


Silicon Valley

*The*

# POLICE QUEST™

## CASEBOOK

 **SIERRA®**  
Authorized  
Edition

**Peter Scisco**

Covers Games 1-3 for All Computer Models









# The Police Quest Casebook

**Peter Scisco**

Silicon Valley

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### **The Police Quest Casebook**

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**For my son, Taylor, age five**

**Keep dreaming, keep smiling, and let the world keep you young forever.**

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# Acknowledgments

**M**ost folks think a writer's job is a solitary affair, and sometimes it is. But like any author, I know that this book could not have been finished without the help of many, many people who gave their time and talent to its successful completion.

First, I'd like to thank my friend Peter Spear, who suggested to Osborne/McGraw-Hill that I was the fellow to write this book. Thanks also to Bill Pollock at Osborne for listening to Peter, and for offering me the chance to tell the story of Sonny Bonds and Marie Wilkans. Not only did these two guys offer encouragement and guidance throughout the process, but they provided good company when the three of us successfully navigated Chicago with only a doorman's passing advice as our guide. I offer this as proof that men don't really need a map—just an attitude.

Thanks also to the participants in the Alert and Safetynet areas on the GENie and CompuServe information networks. In particular, I'd like to mention Gregory Kranich, Gary Utter, Dave Flory, Ellen Connally, Giles Shine, Ed Wilson, and Tim Dees for their professional comments that found their way into the book as "On the Beat" sections. These people, and the other participants on these networks, are all working in law enforcement—whether as police officers, prosecutors, or in some other capacity. Their comments were not only useful, but they provided an interesting and realistic backdrop to my imaginary stories.

A tip of the hat and my sincere appreciation go to Vicki Van Ausdall and Erica Spaberg at Osborne. These two women kept the book on track in every way, and dealt calmly with late beta, a cranky author, and the normal glitches of electronic publishing.

At Sierra On-Line, I want to thank Anita Greene, for getting me in touch with the right people; Josh Mandel, for riding herd on the new version of Police Quest 1 and for getting me through the trials of beta software; and the good-natured





Wanda on the Hint Line, who supplied me with the points, puzzles, and procedures of the trickiest parts of these games.

Closer to home, I want to thank my wife, Beth Ann, for giving me the time to write this book, for putting up with me when I was frustrated, and for laughing with me when the really good stuff came. She really is the best. I also want to thank Charles and Mary Ann Murray for coming to our rescue as my deadline approached, and for giving us all a needed break from the routine.

Thanks to all these people, and to all of the people who worked on this book but whom I never met—the illustrator, copy editor, proofreader, layout people, and designers. A book carries the name of the author on the cover, but it takes many hands to hold the pages together inside.

Peter Scisco

High Point, North Carolina

September 8, 1992

# Foreword

**T**he *Police Quest Casebook* is a complete guide to the *Police Quest* computer game series developed and published by Sierra On-Line. Within its pages you will find fictitious stories based on the characters and action of the game series as well as maps, tips, and strategies designed to help you get through the three games that make up the series. Of course, playing through the games without help is a lot more fun, but if you're stuck or if you want to find out what you have missed, you can find it here.

The book is divided into four parts. The first three parts take *Police Quest 1*, *Police Quest 2*, and *Police Quest 3* as their subjects, respectively. Each of these sections contains a "novelization" of the game, a walkthrough, a list of possible points, and a set of maps. Part One discusses the two editions of *Police Quest 1*: the classic edition (released in 1987) and the new edition (released in 1992).

The walkthroughs, maps, and points lists are straightforward enough. But it might do some good to talk here a little about the novelizations. My idea in writing these accounts was to give depth to the characters involved in the *Police Quest* games. Although any player can find enjoyment playing the role of Sonny Bonds, the characterizations in computer-role-playing games are not nearly as well defined as those in movies or books. That's understandable, given the short time that this form of interactive entertainment has been around. It's a new art form just beginning to find its wings, and it will be some time yet before the depth of the theater comes to the computer screen.

To that end, I hope that *Police Quest* players, whether old fans or newcomers, will find the fictional accounts of Sonny Bonds a worthwhile addition to their gaming experience. Certain elements of the novelizations—the "On the Beat" sections, for example—were compiled with the help of actual law enforcement officials. I hope this added sense of realism enhances your enjoyment of the game series.





The way I see Sonny Bonds may be different from the way any other player might see him. I know that when he was created back in 1987, he was thought to be a gentleman, a forthright police officer with good manners. But it doesn't take too many conversations with cops to find out that good manners don't mean much to a punk with a gun or a dope dealer stealing profits—and lives—from children. So I gave Sonny an edge, a little black humor that keeps him going through the tough times.

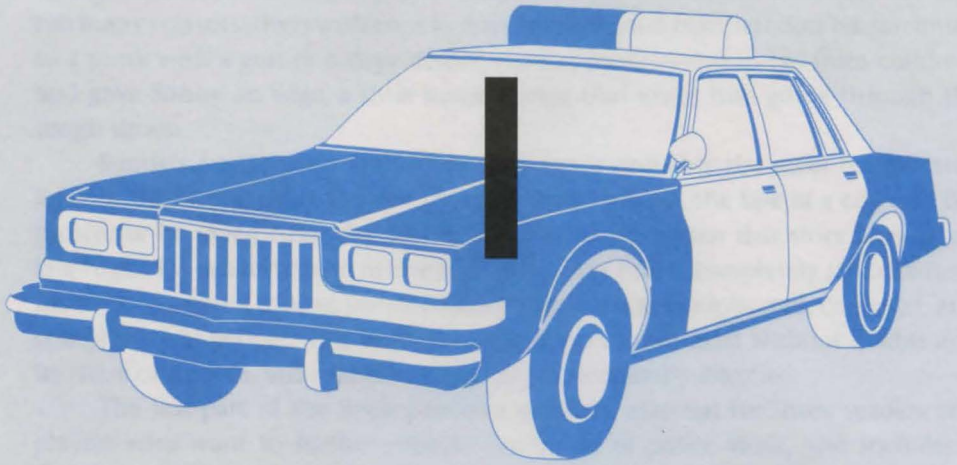
Sonny's relationship with Marie Wilkans is probably the most complicated issue in the entire series. It would make a story in itself, the tale of a cop and the prostitute he saved from the streets. Most of us have seen this story already on late-night TV, but it helps to define Sonny in a way that is completely separate from his work as a cop. I tried to present Sonny and Marie as complicated, confused, and complex—real people. This kind of relationship cannot exist without doubts and its share of trouble, but that doesn't mean it's necessarily doomed.

The last part of the book provides ancillary material for those readers and players who want to further explore the world of police work, and includes a discussion of the various electronic networks that provide support and an outlet for law enforcement people. In addition, there are some pointers about real police procedures, and a mug book of the main characters you'll meet during your tour as a Lytton Police Department officer.

There are several good books on law enforcement, countless novels, and many good movies. But when it comes to computer games, there is only one definitive police procedural—Police Quest. I hope this book makes the experience of the game more enjoyable for all who read it.



P A R T



**Police Quest 1:  
In Pursuit of the  
Death Angel**









# Death Angel, Sweet Angel

## Roll Call



**S**onny Bonds pulled his dark blue Corvette into the lot at Lytton City Police headquarters. Another fine morning, he thought, like the morning before, and the morning before that. Sometimes he felt sick to death of California. No rain. No snow. Just day after day of sunshine and light. He smiled ruefully. And night after night of the wacky weirdness that seemed to spell out "West Coast" in big block letters for the folks back East.





He took his sunglasses from the glove box, leaving his wallet behind. That was his first mistake, because it immediately reminded him of why he was in such a sour mood. The bill from Eddie's Service Station lay right on top. "Race It or Wreck It—If It Ain't on the Road, Then It Ain't Worth Driving." Four hundred and thirty-seven dollars, Sonny thought. He had just come in from the freeway, what he liked to think of as an interactive California lottery, and the sound of banging pistons had preceded him the whole way. Motor's knocking like a freshman's knees on prom night, he thought. Looks like I'll have to give Eddie an encore presentation.

Locking up, Bonds tried to put it all out of his mind. There wasn't anything he could do about it anyway, not right now. He had promised to pull a double shift for Steve. That would mean he wouldn't get the car back to the shop for another day, maybe two. He walked up the short flight of steps to the side entrance and pushed through the glass doors.

The main police station in Lytton sounded bigger than it was. The very phrase—Police Headquarters—conjured up images of gleaming walls, recessed fluorescent lights, emergency response switchboards tied to 9-1-1 service, security doors sliding quietly into place. But in reality the building was a relic from the early 1960s, barely up to earthquake code, walls covered with institutional paint, small offices, narrow hallways. But it served its purpose, acting as the control center for the department, relaying information through Dispatch, and serving as the repository for evidence and as the base for ongoing investigations.

Sonny made his way to the locker room. Puzzled, he looked over to the second bank of lockers. Jack Cobb was leaned over with his face against the cool metal. "The Blue Room," he said. It was all the explanation Sonny needed.

"The fabulous Blue Room," said Steve Jones. Jones worked Burglary. Sonny had been with him on a stakeout last winter. On the whole, Jones was a better stakeout partner than most. He had a sense of humor and he didn't talk too much about himself, which helped the tedious hours pass. Jones continued, in a bad impression of Robin Leach, "Here Jack Cobb takes his repast as the glint of a red sunrise reflects off a broken wine bottle, the smell of a new dawn rising against the fetid squalor that forms the magnificent backdrop—"

"Can it, Steve," Sonny said. "Crying out loud, Jack. You can't stay out all night drinking and then expect to come in here, climb into a patrol car, and pull an eight-hour shift."

"Been working so far," Jack said, heading for the can.

Steve came up beside Sonny and looked over his shoulder. "Death on the installment plan."

Sonny took his service revolver and holster down from the hook and examined it. He was meaning to get a new one, but so far this had served well enough. He had drawn this weapon only once in his entire career, and the only shooting he had done with it was at the pistol range. Not counting that night last year when



the guys hosted a surprise birthday celebration for Jack Cobb. He learned weeks later that the painters had fixed it so you couldn't even tell where the bullets had gone into the wall.

That was almost a year ago, Sonny thought. In fact, it must have been a year ago almost to the day, because he knew that Cobb's birthday was right around this time, maybe even this week.

So the gun was OK. He knew it worked, at any rate. Whenever Sonny read about how police departments in the bigger cities were outgunned on the streets, he started thinking about changing over to a bigger weapon. An automatic, maybe. If the crooks in Lytton ever started to develop an arsenal, he wanted to have the firepower to stop it.

But for now he'd settle for the .38 police issue with a speed loader. It wasn't like he was going to war, he thought. Not while he was stuck in traffic division. Sonny took a look at his watch. "Jack, you going to make it?" he yelled.

"Yeah, yeah, Sonny. You go on."

"All right. You've got about three minutes, so I would quit praying to the porcelain altar there and get a move on if I were you. Dooley will have you for lunch if you're late."

Jack groaned. "Don't mention food," he said from behind the stall door.

It was all Sonny could do. He was Jack's friend, not his father. It bothered him, though. Something wasn't right. Sonny closed his locker with a bang. He opened his briefcase to check the contents. Inside was his LPD ticket book, a pen, and a slim, dog-eared notebook he used as a daily log. He closed the case and hustled out into the hallway.

Time was short. One good feature about this old building, he thought, you never have to walk far. He made it to the briefing room in plenty of time. In fact, he was the first one there. That relieved him. He didn't want a black mark now, not after yesterday's nomination for LPD Officer of the Year. If you were the last person to the briefing you had to endure some of Sergeant Dooley's most creative insults. It was the kind of recognition that Sonny wanted to avoid.

My star is on the rise, he thought, stepping into the empty room. And not a day too soon. I want out of uniform and into plainclothes. I want career advancement. I want a car that runs. There's no way I'm ever going to end up like Jack, he thought with bitter sadness, no way you'll find me hugging a locker-room toilet and yelling for bear.

He crossed the room to the set of pigeonhole mailboxes in the far wall to check for messages. Inside he found a note from Steve. "How about a 11-98 at Carol's Caffeine Castle later in the shift?" it read. Sounded all right to Sonny. A jolt of the hazardous toxic event that Carol sold as coffee was enough to get anyone through a double shift.





His eye caught sight of the Lytton *Tribune*, which someone had left behind from the graveyard shift. He glanced at his watch. He still had time to skim the news. He walked to the table and picked up the paper. His eyes fell immediately on a piece by Ben Bulwer, the crime reporter. Usually he didn't read these pieces, but Bulwer had a way of getting under your skin.

## Dope in the City

by Ben Bulwer

The city of Lytton is no longer the beautiful, peaceful and quiet city it once was. Lytton has experienced rapid growth and prosperity, but along with the growth has come an alarming increase in the crime rate that has changed the face of the city.

The homicide rate is higher than the city has ever seen. Prostitution is on the rise.

Police Sgt. John Dooley states that dangerous drugs are showing up on the streets and in the schools. The *Tribune* has learned from a reliable source that a big-time drug dealer with a street name of "Death Angel" may be responsible for this rash of drug trafficking among our children and neighbors.

Sonny sniffed. Yeah, he thought, I'd like to see this "reliable source" myself. But he knew he would never get the chance. The scuttlebutt around the station was that when the DA had suggested convening a grand jury to look into Bulwer's sources, the reporter had refused to cooperate. The *Trib's* publisher had backed him up and threatened a lawsuit. So right now things were at a stalemate. But Sonny was sure of one thing: If he ever found out that Bulwer was holding back, that he was a witness to a crime without offering assistance or information, then he was going to nail him as an accessory. Sonny had taken an oath to defend the laws of the city, state, and country. And he would protect the freedoms of press and speech with his life. But freedom of the press didn't mean freedom to kill. And that was exactly what was happening to the kids in Lytton. Somebody—this "Death Angel"—was killing kids with the promise of an easy high. Kill them fast with a bullet, kill them slow with poison, it was all the same to Sonny. If he ever had the chance to





get his hands on this pusher who called himself the Death Angel, Sonny was going to do a little break dancing on the creep's skull. And he knew he would have no lack of dancing partners.

He flipped the page. He still had a few minutes. He decided to indulge himself and read about yesterday's announcement. He found it buried toward the back of the paper, a small item that didn't even get a byline. Figures. Crooks get page 1, cops get buried along with reports on sunspots and baldness cures.

### LPD Officer of the Year Nominees

Lytton PD Chief Morton Whipplestick has nominated patrolmen Sonny Bonds and Joe Walters for the LPD "Officer of the Year" Award in

recognition of their outstanding law enforcement efforts and commitment to crime prevention.

Still, he thought, folding the paper and tossing it back on the table, it's in there. That's the kind of notice to get. On one hand, Sonny disliked the feeling and sense of competition that such an award implied; on the other hand, it couldn't hurt his career. He was devoted to the law and to police work, and he was determined to climb the ladder as high as he could. The people at the top have the power to do the most good, he thought, and that's where I want to be someday. He grinned to himself, half-seriously thinking of ways he could sabotage Walters's campaign.

The troops were starting to file in. Steve Jones took a seat next to Sonny at the front table. "Looking good in the paper, my man," he said.

"Thanks," said Sonny.

"I think you can beat Walters. I've got fifty bucks riding on you."

"It's not a competition," Sonny said. He felt a small pang of embarrassment at his own thoughts.

"All life is competition," said Steve. "Never think otherwise."



They watched Jack walk slowly into the room. He held his head perfectly still, as if his skull was full of nitroglycerin. Sonny wondered about the stability of the San Andreas Fault. He tried to catch Jack's eye but got an empty stare for his trouble.

"Reminds me of a George Romero movie," said Steve.

"What?" Sonny replied.

"You know, *Night of the Living Dead*. Zombie town. Death Mask. Malcolm Lowry, maybe, or perhaps Poe—*The Masque of the Red Death*."

Sonny just stared. "How do you come up with this stuff?" he asked.

"Ah," said Steve. "You're of course referring to my easy transitions between pop culture, literary high-mindedness, and scatological repartee. A curious journey through the sacred and profane."

"I just want to know what the hell you're talking about," Sonny said. "Honestly, I don't know which is worse. You and your 'repartee' or Jack and his regurgitations. High-mindedness meets high-mindlessness."

"That's good, Sonny," said Steve. "I like the way you handle yourself in a crisis situation."

Both men silently watched Detective Laura Watts enter the briefing room.

"So," Sonny said to break the spell, "What odds did you get on your fifty bucks?"

"You're going out at 6 to 5, my man."

Sonny nodded. He could live with that. He looked across the room to where Laura Watts sat. I could live with that, too, he thought. So far, his conversations with Detective Watts had been perfunctory and courteous—one might even define them as "professional." When she passed him in the hall she left a cool wake that chilled him like the night wind off San Francisco Bay. Still, his mind persisted in playing out its fantasies, rocketing along like the brain of a 16-year-old adolescent with terminal hormonal displacement.

Sergeant John Dooley entered the room at his usual pace, a loping gait that dissolved into a shuffle at close range. More than one suspect had mistaken that walk for the limp of an old man, but Sonny had seen Dooley run down a punk from a dead start and with a 25-yard handicap over two wooden fences and up three flights of steps. The creep never knew what caught him until he looked down and saw Dooley's big gnarly fingers close around his ankles. When he hit the pavement at full stride, the fall flattened his nose across part of his lower lip. All the way to the hospital the punk whimpered from the backseat of the squad car, complaining about his nose, sniffing through the blood, and complaining that cops should have to retire when they get that old. After that incident, Dooley was known as "The Flash." But not to his face.

Sonny pulled his notebook from his briefcase. "OK boys and girls, gentlemen and ladies," Dooley began. "I've got today's hot sheet for you. Topping the charts





this afternoon," Dooley read from the papers in his hand, "is a black 1983 Cadillac sedan, license plate LOP1238, Vehicle Identification Number C03456218. This number entered the top ten last week with a bullet. Suffice it to say," Dooley paused, raising his eyes from the papers in his hand, "that the owner—one Malcolm Washington—would like to reclaim his property sometime before he makes the last payment."

"On a more sobering note," Dooley continued, "three teenagers were arrested last night in three separate incidents, all involving driving under the influence. Two of these outstanding young citizens were found to have cocaine in their possession. All three attend Jefferson High School. In this case, *high* seems to indicate something other than the level of education the children at that school, and throughout the city, are receiving."

"Now, some of you here enjoyed a very long weekend, made longer perhaps by the frequent imbibing of liquid refreshment. But it's time to get back to the streets," Dooley said, focusing his eyes on Jack Cobb. "If you read this morning's paper you know that we aren't exactly stemming the tide of crime in our fair city. It doesn't matter how many good busts you make, it doesn't matter how many crooks you put behind bars. I don't care how many old ladies you help across the street, how many drunks you get off the road, how many pounds of nose candy you confiscate. The people in Lytton don't read your reports. They read the paper. And as you can see," he said, holding the morning paper aloft so the room could read the "Dope in the City" headline, "their reading is taking a decidedly prurient turn."

"So let's give the paper something more positive to notice and report. Let's get the story out loud and clear: The citizens of Lytton control the streets, and the LPD is there to serve and assist. And if there's anyone here who isn't prepared to back up your fellow officers so that we can do that job adequately, then I want to know about it. Because when the feces hit the fan and you can't respond, you're more than just a number on an accident report. You're dead. And your partner's dead too. And all the grieving friends and family that you leave behind will have to live with that for a long time."

Nobody spoke. Dooley's words hung in the air like wet laundry. "OK, then," he said. "Hit the road."

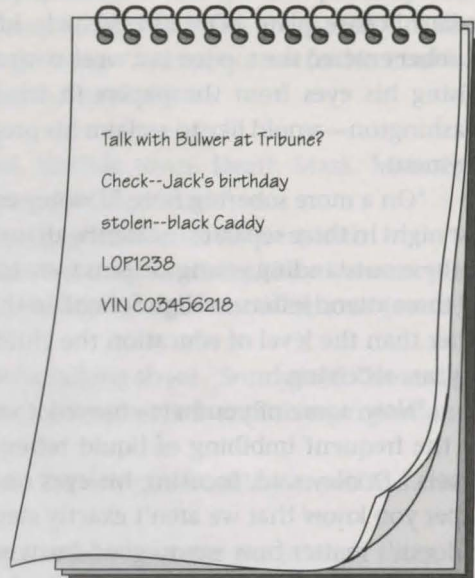
The blue uniforms filed out slowly. A few murmurs were passed among them, but no one made any comments loud enough for Sonny to hear. He wasn't concerned. He had the impression that Dooley's comments were aimed at Jack, but they could have been intended for any one of the officers. Sonny understood that anytime you let outside influences alter your performance, you risked taking a long trip down a short road. There were times when he wasn't always on-line, some times





when his brain was on automatic. He worried about Jack, sure, but his first concern was with his own behavior. He took a quick look at his notebook.

Bulwer. That's one he'd like to nail. Even more than that, he'd like to peg the dope being sold in the schools on somebody. That Bulwer seemed to know a lot for a reporter. Maybe I should pay him a visit, Sonny thought, then he dismissed the idea. He knew that if the Chief ever caught wind of an officer in an unauthorized meeting with the press he'd bust that cop to meter patrol quicker than he could shine a badge. On the other hand, there's no telling when you might just bump into somebody—even a newspaper reporter—on the street, off duty.



## Cruise Control

Sonny grabbed the keys to his patrol car from the pegboard in the hallway, then took a radio from stock. Lousy luck, he thought, turning on the radio and listening briefly to the squawking. He gave the keys a closer look. Number 22. He had a hard time believing that that car was still roadworthy, after what Jack Cobb did to it on that dogfight stakeout last month. That's what I get for sticking around to read my notes, Sonny thought. He vowed that next time he would be first out of the briefing room so that he could get his pick of vehicles and radios.

The sun hit him hard when he stepped out into the parking lot. "Hey, Sonny!" Steve called, pulling up alongside before heading out of the lot. "You take care of that vehicle! I hear that it's the Chief's sentimental favorite!"

"Yeah," Sonny answered, glancing over at his assigned cruiser. "I can see where the Chief might have made his rookie run in this thing."

"It's a poor man that blames his tools, Sonny Bonds," admonished Steve. "See you later at Carol's!" He accelerated out into the street.



Sonny watched Steve take the corner, then turned back to his squad car. He performed the perfunctory safety check, walking around the vehicle to look for obvious problems. Except for a few minor scrapes and a bad paint job, nothing seemed amiss. All this car needs is a bullet through the oil pan, Sonny thought. Put it out of its misery. But with the county commissioners being so tight with the money these days, the department couldn't afford another car. If this one goes, Sonny thought, I'll be doing my beat on a bicycle.

He opened the door and climbed behind the wheel. Reaching overhead, he pulled his PR-24 nightstick from its cradle and laid it on the seat beside him. He'd never had to use his stick on a civilian. Just the sight of a police officer putting his hand on the grip was enough to cool most hotheads. But he wouldn't hesitate to crack a few if it was necessary. Sonny took his responsibilities seriously, and he backed that up with his experience on patrol. He felt confident that he could react correctly in any kind of situation.

He thought about Jack Cobb and wondered if he could depend on Jack in the same way. Sonny could depend on himself. He could rely on his training, his instincts, his experience. But he knew that in some situations an officer was only as strong as his nearest backup. He wondered whether Cobb would be able to respond if an officer were in trouble. The thing to do in a situation like this, Sonny thought ruefully, is to stay out of trouble. Play it strictly by the book today. No heroics. Stay smart and stay alive. He didn't want to have to depend on a cop with a swollen head and a weak stomach to bail him out of a tight spot.

Sonny started the car and backed out of his space, then rolled out into the street. "I'm 10-8," he said into the radio handset.

"10-4, 83-32," the radio crackled. "Make the streets safe for me out there, Sonny Bonds."

"10-4, Dispatch." He replaced the handset in the cradle. Driving north on Sixth Street, Sonny let his mind return to the morning's briefing. He reached over to the seat next to him and retrieved his notebook. He'd like to get his hands on that black Cadillac. More than that, he'd like to nail the guy pushing drugs in the schools. He swung right on Peach, then turned south on Fourth Street. The radio was quiet. Another quiet day in Lytton. At the light he watched a young couple emerge from a toy store with a large stuffed bear. They laughed as they struggled to get it into the backseat of their Toyota. Looking up, the woman caught Sonny's eye. He nodded, then pulled away as the light turned green.

*Kids, family, wife*—Sonny hadn't thought about any of those words for a long time. He joined the police force as a bachelor and had never changed. Never needed to. Becoming a cop wasn't the smartest thing he had done to improve his social life. As soon as people knew he was a police officer, they acted different. Walked on eggshells. Watched what they said. Made him feel like he belonged to some kind of evil state-security network designed to inform on the populace. People like that





looked at his life like it was some kind of late-night B-movie on a channel you don't admit to watching, complete with rubber hoses, bright lights, bad manners, crooked cops, and chortling villains.

Before he entered the academy, right after getting his B.A. in criminology at State Tech, Sonny had thought he and Marie might get back together. Marie Wilkans. The name still sent an electric current along his spine. But then it crashed, lights out, and all that remained was a stillborn image like an old forgotten photograph, just rambling darkness and the ragged remnant of a dream.

Sonny and Marie had been inseparable in high school. He was a Lytton native, born and bred. He could still remember the day Marie entered the school a newcomer, with bright flashing eyes that she kept shyly focused on the floor, hair so black that it could be night's blanket. Marie's mother had brought them to Lytton with the promise of a new life, one to replace the one stolen from them in some strange town in the middle of the country. In that town, which Marie could never remember or could not bear to name, her father had been killed by a would-be robber stealing the cash from a convenience store just off the highway. Marie's father, a salesman, had pulled off the road for a pack of cigarettes and a Coke. He walked into the wrong place at the wrong time, and the robber, only 22 years old and scared out of his wits, had turned at the sound of the bell and put three bullets in his chest. He died on the floor, gazing up into a rack of Gummi Bears, remembering that Marie liked the yellow ones best and wondering how much change, exactly, he had in his pocket.

That tragic history controlled and finally unmade Sonny's relationship with Marie. What had started off as a high-school romance had turned serious during their senior year. But when Sonny started talking about the future, about how he wanted to study criminology and then enter the police academy, Marie had grown increasingly hostile to the idea and more and more distant. She didn't understand why anyone would want to be in a job that meant carrying a gun. She didn't want to be involved with someone if it meant sitting up at night worrying that he might not make it home. She didn't want bad elements to play a role in her life. "I've had enough of that," she had told him the summer before he left for college. They were still dating then. "I don't ever want to get that call in the middle of the night, I don't ever want to have to go through what my mother went through, and I don't ever want to have that kind of hole ripped in my life again, ever."

She called it quits. They spent the night together, all night in the city park in the sleeping bags Sonny had brought from home. But when dawn came, what had seemed like a romantic and passionate fare-thee-well grew pale and hopeless in the bright light of morning. Sonny and Marie rolled up the bags, silence surrounding them like fog, and then Sonny dropped her off at her house and headed for home. He called her every day that week, the week before he left for college, but she never answered the phone.





The irony of it all revealed itself when Sonny returned to Lytton with his degree, ready to enter the academy. Although he had lost touch with Marie, he knew she would want to see him. His exuberance over college graduation didn't prepare him for the sight of Marie's mother, bitter with grief, standing in the door of the house he remembered so clearly. And when she told him he could find Marie most any night with the girls on Fig Street, Sonny's heart turned to stone. Fig Street was the hub of the city's prostitution trade. The women who worked there walked on the margins of life.

Unbelieving, Sonny had driven to Fig and made a few slow passes. Even during the afternoon, the hookers didn't hesitate to flag him down to ask for a "date." He couldn't believe how flagrant they were about it. Flashing teeth and cheap jewelry, clothes that looked like they came off the clearance rack at Frederick's of Hollywood—all of these impressions flowed over Sonny as he drove slowly down Fig Street.

He found Marie at the corner of Fig and Third. She was sitting at a bus stop, talking with another hooker. She didn't see Sonny, and that was OK by him. Suddenly, from a doorway to the left of the bench, one that led to the upstairs rooms over the Bag 'n' Go grocery, a big man emerged and began screaming at Marie and her companion. "Get it on the streets, Sweet Cheeks!" he snarled, moving toward them menacingly. "I don't pay you to park your butts on city property."

Sonny watched Marie stand and say something to the man, but he couldn't make it out. Marie's companion laughed. Out of nowhere, the man's big hand swung around like a club. Marie's head snapped back and her knees buckled. Her friend cursed the man and grabbed Marie to keep her from falling. Swearing, the man turned and went back inside. It happened so fast that Sonny hadn't time to react. Before he could get out of his car, the episode was over. As he crossed the street, Marie looked up. She stared at him with eyes as hard as glass and as empty as a dry well. That one look froze Sonny in his place and told him all he needed to know. He could feel Marie's eyes burning into the back of his neck as he turned and walked back to his car.

That was all a long time ago. After he was graduated from the academy, Sonny took a position with the Lytton Police Department. He was glad to stay home. He liked this town. Unlike a lot of his friends who had left, feeling that Lytton was too confining, that it didn't offer the opportunities that other, bigger cities offered, Sonny felt that he had everything he wanted right here in Lytton.

Almost everything, he thought, as he turned right and headed north on First Street. He still saw Marie occasionally. Not socially, of course, but on his beat, as he drove the city streets. The shock of that first meeting had faded. He didn't understand it, but he still had a soft spot for her, somewhere beneath the anger and the humiliation. So he watched out for her. He checked up on her through his sources. It helped him to know they were still connected. It was tenuous, but it was



a connection. He also liked to think that it helped Marie, no matter how weak the bond between them. He liked to think that.

## **A**n Accident Waiting to Happen

The radio crackled to life and brought Sonny out of his reverie. "83-32. 83-32. Respond to 11-83, southwest corner of Fig and Fourth."

Traffic collision, Sonny mused. "10-4. I am 10-20 at First and Fig. ETA 3 minutes. 83-32 over."

"Roger 83-32. 11-41 en route. Over."

"Roger, Dispatch. 83-32 out." Sonny made a quick right and circled back to the reported accident scene. It wasn't hard to find. A group of curiosity seekers had gathered around what used to pass as a late-model green sedan. From the looks of it, Sonny figured that the driver had attempted to make an unorthodox turn into the side of the Colonial Van & Storage warehouse. Unfortunately for the driver, the warehouse didn't accept drive-in deliveries.

**ON THE BEAT:** At a collision scene, the first concern, barring the rendering of first aid, is to preserve the scene to keep physical evidence from being destroyed. Then, move to locate any witnesses. This assumes that additional units are en route to assist. Remember, if it turns out to be anything serious (fatal collision or homicide), get that help rolling ASAP.

Sonny parked and got out of his car. He took his notepad and radio extender, then hooked his PR-24 to his belt. He crossed the few feet to the smashed car and came up behind a couple of kids who were peering through the broken window on the driver's side. "OK, fellows. Police business. Move your act down the street, pronto," he ordered.

"Sure thing, Officer," said one of the boys. They retreated to the crowd gathering on the sidewalk. Sonny took one look inside the car and keyed his radio. "Dispatch, 83-32. Copy?"

"Roger, 83-32."

"83-32 is 10-97. Where in the hell is that 11-41? We've got a major 11-80 here. I need those E.M.T.s on the double. Over."

"Roger, 83-32. I'll check it out. Over."

"Roger, Dispatch. 83-32 out."

Sonny looked into the car. The driver was slumped over the wheel, motionless. Opening the door slightly, Sonny reached inside gingerly. His hand came back sticky with blood. "Oh, man," he muttered. He turned the driver's head slightly.





A small, well-defined hole in the left side of the driver's head was complemented by a gaping wound in the man's lower-right jaw. This guy didn't get this in any auto accident, Sonny thought. He felt the driver's neck. Nothing. He reached for the driver's wrist and felt for a pulse. Too late. Probably dead before he hit the wall, Sonny thought. The wail of a siren made its way down the street.

Sonny keyed his radio. "Dispatch, this is 83-32. Tell the meat wagon to cut the horn. This is 11-44 here. No hurry."

"Roger, 83-32."

A few seconds later, the wailing stopped. Sonny looked in at the driver again. He examined the car from the outside. The windshield was history, as was the front end all the way down the right fender. A spiderweb of cracks spread across the windshield. Sonny backed off and closed the door. That's when he noticed another small, neat hole—this one in the driver's window. It had all the makings of a drive-by. He keyed the radio again.

"83-32. Looks like a homicide."

"Copy, 83-32. Coroner unit and homicide unit on the way."

"Roger. 83-32 out."

Sonny glanced up quickly. The crowd was still there, drinking it in. He made his way around the car to the group of onlookers. "Anyone here see anything?" he asked, not hopeful. "Did anyone witness this accident?"

"That wasn't no accident," said a young man from the back of the crowd. He pushed his way to the front. "I saw it, Officer. I saw everything."

Sonny took out his pen and notebook. "Why don't you tell me everything you saw," he said.

"It was just like being at the races," the young man said. "I was buying a paper across the street there," he said, pointing to a rack of the *Lytton Tribune*, "when I heard tires screaming and motors roaring. When I looked up I saw this green car and another car racing down the street, side by side!"

"The other car," Sonny said. "Could you identify it?"

"Oh, yeah," said the young man. "A late-model Cadillac."

"Are you sure about that?" Sonny asked.

"I'm sure," the young man said quickly. "My old man sells them. I can spot a Caddy five miles away."

"Right," said Sonny. He made a note in his book. "Can you remember what color it was?"

"Blue. Light blue."

"Not black?" Sonny asked, pausing.

"Man, I know the difference between a Cadillac and a Lincoln blindfolded—I sure as hell can tell the difference between light blue and black."

Sonny nodded. "Then what did you see?"





"When they got closer, there was a loud pop—I thought it must've been one of the tires. Right after that the green car here does a nosedive into the side of that building."

"And the Cadillac?" Sonny asked.

"He was cooking," the young man continued breathlessly. "He was jammin' all the way. Didn't miss a beat, kept right on keepin' on and then made a right a couple of blocks down."

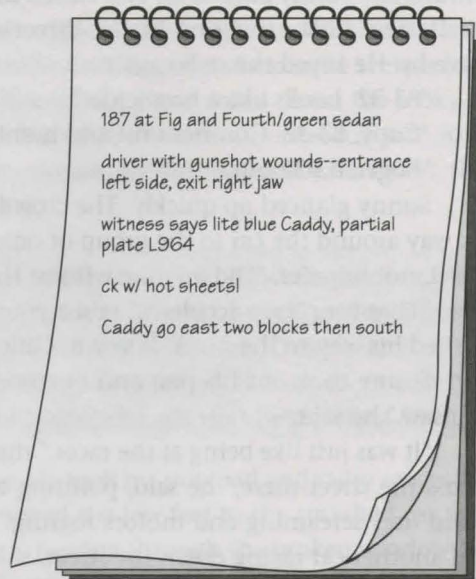
"I don't suppose you got a look at the license plate . . ."

"Part of it. I think I saw part of it. 'L964' was what it was. I'm pretty sure that's what it was."

Sonny nodded and wrote it down. "OK, anybody else? Anybody besides this young man here see something?" A few murmurs drifted across the top of the crowd, but nobody spoke up. "All Good Samaritans, eh?" said Sonny. He closed his notebook and glanced at his watch. His backup would arrive anytime now. He stepped off the sidewalk and took a look around the sedan, searching for anything he might have missed.

Not much here, he thought. Unless you want to count a cracked-up sedan, a brick wall with a hole, and—not to forget the details—one dead driver with a bullet in what used to pass for a skull. The sound of a car sliding to a stop brought Sonny's head up.

Detective Oscar Hamilton and Sergeant Dooley pulled themselves from the squad car and made their way over to where Sonny stood next to the sedan. Compared with the near-shuffling Dooley, Hamilton was another picture altogether. Tall, dark hair slicked back à la Pat Riley, a well-trimmed mustache, dark Italian-cut suits that didn't come off any Sears rack. Must blow half his check on his tailor, thought Sonny. He couldn't help stealing a glance at Hamilton's shoes: gleaming, black high-quality leather that looked like it had been formed around his foot by an old shoemaker and stitched by hand. And it probably had. Around the station, and especially during long nights at the Blue Room, Hamilton was





fondly referred to as "Guido." It was best if you could say it with a forced whisper, kind of like Marlon Brando with an iron lung.

Hamilton breezed right by Sonny without a glance. Dooley pulled up short. "Good work, Bonds. We'll take it from here. That your witness?" he asked, nodding to the blond-haired kid who had identified the suspect car.

"Yeah, that's him. Gave me a partial plate number." Sonny started to flip though his notebook.

"That's all right, Bonds," said Hamilton, coming up from behind. "I can get all of that."

"Hit the streets," Dooley said. "Maybe you can find the other car."

"That's right," Hamilton chimed in. "Maybe you can catch a couple of bad guys out there." He grinned.

Sonny turned and walked back to his squad car. Maybe you can catch this, Guido, he thought, bringing to mind a suitable anatomical reference. He smiled politely at Dooley, then climbed in. Tossing his notebook to the side, he hit the accelerator and moved into the street.

"Kind of touchy, isn't he?" Hamilton said to no one in particular. He followed Dooley over to the witness.

## **D**ing, Dong, the Witch Is Dead

Sonny cruised north, letting his anger at Hamilton dissipate. He knew it wasn't a good idea to let something like that get to him. He had endured worse from suspects, traffic offenders, even civilians. But Hamilton got under his skin. Sonny figured that Hamilton probably knew this. He tried to look on the positive side. Maybe it's a test, he thought. Some kind of psychological stress test. He picked up the radio mike. "Dispatch, 83-32 now 10-98 from the scene."

"Roger, 83-32. Out."

Sonny hoped he wouldn't get a call. He took a left on Fig and followed it west until it intersected with First, then turned right and headed north again. At Palm he took another right and drove east. The city was quiet. A few bicyclists rode along the pathway that bordered the street. Sonny shook his head at his reaction to Hamilton. His anger had dissolved in the afternoon sun. He reached into his pocket and pulled out his sunglasses and slid them onto his face.

He had driven about two blocks when the radio crackled to life. "83-32, patching traffic through from 83-31."

"This is 83-32," Sonny responded. "Come on with the traffic."

Steve's voice broke into Sonny's patrol car over the airwaves. "Second-cup-of-coffee time, 83-32. Give me an 11-98 at Carol's."





"Roger, 83-31. Out." Sonny replaced the radio. He turned left on Sixth, then left again on Oak. Carol's was on the left. He made an illegal swing around and pulled up behind Steve's car. He keyed his radio again. "Dispatch, this is 83-32. I am 10-20 at the CCC." He hung up the radio and got out of the car. Stretching, he looked up and down the street. All was quiet. At this time of day, even the crowd at Wino Willy's bar, which sat right next to Carol's, was non-existent. Beyond the dirty barroom windows, Sonny could just make out a couple of regulars spending their Social Security benefits.

He locked his car and pushed through Carol's front door. It was a pretty good mid-morning crowd. The counter stools were taken, but Steve had snagged a booth by the front window. Sonny slid into one of the seats.

"Yo, Carol," Steve called. "Where's the coffee? I'm dying here."

"Patience is a virtue," she replied.

"So is virginity," Steve answered. "But that doesn't make the wait any easier."

Carol crossed the floor with a full pot and poured steaming brown liquid into two heavy mugs. "Fresh brewed and hot," she said. "How goes the fight?"

"Early yet," said Sonny, as Carol turned to leave. "But I'll keep you posted."

"Sounds like you had a real mess on your hands with that 187," Steve said.

Sonny nodded. "You don't know the half of it." He took a drink of coffee and grimaced. "Man," he said. "This stuff would strip the chrome off a trailer hitch."

"Carol uses the leftovers to refinish furniture," Steve quipped. He poured what appeared to be a half cup of sugar into his mug. "So what about this accident? Was Guido there?"

"Yeah, Hamilton cruised in to handle it," Sonny said. "But it wasn't any accident. Unless we have friendly fire in the fair city of Lytton."

"Friendly fire?" Steve asked. He took a drink from his cup and winced. "Even additional ingredients don't seem to help."

"Yeah, real friendly fire," Sonny said. "The driver had a nice clean entrance wound to the side of the skull, and a rather nasty exit in the lower jaw."

"That would certainly distract from his driving abilities."

The telephone next to the counter rang with a deafening clang. Carol picked it up, then hollered across the room. "Sonny Bonds, there's a Detective Hamilton on the line for you."

Sonny waved his acknowledgment. "Duty calls."

"Give Guido my best," said Steve.

"Officer Bonds here," Sonny said, putting the receiver to his ear.

"Hamilton here, Bonds. We've got an ID on your 187. Seems the driver was one Lonny West. Heard of him?"

"Local dealer," Sonny said. "Strictly small-time."

"That so?" Hamilton replied. "Well, he got somebody's attention. West is the second small-timer to get his ticket punched in the last two weeks. Pass the word,"





he continued. "I want to hear from the patrol officers about any new drug activity. I want to find out who whacked our small-time friend. Even money says they're connected."

"I'll spread the word," said Sonny. Hamilton hung up.

"Guido sends his regards," Sonny said, taking his place in the booth. "Seems the victim at my 187 was Lonny West."

"Our Lonny West?" asked Steve. "The little punk dope dealer? The kids around the high school call him the Wicked Witch."

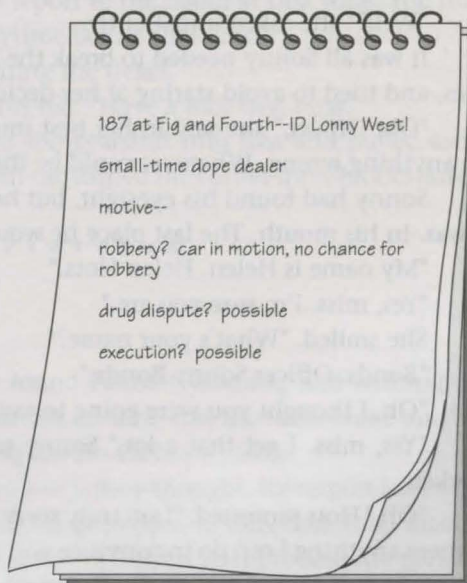
"Ding dong," Sonny said, setting his empty cup and a couple of dollars on the table. "Gotta roll."

In his car, Sonny thought about West and what his execution might mean. Nothing in Sonny's most recent busts had indicated a new dealer was moving into town. Nothing except what he had read in the *Tribune* that morning, about the Death Angel.

The consolidation of the Lytton drug trade could spell trouble for the department. Already understaffed, the department had kept a handle on the illegal drug trade by keeping the dealers and suppliers off balance. Key arrests, effective interrogations, and a couple of snitches had kept the local drug network in disarray. Without an organization, the dealers were easier to watch and easier to control.

But if somebody like this Death Angel succeeded in organizing the supply and distribution, Lytton could be in trouble. Sonny knew that the department lacked the resources to launch a major undercover operation. What they needed was to prevent the cartel from forming in the first place. The accident was a logical place to start. There had to be a key to the puzzle in West's murder. But for now, Sonny had no idea where to start looking.

Lost in his reverie, Sonny almost didn't see the little red sports car that blew by him like he was invisible. When it ran the red light two blocks down, Sonny put on his emergency flashers and hit the siren. The little red number pulled to the right as soon as Sonny got in behind it. Sonny got out of his car and, while standing





by the driver's door, reached in and took hold of the radio mike. "Dispatch, this is 83-32. Run wants on Ocean Henry Mary Yellow Mary George."

"Roger, 83-32."

Sonny waited for the response. It didn't take long. "OHMYMG currently registered to Helen Hots. No wants."

"10-1, Dispatch. Repeat. Over."

"Registered to Helen Hots."

"You've got to be kidding," Sonny said. He put his head down and chuckled. "Roger, Dispatch. 83-32 out."

