

## **File #002**

### **Crown Jewels**

**Report by: Detective Emma Stevens**

**Location: London, England**

I enjoy solving difficult cases and really bean to enjoy working with my partner Charles Early. The case of the theft of the Declaration of Independence and the US Constitution was not extremely difficult but was quite interesting to say in the least. I've learned quite a bit just from my first major case since graduating the police academy and there isn't a day that goes by that I don't appreciate Charles. From what other detectives who've worked with him in the past they all told me his hunches and intuition usually broke open hard cases and just from what I seen I would most certainly agree.

Charles and I quickly went to Bob's Bar and Grill after solving the case. While the case was not that difficult it was certainly entertaining and exhausting. By the time I went to the grill with Charles I was so exhausted that I nearly fell asleep before we got our food. Charles, I don't know how he does it, was just as energetic and awake as I was tired and honestly, I don't know how he does it.

"Charles how do you stay awake and alert for as long as you do?" I asked.

"Well Emma, after you been a detective for as long as I have and after raising two beautiful children you'll learn how to manage time wisely but you're doing extremely well. So don't worry about it. I was the same way when I first started the firm eighteen years ago," Charles replied, with an assurance tone in his voice. I had started to respond but I quickly turned and saw my phone had started ringing loudly.

"Hello. Who is this," I said at first until a moment later I recognized it was friend of mine, Samantha Thomas, who worked in England for Scotland Yard.

"Don't you know who I am?" the voice said.

"Of course, I do. Your calling me came as a bit of a surprise. I mean it has been-" I began.

"I know and I am sorry. I know there is a lot of catching up to do," the voice said.

"You said a mouth full. So, what's up?" I asked.

"I need your help," the voice said.

"That's a first. You always did have all the answers Sam. Even as teenagers you were the one who could solve all the problems even mine," I said.

"This time I don't think I can. Even my supervisors are having a bit trouble with this one and asked me to call to see if you and your partner can come help," Samantha said. Samantha had been an officer for Scotland Yard for only a year and like me she came across her first real major case only recently.

"I will certainly ask him," I said.

"Please do," Samantha said.

"Ask me what?" Charles asked, after overhearing our conversation.

"My friend, Sam, lives in England and she and her supervisors need some help," I began.

"To solve a case," Charles said.

"Yes sir," I replied.

"There is no time to waste," Charles said. Charles has always enjoyed the more

mysterious and difficult cases. He never liked doing things easy and cases and crimes that would be difficult for other investigators were the types of cases he would jump at the quickest. As a senior partner in the private investigator firm Charles had the right to decide how much he would charge each individual or group for helping them solving the crime but I've noticed this and was also told this by many of the more senior investigators in the firm that if the crime was something he wanted to do personally and it gave him a challenge, which he liked, then he would normally charge nothing to solve the crime.

Charles normally didn't charge much and whatever he takes in he normally would give it to the other investigators in the firm or his partner as a bonus. Money was not an issue with Charles as he had already inherited millions before helping start the firm and from what I've seen with my eyes he truly enjoyed solving the crimes and catching the criminals.

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Charles and I got onto the first plane that night as we quickly went to London. I had no idea what type of crime could have been done that it would be so difficult for Scotland Yard or any other agency to solve but I was grateful to be able to return to England for a while. Charles didn't know either and to be perfectly honest he didn't want to know at least until we got to London. We finally arrived in London several hours later when we were quickly greeted by my friend Samantha whom I hadn't seen in a few years.

"It's good to see you," Samantha said calmly. Samantha was a little taller than me and she started working for Scotland Yard a month after I started working for the private investigation firm. Samantha was a slender young woman who had dark blonde hair and light blue eyes and was an expert in forensics.

"Glad to see you also Samantha. What is happening?" I asked. "What's wrong? What's so urgent?"

"To tell you the truth Emma I still can't believe it myself," Samantha said calmly. "Someone has managed to slip by all the security cameras and guards and stole the Crown Jewels of England."

"WHAT!" I said with slight disbelief in my voice. For I moment I hoped I did not hear what she had said correctly but I quickly realized as I looked at the solemn looks on her face and on the faces of the other officers I knew I had heard correctly. My shock at hearing the news quickly turned into anger a little as I again spoke, "How could this happen Samantha?"

"You know the funny thing is no one really knows. The theft occurred the other night when there was a real terrible storm. The storm was the worst storm London had seen in over a century. We believed we all systems ready to go in case there was a power outage, but no the power went out in the Tower of London and when the power was restored thirty seconds later the Jewels were gone," Samantha said.

"How many guards were there and where were they stationed?" Charles asked.

"There were sixty guards in total that night and two of them were stationed right next to the Crown Jewels. Two were stationed in the security camera room and there were at least one in every other room which some rooms and towers having more guards," Samantha said as she pulled out her report.

