frightening both day and night. I am where we will all end up tonight.” The phone call quickly ended as Police Commissioner Johnson became hysterical.

“OH YOU NO GOOD PIECE OF CRAP! THAT TRASH JUST RAPED MY DAUGHTER,” Police Commissioner Johnson yelled furiously as Charles tried to calm her down.

“We will catch this guy Commissioner Johnson,” Charles calmly said.

“What does he mean either of us will be dead in an hour,” Police Commissioner Johnson asked as her face was still redder than bricks.

“It means he has found a way to get to you as well as Gina,” I replied quietly as I turned to Charles. “Charles I do know what he is talking about in the riddle. He is talking about a graveyard. A graveyard has plenty of headstones and nothing in it moves. Some people are frightened by graveyards especially at night as some believe in ghosts or the supernatural.”

“Oh that’s just great. There are many cemeteries here in New York City,” Commissioner Johnson shouted angrily.

“That’s true Commissioner but it is a safe bet it is the biggest one in the city. The Alphabet terrorist commits his crimes for attention and what better way to do than to kidnap the police commissioner’s daughter, rape her and possibly kill her in a place very few people would expect right in the middle of city where people travel constantly,” I replied.

“What makes you say that Emma?” Charles asked.

“Charles do you remember when we went to London and the Alphabet terrorist killed Judge Whyte on television. He did that to send a message and cause fear amongst the people and it worked. The Alphabet terrorist will do anything anywhere to get attention and to send a message that people aren’t even safe in the open,” I replied calmly.

“What is the biggest cemetery Commissioner,” Charles asked quickly.

“The S. Johnson Memorial Cemetery which is only a few blocks from here,” Commissioner Johnson said.

“We’ve got to go quickly,” Charles said as we all followed him and hoped that we weren’t too late.

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The S. Johnson Memorial Cemetery was the biggest in the city and by far was the quietest areas in the city making no one believe that something sinister was occurring right under their noses. The Alphabet terrorist and his thugs had kidnapped Gina Johnson and brought her to the cemetery before raping her and tying her up to a chair and placing a bomb on her to which he held the detonator.

“I tell you Gina,” one of the thugs said quietly as she tried to scream but couldn’t as her mouth was taped up too. Gina who was only seventeen looked exactly like her mother and despite what was happening she was very strong willed.

“That exactly in twenty minutes you will watch your mother die.,” a second man added. Gina turned and looked at the thugs who were laughing and carrying on extremely angrily as they turned and saw that we were coming.

“Speaking of your mother here she comes,” a third thug said.

“Good,” the Alphabet Terrorist whispered as he stood in the shadows.

At first neither Charles nor I saw the terrorist or his thugs as we entered the cemetery but we both knew there was about to be trouble as Commissioner Johnson wasted no time finding the thugs who were standing beside Gina.

“FREEZE OR I’LL SHOOT. GET AWAY FROM MY DAUGHTER,” Commissioner Johnson yelled pointing her gun at the thugs who stood beside Gina.

Lieutenant Sommers, along with Charles and I arrived a few moments later and just as Commissioner Johnson started untying Gina a mysterious figure came out of one the buildings that the cemetery had used to keep some of the deceased. No one knew who the figure was until

he walked out of the shadow.

“Officer Riddle. You,” Commission Johnson said, with disbelief. “You’re the terrorist. You’re the one who raped Gina.”

“You should pay more attention to the people around you Commissioner Johnson. By now you should know I am not Officer Riddle,” the Alphabet terrorist said as he took off the mask and the police uniform which had been Officer Riddle. Commissioner Johnson nearly fainted when she saw him take off the uniform and reveal to us his true self. “The man you know as Officer Riddle I had murdered long before I started my crime spree here in New York City. It was a perfect disguise and it fooled everyone except for you Detective Stevens.”

“No. It can’t be. It’s been you. All the time,” Commissioner Johnson, said again with disbelief.

“I think you are finally understanding,” the Alphabet Terrorist cackled.

“You’re the terrorist. You raped Gina. YOU’RE THE TERRORIST AND HAVE BEEN WORKING FOR US FOR A FEW MONTHS. HOW MANY MORE MURDERS DID YOU COMMIT THAT WE DON’T KNOW,” Commissioner Johnson yelled.