He reached back into the car and replaced the mike, then picked his ticket book off the seat. He walked over to stand next to the driver's side of the sports car. The occupant turned to look at him. She was an attractive woman with raven-black hair and a smile that would light up the Hollywood Bowl. Her blue eyes looked like two deep cisterns, with just the hint of dark water at the bottom. Sonny could feel himself falling into them as sure as a bucket into a well.

"Well?" she asked impatiently.

It was all Sonny needed to break the spell. He pulled his gaze away from her eyes, and tried to avoid staring at her decidedly unbuttoned blouse.

"Oh, Officer," she said in her best impression of a whisper. "I'm sure I didn't do anything wrong. Whatever could be the matter?"

Sonny had found his eyesight, but he was still looking for his tongue. There it was. In his mouth. The last place he would have looked.

"My name is Helen. Helen Hots."

"Yes, miss. I'm sure you are."

She smiled. "What's your name?"

"Bonds. Officer Sonny Bonds."

"Oh, I thought you were going to say James."

"Yes, miss. I get that a lot," Sonny said, reaching for the ticket book in his pocket.

"Oh," Hots protested. "I am truly sorry. I honestly didn't even see that red light. Is there anything I can do to convince you to let me off? And, I do mean anything." She put a lot of emphasis on the last word.

"I'm sorry, miss. I can't help you with that. May I see your driver's license, please?"

Stunned, she stammered something and reached for her bag. She showed Sonny her license through the window of her wallet.

"Remove it from your wallet, please," he directed.

Fuming, Hots complied. Sonny took her license and held it in his hand.

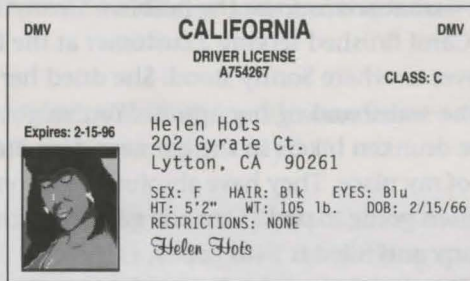
"No restrictions, is that right, miss?" Sonny asked. He copied the information onto the ticket he was writing.





"No, Officer Sonny Bonds," Helen Hots purred. "No restrictions at all."

Sonny allowed himself a small smile. "You ran that red light back there, miss," he continued, finishing the citation. He handed the book and his pen across to her. "Please sign where you see the X," he instructed.



She grabbed the pen and scrawled her signature on the line.

"Thank you," Sonny said, putting the pen back in his pocket with a flair. He tore the citation from the book. "Here you are, miss. The court date is noted at the bottom. You can pay the fine by mail or report to the bailiff at that time. You may also pay in person at the courthouse anytime before that date."

"Just give it to me," she said, snatching the ticket.

Sonny put a finger to the brim of his hat. "Have a nice day, miss."

"Too late," she replied. She pushed the gearshift into first and pulled away from the curb. Sonny looked after her until she turned the corner three blocks down.

## **N**o-Parking Zone

Driving north on Ninth Street, Sonny found himself yawning and wishing for action. That cup of coffee was wearing off fast. As if on cue, the radio broke into his thoughts with a call about a complaint at Carol's Caffeine Castle.

That's one way to get another cup of Joe, Sonny thought. He responded to the radio call and swung his patrol car around in the opposite direction, then made a left to come up to Carol's from the east. A row of motorcycles blocked the parking in front of the coffee shop, so he stopped his cruiser in front of Wino Willy's bar. Aside from the heavy thump of the bass notes emanating from Willy's jukebox, everything seemed quiet. He picked up his radio and acknowledged his location. "I'm 10-6, Dispatch. Going inside right now."

"Do you request backup, 83-32?"

"Negative. Looks quiet. 83-32 out."

Sonny replaced the mike and got out of his car. He took his nightstick with him, and made his way around the line of motorcycles into the coffee shop. Taking a quick look around, he spotted Carol behind the counter. She had her back to the door, so she didn't see him come in. He crossed the floor and stood between the





two stools at the end of the counter. "Carol," he said. "You called about a disturbance—what seems to be the problem? Everything looks pretty quiet to me."

Carol finished serving a customer at the far end of the counter and made her way over to where Sonny stood. She dried her hands on the cloth she had tucked into the waistband of her apron. "You've got to do something!" she said loudly. "Those drunken bikers in the bar next door are taking up all the parking spaces in front of my place. They have absolutely no consideration for others! Where are my customers going to park? Can you get them to move?" She set an empty cup in front of Sonny and filled it with coffee.

This is it? thought Sonny. I come over here for a disturbance and she's complaining about parking spaces. "Now, Carol, calm down," Sonny began.

"Don't tell me to calm down. Tell those hooligans to move their motorcycles. My customers are going to be afraid to come in."

"There's no law against parking motorcycles in those spaces," Sonny explained, taking a tentative sip from his cup. The java hadn't improved much since that morning. "I don't have any right to force them to move if they don't want to move."

"That's worthless," said Carol. "You'd think that the city would want to protect the little people from the garbage that goes into that place over there."

"The law protects all of the people," Sonny said. He wasn't getting anywhere, but there was little he could do but try to defuse the situation. No such luck.

"Chief Whipplestick is a personal friend of mine," Carol said. "What do you say I give him a call and see if he can send someone over here who can do me some good?"

Sonny shook his head. That's just what he needed. Not that Whipplestick could do any more than he was doing here, but he didn't want Carol calling the department as if Sonny Bonds couldn't handle such a routine situation. "Look, Carol. They won't be there all day. In a few hours they'll be moving on and you'll have all of your parking spaces back."

"You know, Sonny," she said, leaning in closer. "I think there's drug dealing going on over there. I see all kinds of people going in there all the time."

"It's a bar, Carol. Of course people go in there all the time."

"Kids, too."

Sonny looked her in the eye. "I hope you're not just saying this to get me to go over there, Carol. You know I'd be bound to check out information like that."

"I thought you would be," Carol said.

"I'd hate to think it was just a ruse—something you said just to get me to go over there and roust some bikers."

"It's true," Carol said firmly. "I *have* seen kids going in there."



Sonny sighed. "All right. I'll have a talk with the bartender. But if everything checks out OK, they can leave their bikes there all day long and that's their right, do you see what I mean?"

Carol just glared at him.

"Call Whipplestick if you want," Sonny said, dropping some money on the counter. "I'm sure he'll send a S.W.A.T. team over right away."

**ON THE BEAT:** The owner of the coffee shop may want to have available parking in front of her place, but this is America—if the parking space is legal, anyone can park there.

Sonny pushed his way out the door and walked the few steps to Wino Willy's bar. Protect and serve, he told himself. He didn't put much stock in Carol's declaring that drugs were being sold in the bar; he figured that was only a ploy to get him to go in and roust the bikers. But at the same time he couldn't discount it. Stranger things had happened in this world than dealers selling drugs in bars.

Once inside, Sonny paused for just a second to get acclimated to the dimness. It didn't help that most of the light from the few operating fluorescent bulbs was obscured by a thick haze of cigarette smoke. He wondered how long it took to die from second-hand smoke exposure. Taking a quick look around, he noted the positions of the few customers. His eye caught the bartender ducking into the back room and muttering something to a big guy in a black leather jacket with club colors on the back, who stood with his back to the door. Next to him sat a girl with long dark hair, and to her right another rider, with a sleeveless denim jacket, oil-stained and marked with club colors.

Before he took another step, Sonny noted two other club members playing darts against the left-hand wall. Seemed quiet enough, he thought. But why would the bartender retreat to the back office as soon as the police entered the door?

Leather Jacket turned from his place at the bar. "Well, well," he said in a menacing tone. "If it ain't the Tidy Bowl man. Did you come to make the water blue?"

The two bikers to the left had stopped their dart game. The rider at the bar had turned around on his stool. When the girl turned, Sonny felt his heart drop. It was Marie. He didn't think she would be mixed up in a crowd like this. Somehow, this was even worse than hooking. Marie met his glance only briefly, then looked down. She didn't let on that she knew him.

"That's no way to greet one of our esteemed public servants," said a balding biker to Sonny's left. He and his dart-throwing buddy had circled a little behind.





Sonny found himself wishing that he had called for backup. "This is no Tidy Bowl man. I believe he's come to take out the garbage."

You got that right, Sonny thought, but what he said was, "Good afternoon, gentlemen. Afternoon, miss," he said, nodding to Marie. "Are those your motorcycles parked outside?"

"So what if they are?" asked the big guy in the leather jacket. He was obviously the leader. Sonny kept his eyes on him, while maintaining a sense of where the other club members were standing. The big guy was the one he had to communicate with; he knew that. The rest would follow his lead. "Something wrong with that? Just what the hell do you want here, pig?"

The conversation, such as it was, took on a menacing air. "The business next door would like to know if you gentlemen would be so kind as to move your motorcycles from in front of her premises," Sonny explained. He didn't like the way any of this was turning out.

The bikers laughed. Even Marie had to cover her mouth to hide a giggle. "You got to be kidding, man," said the rider in the denim vest. "We'll park our scooters wherever the hell we like. No law against that."

"That's right," Sonny said. "There's no law against it."

"The only law here," said a thin, bearded biker from the left, the other one who had been playing darts, "is that there is no law here."

**ON THE BEAT:** If entering the bar poses a threat, Sonny should wait for another officer.

The big guy in the leather jacket held up his hand. "That's right." He turned to Sonny and moved forward a few steps. "No law, and no law officers. This is our place. We come here for a few beers and a little company," he said, smiling at Marie. "So why don't you get back in your little police car and haul ashes out of here and get back to writing tickets to little old ladies for jaywalking."

Sonny didn't have a foot to stand on. At the same time, he couldn't let the intimidation pass. That would make it more dangerous for the next officer who had to come in here. "I am just asking you to move your motorcycles," he said in his most diplomatic tone, "as a gesture of goodwill and citizenship toward others on the street. There's a parking lot just a half block away that should hold all of the bikes until you retrieve them."

"Like hell," said the leader. "Why don't we just kick you around a little until we teach you to see this from our perspective?"

**ON THE BEAT:** Sonny should have his nightstick out, and when he enters the bar and he should hold it inconspicuously if prior knowledge of the bar and its habitués justifies.



The bikers each moved forward. Sonny kept his eyes on the leader. "Don't start something, fellows. I'm a police officer," he warned.

"We aren't starting something," said Denim Vest. "We're finishing something."

Sonny quickly drew his nightstick from its holder and assumed a defensive position. He knew from experience that an air of authority and a sense of experience—in addition to the sight of a big ugly black stick—could defuse many threatening situations.

The leader held up his hands, palms out. "Hey, man, we were just having some fun with you. Chill out, man."

"C'mon, Chop Block," said the balding biker, finishing his beer and tossing his darts on the table. "This place smells bad. Let's split."

The big guy in black leather looked hard at Sonny before nodding his head. "You haven't heard all of this story," he said. "The next time you come in here, you had better bring in the troops. Because the next time it won't be all fun and games."

"I look forward to it," Sonny retorted. He maintained his defensive stance.

The leader pushed by and headed toward the door. The rest of the gang scurried behind him like roaches at dawn, muttering insults and obscenities. Stopping at the door, the leader looked back. "Come on, Marie, get your butt off that stool and onto this bike."

"Sorry. Police business," said Sonny, stepping between the door and Marie. "I am going to have to detain this lady."

"What the—" Marie began. Sonny silenced her with a glare.

"Who cares?" said the big guy in leather. "She's just a whore. I'll get another one down the street before I leave town. Maybe even make it a double."

"Yeah," said one of the bikers. "Let's stop for a hot one on the way out." The gang broke into laughter and disappeared out the door.

"Thanks a lot, Sonny," Marie said sarcastically. "You just knocked me out of a day's pay."

"Don't give me that, Marie. Those guys weren't johns from out of town looking to spend some expense-account money. After they got done using you at the clubhouse, they'd probably throw you in a ditch."

"So who are you to say who I take as a customer?" Marie sneered. "What do you think, I travel the penthouse circuit? I got news for you, Sonny Bonds. I am a common, everyday, round-heeled hooker. I make my money as a streetwalker. When I'm not on the street, I'm in a hotel that rents rooms by the half-hour. I deal in cash. I avoid preliminaries. I keep my eyes open and my nose clean. Like the TV says, when you come to Marie, bring your wallet, 'cause she doesn't take American Express and she doesn't take MasterCard. I don't take Visa either. And I don't need your advice or your protection."

"All right, Marie, maybe you don't need my advice. But I do need something from you."





"Oh?" she asked, smiling a wicked little grin. "Now I'm interested. What'll it be? Escaped convict from the women's prison? Little fun and games? You leave your uniform on for this or does it come off?"

Sonny stifled his impatience. "I'm serious. I'm after somebody. Maybe you know something that can help me. I'm willing to bet that if you do know something, you'll let me in on it."

"Careful," she responded. "That's a bet you might lose, Sonny Bonds."

"I don't think so, because I've got something to trade."

"Yeah? Now you've got me curious. So what do you have and what do you want?"

"You first," he said. "Do you know anything about a new drug business moving into town?"

"That's bad business, Sonny. I stay out of it."

"But you might have heard something," he insisted.

Marie nodded. "I might have heard something."

"And you're going to tell me what that something is."

Marie thought it over for a couple of minutes. "I still like you, Sonny. I've been down a long and rough road, but I still think about you." She turned away quickly and picked up her drink from the bar.

"Listen to me," she said. "I sound like some teenager who just broke up with her boyfriend." She took a long swallow from her glass and set it back down.

Sonny didn't say anything. He tried to keep his mind on the task at hand. He battled a compulsion to let himself drift into the pictures that flooded his mind, images that called to him like a siren toward the rocks of his unfortunate memories, the jagged pieces of another life, another time.

"Don't just jump in there and try to make me feel better with some small talk," Marie said. She turned away from the bar and stared into Sonny's eyes. "Oh, what the hell—I had a john the other day, name of Hoffman or Coffman or something like that; I can't really remember. Sharp dresser, a little peculiar. Had a tiny flower tattooed above his left nipple."

"A flower?" Sonny asked, taking notes.

"Yeah. It was kind of cute, really. Anyway, this john was real generous with his money. He paid a little bonus and I gave him some extra special attention. And I guess he was feeling pretty good because he started to go on about somebody he called the Death Angel, who was going to create some kind of drug empire in Lytton, and my john was in on the ground floor and he stood to make a real sweet killing out of it."

"Is that all he said?"

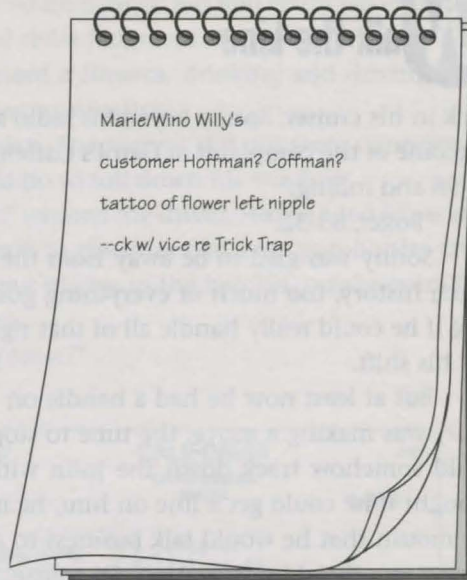
"That's all I can remember. But that's about all of it. I think he knew he had said too much 'cause right after, he got quiet and didn't say another ten words. Just tossed some money on the dresser and left."



"Thanks, Marie," Sonny said, closing his notebook and putting it back in his pocket.

"So what's in this for me?" she asked. "A girl could get hurt giving this kind of information to the cops. A girl could get hurt real bad."

"I want you to get off the street for a few days," Sonny told her. "Vice is running a sweep called Operation Trick Trap. There's been a lot of complaints from motorists and a few upstanding citizens that the prostitution in Lytton is totally out of control and needs to be shut down."



**ON THE BEAT:** In trading his information about the prostitute sweep, Sonny may be wasting another officer's valuable time in conducting that operation.

"These upstanding citizens wouldn't be contributors to the mayor's re-election campaign, would they?"

"I don't know that, Marie. But you know how antsy the politicians get around this time of year. So take it off the streets for a few days until the sweep is over."

"I'll think about it, Sonny."

"If you need money, some place to stay—"

Marie waved him off. "Get out of here, Sonny. I'm no charity case. Besides, what would all of your cop friends say?"

He nodded and headed for the door. "Sonny," she called after him. Sonny stopped, his hand on the aluminum bar that served as a door handle. "Do you think of me too? Sometimes?"

He didn't turn around. He could feel her eyes warming the back of his neck. "Sometimes," he admitted. "Sometimes I do, Marie." The door swung open and he stepped out into the hard afternoon light.





## Walk the Line

Back in his cruiser, Sonny keyed his radio and acknowledged his position and the outcome of the complaint at Carol's Caffeine Castle. "Complaint resolved. 83-32 is 10-98 and rolling."

"Roger, 83-32."

Sonny was glad to be away from the confines of Willy's bar. There was too much history, too much of everything going on there in Marie's eyes. He wasn't sure if he could really handle all of that right now. All he wanted to do was finish out his shift.

But at least now he had a handle on this drug business. If this Death Angel really was making a move, the time to stop him was now. Sonny wondered if he could somehow track down the john with the tattoo and the loose wallet. He thought if he could get a line on him, he might get a break. If the guy has such a big mouth that he would talk business to a hooker, no telling what he might say during an official interrogation. Of course, they didn't allow that rubber hose and bright light bit anymore. Too bad, thought Sonny. Would make this job a whole lot easier.

Driving west on Oak, Sonny had time to ruminate on all of this, and on the scene that had just unfolded at Willy's bar. He turned left on First and headed south. He had gone a couple of blocks when he spotted a car swerving all over the road. "Dispatch, this is 83-32, in pursuit of and attempting to overtake and stop light-colored sedan. Possible DUI. Moving west on Fig. Code-2."

"Roger, 83-32. Do you request backup?"

"Negative." Sonny hung up the mike and accelerated to catch up to the sedan, which was making its erratic way north on Second.

It didn't take long to get the driver to the side of the road. Apparently, he was eager to get on Sonny's good side. Lucky for him, Sonny thought. I'm in no mood to chase a drunk driver all over town. As he pulled up behind the sedan, he radioed for a license-plate check. "This is 83-32. Run a make on PRGRMR1."

"Roger, 83-32." Sonny waited a minute for the response. "That vehicle is currently registered, 83-32. No wants; locally registered to an Art Serabian."

"Any priors?" Sonny inquired.

"Record check shows two prior DUI convictions."

"A regular party animal," he said.

"Roger, 83-32."

"Thank you, Dispatch. Let's see if we can clip the wings from this bird. 83-32 out."



Sonny climbed from his squad car and cautiously approached the sedan. Most of the time, an intoxicated driver presented no danger. But you could never be too careful. Drinking relaxes inhibitions and dulls judgment. If the driver had a bad attitude toward cops or if he also possessed a firearm, drinking and driving and shooting could combine for a very dangerous situation.

Sonny got closer and let himself relax. The suspect did not seem dangerous. In fact, it seemed to be about all he could do to roll down his window.

"I didn't do nothing wrong, Officer," whined the driver. He sounded like a kid with a mouthful of crackers. His eyes were as glassy as two soda pop bottles and about as clear as the sky over LA. Sonny put his age in the late 30s, maybe even 40. He was certainly not feeling any pain.

"Could I see your driver's license, please?"

The driver fumbled and moaned something under his breath that Sonny could not hear. Eventually, he extracted his license from his wallet and handed it to Sonny through the window.

The description and picture matched, as did the name, with the information supplied by Dispatch. Sonny handed the

license back and took a step away from the door, ordering the driver out of the car.

"Sure thing, buddy," the driver mumbled. He struggled to extricate himself from the vehicle, and ultimately succeeded.

Sonny didn't need a Breathalyzer to see that Serabian was intoxicated. The odor of a brewery assaulted his nostrils. "Sir, can you tell me how many drinks you've had today?"

"I just had a beer with lunch," Serabian protested. "Just one beer!"

"Yes, sir," Sonny said doubtfully. "I'd like you to perform a few simple tests for me, please."

"Do I have to?"

"No, sir. But, if you refuse the tests, I am bound to transport you to the nearest detention facility and administer a breath analysis to determine the extent of alcohol toxicity," Sonny intoned.

"Do what?" asked Serabian. He swayed unsteadily on his feet.

"I will haul your drunken butt to jail and give you a drunk test there," Sonny said more forcefully. He pushed himself into Serabian's line of vision. He wasn't sure if he appeared as a single or as a double, but he knew he had his attention.







"You know the drill, Art. Tilt your head back, close your eyes, put both arms out to the side like wings." Serabian complied.

"Now," Sonny continued, "touch your nose with your left index finger." Serabian tried, but poked himself in the eye.

"But I'm right-handed!" he complained.

"Is that so? OK, open your eyes." Sonny walked back about ten feet. "Now," he explained, "I want you to walk to me, in a straight line, heel to toe."

That was more than Serabian could handle. He took three steps before pitching forward onto the road. Sonny helped him to his feet. "I believe you've had more than one beer, Mr. Serabian."

"I won't say anything without my lawyer," Serabian said.

"Fine." Sonny drew a small card from his pocket and read Serabian his rights. "Do you understand all of that?" he asked. Serabian nodded.

"Turn around," Sonny ordered. When Serabian had his back turned, Sonny cuffed his wrists.

"Can't you cuff me in front?" he pleaded. "Those cuffs really hurt."

"Sorry, Art. Have to follow procedure. And that means behind your back. Now, move to the patrol car. You're under arrest for violation of city code VC23502, driving while under the influence."

"Yeah, I know the number," Serabian mumbled as he shuffled toward the patrol car. Sonny followed him and got him safely into the backseat. When he was settled, Sonny climbed into the front seat and keyed his microphone. "Dispatch, this is 83-32. Request one 11-85 at my 10-20."

"83-32, 10-4. One tow truck on its way."

Sonny replaced the mike. "OK, Serabian, let's take a little drive to see some friends of yours. They're all waiting on you." A low moan escaped from the backseat, along with the stark odor of stale beer. "Listen, Serabian, if you blow your cookies back there you'll clean it up with your shirt, do you understand me?"

With a sigh, Sonny started his motor and headed for the lockup. Just get this man into a cell before he barfs, Sonny thought. That's something I could just not deal with today. "83-32, one in custody, en route to the jail," he said into his radio. He swung the car out into traffic and headed east toward the lockup facility.

"Hey, wait a minute," Serabian slurred. "What about my car?"

"All taken care of," Sonny answered. "It'll be towed to a convenient place and lodged there securely until you can retrieve it."

"Hey, that's swell," Serabian muttered.

"No problem. After all, you're paying for it." Sonny swung south and came up on the jail a couple of blocks down. He turned left into the lot. Slow day, he thought, surveying the empty parking lot. Well, at least I've got one customer for them. "OK, Serabian, here we are. Home sweet home, at least for the next few hours. You can call your lawyer from inside, but if I were you I'd sleep it off a little."



"Well, you're not me."

"Small favors," Sonny replied. He climbed out of the car and walked back to open the rear door. "Let's see if you can make it up those stairs without falling down." He closed the door and followed Serabian across the lot to the small flight of steps that led to the jail's entrance.

"Hey, my man Sonny Bonds!" Sonny looked over past the chain-link fence that surrounded the lot. Slam Dunk Donny was dribbling slowly across the prisoner's exercise yard. "How's about a little one-on-one, man?"

"Not today, Donny. Got business to take care of."

"Oh, man, that's lame. That's 'cause you know the truth. This ain't no white man's game."

"How about Larry Bird?" Sonny asked.

Donny broke out into laughter. "Larry Bird! The birdman? What, 'cause the guy can hit a jump shot? That makes him great?"

Sonny shrugged. "Just trying to broaden your perspectives," he said. "C'mon Art, let's see if we can find you a room."

"I don't need any work on my perspectives," Donny answered from behind the fence. "I've been working out in the prisoners' gym." He linked both of his hands together in front of his chest and pulled. "Check it out, Sonny Bonds. I am getting healthier every day."

Sonny and Donny stared at each other through the fence for a full five seconds before they both broke up. "Catch you later, Sonny Bonds," said Donny. He picked up his ball and began to dribble toward the goal.

"Not if I catch you first," Sonny called.

At the top of the steps he used his combination to unlock the weapons lockup, then placed his revolver inside. He closed the door and pressed the buzzer on the right. The door clicked open and he led Serabian into the jail.

"Say, what do we have here?" said the jailer from his post above the floor and behind heavy bars. "If you're selling tickets to the Policemen's Ball, I gave at the office. No, wait a minute, it's Mister Hot Pencil himself, the venerable Officer Sonny Bonds. And in tow it looks like a dangerous felon. Yes, Sonny Bonds may be taking an early lead here in the final race for Officer of the Year."

"Book him, Danno. Murder one."

Serabian screamed.

"No, just kidding, George. Mister Party Hearty here rates a DUI. And that's the third one."

"Oh, a triple play!" George said. "Very good. Very good indeed."

"OK, Art," Sonny directed. "Empty your pockets over here." Sonny listed the contents of Serabian's pockets on the outside of a brown interoffice envelope and handed it over to George.





"Mister Art Serabian," George intoned from his perch, reading from Serabian's license. "You've been selected as one of our lucky winners today on the Bust is Right. As your grand prize, you'll be staying in the fashionable Iron Bar Hotel, located just a stone's throw from the County Detention Center, where you can enjoy the latest in state-facility cuisine and late-night entertainment. Sonny Bonds, remove Mr. Serabian's cuffs, please. And Art Serabian, come on down!"

"George, you need a transfer," Sonny said. He unlocked the handcuffs from Serabian's wrists. "All that time so far above the floor has made you light-headed." He walked Serabian to a cell and secured him behind a locked door. As Sonny returned from the cell block, the jail door opened and Detective Laura Watts stepped in.

"Sonny, I'm glad I bumped into you," she said.

It should happen more often, Sonny thought.

"I just heard that Lieutenant Morgan is looking to fill a spot on Narcotics. He says he's going to get a veteran street cop for the job."

"No kidding?" Sonny asked. This could be his ticket to plainclothes.

Laura read his mind. "Send a memo to him ASAP if you're interested. Give you a good chance to get out of that uniform."

I don't need any encouragement for that, Sonny thought. "Thanks, Laura. I'll put in a request as soon as I get back to the station."

"That's great, Sonny. Maybe we can work together on something." Laura turned to the jailer. "George, do you have that information I asked for?"

"Right here, Detective Watts." George pushed a thick folder through the bars and into Laura's hands.

"Thanks, George. See you later. See you, Sonny." She turned and walked through the door.

"She's definitely on my Most Wanted list," George said.

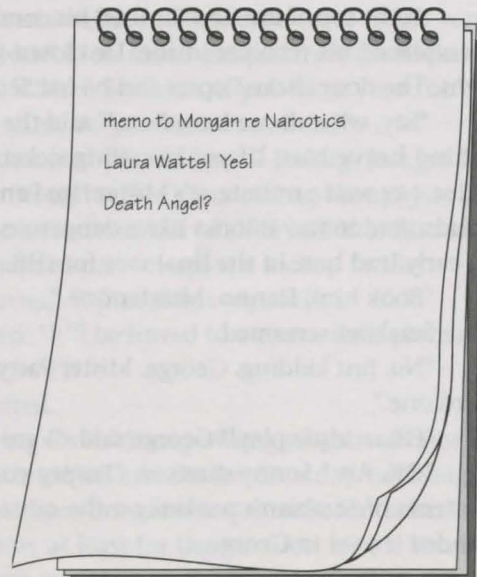
"You know, that could be classified as harrassment, George," Sonny observed.

"It's just a thought," he replied. "And don't tell me you've never had it, either. I see the way you start fumbling around every time Watts steps into a room."

"Guilty as charged," Sonny admitted. "I'll see you, George."

"Not if I see you first."

Sonny left the jail, retrieved his service revolver and holster from





the lockup, and returned to his car. Donny was still shooting lay-ups in the yard. Pulling out of the lot and into the street, Sonny let himself think about making the move to Narcotics. If he could get there, he'd have access to the information that might lead him to this Death Angel. The drug trade in Lytton was still in its infancy, compared with what went on in most cities its size. But the smell of profit could change that quick—if somebody could put an organization together to take advantage of the vacuum left by the drug dealers who were dropping like flies all around town. Based on what Marie had said, this Death Angel was moving into the business in a big way. He had the money, the muscle, and the motivation.

Marie. A picture of her as she appeared in the Jefferson High School yearbook flashed through his mind, only to be replaced by an image of her on a stool in Willy's bar, tossing back shots of whiskey to wash the tastes of a dozen strange mouths from her own. Sonny stopped at a light and squeezed his eyes shut. He imagined this picture of Marie burning at the edges, turning to ash, then blowing away in the wind. When he opened his eyes, he felt calmer. He wasn't much happier, but he was calmer. Right now, that would have to be enough.

The light turned to green. He stepped on the gas.

## Station House Blues

Back at the station, Sonny parked in front of his Corvette. He returned the PR-24 to its holder. Locking up, he debated whether to see Sergeant Dooley right away or to request his assignment to Narcotics. He decided to send the request first. He wanted Lieutenant Morgan to see his name at the top of the list.

Sonny entered the station house. The front hallway was quiet. He stopped at the table in the hall and searched through a stack of personnel requisitions and memo forms. He filled out the necessary papers, then dropped them into Morgan's basket. Well, he thought, I've paid my nickel and I can take my chances. He hoped that Morgan knew enough about his career and his record to make him part of the team.

What Sonny knew about Morgan would fit on one page in his notebook. Last year, Morgan had created an elaborate scam that busted the city's three main chop shops and put the stolen-car business on the skids. Morgan was a master at covert operations. Word around the station was that he picked up a lot of what he knew from a stint with CIA. Morgan never talked about that, which only fueled the rumors.

Patrolman Norris Walker caught Sonny in the hallway on the way to the locker room. Walker was a big man. He'd given up a possible career in pro football to become a police officer. He liked working patrol, he said, because it kept him on





the street where he felt he could give something to the community. "Hey, Sonny, you're off duty, aren't you? Some of us are going by the Blue Room to throw Jack a little surprise party. After you change clothes, why don't you stop by?"

"Yeah," Sonny said. "I'll do that. Thanks."

"The dancer we hired for the party is something else," Norris said. "You don't want to miss an inch—I mean a minute of that!"

"Right," Sonny said. "I'll be there as soon as I get out of this uniform."

"OK. See you there. But don't take all day. The dancer is coming in about an hour."

Sonny undressed, showered, and changed into his street clothes in record time. He took his patrol-car keys back to the pegboard and replaced his radio on the table before leaving the station.

The sight of his blue Corvette revived his frustration over the recent mechanical work. Just wait until I get my hands on that Eddie, Sonny thought. He pulled his wallet from the glove box and shoved it into the hip pocket of his jeans. Then he started the motor and rolled out into the street, heading for the Blue Room lounge.

A few minutes later he was pulling into a spot in front of the club. The street was almost empty. He had expected to see more cars, then remembered that the party for Jack was something of a surprise. Must have hid the cars around the back, he thought. He took a quick glance at his watch. He had missed the opening surprise, so there was no need to hide his car. He switched off the ignition and climbed out, then locked the door and pushed his way through the entrance of the lounge.

Once his eyes grew accustomed to the darkness inside, Sonny spotted Jack sitting alone at a table in the middle of the room. Jack waved him over. As he crossed the floor, Sonny noticed Norris picking out some tunes from the jukebox on the left wall. Small groups of people congregated around the cocktail tables. Sonny picked his way through the crowd and took a seat next to Jack.

"Boy, what a depressing day I've had," Jack said.

"Yeah, you sure got off to a rough start," Sonny replied. "I hope you're not going to keep on going like this."

"And why shouldn't I?" said Jack. "It's not like I had something or someone to keep me from it. I've just found out that my daughter is doing drugs, Sonny."

"Oh, man, I can't believe that. Kathy?"

"Yeah. Little Kathy Cobb. My little Kathy." Jack took a long drink from a short glass. He set the empty on the table and signaled the waitress for another.

"Take it easy on that," Sonny said.

"Go to hell."

Sonny shook his head. "You're still on duty, Jack."



"Don't give me that academy crap, Sonny. I give the citizens plenty of good work. Now they can cut me some slack." The waitress set Jack's drink on the table and looked at Sonny. He indicated with a shake of his head that he didn't want to order anything and she left.

"She's getting them at school, but I can't finger the punk who's supplying," Jack said. He slowly turned his glass around and around on the table. "I can't talk to her; she won't listen to me anymore." He lifted the glass and looked through the amber liquid. "To my life," he toasted, "and the sewer where it floats."

"What about your wife?" asked Sonny. "Can't she help? Can she get through to Kathy?"

"She's ready to leave me. Everything is a mess."

"You're the mess, Jack. I'm your friend and I know that I should be supporting you when troubles are this bad, but I am not going to stand by and watch you pour yourself into the bottom of a bottle. You need to talk to someone. You need to get this worked out."

"Right, Sonny," Jack said sarcastically. "Jesus, you're so goody-goody sometimes. You think everything is going to work out just because you're good? You think life turns out OK just because you treat people nice and you work hard and you live clean? Give me a break."

Norris broke into the conversation when he returned from his tour of the jukebox. He and Sonny nodded at one another. Before Jack could raise his drink again, Norris stopped him. "We've got something for you, partner," he said.

"Yeah?" asked Jack. "I hope it comes in a barrel."

"Not quite," Norris said. He signaled with his hand and Steve Jones came out of the shadows carrying a birthday cake. Jack blinked his eyes several times. Sonny couldn't tell if he was genuinely moved or merely drunk.

"I can't believe this," Jack said. "A birthday cake. What a swell thought."

"Don't go maudlin on us, Jack," Sonny pleaded.

"Yeah, don't do that," said Keith. "Because the surprise isn't over." He waved his hand and the jukebox kicked into "The Stripper." Sonny admired his timing.

Sonny also admired the swirling, laughing dancing girl who sashayed into sight. In fact, he sat with the others, entranced as she shimmied and shook her way around the table. She saved her best moves for Jack, who appeared to have slipped into a state of shock.

"We hired her from Rent-A-Gag," Norris said to Sonny over the music.

"Gagging was the last thing on my mind," he replied.

The girl sat herself in Jack's lap and seductively folded her legs up, perching there like a large cat. "Here's a little something to make your birthday really happy," she cooed. She put her mouth to Jack's ear. His eyes lit up like a neon sign on Saturday night.

"So what do you think of Hannah?" asked Norris.





"I think I'll ask Santa to put one just like her under my tree this year," Jack said.

"Ooh," squealed Hannah. "Should I bring the elves?"

The table broke up into laughter. Hannah hopped off of Jack's lap and finished her dance, then planted such a kiss on Jack it would've killed him if he hadn't been fortified with booze.

Then, laughing, she scurried off and disappeared through a door next to the bar. Jack, Sonny, Steve, Norris, and the rest of the officers looked on approvingly and with more than a little bit of longing.

"Oh, no, Sonny," Steve blurted out, staring at his watch. "Did you forget? We swapped shifts last week! You're due at the station for swing-shift briefing in fifteen minutes!"

"Oh, for crying out loud," said Sonny. "I might just make it if I go now." He stood up from the table. "Happy birthday, Jack. And call me. I want to talk."

"Sure, Sonny," Jack said. "I'll call you."

As Sonny was turning to go, Steve tugged at his arm. "Don't worry, Sonny. I'll keep an eye on him."

"Thanks, Steve. I'll see you."

## Hot Wheels

Driving back to the station, Sonny had time to think about Jack's predicament. He wondered if perhaps he'd been too hard on him, but then dismissed that as second-guessing. The worst thing he could do would be to let Jack slip further into a state of despair, without offering a lifeline. But the line should be firm. Letting Jack drift was no better than just standing by.

He hoped he wouldn't be too late for the briefing. He was still bucking for Officer of the Year. A few slips like this could knock him out of the running. There was no way he was going to make it on time, but with a little luck he could get there before Dooley got too far into it.

Sonny had the door open almost before the car stopped rolling. He headed into the station at a trot, then down the hallway to the locker room.

The rest of the shift was nearly finished getting into their uniforms. Sonny hurriedly pulled off his civilian clothes. In a few minutes he was the only one left in the locker room. After grabbing his gun and briefcase, Sonny slammed the locker and trotted down the hall to the briefing room.

"Being punctual to briefings might keep some of those corrective memos out of your pigeonhole, Bonds," Dooley said as Sonny entered the room. "Find your seat and let's get on with it."



"Sorry, Sarge," Sonny said. He took a seat at the front table.

"As I was saying, before Officer Bonds decided to grace us with his presence," Dooley continued, "we have some information from the day sergeant concerning a Missing Persons report filed earlier this morning. It seems that a Hispanic male by the name of Jose Martinez was last seen by his wife two days ago getting into a late-model Cadillac. The color of the car is light blue. She has not seen or heard from her husband since. Martinez is described as five feet, eight inches tall, with black hair and brown eyes. That should really make him stand out, wouldn't you say?" Dooley added sarcastically.

"Any plate number on that car?" Sonny asked.

"We have a partial—L964."

Sonny flipped back through his notebook, looking for the connection. There it was. Those were the same numbers that the witness to the Lonny West murder had given him.

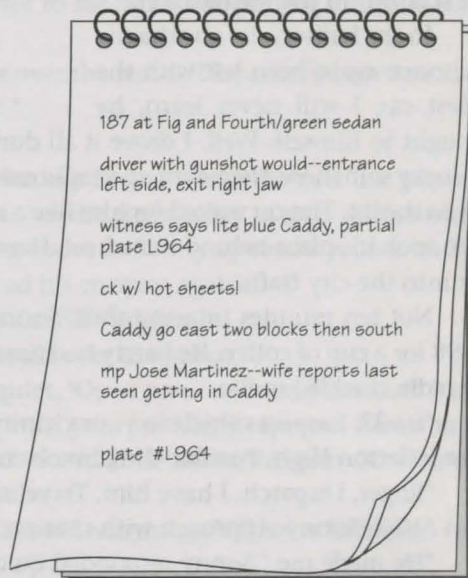
"As Officer Bonds has no doubt surmised at this point, that Caddy may well be the same car involved in the unfortunate and unseemly demise of one Lonny West, who was found parked illegally in the side of a warehouse this morning by our one and only the self same Officer Bonds."

A smattering of applause punctuated Dooley's observation.

"Now, before you weep for Martinez, let me tell you he is no choirboy. He has several previous arrests, including—and get this, boys and girls—one for narcotics sales."

"Now, we went over all of this earlier, but I want to remind you of the increased drug traffic in the city schools and the increasing number of violent attacks. I am betting that there's a connection. And I am also willing to bet," said Dooley, holding up a copy of the *Tribune* for all of the officers to see, "that this connection runs right through the wallet of this self-proclaimed Death Angel."

"All right," he concluded. "Here are your assignments and calling codes." As Dooley read out the day's beats and call numbers, Sonny stole a glance to the right and saw a small note resting in his pigeonhole.







"That's it," Dooley said finally, stepping back and gathering up his papers. "Be careful out there and keep your eyes open for that Cadillac."

As the officers filed out, Sonny got some ribbing for his late arrival. A couple of people suggested starting a fund to buy him a new watch. When the room had thinned out, Sonny reached into his mailbox and retrieved the note.

Not much to go on, Sonny thought. The department had raided the Hotel Delphoria in the past, cleaning out the gamblers every now and again. But they always returned. With the Death Angel and drugs taking top priority, illegal gambling had fallen to the list of Things That We Need to Do Once We Have the Time and Resources. Sonny was content to leave it that way. But this letter hinted at something different. He tore it into small pieces and tossed the scraps into the wastebasket.

In the hallway, he saw that he had once again been left with the oldest car. I will never learn, he thought to himself. Well, I drove it all during the last shift and it did OK. Maybe it's lucky somehow. He picked up a radio extender from the supply table and stepped out to the lot. The car waited for him like a lonesome dog. He checked it out quickly then took his place behind the wheel. Here goes nothing, he thought as he pulled out into the city traffic.

Not ten minutes into the shift, Sonny was wondering if he could arrange a 11-98 for a cup of coffee. He barely had time to form the thought in his mind when his radio crackled to life.

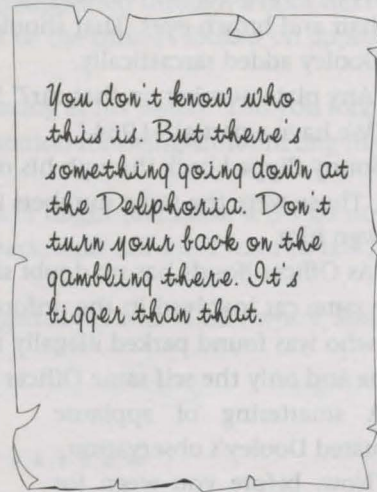
"83-32. Suspect vehicle in your vicinity. Vehicle is light-blue Cadillac last seen near Jefferson High. Possible drug involvement."

"Roger, Dispatch. I have him. Traveling west on Rose, crossing First."

"10-4, Sonny. Approach with caution."

"He made me," Sonny responded quickly. "This is 83-32, going to Code-3. In pursuit of light-blue Cadillac. Suspect vehicle traveling south on First Street."

Sonny hit his lights and sirens and kicked the gas. The Cadillac made a couple of turns but he stayed with it. He hated these pursuits. He was more concerned with hitting a car that crossed into an intersection than he was with catching the bad guys.





"Dispatch, this is 83-32. Requesting backup for pursuit of suspect vehicle."

Right then, the driver of the Cadillac made a fatal mistake by swinging east on Fig and then south again on First Street. A garbage truck had just pulled into the street and the Caddy had to stand on its brakes to keep from smashing into eight tons of refuse. That was just what Sonny needed to get into position behind the Cadillac and close off any avenue of escape.

"83-32 to Dispatch. Run check on license UL6942. I have suspect vehicle stopped at the 300 block of First Street. Get me that backup, pronto."

"10-4, 83-32. Backup unit on the way. Approach with caution. One moment for 10-27 and 29."

Sonny waited for the response. He kept an eye on the driver of the Cadillac. As far as he could tell, the driver was alone. Sonny drew his weapon and checked that it was loaded and ready to fire.

Dispatch came back on the radio. "Suspect license UL6942. Registered to 1970 Cadillac. Junked in 1983."

"10-4, Dispatch," responded Sonny. "But it sure moves pretty good for a junked car."

"Be advised," the dispatcher said. "Car 83-31 en route to your location."

"10-4, Dispatch. 83-32 out."

Sonny looked in his rearview mirror to see Jack Cobb pulling in behind him. What's he doing here? Sonny thought.

"Hey, Sonny," crackled Jack's voice over the radio. "Dispatch, be advised. Hold all radio traffic until Code-4 confirmed."

"Affirmative, 83-31."

Hell, Sonny thought. Of all the backup in the world, he gets the guy who doesn't give a flying cat carcass whether his life stops today or goes all the way to next week. Too late now to do anything about it. Sonny opened his door and got out, using the door for cover. He checked his weapon again.

"This is the police," he said to the Cadillac's driver.

"I think he figured that out," Jack said over the radio.

Sonny motioned for Jack to keep quiet. "Open your car door, place both hands in plain sight, and step out and away from your vehicle. Keep your hands raised and in sight at all times." Sonny started to sweat. He hated this part. "Do it now," he said, repeating his instructions.

Jack came around the passenger side of Sonny's car. "I'll cover him from here, Sonny, while you make contact."

"Why don't I find that very reassuring?" Sonny said matter-of-factly.

Jack looked over. "I'm cool."

"Yeah, but are you sober enough to shoot straight if you have to?" Sonny asked.

"Don't worry. I'm OK."





"You'd better be." They watched as the suspect exited the car as Sonny had directed. He came toward them slowly.

"Get your hands up or I will air-condition your head pronto," Sonny shouted. He raised his pistol in a two-fisted grip and sighted down the barrel. The suspect faltered for a moment, then raised his hands high above his head.

"OK, dog meat," Sonny shouted.

"You really have a way with words," Jack said, snickering.