"May I see that?" Charles asked. Samantha quickly handed him the official report. "It says here that the incident occurred approximately 6:56 p.m. According to the two guards, Johnson and Michaels, who were guarding the Crown Jewels power in the Tower of London,

went off for no longer than what they swore was thirty seconds and when power was restored the Crown Jewels were missing. Neither Johnson nor Michaels saw anyone or heard anything during the quick lapse of power failure. When confronted by Scotland Yard guards Michaels and Johnson confirmed their story as did their supervisor Tomas Smith. To Scotland Yard's dismay the tapes went black at the same time the power was knocked out and about thirty seconds cannot be accounted for," Charles read quietly.

"Where is Johnson and Michaels now?" I asked Samantha.

"They both have returned to work today. They both had been temporarily relieved of duties until the completion of an internal investigation," Samantha replied.

"Why? You don't think they had anything to do with it," Charles asked.

"Security procedures are always done in all incidents like this. We take this investigation very seriously. That's why they've asked for the two of you," Samantha said quietly. "I can take you to the Tower now where you can speak to them."

"That will be great," I said as Charles nodded in agreement.

Samantha quickly led us to her small white unmarked automobile. It was quite small to be sure and neither I nor Charles believed all three of us could fit into but to our surprise we all did. We arrived at the Tower of London soon afterwards where we were greeted enthusiastically by several other officers.

"Greetings to the both of you," an older detective said. "First I like to introduce myself. I am Inspector Wallace."

"Greetings Inspector Wallace. I am Detective Early and this is my partner Detective Stevens."

"I welcome you to London. My colleague Detective-," Inspector Wallace began.

"Thomas," Samantha added.

"Detective Thomas," Inspector Wallace continued as I looked at Samantha for an explanation.

"I'll tell you later Emma," Samantha said.

"Detective Thomas is one of my better detectives. She works extremely hard and is one of the most knowledgeable people in our department. If you have any questions, she will be the one to help you."

"Thank you, Inspector Wallace," Charles said.

"I must also say how you two handled your last case was amazing. Finding out the Declaration of Independence and US Constitution were stolen in a love plot was amazing but to be honest this case won't be quite so easy," Inspector Wallace whispered.

Inspector Wallace was an older pale colored skin gentleman who had light brown hair and hazel colored eyes. He was somewhat tall but was a few inches shorter than Charles but from what I saw I could tell he had been a police officer for at least several years.

"Yes I know. What do we have Inspector," Charles asked calmly.

"Well as you both might know we suspect that the Crown Jewels were stolen sometime around 6:56 p.m. For about thirty seconds power went out knocking everything including the security cameras off line but power was restored very quickly. We believe but are not sure how that during those thirty seconds the Crown Jewels were stolen," Inspector Wallace said.

"Do you have any idea who might have done this," I asked calmly.

"Are you kidding Detective Stevens? That's why I asked you two here so that you could find out," Inspector Wallace said somewhat angrily though he calmed down a second later. "We took the extra precaution and investigated Johnson and Michaels though the internal

investigation revealed no new information.”

“Well, that’s a start,” I said.

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Inspector Wallace wasted no time in leading Charles and me into the Tower of London as both we were quickly led to the room where the Crown Jewels were held. Guards Johnson and Michaels both of whom had been guarding the Crown Jewels the night they disappeared stood in the room again.

“Johnson. Michaels. These two detectives would like to speak to you,” Inspector Wallace said.

“I’m Detective Stevens and this is my partner Detective Early,” I said to the two guards. “Where were you two the night the Crown Jewels disappeared?”

Johnson was a tall white man who had light blonde hair and hazel colored eyes. Johnson had worked in the Tower for ten years and this was the first time anything serious had happened. Michaels was a short dark colored man who had so little hair that it appeared as though he was bald. Michaels also had dark brown eyes and he like Johnson had worked in the Tower for ten years.

“Johnson was over there next to the jewel case and I was over there next to the entrance,” Michaels said calmly. Charles was next to the jewel case looking and touching the case as he tried to silently figure out what happened. I knew what he was doing but neither Johnson nor Michaels did as Johnson shouted at him.

“Don’t touch the glass case. It’ll make the alarm go off,” Johnson yelled. Charles backed away from the jewel case looking a bit as surprised as I did.

“The jewel case has an alarm in it,” Charles asked in a surprised tone.

“Yes and it goes off every time the case is opened even when we have to do routine maintenance,” Johnson said bluntly.

“If that is the case then why didn’t it go off the other night when the Crown Jewels were stolen,” Charles asked as he looked at the glass case from a distance.

“The power went off for about thirty seconds and when the power went off it must have shut off the security system,” Johnson replied.

“But you should have still had a backup just for when a storm like that hit,” Charles said. Charles also seemed interested at the direction the security cameras were pointing.