“You have no idea. I’ve been playing you all for a while now and the best part was you didn’t ever suspect that a poor stinking officer who you thought couldn’t hack it was in fact the one raping and killing all those girls in the Bronx,” the Alphabet terrorist chuckled as he began speaking again. “With this I would like to introduce to you the angel of death.” As soon as he finished speaking Commissioner Johnson began choking and holding her throat as she fell onto the ground and within a minute she was dead.

“MOTHER,” Gina screamed as her face turned redder than fire as she watched her mother die on the ground.

“Gina, did that hurt you? Oh how I feel sorry for you. Being raped and watching your mother die wasn’t bad enough for you now you will watch the other officers die too,” the Alphabet terrorist taunted as he and his thugs laughed loudly.

“I have one question for you. How did you kill Commissioner Johnson,” Charles asked.

“I’m very glad you asked Detective Early,” the Alphabet terrorist said as his men started surrounding us. “To answer your question I had put poison into her coffee which I knew would kill her in six hours and unknown to anyone I had secretly radioed the other police to come to the cemetery and I knew it was matter of time before they arrived.

“Why the riddles?” I asked.

“I’m glad you asked that too Detective Stevens. I knew you three would soon be on my tail so I wanted to make things more difficult but I underestimated both of your cleverness,” the Alphabet terrorist said as he turned his back to us. He had turned around again when we all heard the police finally arrive at the cemetery.

“Police,” one of the thugs said loudly as he took out a bazooka and began firing at the police.

Charles had taken out his gun and shot at the man firing at the police as a full shootout began. For a few minutes shots were being fired everywhere. I did my best avoid being shot while keeping my eye on the Alphabet Terrorist whom I wanted to bring to justice. As I continued looking and avoiding being shot I noticed the Alphabet terrorist had begun running to the building at the end of the cemetery.

“NOOOOOOOO,” I screamed as I took out my gun and began chasing after the Alphabet terrorist.

One of the thugs saw me chase after the Alphabet terrorist took out a rocket launcher and

he had fired a shot just as Charles shot him in his left arm causing him to fall onto the ground. The rocket fired missed me completely as I intentionally fell onto the ground.

“See you later detectives,” the Alphabet Terrorist taunted. The fear I felt quickly became anger as I saw that the rocket had hit the entrance to the building the Alphabet terrorist standing and causing the entrance to be sealed.

“NOOOOOOOO! THAT VERMIN GOT AWAY AGAIN!” I was madder than ever as I realized that there was no way I could get to him but Charles and the other officers had rounded up all the thugs and had taken them into custody. Despite how I felt I quickly helped untie Gina who appeared to be as angrier than I was.

“That murdering vermin got away,” Gina said angrily as I held her tightly trying to comfort her. She cried and yelled “THE MAN KILLED MY MOTHER” for several minutes.

“I know,” I said as I continued comforting her.

“The man,” Gina continued sobbing. I understood how she felt. There were not enough words I could say to her to help her feel better. She really lost everything on this night but now more than ever before I was determined to get the man known as the Alphabet Terrorist.

“Gina,” I whispered as she looked up at him.

“Will he ever be caught? Will he ever answer for what he did to me?” Gina asked.

“Gina, I will personally catch him myself. He will answer for all the crimes he committed against you as well as for the crimes he has committed against other people. He will face justice for all the atrocities he has committed over the years,” I said assuredly. “And I will not stop day or night until I do.” Charles walked to us and saw Gina was starting to calm down a little as he looked up at me and spoke quietly.

“Are you going to be alright Gina,” Charles asked kindly.

“I will be better when my mom’s killer is caught,” Gina replied as several medics and other officers approached.

“We need to take Gina to the hospital and find out if she had any relatives that can come and get her,” the medic said to us.

“Thanks,” Charles told the medic as he also waved Gina goodbye. Gina despite being extremely hurt quickly turned around and gave me a hug.

“Will I ever see you again? When I grow up I want to be just like you,” Gina said

“Of course you will,” I said loudly as I watched them take her to the hospital. Charles and I began to walk out of the cemetery as I turned to him and spoke.

“The Alphabet terrorist is a master of disguise criminal. I should have seen it coming and perhaps Commissioner Johnson would be alive. I knew something was wrong with Officer Riddle but I couldn’t tell what.”

“You did extremely well Emma. He had all of us fooled,” Charles said kindly. “Come let’s go. I’ll buy dinner tonight and then we’ll go see Detective O’Malley.” I agreed wholeheartedly as we quickly left the cemetery disappointed but more determined than ever to get the Alphabet terrorist.