"Hit the ground," Sonny yelled. "Lie down with your hands straight out and over your head. Lie down *right* now." The suspect hesitated.

"Kiss the ground or be buried in it!" Sonny shouted.

"OK, man, OK, don't shoot," the suspect hollered back. "I'm laying down, man, I'm down. Don't shoot."

"You got him," Jack said. "Looks like Sonny Bonds carves another notch in his pistol."

Sonny stood up from behind his door and approached cautiously, gun drawn, until he was standing over the suspect. "Don't look up," he warned. "Keep your nose to the blacktop."

Sonny checked to see that Jack had his pistol trained on the prone figure. Taking a deep breath, Sonny holstered his weapon and cuffed the suspect.

"Stand up," he ordered.

The suspect got to his knees and then made it to his feet. Sonny searched him and found a pocketful of change and a .45-caliber Smith & Wesson pistol. "What have we here?" Sonny asked. "That's a pretty big gun for such a little punk."

"I only carry that for self-defense on the freeway," the suspect protested.

"I bet it really helps those rush-hour merges in traffic," Sonny said. He looked up and called to his partner. "Hey, Jack, how about you book this evidence while I take a closer look at the car?"

"Sure thing, Sonny," he answered.

As Jack approached, gun drawn, Sonny began reading the suspect his rights from the small card he carried in his breast pocket. "You have the right to remain silent. If you choose to give up that right, everything you say can and will be used against you in a court of law. You have the right to an attorney, and to have that attorney present during questioning—"

"I know all that crap already," he snarled.

"Oh," said Sonny. "The voice of experience. Well, shut up, old-timer, and listen to it anyway. I am not having any judge throw this bust out on a technicality." Sonny finished reading from his Miranda card.

"You don't have nothing on me," protested the man. "I'll be on the street before you can get home to your stinking TV dinner."

"Oh, I don't think so," Sonny said. "I think you'll be spending some time at our city facility. Get on back there to the squad car."



"Sure, officer pig, anything you say."

Sonny guided the suspect to the waiting patrol car and maneuvered him into the backseat. As he was closing the door, Sonny leaned in and grinned a little. "Oink, oink," he said. "We've got you by the hair of your—"

"Come on, Sonny," Jack interrupted. "Let's wrap this up."

"Let me take another look at that gun," Sonny said. He took it from Jack with a pencil in the barrel to avoid smudging any fingerprints. "I just wanted to write down the serial number," Sonny explained.

"What do you do?" asked Jack. "Collect them?"

Sonny jotted the number into his notebook. "You never know," he said to Jack. "Might come in handy." He gave the pistol back. "Go ahead and tag it. I want to take a look at the car."

Sonny walked over to the Cadillac. Standing at the driver's-side door, something caught his eye. It took him a couple of minutes to figure it out, but there it was. A few flaws in the light-blue paint on the doorpost, where it looked like the paint had run. Not usual in a Cadillac, he thought. Not usual in any car unless it was painted in a hurry. He pulled the keys from the ignition and used them to scratch at the paint. The blue came right off, revealing a black layer underneath. Sonny wasn't in the auto-refinishing business by trade, but he knew that black wasn't the color of an undercoat. He started looking for the Vehicle Identification Number.

He found it under a layer of grime on the door frame. Leafing back through his notebook, he already knew that the VIN matched that of the black Cadillac that Sergeant Dooley had described in the morning briefing. That's grounds for a search, for sure, thought Sonny. He sat in the driver's seat and reached over to open the glove box.

Bingo. A small black notebook, and what looked like two driver's licenses. He pulled the notebook from the glove box and began paging through it. You don't have to be a CIA operative to figure this one out, he thought.

Sonny copied the contents of the notebook and then put it back in the glove box to be impounded as evidence with the rest of the car. Then he pulled out the two licenses. Except for the mustache, the men pictured on each license were identical. And both pictures bore an uncanny resemblance to the man sitting in the back of Sonny's patrol car.







Sonny wrote down the two names and then replaced the licenses in the glove box. He walked around to the back of the car. References to "terminate" in the notebook and two obviously false driver's licenses gave him just cause to search the trunk. He didn't think any judge would throw it out, no matter what kind of lawyer the suspect hired.

Using the keys he had pulled from the ignition, Sonny popped open the trunk. "Hey, Jack. Look what we have here!"

Jack walked over to look into the trunk. "Looks like drugs," he said. "Marijuana and coke, I bet."

Sonny opened the bag containing the white powder and dipped in a finger. He put a slight taste to his tongue. "Right, Jack. Nose candy."

"I wonder if this is the punk that's been selling at the schools," Jack said. He looked back to Sonny's patrol car. "Be a shame if he had an accident on the way to the jail. Looks like he's the type to resist arrest."

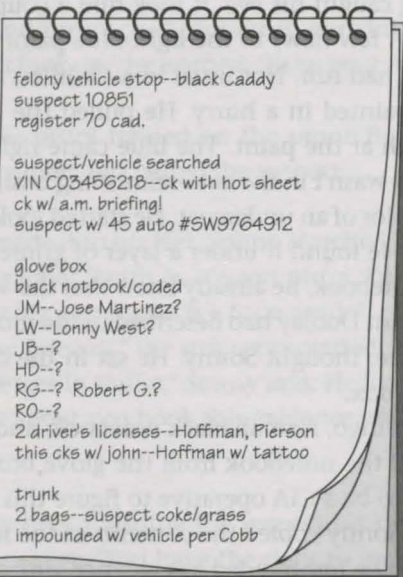
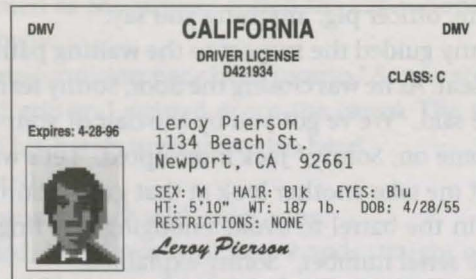
"Cool it, Jack," Sonny warned. "We're going to do this right."

"Nice of you to show so much concern," said Jack sarcastically.

"Just keep your hands off my prisoner."

Jack just looked at him, and Sonny could see him backing down. "You're right, Sonny."

"Now you're talking."





"Just leave it in the trunk," Jack said. "I'll have it impounded with the rest of the car and the other evidence."

"All right," Sonny said, closing the trunk. "Thanks for helping me out." Sonny returned to his squad car. From the front seat, he could see the suspect in his rearview mirror. "So which is it?" he asked. "Leroy or Marvin?"

"What you talking about, man? I don't answer any questions until I see my lawyer."

"Sure, Marvin. Maybe you can tell your counsel about those packages in your trunk."

"You didn't have any reason to look in my trunk, man. I'll be out of jail by tonight."

Sonny started the car. "Just keep on thinking that way," he said. "The world loves an optimist." He pulled into traffic and keyed his radio. "Dispatch, 83-32 en route to jail. One suspect in custody."

"10-4, 83-32."

A few minutes later, Sonny pulled into the lot at the county lockup. Donny was still shooting hoops in the early-evening light. Sonny got out of the car and hollered through the chain-link fence. "Don't you ever quit playing that game?"

"Trying to improve myself," Donny answered. "Don't want to be a burden on society."

Sonny laughed. He opened the back door of the patrol car and ordered his prisoner out. "You're a real tough guy when you have someone in handcuffs," Hoffman said. "This must be the biggest bust of your career."

"Don't flatter yourself. You're nothing but small-time."

Hoffman barked a laugh.

"Save it for the rest of the jailhouse gang," Sonny said. "Now move it up those steps yourself, or I will help you move it."

Sullenly, Hoffman walked across the lot to the steps, then stood there as Sonny locked away his gun and buzzed the jailer. The door came open with a click, and Sonny pushed his prisoner through and into the entrance hall.

"Oh, ho!" shouted George. "Our fearless, dare I say intrepid, Bonds is at it again. Defending the good people of Lytton against the scurvy likes of—"

"Book him," Sonny said. "Possession of drugs with intent to sell."

"Just fill out our booking slip here and you could be the winner of a glorious cell for one in the spacious Iron Bar Hotel," said the jailer.

"A real comedian. Really busts me up," muttered the prisoner.

"And who's our lucky contestant?" asked George, looking at Hoffman.

"Hoffman. Marvin Hoffman, you piece of pig scum."

Sonny shrugged. "That's what *he* says," he told George. "But to look at the glove box in his car you'd think the guy is having a little trouble finding himself."





"Is that right?" asked George. "Well, he's certain to get the Mr. Congeniality award."

Sonny took inventory of Hoffman's personal effects. To tell the truth, he didn't care what name the prisoner was booked under. Sonny hoped only that the felony charges would hold Hoffman long enough for him to discover who he really was.

"Thank you so much," George said, taking the booking slip and property receipt from Sonny. "Why don't you escort our so-called Marvin Hoffman back through that door, where he'll soon have the chance to tell us what's inside cell number one."

"You won't keep me," Hoffman said.

"You're starting to repeat yourself," Sonny answered, as the cell door slid shut with a clang. Sonny turned and started toward the door when Jack Cobb came in.

"I see you got that slimeball pusher booked and behind bars," said Jack. "The car's tucked away and all the evidence is booked. This is one clean bust, Sonny."

"Thanks for backing me up."

"I got a radio call on the way over," Jack continued. "Dooley wants to see you when you're done here. My shift is over. I'll see you later back at the station."

"Right, see you later."

Sonny finished the paperwork on the Hoffman bust. His relief over having jailed Hoffman was tempered by a nervous anticipation. He wondered, and hoped, that his transfer had come though. To get to the top of this drug ring, he had to get out of this uniform.

"Have a nice day," said George, as Sonny turned to leave.

"Don't give away the keys while I'm gone," he answered. He walked through the door as it swung open, retrieved his weapon from the lockup, and made the short drive to headquarters.

## Jailhouse Rock

Back at the station, the hallways were nearly empty. Sonny made a beeline for Sergeant Dooley's office. He knocked on the door.

"Enter," came Dooley's voice from the other side.

Sonny pushed through. Dooley looked up from his desk and motioned him over. "Good bust, Bonds."

"Thanks, Sergeant."

Dooley picked up a paper from his desk. "I have a memo here regarding your request to be assigned to Narcotics. Let me read it to you." Suddenly, Dooley was seized by uncontrollable sneezing. His eyes began to water. "Damn allergies," he muttered between nasal explosions. He stood up from his desk. "Excuse me, Bonds."



I'll be right back." He motioned toward the memo lying on the desk. "Don't wait on me, read it yourself." He hurried from the room, clutching a hand over his mouth and trying to stifle a fit of sneezing and coughing.



Lytton City Police Department

INTERDEPARTMENTAL MEMO

From: Lt. James Morgan,  
Narcotics

Re: Officer Sonny Bonds

Officer Bonds's request for a temporary transfer to the Narcotics department has been approved. Bonds is to report to my office ASAP in suitable street clothes.

Sonny almost shouted. He'd been working for this moment for months, even years. Now it was happening. Excited, he left Dooley's office and headed to the locker room to change.

Five minutes later he was standing in Lieutenant Morgan's office in Narcotics. "Bonds," said Morgan. "Good to have you aboard. I'll get right down to it. I am putting you on the Hoffman case because of your involvement in the arrest. You'll be working with Detective Laura Watts."

Sonny was starting to feel like he'd won the state lottery. First plainclothes, now Laura Watts. "Thanks, Lieutenant," he blurted. "It'll be great to work with her."

"You'll find Detective Watts one of our most professional and capable officers," Morgan continued. "She's waiting for you next door. Dismissed."





Sonny left Morgan's office in a daze and walked the few short steps down the hall to Laura's office. As he entered, she looked up from her desk, all blonde hair and blue eyes. It stopped Sonny dead in his tracks.

"Sonny," she said cheerily. "I'm glad you were the one selected for the assignment. Welcome to our humble abode. Let me show you around."

"Thanks, Detective."

Laura shook her head. "None of that here. If we're going to work together, we have to start right away with names, no ranks. Call me Laura."

"All right, Laura."

She gave Sonny a quick tour of the department, including the filing cabinets where he could find information about the Hoffman suspect. "Come over here," she said, moving to the far wall. "These are the keys to the unmarked cars," she said, pointing out a pegboard. "This clipboard here has some FBI information. I've been meaning to get it updated, but being a person short has kind of pushed it to the bottom of the priority list."

"That can happen," said Sonny. "Hope I can help."

"I hope you can do a lot more than update a clipboard," she said. "Our radio call number is 83-Nora-10," she continued, walking to the desk in the center of the room. Sonny followed, jotting the number down in his notebook. "This is your desk," she said. "Just think—no more notes in that briefing room pigeonhole."

"Ah, the trappings of the elite," joked Sonny.

Laura smiled. "It's good you have a sense of humor. You're going to need it here." She returned to her desk and picked up a few papers. "Let me fill you in on the Hoffman arrest."

"I just booked the guy," Sonny said.

"Things move fast around here," she answered. "Especially when you can hire the high-class legal suits that Hoffman can."

"I didn't think he had the clout to summon that kind of help."

"He doesn't," Laura answered. "But somebody does. Somebody who cares very much about what happens to our Mr. Hoffman."

"Right."

"Anyway," she continued, "this legal suit has convinced the judge that Hoffman is who he says he is. But that's not the worst part."

"What kind of judge would believe that?" interrupted Sonny. "What, the guy needs two licenses?"

"I don't know how he sold that bill of goods to the bench, but he did. Judge Palmer returned with a \$500,000 bond. That's real money to you and me, but it's nothing to these drug dealers. A ten percent bond ticket will spring Hoffman. And when he goes, our case goes."

"So what's the answer?"



"Don't know yet," Laura said. "We need to convince the judge that Hoffman's bail should be revoked. We need a warrant to hold him until we can get to the bottom of this."

"Or the top," Sonny quipped.

"Right," Laura answered. She shuffled a few papers and stuffed them into her briefcase. "I've got a meeting downtown with the assistant DA. This Hoffman case is your baby right now. You don't have much time, and we need some evidence." She walked out of the office, clutching her case and leaving a cool wake behind. She turned just outside the door. "Good luck, Sonny. I'm glad we're working together."

"I'm glad too," he replied. When she disappeared into the hallway, Sonny turned to the task at hand. He crossed the office to the clipboard. Sonny was a bachelor, and he knew how things could get confused if they weren't carefully tracked. Maybe there was something in these FBI wire reports that Laura had missed. He flipped through the pages. Great, he thought: stolen fish, a missing pair of panties, somebody's dog has disappeared . . .

Wait a minute, he thought, turning to the next page. Hold the phone. He was looking right into the eyes of Marvin Hoffman. But the name on this wire report wasn't Hoffman. It was Taselli. And this Taselli was a very bad character indeed. The FBI wanted him on a federal warrant for the murder of a Colombian national. Here was something else—he used the alias Hoffman. Sonny kept reading, his heart pounding. Under "Physical Description," he found exactly what he was looking for—Taselli had a tattoo of a flower above the left nipple.

Sonny leafed through his notebook. There it was. Something Marie had told him at Wino Willy's. Didn't the john that had talked too much have a tattoo? Yes, there it is. She said it was a flower. Maybe Hoffman was the john. If Hoffman's boss knew he had talked to a hooker about his business . . . No wonder he had a high-powered attorney getting him out on bail. It's a lot easier to plug a leak when you can put your finger in the hole. And Hoffman's boss was about to put a hole in Hoffman. Poor sucker, thought Sonny. He probably thinks the boss is doing him a big favor.

Sonny slipped the report from the clipboard and grabbed a set of keys; he replaced the clipboard and went to the filing cabinet. Laura had said that the latest Hoffman information was in there. Maybe he could find the connection. He needed proof that Taselli and Hoffman were the same man. It was the only way he was going to keep Hoffman in jail. Hoffman was the only link they had to the drug trafficking organization.

He opened the top drawer and dug out the Hoffman file. He took it to his desk and opened it. The papers made for some very interesting reading. The Hoffman description was a perfect match to the FBI report, even down to the height and weight. Here it is, thought Sonny, moving ahead to the "Identifying Marks" section.





A tattoo of a small flower just above the left nipple. He had him. This was all the evidence he needed to revoke Hoffman's bail. He leafed through some of the other papers in the file. The drugs in the trunk turned out to be coke and grass, as Sonny had suspected. Five pounds of marijuana and one pound of coke. Personal use my foot, thought Sonny.

He threw the file and the FBI arrest advisory into his briefcase. If he hurried, he might be able to catch Judge Palmer before she left her chambers for the day. With the evidence in hand, Sonny trotted down the hallway and out the back door to the lot.

This is more like it, he thought, sliding in behind the wheel of the unmarked patrol car. He started the motor and pulled into the street. Within five minutes he was parked in front of the courthouse.

"Hey, you can't park there!" shouted a security officer from the front steps. Sonny flashed his badge. "Got to see the judge," he said hurriedly, pushing through the doors and into the foyer. His shoes striking the marble floors echoed eerily in the spacious entrance. Court must be in session, he thought. Usually the benches here are filled with spectators, witnesses, jurors, and defendants. He stood in front of the bailiff's window. "Anyone in there?" he called. "Police business. Anyone in there?"

"Yes, I am here," answered a clerk in an officious tone. "And what may I do you for you, Officer—"

"Bonds," Sonny said. "And I need to see Judge Palmer right away."

"I'm sorry," the clerk replied. "Judge Kim Palmer's court is in session at this time."

"You don't get it," said Sonny. "I need to see the judge to secure a no-bail warrant. I have a suspect in custody who's made the FBI Most Wanted List with a bullet, if you know what I mean."

"I can only interrupt proceedings if it's an extreme emergency," responded the clerk.

"Do they give you frustration lessons before you land this job or is that an innate talent? This is an emergency, I'm telling you. If I don't stop this punk from hitting the streets, the homicide rate in our fair city will rise another notch. I don't think the judge wants to see that, do you?"

"No," stammered the clerk. "I see. I mean—"

"Just get me in to see the judge," Sonny insisted. "It won't be a waste of time, you'll see."

"Wait here. I'll see if Judge Palmer can see you." The clerk scurried back through a row of filing shelves and disappeared through a side door. Sonny hunkered down at the window. He glanced nervously at the clock above the courtroom doors. If Hoffman already had his bail set, Sonny didn't have much time to unset it. Luckily, the jail was right across the street.



"Officer Bonds," spoke the clerk from behind him. Sonny turned. "The bailiff says that you can see Judge Palmer if you make it quick. Please proceed into the courtroom."

"Thanks." He pushed through the oversized oak doors and entered the courtroom. He waited until Judge Palmer noticed him. She looked over her glasses and asked him to approach the bench. Sonny pushed through the gate and took a position in front of the bench.

"Officer Bonds, who or what is this warrant for?" asked the judge.

"It concerns Marvin Hoffman, your Honor," said Sonny.

"I see," she said. "I saw nothing in Mr. Hoffman's record that would indicate a condition of no bail. What evidence do you have that would validate such a warrant?"

"I have Hoffman's file, your Honor," said Sonny, proffering the folder to the judge. "I would direct your attention to the physical description and in particular to the description of the small flower tattoo."

"Above the left nipple," Judge Palmer read.

"Yes, your Honor."

"So he has a tattoo," said the judge. "Maybe he likes skin decorations. Youthful indiscretion, perhaps."

"I don't think so, your Honor. I would also ask that you consider this advisory report from the FBI, identifying a Jason Taselli, and indicating that, like Hoffman, he has a small tattoo of a flower above his left nipple."

"What are you saying, Officer Bonds? That these two men are in some kind of secret organization?"

"No, your Honor. I submit to you that they are the same man. Look closely at the photo in the FBI report and the mug shot taken when Hoffman was arrested today. Look also at the two driver's licenses in his file, and the fact that the FBI reports his use of the alias 'Hoffman.'"

"Yes, Officer Bonds, I see that. I do believe you have a connection here. This is sufficient for me. Bailiff, you will issue a no-bail warrant for Jason Taselli and deliver it immediately to Officer Bonds to serve on the prisoner."

"Thank you, your Honor," Sonny said.

"Leave my court now, Officer Bonds."

Sonny turned and made his way out. He stopped by the clerk's desk long enough to snatch the warrant from his hands and then hurried outside to his car. With any luck at all he could still catch Hoffman at the jail. The punk would never know the favor he was doing him.

Sonny jumped from his car and raced up the jailhouse steps. He fumbled with the combination but managed to get the locker open and stash his weapon inside. He leaned on the buzzer until George let him in.





"I got something to tell you," said the jailer. "That worm Hoffman has his lawyer here and that guy is getting his bail ticket even as we speak."

"Not if I can help it," said Sonny, handing the no-bail warrant through the cage.

"Oh, great!" shouted George. "I can't wait to see his face when I deliver this up front."

Sonny waited at the front desk. A familiar voice came from the banks of cells to his right. He couldn't see the face, but he had stared at the mug shot enough times to know who it was.

"Who's that out there?" said the voice. "Must be Officer Sonny Bonds. He must have come back to apologize, now that he sees that I'm making bail! What's the matter, Bonds? Are you afraid that when I get out of here I'll come looking for you? Is that why you came to say you're sorry?" The prisoner laughed.

Sonny looked through the door that separated the cells from the main entrance. "Not quite, Taselli."

That shut him up. "Who?" he stammered. "My name isn't Taselli. It's Marvin Hoffman."

"You ought to be more careful who you talk to," said Sonny. "And besides, didn't your parents ever warn you against getting tattoos?"

Taselli said nothing. He sat down hard on his cot and cursed under his breath.

"Have a good day, Marvin," Sonny said. He whistled all the way to his car, and he was whistling still when he pulled into the lot at police headquarters.



## Date in the Park

Sonny had no sooner pulled into a designated space than Detective Watts rushed from the building to meet him. "Sonny, I'm glad you made it back so soon. Great work on Hoffman—or should I say Taselli?" She pulled open the door and slid into the car.

"One of my informants told me a drug deal is going down soon in Lytton City Park," she said, buckling herself in. "Morgan wants us to stake it out and see what we can do."

Sonny put the car in gear and drove out of the lot toward the park. "Do you think this is the big deal?" he asked.

"I doubt it. I can't imagine the leader making a buy in the middle of a park. But with Taselli in jail, we might be able to squeeze the perpetrators."

"Provided we can catch them," Sonny mused.

"We'll just have to make sure that that happens," said Laura firmly.



Sonny took side streets to avoid the traffic lights and soon they were parked at one of the park entrances. "OK," he said. "How do you want to handle this?"

"I'll handle the perimeter," she said, loading her weapon and checking the radio. "You take up a position in the park near the picnic table just off the jogging path. My informant tells me that the table is the site of the buy."

"Right." Sonny took his service revolver from his holster and checked the cylinders. He reached into the glove box and withdrew the speed loader and put it in his jacket pocket. "Hope I don't have to use this," he added.

"I got you a better radio while I was at the station," Laura said. "That other one squealed so much it would have given away your location."

"Thanks." Sonny took the radio and opened the car door. "Here goes."

"Good luck, Sonny," Laura smiled. "Keep in touch."

Sonny smiled back and walked into the park. He found the picnic table quickly. He readied his revolver and took up a position behind a dense wall of shrubbery. From there he had an unobstructed view of the stakeout area, but was confident he couldn't be seen in return. He keyed his transmitter and relayed his location to Detective Watts.

"10-4, Sonny. I will maintain radio silence until I hear from you. Base out."

Sonny settled in to wait. This was the boring part of the job, but it was better than driving a beat all day. He passed the time by making careful observations of his surroundings and noticing possible avenues of escape. He planned his approach. Then, when all was straight in his mind, and he was just beginning to relax, he thought of Marie.

He shook his head, as if he could shake the thought out like some recalcitrant gumball from a machine. But it didn't work. A picture of Marie as he had seen her in high school a lifetime ago stayed lodged in his brain. A picture of Marie on a stool at Wino Willy's . . . a picture of Marie standing on Fig Street, bending over a car pulled next to a curb, offering herself for money . . . he checked his revolver. Damn, he thought, why don't these guys come and give me something pleasant to think about—like drugs and gunfire.

The thought must have keyed an action, like a butterfly influences the weather. No sooner had he wished it than two men approached the picnic area from opposite directions. One, coming from the east, was dressed in black jeans and a black T-shirt without sleeves. Sonny made him out to be about five-foot-ten, 160 pounds. Nothing more than a kid, he thought.

Sonny kept his eyes on the first suspect, then noticed the second man entering the area from the west. This suspect was noticeably older. He wore dark glasses—which he didn't need in the gathering dusk—blue pants, and a light-blue shirt. He was balding. Sonny took him for about 35 years old, maybe 180 pounds, a little over average height. If he had to guess which of the two was the seller, he'd put even money on this guy.





Sonny kept absolutely quiet so he could hear the details of the transaction. The men talked at first in hushed tones. Sonny could barely make out what they were saying from his position, as the foliage muffled their voices. Sonny noted that the older man called the younger one "Vic."

"I got what you want," said the older man. "I hope you brought the cash."

"Yeah," Vic said. "I have it all, right here." He pulled a long envelope from his hip pocket and laid it on the table. In return, the older man put a clear bag containing a white substance next to the cash. It had all the markings of a drug buy, but it wasn't nearly as large as Sonny had hoped it would be.

The two suspects picked up their respective packages. Sonny was just about to break up the proceedings when the older one began to argue about the money. "This isn't enough," he said angrily. "Where's the rest of the bread?"

As good a time as any, thought Sonny. Might as well attack while their attention is diverted. He radioed Laura that he was going in to make the arrest. "Keep your eye out for foot traffic," he warned.

"10-4. I am covering the exit," she replied.

"Freeze!" Sonny shouted, coming from behind the bushes with his gun trained on the suspects. "Police officer! Stay where you are!"

"Cops!" shouted the older man, displaying a flair for the obvious. He broke away and ran to the right, behind the bushes. Vic froze in his tracks.

"Don't shoot me! Don't shoot me! I give up!"

Sonny advanced with caution, his weapon aimed at the young suspect. "Turn around, son," he advised.

Trembling, the young man turned. "What are you gonna do?" he asked. "You're not going to shoot me, are you?"

Sonny holstered his weapon and cuffed the suspect. "No one is going to hurt you, son. Except maybe a judge." Sonny began his search of the suspect. He found the clear bag containing the white substance he had seen the suspect pick up from the picnic table, and he found a school ID card. Sonny looked the ID over. "Victor Simms," he said.

"Yes, sir, that's me."

Sonny noted that the description on the card fit the general appearance of the suspect. Until he knew otherwise, he was willing to believe that this was Victor Simms. He pulled his Miranda card from his wallet and read Simms his rights. "Do you understand all of these rights as I have explained them to you?"

"Yeah, I guess so."

Sonny took another look at the dope in the bag. Definitely cocaine. "You have a lot of trouble on your hands here, Simms," he said. "Do you have anything to tell me before I ride you downtown?"

"I only sell a little, just enough to get some spending money," he pleaded.

"Who are your customers?"



"I can't tell you that, man. I can't rat on nobody!"

"Did you ever sell to Kathy Cobb?" asked Sonny. Simms thought it over for a few minutes. "Answer the question, before you fall down and hurt yourself."

"Yeah, a few times. She likes to get high. Her old man is a drunk. She needed to get high. She's a sweet babe."

"What else?" Sonny pressed. "What about the operation? Who do you get your stuff from?" Simms kept his mouth shut. "You know, you aren't going to last long in the jail, as young as you are," Sonny said. "They prey on schoolboys like you. Maybe if you can help me out, I can help you."

"You can let me go?" asked Simms eagerly.

"No, but I can talk to the DA. If you cooperate and we can get the top man, maybe the DA will appreciate your civic concern," said Sonny.

"OK, OK," Simms said. "I used to get my stuff from Jose Martinez. He turned me on to Donald Colby."

"Who is that? The guy who took your money?"

"Yeah, that's Colby."

"What about Martinez? Where is he?"

"I haven't seen him since I hooked up with Colby. That's the truth."

"All right, Simms," Sonny said. "Let's go." He led the young prisoner out of the park to the waiting car. Laura was leaning against the hood.

"What took you so long, cowboy? I caught this one here making foot bail on you."

"Thanks for the backup," Sonny said. "His name is Colby. I'd like to talk to him for a minute before we head on back."

"Suits me," Laura shrugged.

"You look like a tough guy," said Sonny, getting up into Colby's face. "But you won't be so tough when the Death Angel delivers his gift to you."

"What are you talking about?" said Colby. "I was taking a stroll in the park. I have a little spending money in my pocket. What's the beef?"

"I know you're supplying the high school with coke," Sonny said. "That's not going to sit too well with the folks downtown."

"You're crazy. You haven't got anything on me."

"I have a witness who connects you to Jose Martinez," said Sonny. "And if Jose shows up dead, which I am willing to bet he does, you'll be looking at a murder-one rap, not a small-time dope-sales conviction. That means time in the big house. A long time. And it's a big house. Full of very nasty people. And some of those nasty people work for the Death Angel."

"If I give you my source, you have to make sure you tell the judge that I cooperated," Colby said. "I got to have your word on that."

"Oh, sure," Sonny said warmly. "I'll tell the judge all about you."





Colby wasn't sure how to take that. "I get my supply from Leroy Pierson," he said.

"Where can I find this Pierson?"

"I have his number," said Colby. "It's 555-6537."

Sonny wrote it down. "Maybe I should give Pierson a call. Do you know a Marvin Hoffman?"

"Never heard of him," Colby said.

"Jason Taselli? Ever heard of him?"

"No."

"All right, Colby. Get in the car. You too, Simms."

Sonny and Laura shut the back doors after the suspects were seated. "Morgan ought to be happy with this bust," Laura said.

Sonny nodded. "Let's go straight to jail," he said, pulling away from the curb.

"Do not pass Go," said Laura.

"Do not collect \$200." Sonny replied.

Laura smiled at him and keyed the radio. "Dispatch, 83-Nora-10. Be advised, Code-4 with two in custody."

"Roger," squawked the radio.

"Out," said Laura. She settled back for the ride.

## **B**lue Room Redux

With Colby and Simms booked and in jail, Sonny and Laura headed back toward headquarters. "You are definitely an asset to Narcotics," said Laura. "That was one smooth bust."

"Thanks for catching up to Colby."

"That's what partners are for," said Laura.

Sonny swung into the parking lot. "I'll go in and write it up," suggested Laura. "I heard that Jack Cobb and some of the others are down at the Blue Room lounge. He'd probably be interested in hearing that we bagged the guy who was selling to Jefferson High."

"All right," said Sonny. "I'll cruise by there and then swing back by to pick you up."

She nodded and got out of the car. Sonny watched her walk to the steps and then up and into the building. He put the car in gear and headed for the Blue Room.

He found Jack inside, warming the same chair he had warmed earlier. "I hope you're off duty this time," said Sonny, taking a chair next to him.



"Yeah. I am most definitely off," Jack said. He was drinking beer, and by the looks of the empties that occupied most of the small table, he was doing a pretty good job of it.

"I've got good news for you," Sonny said. He explained the arrest of Colby and Simms, and the connection with Jefferson High. "I hope Kathy can get some help now," Sonny said.

Jack shuddered and reached for his beer. "Too late, Sonny. I got a call right after we booked Hoffman. Kathy is in ICU over at Lytton General. She OD'd on something. That scum. He will die, Sonny. I will see to that."

"Careful, Jack," Sonny warned. "Go easy on the drinking. You're not thinking straight."

"I don't need anybody telling me how to think," he slurred. "My baby girl is in the hospital, in a coma, because of that scumbag. I'll be happy when *he's* in the same shape."

"Sonny," hailed the bartender. "I called a cab for him."

"Thanks, Billy."

At that moment, a cab driver entered, looking for his fare. "Over here," Sonny said. He paid the cabby in advance and gave him a large tip. "Make sure he gets home OK," Sonny said. He wrote down Jack's address and gave it to the driver.

"Sure," said the cabby. "So long as he don't fall down or throw up, he should be fine." He led Jack out the door and into the waiting taxi.

Sonny remained at the table, brooding over Jack's condition. Nothing was working out right, he thought. He was still coming up short. He needed to break this dope ring soon, before more lives dropped into the growing black hole of the Lytton underworld.

Homicide Detective Keith Robinson entered the bar. He kept a cigarette in his mouth as a permanent appendage. Smoking like a freight train, Robinson descended on Sonny's table. "Watts said you'd be here," Robinson said. "I've got some bad news. Taselli's out."

"What?" asked Sonny. "What do you mean, 'out'?"

"Escaped," explained Keith. "Took out a guard and then made it over the fence from the exercise yard."

"Damn," Sonny said. "How long? When did it happen?"

"Less than two hours ago. You were on stakeout. There's an APB out for him now, and a citywide dragnet. Morgan wants to see you in his office ASAP."

"Right," said Sonny, rising from the table. "I'm on the way."

The scene at headquarters was somber. Sonny had never seen Morgan in such a state, not even when the Channel brothers killed a county deputy two years ago and led the force on a high-speed chase that left three pedestrians injured and put





a second officer in the hospital. Taselli's escape, compounded by Kathy Cobb's dire medical condition, had the entire department on edge. Sonny stood before Morgan's desk, eager to be out on the street again, where he could do some good.

Morgan slammed the telephone down. "I wouldn't trust that tower guard to watch a grain elevator," he glowered. "Sorry all your work is going into the crapper, Sonny."

"We'll catch him, Lieutenant."

"Make sure you do. If the Death Angel gets to him first, we might never make the connection between Taselli and the drugs, not to mention Taselli and Jose Martinez." Morgan shuffled through a few papers on his desk.

"I want you to take another look at the evidence we impounded from Taselli's car," he said. "See if you can turn up anything we missed."

"Right away, Lieutenant."

"Whatever you find out, report back to me. I need to run down some other leads. Let's get cracking, Sonny. I want that creep back behind bars before midnight. Dismissed."

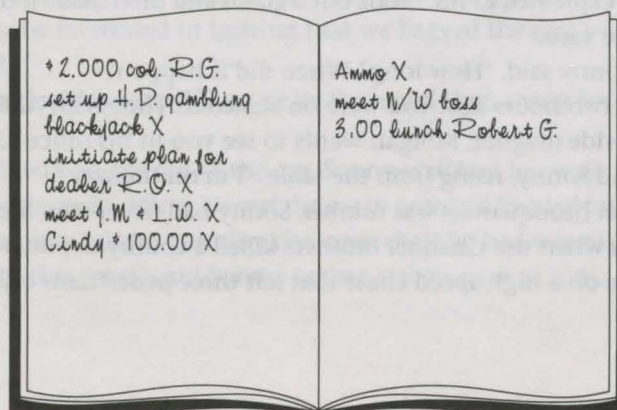
Sonny went straight from Morgan's office to the evidence locker. "Russ, how's it going?" he asked the officer in charge.

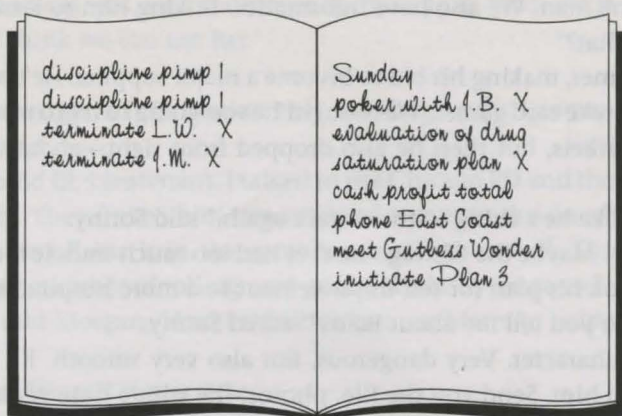
"A bit slow for me," Russ admitted. "But I hear things are really cooking in the real world."

"You've got that right," said Sonny. I need to see the evidence we impounded at the Hoffman/Taselli arrest. In particular, I want to see the black book that was in the glove box and the weapon I took from him during the search."

"Right away, Sonny."

Sonny took the box of evidence that Russ handed over. He leafed through the black book. It was starting to get clearer now. The *LW* must be Lonny West, Sonny thought; that would make *JM* Jose Martinez. The mark next to their names indicated they were taken out of action. Sonny knew what had become of West. He could guess what had happened to Martinez. He put the book back in the box and pulled out the weapon.





"Don't worry," Russ said. "The lab already printed it."

Sonny checked again and saw the label from Lt. Fred Williams of the Ballistics lab. That was good. Williams was thorough. If there were any prints to be lifted from the weapon, Fred would have found them. His tag indicated that all the tests were complete. Sonny made a note to check the ballistic reports. He made a note of the serial number and replaced the gun in the box. "Thanks, Russ. Maybe this will get me what I need."

"I hope so, Sonny."

Sonny made his next stop the computer room. Training in the academy had schooled him in the correct electronic-search procedures for gathering evidence from different sources. Right now he wanted to find out who was the registered owner of Taselli's gun. He had a sneaking suspicion that it wasn't Taselli.

He switched on a computer and accessed the correct database. Following the computer's prompts, he supplied the serial number of the weapon. The computer mulled over his request, then displayed the information he was looking for: a .45-caliber handgun had been reported stolen in Chicago on December 4, 1986. A contact at the local police department in Chicago was listed—a Detective Taber.

Sonny jotted down the phone number, then exited the search program and walked next door to the Narcotics office. From his own phone he dialed Taber's number.

"Detective Taber speaking; how may I help you?"

Sonny identified himself and quickly outlined the situation. "He's on the loose again," he said to Taber, finishing his story. "What kind of information can you give me on Taselli?"

"He dropped from our sight a few months back," Taber replied. "He goes by a couple of different names."

"Let me guess," Sonny said. "Hoffman and Pierson."





"That's the man. We also have information linking him to Jesse Bains."

"Who is that?"

"Drug runner, making his bid to become a major supplier. He's also known for running high-stake card games. We thought he was going to try to move in on some of the local markets, but then he also dropped from sight—about the same time Taselli did."

"It looks like he's rising to the surface again," said Sonny.

"Could be. Maybe the Chicago market had too much muscle for him to move in on, so he took his plan for self-improvement to a more hospitable location."

"What can you tell me about Bains?" asked Sonny.

"Wicked character. Very dangerous. But also very smooth. I'll fax you some information on him. Send you the file, photos, the whole nine yards."

"I'd appreciate it," Sonny said.

"Sure. Good luck, Bonds."

Taber cut the connection, and Sonny hung up the phone. This was plenty evidence to move on, he thought. He looked over his notes.

Before he could return to Lieutenant Morgan's office, Laura Watts came in. "I had a call a few minutes ago from the jail," she said. "A Marie Wilkans. She asked for you. She says she needs you to come down there, straighten something out."

Sonny shook his head.

"Who's Marie?" Laura asked.

"Girlfriend?"

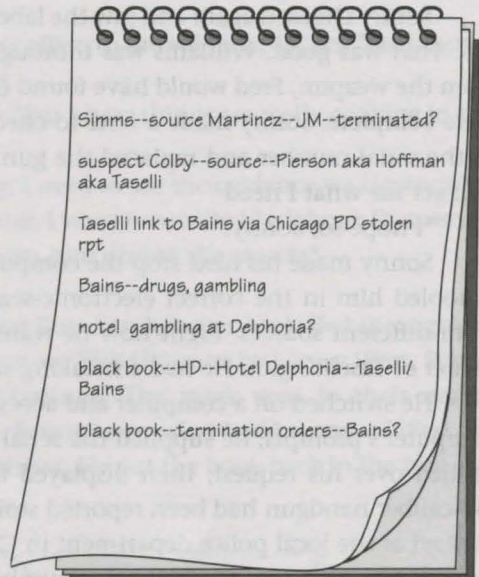
"Old friend."

"Oh, I see." Laura walked to her desk. The air in the office dropped a couple of degrees in temperature. "Before you take off, stop by and see Morgan."

"I was just on my way," Sonny said. Laura held his gaze for a few minutes then looked away. "I better go."

"Yeah," said Laura. "Don't leave Marie waiting."

When Sonny entered Morgan's office the second time, the lieutenant was waiting. "I hear your sweetheart is in the can, Bonds."





"Marie Wilkans, yes, sir. I've known her for a long time. We're friends."

"Good. I think we can use her."

"Sir?"

"I have very good information that the drug traffic is emanating from the Hotel Delphoria."

"That would fit, Lieutenant. I talked to the Chicago PD and they put the finger right on Taselli. They linked him to an up-and-comer in the drug business named Jesse Bains. Seems Bains is in the gambling business as well. The Delphoria has played host to a number of rolling card games the last year or so."

"Right," said Morgan. "And I think we can use Marie to help us establish our cover there."

"Why not Watts?" Sonny asked.

"Somebody might recognize her," Morgan said. "Marie is known by some of the people who frequent that place. She wouldn't arouse suspicion. That's about the only thing she wouldn't arouse," Morgan snickered.

Sonny grew red. "Yes, sir, I'll talk to her."

"Do more than that, Sonny. You make her part of this operation. Do you have a problem with that?"

"No, Lieutenant. No problem."

"Dismissed."

## **A** Lover's Heart

At the lockup, George was complaining that he was tired of listening to Marie's whining. He had enough trouble with Taselli, he said, and he didn't need any cheap hooker making waves. "See if you can get her to shut up, will you Sonny?" he complained.

"Maybe you ought to just let her out," Sonny said. "That seems to work with the rest of your customers."

"Sonny? Is that you?" Sonny identified Marie's voice coming from the holding area. "Get me out of here, Sonny, please. I can't stay in here."

George waved him back. "Go on, go on. You two can do the wild thing right there in the cell for all I care."

"Oh, Sonny, I knew you'd come," Marie said when she caught sight of him.

"I bet you did," Sonny said dejectedly. "I told you to stay off the streets for a few days, Marie. Why didn't you listen to me?"

"I thought everything would be cool by now. I guess I was wrong."

"I guess so."

"Can you get me out?"





"Me too," bellowed a male prisoner in the adjacent cell. "Get me out too, sweet thing, and I'll be your love slave." Apparently, Operation Trick Trap had swept in a few "ladies" from the Fig Street drag bar, The Fig Leaf.

"Shut your mouth," Sonny warned the other prisoner. "Listen, Marie," he said quietly. "Morgan says he'll spring you from the charges if you'll help us get inside the Hotel Delphoria. I'll tell you right now, I don't like your being involved. But that's the only way you're going to beat this rap."

"I'll do it. I'll do anything."

"You don't have to, Marie. Pay the fine. Sit in jail for a few days. This is dangerous stuff here."

"I want out, Sonny."

"You'll be out in a couple of days. Morgan can't hold you any longer than that. I'll tell him you didn't want to help, that you were afraid something might happen to you."

"You don't understand, Sonny. I want out all the way. I want out of The Life. This is the only way I can do it. I don't plan on finding happiness, nothing like that. But I was thinking that if I could just get out of The Life then at least I could have some peace. I'm not looking for anything more than that. I just want to get out. I'm desperate." She reached through the bars to grab Sonny's shirt. She pulled him to her and pressed her lips against his.

He resisted, then found himself sinking into memory, his body responding to the familiar. It was so easy. Too easy.

"Stop, Marie. You can't."

"I will, Sonny. I can call Morgan myself. I don't need you to do that."

Sonny turned to leave. "Someone will send a car over to get you," he said.

"Sonny," Marie called. "Don't hate me, Sonny. You don't have to love me, but don't hate me. I couldn't stand it if you hated me."

Sonny looked back. "I don't hate you, Marie. I never could."

"I never did," he said, more quietly, before turning to leave. Behind, he could hear her start to cry. He made it all the way to the car before he did the same. When he had gathered himself together, he radioed Dispatch and reported his location.

"10-4." A brief pause was interrupted by another radio call.

"83-Nora-10, respond to Cotton Cove. Officers on scene of 187 victim."

"10-4. 83-Nora-10 responding." Sonny was already on River Road. In a matter of minutes he spotted the flashing lights of two police cruisers parked beneath the trees of Cotton Cove. He pulled in alongside and got out of his car.

"What do you have?" he asked.