“We do but the power was not off long enough for the backup power to turn on. Like I said the power went off for only thirty seconds. Nothing worked during that time and when power was restored the jewels were gone,” Johnson said quietly.

I could tell Charles was not satisfied even though he said nothing as he continued looking at the jewel case. As soon as he opened the jewel case the alarm went off. Samantha and Inspector Wallace quickly entered the room and saw that Charles was still looking at the jewel case.

“HEY! What’s going here? Why did the alarm go off,” Inspector Wallace angrily asked.

“I’m sorry Inspector I was just looking and searching the case for any clues. This is extremely fine work. Who worked on the security system?” Charles asked.

“We hired a guy named Johnnie Summers from the Wells Security Firm. They installed the security system and even gave us the small wooden stand that the glass case in on,” Johnson said quietly.

“Where is this firm located,” I asked as Charles continued to look at the pedestal and the glass case.

“They are just a few miles down form here. Here is their address if you like though I don’t know what you expect to find,” Johnson said as he handed me a small business card which said **Wells Security Firm The Best Security detail in the United Kingdom 24 hours a day 7 days a week 141 Noble Drive 092 0540 0002.**

“Neither do we,” Charles said as I showed him the business card. Charles looked at the card for several moments before turning and giving the card back to me.

“Thanks,” I said as Charles turned and quietly thanked the guards as well.

Charles said nothing but I knew something was bothering him as soon as we departed the Tower of London. “What’s wrong Charles?”

“Something strange is happening in there. I tell you Emma that the key to solving this crime I believe is in the tower. I mean that was way too easy. Whoever our crook is had to have known the security systems real well and had to have known the backup power wouldn’t have started up for at least a minute,” Charles whispered

“Meaning that our crook must be either one of the guards or someone from Wells Security Firm,” I said as Charles nodded before we left the Tower.

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It did not take us long to arrive at the Wells Security firm which was a few miles away from the Tower of London. Wells Security Firm had a solid reputation of being one of the best in England and had been in business since the early twentieth century. They had been as long as I could remember been one of the main firms England used when extra security was needed and on almost every special occasion they were called to assist. I knew the man in charge of the firm Raymond Wells as he helped sponsor me into the police academy before I went to work for the Early Private Investigation firm. Raymond Wells had just recently inherited the security firm from his father, Marlon, who had really turned an average firm into one of the best in England and Raymond perhaps more than anybody else wanted to solve this case as he feared it would spoil the firm’s reputation.

We finally arrived at the Wells Security Firm and it did not surprise either of us that the entrance was guarded by two armed guards. Even though the two of us were investigators and that Raymond was already expecting us both Charles and I still had to show identification to enter. This was done as a precaution as I could recall before leaving for the United States there had been a break in into the firm and several people were killed before the assassin killed himself. Marlon, who was still in charge of the firm at the time made it mandatory after that incident that everyone sign in and show identification. It didn’t take long and as soon as the two of us were allowed in the firm we were greeted by Raymond and several other senior officials.

“Hello Emma. How’s the private investigation firm going for you?” Raymond asked quietly. Raymond was a middle aged white man whose hair was still remarkably crisp blonde and in fact it was so clean and neat his appearance made him look as though he was twenty years younger. Raymond had dark blue eyes and wore small glasses that he used only for reading but to be honest he looked no older than the day I first met him five years ago.

“It’s going well Raymond and this is my partner Charles,” I said as I introduced the two of them to each other.

“I’m glad to see you two here. Emma, you and Charles did extremely well for solving the

theft of the United States Constitution and Declaration of Independence. Everyone knows who you are now and I'm really sure will be asking for your agency to help solve major cases," Raymond said calmly. I was shocked to say in the least but somehow as I turned to Charles he gave me the unsurprised look I always expected of him.

"How long has Wells Security Firm been in business?" Charles asked Raymond as my partner was unaware of the history of the firm.

"Charles the firm was started in 1902 by my great grandfather Richard Wells. It started out as just a small firm, but its reputation was solid even then. Everybody in this part of London used our firm when they needed extra guards and the local police used our firm occasionally to help with difficult investigations. It was not until 1971 when my father took over did the firm truly get its outstanding reputation. Only a few years after Marlon took it over did the government start contracting us with major deals," Raymond said calmly.

"What kind of deals are we talking about?" Charles asked.

"We install many different security systems for the government, individuals and businesses. We send only our best experts to each of our contractual assignments," Raymond replied.

"What does Johnnie Summers do for the firm?" I asked calmly as Charles seemed to listen more carefully than he was moments earlier.

"Johnnie is one of our best technicians. He has been with our firm for ten years. He always seems to find new ways to improve security systems. In fact, he helped put in a security system for Mrs. Whyte the other day and Mrs. Whyte has had nothing but compliments for it. She says it is the best system she has ever seen," Raymond said quietly.