"Hey, Sonny," said Detective Keith Robinson of Homicide. "One male. Caucasian. Real dead. You ever see this guy? No ID on the body, and we haven't turned anything up yet. The lab boys and the meat wagon are on their way."



Detective 'Guido' Hamilton walked up, businesslike. "Word is that the guy who escaped today has a contract on him. Since you made the bust, we thought you might take a quick look to see if it's the same guy." He bent over to brush the dust from his Italian shoes.

"I sure hope so," said Keith. "That bad luck of having your prisoner escape might damage your shot at Officer of the Year. And I'd hate to see that happen."

"Let's have a look," Sonny said. "Maybe I can make it up to you." He strolled over to the body and removed the cover. The swollen features made it hard to make a positive identification.

"Jeez, that one is really ripe," said Keith. "I wonder how he got bloated up so quick. I have some cheese in my fridge the color of that. Kind of blue around the edges."

A uniformed officer put a hand to his mouth and ducked behind some bushes.

"Rookie," Keith explained.

"I'm glad you're taking care of him," Sonny said. He kneeled down and unbuttoned the victim's shirt. "Right there," he said, pointing. "That small tattoo. It's Taselli all right." He pulled the cover back over the body.

"Bag it and tag it. Looks like somebody saved the taxpayers a little money in court costs," said Hamilton, taking charge.

Sonny keyed his radio and acknowledged his identification of Taselli. "Have fun, kids," he said to the officers as he left. "Gets kind of spooky around here once the sun goes down."

"Thanks, Sonny. That'll really settle down my nerves," said the rookie.

Sonny drove back to headquarters. All the thoughts about Marie and concern for her safety were eclipsed by one overriding desire—to nail Taselli's killer and put the Lytton drug cartel out of business. Jesse Bains. It had to be. He had systematically eliminated all of the small-time dealers, then had eliminated the eliminator. All nice and neat, a tidy little package of profit.

In Lieutenant Morgan's office, Marie, Laura, and Morgan were already waiting for him. "OK, Bonds, we have our plan. And you have to be our key man. You'll be working closely with Marie here. Can you handle that?"

"I can handle it."

"Good," said Morgan. "Here's the layout. Marie, we'll position you in the Hotel Delphoria as a cocktail waitress. We've had someone on the inside now for several weeks, surveying the gambling operation. When you get to the hotel, report to the assistant manager's office. Everything is arranged."

"OK," Marie said quietly. Sonny could sense her discomfort.

"It'll be fine," Laura assured her. "You'll be waiting tables in no time, and nobody will suspect anything." For his part, Sonny hoped Laura was right.

"Sonny, you're to register under the name of Jimmy Lee Banksten," Morgan continued. "When you get to the hotel, sign in and then go to the bar for a drink."





Marie will recognize you as 'Whitey,' an old friend in town after having done a stretch in the pen. Marie, your job is to introduce Sonny to the front man who guards the gambling action at the hotel. Our information says that the contact is the bartender. That's why we're setting up the first meeting there."

"Sonny, how's your poker?" asked Morgan.

"I play once a week with a group from first shift," Sonny answered. "It's a hobby."

"Are you ahead?"

"Right now I am."

"Good. Make sure it stays that way. Because as Jimmy Lee Banksten, you've got to pose as eager for action. You'll be carrying a large sum of marked currency, which I want you to flash conspicuously enough to attract the attention of the bartender. You have to get into the gambling area, which is somewhere in the hotel. That's the logical place for making the connection with Jesse Bains, if indeed that's our man."

"And to complete your ensemble," Laura added, "you'll be wearing this disguise." She handed Sonny an outfit in a plastic dry-cleaner's bag. "There are a couple of special things for you as well—this cane hides a .22-caliber Derringer pistol, and this ballpoint pen conceals a radio transmitter."

**ON THE BEAT:** A normal cane can hold a .45 shell or a .410 shotgun round. Electronic listening gear that fits in a button is well within the state of the art. There are pen-style satellite transmitters that were used by U.S. intelligence some years ago.

Sonny took the equipment. "Not the pen," she said. "You'll get that once you establish contact. Lieutenant Hamilton, who'll be working with us, will bring it to you. And there's one other thing," Laura continued, handing him a bottle. "You'll have to bleach your hair."

"What?" Sonny asked incredulously.

"Blonds do have more fun," said Marie. She was smiling.

"A name like Whitey wouldn't work with that black hair," Laura explained.

"Maybe it's an ironic moniker," Sonny suggested.

"Bleach the hair, Bonds," Morgan said.

Marie giggled. Laura smiled.

There was a knock at the door. "Enter," said Morgan.

Sergeant Dooley stepped in. His face was white. "It's my regretful duty to inform you that I've just received a call from Jack Cobb. His daughter, Kathy, died at Lytton General Hospital less than an hour ago. She never regained consciousness."

"Effective immediately," Dooley continued, "Jack Cobb is on extended family leave."



"What can we do?" Morgan asked.

"Jack's taking it pretty hard, Lieutenant," Dooley said. "His brother is staying with him. Jack has asked for no visitors."

"Thank you, Sergeant. Call a briefing to inform the rest of the officers. Dismissed." Dooley left the room hurriedly.

"Sonny," Morgan said softly, "don't let this cloud your judgment. Get to that hotel and close the place down. The sooner we bring an end to this, the sooner Jack will be able to rest. Let's not have any more fathers and mothers losing their girls and boys to Jesse Bains."

Sonny left Morgan's office in a rage. On the way to the shower room to change, he stopped in the Narcotics office to use the telephone. He dialed the Cobb house and a voice he didn't recognize answered. Sonny identified himself.

"This is Jack's brother," said the voice.

"I just wanted to tell Jack, and I wanted you to know and the whole family to know, how sorry I am for what happened to Kathy. You have my deepest sympathy," said Sonny.

"Just catch the animal who did this," Jack's brother said. "Do that, Officer Bonds. Then we can begin to heal."

The line went dead. "Aren't you supposed to be getting into your costume?" asked Laura, who had entered the office behind him.

"In a minute. I've got to call the lab."

When Fred answered the phone, Sonny asked if the prints from the gun had turned up a match. "They were Hoffman's prints, all right," Lieutenant Williams said. "Or Taselli's. Whoever."

Sonny thanked him and hung up. Laura started to say something but he wasn't listening. He was already out the door. In some ways, he was already staring into the face of Jesse Bains, looking into the eyes of the Death Angel.

## **B**londs Have More Fun

After his shower, and several minutes pondering the directions for the hair bleach Laura Watts had given to him, Sonny stood in front of the locker-room mirror, regarding his countenance. In the white suit that made up his disguise, he concluded that indeed he looked very much like someone who had spent a good deal of time in a state institution. Anyone who dressed like this wouldn't normally be allowed to venture into public.

He made his way back to Lieutenant Morgan's office, ignoring the remarks from the other officers.

"Hey, look there," shouted Keith Robinson, newly arrived from his trip to the morgue to drop Taselli. "Isn't that the Kentucky Fried Pimp?"





"Cluck, Cluck. Get me some of that white meat, would you, Sonny?"

"I say, suh, will you be wanting your tea on the veranda this evening?"

"Can it, Norris," Sonny muttered. He sought refuge in Morgan's office.

The lieutenant barked a short laugh at the sight of Sonny in his white suit and outlandish hat and cane. "Sorry, Bonds. Had something caught in my throat there."

"Yes, sir."

"Sonny, after you make contact at the Delphoria, call me to arrange for backup. I'll be coordinating things from this end."

"Yes, sir."

Morgan pushed an envelope across his desk toward Sonny. "There's \$1,000 in marked \$100 bills. Spend it all in one place." A phone call interrupted the briefing.

"That was Hamilton in Homicide," Morgan said, replacing the receiver. "Seems Taselli was shot before being tossed into Cotton Cove."

"I suspected as much," Sonny replied.

"Right. Now, get rolling. And be careful."

The Hotel Delphoria sat at the northwest corner of the city, atop a slight rise. One of Lytton's grand old hotels, it stood like a sentry, surveying the city laid out below. Most of the local hotels had gone over to the major hotel chains, which had renovated and renamed them. But the Delphoria maintained the quirky charm of a bygone era, a time of teas and socials in the Great Room.

The hotel was still a favorite place for formal dinners, but inevitably failed to inspire overnight guests, who maintained the hotel in all of its glory within the immaculate confines of their memories. The faded carpet in the entrance hall, the small lounge with the slightly out-of-tune baby grand, the groaning elevator, the surly desk clerk—all of these attested to the steady decline of the Delphoria over the years.

Sonny walked with purpose to the reception desk and rang the bell. He rented a suite from the clerk, as surly as ever, and paid in advance. He signed in under his cover name, Jimmy Lee Banksten, took his key, and listened as the clerk described how to get to his rooms.

"Where can I get a drink?" Sonny asked.

"The lounge is open. Turn around and you can see it from here."

Sonny nodded and entered the cocktail lounge. He made a beeline for the bar and ordered a beer. A voice to his left grabbed his attention. Marie was signaling frantically from the other end of the bar. She practically ran over to Sonny and grabbed his arm.

"Whitey!" she exclaimed. The bartender looked up from pouring Sonny's beer. "It's been so long. It's so good to see you! Come on over to this table. Let me look at you!" Marie dragged Sonny to a vacant table near the center of the lounge.

The bartender brought Sonny his beer. "That's five dollars," he said. Sonny paid with a \$100 bill. "Don't you have anything smaller?" asked the bartender.



"There's nothing small about Whitey," Marie said. "And I mean *nothing* at all."

"I'll bring your change right back."

Sonny noticed two men enter the lounge and go to the bar. Neither looked familiar. They could be drug runners, gamblers, even sock salesmen, he thought. But, when they left the bar and walked through a small door leading to the back of the hotel, Sonny was pretty sure they weren't sock salesmen.

"What's in the back?" he asked Marie.

"That's where they have the tables," she said quietly. "The card games—" She stopped suddenly as the bartender returned to the table.

"Here's your change. So, Marie," said the bartender as he turned to Sonny, "Who's your friend?"

"Woody, this is Jimmy Lee Banksten. But everybody calls him 'Whitey.'"

"I can see why."

"I haven't seen Whitey in—gosh, it's been at least a year, right?"

"About that long," Sonny replied.

"You boys will excuse me. I have to powder my nose."

After Marie left the table, Woody asked Sonny what he did for a living.

"Presently, I am between positions," Sonny said, in his best Southern drawl. "I was involved in what you might call 'creative financing,' but the federal government seemed concerned about my unconventional bookkeeping methods."

"Is that a fact?" asked Woody. He wiped the table slowly with his towel.

"It most certainly is," said Sonny. "So concerned in fact, that they placed me in a special one-year program so that I could contemplate my position and reevaluate my career path."

"And where was this?"

"Oh, a quaint little facility, really. Up a very long river, you might say." Sonny dropped his voice to a whisper. "But we can keep that between ourselves, can't we?"

"You can trust me," said Woody. "A bartender is like a priest. We hear lots of confessions and stories, but we're bound not to repeat them."

"Good man," Sonny said. "I see we're going to become fast friends."

Marie returned to the table. Sonny had hoped to elicit some information about the gambling in the hotel, but so far Woody remained silent. As the bartender returned to his station, Sonny asked Marie if she would like to fly out to Vegas with him for the weekend. "Like old times," he said. "Money, cards, shows—"

"I would love that, Whitey!"

Sonny patted her hand. "Sit tight," he said, and walked over to the bar.

"What'll it be?" asked Woody. "Another beer? Hey, Marie," he called, "if you served the customers instead of just talking them to death—"

"No bother, really," Sonny said. "Here's a little something for your trouble." He slid a twenty-dollar bill across the bar into Woody's hand.





"Thanks," he said. "I couldn't help but overhear you talking with Marie there. We get a little action of our own in here every now and again."

"Is that so?" asked Sonny. "I'm not really interested in any amateur action. Thanks, anyway."

"This is the real thing," Woody said. "Costs two-hundred dollars just to sit at the table. Good games. Good players, looking for action. Like yourself. You want in, I can fix it for you."

"I'll think about it, Woody," Sonny said. He turned to look at Marie across the room. "I most definitely will think about it."

Sonny waved for Marie to follow him out of the bar. Woody nodded a good-bye as Marie and Sonny ambled into the hallway and onto the elevator. They rode and walked in silence to room 204. When Sonny unlocked the door, Marie took his arm and slid into the hotel room with him.

"Did you have any luck?" she asked, when the door had closed.

"I'm in. Woody will set it up."

"Good."

"I have to check in," Sonny said, tossing his cane on the bed. He started to cross to the phone when Marie stopped him. He turned and she was there, all there, her arms around him and her mouth on his, exploring, pushing. And Sonny held on, held on as tight as he could, held on through the ugly visions racing through his mind until they disappeared and the memories came flooding back, pushing past the doubt and the fear and the long longing loneliness of it all. "Marie," he said, stepping back.

"I know, I know," she said. "I just had to find out."

"Find out what?"

"If it was still there," she said. She sat on the bed. "I had been hoping this whole time that it wasn't. I was hoping that you and me—were nothing anymore. You have your life. I have mine." She looked up. "But it's there, Sonny. And it's swallowing me like fire, burning me up."

"Marie—"

She held up her hand. "You don't have to love me, Sonny Bonds. Just be there—when I need you."

"I have to call Morgan," he said quietly.

**ON THE BEAT:** Handling phone conversations depends on your assessment of the hazard and the sophistication of the opposition. The safe thing to do is use code words and phrases and always use the cover name. Certainly you don't want to ID each other as cops.

Sonny made the call to Lieutenant Morgan and explained his situation. He made arrangements for the backup units and detailed the location of the hotel's



gambling operation. When he finished, he hung up, then dialed the city cab company and ordered a car for Marie.

"Go downstairs and wait in the lobby," he told her. "There's a cab coming."

"Sonny, you'll be careful, won't you?"

"I'll be careful."

**ON THE BEAT:** You wouldn't want to leave your operative alone in the lobby.

Marie stood up from the bed and crossed to the door. As she stepped into the hallway, she paused to look back at him. Their eyes closed on each other briefly. Then the door shut quietly and Sonny was alone. He caught a glimpse of himself in the mirror above the dresser, in his blond hair and white suit. So this is life as a blond, he thought. Some fun.

## Deal Him Out

Sonny found Woody still tending bar downstairs, still moving his cloth slowly over the dark wood of the bar. "I've been thinking it over," Sonny said, sliding two hundred dollars across the bar. "And I find your invitation intriguing."

"Follow me," said Woody. "And you'll have plenty of action, believe me."

Sonny followed the bartender through the door at the back of the lounge, where he had seen the two men enter earlier. "I'm going to have to search you," Woody said. "The cops have been sniffing around."

"You calling me a cop?" asked Sonny.

"I'm just saying, I got to search you if you want to get into the game."

Sonny lifted his arms out from his body and let Woody conduct a quick search. "You're clean," he said.

"I bathe regularly," Sonny cracked.

**ON THE BEAT:** The average person who searches you misses lots of things. Most people don't look in the small of the back or at the ankles. You can easily carry a .380 auto in an ankle holster.

The door to the card room opened up. "Enjoy yourself," Woody said.

Sonny entered and picked an empty place at a table in the rear. "May I join you, gentlemen?" he asked the two players at the table.

"By all means," said one. "My name is Otto. To your left there is Gene." Sonny made some quick mental notes. The man who called himself Otto was tall, even when sitting behind a table. He had light-colored hair and wore a series of diamond





rings on his right hand. The other, Gene, was heavier. He looked like he used the weight room at some health club or another. His dark hair parted in the middle, fell down on both sides of his head, and covered his ears about halfway. Like Otto, Gene was fond of rings. But not diamonds—his jewelry was plain gold. And it looked like 24-carat quality.

Sonny nodded. "Jimmy Lee Banksten."

A big man approached from behind. "Chips, sir?" he asked Sonny.

Sonny took the two-hundred dollars in chips that the man set before him on the table. "And four-hundred dollars more," he said. The big man obliged. Sonny paid him with the marked bills; and as he laid the money out on the table Sonny could see that the cashier was packing a pistol underneath his black dinner jacket. The chips were all the same, all marked ten-dollars, all red. Sonny stacked them to his right.

A door opposite the one through which Sonny had entered swung open. "Here's our fourth player," Otto said. "Frank, this is Jimmy Lee Banksten."

Frank nodded. "Deal the cards, Otto. We didn't come here to chat. If you want talk, start a bridge game with the old ladies in the lobby."

"The game is five-card draw, gentlemen," Otto said. The cards moved between his fingers with a practiced flair. All around him Sonny could hear the low voices of men making bets, calling bluffs. Every now and again the near-silence of money being pulled across green felt rose above the murmur. "Ante is ten dollars."

Sonny tossed in a chip and took his five cards. No one spoke. Frank began the bet with thirty dollars. Sonny matched it. Gene folded. Otto stayed in. "Cards?" Otto asked each player in turn.

Sonny took three cards to a pair of queens and got a third lady for his trouble. With this kind of luck, he thought, I can either make a lot of friends or a lot of enemies tonight, and I can make them real quick.

Frank passed. Sonny bet fifty. Otto folded. Frank called Sonny's bet and raised another fifty. Sonny considered his hand again. "I'll call that," he murmured, tossing in five more chips.

Frank laid down two pairs, aces over jacks. Sonny showed his three queens and took the pot. Frank smiled slightly. "Deal, Otto," he said. "Looks like we have a game here."

It went that way for almost two hours. Sonny won, lost, won. Toward the last half hour he put together a string of hands that put him about five hundred ahead. When he took a pot from Otto on a bluff—Sonny's pair of fives against three sevens—Frank barked a small laugh. "You play like a man with nothing to lose," he said.

"Let's just say that I've been out of circulation for a while and I'm eager to make a fresh start," Sonny said.



"A real eager beaver," muttered Gene. He was the big loser. Sonny had put him about seven-hundred-and-fifty down.

"I am trying to improve my station through personal initiative," Sonny said.

"I like that," said Frank, shuffling the cards. "That's a good attitude. You two could learn something from our friend Whitey here. You know what you want, you work to get it."

"And if that doesn't work," Sonny said, lifting his cards from the table, "you take it."

Sonny took one card to an inside straight and got it. He put on his poker face while the bet went around the table. He took Otto's three nines, and Frank's two pair. Gene had folded. Frank declared a break.

Sonny stood up from the table and collected his chips. Frank held out his hand to stop him. "Don't cash in just yet, Jimmy Lee. The bank will hold on to your chips."

"There doesn't seem to be much else for me to win," Sonny said. "I enjoyed the game, but it's time to move on to bigger and better things."

Frank regarded him coolly. "My thoughts exactly," he said. He stood up from the table. "Think of this as an appetizer. If you're interested, we're putting together a much bigger game in about an hour. I'd be happy if you could join us. I think we all would be, wouldn't we, gentlemen?"

Gene and Otto murmured their assent.

"It's settled, then," Frank said. "Come back later for a private game." Sonny turned to leave. "And, Mr. Banksten," Frank added, stopping him. "If you're interested in a bigger game than cards, we might have the chance to discuss other opportunities."

"What is there that's bigger than cards?" Sonny asked.

Frank smiled. "Come back in an hour. We'll talk about it then."

Sonny nodded and left the game room. He nodded slightly to the bartender as he crossed through the lounge, and then took the elevator back up to his suite on the second floor. Once there he pulled off his white jacket and threw his hat on the bed. He drew some cold water from the sink and splashed his face. There was a knock at the door.

Sonny looked through the peephole and recognized Oscar Hamilton and Laura Watts. He opened the door quickly and ushered them in.

"Are you in?" Hamilton asked, adjusting his tie.

"They bought it," said Sonny. "I'm supposed to meet them for a private game in a while and then discuss some kind of business opportunity."

"That might be the break we're looking for," Hamilton said. "We've had a man come close before, but we've never been able to get all the way into the operation. Here, take this." He handed Sonny the radio-transmitter pen.





"It's too dangerous to wear a wire," he explained. "Lieutenant Morgan and I will be able to monitor your progress from the mobile unit outside. When you establish your position and you have Bains, click the pen twice, quickly. If you're in trouble and need assistance, click it once and hold it. We can track the beacon through the hotel. We have officers on every floor, coordinated by Detective Watts here."

Sonny crossed to the window and looked down. He spotted a gray delivery van about a half a block from the hotel, pulled to the curb.

"I brought you something, too," Laura said. She pulled a sheet of paper from her jacket pocket. "This fax came for you from the Chicago PD. It's the mug shot of Jesse Bains."

Sonny took the fax and looked it over. "This is Frank. He's the one who invited me back for the game and other business."

Hamilton smiled. "You're in, then. Bains doesn't follow orders, he gives them. If he likes the way you handle yourself, he could offer you a position in the company."

"Yeah, I hear there are a few vacancies," Sonny mused.

"Before I forget, here's some more money," Laura said. "It's marked, like the money Morgan gave you earlier. Don't lose it all in one place."

"Just hope that my luck holds out."

"Luck has nothing to do with it," said Hamilton. "You have to get inside, Bonds. This may be the last best chance we're ever going to get."

"Let's roll," Sonny said, looking at his watch. "No time like the present."

"Good luck," said Laura.

"Thanks. Lock up when you leave. I hear there's some unsavory characters in this hotel."

Sonny closed the door behind him and took the elevator back to the lobby. In the cocktail lounge he approached the bar. "What'll it be?" asked Woody.

"Frank sent me," Sonny said. He felt like he was in a bad movie.

"Right," Woody said. "I guess that next you'll be hailing a cab and shouting 'Follow that car!'"

Sonny smiled. "Just take me back, Woody. When I want comic relief I'll turn on the television."

"Sure, Whitey. Follow me." Sonny went through the same search routine as before. "What's this?" asked Woody, fingering the radio pen.

"I'm feeling lucky tonight," Sonny said. "I just wanted this in case Frank had to write me an IOU."

"That's rich," Woody said, laughing. "Frank would never have to write an IOU."

"So he's got plenty of money?"



"He just never loses," Woody said. He knocked on the door. A panel slid open and two eyes looked out. "Jimmy Lee Banksten," Woody said. "He's clean."

The door opened and Sonny entered. The big man who had served as cashier greeted him. "All the way to the back," he said softly, "and through that door."

When he entered the back room, Sonny was surprised to see only one table, with the same card players he had sat with before.

"Mr. Banksten," Frank said, looking up. "You remember everyone here. My associates, Otto Lipshitz and Gene Bamboni."

"Good to see you again, gentlemen," Sonny said. He took a seat in the empty chair, laying aside his jacket and cane. His previous winnings had already been brought to the table.

"Double the stakes of the earlier game," Frank said.

Sonny took a long hard look. There was no doubt in his mind now that this was Jesse Bains. He was, Sonny realized, staring into the eyes of death—the Death Angel. It was curious, how calm he felt.

"Start the deal, Otto," Frank said.

After a flurry of hands, the game settled into a contest between Frank, Sonny, and Otto. Gene had not been able to gain back any of the ground he had lost earlier in the evening, and was in fact losing at a faster rate. After the first hour, Otto also began to lose. Sonny scored big on a flush and then again when he drew a full house to two pair. What money he didn't win went to Frank. Between them they divided and conquered the table. Another hour went by. Gene dropped out, then Otto.

"Looks like it's just the two of us," Frank said. "Do you wish to continue?"

"I'm just getting started," Sonny said. "But why don't we cut to the chase. We don't need to bother with these preliminaries." Sonny pushed several stacks of chips to the center of the table. "One hand. Five card draw. Winner takes it all."

Gene and Otto looked at one another. Frank smiled slowly and pushed his chips to the center of the table. "Why waste our time on the formalities, as you say," he answered. "Shuffle and deal, Otto."

Otto expertly shuffled the cards and then placed the stack to his left for Sonny to cut. Sonny tapped the deck with his fingers and Otto picked it up and began to deal.

On his first pass, Sonny picked up almost a full straight. He had the ace, king, queen, ten, and a six. He palmed his cards and looked across the table at Frank. "I'll take one card."

Frank looked up, just for a second, then drew two cards from his hand and put them face down on the table. "Two."

Sonny slid the card Otto gave him across the table face down and brought it slowly up to his hand. Jack of diamonds. "We can't all be winners," he said to Frank. "Straight, ace high." He spread his cards on the table.





"A very strong hand, Mr. Banksten. Very well played."

Sonny began to reach for the chips. "But—" Frank said, "not strong enough. Four of a kind. Deuces." Sonny sat back. Frank laid his cards on the table. The two stared at Sonny, mocking him.

"I guess that does it," Sonny said, standing up. He pulled his jacket back on and reached for his cane.

"Not quite," said Frank. "I like the way you think, Jimmy Lee Banksten. And, by the looks of your bankroll, it would appear that you might be in the market for a lucrative position. It involves a great deal of risk. It also promises great reward."

"You're talking that talk," Sonny said. "But can you walk that walk?"

Frank smiled. "I most certainly can, Mr. Banksten. And if you'll follow me to my room, I think you'll be very interested indeed in where that walk can take you."

"Gene, Otto," Frank said. "Cash me in and see to our guests in the other room. Mr. Banksten, if you'll come with me."

Sonny followed Frank out of a rear exit to a back stairwell, then up four flights. As they walked down the hallway on the fourth floor, Sonny dropped behind a couple of steps and clicked his pen twice. Frank looked back at him. "Nervous habit," he explained.

"You don't have anything to be nervous about, do you, Mr. Banksten?"

"Nothing at all, Frank. Just an old accountant's tic."

Frank unlocked the door and Sonny followed him into the room.

"Would you like a drink?" Frank asked.

"Sounds good."

The telephone rang in the adjoining room. "Help yourself to the bar," Frank said, motioning with his hand. "We'll talk after I get done with this call."

"I look forward to it."

The bourbon had barely stained the bottom of the glass when Frank returned. "I hope you find the drink satisfactory, Mr. Banksten," he said. "Or do you prefer 'Sonny'?"

Sonny turned to find himself staring into the muzzle of a 9mm handgun. He thought that the barrel looked much longer from this angle. "Seems like Gene finally figured out who you were," Frank said. "Seems like you wrote him a ticket some time back. He just couldn't place you. Swell disguise. You should have stuck to selling fried chicken."

"Jesse Bains," Sonny replied.

Frank smiled and raised the pistol. "So you did some figuring for yourself, did you? That's real bright. It's always good to go out on a high note. Start singing, pig!"

A bang at the door diverted Bains's attention for a split second and as he pulled the trigger, Sonny dove to his left and hit the floor with his shoulder, rolling beneath the cover of the bar. The slug ripped through the fake wood of the countertop and buried itself in the floorboards.



Morgan, Hamilton, and Watts crashed through the door as Bains squeezed off a few more shots. Sonny managed to get the Derringer from his cane as the fourth bullet shattered the whiskey decanter, and dousing him with the sharp taste of Kentucky bourbon, amid shards of cut crystal.

At least he has taste, Sonny thought. He raised himself slightly and got off one shot amid the barrage of gunfire inside the room. The plate-glass window behind Bains shattered and showered the street below. Bains himself twisted from the blow of a bullet as it smashed into his stomach. His pistol fell to the floor, and he dropped like dead weight.

Sonny and Laura approached cautiously, their weapons drawn. Sonny kicked Bains's handgun out of reach and knelt to feel for a pulse. "He's alive, barely."

"Let's get those medics rolling, right now!" Morgan shouted to two uniforms who had appeared in the doorway.

"Don't die on me, you creep," Sonny said. He couldn't tell if Bains could hear him or not. "I want you alive. You've got to pay." He felt Laura's hand on his shoulder, then heard the commotion of the medical evacuation team as it came into the room. An E.M.T. pushed them out of the way.

Sonny stood up and walked to the broken window. Outside and below, the indifferent lights of Lytton shone brightly. Sonny looked out across the city, across the lights, across the darkened streets, and out to the faint red glow of the coming sun. Then he picked up his jacket and went home.

## **S**econd Sight, Second Chances

Three months later, Sonny Bonds and the other officers involved in the Hotel Delphoria firefight gave testimony about the Jesse Bains gambling and drug operation. The hotel bartender corroborated their statements as a witness for the prosecution and gave evidence against Jesse Bains, Otto Lipshitz, and Gene Bamboni. The three were convicted of illegal gambling.

Donald Colby turned state's evidence and gave exacting and damaging testimony about the Death Angel's drug operation. Bains and his associates were found guilty on all counts of drug trafficking.

Bains was further charged with attempted murder for his part in the Hotel Delphoria shooting. Bonds, Watts, and Hamilton testified against him. The jury returned a guilty verdict.

Ballistics tests from the Lytton Police lab proved conclusively that the weapon taken from Bains after the Hotel Delphoria shootout was the same weapon used to kill Jason Taselli, aka Marvin Hoffman. Again, Bains was declared guilty. The judge sentenced him to 97 years in the State Penitentiary, without hope of parole.





Sonny left the courtroom vindicated. He had done the job he had set out to do but his was a Pyrrhic victory. There were too many losses for him to feel celebratory. Jack Cobb's daughter was dead. Several young kids at the high school were in serious trouble from the drugs Bains had poured into the city. And Bains himself had vowed to seek vengeance on the police officer who had finally managed to crush his ambitions.

Sonny's doubts and dissatisfactions lingered. They lifted temporarily during a ceremony downtown, when the mayor awarded him the key to the city for his role in defeating the Death Angel, but they closed over him once again when he resumed his beat.

Two weeks after the Mayor's commendation, Sonny stood on the steps of the courthouse once again, this time to receive the Officer of the Year Award from Chief of Police Morton Whipplestick. His hair was slowly returning to its natural color. And, to his friends, it seemed like his good spirits were also returning. But what the reporters and photographers covering the presentation could not know, what the *Tribune* readers would not see, and indeed, what Sonny himself was only beginning to suspect, was that his rediscovered smile was not tied to the glory of the award or the satisfaction of a job well done. His smile was wrapped in a memory, a picture in his mind of a young man and a young woman with the future in their eyes and fortune in their path. And he offered it without hesitation to the crowd, and freely to the dark-haired woman standing in the front, who waved shyly and smiled in return.

## CHAPTER 2

# The Blue Knight Walks

**O**K, rookie, listen up. Stick with me and you'll get through your first tour of duty without getting hurt. I'm your partner. I do for you, you do for me. Nobody is as close to you as I am. Nobody can help you like I can. Have you got that straight? Good.

Every rookie who comes in here thinks that he or she learned all there is to know sitting in an academy classroom or working through a training simulation. We get a lot of recruits in here who think the main rule of good police work is to keep your hands on your pistol grip. Maybe that's all right in the movies and on TV, but not here.

If you're worried that the advice I'm giving you isn't relevant to the way cops work today, think again. This walkthrough will get you through the latest (what I call the new edition) Police Quest release. When what I call the classic (older) edition of Police Quest 1 requires different actions, I've either put a note in parentheses or, when there's a bit more information, a bunch of notes in a box.

But first a few words about some general differences between the new and the classic editions. The new edition replaces the classic edition's typed commands with a series of icons: Walk, Look (Examine), Take, and Talk. Icons also represent objects and tools that you carry with you during your shift. As with Police Quest 3, you activate the icon by selecting it, and then click on the object upon which you want to take action; for example, selecting the Handcuff icon and then clicking on a suspect will put the cuffs on the subject. There's no need in the new edition to type "handcuff suspect".



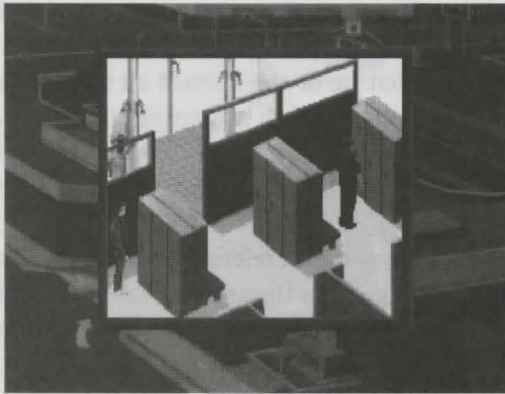


To catch a speeder—or to catch any violator—in the new edition, your first action should be to hit the lights and siren. Otherwise, the violator will disappear and you'll never have a chance.

Major differences also accompany the driving sequences in the classic and new editions of *Police Quest 1*. The new edition offers a driving interface that is a cross between the classic and the interface used in *Police Quest 3*. On the right, you have an overhead view of the city, and on the left, a view of your car. To turn, select one of the directional signals on the dashboard. The brake pedal and the accelerator are also located on the dashboard, to the right of the turn signals. (An interesting design feature—has Chrysler heard about this?) All the instructions for driving are included in the game manual. Also, the first time you get into the car a brief tutorial explains the controls. Overall, driving the car in the new edition is easier than in the classic, but it still takes some practice.

To maneuver your car in the classic edition, press the key that takes you to the overhead map-view screen (F4 on MS-DOS-compatible machines; consult your command card for other models). In the new edition, use the Hand icon to exit the car; in the classic edition, you must press F4 to switch away from the map view.

If you do what I tell you, and if you follow the department rules, you will have a long career ahead of you. Game time is over. This is no simulation. This is the real thing.



You start your day in the hallway of the Lytton Police Department. There is an elevator door to your left. The door behind you leads to the garage. Walk down the hallway past the elevator.

As you enter the next scene, you'll see three doors. The one on the left is Sergeant Dooley's office. The one in the middle is the briefing room. The swinging door to the right is the locker room. That's where you want to go.

In the classic edition, walk forward, turn to the right, and enter the door at your far right to find your locker and get your gear. You can pick up the keys and radio after the morning briefing.

Your locker is the center one in the center row. Open it by dialing the correct combination (2-6-9). Inside, you keep your tools of the trade. Get your towel and take a quick shower by walking into the shower stalls. After your shower, return to



your locker, put on your uniform, get your nightstick, and grab your ticket book. Take your personal car keys as well.

It's just about time for the briefing, so hurry down to the squad room. To get there, exit the same way you came in and move down the hallway to the next door on the right. Go on in. Don't be shy.

In the classic edition, you can walk around the locker room to each of the other characters to hear what they have to say. Don't overdo it, though, because you have to make the briefing at 13:00 hours. Walk to your locker, which is the second one from the right in the right bank of lockers, next to the bench.

The classic edition doesn't require a combination for opening your locker. Lytton was a lot different in 1987. Take your gun, ammo, and case out of your locker. Open the case and look inside. Here are some of the tools you'll need as a police officer. Take the notebook and the ticket book. Close the case, return it to your locker, and shut the door.



All right. You made it to the briefing room. Better get your bearings and take a look around. There's a set of pigeonholes on the wall. Walk over to the pigeonholes and take the note from your box. You discard it after a quick read.

You notice a newspaper on one of the tables. You have a little time before the briefing, so walk over there and read the paper.

Here's some interesting things for you to get acquainted with. Seems like there's a drug problem in Lytton. In the classic edition you must use the arrow keys or the PGUP and PGDN keys on your keyboard to read through the newspaper. The new edition requires only a mouse click. When you're finished reading, put down the paper.

The briefing is about to start, so take your place. You could wait for the other officers to file in and then go to the empty spot, but since you're Sonny Bonds, you know exactly where to go—to the front-left table on the left side. Move to that position, sit down, and wait for the briefing. (In the classic edition, your seat is at the front-right table.)





At this point Sergeant Dooley will begin the daily briefing. You want to be sure to have all the information you need to thwart any kind of criminal activity you're likely to encounter, so write down some notes before you leave the briefing room.

Now it's time to hit the streets. Take a set of car keys from the pegboard and pick up a radio from the table in the hallway. Walk back the way you came in to go out to the garage, where your patrol car is parked. Pause to read the bulletin board in the hallway to the left of the elevator. When you see the message about the opening in Narcotics, you see your chance. Take a transfer form from the receptacle hanging on the wall next to the elevator and request a transfer to Narcotics.

The transfer to Narcotics occurs much later in the classic edition. If you do not fill out the transfer form at this point in the new edition, Detective Laura Watts will remind you to do so later in the game. The only catch is that you must be in uniform to fill out the transfer form.

Walk out of the hallway to your left to enter the underground garage. Take a quick walk around your vehicle to check it for safety. Now you're ready to roll. Click the Hand icon on the car to get in.

In the classic edition, you exit the hallway and take the car at the bottom left. You must still perform the safety inspection. Once your check is over, open the door and get in the car. Close the door, get your nightstick, and you're ready to drive.

You'll need to drive around a bit before you get a call from Dispatch, which reports a vehicle accident at Fig and Fourth. Proceed immediately to the scene. You'll

see the car careened off the side of the road. Pull up close to the car and get out.



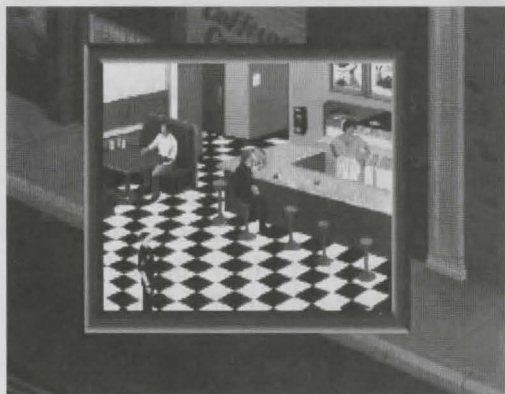
A sedan is smashed to pieces on the side of the street. Get out of your car and walk to the driver's side of the crashed automobile. Look at the driver. There's no time to lose. Help the driver. Too late. Radio Dispatch and make your report. The meat wagon is on the way, but your job isn't finished. Walk over to the

bystanders on the sidewalk. Talk to the crowd. Listen to what the young man has to say. Wait for Sergeant Dooley and Lieutenant Hamilton to arrive at the scene.



After you go over the details with Dooley and Hamilton, it's time to hit the streets once again. At this point, you have to wait until you get a message to meet Steve at Carol's Caffeine Castle. You remember the note you got out of your pigeonhole this morning, right?

When you finally get the call from Steve, drive to Carol's and park. Here it is. The place you've heard so much about. Get out of your car and enter the coffee shop through the front door.



Officer Steve Jones is inside having some coffee. Take a seat next to him and talk about what's been happening on your shift so far. Eventually, Carol will get around to bringing you a cup of coffee. Steve makes small talk. The telephone rings and Carol calls your name. She says it's Hamilton. Walk to the phone and answer it. Hamilton tells you that the victim you

found at the accident scene has been identified as Lonny West. Seems this is the second small-time drug dealer to bite the dust in the last few days. Hang up. Return to where you and Steve were sitting. Drink some of your coffee. Time to hit the road.

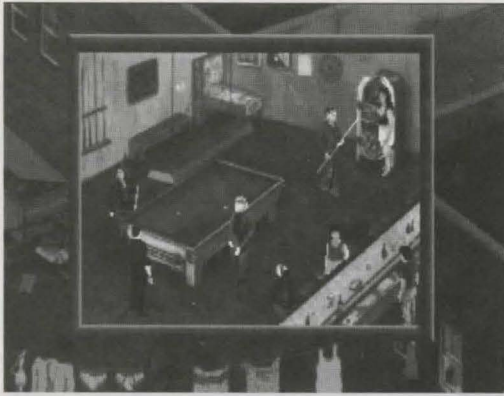
Return to your squad car and get on with your business. What in the . . . a red sports car just ran a red light right in front of you. Pursue the car and overtake it.

Get out of your cruiser and walk to the back of the sports car. Look at license plate. Radio Dispatch to check for prior or outstanding violations. After you get the report, walk to the driver's side of the red sports car.

Look at the woman driving the car and say hello. Identify yourself and inform her that she ran a red light. She will try to talk you out of writing a ticket, but you must stand firm. After issuing the citation, the woman will get quite abusive. Gather yourself together and return to your car, her insults ringing in your ears. Drive around for a while, checking out the sights. When Dispatch radios in a disturbance at Carol's, drive there immediately to check it out.

You arrive at Carol's place. A group of motorcycles is parked outside at the curb. Don't crash into them. Get out of your car and close the door. Walk to the front door of Carol's and enter. Cross the floor to the counter and ask Carol about the complaint. OK, so it's not the biggest caper in the world. "Protect and serve," just remember that. Leave Carol's, walk over to Wino Willy's (just next door), and go inside.





There's a rude dude in the bar wearing club colors. Tell him to please move the motorcycles. The guy will give you some back talk, but he's all bluff. Use your nightstick when he threatens you. That was easy. The biker scum scurry away like roaches at dawn.

You look over to the woman standing near the jukebox and recognize her as Marie Wilkans, also known by the unfortunate moniker "Sweet Cheeks."

Figuring that she might have some information about the ne'er-do-wells on this side of town, or even some about the increased drug traffic in Lytton, you talk to her to see if she knows anything. After you learn a few interesting details, you help her out by giving her some information about Operation Trick Trap.

After you tell Carol that the situation has been taken care of, return to your patrol car and resume your beat. After driving around for a bit, you see a drunken driver. Overtake the car and signal the driver to pull over.

Run a check on the license plate of the DUI suspect. You learn that the car is registered to Bill Barnum, who has two prior DUI convictions. Get out of your cruiser and walk to the driver's side of the suspect's car. Look at the driver, who looks and sounds loaded. Ask for his license.

Administer the Field Sobriety Test. Barnum is obviously drunk. You need to get him off the road, pronto. Handcuff him. When he pleads for the cuffs to be fastened in front, tell him no. Place Barnum in the backseat of your patrol car.

In the classic edition, the DUI suspect is named Art Serabian. His picture shows him in a Hawaiian shirt, he lives on McIntosh Way, and his occupation is listed as "programmer." After you return the license, step away from the door and order Serabian to get out of the car. You can smell him as he gets out of the car and the odor of a brewery assaults your nostrils. Administer the Field Sobriety Test. After you get Serabian seated in the back of your black-and-white, radio for a tow truck to take his car in.

You must now take your prisoner to jail, so drive over there. Get out of your car, close the door, and get the prisoner out of the rear. Walk with him up the steps to the door of the jail. Open the gun lockup, which is just to the left of the door. Put your gun inside and shut the door. Walk to the right of the jailhouse door and



press the buzzer for admittance. The jailer will let you in. Proceed through the door with your prisoner.

Once inside the jail, book the prisoner by keying in the appropriate numbers at the booking desk. After booking, order the prisoner to the center of the room and remove the cuffs. At this point you can direct your prisoner to the cell block and leave the jail. Don't forget to retrieve your weapon from the lockup.

In the classic edition, you must tell the jailer to book the suspect on DUI charges. After you inventory the prisoner's property, remove the cuffs. Get your prisoner into a cell. As you leave the jail, you pick up some information from Laura Watts, a detective from Narcotics division. It seems Lieutenant Morgan is looking to fill a spot in Narcotics. It also seems that Dooley is upset and wants to see you right away. Leave the jail, get in your patrol car, and drive to headquarters. Upon arriving, replace your nightstick and go inside. Walk to the table you see in the hallway and write a memo to Morgan. Put the memo in the basket.

Return to headquarters after receiving your official "off-duty" call, a 10-19, from Dispatch. Once back at the station, continue to the right toward the locker room. When you get close to Dooley's office, a group of officers in the hall will tell you that Dooley is having a meltdown about the precinct prankster called the Gremlin. Seems that the joker delivered a live chicken to Dooley's office, and he has his hands full. Open the door to Dooley's office (the closed brown door on the left) and go in.



What a sight. There you are in Dooley's office as a mad fowl does the funky chicken on his desk. Take a look at that chicken. This is getting funnier by the second. Talk to Dooley. Get out of there before you burst out laughing. Talk to the two officers milling about in the hallway. After they invite you to the Blue Room for a party, head for the locker room to change.

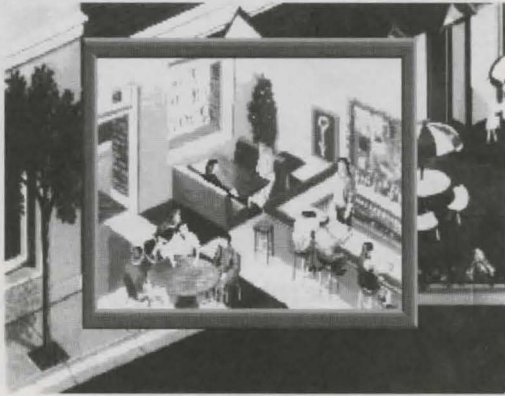
Open your locker and undress. Close your locker and walk to the shower stall on the right. Turn on the water. After you wash, don't forget to turn it off. Return to your locker, open it, and get dressed. Take the keys to your car. That's it. Close your locker and you're out of there.

Return the patrol-car keys to the pegboard, and replace the radio extender before exiting the building to the parking lot.





Your car is the blue one. Drive to the Blue Room for Jack's party. When you arrive, leave your car and go inside. (In the classic edition be sure to look around inside your car for your wallet. Wouldn't want to lose that.)



Jack Cobb is sitting alone at a table in the middle of the room. Walk over to him and sit in the chair to his left. Listen as Jack pours out his heart to you. His daughter is doing drugs, his marriage is on the rocks, and his drinking is getting out of control. Keith Robinson from the station joins you. Then, as a surprise, Jack's birthday cake is delivered by an exotic dancer. Enjoy the celebration. After the party is over, leave the Blue Room

and return to headquarters. You have another shift to work!

Once at the police station, park, go inside, and head for the locker room for your gear. Get all your equipment, then report to the briefing room, quickly. Assume your assigned spot and listen to the briefing. You learn that a missing person report is linked to a stolen car, which in turn may be linked to the death of Lonny West. (In the classic edition, you find a note in your pigeonhole that tips you off about illegal gambling at the Hotel Delphoria.)

Leave the briefing room. Don't forget to get a radio extender and keys to your patrol car. When you walk into the garage, don't forget to walk all the way around your car to perform the necessary safety inspection. Once your check is over, get in your car and begin your second tour.

In the classic edition, you will get a radio call about a possible stolen vehicle. Identify the car on the map-view screen and go to Code-2 (F8 on MS-DOS machines). The suspect will flee, so move to Code-3 (F10) and maneuver directly behind the vehicle to force a stop.

Your first call will be to a domestic disturbance at the corner of Lilly and First. Once you reach that location a second radio call will alert you to the stolen car. Your job is to overtake the suspect vehicle and apprehend the driver.

Radio for backup, but sit tight until Jack Cobb is in place. Open your door but remain behind it. Draw your weapon. (In the classic edition, you must load your weapon first.) Order the suspect to get out of his car with his hands up. As he comes toward you, make sure his hands are up. Repeat the order if necessary. When he complies, order him to hit the ground. Walk over to the suspect; when you are over



him replace your gun in its holster. Cuff and search the suspect, order him to stand up, and read him his rights.

Order the suspect to get in the patrol car. Follow him to the patrol car and open the back door. After your prisoner seats himself, close the door.

In the classic edition, you need to get the suspect's gun from Jack Cobb before he leaves the scene. When Jack passes near you, don't let him by without taking the gun from him and looking at it. Read the weapon's serial number and return the gun to Jack.

Now you're thinking that you would like to take a closer look at the suspect's car. Walk to the driver's door and look at it. The VIN plate is obscured by black paint. Scrape it away to reveal the identification number. It's a match with the stolen car Dooley mentioned in the briefing. Search the car. Nothing so far. Search the glove box. Bingo. Open the black notebook you find there. What are you waiting for, an invitation from the Queen? Hmm. This guy needs some classes in ciphering. Reading the codes is child's play, but it can wait for later. Leave the notebook in the glove box. Examine the driver's licenses you find there. Don't those two guys look familiar? Like twins? Return everything to the glove box.

You'll want to search the trunk now. Release the trunk by pressing the small button cleverly hidden inside the glove box (or, in the classic edition, type `RELEASE TRUNK`). Once you have the trunk open, look inside: drugs, looks like. Jack says he'll impound them with the car. Sounds good. Return to your patrol car, get in, then transport your prisoner to the city jail. In the classic edition you should radio Dispatch to inform them of the situation.

You know the drill when you get to the jail: Get out of your car, close the door, and get the prisoner out of the rear seat. Walk with him to the door. Store your gun in the lockup, press the buzzer, then move through the door with your prisoner. Once inside the jail, tell the jailer to book the prisoner.

If you're playing the classic edition, you'll tell the booking clerk to book him on drug charges. With the new edition you enter the correct penal codes into the booking computer. Remove the cuffs, then get your prisoner into a cell. You know that Marvin Hoffman is an alias, but book him under that name anyway. You want to keep him in stir until you get to the bottom of this mystery.





As you leave the jail, you run into Jack, who tells you that Dooley wants to see you back at the station. Leave the jail, pick up your gun, and then drive back to headquarters.

You've been in Dooley's office before, so you know where to go once you reach the station. When you arrive, Dooley will show you a memo about your promotion to Narcotics. But before he can finish reading the memo to you, he's overcome with tears from the Gremlin's practical joke. As he leaves the room, he gives you permission to read the memo yourself.

Walk behind Dooley's desk, face forward, and read the memo. Looks like your transfer came through. Leave Dooley's office and go to the locker room to change clothes. This is the chance you've been waiting for—to get out of uniform and into plainclothes.

Once in the locker room, change your clothes, then report to Lieutenant Morgan's office. In the classic edition you need to remember to keep your gun and ammo. Return the patrol-car keys and the radio extender to their proper places. From now on, you'll be driving an unmarked car. You're really moving up in the

world. Morgan will introduce himself and send you to the Narcotics office to speak with Detective Laura Watts. Can you be dreaming?

Enter the Narcotics office for your briefing with Detective Watts. Follow Laura around the office as she points out various elements and information available to you. Listen to her describe the situation with the suspect, Hoffman.

After Laura leaves, cross the floor to the filing cabinet. Open the



drawer, get the Hoffman file, and read it. When you're finished, close the file but keep it. You'll need what's inside to keep Hoffman behind bars. But to convince a judge you'll need more evidence.

In the classic edition walk to the clipboard on the left wall, take it down, and flip through the pages until you get to the FBI Most Wanted List. Makes interesting reading, doesn't it? Take the list.

You have only one piece of solid evidence in your possession—the Hoffman file. Where can you get more evidence? At the evidence lockup, of course. Take the folder downstairs to the evidence lockup (that's the door to the left of the elevator) and present it to the officer there. He will show you the black notebook and gun



that were confiscated after the Hoffman bust. Make a note of the gun's serial number and return to Narcotics.

Turn on your computer and access the law enforcement database. The key piece of evidence you have from the Hoffman arrest is the serial number from the suspect's weapon. Access the Weapons database and enter that number when prompted. Bingo. You turn up the FBI case number for a certain Jason Taselli. Access the FBI database and enter Taselli's case number. Well, well, well. Some coincidence. Send the Taselli file to the printer. Grab the printout.

Now that you have the evidence your next step is to present it to a judge and revoke Hoffman's bail. Grab the keys to the unmarked car and head for the courthouse. You remember where it is, don't you? It's right near the jail. The classic edition requires you to make the necessary safety check before leaving.

Once at the courthouse, park and leave your car. Open the door and enter the courthouse. Seek out the clerk, who is at the window to the right.

After the clerk asks if you need help, tell him that you need to see the judge.

He will refuse to interrupt the proceedings. Explain that you need a no-bail warrant. Again, the clerk will decline. Tell him it's an emergency. The clerk will leave and then return, granting you access to the judge in the courtroom. Move quickly to the courtroom doors, open them, and enter.

Your conversation with Judge Palmer requires that you have the necessary evidence to make the connection between Marvin Hoffman



man and the man listed on the FBI Most Wanted List. When Judge Palmer allows you to speak, say it concerns Marvin Hoffman.

Palmer demands evidence. Tell Palmer you have the Hoffman file. If Palmer demands even more evidence, you can present the Taselli poster. In the classic edition, you actually have to tell Palmer that the connection between Taselli and Hoffman is the tattoo.

Good for you. You just secured the no-bail warrant from Judge Palmer. But you'd better hurry to get to your car so you can keep Hoffman's lawyer from springing him from the jail. Luckily, the jail is nearby, so you won't have to drive far.

When you arrive at the jail, leave your car, secure your gun in the locker, enter the jail, and present the warrant to the jailer. You should arrive just in time to keep





Hoffman's lawyer from springing him. After the jailer gives you the good news, leave the jail, retrieve your weapon, and return to headquarters.

At the station, Laura Watts is waiting for you. She stops you and fills you in on the stakeout you'll be doing together, which involves a drive to the local city park.

How times change. In the classic edition of Police Quest 1, the local park was named, aptly enough, Lytton City Park. In the new edition, the park sports a new name: Bert's Park, named after a city benefactor. This may cause consternation and confusion among Police Quest players, as another park with a similar name—Burt Park—plays a major role in Police Quest 2. Burt Park is located in the city of Steelton; Bert's Park is located in Lytton. Everybody clear on that? Good. And, yes, both park names are intentional word plays on Bert Parks, the former emcee of the Miss America pageant.

Once you get to the park, leave the car and follow Laura's instructions. As you enter the park you find a park bench (it's a picnic table in the classic edition). Hide behind one of the bushes to the rear. Radio Laura with your position. Then settle down for the stakeout. Draw your gun (and load it as well if you are playing the classic edition).

Two suspects appear and begin a transaction. At this point in the classic edition, you should radio Laura again. Remain hidden, but before the suspects separate and head out of the park, declare yourself by shouting "Halt, Police!"



Disregard the fleeing suspect. Detective Watts is covering the exits, so she should be able to nab him. Leave your hiding place, and when you are close to the suspect, return your gun to your holster. Cuff the suspect and read him his rights. Search the suspect. In the classic edition you can examine the suspect's ID card to learn that his name is Victor Simms; in the new edition, he will volunteer that information.

Tell the suspect to follow you and take him to your car. Before you place both suspects in the car, question Simms. (In the classic edition you'll also want to question the other suspect, Donald Colby.) The pieces are starting to come together. Put the suspects in the car and drive them to jail.

At the jail, get the suspects out of your car, close the doors, then lead them to the jail. Secure your gun in the lockup, buzz yourself in, then book both men. Remove the cuffs after you talk with the jailer.



Laura suggests that you drive over to the Blue Room. Sounds like a good idea, even if you're not sure how Laura is supposed to get back to the station without a car. Head over to the lounge, leave your car, and go inside and sit with Jack.

Talk with Jack. He's got bad news. Keith arrives a short time later with more bad news—seems this is your day for it. Keith tells you that Taselli has escaped and that Lieutenant Morgan wants to see you as soon as possible. Leave the Blue Room, return to your car, and drive back to headquarters.

After you park, enter the police station and report to Morgan's office. Morgan directs you to examine the black book confiscated from Hoffman, if you haven't already done so. When you return from this job, Morgan briefs you on the possibility of enlisting Marie Wilkans's help in infiltrating the Hotel Delphoria, suspected of being the front for the drug trafficking operation.

In the classic edition Morgan also sends you to the evidence room, where you should examine the black book you took from Taselli (aka Hoffman). Take a look at the book. Leaf through a few of the pages, then return it. Ask Russ if you can examine the weapon you took from Taselli. Read the tag on the weapon: Detective Frank Williams. Make note of the weapon's serial number, then return it to evidence.

Walk to the door to the left of the evidence lockup and enter. This is the computer room, which is where you dig up some valuable information about the Taselli case. Walk over to the computer and turn it on. Enter the serial number of the gun (SW9764912). The computer responds with Detective Taber's name, address, and telephone number. Write down the phone number. Exit the computer room and return to Narcotics.

Walk to your desk in Narcotics and use the phone to dial Taber (1-312-555-3382). When he answers, tell him that you need information about Taselli. This is your first step toward closing in on Jesse Bains, the nefarious Death Angel. Return to Morgan's office for a further briefing. After he explains the situation about Marie and the undercover operation at the Hotel Delphoria, return to your unmarked car and drive to the jail. Don't forget your safety inspection!

You already know some of what Morgan is telling you because of your earlier conversation with Marie at Wino Willy's bar. Now the two editions of the game pick up the thread of the story. Upon arriving at the jail, follow the correct procedure for entering. Inside, Marie Wilkans is waiting for you. She lusts after you with more than her heart. After she has said her piece, ask her to help with the hotel operation.

After all of the arrangements have been made, leave the jail, retrieve your weapon, drive out of the parking lot, and head toward the station. (In the classic edition you should radio Dispatch to give your location.) In both editions you'll





get a call to proceed to Cotton Cove, which is at the far lower-right corner of the map. Get over there right away.

Leave your car and walk over to the body. Remove the cover and open the victim's shirt. Just as you thought. Cover the body and radio Dispatch. Return to your car and drive to headquarters for a meeting with Lieutenant Morgan.

Morgan, Marie, and Laura are all waiting for you in Morgan's office. Morgan details the undercover operation. Marie will be positioned in the Hotel Delphoria in the cocktail lounge. You are to register under the name of Jimmy Lee Banksten. When you are in place, signal Marie by ordering a drink. She will recognize you as "Whitey," an old friend who is in town after having done a stretch in the pen. You'll be carrying a sum of marked currency. Marie's job is to introduce you to the bartender, who acts as the front for the gambling action at the hotel. You must pose as eager for action.

Laura presents you with your disguise. As part of the costume, you will need to bleach your hair white. You have to go in without a weapon, but you can pick up your transmitter later.

In the classic edition Laura and Marie leave, and Sergeant Dooley arrives with the news that Jack Cobb's daughter, Kathy, has died from an overdose without ever having regained consciousness. Jack is taking it very hard. Before you change into your costume, you have some personal business to take care of. Walk to your desk and use the phone to call 4-1-1 to get Cobb's telephone number. Dial the Cobb house (555-2622) and offer your condolences. Dial information again to get the number for Detective Williams (555-4522), then place a call to him. Identify yourself as Sonny Bonds. When Williams asks what you want, tell him about Hoffman. You learn that the prints on the gun match those of Taselli, aka Hoffman. Hang up the phone and go to the locker room to change into your undercover disguise.

Walk to your locker, open it, undress, and grab a towel. Close your locker and walk to the shower stalls. Use the one on the right. Turn on the water, wet your hair, use the bleach, then rinse your hair. Turn off the water. Return to your locker, open it, and get dressed. Close your locker and report to Morgan's office for your



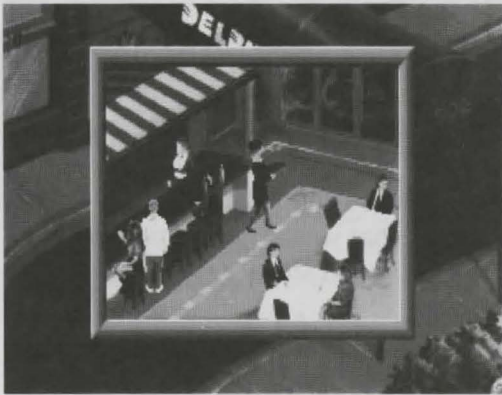
final briefing before the undercover assignment at the Hotel Delphoria. On the way, return your radio extender to the hallway table.

Morgan tells you that the body in Cotton Cove is Taselli's, but you've already figured that out for yourself. So there's nothing left to do here but drive to the Hotel Delphoria.

In the classic edition Morgan will give you the marked currency you are to use in the operation. The money comes in an envelope—one thousand dollars in hundred-dollar bills. After Morgan presents his final instructions, look at his phone. Be sure to remember that phone number because you'll need it to contact Morgan later, as he has requested. Your conversation is interrupted by a phone call. Homicide Detective Oscar Hamilton informs Morgan, who then informs you, that Taselli, aka Hoffman, was executed before being tossed into the waters of Cotton Cove. You figured as much. Leave Morgan's office to begin the Delphoria operation.

After you park and get out of your car, enter the hotel and walk to the registration desk. Ring the bell. A clerk appears and asks if he can help you. Rent a room. The clerk describes the sumptuous surroundings of the Hotel Delphoria.

Register under the name of Jimmy Lee Banksten. The clerk gives you your key and directions to your room, which is on the second floor, to the right of the elevator. After the clerk leaves the front desk, walk to the cocktail lounge, which is the door to the left.



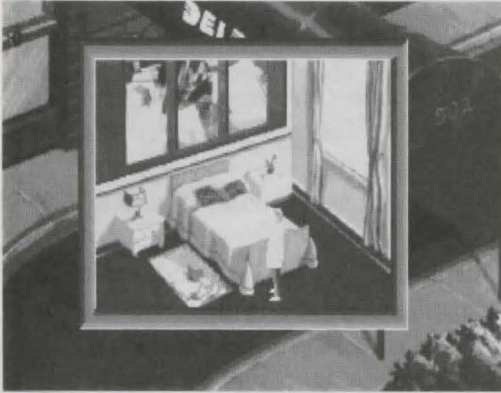
Go straight to the bar. Don't pass Go. Don't collect \$200. Order a beer. Marie recognizes you, despite your being costumed as the Kentucky Fried Pimp. Walk over to where Marie is sitting.

Order a drink from the bartender. Pay for your drink—nothing in this life is free, not even lunch. After Marie introduces you to the bartender, she excuses herself for a few moments. This is a good time to play the role of the wild-eyed gambler Jimmy Lee Banksten. After a little while, Marie returns and the two of you decide to go up to your room. In the classic edition, you need to give the bartender money before leaving the lounge. Either way, once the bartender's palms have been greased, you learn about the private game and earn an invite for later that evening.





Leave the bar, Marie in tow, and head to the elevator in the lobby. Take the elevator to the second floor. Exit the elevator and walk down the hallway to the right to your room. Unlock the door and go inside. Marie follows.



Now that you're alone, you and Marie have a chance to talk. But you know you can't linger. After some heartfelt conversation, use the telephone on the bedside table. You need to call directory assistance and then put in a call to the cab company. Marie's role in this little drama is complete. For now. Your call to Morgan should wait until after you play the first poker game.

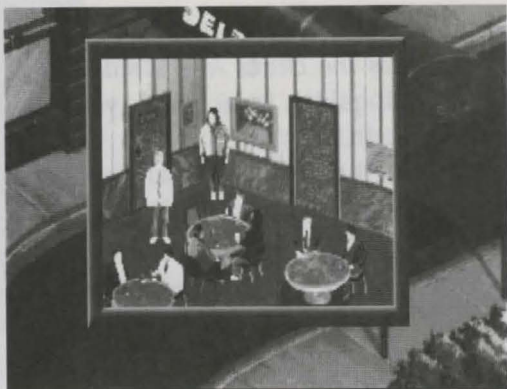
How do you get Morgan's number? Although there isn't any logical reason for Morgan not to give you his number in the new edition of Police Quest during the final briefing, the fact is—he doesn't. Think of it as a test. Then think about where you saw the personnel list for the LPD. That's right: the computer on your desk in Narcotics. If you call up Morgan's file, you see his number listed: 555-3784.

In the classic edition the first call to make is to Morgan (555-6674). Identify yourself as Sonny Bonds. He informs you that backup units will be in place that evening and instructs you to get Marie out of there and back to the station. Hang up and then use the phone to call directory assistance at 4-1-1. Get the number of the cab company. Use the phone again to order Marie a cab (555-9222). Tell the cab dispatcher that you want the car sent to the Hotel Delphoria. With a cab on the way, instruct Marie to return to the lobby to catch her ride back to headquarters.

Return to the cocktail lounge by taking the elevator to the first floor. Walk into the lounge, where you meet the bartender who is supposed to be setting up the game for you.

Stroll over to the bar and give the bartender two hundred dollars. Then follow him to where the action is—a gambling game in the storage area of the hotel, in back of the cocktail lounge.

You have to undergo a search before you're allowed to enter the back room, so go along with it. When you enter the casino, take a seat in the empty chair. You're



introduced all around. After a bit of small talk, the poker game resumes with you as a player.

You must win at the table to paint a convincing picture of a big-time gambler. Fortunately (or unfortunately, depending on your luck at cards), you can skip over the card-game scene and leave the table a winner; the only tradeoff is that you sacrifice the 15 points you get when you win the game fair and square.

In the classic edition, follow the screen prompts to play the game. Each chip is ten dollars. Enter a number when: you must pick the number of chips to bet; the number of cards to discard; and to indicate which of the cards in your hand you want to discard. If you don't like the cards you have, you can fold. Between hands, you can deal the cards.

To win five hundred dollars in the classic edition of Police Quest 1, you have to really know how to play poker, but you do have an advantage: Whenever you win a hand, save it under the filename *Poker Game*. When you lose a hand, restore the file called *Poker Game*, and you won't lose money. Too bad it doesn't work like this in real life.

After you win the card game, stand up from the table. Frank invites you back for a more private game with bigger stakes later that night. He also mentions that you might be able to do some business after the game. Looks like you're in.

Return to your room, call Morgan, and then wait for your backup to arrive. (In the classic edition, since you have already called Morgan, you only have to wait for the backup.) When the backup team arrives, get the transmitter pen, which you wear in your shirt pocket. Return to the cocktail lounge.

Approach the bartender and pass the word that Frank sent you. Again you are led to the back room, where you are searched a second time. Then you are escorted to the big game. The stakes are getting higher. Take a chair at the table and play poker until you win big. As you sit down to play, Frank asks you if you're interested in talking some business after the game. Of course you are.

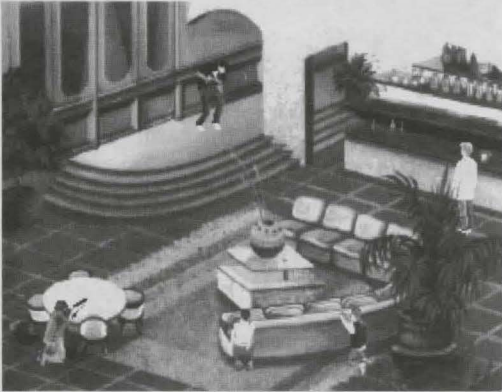




In the classic edition, you must demonstrate your absolute skill as a gambler before Frank (who you now recognize as the Death Angel) strikes up a conversation. Answer yes to both of his inquiries. Frank invites you to his room. Follow him up the stairs to the fourth floor.

In the classic edition of Police Quest 1, the last staircase can prove to be quite an obstacle. Use a diagonal direction key to get up this flight. The other stairs, like those throughout the game, are traversed with a forward-up-forward-up keypress pattern to go up the steps, or a back-down-back-down keypress pattern to move down the steps.

Frank, aka Jesse Bains, has a private elevator that goes from the big-stake card room right to his penthouse suite. Isn't that convenient.



When you arrive at Bains's suite, you must determine its room number in order to radio your backup. Bains has a deal he thinks you might be interested in. You express interest. Your conversation is interrupted by a telephone ringing in the next room. Bains invites you to fix a drink as he answers the phone.

This is your only chance to determine Bains's room number. Quick, look around. Where could it be? Wait—there's a phone near the bar. You've stayed in a few swank hotels in your time, maybe . . . that's it. The room number is printed on the telephone. Call your backup unit with the information and wait for Bains to come back. (In the classic edition, don't wait until you enter the suite; use your transmitter in the hallway, as you follow Bains.)

When Bains returns, he draws his gun and declares that your cover has been blown. One of the card players recognized you behind your disguise. But before he can whack you, your backup unit arrives and saves your hide. In the ensuing firefight, Jesse Bains is badly wounded. None of the police officers are hit. Bains is taken to the hospital. Sit back and enjoy the festivities. Your job here is done.

Or is it?

# Points of Evidence

**A**s Sonny Bonds, an officer with the Lytton City Police Department, you must perform professionally and decisively at any moment during your tour of duty. You begin your career as a patrolman cruising the streets of Lytton in a black-and-white, maintaining contact with the populace while keeping a watch for criminal perpetrators. The difficulty of your job is compounded by the fact that there are two versions of *Police Quest 1*. The classic "rookie" edition was published by Sierra in 1987 and garnered rave reviews for its blend of police procedure and action. But seen today against the backdrop of 256-color handpainted screens and icon-based control, the rookie version seems almost quaint. The new edition, published in the summer of 1992, replaces the cartoon feel of the rookie version with VGA graphics and replaces the need for typed commands with Sierra's icon interface. In many ways, the new edition resembles more closely the state-of-the-art graphics and command structure of *Police Quest 3*.

Properly secured evidence and concise clear reports are the hallmarks of a well-organized and efficient police investigation. When you make it to the end of your shift in *Police Quest 1*, you may wonder if there's something that you missed. The following table will help you track down and construct the trail of evidence needed to nail the Death Angel. Evidence trails for both the new and classic editions are included.



WHAT TO DOPOINTS (Classic)POINTS (New)**Police Headquarters**

Open Locker in Locker Room	1	1
Take Gun	1	
Take Ammo	1	
Take Case	1	
Open Case	1	
Take Notebook	1	
Take Pen	1	
Take Ticket Book	1	1
Get Towel and Take Shower		2
Get Uniform		1
Take Nightstick		1
Take Personal Keys		1
Read Paper in Briefing Room	5	
Take Assigned Position	4	
Listen to Briefing	4	
Write Notes	1	
Take Note from Pigeonhole	2	1
Fill Out Transfer Form		2
Get Patrol-Car Keys in Hallway	1	1
Take a Radio Extender from Table	2	2
Walk Around Assigned Car	5	5
Get into Car and Take Nightstick	3	

**On the Beat**

Respond to Call About Accident	3	
Investigate Scene	5	
Use Radio for Second Time		5



<u>WHAT TO DO</u>	<u>POINTS (Classic)</u>	<u>POINTS (New)</u>
<b>On the Beat</b> <i>(continued)</i>		
Drive to Carol's Caffeine Castle	3	3
Talk to Hamilton on Phone	2	2
Pull Over Speeder in Red Car	4	4
Check Plate with Dispatch	1	1
Refuse Woman's Offer	2	
Properly Issue Citation	5	5
Respond to Complaint at Carol's	3	3
Use Nightstick on Bikers in Bar	5	5
Ask Marie Wilkans About Drugs	3	3
Overtake Drunk Driver	3	3
Run Check on License Plate	1	1
Administer Sobriety Test	3	3
Place Suspect in Patrol Car	3	
Secure Gun in Jail Weapons Lockup	2	2
Book Serabian for DUI	2	
Book Drunk Driver for 21603		1
Book Drunk Driver for 44729		1
Book Drunk Driver for 29211		1
Book Drunk Driver for 26504		1
Book Drunk Driver for 21490		1
Book Drunk Driver for 13301		1
Remove Cuffs from Drunk Driver		2
Return to Police Headquarters		3
<b>Police Headquarters</b>		
Write Memo and Put in Basket	2	
Take Shower in Locker Room	2	





	<u>WHAT TO DO</u>	<u>POINTS (Classic)</u>	<u>POINTS (New)</u>
<b>Police Headquarters</b> <i>(continued)</i>			
Get the Keys to Your Corvette		1	
<b>Off Duty</b>			
Take Your Wallet from Corvette Seat		3	
Drive to the Blue Room Lounge		2	2
Sit at Table with Jack		2	2
Return to Police Headquarters			1
<b>Police Headquarters</b>			
Take Assigned Position in Briefing Room		1	
Get Note from Pigeonhole		3	
<b>On the Beat</b>			
Stop Suspected Stolen Vehicle		5	5
Call for Backup			5
Pull and Load Gun		4	
Get Suspect out of Car with His Hands Raised		2	4
Get Suspect to the Ground		2	2
Search Suspect		2	2
Read Suspect His Rights		1	1
Examine Suspect's Firearm		4	
Examine Door of Suspect's Vehicle		2	
Find VIN			5
Search Glove Box		4	5
Search Trunk		2	2
Book Hoffman at City Jail		3	
Book Hoffman for 19921			1



<u>WHAT TO DO</u>	<u>POINTS (Classic)</u>	<u>POINTS (New)</u>
<b>On the Beat</b> <i>(continued)</i>		
Book Hoffman for 12509		1
Book Hoffman for 12876		1
Book Hoffman for 00308		1
<b>Police Headquarters</b>		
Read Memo in Dooley's Office	2	
Get Briefing in Morgan's Office	1	
Get Most Wanted List in Narcotics Office	2	
Get Keys to Unmarked Car	3	3
Read and Keep Hoffman File	2	2
Get Poster of Taselli		5
<b>On the Beat</b>		
Drive to Courthouse	1	1
Arrange with Clerk to See Judge	3	
Give File to Bailiff		7
Present Evidence to Judge Palmer	7	
Deliver No-bail Warrant to Jailer	2	2
Pick Up Watts at Headquarters	1	
Halt Drug Deal in Park	5	5
Talk to Simms		1
Cuff Simms	1	1
Read Rights	1	
Search Simms	1	1
Question Simms Twice	2	
Question Colby Twice	3	
Book Simms and Colby	2	
Take Simms and Colby to Jail		2





	<u>WHAT TO DO</u>	<u>POINTS (Classic)</u>	<u>POINTS (New)</u>
<b>On the Beat</b> <i>(continued)</i>			
Book Simms and Colby for 12755			1
Book Simms and Colby for 12876			1
Join Other Officers at Blue Room Lounge		1	
<b>Police Headquarters</b>			
Attend Briefing in Morgan's Office		1	
Get Taber's Name from Computer		2	
Get Taselli Information from Taber		5	
<b>On the Beat</b>			
Enlist Marie for Undercover Work		5	5
Respond to Call at Cotton Cove		2	10
Open Victim's Shirt		2	
Radio Dispatch		3	
<b>Police Headquarters</b>			
Get Disguise in Morgan's Office		2	
Call Cobb's House from Narcotics Office		3	
Call Williams for Hoffman Information		5	
Apply Bleach to Hair in Locker Room		3	
Attend Briefing in Morgan's Office		1	
Get Morgan's Phone Number		2	
<b>Hotel Delphoria</b>			
Park Car Outside Hotel		1	
Arrive at Hotel in Disguise			10
Register and Pay for Room		3	
Get Game Invite from Lounge Bartender		3	2



<u>WHAT TO DO</u>	<u>POINTS (Classic)</u>	<u>POINTS (New)</u>
<b>Hotel Delphoria</b> <i>(continued)</i>		
Go Inside Room 204	1	
Call Morgan	3	
Call Cab for Marie	3	
Give Lounge Bartender Entry Fee	1	
Play Poker and Win	3	15
Call Morgan After First Game		7
Get Transmitter Pen in Room 204	5	
Play and Win in Private Poker Game	3	15
Examine Bains's Room Number		5
Radio Backup with Bains's Room Number	5	15
<b>End Game</b>		
Trial and Sentencing	4	
<b>TOTAL POINTS</b>	<b>243</b>	<b>225</b>












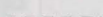


# CHAPTER 4

# Maps



## Map Order:

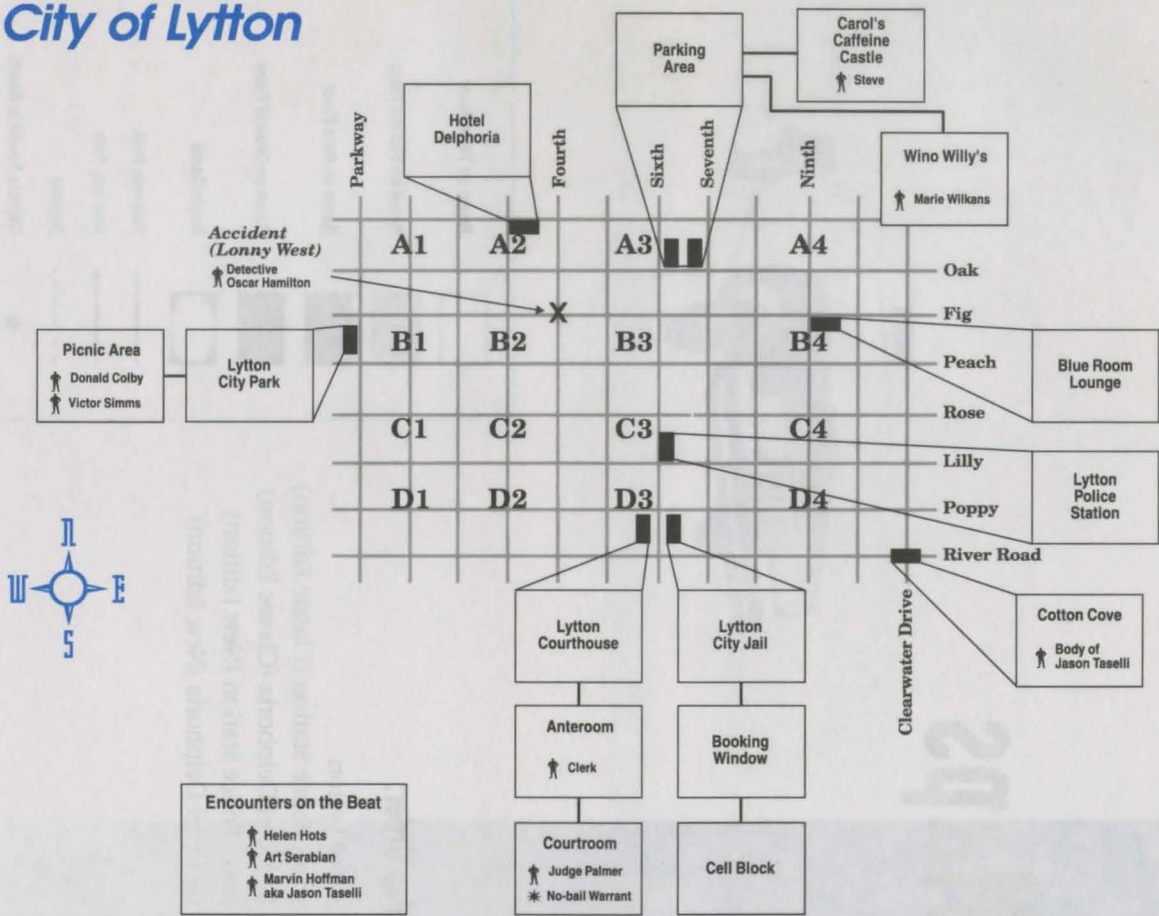
- City of Lytton
- Lytton Police Station (Classic Edition)
- The Hotel Delphoria (Classic Edition)
- Lytton Police Station (New Edition)
- The Hotel Delphoria (New Edition)

	Room on Third Floor
	Room on Second Floor
	Room on First Floor
	Room on Ground Floor
	Begin Game
	Two-way Path
	One-way Path
	Bypass
	Objects Found in Room
	People Met in Room

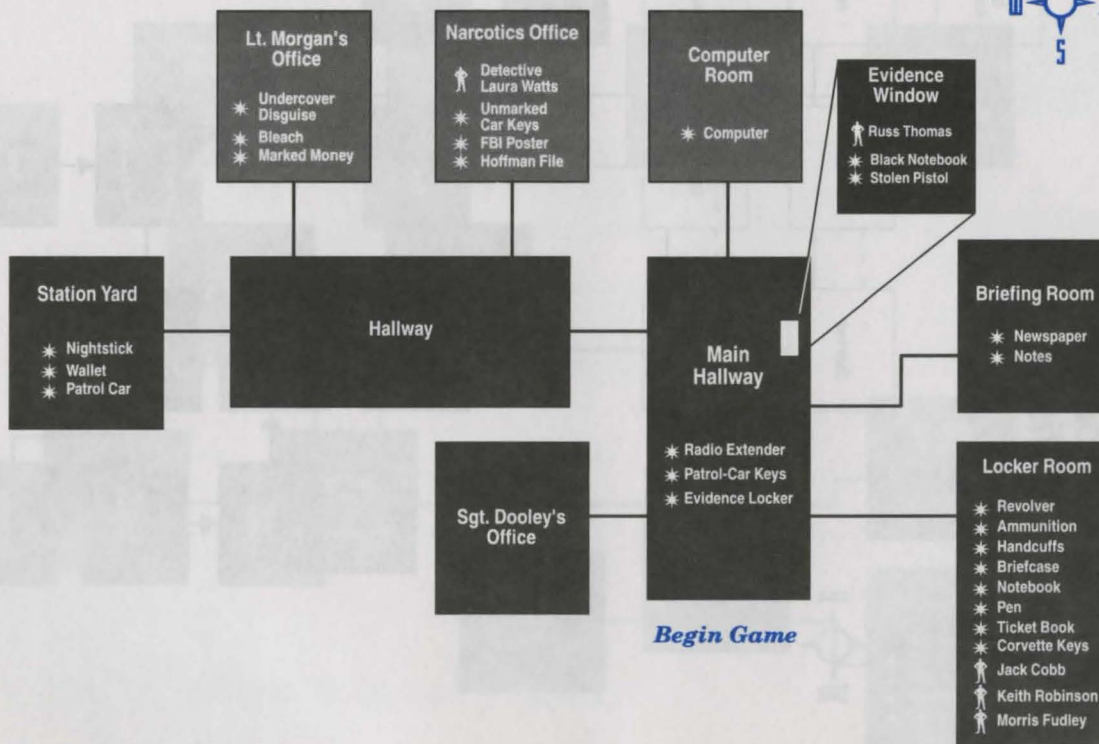




# City of Lyttelton



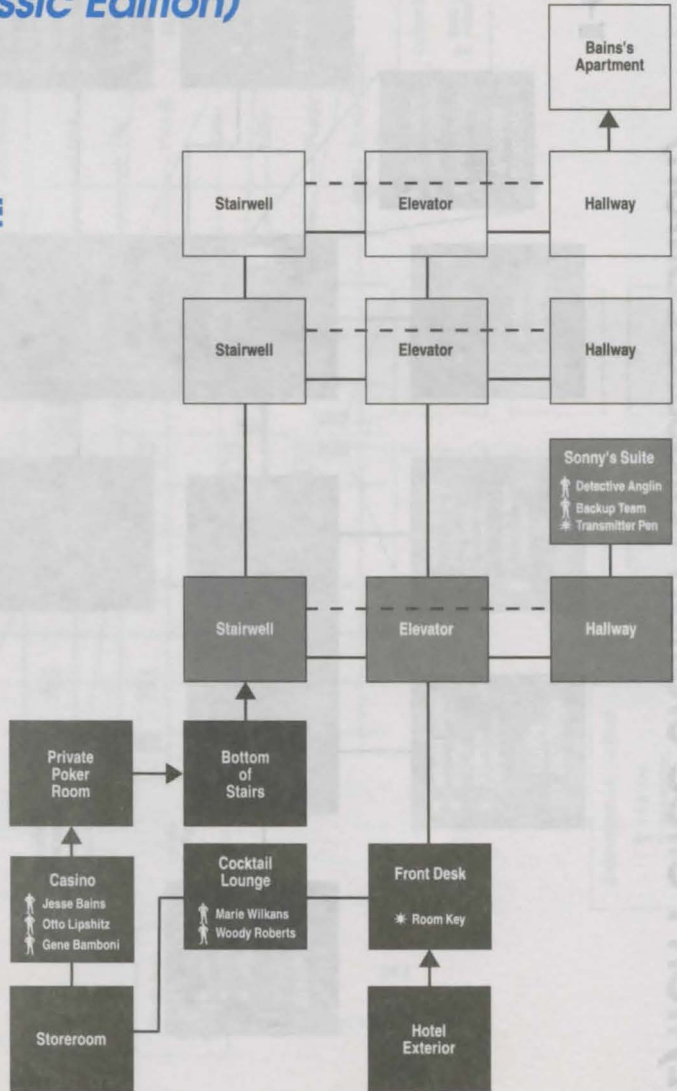
# Lytton Police Station (Classic Edition)



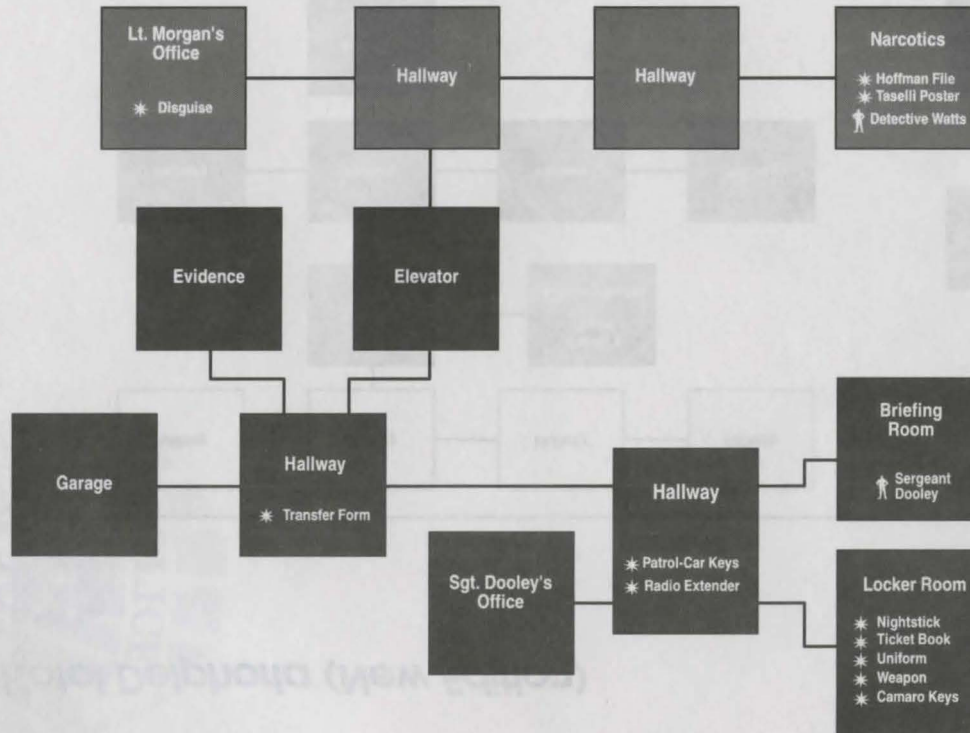
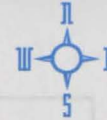




# The Hotel Delphoria (Classic Edition)



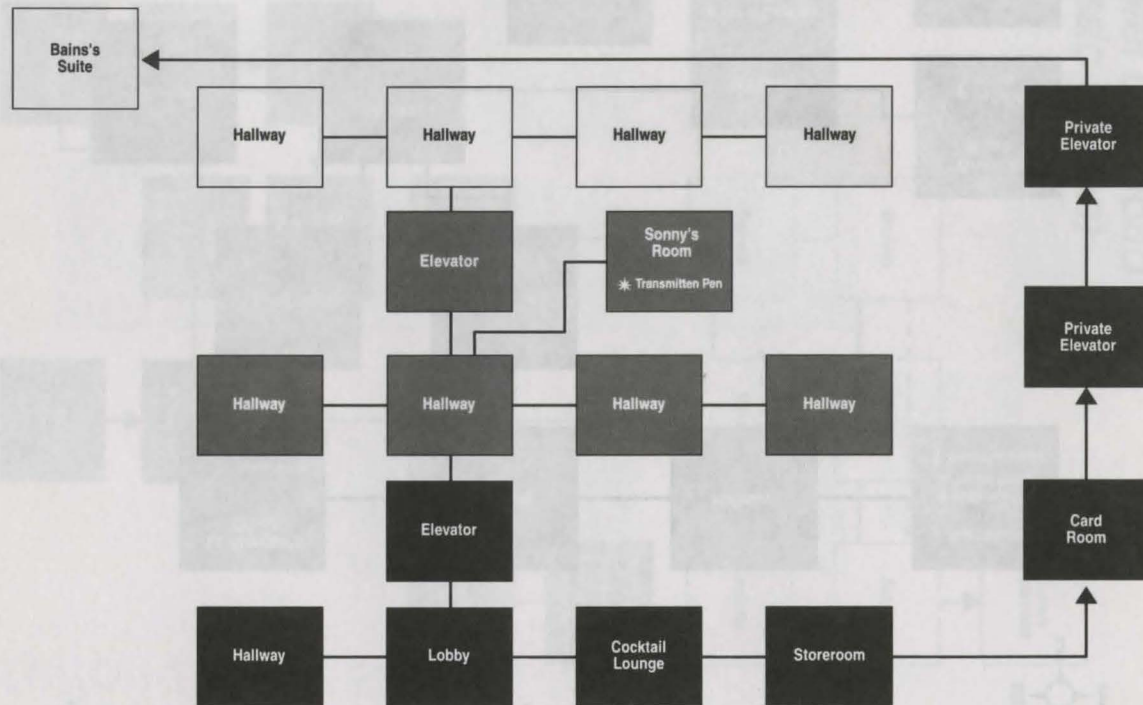
# Lytton Police Station (New Edition)







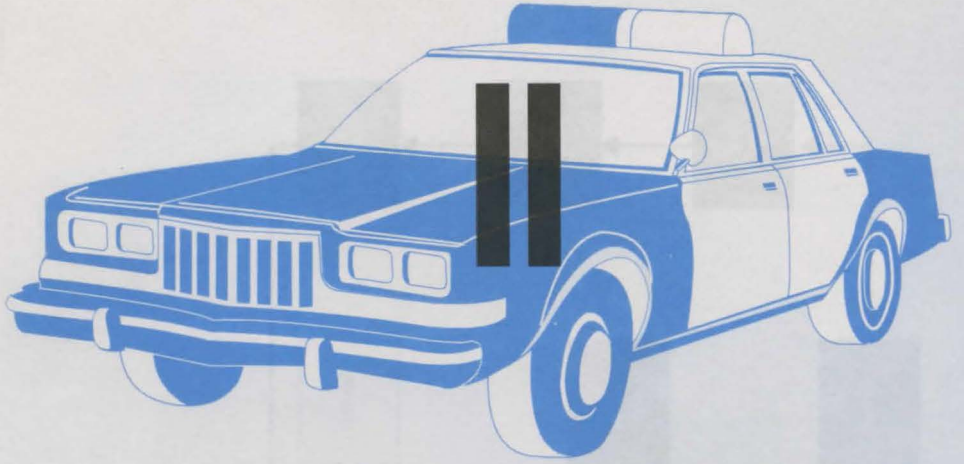
## The Hotel Delphoria (New Edition)



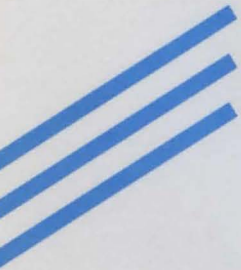




P A R T



# Police Quest 2: The Vengeance









# A Meal Served Cold

**F**rom the confines of his new car, Sonny Bonds looked out at the burgeoning Lytton spring weather. Even the trees outside of the police station were green this year. It was the wettest weather he could remember in some time. Hot and wet—not typical at all. The meteorologists were hoping it signaled the end of a long drought. Sonny just hoped that it would mean fewer fires this year. Fire, earthquakes—natural disasters that ranked right up there with multiple collisions on the freeway.