"How often does he come up with new ideas?" Charles asked.

"Almost daily," Raymond replied. "He has a very creative mind."

"Indeed," I said as we began walking through the security firm.

There were hundreds of technicians all over working on security systems and computers. We continued to follow Raymond who turned and started to speak again when two other technicians bumped into us as they continued to talk about the theft of the Crown Jewels. Raymond suddenly became incense yelled loudly, "Stop you two." It did not occur to either one not to obey as I quickly knew Raymond meant business.

"What's wrong sir," one technician asked calmly.

"What are you two doing and where's Johnnie?" Raymond asked forcefully.

"We just took a short break sir. Johnnie had to go home for a few minutes. He had an emergency call, but he said he would be back," the other technician said.

"Tell him when he gets back I need to see him," Raymond said calmly. Raymond turned to us as he knew we were as disappointed as he was with Johnnie not being there. "When Johnnie gets back, I'll have him call you."

"Thanks," I said, with slight disappointment in my voice. I turned and instantly knew Charles was also disappointed but again not surprised. "What now?"

"Back to the tower. Maybe they have found something," Charles said. I could tell by his voice he did not believe it any more than I did but there was nothing now we could do but go back and wait.

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We had barely departed the firm when we received word that someone had broken into

the Crown Jewel case and that the alarm went off but by the time the guards arrived the crook had already left. No one was sure what the crook was after as the Crown Jewels was already gone and when we arrived back at the Tower of London we were shown a video which showed a man opening the jewel case and then the video quit for a second and when it came back on the masked figure was gone.

“How long did it take for the guards to get into the jewel room?” Charles asked Johnson.

“A minute or two but it wasn’t long. Whoever the crook is he must have some type of special gadgets he’s working with,” Johnson said.

“Why do you say that?” I asked Johnson. Charles was standing about the same spot that Johnson said was the crook’s escape spot as he quickly knelt down and found a small black piece of wire lying beside the wall.

“He’s right Detective Stevens. The crook probably has got special equipment which he used to quickly get himself out of here,” Charles added. “The only question that is bothering me right now is why the crook would return here when the Crown Jewels were already stolen?”

“Maybe he forgot something,” I quipped.

Charles looked at me for exactly a second before turning to Johnson as he spoke again. I didn’t realize what Charles was about to ask until I looked up and saw that the cameras were frozen in their positions. “Aren’t these cameras supposed to be scanning the entire room?”

“Yes sir. Why do you ask?” Johnson asked.

“Look up there Johnson,” Charles said as he wasted no time in showing the guard the angle which the cameras were pointing. “Do you see how all the cameras are now pointing in the opposite direction and none of them are turning either?”

“You’re right. This is strange,” Johnson said. “The cameras are supposed to be turning in all directions and scanning the entire room. I’ve never seen the cameras stay frozen like before.”

“Who’s in the security room?” I asked.

“There’s only one in there at any one time and they are always changing so I honestly can say I don’t know. One more thing the door is always locked too and you need the password to get in and it is CROWN,” Johnson said bluntly.

“CROWN,” I said. “Do you ever change it?”

“No need to. No one goes in that room except for a few people.”

“Are you sure? With a password that can easily be cracked it would not take but one nut to crack it and we have ourselves a catastrophe,” Charles said.

“You might need to change it so often.” I added.

“Good idea,” Johnson said.

“Thanks for your help,” Charles said quietly as both he and I began walking outside. We had just stepped outside when he turned and looked at the evening horizon as he spoke so softly I could barely understand what he was saying. “Emma, I tell you this crime is too well organized for there to be only one individual. I’m willing to bet there is at least two if not more accomplices.”

“I admit that has already crossed my mind but who do you suspect?” I asked.

“I have no definite suspects yet, but we do need to find Johnnie Summers,” Charles said.

“Yeah, but we don’t know where he is at.”

“Hang on Emma,” Charles said.

“What are you doing?” I asked.

“Making a call. Perhaps Mr. Wells can help us with that,” Charles said.

“Sure.” I said nothing else as doubts began racing through my mind.

Charles quickly got on the phone and to my surprised was quickly able to get the information he needed from Mr. Wells. "Thanks sir."

"What is it? Where is he?" I asked.

"Good news Detective Stevens is that he lives just down a few streets from here," Charles said.

"That's good. But don't you think we still need to find out who was in the security room," I asked again.

"Yes Detective Stevens," Charles began. "Before we leave here, we will find out who was working in the security room."

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Charles and I went back into the Tower and went to the back where the security room was located. We stood there for a moment before Charles knocked on the door.

"Who's there," the voice in the room asked.

"It is I Detective Charles Early and my partner Detective Emma Stevens," Charles said.

"What's the password," the voice said calmly.

"CROWN," Charles replied as the door opened up slowly.

"How may I help you?" the older woman asked.

"How long have you been here?" I asked.

"I've been here for a few hours detective. Come inside. I need to show you something," the older woman said as both Charles and I quietly went into the security room. It was extremely small and frankly it made me somewhat frightened as I hate enclosed small places. There were cameras all over the building and the older woman quickly turned on the cameras and showed Charles and I the tapes from the incident earlier.

"The video froze," I said.

"Yes detective. The video froze," the woman said.

"How long?" Charles asked.

"It stayed frozen like that for about two minutes," the woman replied.

"Which is more than enough time for our crook to make their escape," I complained.

"What makes it worse Detective Stevens is that I am sure they had help," Charles added.

"Someone likely hacked into the system prevented it from working while the other got the jewels," I added.

"That makes talking with Johnnie all the more imperative. Perhaps he can help shed some light on this," Charles whispered.

"Is there anything else I can help you with?" the woman asked.

"Not at the moment ma'am. Thanks for your help," I said to the woman.

"No problem. Let me know if I can be of further assistance," the woman said.

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It was a very unusual trip for Charles and me. Neither of us said anything as we took a taxi to Johnnie's house. It was not a long trip but the fact that neither of us said anything when we both normally would be talking told me something was bothering Charles. We arrived at Johnnie's house a few minutes later.

When we arrived we took a quick look around at the neighborhood as well. Nothing that



we saw was unusual about Johnnie Summer's residence as it looked similar to most of the other houses in the small residential neighborhood. It was a small brick house and it appeared to me and Charles it was kept up very well despite it like most of the other houses being at least a hundred years old. Johnnie's yard was also kept up as it appeared to the both of us that Johnnie also liked to grow gardens. There were a few tomato and watermelon plants as well as a few roses and other flowers that neither of us recognized. We had almost reached the front entrance when Johnnie came out and appeared to be rather unsurprised that we would visit.

"I'm sorry about the quick departure. My wife went into labor early," Johnnie said calmly. Johnnie was a tall white man who had extremely black hair. Johnnie also had equally dark brown eyes and his voice was much softer than I expected.

"We're sorry. Would you like us to come back later?" Charles asked

"Ah no everything is fine now. What did you need to speak to me about? I got the message from the secretary," Johnnie said bluntly.

"Ah yes. We know you're the head of one of the departments in the Wells Security Firm. What exactly is it you do," Charles asked calmly.

"I am the head of the electronic systems department. My department is responsible for coming up with new devices and to improve the security systems in the older ones. We are always looking for creative minds and ask for anyone's ideas when it comes to improving security," Johnnie said.

"So your department installs security devices for firms and other places," I asked quietly.

"Yes we do and I'm proud to say we have the finest engineers that are always developing new ideas. One of my best engineers Donald Ross actually came up with the idea of having a hidden compartment for an exhibit for a museum," Johnnie said.

"A museum?" I asked.

"Yes, a museum. In fact, that job was a more recent one," Johnnie said.

"Can you tell us about it?" I asked.

"The museum had called and told us that they wanted to improve their security for certain documents and papers they had on display," Johnnie began. "They told us there had been previous attempts to steal them and if not for the actions of one of their guards the crook would have likely got away with the documents. After that incident they called us and asked us to come and help improve their security system."

"Improve it. How?" I asked

"Improve it by adding additional layers or protection to the containers the documents were in. At the time anyone who was quick enough could go in and get the documents before the officers arrived," Johnnie said.

"They did not have guards walking through the museum and monitoring as well as being in the security room," I asked

"No, they did not. At the time they were on cutbacks but our firm added motion sensors and additional protections in and around the container so now if anyone even so much bumps into the glass containers the sound will go off," Johnnie said.

"It was good you did that," Charles said. "My partner and I thank you for time. We will be seeing you."

"But," I whispered.

"No arguing," Charles said, with a frown appearing and letting me know it was not a time to argue. I immediately stopped as I turned to Johnnie again.

"Thank you sir. My partner is right we must go. Been called," I told him.

“Come back again if you have more questions you hear,” Johnnie shouted as we began walking and trying to get another taxi.

“What’s going on?” I asked.

“Read this and tell me what you think,” Charles said as he handed me the article he had been keeping in his right pocket.

“Yes sir,” I said skeptically as I began reading the article.

## **THEFT OF THE CROWN JEWELS Baffles Police**

### **SCOTLAND YARD HIRED FINEST PRIVATE INVESTIGATORS TO HELP**

In what was considered a most unusual move Scotland Yard has turned to private investigators to help solve this baffling case. Samantha Thomas who has only been with Scotland Yard for a little over a year called her best friend Emma Stevens and she partner Charles Early to help solve this mysterious crime. Charles and Emma are both very good investigators who are known worldwide for their ability to solve difficult cases, such as was the case with the thefts of American treasures the Declaration of Independence and the US Constitution. Police and Scotland Yard are baffled by the mysterious disappearance of the Crown Jewels and they now believe this was the work of organized crime.