He pulled the keys from the ignition and sighed. He missed his Corvette. Sure, this little puppy got much better gas mileage. And he didn't have to worry about the price of maintaining the motor in racing trim or a fiberglass body that would crack at the slightest provocation. But he missed the acceleration. He missed moving so easily in and out of freeway traffic. Some things can't be replaced, he thought, even by common sense.

He pulled open the glove box and retrieved his business card. He just couldn't get used to the new combination locks that were installed in the locker room three months ago. If he didn't carry his locker combination on the back of his business card, he'd never get into that locker.

Sonny had undergone a bit of a transformation himself in the last year. His performance in last year's undercover operation at the Hotel Delphoria had earned him a shot at a gold shield. When he passed the detective exams he was assigned to Burglary division. It was all right, but he soon wished for more action. He associated it with hours of tagging stolen property and endless interviews with burgled homeowners.





Still, he preferred Burglary to Narcotics. The action in Narcotics was too intense. And there was too much history there for Sonny. After a year or two, he might give Narcotics another try. He reminded himself to visit Jack Cobb. Maybe this weekend, he thought. Marie and I could stop by for a little bit, see how he's getting along.

From what he'd seen, Cobb was doing OK for himself since he left the department after the death of his daughter last year. He told Sonny he didn't want to see the rest of his family disappear into the blur of late-night stakeouts and midnight phone calls. Sonny thought Jack's reaction was over the top, but he didn't argue the point. He wasn't the one who had lost a child. He wasn't the one with the family. One of the lucky ones, Sonny thought ruefully to himself.

Maybe that's why he liked working Homicide. In the short three weeks since he had arrived from Burglary, he'd found a home. It suited his nature. Working Homicide, he found that his cool demeanor was an asset. No matter what the situation, Sonny could make the objective observations that advanced an investigation. He was a painstaking clue-finder and evidence junkie. And, perhaps most important, he liked to make things right. Sonny Bonds, the Fixer. No situation too hopeless.

He smiled at that, locking his car door. There were times in the past year when his own situation seemed without hope. Funny how things turn out sometimes. From traffic patrol to Homicide detective. From unattached bachelor to—well, he was still single, but he had formed an attachment. Or, it might be better said that he had *reaffirmed* an attachment with Marie Wilkans.

The thought of Marie carried Sonny down the hallway and into the Homicide office. The rest of the staff, such as it was, had already arrived. Not like the old days, Sonny mused, when he would have to hustle to make the morning briefing in order to avoid the sarcastic insults of Sergeant Dooley. That was another good thing about Homicide. Detectives pretty much kept their own hours.

*Lieutenant* Dooley, Sonny reminded himself. Seems like everybody's moving up in the world. John Dooley now worked Narcotics, after doing a stint as a utility man. Last year he broke up the biggest auto-theft ring in Lytton history. After that he had his pick of assignments. He took Narcotics. The drug dealers were having a pretty tough time with Dooley. And he meant to keep it that way.

Counting Sonny, the Homicide division consisted of four detectives. Captain Fletcher Hall, a big man, called the shots and reported directly to the Commissioner. Ten years ago he had cracked the Pington case almost single-handedly. Slinkard Pington murdered five prostitutes in the Fig Street area over the course of 16 months. *Murder* was a kind word for it. He was a regular Jack the Ripper. Hall spent endless hours on the case, trying to get into the mind of this monster, and eventually tracked him down to a rusted-out mobile home in the mountains just an hour north of Lytton. The scene inside was described in vividly graphic and



exacting details on one of the "true crime" television shows. Pingleton got life in a sanitarium. Hall got three months medical leave. The show won an Emmy.

Keith Robinson, a veteran, was Sonny's partner, and a good one. Thin, with unmatched loyalty to his fellow officers and an unerring ability to see situations from unexpected perspectives, Robinson was somewhat unconventional. But he solved cases, and that's what counted. Sonny's only complaint was Robinson's incessant smoking. Now, as Sonny opened the door to the office, the blue smoke rolled out into the hallway like a misty tidal wave.

Jim Peterson rounded out the group. He liked to work alone. The quiet type, Peterson excelled at the department's academy training camps. Every summer he led a group of inner-city youth to the mountains for climbing and rappelling. Sonny had been invited to the last session, but declined. Tying a rope around his waist and jumping off a cliff just wasn't his idea of a good time.

Captain Hall was on the phone, but he looked up and motioned Sonny to his desk. Hall pointed to a piece of paper lying there with the daily department computer passwords: *Miami*, *ice cream*, and *pistachio*. Must be the spring heat, thought Sonny. Somebody in Information Services must be wishing for a cool treat.

Sonny nodded to Peterson and Robinson, then crossed the floor to the bulletin board. At the top of the board were the last posted scores for marksmanship. Someone had circled Sonny's marks with a red pen. He was four points below the cutoff. He'd have to fix that. He found the shooting schedule on a sheet below the scores and noted an open time. He was between cases right now, as good a time as any to work on his marksmanship.

"Falling down a little there, partner," Robinson said, lighting up another cigarette. "I'm kind of afraid to go out with you. If we get into a scrape, you might shoot me by accident."

"Don't worry," Sonny replied. "You'll be dead from those cigarettes long before a bullet gets you."

"That's reassuring," Robinson said. He took a long drag and exhaled toward the ceiling. "Maybe I ought to quit."

Sonny just shook his head. It was a threat, or a promise, that Robinson made no fewer than three times a day. "Here's something of interest," Sonny said. "A petition to ban smoking within the building."

"I wonder whose idea that was?" Robinson asked, looking over at Peterson. He got no response.

Sonny took the petition down and carried it to his desk. "Good idea," he said, signing with a flourish. He thumbtacked the petition in its original place and took a set of keys from the pegboard.

"Smokers have rights, too," grumbled Keith.

"I guess I better brush up on that old Constitution," Sonny replied. "I don't recall that amendment."





"Says here in the *Tribune* that Jesse Bains is returning to town today," Robinson said, changing the subject. "Thought you'd put that sucker away for the duration."

Sonny sat down at his desk and pulled an official-looking document from his in-basket. "Crying out loud," he muttered. "Bains is getting a retrial. I have been subpoenaed as a witness."

"This Ben Bulwer says that the jury was improperly instructed," Keith read from the paper.

Bulwer, Sonny thought. Big ace crime reporter for the Lytton *Tribune*. Sonny had finally met him last year at the Officer of the Year ceremonies. Actually, Bulwer hadn't come off as a bad sort. Seemed sympathetic to law enforcement officers. Had a wild hair about his precious sources and the First Amendment, but that was understandable. He was so professionally adamant about it that Sonny found his arguments nearly tolerable. The two of them had spurred some heated debates about citizens' rights, the right to privacy, and the public's right to know. A lot of this philosophizing had occurred in the Blue Room lounge.

"Hope your memory is good," Peterson volunteered. "Retrials can be murder. Defensive counsel will try to trip you up on things that happened a long time ago."

"Don't worry," Sonny said. "I'm not likely to forget what Jesse Bains did. Besides, I'm willing to bet that the evidence will stand. But I can't understand a retrial. A resentencing hearing, maybe. Waste of taxpayers' money."

"I won't argue with that," Robinson chimed in.

Sonny opened his desk drawer to find a place for the subpoena. Already resting inside was a letter, a well-read letter which he now unfolded to reread. It was a thank-you letter from Marie Wilkans, dated six months ago. She'd written it after finishing her first three months of therapy. She believed Sonny was solely responsible for turning her life around, but Sonny didn't agree. He had held out a hand, and she took it. He offered a bridge, a tentative one, to the world; Marie had the guts and the strength to grab hold and walk that bridge, to pull herself out of prostitution and confront the pain that had ruled her life for so many years. As if that weren't complicated enough, Sonny and Marie had started dating about four months ago. It was dangerous territory, but neither could resist.

They didn't kid themselves. It couldn't be like it was in high school, when they were sweethearts, looking ahead to the big, wide-open world. Both of them had seen too much since then. Right now, they were taking it one day at a time, and that was good enough.

Sonny sometimes wondered if their relationship would turn into something more. He tempered wondering by waiting for a signal from Marie. Besides, he had his own reservations to overcome. It wasn't often that Sonny was assaulted by a vision of Marie during her streetwalker days, but it happened. On those occasions he felt like a fool for loving her and determined that it would be best if he broke it off. But then he would see her from across a room, or he would notice her face



reflected in a light as they sat in his car at an intersection, and all the visions melted away like a mirage, leaving nothing behind but hope.

An eternal optimist, Sonny thought, replacing the letter and locking his drawer. That's a quality I could use at the shooting range. "There's a booth open," he told Robinson. "I think I'll grab it and see if I can't pull those scores up a bit."

Robinson nodded and waved his hand. His nose was buried deep in the financial section of the paper.

Sonny left the office to retrieve his gear from his locker. When he made detective grade, he'd given up his service revolver for a Colt 10mm automatic. Each magazine carried seven rounds. Sonny pulled the two full magazines from the top of his locker and closed the door. He made his way out of the locker room and down the hall to his left toward the weapons counter.

**ON THE BEAT:** Most cops carry their gun to work, although really apathetic ones might leave all their gear in their locker.

Ken Mills, the Weapons officer, greeted Sonny outside of the shooting range. "Detective Bonds," he said. "What can I do for you today?" Mills was an officious sort, the kind of police officer that Sonny usually hadn't much need for. But Mills was a living terror with a firearm. A former member of the U.S. biathlon team, Mills had captured a Silver Medal in the 1986 World Games. Before that he had served in the Marines as a sharpshooter. And long before that, little Kenny Mills was shooting the eyes out of rodents on his grandfather's farm in New York.

"Some ear protection, Ken," Sonny replied.

"Still getting accustomed to the new weapon," Mills observed, looking over Sonny's scoring charts.

"Yeah, I'm just a little off."

"The sights on that Colt can be temperamental," Mills remarked. "You should adjust them regularly. And relax when you shoot, Sonny. The weapon has to be an extension of your arm, not an appliance that you hold."

"Thanks, Ken. I'll remember that." Mills hit the switch that opened the sliding glass door to the shooting range. Sonny donned his ear protectors and stepped inside to find an empty stall.

Sonny slid a magazine into his Colt and raised the pistol to firing position. He let off three shots in rapid succession, then lowered his weapon and pushed the retrieve button. "Low and to the left," he muttered. He remembered Mills's advice and pulled a small screwdriver from the toolbox beneath the stall counter. After making a few small adjustments to the elevation and the horizontal sights, Sonny replaced the target and fired four more rounds.





**ON THE BEAT:** You have to fire at least three rounds to establish a pattern when you're making adjustments to your weapon.

This time his hits formed a tight pattern in the kill area of the target. Sonny popped the empty magazine and slid another into place. He put a fresh target on the line and sent it back against the wall. Taking aim, he emptied the magazine into the target as he was trained, firing a steady volley. He retrieved the target and looked it over. Not bad, he thought. If I'd been using this instead of that Derringer last year at the Delphoria, Bains wouldn't be here for a retrial. He replaced the target and left the booth.

"Very good, Sonny," Mills said, looking over the targets. Sonny passed the two empty magazines across the counter. Mills passed back two loaded ones. "All set, Detective."

"Thanks, Ken. I'll see you around."

Sonny slid a magazine into his Colt, set the safety, then placed it in his holster. On the way back to Homicide, he stopped at the supply station to pick up his field kit. He checked over the contents: a loaded camera; brush, dust, and tape for retrieving fingerprints; plaster mix; an eyedropper; and a collection of small vials and resealable plastic bags. Satisfied, Sonny tucked the kit under his arm and returned to Homicide.

Captain Fletcher Hall hit him with the news before the door closed. "Bad news, Bonds. Jesse Bains has escaped from Lytton City Jail. He took one hostage, apparently Luis Pate." Fletcher held the telephone receiver to his chest. "I'm organizing an APB right now."

Sonny could hardly absorb the news. "I'm assigning you and Robinson to take special responsibility for this case. Dig up a mug shot of that scum and hit the streets." Hall went back to the telephone.

"Got it, Sonny," said Robinson, holding up a folder he had pulled from the filing cabinet. "The mug shot here is old stuff, from his arrest a year ago. But, if he was in Central Booking awaiting retrial, they must have taken another picture."

"Looks like our first stop," said Sonny.

Robinson and Sonny climbed into the unmarked car. Sonny drove. Robinson took the radio in hand. "Dispatch, this is 53-Mary-2. We are 10-98 from the station house. En route to Lytton City Jail."

"Roger, 53-Mary-2," the radio crackled back. Robinson replaced the handset. "This has got to seem like a walking nightmare to you, Sonny."

"Pate's the one having the nightmare," Sonny replied. "Let's just hope we get to him before Bains decides to wake him up. With a bullet."

"Amen, partner."

On the Trail

The new underground parking facility at the refurbished Lytton City Jail was supposed to be more secure than the outdoor entrance. Lot of good it did, thought Sonny, swinging the car into a spot between two pillars. It made the transport of prisoners easier, but Bains's escape proved that people were the weak link in any security system.

"I'll catch up with you," Robinson said, climbing out of the car. "I'll check the garage while you interview the clerk inside. And don't forget to get that mug shot of Bains."

Sonny agreed and approached the entrance. A video surveillance camera tracked his movements. He buzzed the door and held up his ID card when requested. Then he stowed his weapon in the lockup outside the door and went in as the steel door swung open.

Inside the jail, the booking clerk was in a state. Sonny didn't know her. He was used to dealing with Pate. "We've never had anything like this," the clerk rambled. "Taking an officer hostage, I mean."

"How did he make his escape?"

"Pate's car," the clerk replied. "He took Pate and got him into the car."

Sonny's heart sank. Pate's car was Sonny's former Corvette. Sonny had sold it to Pate when he bought his compact. The thought of Jesse Bains driving his beloved Corvette, coupled with the anxiety of an officer in trouble, drove Sonny to distraction. "How did they get out of the garage? That place is always crawling with cops."

"Pate parks in the lot in back," the clerk explained. "I know it's against regulations, but he was always worried about scratching that car of his in the garage."

Sonny nodded, taking notes. At least he had a good description of the getaway car. The only thing different about the Corvette now that Pate owned it was the personalized license plates he had put on: WOW. Should be easy to spot. Even in California.

"Let me have the Bains file," Sonny directed. He took the folder from the clerk and removed the most recent mug shot. The year in the state pen hadn't been kind to Bains, he noted. He looked thinner. He also looked meaner. A sentence of 97 years without parole does that to a man.

"Do we have any witnesses to the kidnapping?"

"Saxton," the clerk replied. "Sherman Saxton. He was returning from the laundry room when Bains moved on Pate."

"I want to talk to him," Sonny said.





"Right through there," said the clerk, indicating the door to the visitors' room. "I'll have him brought in."

While he waited for the prisoner, Sonny contemplated his next move. Logically, Bains would be moving to get out of Lytton as quickly as possible. He had a record with the Chicago PD. Probably should alert them.

Saxton was ushered into the area beyond the wire-mesh windows. "You come here to get me out?" he asked.

"Not quite," said Sonny. "I want to know what went down this morning with the escaped prisoner."

"That was slick, I have to tell you. Your little buddy jailer was moving him from the maximum security cell block for transport, when this Bains guy put a knife to his throat and just sashayed right out the door. It was cold, man. Just moved right out the door there. I asked if I could go along but he didn't even look back. Hey—you going to tell the man how cooperative I was?"

"Sure," said Sonny, putting his notebook away. "Regular model citizen, you are. I'll make sure they give you some soft rocks to bust."

Sonny returned to the outer room and picked up Pate's file from the clerk. He scanned the information quickly. "He hasn't been on the force very long," he remarked.

"No," said the clerk. "Still working through his probation period."

"Hell of a way to start a career." Sonny passed the file back to the clerk and turned for the door.

"Good luck, Detective," the clerk said to his back.

"Save your luck for Pate," he answered. "He's the one who really needs it."

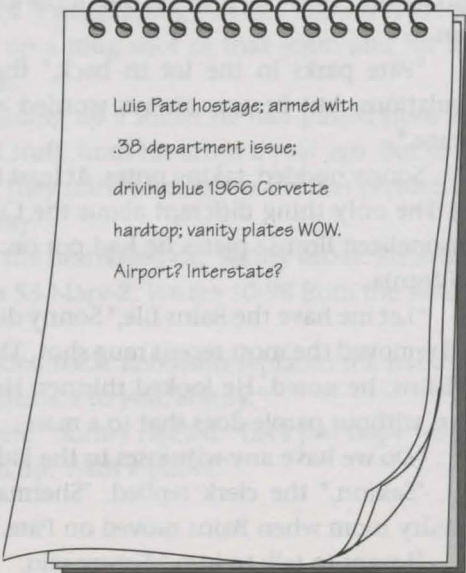
Sonny caught up with Robinson at the car. "Anything?" he asked.

"Nada."

"Thought as much," Sonny said. "Bains went out the other way. Pate doesn't keep his car down here." The two detectives climbed into the car. Sonny pulled out of the garage and started north on Seventh Street.

Robinson cued Dispatch on the radio and communicated a description of Pate's car. "So what do you figure?" he asked, after putting in the call.

"He's got a car and a hostage," said Sonny. "So my guess is he



Luis Pate hostage; armed with  
.38 department issue;  
driving blue 1966 Corvette  
hardtop; vanity plates WOW.  
Airport? Interstate?



wants to put some serious space between himself and the posse. He knows we won't get too close for fear he'll waste Pate. You have to figure that his odds for getting a more favorable sentence at a retrial are pretty slim, so he's on the lam and moving fast. This entire escape feels totally improvised. I wish Bains had a plan. Freewheeling makes me nervous. It's harder to predict what he might do. Let's get patched through to the captain."

"Dispatch, this is 53-Mary-2. Request traffic to Homicide. Captain Hall."

"Copy, 53-Mary-2. 10-23." Robinson held the mike, waiting for the call to go through.

"53-Mary-2, we have you patched through to Captain Hall. Go ahead with your traffic."

Robinson explained to Hall how Bains had made his escape and gave a quick description of the car. "We should cover the airport."

"We're ahead of you there," Hall replied. "And we've sent word to the Border Patrol, just in case he makes a run for Mexico." Robinson and Sonny looked at one another. They hadn't considered an overground run.

"10-4," Robinson responded. "53-Mary-2 out." He replaced the mike. "That's a lot of land to cover, but we might get lucky," he said.

"Maybe," Sonny agreed. "But I'm getting a funny feeling."

Robinson laughed. "You must be thinking about Marie. How is she?"

"Good," Sonny replied. "She's made a lot of progress over the last few months. It's like she's another woman." He paused, waiting for a truck to pass before turning left onto Fig Street. "It's good to have her back."

The radio interrupted Sonny's remarks. "53-Mary-2, we have further traffic."

Robinson took the mike. "This is 53-Mary-2. Go ahead with your traffic, Dispatch."

"Police Officer Gelepsi has located the car belonging to the correctional officer at the Oak Tree Mall. Captain Hall requests you respond to that 10-20 and 11-98 with Gelepsi. Dispatch clear."

"10-4." Robinson replaced the mike. "Well, partner, the plot thickens. Let's roll."

They found Gelepsi standing outside the east entrance to Oak Tree Mall. "This is definitely the car," Gelepsi said, as the two detectives climbed from their unmarked car. "The hood is cool to the touch. It's been sitting for a while."

"I'll look around," said Robinson.

"All right," Sonny said, pulling his evidence kit from the trunk. "I'll take the car. Gelepsi, scout around a little; see if you can round up any witnesses."

With Gelepsi and Robinson on their separate missions, Sonny turned his attention to the 1966 Corvette. He knew this car inside and out, but now he was looking at it in an entirely new way. Carefully, he opened the passenger door and





took a quick look inside. No blood. That was a good sign. He dusted the steering wheel, gearshift knob, and rearview mirror, but turned up zilch.

Applying the dust to the glove box with a brush, he finally came up with a good print. He lifted it with tape and placed it in a glassine envelope. Then he opened the glove box to look inside.

An empty holster. He couldn't believe his eyes. How did that get there? If Bains had taken Pate out the back entrance, he wouldn't have had access to the weapons lockup. Sonny had to assume that Pate left his weapon in the glove box. First the unsecured parking area, now this. One more strike and you're out, Pate, Sonny thought.

The registration in the glove box affirmed it was Pate's car. Come on, car, tell me something I don't know, Sonny thought. He also found three rounds of ammunition, .38 caliber. He took the holster and ammo as evidence and shut the door.

As Sonny was returning to his unmarked car, Gelepsi approached him with an upset citizen. She looked to be in her early fifties, heavysset, with blond hair tied back with a scarf. Out for a morning shopping trip, Sonny surmised.

"Bains may have a new car," Gelepsi said. "This lady here says that hers is missing."

"Are you sure you just didn't forget where it's parked?" asked Sonny. "I do that sometimes at the mall."

"I most certainly did not forget where I parked my car," she snapped. "My husband will be furious. It's brand new."

"Yes, ma'am," said Sonny, taking out his notepad. "Can you describe the vehicle?"

"A black 1986 Chevrolet compact station wagon," she said.

Sonny wrote it down. "License plate?"

"It's . . . let me see . . . C035 . . . oh, I can't remember any more than that."

Sonny closed his notebook. "Thank you. Officer Gelepsi will take care of you. You'll need to go down to the station and fill out some papers. You're in good hands, Mrs . . . ?"

"Rogers," the woman said. "Camille Rogers."

"Come with me, Mrs. Rogers," said Gelepsi. He escorted her to his patrol car.

Robinson walked up about that time. "Not my day," he said. "Some kids hanging out at the bus stop over there, but none of them saw anything."

As they exited the parking lot, Sonny filled Robinson in on what he had found in Pate's car and the possibility that Bains may have a different vehicle.

"How the hell did Pate ever get out of the academy?" Robinson asked angrily. "Stupid mistakes are going to get somebody killed."

"Yeah," Sonny said. "Maybe him."



Robinson radioed in the information about Pate's car and alerted units to the second stolen car. He asked for additional units to be sent to Oak Tree Mall to conduct a more thorough search inside. "Be advised, the suspect is probably armed with a .38-caliber service revolver. Use extreme caution."

"10-4," answered Dispatch. "We are putting your information out to all units."

Robinson lit another cigarette and leaned against the car door. "This is nuts. Why the hell would Bains be driving all over town, to a mall of all places?"

"Looking for another car, I suppose," Sonny answered.

"He could get another car anywhere," Robinson said. "He could find a place a lot less public than Oak Tree Mall."

"Maybe he thought that with all of the cars there, we would have trouble spotting the Corvette. If Gelepsi hadn't seen it, it might have sat there all day."

"You got a point there, partner. But it seems awful risky to me."

"Bains likes the risk," Sonny said. "He's a gambler. That's what bothers me about this whole escapade. He could have been long gone by now. He's got the connections. But I keep getting the feeling that he's still here."

"That doesn't make any more sense than him coming out to the mall."

"Nothing about Jesse Bains makes sense. You've got to stop thinking that way. He doesn't commit a crime for the money as much as for the pure thrill. It's real personal for him, not just a job."

"So what if it is?" asked Robinson. "Where does that get us?"

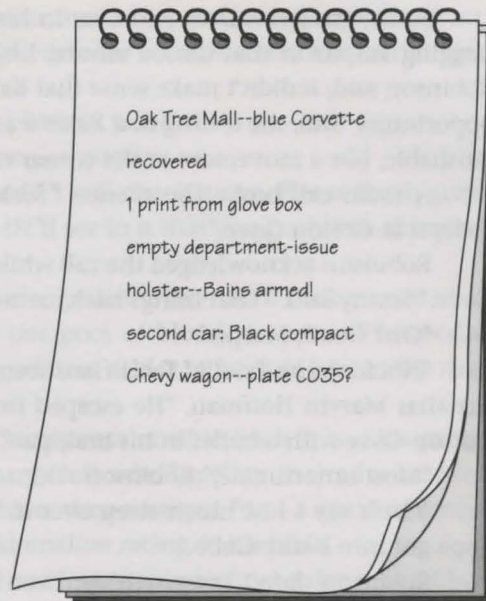
"It means that Bains may have made his escape for some other reason than to avoid prison."

"Settle an old score?"

"Maybe."

"You better watch yourself, partner."

"Don't worry," Sonny said, swinging east on River Road. "I won't let myself out of my sight."







Sonny turned it over and over in his mind, but he couldn't pin down this nagging suspicion that darted among his thoughts like a fugitive shadow. Like Robinson said, it didn't make sense that Bains wouldn't get out of town at the first opportunity. Still, the feeling that Bains was still around remained, almost indistinguishable, like a movement at the corner of your eye.

A radio call broke the silence. "53-Mary-2, respond to a call from Officer Gelepsi at Cotton Cove."

Robinson acknowledged the call while Sonny turned the car around. "Cotton Cove," Sonny said. "That brings back memories."

"Oh? Good, I hope."

"Not for Jason Taselli." Taselli had been the point man for Bains, working under the alias Marvin Hoffman. "He escaped from the jail, and we found him later in Cotton Cove with a bullet in his brainpan," Sonny said.

"Most unfortunate," Robinson said.

"Can't say I lost much sleep over it. Taselli was selling to kids. Some of his dope got into Kathy Cobb."

Robinson didn't say anything. Even a year later, the topic of Kathy Cobb's drug overdose remained a touchy subject within the department. Everyone involved with the Death Angel case felt a sense of responsibility toward the Cobb family. Nothing the force could have done would have prevented Kathy's death, but it was still hard to take. Even after a year.

"There it is," Robinson said, pointing to a patrol car near the Cotton Cove entrance.

Officer Mario Gelepsi met Sonny and Robinson as they pulled up. "I'm glad you guys could answer this call," he said. "I've got a witness here; she saw something that might have to do with your case."

"What is it?" Sonny asked, pulling his evidence kit from the trunk.

"She's kind of upset," Gelepsi continued, "but I gather she saw some blood or something along the jogging trail while she was running."

"I'll do the interview," Sonny said.

"All right," said Robinson. "I'll check the area. See anything else, Gelepsi?"

"Not since I arrived," he answered. "I've been here about ten minutes."

"OK," said Sonny. "Let me talk to her."

Gelepsi brought the jogger over to Sonny. He guessed her to be in her mid-twenties. She was in good shape—no weekend jogger. "Just tell the detective what you told me, Miss Barrow," Gelepsi prompted.

"I was running along the edge of the river—I do that almost every day at this time, and I came across what looked like a pool of blood."

"I see," Sonny said. "And where was this, exactly?"

"Right at the edge of the river, about 100 yards down the path. But that isn't what made me call the police," she continued. "I mean, I wasn't sure if it was really



blood or not. But right next to it I saw some marks in the mud and some footprints. It looked like something had been dragged into the water. It scared me. I ran straight to this phone booth and called 9-1-1."

"You did the right thing—Miss . . . Barrow, is it?"

"Barrows," she corrected. "Julia Barrows, with an s."

"Well, Miss Barrows, my partner and I will check it out. Please finish giving your statement to Office Gelepsi here. He'll see to it that you get home all right."

"Thank you, Detective."

Sonny took the footpath that ran alongside the riverbank, back toward where the young woman said she had seen the pool of blood. A sense of foreboding descended upon him. He drew his weapon and held it in front of him in the ready position.

Robinson was right behind him. Sonny motioned to his left, and his partner took a position about ten yards to Sonny's left side. Together they advanced into the park surrounding Cotton Cove. Just as they emerged from a stand of juniper trees, a cracking branch sent Sonny's adrenaline racing to his brain.

He turned just as a figure stepped out from behind a line of dense shrubbery. Two shots went wide to Sonny's left. He returned fire even as he dove for cover. Ducking behind a fallen log, he looked up in time to see the figure darting back into the bushes.

"You all right?" Robinson hollered.

"I'm all right," Sonny assured him. "Looks like we might have our man."

"You think it's Bains?"

"Can't say for positive, but that sure sounded like a .38 to me."

Sonny gave a hand signal to indicate that his partner should provide cover fire while Sonny tried to advance. When Robinson acknowledged, Sonny sprinted from behind his cover and ran in a zigzag pattern to a rock near the river. The cove was quiet.

"I think he took foot bail on us," Robinson shouted.

Sonny thought Robinson was probably right and moved slowly from his hiding place, advancing toward the line of shrubbery.

The sound of tires on dirt came so quickly—but so quietly—that Sonny never saw it coming. He registered the sound of footsteps, and then something hit him low from the back and knocked him off the path. A flash of black moved out of the trees and passed.

"Bains!" Robinson shouted. He got off two rounds at the fleeing car, but to no effect.

Sonny picked himself up off the ground. "Damn, Robinson. I guess I should thank you, but that was a helluva blindside tackle. You nearly separated me from my kidneys."





"That's nothing compared to what you would have felt like with your lips wrapped around the grill of that Chevy," Robinson countered, holstering his weapon. "We better get some investigative units in here."

Back at the telephone booth, Officer Gelepsi was hollering at Julia Barrows, who had bolted at the sound of gunfire. "What's going on?" he shouted as Sonny and Robinson came into view.

"That was Bains," Robinson said. He reached through the driver's side window of the car and grabbed the mike. "Dispatch, this is 53-Mary-2 with emergency traffic."

"All units, hold your traffic," the radio crackled. "53-Mary-2, go ahead."

"53-Mary-2. We have just been ambushed in Cotton Cove by the escaped suspect Jesse Bains. Suspect last seen northbound on Clearwater Drive, fleeing at a high rate of speed. Be advised, we do not have him in sight. Negative injury to personnel at this 10-20. Suspect vehicle matches description of vehicle stolen from Oak Tree Mall earlier today. The suspect is armed and dangerous. Repeat. The suspect is armed and dangerous. Approach with extreme caution."

"10-4, 53-Mary-2," the dispatcher responded. Robinson replaced the radio mike as the call went out to all units about the ambush and Bains's escape route. "Might as well finish our investigation here," he suggested. "That dirtbag is long gone."

The two detectives made their way back toward the river along the original line of search. "Take a look in here," Sonny said, calling Robinson over to a trash receptacle. "What's this look like to you?" he asked. Sonny pulled a blue denim workshirt from the garbage.

"I think I detect the distinct stylings of the House of State Pen," remarked Robinson. "Look. Blood. And the tag: 'J. Bains.'"

"I wonder if Bains was hurt somehow."

"We should have such luck. But if it isn't his blood . . ." Robinson didn't finish the thought.

Sonny stepped down toward the riverbank. "This must be the spot our witness reported," he said as Robinson joined him. "She's right. It does look like something was dragged into the river."

"I don't have a very good feeling about this," Robinson said warily.

"Don't feel like the Lone Ranger," Sonny replied. "I don't like the looks of it either. Hand me an eyedropper." Carefully, Sonny drew up a small sample of the blood that had coagulated on the ground. Robinson handed him a vial from the evidence kit and Sonny screwed the eyedropper back in place. Then they set to work making a plaster cast of the footprint they found in the mud next to the pool of blood.



"Smile," Robinson said, pulling the camera from the field kit. As Sonny finished the cast, Robinson snapped some photos of the scene from several different angles. "That will make a nice addition to the yearbook."

Robinson packed away the camera, and Sonny wrapped the cast in plastic. "Let's get a dive team in here," Sonny said. "I want to know what went into that river."

As Robinson packed the evidence in the trunk of the unmarked police car, Sonny radioed for a dive crew. As they waited, Robinson smoked a cigarette. "If Bains killed Pate and put the body in the river," he speculated, "I wonder how he got it to stay down?"

"Must have weighted it," Sonny said.

"That's obvious. But with what? He couldn't have put rocks in the clothes, because he had to be wearing Pate's clothing if he ditched his. Unless he picked up some clothes at the mall."

"Not likely," Sonny said. "I can't picture Bains shopping at The Gap wearing state-issue prison grays."

"He would've fit right in," Robinson said. "Hell, Ralph Lauren sells that stuff by the truckload."

"I'm not as concerned about what he's wearing as I am about where he's going."

"Right," said Robinson. "Damn, we were close. We've got him in a corner now, Sonny."

"That's what I'm worried about: Bains is the most dangerous when he's cornered." Sonny remembered his own close call at the Hotel Delphoria. "Today makes the second time Bains has tried to shoot me."

"That sounds like a habit you ought to stop."

"It is getting annoying."

"There's the diver," said Robinson suddenly. He tossed down his spent butt and ground it out under his heel.

"I'm going to go down with him," Sonny said.

Robinson nodded. "I thought you would. I think I'll stay dry. I want to stick by the radio anyway. Somebody might pick up the trail."

When the van pulled to a stop, Sonny approached and told the diver he would be accompanying him. "I don't know," the diver responded as he stepped out of the van. "I don't like to dive alone, but I don't usually dive with someone unless they have experience."

Sonny showed his diver's card, which he carried in his wallet at all times. "I'm certified," he said. "I've been diving since I was a kid."

"Why didn't you say so?" The diver introduced himself as Harry Moore. "Be glad to have the help. After I suit up, help yourself to the equipment in the van."

Half an hour later, Sonny was following Moore into the murky waters of Clearwater River. He thought the name fittingly ironic. Although the current moved





with an undefined strength, the water was darkened by runoff from upstream. Sonny kicked and stroked his way toward the bottom, which in this area was only about 20 feet.

The dark water and silt made visibility difficult. Sonny found that he had to keep extremely close to the bottom in order to distinguish objects from their surroundings.

A tap on his shoulder diverted his attention. Moore held up a metal object. A badge. Sonny nodded through the air bubbles escaping from the breathing apparatus. Moore pointed to the left and tapped Sonny on the shoulder again. Sonny nodded that he understood, and set out in that direction.

The badge that Moore picked up was probably Pate's, but Sonny would have to check the number. His worst fears were being realized. If that was Pate's badge, then where was Pate? Everything they had found on the surface indicated that Bains had dragged something heavy into the water. A glint of light caught the corner of Sonny's eye. He swam closer and reached out for it. Bringing it close to his face, he recognized the rough work of a homemade knife. He knew it was probably the weapon that Bains had used to force his escape. Turning, Sonny swam back to where Moore was searching through some thick brush and discarded tires. Sonny showed him the knife. Moore nodded.

Sonny pointed to his right to indicate where he would search next. Bains couldn't have carried the body far. He searched the obvious places, but could find nothing. He searched along the bottom, back and forth, but nothing was revealed in the murky water. Then, he found himself against an rock outcropping. Something about the arrangement of the rocks looked strange, unnatural. Gingerly, Sonny reached out and pushed on a couple of the larger rocks. They tumbled easily to the floor of the river.

Sonny waited for the silt to clear, then drew closer. From a crevasse, floating like a wounded fish, a human hand drifted into his sight.

Sonny lost his mouthpiece. He managed to get himself together well enough to get it back between his teeth and swim back to Moore. Together they uncovered the naked body of George Pate and carried it to the surface.

Back on shore, Moore and Sonny removed their air tanks and masks. Sonny did a quick check of the body while Moore went back to the van for a blanket. A single knife wound under the rib cage on the left side could have been fatal. If it wasn't, the fact that Pate's head was nearly severed from his body certainly was.

"I called the coroner," Moore said. He and Sonny took opposite sides of the blanket and covered Pate's body. "Did you know him?"

"Yeah," Sonny said. "Sold him a car once."

"Sorry."

"Stick around for the M.E.," said Sonny. "I'm going to call it in."



Sonny hotfooted it back to the diving van and, as quickly as he could, changed back into his street clothes. After the confines of the wet suit, his shirt, pants, and jacket felt positively liberating. He checked the ammunition in his Colt and holstered it. The only liberating he wanted to do at this point was liberating Jesse Bains from his newfound freedom. And he didn't feel like being very pleasant about it.

"Let's roll," Sonny said, returning to the car. Robinson was dusting the phone booth for prints.

"Right behind you, Sonny." Robinson barely had time to make it inside the car before Sonny hit the accelerator and they were moving north on Clearwater.

Sonny filled his partner in on the grisly details of his find at the bottom of Cotton Cove. Robinson moaned when Sonny told him how Bains had almost decapitated the jailer.

"He's like an animal," Robinson said. He took a long drag off a cigarette.

"He's worse than that," Sonny countered. "The guy's a monster. You tell me how a guy drags a body into the water, pulls it to the bottom, then buries it under a rock—all without an air tank or any other diving equipment."

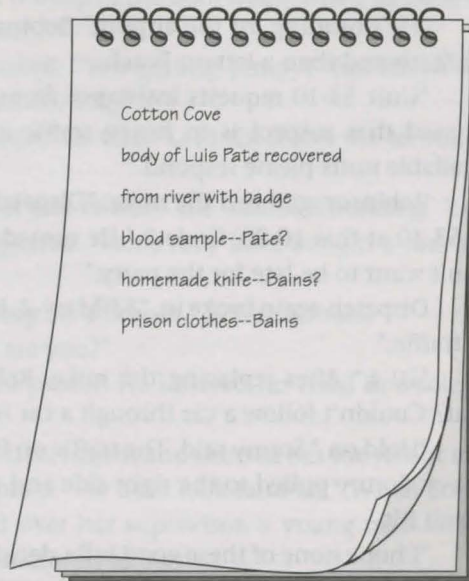
Robinson shrugged. "Are you sure that Pate couldn't have drifted to where you found him?"

"No way. The current there isn't that strong. You're still talking about pushing a body 40 or 50 feet from the entry point, lodging it among some rocks, then burying it. Nothing accidental about it."

"Maybe Bains made several trips. Weighted the body. Dived down to scout out the terrain. Found the place he was looking for, came back up for air. Went down again as many times as it took for him to put the body where you found it."

"I'm telling you," Sonny persisted, swinging left onto Rose Street, "Bains isn't human."

"He's flesh and blood," Robinson replied. "Just like you and me. He bleeds. Hell, you should know that. You helped put a couple of slugs into him at the Hotel Delphoria."







"He bleeds," Sonny agreed. "But he's not like you. And he's not like me."

The radio interrupted their conversation. "Attention all units. Be advised 53-10 is in pursuit of fugitive suspect Bains. Current 10-20 is northbound on Second Street."

"He's heading for the airport," Robinson declared. Sonny made a quick right on Sixth and then a left on Peach.

"Unit 53-10 requests assistance from any available units in the vicinity. Be advised that suspect is in heavy traffic and the pursuit vehicle may lose him. Available units please respond."

Robinson grabbed the mike. "Dispatch, this is 53-Mary-2. We are responding to 53-10 at that 10-20, Code-3." He turned to Sonny. "Hit those lights, partner; we don't want to be late for the party."

Dispatch again broke in. "53-Mary-2, be advised that 53-10 has lost the suspect in traffic."

"10-4." After replacing the mike, Robinson swore loudly. "Can you believe that? Couldn't follow a car through a car wash."

"Hold on," Sonny said. The traffic on Parkway at the airport exit was extremely heavy. Sonny pulled to the right side and ran along the shoulder, lights and siren at full tilt.

"I hope none of these good folks decide to take a shortcut," said Robinson. His hands gripped the door handle and the middle armrest.

"We'll be all right," Sonny replied. In a few minutes they had bypassed the heaviest traffic and were turning into the airport parking lot. "Where do you think?" asked Sonny.

"Make for Departures," said Robinson. "I have a feeling Bains isn't leaving his car in the long-term lot."

Sonny pulled to a stop in front of the terminal building. "I'll check this side," said Robinson, moving off to the right. "Meet you back here in 20 minutes."

Sonny waved OK and pulled the evidence kit from the trunk. He was about to head for the terminal building when a familiar sight stopped him. Just a half-dozen spaces away a black compact station wagon stood empty. Sonny approached cautiously. He put his hand in his jacket and took hold of his weapon. If Bains were lying down in the front seat, he didn't want any surprises.

Sonny got in front of the car, keeping low to avoid being seen from the inside. The front windows had been left down. The front plate matched the partial that the witness at Oak Tree Mall had provided. Slowly, Sonny moved to the passenger side of the car. He took three deep breaths, then stood up quickly and put the barrel of his pistol through the window.

Empty. The breath burst from his lungs like air from a punctured tire. Holstering his weapon, Sonny opened the passenger door to look inside. He checked the VIN plate attached to the car door and made a note of it. He started to dust the



obvious areas for prints, and finally managed to come up with a winner from the rearview mirror. The glove box was empty.

"Find anything?"

Sonny nearly cracked his head on the top of the door frame when he jumped. "Geez H! Don't come up on me like that!"

"What's the matter?" Robinson asked. "You getting jumpy? You think that Bains is going to turn into a spook or something?"

Sonny slammed the door. "One print," he said. "Let's check out the terminal."

"Right behind you, partner."

The two of them crossed the street and entered the terminal building. "Let's start with the ticket agent," Sonny suggested. "Bains may have bought a one-way ticket out of town."

"I thought maybe he would just hop on a broom," Robinson said.

"You're not going to let that rest, are you?"

"Sure," Robinson quipped. "Rest in peace." He lowered his head in a solemn gesture.

Sonny displayed his badge for the ticket agent and showed her the recent mug shot of Jesse Bains. "Why, yes," she replied. "He does look familiar." When Sonny asked for the passenger list, she called over her supervisor, a young man with a harried brow. He passed the passenger manifest to Sonny.

Scanning the names quickly, Sonny found a listing for Luis Pate. "This puts the destination as Houston," he said to the supervisor. "When does that flight leave?"