“This is too complicated to be the work one crook,” Samantha told the *Times*. “All is too neat and the work was so quick that officers didn’t have any time to react.” Guards at the Tower of London who there that night when the Crown Jewels disappeared confirmed Samantha Thomas’ story.

“It happened so quick that I honestly can’t say what happened for sure,” the guard said anonymously. The guard spoke on the condition of remaining anonymous as he wasn’t authorized to speak with the *Times*. “The power went off for a half of minute at most but when the power was restored the Jewels were gone.”

Authorities aren’t sure of how the thefts occurred but they are sure of one thing whoever is responsible will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

“This is old news. How does this help us?” I asked.

“Did you look at everything?” Charles asked.

“I read everything. There is nothing that will help us,” I protested.

“Take another look Detective Stevens. Look at the picture beside it,” Charles said as he pointed to the picture. At first I didn’t notice anything unusual about the picture as it showed one of the guards standing beside the Crown Jewel case but when I looked again I noticed the jewel case was on a wooden stand.

“No. You don’t think-” I began. I remembered seeing the Crown Jewels case on the wooden stand when we first arrived and though I did not think much of it at the time Charles did, but he was careful to not let anyone else know what he was thinking.

“I think so. We need to hurry. We have one more stop to make and I think I will have this

case wrapped up.”

I didn’t understand what he was talking about but I knew he had a plan as we quickly got into a cab and quickly departed for the Tower of London. Whatever it was he knew he wasn’t telling me for at least for the moment anyway but I was getting more curious as to what it was he knew as he turned and gave me that grin I knew meant all too well that he had solved the case. I was still a bit confused to say in the least except for the fact that we both now knew how the crook stole the Crown Jewels.

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I barely any more time to think as we finally arrived back at the Tower of London where we were greeted by Samantha and her new partner Richard Ellis. Samantha was quite short compared to Richard who seemed to hover over the rest of us like a shadow. Richard had dark brown hair and had equally dark brown eyes and his neat and clean mustache was as equally dark in color. Richard had been working for Scotland Yard for over twenty five years which is to say is longer than both I of Samantha had been alive and from what Samantha told me over the phone Richard was not one to joke around much.

“Greetings Mr. Early and Miss Stevens I am Detective Ellis. I am very much awaiting for your report,” Richard said in his usual rough voice.

“Where’s Inspector Wallace?” Charles asked.

“Inspector Wallace at the moment is disposed. He told me to help Detective Thomas help you anyway I can while he is out taking care of business,” Detective Ellis said.

“Does he always speak with this same monotone?” I asked as Samantha and I walked away from Charles and Detective Ellis .

“Yes,” Samantha said. “But don’t worry he is always like that, at least as long as I know him, and he is not angry. You can tell if he is angry. If he is angry, which is rare, the office is a very miserable place to be in.”

“Ah,” I replied. I paused for a moment.

“What’s wrong?” Samantha asked.

I stayed silent for a moment. I wanted to change subject for a moment but was not sure how to do it subtly. Samantha and I had been friends for many years and of course I was intrigued by her change in last name which was something I had been wanting to ask her about. Of course, I was here to solve the case with Charles but catching up with her was an added bonus too.

“Sam, there is something I have been needing to ask you?”

“You want to know when I got the last name of Thomas? Oh yeah about that. Sorry. I got married last year,” Samantha began.

“Congrats,” I said.

“I should have called,” Samantha added.

“Don’t worry about it. We’re all good. I was busy trying to get my life in complete order,” I added.

“No. I should have told you. You are my best friend. My sister,” Samantha added.

“And we still are best friends and sisters. Nothing is going to change that,” I assured her.

“How is you getting your life in order working out?” Sam asked.

“It’s a work in progress,” I said as we both laughed. We looked and like we had been doing moments earlier Charles and Detective Ellis were continuing to talk.

“Looks like they had things to talk about too,” Samantha added.

“Knowing Detective Early, it is most likely about the case. He always seems to be so focused on the cases and nothing else really,” I added.

“A workaholic I see,” Samantha said. “Not unlike a young woman I know.”

We both laughed again. “Yep. You’re right Sam. I am becoming a workaholic myself.”

“Not a bad trait if it is tempered correctly. Just remember Emma don’t get so wrapped up into your work that you forget to live life. You’re a beautiful young woman who has her whole life ahead of her. Just don’t work yourself to death. Okay,” Samantha said.

“Yes ma’am,” I said as we both again laughed.

“It really is good to see you again,” Sam added.

“You too,” I began as Charles started shouting.

“Detective Stevens,” Charles shouted.

“Coming,” I said as I turned back to Sam. “Come in. I think he has something.”