"I'm sorry, sir, our Houston flight left 20 minutes ago."

"Did you see this man get on?" Sonny asked, holding up the mug shot.

"I do remember him being at the counter," the man responded. "But I can't say that I saw him board. That takes place on the second floor."

Sonny and Robinson thanked the supervisor and hurried to the escalator. When they reached the top they approached the security guard standing at the metal detector. Sonny again showed his badge and the mug shot of Bains. The security guard looked it over carefully, then handed it back.

"No," she said. "I would remember, too. If he bought a ticket for the Houston flight, he didn't get on."

"What about rental cars?" Sonny asked the guard.

"Two downstairs. Siva and Top Hat."

"Thanks." Sonny returned with Robinson to the first floor. "I'll take Top Hat," Robinson said. Sonny nodded and disappeared into the crowd to make his way to the other car rental company.

"Yes," said the Siva rental agent. "I did rent a car to this gentleman." She showed the rental agreement to Sonny. Bains had used Pate's ID to rent the car, the same way he had bought the plane ticket. Sonny jotted down the information.





When he caught up with Robinson, Sonny learned that the Top Hat agents hadn't seen Bains. "What do you think?" asked Robinson.

"I don't think he's still at the airport."

"What a sleuth," Robinson replied. "A regular Sherlock Holmes."

"Thank you, Watson. Wait up for me. I've got to hit the can." Sonny pushed through the swinging door of the men's room while Robinson stood outside. He entered the middle stall. Something didn't seem right. It took him a minute to figure it out: The tank lid wasn't sitting squarely on the tank. It looked as if it had been moved. Who would do a thing like that?

Sonny lifted the lid and peered into the tank. Resting at the bottom near the ball cock was a revolver. He rolled up his shirtsleeve and pulled it out. It looked like service issue, perhaps even Pate's gun. He dried it under the hand dryer and wrapped it in paper towels.

"Find something?" Robinson asked, spying Sonny's package.

"Looks like Bains disarmed himself."

Robinson nodded. "That won't last long. Guns aren't exactly a rare commodity in this town."

Together, they returned to the car. Sonny stopped on the way out the door to buy some roses for Marie. At the car, Robinson made the call. "This is 53-Mary-2." He turned the revolver over in his hand. "We are at the airport. Request check on handgun serial number SW5557763. Also, be advised we are requesting an APB on a green 1988 Ford sedan, license plate C432561. Suspect Bains rented this car under the name of Pate at the airport. Suspect most likely is within city limits. Use extreme caution."

"Copy, 53-Mary-2," the dispatcher responded. "Bulletin will be issued immediately."

"Let's get back to the office," Sonny said, wheeling out of the parking lot. "Maybe we can turn up something there. Besides, I want to get the lab working on this evidence."

"I can always catch up on my paperwork," Robinson said. "The glory of police work."

Within 20 minutes Sonny was pulling into a space at Lytton Police Headquarters. "I'm glad to be out of there," Robinson said, closing the car door. "You've got that car smelling like a virgin's flower basket."

Sonny retrieved the roses from the front seat. "I wouldn't think you could smell much of anything," he said. "The car reeks of that infernal weed you insist on sucking on."

"Something has to stand up against that fatal romantic instinct of yours," Robinson said, pushing through the glass doors. "I'll meet you in the office."



Sonny approached the evidence lockup. Big John Whalen, all six-feet-nine of him, waited behind the bars. "Sonny Bonds," the big clerk greeted him. "Bearing gifts, I trust."

"Read it and weep," Sonny said. He began to empty the contents of his evidence kit onto the counter. "Let's get this stuff tagged and down to the lab, pronto. I want to nail Bains before he gets the idea that I can't."

"Can do, Detective," Big John replied. "We're all rooting for you here." He stopped moving his giant hands across the tags. "We heard about Pate. Some of the guys in uniform are getting a collection together. He worked with a lot of the Hispanic kids in his off-hours. We thought we'd make a contribution to the neighborhood association."

"Sounds good," Sonny said. "Put me down for twenty. Robinson too."

Sonny turned his back on Big John and returned to Homicide. Hall was on the phone. Robinson had pulled his chair over to the captain's desk in order to fill him in on the progress of their investigation. Sonny took a seat at his own desk and checked his basket. A message that Marie had called. Sonny picked up the phone and dialed her number.

"Hello." The voice evoked a response that Sonny could never quite control. Part of it was memory, part of it was expectation. Sonny never bothered to put a name to it. He like to think that this was how it felt to be in love, really in love with a healthy dose of lust attached to it, lurking beneath the surface like a shark.

"It's Sonny."

"Oh, I'm glad you got my message. When do you get off tonight?"

"I'll be cutting out soon. Just about done here."

"Just another day at the office?"

"I've got to talk to you, Marie," Sonny said, charging ahead.

"That's part of what I had in mind," she replied. "I thought you could meet me at Arnie's after work."

"I can do that. Did you read the paper this morning?"

"You mean about Jesse Bains?" she asked. "I read that. I hope they put him away for good this time."

"It's going to be a little harder than that," Sonny said. "He escaped from jail this morning. I've been hunting him all day." Marie didn't respond. "Marie? Are you OK?"

"Why shouldn't I be?" Her voice had taken on an edge, which Sonny recognized as her first line of defense. "You just tell me that a murderer that I helped put in jail is on the loose. That's just fine. That doesn't bother me. I'm OK. I hope that he's a hundred miles away by now."

"The truth is, we lost him. But we'll catch up to him, don't worry. Listen, Marie. I get off here in a few minutes. Why don't I pick you up? We can go to Arnie's for a bite."





"I'm not staying in this house another minute," she snapped. "Bains could look my name up as easily as anyone. You want to meet me, make it at the restaurant. You'll find me in the bar." The line went dead.

Sonny hung up slowly. Robinson's voice cut through his thoughts. "Problem?"

Sonny pushed away from his desk and pulled his jacket off the back of his chair. "You can reach me on the beeper if anything happens with Bains. Otherwise, I'll see you in the morning."

"Sure, Sonny. I'll see you tomorrow."

Sonny hurried through the routine of returning his unmarked-car keys and locking his evidence kit behind the holding counter. Once in his car, he pulled out into the rush-hour traffic and left the station behind. He wasn't so successful leaving behind the thought of Jesse Bains.

Arnie's restaurant stood in the center of a strip shopping center on Second Street between Peach and Oak. There wasn't a lot to recommend it: It didn't have the city's best cuisine; the service was passable but not noteworthy; it had never earned any laurels from the *Tribune's* food critic. But for Sonny and Marie it ranked with the best. They had first gone there to celebrate Marie's successful completion of a three-month therapy program. What had started out as gratitude between old friends soon moved to something else.

That night four months earlier returned to Sonny as he made his way through the traffic lights on Lilly Street. The brightness of her eyes. The laugh he had heard so long ago. He had forgotten how good it sounded.

The talk had come easily. Gone was Marie's streetwise edge, the cutting remarks she often used to guard against the pain of her life. Sonny's doubts disappeared with the wine, but it wasn't the drink that made him feel so flushed; it was the look on Marie's face, and the memories it sparked. It was the sight of his life stretching before him like a long empty road. But mostly, it was Marie. Marie before she started *The Life*. Marie when she arrived in Lytton. Marie in the moonlight during nights at Cotton Cove.

Sonny found a parking space near the front door. He shook his head. This kind of lovesick thinking would make him lose sight of what he had to do. And that was to nail Jesse Bains before he could hurt anyone else. Especially Marie.

He stepped into the lounge. He had expected to see Marie, but she wasn't there. He sat down on a stool. "What'll you have?" asked the bartender.

Sonny ordered a beer. He asked if a woman of Marie's description had been in. The bartender told him no.

Sonny nodded and looked at his watch. He'd made good time. He assumed she'd been delayed somehow. On the phone it sounded like she was on her way out the door. In his lap, concealed beneath the bar, he carried the roses he had bought at the airport.



He should never have told her about Bains, he thought. He should have waited until he was with her. Hardened by his stint as a detective, Sonny sometimes barged ahead without weighing all the consequences. He forgot sometimes that civilians weren't trained to deal with stories of escaped murderers. He took a long drink of beer. It was very cold and tasted fine. He finished it with one more gulp and set the empty glass in front of him. With his hand he ordered another.

"That looks good." The voice flowed over his back like cool water. Sonny turned around to face Marie. She wore a wraparound skirt and a white cotton T-shirt. Around her neck she wore a necklace of pastel-colored seashells and beads. She looked as if she'd just walked in from the beach. Sonny felt the air crashing around them like waves.

"I hope you haven't been here long," she said.

Sonny held up his hand. "It's all right. I thought you'd already be here. You sounded so upset on the phone. I think I was out of the office before the line went dead."

"Our table will be ready in a few minutes." She took a seat next to Sonny, but shook her head when the bartender approached to take a drink order. "That really bothered me, what you told me about Bains," she admitted. "After I hung up with you I had to get out of the house. I was afraid that he was out there, watching me. Or that he was coming over."

Sonny nodded. He didn't say anything. He could see that she wanted to talk.

"I didn't know what to do," she continued. "I didn't know where to go. I thought I would just come here, but instead I drove downtown. I saw Janey."

Janey Stiles had worked with Marie when they were both on the streets. Sonny thought that Marie had cut all her connections there. He was surprised to hear that she and Janey still kept in touch.

"She looked bad, Sonny," Marie said. "I couldn't make myself get out of the car to talk to her. I was so ashamed. Janey was a friend. She took up for me, looked after me." Her voice dropped almost to a whisper, and she began to cry softly. "And I couldn't even get out of the car to talk to her." Marie pulled a tissue from her purse and dabbed at her eyes. "I wonder sometimes if I can ever make it back to the real world," she said. "The Life is so hard. It takes too much out, puts nothing back. Leaves nothing behind."

"You are back," Sonny said. He put his arm around her.

"You saved my life, Sonny. I know that you don't see it that way, but, damn it, it's true. And I think sometimes about how I feel—I wonder if I love you or if it's gratitude or . . . ." Marie's voice trailed off.

"Because if it's just gratitude," she continued, "if that's all it is, then I haven't really changed. I'm still a hooker, still working the streets. All you can say is that I have a little more class, and that I take another kind of money."





"If that's true, then you can clean me out," Sonny said. "Because I'll tell you right now, Marie Wilkans, I love you. I will shout it out if you—"

"No, Sonny, don't." She smiled through glistening eyes.

Sonny lifted the roses into view. "For you."

Marie took them without a word.

"If I could make you forget, I would," Sonny said. "If I could turn back the clock, if I could stop the world . . . I can't do any of those things, Marie. I can only love you. And it's not because I'm trying to recapture a piece of life we knew a long time ago. Or because I think you need my love to rescue you from the past. Or because I feel sorry for you. It's a lot of things that I don't think I can even explain."

"You're doing a pretty good job, for a man."

Sonny smiled. "I may not be totally in touch with my feelings, as your therapist is so fond of saying, but I know enough to say when something's right."

"Is this right, Sonny?" Marie asked. "You and me. Is it right?"

"It's right."

"What about Jesse Bains?"

"He won't bother you. I'll see to that."

"My white knight."

"Let's see if our table is ready," he said, jumping up. He helped Marie off the bar stool. "I'm starving."

"Let's order something light and fast," she said, smiling. "I want to get to dessert."

## **D**awn Springs Darkly

The dark played host to a thousand images. Jesse Bains, feasting on his bloody victories. Pale and watery corpses, rising from dark and roiling waters. Sonny sat upright, grasping at the damp sheets. He held his breath and then slowly let it out. Again and again he breathed, and as he concentrated on each breath he felt the bloody pictures recede.

Marie slept on beside him. Her shadowed figure lay outlined in the predawn light. Sonny looked across her bedroom to the black glass of the window. Sleep would not come again, he knew that. Quietly, he slipped out of bed and went into the bathroom to get a glass of water.

A stranger's face stared back at him from the medicine-cabinet mirror. Sonny blinked hard and looked again. He would have sworn, had it not been the middle of the night and immediately after a nightmare, that it had been Jesse Bains's face. Haunting his sleep; haunting the spaces where he walked. Sonny found a bottle of



aspirin, shook out three tablets and washed them down with another glass of tap water. Then he started the water in the shower.

Stepping from the bathtub, Sonny could smell bacon and coffee. He wrapped himself in a towel and walked down the short hallway to the kitchen. Marie was cracking eggs into an iron skillet. She was wearing his shirt, but little else. "Good morning," she said. It was almost cheery.

"I'm sorry I woke you."

"It's all right." She kissed him lightly as she carried the bacon to the table. "You tossed all night long." Marie took a long look at him. "But you don't look too bad, considering."

They ate their breakfast quietly. "I'd like you to stick close to home today," he said. "I can come by later to check on you."

"You don't have to. I feel better today, really. Do you think it's necessary?"

"If not for you, for me."

"All right. I do have the day off," Marie said. "I can catch up on my gardening."

"Thanks."

He let the warmth of the kitchen and the food and Marie's company carry him into work. It didn't last long. He didn't even have his jacket off before Captain Hall hit him with a report from a warehouse off Rose Street. "We've got a body in the warehouse district. I sent Gelepsi to cover it. He just called in his report. The victim took a slug in the back of the head."

"Professional hit?" asked Sonny.

"Looks like it. Here's the address," Hall continued, tearing off a slip from his message pad. "160 West Rose. Get Robinson's nose out of the paper there and check it out."

"Any leads on Bains?" Sonny asked.

"Nothing has come in so far," Hall replied. "Looks like he's gone underground."

Sonny nodded and grabbed a set of keys from the pegboard. "Let's roll, partner," he called to Robinson.

Together they took the car out along Seventh Street, then turned west on Rose. Robinson called in their 10-20. Traffic was light; they were soon in the warehouse district. They spotted a uniformed officer standing near a green sedan.

"Glad you guys could get out here so fast," Gelepsi said, greeting them. "This is a real mess. A body in the trunk. Look at all that blood. I was going to stop at Carol's for breakfast, but I think I'll just skip it."

"Call the M.E., Mario," Sonny said as he pulled his evidence kit from the trunk. He drew up a small sample from the pool of blood beneath the car trunk. Then he took a deep breath and looked inside the trunk. The victim lay on his right side, with his back to Sonny. His legs had been bent at the knee. It wasn't a relaxed kind of position. It was the deep freeze of a bad death, the limbs contracting to fit into whatever space was allowed.





Sonny bent over the trunk to get a look at the victim's face. There wasn't much left of it. The top of the head had come off with the bullet, leaving a huge hole above the eyebrows. But there was enough there to shock Sonny into instant recognition. It was Woody Roberts. Roberts had worked as a bartender at the Hotel Delphoria last year, when Sonny had taken down Jesse Bains. Later, Roberts had testified about the hotel's gambling operations and tied them to Bains. So this is the thanks you get, Sonny thought.

Sonny ran his hands along Roberts's sleeves. He reached deeper into the trunk and took hold of one of the arms. There was something there, in the left hand. An envelope. Sonny tried to pry it loose from Roberts's hand. It wasn't an entire envelope, just the corner—a corner with a return address:



Sonny slipped the scrap of paper into his pocket just as the Medical Examiner arrived. "Let me guess," the M.E. said, "in the trunk."

He stepped up to Sonny and peered inside. "Looks like an execution. Entrance wound to the back of the head. Messy exit, though. Can't say it'll do much for the fellow's IQ. You know this victim, Detective?"

"Roberts," Sonny replied. "Woody Roberts."

The M.E. nodded. "Apparently, Mr. Roberts was indiscreet in his choice of friends."

"I'm not concerned with his friends," Sonny said.

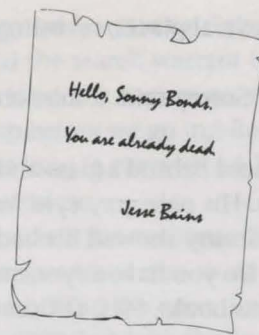
"Neither is he, anymore." The M.E. turned away and called to Officer Gelepsi. "Give me a hand here, Officer. This fellow has earned a free ride to the icebox."

Gelepsi grimaced but helped pull Roberts's rigid body from the trunk. In a couple of minutes they had loaded the body into the back of the wagon. "I'll have the lab boys down here in a jiffy," the M.E. said. "Anything else I need to know?"

"I want you to check that wound carefully," Sonny told him. "I want to know if it was caused by the same weapon used on Officer Pate."

"Right. If you find a bullet in there," he gestured toward the sedan, "it sure would help Ballistics."

"I'll look," Sonny said. He waved the M.E. off, then turned his attention back to the sedan. Most of the trunk floor was covered in blood, which had gone black and sticky in the heat. Sonny pulled from the mess a piece of paper that had been hidden from view underneath the body. He couldn't believe his eyes.



Sonny put the note in a plastic evidence bag. He walked around to the driver's side of the car. Robinson was finishing his search.

"Nada," said Robinson. "No prints. No nothing." He got out of the car and shut the door.

"I might have something." Sonny showed Robinson the corner of the envelope.

"I know that address," said Robinson. "It's the Bypass Motor Inn. They rent rooms by the day, week, month, or hour. Pay your bills in cash. No questions asked."

"Let's roll," Sonny said.

"Right behind you." Once in the squad car, Robinson radioed Dispatch to relay their intentions. "53-Mary-2 10-98 from 187 scene at West Rose," he intoned into the mike. "We are en route to 753 Third Street for follow-up." He replaced the mike after getting an acknowledgment.

"I think we may be on to something here, partner," he said to Sonny, then paused. "You look strange. Something else I need to know about?"

"I found a little gift from Bains in Roberts's car," Sonny replied. "Just a little note to me."

Robinson nodded and lit a cigarette. "You said that Bains took his work personally. You better watch your back."

Sonny nodded and signaled for a turn onto Third Street. "Roberts was a witness at Bains's trial last year."

"Guess he can ignore the subpoena for the retrial. Are you thinking that Bains is trying to settle the score?"

Sonny shrugged. "Worth considering."

"There it is," Robinson said, pointing to a seedy motel on the left. "Take that next turn there, where that pickup just pulled out."

Sonny swung into the Bypass Motor Inn lot and parked near the manager's office. At this time of day, there didn't seem to be many customers. Most of the residents probably used the place as an apartment. The motel was a two-story affair with Southwest decor. Rooms were located around the perimeter, facing the outside. A wrought-iron rail ran along the top floor. Built in the early 1960s, the building's





stucco facade was cracked in several places, revealing a dull red concrete structure underneath.

"I'll talk to the manager," Sonny said. Robinson nodded and said he'd take a look around the building.

The manager was ensconced behind a glass-and-mesh screen. He looked over his paper at Sonny's approach. His pale gray eyes were set deep in a doughy face the color of Muenster cheese. Sonny showed his badge and ID. "I'm looking for a man by the name of Bill Cole. Do you have anyone registered here by that name?"

The manager consulted his books. "Yes, Officer. William Cole. Room 108."

Sonny made a note of the room number. "When did he register?"

"Yesterday, I believe."

"Is he here now?"

The manager peered out his window. "As you can see, there is no vehicle parked in front of room 108. So I would say no, Mr. Cole is not here."

"I'd like to see his room," Sonny said.

"No can do," said the manager. "I've given you all I can give."

"Police business," Sonny said.

"I don't care if you're the Emir of Kuwait. Nobody walks into room 108 except the person who rents the key, the housekeeper, or me. If you want to go inside, you'll need a warrant."

"No problem," Sonny returned to his car and explained the situation to Robinson. "I'll call it in," Sonny said. He placed a radio call to Dispatch and requested a warrant for the Bypass Motor Inn, room 108, in connection with the 187 at the West Rose warehouse. "Also request backup at this 10-20," he added.

"Copy, 53-Mary-2," the dispatcher responded. "Sit tight and we'll have the troops and paper to you in no time."

**ON THE BEAT:** It's doubtful that an officer could obtain a search or an arrest warrant by asking for one over the radio.

Sonny and Robinson climbed out of their car to wait. Robinson smoked another cigarette. "How many of those things do you smoke in a day?" Sonny asked.

"I don't keep count," Robinson said. "More than a pack, less than a carton."

"It's odd," Sonny mused, changing the subject. "I thought an APB would have turned up that rental car by now."

"That Bains is one slick customer," Robinson said. "Could be just another decoy. Seems to be a favorite ploy of his."

"Any ideas on this William Cole?" Sonny asked.

"Not so far. Name doesn't ring a bell."



"Here's our paper," Sonny said, noticing Gelepsi pulling into the lot. Sonny approached him and retrieved the search warrant for Cole's room, which he then showed to the manager. This time, the keys came across the counter easily.

"Let's wait for the backup before we go in," Robinson said.

They didn't have to wait long. A car with a S.W.A.T. team pulled into the lot only minutes after the first patrol car.

Sergeant Ken Wills directed the response team to their positions. When everything was set, Sonny approached the door to room 108. He noted that Robinson had taken a position behind the open door of their unmarked car. Sonny drew his weapon and inserted the key into the lock. He stood to the side of the door, turned the key, then pushed at the door until it swung open.

The blast nearly took off his arm. Instinctively, he threw himself flat against the side of the building. The left headlight on Gelepsi's patrol car exploded in a small shower of glass. Immediately, the S.W.A.T. team launched a volley of tear gas into the room. Sonny retreated to a safe distance with Robinson and waited for the smoke to clear.

"What the hell was that?" Robinson said.

"Five will get you twenty that it wasn't the Welcome Wagon," Sonny said. After the gas had dissipated, Sonny and Robinson approached the room with weapons drawn. As they stepped inside, they could see that the door had been rigged with a crude but effective booby-trap.

"Take a look at this," Robinson said, picking up a shotgun from the floor. The gun had been tied to a chair, with a rope connecting its trigger to the doorknob. "I'll call it in, run the numbers on it."

Sonny stayed behind in the room. The dark stain at the edge of the bed looked familiar. He bent and touched the carpet with his finger. Blood. Sure was a lot of it on this case, he thought. He knelt beside the bed and looked underneath. There was a metal tube there. He could just reach it.

Lipstick. *Pink Rapture*. He rolled the tube around in his hand, then put it in his pocket. Something about it bothered him. Standing, Sonny moved to the nightstand and opened the drawer. Inside was an envelope with a corner missing. He pulled out the scrap he had taken from Roberts and put it against what he had just found in the nightstand. Looked like a perfect match.

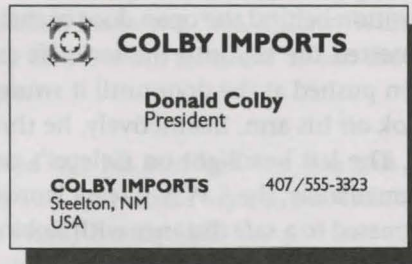
Then it hit him like a bucket of cold water. He snatched the tube of lipstick from his pocket and looked at it again. This was Marie's new favorite. What was it doing here? Bad pictures crowded into his mind. He tried to tell himself that another woman might wear the same lipstick. But it seemed like too much of a coincidence. Why would Marie be in a motel room? He didn't want to think what he was thinking. He didn't want to consider all the possibilities. Shame and anger competed for equal time. With an effort, he turned back to the task at hand.





He looked around the room. He wanted desperately to find something to tell him differently. He wanted something to tell him Marie had not been here, something to tell him it wasn't her blood on the floor. The bathroom was just off the bedroom, separated by only half a wall. The window was open. That explained how whoever had set the trap had gotten out of the room without the manager seeing.

Sonny found a business card in the sink.



The pieces of this macabre puzzle were starting to fall into place. Roberts and Colby both gave testimony in Bains's first trial. Roberts was dead. Colby's card linked him to this room, which was linked to the Roberts killing. But what was the link to Bains?

Sonny looked again at the envelope he had taken from the nightstand. There was a letter inside. He scanned it quickly. It was starting to make sense now. Somebody had lured Roberts to this room with the promise of a lucrative business proposition.

Robinson caught up with him. "That shotgun has wants for it. We can get the details from Burglary. What did you find?"

"I'll tell you in the car," Sonny said. He left the room without looking back.

"Where we headed?" asked Robinson, after radioing in the status of their investigation.

"Peach Street," Sonny said.

"Isn't that where Marie lives?"

"Right. I want to check on her." Sonny showed Robinson the letter he had found in the hotel room and explained his theory.

"You think Bains killed Roberts here, then drove him to the warehouse?" asked Robinson, scanning the letter.

"That's what I can't figure. If Roberts was killed here, then how did his car get to the warehouse?"

"The killer could have driven it," Robinson suggested.

"But then what? Leave a body with a bullet hole in the head bleeding in the trunk and stroll down the street like nothing happened? You know that warehouse district. The killer would have had to walk almost 15 blocks before catching a bus



or cab back to the hotel. Then he had to set up his trap and get out without the manager being suspicious."

"He could have met Roberts at the warehouse."

"Or he could have had a partner," Sonny said, showing Robinson Colby's business card.

"You think Colby and Bains are working together on this?"

"The business proposition—that's Bains's MO. He gave me the same spiel last year at the Hotel Delphoria before I took him down."

"But Roberts would have known that Bains wasn't too happy with the way he had testified at the trial," Robinson argued.

"That's where Colby plays his role," Sonny said. "*He* makes the contact with Roberts. There's nothing for Woody to suspect."

"But what about 'William Cole'? An alias for Colby?"

"Sure. Roberts and Colby aren't choirboys, despite the testimony they gave at Bains's trial. If Colby had a lucrative proposition, it was probably under the table. So he arranges to meet Roberts as William Cole. The only hitch is, Colby isn't smart enough to set something up on his own. He's a soldier. He takes orders."

"From Bains."

"The one and only," Sonny said. He stopped the car in front of a small house on West Peach Street. "Let's go."

He didn't see Marie's car. She had told him she would be in today. There was a note on the front door saying she had gone shopping and would be back soon.

"Do you want to wait?" Robinson asked. "I don't think there's anything to worry about."

"Stop thinking," Sonny said angrily. "This isn't Marie's handwriting." He pulled the tube of lipstick from his pocket. "But this is her lipstick. I found it at the motel."

"*Pink Rapture?*"

"Her favorite shade."

"Now I know why you were so hot to get over here. You have a key?"

Sonny unlocked the door and the two detectives stepped inside, weapons drawn. Nothing. Nothing but the random destruction of a house that had played host to some unwelcome visitor.

"Does Marie always keep it this neat?" Robinson whispered.

Sonny motioned for him to keep quiet, and waved his hand toward the back of the house. Robinson nodded and slipped into the hallway, then disappeared around the corner.

Sonny put his pistol away. Then, caught up in his rage, he picked up a chair and threw it against the mirror that hung on the opposite wall.

Robinson rolled into the room, coming up to his knees and thrusting his pistol into Sonny's face.

Sonny's only reaction was to scream his anger and frustration. "I'll kill that—"





"Chill out, Sonny!" Robinson shook him by the shoulders. "We'll catch him. We'll put him away for good."

"Tell it to Judge Palmer," Sonny snapped back. "Ninety-seven years without parole. Now that scum is on the street. Two people are dead. Maybe Marie too. And you want me to sit and think and wait? To hell with that!"

"If you want to help Marie, do your damn job," Robinson countered. "Don't go pulling any Dirty Harry on me."

Sonny waved him off and began searching through the debris that was scattered over the floor. He recognized a lot of it, little knickknacks that she had collected . . . some clothing—under the couch he found a length of rope. It was new. It could have been used to tie Marie, he realized. At the far side of the room, beneath a picture that barely and crookedly clung to the wall, a small occasional table had been overturned. A small table lamp and an ashtray lay on the floor next to it. The ashtray had a piece of paper in it, part of which had been burned. Sonny unfolded the paper.

"Nothing in the back," Robinson said, returning to the room. "What have you got there?" Sonny handed him the piece of paper. Robinson read aloud.

"Woody Roberts, Marie Wilkans, Don Colby, Sonny Bonds, Laura Watts, Kim Palmer—"

"Hit list," Sonny said curtly. "You still think Marie is all right? Your head is stuck so far—"

"Your name is on here too, partner."

"I don't care about that."

"Colby is on here too."

"My guess is that Bains will get rid of him after he serves his purpose."

"His gratitude is overwhelming."

"I want to get back to the station. Check the lab reports and see if any leads have come up," Sonny said quickly. "We can't do anything else here. I want to get to Bains before he makes another check mark on that list."

## **U**nfriendly Skies

Back at the station, Robinson headed straight for the office to get the latest update on the Bains APB.

"I'll catch up to you," Sonny said. "I want to get this stuff down to the lab and check about that shotgun."

Sonny booked his evidence with Big John at the evidence lockup. Then he entered Burglary division. He found Detective Laura Watts at a desk toward the back of the room. She looked up and smiled as he approached.



"My old partner, Sonny Bonds." Laura Watts's devastating California Girl looks still stopped conversations in the hallway when she passed. But after working together on the Bains investigation last year, Sonny had come to see her in a whole new light. He had learned a lot from her. She was his first partner. They were a good team.

"Laura," Sonny replied. "Keeping you busy here?"

"Sure. But I'd be lying if I said that I didn't miss working Narcotics. How goes the fight in Homicide?" she asked.

"Brutal, Laura, really brutal. Robinson said he ran a preliminary on that shotgun we found at the motel."

"Right, I took the call." Sonny followed her to a stack of reports resting atop a filing cabinet on the opposite side of the room. "Right here," Watts said, picking up a stack of reports. "Came in about two weeks ago. The shotgun was reported stolen from a Mr. Wade Tilson. He said at the time of the report that he used the gun occasionally for hunting, but that he had not been on a hunting trip for more than a year. Says here that if his wife hadn't been after him to clean out the closets in the rec room, he might never have known it was missing."

"Glad he keeps such a careful check on his firearms," Sonny said.

"It turned up at a pawn shop. We sent a unit down to interview the proprietor and came up with a record of the gun being sold to a Mr. William Cole. You know him?"

"He's the guy who gave us the big welcome at the motel. An alias. Probably Colby."

Laura nodded. "Right on the money, Detective. We ran the prints and got a match with a Donald Colby. He's living in Steelton, New Mexico now."

"Thanks, Laura," Sonny said. "Can you get a copy of your report to Homicide? We're coordinating the coverage through there."

"Already routed it through. Glad I could help."

Sonny returned to Homicide and filled Robinson in on the report from Burglary. "I'm going to call Steelton PD," he said. "I want to see if they'll check out Colby for us."

Sonny put his call through and spoke with a Lieutenant Willy Pittman. He explained, as briefly as possible, the circumstances of Bains's escape and the subsequent murders of Pate and Roberts. "He may also have a hostage," Sonny said. He felt distanced from his own voice. "A female, black hair, 5 feet 4 inches tall, 115 pounds, black eyes. Her name is Marie Wilkans. I will fax a description and recent pictures of both to your office."

"Thanks for the warning," Pittman said.

"One other thing. We have reason to believe that a Donald Colby may be linked to Bains's escape and may be working with him. Colby lives in Steelton now."





Sonny gave Colby's business address to Pittman. "Might be good to send a man over there, see if Colby is around. If he isn't, I would bring him in."

"Do you have a recent description?" Pittman asked.

Sonny said he would fax a description of Colby along with those of Jesse Bains and Marie. "Bains is extremely dangerous," Sonny urged. "Please advise all units to approach with extreme caution."

"Anything else?"

"My partner and I will be flying up today. We should arrive about four this afternoon. Can you have someone meet us at the airport and bring us to your headquarters?"

"I can do that," Pittman said. "Call me with your flight number and I will have someone meet you."

Sonny thanked him and hung up. He dialed the lab and asked if they had run a match on the blood found in the motel room with that found in the trunk of the green sedan. The lab told him that the blood in the car and the sample beneath it were definitely from the same person—Woody Roberts.

"We haven't done a full analysis on the other sample yet, though," the lab tech said. Sonny thanked him and hung up.

"Captain Hall, I need a word with you." Sonny motioned for Robinson to come over to Hall's desk.

Sonny explained his theory of Bains and Colby working together after Bains's escape. "And I believe that Marie is still alive," he added.

"Why?" Hall asked delicately. "You said that her name is on the list, the same as yours and Colby's and Roberts's."

"He's using her to lure me to Steelton," Sonny said. "He wants to get me off of my home turf. He knows I'll come after him so long as Marie is alive."

"I see," Hall said. "What do you think, Robinson?"

"I hope Sonny is right. I don't know if Marie is still alive. But if there's a chance, I agree with Sonny. We have to go after her."

"You'll be out of your jurisdiction," Hall said. "Pittman might welcome your help, but I doubt that his superiors will welcome officers from another police department working their territory."

"The hell with jurisdiction," Sonny said defiantly. "This is personal."

Captain Hall glared at Sonny over his desk. "You better fly straight, Detective, or I will ground you right now. I can make a few calls," he continued. "I know a captain there, Ferguson, we went through the academy together. Maybe I can smooth your entrance."

"Thanks, Captain," Robinson interrupted. "That would make things a little easier."

That settled it. Sonny and Robinson took Sonny's car to the Lytton City Airport and booked themselves on the next flight to Steelton. As they waited in the



boarding area, Robinson finished off a few cigarettes. "It's a shame they don't let people smoke on flights anymore," he complained.

Sonny wasn't listening. He was too busy thinking of Steelton, of Bains, of Colby. Most of all, he was busy thinking of Marie. If Bains even thinks of laying a hand on her . . . He forced the idea from his mind. A cop could get too caught up in this, too bent on revenge. It was basic, what they taught at the academy. You don't get personally involved.

He hadn't asked for any of this. Bains should have been up the river for the rest of his unnatural life. Nobody asked him to come back to the streets. Nobody asked him to kill two people. Nobody asked him to kidnap Marie and make life a living hell for the police officers in Lytton. But since he had done all those things, since Bains was set on trying to destroy, Sonny would oblige him.

He looked up and down the rows of chairs in the boarding area. It looked like the flight would be only about half full. The ticket agent was preparing to open the departure gate. Sonny tapped Robinson on the arm and together they approached the agent and showed their gold shields. The agent called over the security guard, who looked over the IDs and OK'd both detectives for boarding.

As they waited for the rest of the passengers to be seated, Sonny and Robinson kicked over some ideas for handling the Steelton PD. "I know you don't want to hear this," Robinson said, "but it would probably be best if we played it cool, stayed on the sidelines."

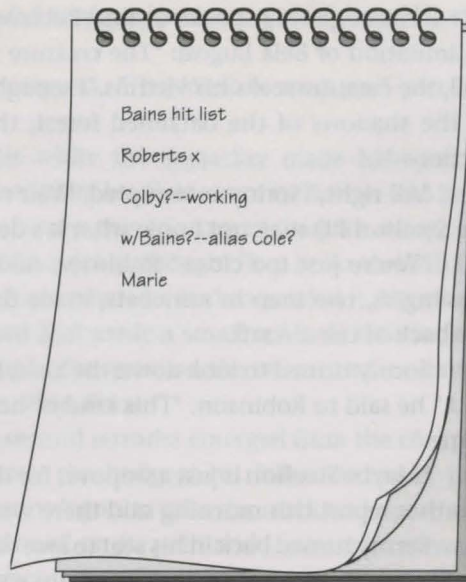
"I'm not going to sit on the sidelines while that scum has his hands on Marie," Sonny said. "I need to know right now, partner. Are you with me or not?"

"I'll back you all the way," Robinson replied. "You don't even have to ask that."

Sonny nodded. "Sorry, partner. I know you're right. I just don't want to be out of the picture when Bains shows up. I want the Steelton PD to know exactly what they're dealing with."

"After they get done looking at the file, they'll know all right."

"The file doesn't tell everything. It shows the busts. It shows the crime. But it doesn't tell you what kind of creature this is we're dealing with."







"You're getting spooky again," Robinson said. He continued in what passed as an imitation of Bela Lugosi: "The creature walks. Born in the darkest chambers of hell, the creature seeks his victims. Through the dead stillness of midnight, lurking in the shadows of the darkened forest, the half-man, half-beast hunts his next victim—"

"All right," Sonny interrupted. "You've made your point. But I'm telling you, the Steelton PD may not know what it's dealing with here."

"You're just too close," Robinson said, buckling his seat belt. The last of the passengers, two men in raincoats, made their way down the aisle to seats toward the back of the aircraft.

Sonny turned to look down the aisle, following the men with his eyes. "That's odd," he said to Robinson. "This kind of heat and they wear their overcoats on the plane."

"Maybe Steelton is just a stopover for them. Maybe they're headed for Chicago. Weather report this morning said there was severe rain up there."

Sonny turned back in his seat to face the front of the plane and buckled himself in. He barely listened to the attendant explain the safety features. As the plane taxied to its takeoff position, Sonny's thoughts returned to the previous night, to Marie's eyes, to the hands that had encircled his body like twin moons.

"Would you gentlemen like something to drink?"

Sonny broke out of his reverie to contemplate his beverage choices. "Just water for me," he said.

"A beer," Robinson added.

"Very good." The attendant returned a few minutes later with the drinks. "If there's anything else you need, please let me know."

"Thank you," Sonny said. The water was cold and refreshing. He put the empty cup on his tray and pushed his seat back. The long night before and the stress of the manhunt were taking their toll. He drifted off to sleep.

A commotion in the aisle woke him. "What's going on?" he asked Robinson. "How long have I been asleep?"

"Trouble," his partner whispered. "You dropped off for about 20 minutes. Just long enough for our friends in the overcoats to start collecting bonus miles."

"What are you talking about?" Sonny's question was answered by the cold barrel of an automatic weapon pressed against his face.

"Shut your mouth, infidel," said the man standing over him. Sonny watched as the skyjacker stepped to the front of the cabin. He held the weapon on Sonny briefly, then turned it back to its original target, the flight attendant who had served the drinks earlier.

"The passengers must relax," the skyjacker announced in heavily accented English. Whispers drifted through the cabin. "You should be honored. My brothers



and I are taking this craft on a splendid voyage to martyrdom." Some of the whimpers rose to sobs and groans.

"You are weak," the skyjacker continued. "The West is weak and you are trapped in its weakness."

Sonny slowly released his seatbelt while the skyjacker made his speech. Robinson stared at him in alarm as he slowly slid his Colt out of its holster and held it between his right leg and the armrest. "Screw this," Sonny exclaimed, rising.

The skyjacker turned quickly, but not quickly enough. "Say hello to Allah for me," Sonny said loudly, pulling his Colt from where he had concealed it. His single shot caught the skyjacker in the forehead and made a small red hole that looked very much like a ruby adornment. The look of surprise on the terrorist's face stayed with him throughout his journey to the cabin floor.

The plane erupted in confusion. A second terrorist emerged from the cockpit, weapon drawn. He stumbled slightly over the body of his fallen comrade, just enough to cause the second shot from Sonny's gun to miss the mark and rip off the top half of his right ear. The bullet continued on its path and shattered a forward window. Yellow masks dropped throughout the plane. Even in their panic and confusion, the passengers reacted as trained. All the way up and down the aisle, people grabbed for the masks, placed them over their mouths and noses, and breathed normally.

Screaming in pain, the second terrorist turned with his hand on the trigger of his automatic, even as the vacuum created by the depressurizing cabin caught him like a giant invisible hand and pulled him to the wall. He could not raise his weapon to return fire, yet he refused to drop it. Sonny put a bullet in the terrorist's chest, and the portal began its slow suck into the wide-open sky.

Sonny managed to grab the flight attendant by the forearm and somehow get her into a seat, where she was able to buckle herself in. Finally, with Robinson's help, Sonny made it back to his own seat and faced the long, bumpy ride to touchdown.

## Sewer Rat

"Do you realize that you could have killed all 92 passengers on board that aircraft?" The Deputy Sky Marshal at Steelton International Airport was livid. For more than an hour, Sonny and Robinson had endured his abuse as he vented his spleen against them.

"Marshal, we had no choice," Robinson began.

"Shut up. When I want you to talk I will tell you to talk. You two are in serious trouble. What made you think that you could open fire within an aircraft traveling





more than 500 miles per hour at an altitude of 23,000 feet? Are you as stupid as you look?"

"I wasn't too thrilled about getting spread out over some Iowa cornfield just because some whacko with an Uzi wants to get a clip on CNN," Sonny said tensely.

"You could have brought down that entire plane," the marshal hissed.

"I did bring it down. In one piece. And I don't recall the passengers being so upset about it after their feet touched the ground."

"Believe me, hotshot, when they get home and tell their lawyers about it, you'll be swimming in subpoenas."

"Watch out, Sonny," Robinson quipped. "They might sue you for that second pair of shoes I hear you own."

"They won't sue a cop," Sonny replied calmly. "The lawyers know I don't have any money. They'll sue the airlines. This is what it's all about, isn't it, Marshal? The airline can't afford the bad public relations."

"I'll tell you what it's all about," the marshal started, lowering his red face to stare Sonny in the eyes. There was a knock at the door. The marshal broke off his tirade to answer it. He glanced back at Robinson and Sonny, then stepped into the hallway.

**ON THE BEAT:** A case of skyjacking is the jurisdiction of the FBI; it's not handled by "sky marshals."

Sonny couldn't hear what was going on in the hallway, but by the volume level he suspected it was more than pleasantries. A couple of minutes went by. "What do you think?" Robinson asked. "You suppose they'll string us up by our thumbs on the outskirts of town?"

"Could be, partner. I don't think that marshal likes us too much."

"I'm dying for a smoke."

"They always grant a last request before execution," Sonny said.

"That's encouraging."

The door opened and the marshal stepped in with two other men. "This is Captain Ferguson, Steelton Police Department," the marshal said. "And this is Lieutenant Pittman."

Sonny nodded. "Bonds. Sonny Bonds, Lytton City PD."

"Keith Robinson, Lytton City PD."

Ferguson and Pittman nodded their greetings. "I understand we had some fireworks on your flight," Ferguson said. "I have talked to Marshal Owens here, and he has agreed to release both of you to us. Let me make myself clear. There may be charges levied against you for your part in the shootings on Flight 234. Your coming into our custody in no way relieves you of that responsibility. After we have



concluded our business, you will be returned here to the marshal's office. He will make the final determination as to your dispatch."

Sonny and Robinson said they understood. "Good," said Ferguson. "You have some papers for me to sign, Marshal Owens?"

The marshal's response was to turn and leave the room. Ferguson followed him.

"The marshal doesn't seem too happy about this arrangement," Sonny observed.

Pittman shrugged. He was stocky, low to the ground, built like a fullback. His dark hair swept over his forehead to grab hold of his thick eyebrows. "Can't say that I blame him," he said. "Shooting holes in airplanes—that's liable to cause some concern in his department."

"Any news on Bains?" Sonny asked.

"No. But we did check on your friend Donald Colby."

"You have him downtown?" asked Robinson. "We've got some questions for him."

"We have him all right," Pittman said. "In the morgue. He's wearing a big toe tag with DOA written all over it in bright red ink. I don't think he's up to answering any questions."

"How did he die?" Sonny asked.

"Single bullet to the back of the skull. Real traditional execution. Gun was fired at close range, maybe eight inches."

"That would fit Bains's MO," Sonny said, flipping through his notebook. He read his description of Woody Roberts's body.

"Same style, same shooter," Pittman concluded. He opened the door to the hallway. "Let's get a move on. I'm not sure how long Ferguson can keep you guys out on the street. Once the Justice Department gets wind of your blue-sky escapade, they'll be on Owens like ugly on an ape."

"Right behind you," Robinson said. He and Sonny followed Pittman down the hall and out a side entrance. Pittman opened the doors to an unmarked car and the three of them climbed in.

"What about Ferguson?" Robinson asked.

"It's OK," Pittman replied. "He gave me instructions to get you guys out of here while he took care of the paperwork. He figures the sooner you're out of sight, the better."

Pittman pulled away from the side of the building and followed the roads out of the airport terminal area. As they crossed a bridge, Sonny could see the Steelton skyline breaking across an expanse of blue gray sky. "Where did you catch up to Colby?" he asked.

"It wasn't in his apartment."