“I sure hope so. This case is bugging me,” Samantha said.

“Detective Early what do you have?” I asked.

“All in good time,” Charles replied as he turned to Detective Ellis. “Detective, may we go in? I have a theory, but I need to check something first.”

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The four of us quickly went back into the tower. I did not know what Charles was searching for or if he would find anything at all. I was also not sure why I had my doubts about him finding anything given that Charles and I had been working for a little while together now and that in almost every case we had been in he would be the one to solve it. But my doubts was quickly squashed when I heard Charles shout. “Detective, I have found something.”

What that something was I wanted to see and I could not help myself but run quickly over to where Charles was standing to see what it was he found and when I got there I was not surprised in the least when he found what appeared to be the smoking gun. The crime had been too carefully planned experts thought and of course Samantha and I had thought the same thing, but Charles didn’t. He had always told me to use my eyes and hears real closely especially around the crime scene as sometimes people who may seemingly be uninvolved in the crime may have some information or evidence that can lead the police to find the perpetrator. Scotland Yard and the other police claimed that they searched all over the place for any single lead and yet right here in front of their eyes Charles found a very small piece of a name tag somehow got embedded into the wooden stand.

“I tell you Emma always look real carefully. In every crime the perpetrator will always

leave some type of trace evidence regardless of how careful they may be,” Charles said as he turned the small paper which had been ripped but it was still legible enough that we understood it was a name badge of some sort as we read it as it said ‘ROSS’.

“Well. Great Scott alive,” Detective Ellis said sounding somewhat excitedly for the first time since we met. Samantha told me he rarely gets excited like this either but this case really bothered him and now that it appeared as though we may have found our culprit.

“Well we’re not out of this yet. I know where this type of badge comes from. I have seen these badges before but this name Ross can either be a first name or last name. If it is a first name, we’re back to square one but if it a last name we may be in business,” Charles said. .

“How long have you been doing this sir,” Detective Ellis asked, with excitement in his voice.

“I’ve been doing police and investigating work for now over twenty six years. I started out in the US Navy reserves as a master at arms and stayed there for twenty years until I retired. Of course, eight years into my service I helped found the private investigator firm with my late wife who was senior partner,” Charles said calmly.

I was intrigued. I very rarely heard my partner Charles speaks of his wife publicly and I’d be lying if I said I was not interested in learning about what happened. Charles was a very private man as he didn’t mention his troubles to anyone if he could help it and to be honest I admired him for that as he would rather to take the time to help others. I knew he had to raise two children for several years but I thought it was because he and his wife had divorced and that he won custody but I could have never thought she was also an investigator and that she had been killed. Charles was my senior partner and he was also my friend and although we were real close I guess there are some things you just don’t speak about to anyone. I admit I’m guilty of holding back secrets myself but that is a different story which I will tell later.

“Oh I’m sorry. I didn’t realize,” Detective Ellis said quietly.

“It was my last investigation in the Navy. I would retire from the Navy after completing a major case but it was the one that would change how I did things. Before then I would go out there like most other cops and investigate and I thought I did pretty good too. I caught the bad guys anyways but there are some times we overlook a thing we shouldn’t and that’s what happened to my wife. While I was in Russia investigating another espionage case the FBI and CIA received word that my wife who was a naval intelligence officer received threats to her life so they sent someone to escort her to their officers but unfortunately the guy they sent was rather a master of disguise criminal who killed her,” Charles began.

“Did they find the killer?” I asked.

“No. To this day I still don’t know the true identity of the man who killed Darlene, but I swore to myself that somehow and someday I will find out. I mean we gave him a moniker the Man with No Name but that does not really help much. When I talked with the FBI and CIA they admitted that they never could find out who killed my wife as none of the informants knew who he is but the FBI and CIA did find out that he was also working with another individual, Mikhail Groveck, who was selling secrets to the Russians. The FBI and CIA had investigated and had enough informants and evidence to arrest Mikhail but unfortunately for us even Mikhail didn’t

know who the man he was working for was. All Mikhail said was that the man had a name in which no one knew and by the time he was going to give us a description of the man he was shot and killed. From that moment on I been looking thoroughly through all the evidence and not missing any details,” Charles said as his eyes were now full of tears.

Until I heard Charles tell Detective Ellis these things I didn’t truly realize or appreciate until now how events in our lives shape who we are and how we do things but I am now a firm believer. Charles stood up after choking up for a moment as he went outside and called a taxi. Samantha, Detective Ellis and myself followed quickly as I knew we were about to go back to the Wells Security firm.

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We quickly arrived in the Wells Security Firm and as soon as the four of us entered I saw Donald Ross had started running toward the exits.

“Stop him,” I yelled as several of the workers quickly blocked his way out as the four of us slowly approached.

“We know you did it Donnie. Where are the Crown Jewels,” Detective Ellis said bluntly as he took out his handcuffs. He slowly approached and put the cuffs on Donald Ross as Donald started begging.

“Tell us where the Crown Jewels are and your sentence might be reduced,” Samantha added.

“They are with Johnnie Summers,” Donald said.

“Johnnie,” I said.

“Are you deaf? Did you hear what I said. Yes, they are with Johnnie. It was his idea. All I did was help him execute the plan,” Donald replied.

“And you are just as responsible,” I angrily shouted back.

“You were right Detective Early. There were multiple culprits,” Samantha said.

Neither Charles, Inspector Ellis nor the crowd could believe this but for some reason I believed him. I don’t know if a gut feeling was or if it was Charles’ reaction but either way, this proved that Donald didn’t act alone. Charles was right when he said there were more than one culprit but none of us were prepared to hear what we were hearing. Donald was a short stout man who barley had any hair. He had hazel colored eyes and had such soft voice I had to ask him to repeat what he said. Donald said nothing as Inspector Ellis and Samantha took him out in cuffs.

“Now what?” I asked.

“It’s Johnnie’s turn and hopefully get the Crown Jewels before they disappear forever,” Charles said as we followed them outside.

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It didn’t take us long to arrive at Johnnie’s house as too much our surprise he was already outside the door ready to be arrested. Johnnie was just sitting there not making a sound or movement as we approached him. He smiled though I was not sure why especially given how he

was about to be arrested.

“Alright Johnnie,” I began.

“Time to be taken in,” Johnnie said.

“Johnnie, we know you helped steal the Crown Jewels. Where are they?” I asked.

“It’s too late. The Crown Jewels have already been shipped out of the country,” Johnnie said with such a smile that I nearly lost my temper.

“If the Crown Jewels are already out of the country it would almost be impossible to track down,” Detective Ellis shrieked.

“Calm down Detective. No matter how they’ve sent out of the country we can track it down,” Charles said reassuring the Inspector as my partner turned and began to yell at Johnnie. “Where did you send the Crown Jewels?”

“I’ve sent them to some very wealthy customers in Egypt for a sum of 55 million pounds,” Johnnie said deliberately as though he was trying to intentionally sound sarcastic. “I am going to be a filthy rich man. Even in jail I will live like a king. And you folks will never see your precious jewels again.”

“We’ll see about that. Mr. Sommers, you make me sick. You would sell your country’s national treasures for money. Get him out of here,” Charles yelled.

“Yes sir,” Detective Ellis said as he and Samantha put him in the back of their car.

“I’ve got a call to make,” Charles said calmly to both me and Detective Ellis.

“Detective Stevens how did you and your partner figure out what happened,” Detective Ellis asked calmly.

“It was easy Detective Ellis. Johnnie and Donald devised a clever way to steal the Crown Jewels form right under your noses. Johnnie and Donald both being the ones who helped develop the security system for the Crown Jewels knew the system as well as anyone and since Donald developed the secret opening in the wooden stand it would have been easy to make the jewels disappear without actually stealing them. On the night the Crown Jewels disappeared they really didn’t disappear but they slid down into the secret compartment in the wooden stand. They knew about the compartment but you all didn’t. Since the Crown Jewels didn’t leave the case the alarm didn’t go off but since most of the police thought the jewels were gone the room was unguarded so a couple days later Donald actually picked them up and using special equipment Johnnie gave him he escaped before the guards could catch him,” I said calmly.

“Brilliant plan until Donald’s tag got caught in the wooden stand. Otherwise they would have gotten away with it,” Detective Ellis said calmly.

“Detective Ellis sometimes justice has a strange way of inserting itself even when we don’t think it will,” I said calmly.

“True words my young friend. You and your partner have solidified your reputation as far as I am concerned,” Detective Ellis said.

“That’s my friend for you sir,” Samantha said as she stood beside me.

“Your friend Detective Thomas has a bright future ahead of her,” Detective Ellis said.

“Coming from him,” Sam whispered. “That is a major compliment.”

I smiled. Today was a great day. We solved the case and I got to see my friend and now

perhaps, if Charles allowed I would get to spend a little time catching up with Sam. So much has happened that I wanted to hear about it as I know Sam wanted to find what had been happening with me too. We were just that close. After a moment of silence Charles approached us with extremely great news.

“I have great news Detective. They have found the Crown Jewels and are now shipping them with extremely tight security. So you can rest easy now that in a few hours the Jewels will be right where they belong,” Charles said calmly.

“Outstanding job you two. I can see now why you two are much respected,” Detective Ellis said quietly. “If we have another difficult case we will call you.”

“Take care Detective. You know where to call. Now I think it is time for a drink,” Charles added. I didn’t say anything but silently agreed. I enjoy solving difficult cases but even I was exhausted after this one and like Charles I wanted nothing more than to sit and relax.