"Let me guess," Sonny said. He described Marie's Toyota Corolla. "In the trunk, I would think."

"Give the man a cigar," Pittman said, making a right turn. "We found the car at the north entrance to Burt Park. Actually, Detective Bonds, it wasn't too long after you called that we found it. Some young mother out walking her new baby came across the car. There was a pool of blood about two feet across, coming from the trunk. Poor thing stepped right in it."

Robinson groaned.

"Turn anything up at the park?" Sonny asked.

"Zip, so far," Pittman replied. "We had the lab go over the car, had some uniforms comb the area. We're headed there now. I thought you guys might be able to spot something we missed."

Sonny sat back in his seat for the rest of the ride. The news about Colby wasn't good, at least not for Colby. But it might be seen as hopeful for Marie. Bains was making a show of his victims, at least those on his hit list. He had executed Roberts and Colby, then put the bodies where they could be found without too much trouble. It wasn't as if he'd laid them out in the middle of the street, but it was close enough. Part of Bains's pattern, Sonny thought, is to use fear as a second weapon. It could be very effective in keeping pursuers off balance, and made his victims easier targets.

"Here we are," Pittman said, bringing the car to a stop in the shade of an elm tree that stood near a set of steps leading to the elevated open park grounds. "Hand me those radios, Detective Bonds." Sonny picked up three handheld radio transmitters from the seat beside him and passed them to the front.

"It would save time if we split up," Pittman said. "We can communicate over these radios. If you spot something, I want to hear about it." Pittman turned to look at Sonny in the backseat.

"I mean it, Bonds. The captain is really sticking his neck out putting you guys on the street in this investigation. If you screw it up, we all go down."

Sonny took a radio. "What about a weapon?" he asked. There had been confiscated, courtesy of the sky marshal.

"In the glove box," Pittman said. Robinson opened the box and pulled out two 9mm Smith & Wesson pistols. He reached back in to retrieve four magazines.

"Nine rounds per magazine," Pittman said. "Get this straight. Use these only if under attack. I want you to avoid direct confrontation. If we find Bains, and I sincerely doubt we will, then we will call for backup units to assist in his capture. But, like I said, your main purpose here is to look over the grounds and see if there's anything we might have missed in our own search."

The three officers climbed from the car and staked out the territory each of them would search. "Each man completes his search, then we rendezvous here and switch areas until each man has looked at each area," Pittman said.



Sonny and Robinson moved off to the south, while Pittman went east from the park entrance. Fifty yards inside the park, Robinson split from the main path toward the west. "Keep in touch, partner," he said.

"You'll be the first one I call," Sonny replied. He kept to the main path, then got off the asphalt trail and walked across the grounds to a small pond. A few ducks paddled lazily across the water. They looked at Sonny hopefully, but, when he didn't throw any bread their way, they soon gave up on him and swam away.

Everything in the park was quiet, peaceful. Sonny couldn't see anything out of the ordinary. He continued south, past the pond and into a small stand of trees that reminded him of the grove at Cotton Cove where Bains had eluded him. The memory put his mind on red alert. The weight of the pistol beneath his jacket comforted him.

Stepping out from between a pair of small oaks, Sonny was aware of another presence. He stopped walking and listened. Nothing at first, then the unmistakable sound of a tentative footstep on dry undergrowth. Sonny moved to the right, toward some dense shrubbery he thought might offer him some protection.

On his third step he came face-to-face with the source of the sound in the woods. A kid, dressed in a black sleeveless T-shirt, black pants, and sporting an earring and a severe Mohawk haircut, stepped into his path. Sonny took him to be in his early twenties. He looked like he went in for mugging old ladies. Apparently, Burt Park was his happy hunting grounds.

"Hey, pops, how about handing over that wallet?"

Sonny feigned shock. "Sure, you can have it, take the whole thing, all the money in it, just—"

"Give it up, suit." The mugger approached Sonny aggressively.

Sonny reached into his jacket. "This what you're looking for, you little punk?"

The sight of the blue-steel barrel of Sonny's 9mm automatic froze the mugger in his tracks. It was just enough time for Sonny to move forward two steps and put the pistol barrel square against his forehead.

"Don't move," Sonny hissed. "Don't even blink. Because if you do, you little skinhead creep, I am going to liberate what passes for your brain all over Mother Nature here."

The mugger's face had turned the color of oatmeal. Beads of sweat formed on his brow.

"Don't sweat on my new gun," Sonny said. The mugger began to whimper. "Don't cry either. Sit down against that tree there."

Sonny trained his pistol on the mugger as the kid lowered himself to the ground and put his back to the tree. Sonny keyed his radio. "Robinson, this is Sonny. Got a little creep here that tried to take my wallet. I'm in the small stand of oaks just south of the pond."

"I can see that from here," Robinson said. "I'll be right there."





As Sonny waited for him to show up, he questioned his prisoner. "What's your name, kid?"

"Go screw yourself."

Sonny shrugged. "Just wanted to notify your next of kin, that's all."

Robinson emerged from the clearing at a trot. "So you bagged a live one. What are you going to do with him?"

"Haven't decided," Sonny said. "He's ill-mannered, dirty, and devoid of any redeeming social qualities."

"Like the rest," Robinson said.

Sonny nodded. "I guess we'll deal with him like we did the others. You have a shovel in the car?"

"Wait," the mugger whined. "What are you going to do?"

"You just made our endangered species list," Robinson told him.

"I'll give you something better," the mugger pleaded.

"I smell a rat," said Sonny.

"Look, last night I was in the park—I heard something."

"This isn't a game show, punk," Sonny said. "Tell us what you heard, what you saw. I don't feel like playing guessing games."

"It was a shot," the mugger said.

"How many?" Sonny asked.

"One. Just one. So I went out toward the west entrance—to check it out, you know—and I saw this dude leaning over the trunk of a car, shoving something in. Like, I think he'd killed somebody or something."

"How do you know?" Robinson asked. "Did you see someone get shot?"

"No, but—"

"What kind of car was it?"

"Small," the mugger said. "A Toyota or a Nissan or something like that."

"What did he look like?" Sonny asked. "The guy standing over the trunk. What did he look like?"

"I didn't really get a good look. It was dark."

Sonny pulled Bains's mug shot from his jacket pocket. "This the guy? Is this the man you saw?"

"I don't know really, I don't—"

Sonny raised his pistol and placed the barrel against the mugger's cheek. "Your memory better get real good, real fast."

"Let me see that picture again." Sonny held Bains's photo in front of the mugger's face. "Yeah, man, that's him. It was dark, but I saw his face when he stepped under a streetlight."

Sonny stood up and looked at Robinson. "What do you think?" he asked. "We have a witness here?"



"I know more than that," the mugger said. "He came into the park on foot. I followed him."

"Where did he go?" Sonny asked.

"Underground."

"More riddles," Robinson said. "I'm getting tired of this game."

"No, man, in the sewer. I saw him go down into the sewer. Like he's the Rat Man or something."

"How did he get down there?"

"There's an opening by the pond. Just past it if you're walking toward the pond from this side."

At that moment the bushes rustled and Pittman came onto the scene. "What's going on here?" he demanded. "I heard your call, Bonds."

"Mugger," Sonny said. "Not a very good one, but a mugger nonetheless."

Pittman pulled the kid to his feet. "Let's go," he said. "Bonds, Robinson, you wait here. I'll make a deposit in the car and then join you to complete the search."

After Pittman had left with the prisoner, Sonny and Robinson mulled over their choices. "Your call, partner," Robinson said. "I'll back you all the way."

"I say we go. But you don't have to risk your badge on this hunt—"

Robinson cut him off. "Don't even think of getting rid of me. Besides, it'll take two of us to work up a good story on why we didn't wait for Pittman."

Sonny nodded and headed toward the pond. It took them only a couple of minutes to find the opening to the sewer. The rusty manhole cover stood out in dark contrast to the short, bright green grass surrounding it. "Good fertilizer," Robinson observed.

"Give me a hand," Sonny said. Together, the two detectives lifted the manhole cover. Sonny keyed his radio. "Pittman, Pittman, this is Detective Bonds. Be advised we have spotted the suspect in the south end of Burt Park."

"10-4, Bonds. Hold your position."

"Negative," Sonny said. "We are in pursuit. No option. Bonds out." Robinson smiled and followed Sonny down the ladder.

After the few seconds it took to adjust to the gloom, they found that they could see adequately. Unlike a small storm sewer, this was a large waste-processing tunnel. From where they stood at the base of the ladder, the tunnel ran east and west. A horrifying stench rose like a bad fog from the aqueducts running along the floor.

"We must be close to the central processing plant," Sonny said, pointing to the lights. "They wouldn't illuminate the entire system this way. If Bains is down here, my bet is that he's holed up in a control room of some sort."

"Do you want to split up?"





"That makes sense." Sonny agreed to the plan and chose the path to the west. "Do me a favor, Robinson. If you get the urge to light up a cigarette, make sure you're at least half a mile away. You're liable to ignite some methane."

"Going through this might make me quit for good."

The two detectives separated and began their search for a control room. Not fifty yards into the tunnel, Sonny found himself wishing for a map. Up ahead he could see another branch. He stayed to his left, figuring that he might circle around. If he did, he could take the other tunnel.

Several rats darted out of a darkened corner. Sonny gritted his teeth. He didn't like rats much. As a matter of fact, he didn't like rats at all. He kept close to the wall. The lights were spaced farther and farther apart. He was about to turn back when he stumbled over a large dark object on the walkway. He caught himself just before pitching into the vile river below. Kneeling, Sonny reached out his hand. It came back sticky with goo. Groaning, he felt the outlines of what had been someone's face.

More of Bains's handiwork, Sonny thought. This time the rats had come along to help out. He assumed that the body was that of a water-treatment engineer. Probably came across Bains down here and that was the last chance encounter of his life. The corpse looked to weigh close to 250 pounds. That would mean Bains couldn't have carried it far, if he had carried it at all. Sonny remembered Luis Pate and how his body had been buried in the Clearwater River under stones, thirty yards from where it had entered. Sonny decided not to think about it. He wanted to believe that he was close, that the trail was nearing an end.

A skittering of claws raised the hair on the back of his neck. Rising slowly, Sonny put a hand to the wall on his right and continued down the tunnel. He counted seventy steps before the next branch. The tunnel he was in continued straight ahead, but a smaller one veered off to the right. Peering down the smaller tunnel, he thought he could see some light reflected off the walls. He wondered if the shadows weren't playing tricks on his eyes.

He didn't see any choice. If it was light, it might be the reflection from a room interior. If it wasn't light, he could return to the main tunnel and retrace his steps to his starting point.

The smaller tunnel was darker than the main tunnel. Sonny waited for his eyes to adjust, then slowly started toward the light. Halfway there, the tunnel went black. Now he knew it wasn't an illusion, because when the light went out, he heard the distinct sound of a metal door closing.

Sonny walked faster. He made it to the point where he had seen the light and could distinguish a slight bend in the tunnel. He drew his weapon and put his back against the tunnel wall, then slowly moved around the curve. As he rounded the bend, he dropped to a crouch and raised his weapon in a two-fisted stance. The



tunnel was empty. But there, on the right, was a small metal door with a pressure lock.

The question is, he thought, did someone go in or did someone come out? He could wait here for hours. Marie didn't have hours. Sooner or later, Bains would tire of his little game. Sonny holstered his weapon and moved toward the door. Slowly, he turned the lock to the left. It was well maintained and made virtually no noise. He welcomed the low hum of the huge generators and purification equipment that camouflaged his actions.

The door was open. Sonny drew his weapon again. He took three deep breaths, nearly gagging on the smell of the sewer, then swung the door outward. Keeping low and to the left, he raised his pistol and swept the room.

Bound and gagged, Marie squirmed in a small metal folding chair in the center of the room. Sonny came in, sweeping his pistol back and forth. A streak of blood outlined the path Bains had taken when he dragged his latest victim from the control room. When Sonny was satisfied that he and Marie were alone, he closed the door quietly behind him.

Marie was frantic. Sonny undid the ropes and she grabbed him around the neck. Large, shuddering sobs wracked her body. Sonny held on—it was all he could do—and told her it would be all right, that she was safe, that he would take her out of there.

"Sonny, he'll come back. He'll find us. That poor man. Bains killed him. He begged, begged to see his family, but Bains just laughed and shot him. He just laughed, Sonny. Oh, God—"

There was a noise outside the door. Sonny put his hand over Marie's mouth. "Sit," he commanded quietly. As if in a trance, she collapsed into the chair. Sonny found cover behind a large electrical conduit that ran from floor to ceiling. It stood next to a series of control panels, and the combination hid him adequately from the line of sight of the doorway.

Sonny could hear him before he could see him. A voice he could not forget snarled its way into the control room like a rabid dog. "Angel, are you playing with your ropes again? Do you remember what I said would happen if I caught you playing with your ropes?"

Marie's eyes widened in terror as her tormentor approached. As Bains drew even with the conduit, Sonny stepped to the side to get a clear firing path and aimed his weapon. Bains turned in surprise.

Sonny fired a single shot into Bains's upper body that shattered his collarbone and sent him spinning into one of the control panels on the opposite wall. "Halt," Sonny said, drawing closer, his weapon raised. "Police."

Bains screamed like a wounded animal. His right arm was useless, but he still managed to reach with his left for the pistol in his belt. Sonny had aimed his second





shot for the chest, but Bains's arm got in the way and the bullet crushed his left elbow.

Bains wheezed and slid down the metal panels. Behind him, orange and red and yellow and green lights blinked crazily. His weapon clattered to the floor. Sonny approached him slowly. He carried his pistol straight ahead, trained on Bains's pained grimace.

"You have the right to an attorney," Sonny said mechanically. "If you desire an attorney during questioning, but cannot afford one, an attorney will be appointed for you." Sonny kneeled slowly and picked up Bains's weapon. Carefully, he pressed it into Bains's right hand.

The murderer's grip tightened on the pistol grip. Gasping through his agony, he stared at Sonny with a look of hatred that came straight from the bowels of the devil. "You can't kill me," Bains hissed. "You play by the rules."

Sonny stood and backed away. Then he put a final bullet into Bains's chest. The killer sat bolt upright, then slumped. His empty eyes stared straight ahead, at nothing.

Sonny kicked the gun out of Bains's hand. "You have the right to remain silent."

## **P**ay the Fiddler

Sonny tried not to let the past interfere with his daily routine, but it was harder and harder to do as the days dragged on. After the Bains investigation, he found himself on involuntary leave, suspended with pay while Internal Affairs looked into his handling of the case.

The Justice Department pushed for Sonny's transfer out of Homicide and got what it wanted. His shooting of the two skyjackers was alternately praised and condemned on TV talk shows across the country. Sonny turned down Oprah, he turned down Donahue, he turned down Geraldo. He didn't really care what the outside world made of what he did. He knew he would do it all over again.

Robinson got a two-week suspension without pay and was subsequently assigned to Burglary. He gave up smoking during those two weeks, but his return to active duty had him up to a pack a day within a week.

Sonny spent several afternoons at the Blue Room lounge, talking with his old friend Jack Cobb. Sonny wanted to know if he would be happy leaving the police force, as Jack had, but Jack couldn't give him an answer. Neither could the whiskey, but he kept asking.

He didn't see Marie for almost a month, but not by choice. After her ordeal with Jesse Bains, she reentered therapy. What she had seen in that control room



would color her thoughts for a long time, and the pain that drove her to the streets nearly took her again. She needed time, and Sonny gave it to her. He kept his disappointment to himself.

In the end, the shooting of Jesse Bains was ruled justifiable. Nobody was going to shed many tears over that animal. Marie came through the interrogations like a veteran. She backed Sonny all the way. But he still faced a reprimand for his overzealousness in Steelton. Internal Affairs slapped him with a 30-day suspension and a transfer to traffic patrol, where he would serve indefinitely.

Captain Hall saved Sonny's gold shield. When he dropped it into the top drawer of his desk, he called in "inactive status," and told Sonny it would all blow over. "The public has the attention of a three-year-old. They'll forget all this soon enough."

Sonny had been back a week. It felt strange at first, wearing the blue uniform, driving a patrol car. But he got used to it. After a while he even liked it. That morning he stopped at Carol's Caffeine Castle on a mid-morning break to get a cup of her famous toxic-brewed event. He stepped through the glass door and saw the long dark hair rolling over the shoulders of the woman sitting at the counter. He crossed the blue-and-white tile floor and touched her shoulder. Marie turned. She smiled. Sonny sat down on the stool next to her.

"Here's your coffee," Carol said, sliding a steaming cup across the counter.

Marie put her hand over Sonny's. "Make that to go, Carol," she said.





## CHAPTER 6

# The Blue Knight Walks Again

**A**ll right. You're not a rookie anymore. You busted your hump during your last escapade and moved from traffic cop to Narcotics detective and now to Homicide. Now that you have the gold shield, you've got to keep it. Don't sit around thinking you can rest on your laurels. Sure, you made the grade. All in all, it turned out pretty good for you. You smashed the dope ring in Lytton, you got the key to the city, you even helped Marie Wilkans get out of The Life.

That was the sweetest part of the whole deal, saving Marie so you two could continue your lives together. It was sweet and satisfying. And you didn't think anything could match the satisfaction you felt when you put Jesse Bains behind bars. But your story is just beginning.

A year has passed. Your day begins routinely enough. But, as you know, no day in police work is ever routine.





## Day 1

You just can't sit here in your car all day. There's work to be done. Crooks to catch. Streets to be made safe. Damsels to rescue. Take a look around. What do you see? Get your keys and open the glove box. Get a move on, it's time to report for your shift. You'll need that ID card, so take it. But before you get out of the car, turn the card over and take a look at the back. There's the combination for your locker. You're always forgetting that. You hate being embarrassed when you can't get your locker open.

Get out of your car. Take a look in your coat pocket. Read that message. Walk to the police-station door, unlock it, then go inside. Your office—Homicide—is at the upper left of the screen. Cross the hallway and go in.

Feels just like home, doesn't it? Enter your office, which is the second door on the left. When you enter, you can see all of the officers you work with. From the left, and working around the room clockwise, you see Capt. Fletcher Hall, Detective Jim Pierson, and your partner, Detective Keith Robinson. The desk in the center holds a computer and is shared by everyone in the office. Your desk is between Robinson and Pierson.

Take a look at Captain Hall's desk and read any papers you find there. Those computer passwords will come in handy. Walk to the back wall and look at it. Get a key to an unmarked car.

Read the bulletin board. The shooting schedule—take that as a sign. You had better report to the shooting range for a little target practice. You can never tell when you might have to use your weapon. And when you do have to use it, you'll want to be ready.

Walk to your desk and sit down. Look in your basket and read the message you find there. Unlock your desk drawer. Look inside. Take and read the letter. Take your wallet. Open it and look inside. You'll find your gold shield and your LPD ID card. Search your wallet. Tucked inside you find your scuba diving certificate. That will come in handy, trust me.





That's it. You need to get your stuff together. Stand up and leave Homicide. The door just to the right is the locker room. Go inside and get your gear.

Your locker is the first one against the left wall. Open the locker, using the combination on the back of your ID card.

There's a delicious picture of Marie inside the locker. But that's not what you came here for. Get your gun, ammo, and handcuffs, then close the locker. You need to get to the pistol range for practice.

After you leave the locker room, go to your right, and stop at the counter there in the hallway (not the evidence counter with the wire mesh, but the low counter on your right). Stand in front of the counter (your character will practically be out of sight), and look at it. Unlock the bin and get your field kit. Keep that kit with you at all times. There's no need to drop it off at the counter after your shift. When you go to get in your car, you can throw it in the trunk and leave it there until you need it. And you're going to need it a lot. Close the bin. Now proceed to the right to the weapons counter.

Get ear protection from the weapons officer, then enter the shooting range. Take a place at any of the open booths.

Take a look at the booth. Put on your ear protectors. Load your weapon, then raise it and fire at the target twice. You can fire more than twice, but you must fire at least two times to establish a pattern. Your clip holds seven rounds. If you fire more than two clips of ammunition, you must report to the weapons officer for more.

Press the view button to bring the target to you. Look at the target. If your shots were off the mark, you will need to adjust your weapon. Adjust your weapon by using the cursor keys to turn the screws in the appropriate direction. To make much of a difference, you should turn the screw at least six times. When you're satisfied with your adjustments, replace the target and press the back button. Repeat this process until you get a satisfactory score. Replace the target, push the back button, then exit the booth. Stop at the weapons counter to get new ammo and to return the ear protectors. Then make your way to Homicide.







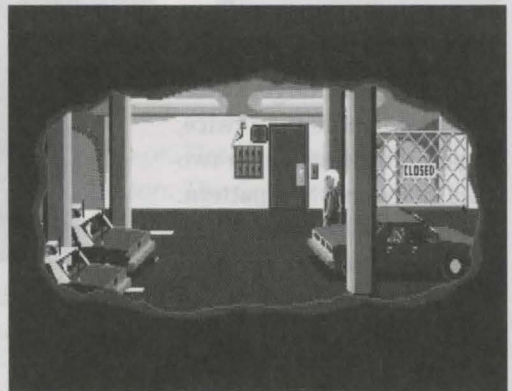
You know your job. If you don't know it by now, I am sure that Captain Hall will fill you in. Jesse Bains, the "Death Angel" (whom you risked your life to capture), has escaped! Find him! Go to the filing cabinet on the right. Get the file on Bains, and take the mug shot. Not a very good likeness. This mug shot is at least a year old. You've been through some changes; it's likely that Bains has changed as well. Close the file and the file drawer. Leave Homicide. Your only lead right now is the city jail. You'd better get over there. But first you want to drop in on your friend Lloyd Pratt in Narcotics. He's been acting strange lately. There are rumors that he's slipping on the job. You don't want to believe the stories, but you know what the pressure is like in Narcotics. You worked in that division when it was much smaller, the last time you ran into Jesse Bains.

Lloyd sits at the desk at the left. Step over to his desk and look at him. Talk to him. Now you know that something is up. You make a note to look into it. But first, you have some urgent business to take care of at the city jail.

Leave the station and take the blue unmarked car parked on the left side of the lot. Put your field kit in the trunk. As you get into the car, Keith will join you. He's always late, but you can't go without him. When he finally gets his act together, drive together to the Lytton City Jail.

You remember the drill, right? Go to the jail door and put your gun in the locker. Press the button. The security has been stepped up a bit in the past year. Not enough to keep Jesse Bains from escaping, though, but enough to keep you from just walking in. Show your ID. Go on in.

Welcome to the newly remodeled Lytton City Jail. A lot of good it did. Bains is on the lam. Ask the booking clerk about Bains. Take the new mug shot from his file. Ask the clerk about the hostage that Bains took. Read the Bains file. Ask the clerk to describe Officer Pate's car. Ask to see the witness. Walk through the door to the interview area and talk to Saxton. He's not much help, but any bit of information might come in handy. Pick up your gun from the locker outside and hit the road. As you're driving back to the station, radio Dispatch. A car matching the one Bains stole from the jail parking lot has been spotted in the lot of the Oak Tree Mall. Drive to the mall to check it out.





You and Keith meet Officer Haines at the mall. Pate's car is there. The hood is cool to the touch. What's that tell you, Sherlock? Right. It's been sitting there a while. Get your kit from the trunk of your squad car.

Open the door on Pate's car. Look at the car. Dust for prints. Use the tape to lift the print. Don't forget to look in the glove box. An empty holster. Bains may have Pate's weapon. In fact, you're sure he does. Take the holster and the bullets to book as evidence. Close the glove box and the car door. Haines brings a woman out to speak with you. She's distraught. Talk to her. Ask her about her car. Put your kit back in your trunk and get in your vehicle. Unlike with the Rolling Stones, time is not on your side.

Radio Dispatch and deliver the news about the missing weapon and the stolen car. Drive to the station. Keith is always complaining about paperwork. Not to worry. Long before you get to the station, Dispatch puts a call through about Cotton Cove. This might be something. Cotton Cove gave you a big break the last time you hunted Bains. Who knows—it may be your lucky day.

Drive to Cotton Cove. Get your field kit out of the trunk and question the woman about what she saw. You'd better check her story out. Walk to the left, completely out of the scene.

As you enter the scene to the left, draw your gun. Kind of spooky back here in the Cotton Cove woods. Proceed left. When Bains appears from behind a tree, return fire. Your shot is off the mark. Perhaps more time at the pistol range is called for. Bains flees. Proceed left in pursuit.







As you move left, avoid standing in the middle of the road. Bains will make his break in the stolen car. Holster your gun. Return to your vehicle and radio Dispatch. Then return to the far-left scene with your field kit.

When you see the trash can, search it. Get the clothes you find there. Examine the clothes and read the name tags. Walk to the edge of the river and look down. Take a blood sample and use the plaster to get a mold of the footprint you find near the riverbank. Take a picture of the scene and then return to your vehicle.

Keith has already called for a dive team. You expect the worst. When the diver shows up at Cotton Cove, approach him by walking to the left. Tell him you want to make a dive in the river. Show him your dive card. Then walk to the diving van and face the sliding door.



You're a certified diver, so you know what to do. Get tank 1 and check the air supply. If the tank isn't full, get another one until you find one that is. Get the vest, belt, mask, fins, and wet suit from the van, then exit.

Follow the diver into the waters of Cotton Cove. Swim to the center of the scene and look down. You don't have a lot of time because your air supply is limited.

Find the object in the center of the scene and get it. Look at the badge. Swim to the left. In the scene to the left you should get the knife. Swim all the way to the right and find the body behind the rock. Move the rock and look at the hand. Not a pretty sight. Poor Pate. Remove the body.

When you're standing back on the banks of the river, walk to the right and change back into your clothing, then go back to your car and call it in. Drive back to the station. Don't worry, the game's not over yet. Before you make it back to headquarters you'll get a radio call directing you to another location.

Bains has been spotted in the vicinity of the airport. Drive to the airport. The officer giving chase loses him in traffic. Must not have much experience on the freeways. Take a look around. That car at the bottom right of the parking lot looks familiar. It should; it almost ran you down about an hour ago at Cotton Cove. Black compact station wagon. Ring a bell? Isn't that the car reported stolen from the Oak Tree Mall? Stand in front of it and look at it. Confirmed.

Walk around to the passenger side and open the door. Look for the VIN. Dust the mirror for prints, then use the tape to lift the prints. Close the door. Put your



kit back in your trunk and call in your report about the license plate. Then cross the street to the airport. To get safely across the street, press the button at the crosswalk before stepping into traffic.

Wait for a few seconds outside the airport terminal. That's all it takes for a woman to try to sell you some flowers. Why not—a few blooms for Marie is a nice thought. She likes roses. You really need help on that?

Go into the airport and show your ID to the female ticket agent at the counter on the right. Ask her about Bains, show her the mug shot, and ask to see the passenger list. She tells you that you're too late—that flight left 20 minutes ago. This Bains is pretty clever. It would be just like him to set a decoy. Maybe, instead of getting on a plane, he took another car. He likes to drive. He's been through two vehicles already. Besides, if he took a plane, there wouldn't be anywhere he could go when the plane landed. Better check out all of the possibilities. Just to make sure, leave the airline ticket counter and walk to the upper-left part of the screen, then to the left and into the next scene.



Go to the rental agent and show your ID. Show Bains's mug shot. Ask the ticket agent to show you the rental list. Bingo. Bains used Pate's name to rent the car, just as he did to buy the plane ticket. The question is—did he fly or drive? Wait a minute, if Bains did get on a plane, he couldn't have taken Pate's gun with him. He might have stashed it somewhere. You remember the bathroom across from the the airline ticket counter.

Go to that bathroom. Enter the middle stall. Look at the toilet. Take the top off of the tank and look inside. Looks like your persistence paid off. That's the mark of a good detective. It isn't the hunch, it's the footleather. Get the gun. Who ever told you that police work was clean? Dry your hands and the gun with the electric hand dryer mounted on the wall. Then return to your car and radio in your report about the gun. Drive back to headquarters. Things are a little calmer now. You'll make it all the way back before getting your next call.

When you arrive at the police station, book the evidence with Big John at the evidence window, and then return to Homicide. Look in your basket and find a





message from Marie. You can never remember her number. But you don't want everyone in the office to know that. Maybe you can find her name in the computer. That's the ticket.

Walk to the computer and look at it. Turn it on. Type **DIR** to get a directory. Type **CD** to change the directory. Type **CRIMINAL** to enter that directory. Type **DIR** for a listing of the Criminal directory. Type **CD** to change to a different directory. Type **VICE** to get a general Vice directory. The password is "Miami", of course. Type **DIR** to get a listing of vice files. Highlight Marie's name and press the **ENTER** key. Write down her address.

There's something else you need to check out. Pratt seemed unduly disturbed when you talked with him this morning. You wonder if there's something going on there.

Type **CD** and press **ENTER** to change out of the Vice directory. Type **PERSONNEL**. The password is "pistachio". Highlight Pratt's name and press the **ENTER** key. He's a good cop, but something is wrong. Internal Affairs has an open file on him. Exit the computer program.

Return to your desk and use the telephone to call Marie. Big-time detective—can't even remember your girl's number. Dial 4-1-1 and ask information for the number.

Say "Hello," you big oaf. Tell her it's OK. Some conversationalist you are. Stand up and leave Homicide. Walk next door to Narcotics to talk to Pratt. Now that you've seen his file, you have the leverage you need to get him to admit to the drug use and take the cure he needs. Now you'd better hurry off to your date with Marie. You don't want her waiting alone at a bar, do you?

When you arrive at Arnie's, go inside. The waiter will greet you. You see Marie waiting for you in a booth. Sit down and talk to her. Look at her. Quite a knockout. When the waiter arrives, place your order. You're on a cop's salary, so you'd better stick with the meatloaf. Marie is living the good life—she orders the lobster. Give Marie the rose. Kiss her. Isn't love grand? Kiss Marie again. All right, that's enough of that.



The waiter brings your food. Eat it. Call for the waiter to bring the check. After you pay for the meal, you see Marie home. You don't need to stay. Or maybe you do. It's your call. Just remember—you have to be up early tomorrow and back on the case. Jesse Bains is still on the loose.

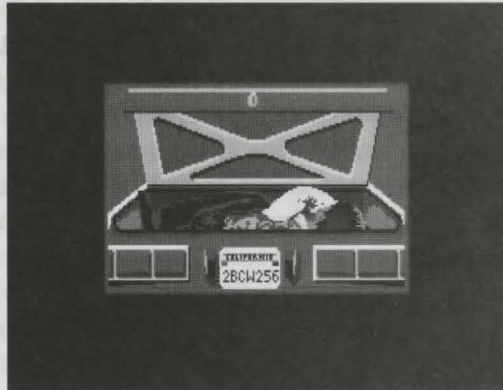


## Day 2

You start the day in the parking lot. Take your keys, get out of your car, and go straight to Homicide. Report to Capt. Fletcher Hall. There's a 187 reported on West Rose at the old warehouse there. A uniform called it in. Looks like a professional hit. Get Keith and get over there.

Officer Gelepsi points out the body in the trunk. Seems like Gelepsi is always where the action is. Get your kit from the trunk of your vehicle. Get a sample of blood from the pool on the ground. Dust the suspect's trunk for prints. Nothing doing. Take pictures. Take a closer look at the trunk.

Look at the victim's face. Woody Roberts: the bartender from the Delphoria. Take a closer look at the victim's hand; he seems to be holding something in a deathgrip. Get the corner of the envelope. Read the corner piece. When the coroner arrives, remove the body. Look at the trunk again. A note. Funny guy, this Bains. A regular comedian. Almost as funny as the coroner. Between these two guys you're likely to split a gut. Maybe you can recommend an agent to Bains. One thing's for sure—you'd like to personally punch his ticket. You have nothing else to do here, so drive to the motel named on the envelope.



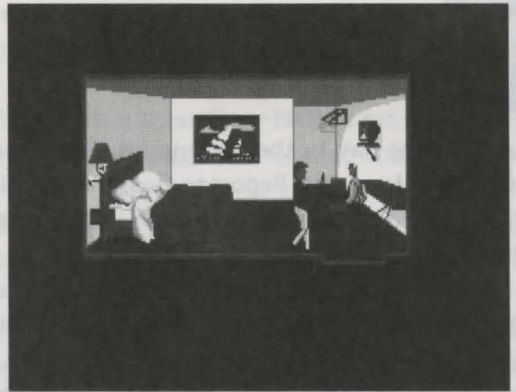
When you arrive at the motel, approach the manager in the window and ask him about William Cole. This manager knows his rights. He can ID Cole, but you can't get into Cole's room without a search warrant. Return to your car and radio for a warrant. This could get dangerous. You'd better radio for backup, too. When the backup arrives, get the warrant and present it to the manager. Get the key to room 108. Stand to the right of the door, draw your gun from your holster, and then use the key to open the door.

In case you hadn't noticed, the door to room 108 was booby-trapped. But because you followed procedure, you were safely out of danger. The backup unit fills the motel room with tear gas. Get your kit from the trunk of your car and wait for the air to clear.





Go in the motel room and take a quick look around. Go to the near corner of the bed and look down. Sure is a lot of blood in this job. Retrieve a sample of the blood and move to the back of the bed. Look under the bed and get the tube of lipstick you see there. Then move to the nightstand and open the drawer. Get the envelope. Look inside. Read the letter.



Go into the bathroom.

Look around to see what's there. Look in the sink. Something there. Looks like a business card. Pick up the card and read it. The name is Donald Colby. If you think hard enough, you can start to make the connections. Roberts gave testimony in the Bains trial last year and now he's dead. Colby gave testimony as well. He could be in danger. Wouldn't that be a heartbreaker. It could be that Bains is systematically eliminating the people who took part in his trial last year. It's something to go on, but you don't have the proof yet.

But if you're right, that means that Marie could be in danger. Last night at the restaurant you promised her you'd visit. Good a time as any. Tell Keith to get a move on and return to your car. Put your kit back in the trunk and head for Marie's house.



When you arrive at Marie's, walk straight to the front door. There's a note on the door—take it and read it. Look closely at the handwriting. Don't just stand there, go inside. You remember where Marie keeps the spare key. You should. You've spent enough time here.

Marie's house has been trashed. Either that, or she's decided to give up house-keeping. It looks like a struggle

took place here. Marie should be here, but she's not. Look around. Look at the sofa. Look at the pile of stuff on the floor. Look at the table, then look in the ashtray. Get the paper you find there and read it. Looks like Bains's hit list. Your suspicions



were right. You and Marie are next. There's no time to lose. Get back to your car and return to the station.

When you get to the station, stop at the evidence counter and book the evidence you've collected. Be sure to get the number from Colby's business card before you give it to the evidence officer. You should give Colby a call to warn him of Bains's plan. Not that you'd lose much sleep over it. But it's the decent thing to do. And you're such a decent guy. After you book the evidence, go to Burglary (the door to the right of the evidence lockup) to check up on that shotgun used at the motel.

Detective Jim Simpson sits at the first desk. Talk to him and ask about the shotgun you discovered. Ask about prints.

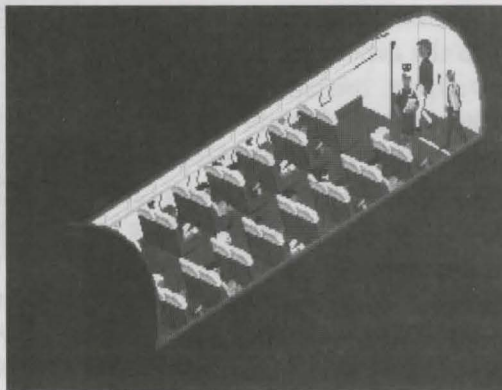
Go back to your office, sit down at your desk, and use the phone to call information to get the number of the Steelton Police Department. If Bains is after Colby, you should let them know. Perhaps they can help. Now call Colby and warn him. Colby doesn't seem too worried. Look in your basket. Read the lab report on the evidence you turned in earlier.

You remember the ambush at Cotton Cove. If you had hit Bains then, you wouldn't be faced with this situation. Before you go after Bains, you'd better take in a little more target practice and adjust your gun sights. Report to the firing range and put your weapon in order. Remember not to trust your own eyes when you adjust your gun sights. Your weapon is not properly aligned until the computer tells you it is properly aligned. I don't care how many shots you put in the kill zone. Don't forget to fire all of your ammo and then pick up two fresh clips before leaving.

You're ready to go. The road to Jesse Bains leads to Steelton. Drive to the airport. When you arrive, enter the terminal and buy a ticket to Steelton from the agent. You might eat on the cheap, but you still can't afford the ticket. Keith has a solution. He calls and gets authorization from Captain Hall. After Keith finishes his telephone call, buy the tickets to Steelton with the LPD purchase order.

After you get the tickets and check your field kit, go to the left and up the escalator. Show your ID to the guard standing at the metal detector. Board the plane—Bains is almost within your grasp!

Sit down next to Keith and fasten your seatbelt. You can always take it off after you hear the message from the pilot. Order a beverage from the flight attendant and drink







it. You can drink beer if you like, but more than two drinks will severely affect your ability to perform your duties. Call the attendant and order another drink. The dry airplane air always makes you thirsty. The flight continues and all is quiet until, suddenly, skyjackers move to the front of the plane and take one of the flight attendants hostage!

One of the skyjackers holds a gun to the flight attendant's head. You see your chance. Surreptitiously you load your weapon. Then, with his attention momentarily diverted, you draw down on him. As soon as he releases the flight attendant to counterattack, unload on him. Watch the cockpit—take out the other skyjacker when he appears to check out the commotion. Don't miss in your shooting. Do you know what happens to a pressurized cabin at 25,000 feet when a portal is shot out?

You've got to find the bomb. Check the pockets and the turban of the masked skyjacker. Get the instructions and wire cutters. Now to find the bomb.

The skyjackers came from the rear of the plane. That makes the bathroom a logical place to start. You wonder about the central role that lavatories seem to be playing in this investigation. You wonder if it might have some significance. You remember that you are 25,000 feet in the air in a loaded plane with a bomb ticking toward destruction. Go into the bathroom at the back of the plane.

OK. It's a small room. Where would someone hide a bomb in here? Look at the dispenser. Open it. Good guess. Read the instructions for making the bomb. Since you have to dismantle a bomb, it makes sense to follow the steps in the directions in the opposite order. Don't get the shakes now. Stay calm. Cut the yellow wire. Cut the blue one, then cut the purple one. Stop looking at the clock. Connect the yellow wire. Cut the white wire. Cut the yellow wire.

After you dismantle the bomb, close the dispenser. The remainder of your flight will be uneventful. Except for a little turbulence, a near miss, and a heart attack in seat 9C. Oh, yeah—the lady in 4D goes into labor and delivers a squalling baby boy.

Once on the ground, after clearing up the situation of two dead skyjackers with the deputy sky marshal, you then take an exhilarating helicopter ride from the airport. You land, somewhat shaken but not stirred, on the roof of the Steelton Police Station. From there you rush in to talk to the police inspectors. You're getting impatient, the adrenaline is pumping, and you are hoping against hope that you're not too late to save Marie and Colby.

Enter the lieutenant's office and talk to him about the Bains case. It seems as though you are too late: Colby is dead. You resist thinking "I told you so." But the trail isn't cold yet. Bains made a call from Burt Park. Get the two-way radios from the table and leave the office by walking all the way to the left. Officer Pittman is glad to drive you to Burt Park. Perhaps Bains is still there!



Walk around the park by moving toward the top of the first scene. When you reach the scene with the pond, continue to the left. So far, nothing. But what's this? A mugger with a bad mohawk and a worse attitude. Kidnaping, skyjacking, and now a mugging. This is some day you're having. When the mugger approaches you, obviously bent on fetching his daily bread, notify Keith on the radio. The mugger flees, but doesn't escape your partner.



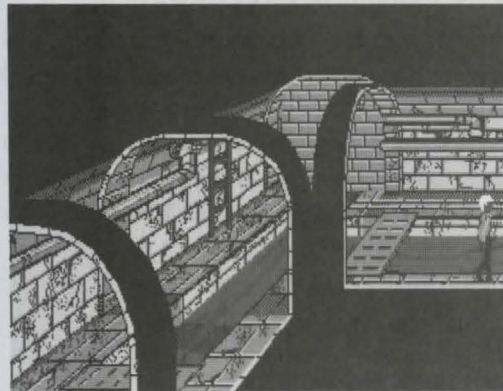
Question the mugger. Keith will haul him off to the Steelton Police. You're on your own. Bains is in this park somewhere. You can smell it. Call it a sixth sense. No, you can definitely smell it.

Walk back to the right until you come to the end of the pond. Find the manhole near the small hill at the bottom middle of the scene. Open the cover. Look into the sewer. You knew you could smell a rat. Looks like a logical place to find one. Where's Keith? You're not going to wait for him.

Can't see anything from up above. OK—down you go. Climb down the ladder. Walk very slowly and carefully—don't slip into the sewage! You can easily think of

a few thousand ways you'd rather die than drowning in noxious waste. You imagine the slimy liquid closing over your head, the smell and the—OK, that's enough of that. Just be careful, all right?

Cross the sewer and keep to the lower side. Walk to the right and into the next scene. Keep to the right and walk into the next scene. Don't stop or hesitate, even when the gas burns your eyes



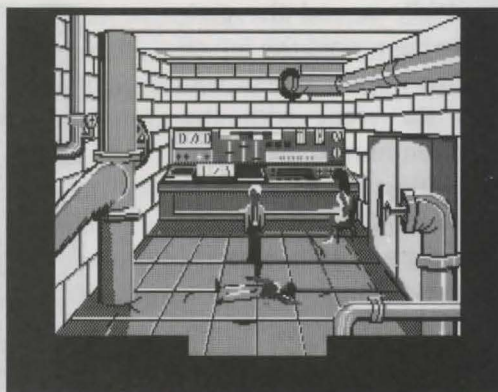
and nose. As you enter the next scene, turn left and avoid the sewer pipes, which emit methane gas. You can avoid the pipes by crossing the tunnel at the footbridges. When you find the cabinet, open it and get the mask.





Cross the sewer to the lower side, turn right, and continue. When you feel a burning sensation in your eyes, wear the gas mask. Now go down one scene—avoid the open manhole—and turn the corner to the left. There on the right—a door!

Go through the door. You've found her! She's tied up but appears unharmed. Tell her to stay calm and then untie her. Draw your weapon and make sure it's loaded. Take cover behind the big pipe on the left. As soon as Bains gets even with the pipe, draw your weapon and fire several rounds. You nail him.



## **E**pilogue

You can't help but feel a little sorry for Jesse Bains, but at the same time you're relieved that his reign of terror is forever silenced. When you return to Lytton, the LPD puts you on a mandatory three-day leave of absence as Internal Affairs investigates your use of deadly force in the shooting death of Jesse Bains.

You spend your time off with Marie, decompressing from the rigors and stresses of the Bains manhunt and Marie's abduction. Finally, the wait is over and IA returns with its findings.

The shooting is found to be justified on the grounds of self-defense. You receive the department's Silver Medal of Commendation and begin a two-week vacation with Marie. On the plane ride to the Bahamas, you ask Marie to marry you. Happily, she agrees.

# Points of Evidence

**S**ure, you can get to the end of Police Quest 2 and take Jesse Bains down in a hail of gunfire. Might even make you feel good. But then that nagging feeling starts in the back of your brain. You look at your score. Why don't you have 300 points? What did you miss?

There are a lot of little details in Police Quest 2 that you might overlook. If you miss anything really important, of course, you probably won't get your man. The screen will tell you that there are 300 possible points in Police Quest 2. In fact, if you follow the scoring list on the following pages carefully, you may score even higher. Let's see what Internal Affairs does with that.



**WHAT TO DO****POINTS****Police Headquarters**

Take Your Keys from Ignition	1
Take Card from Glove Box	1
Get Passwords from Captain Hall's Desk in Homicide	1
Get Key to Unmarked Car	1
Read Bulletin Board	1
Get Subpoena from Basket	1
Take Wallet from Desk Drawer	1
Search Wallet for Diver's Card	2
Take and Read Letter in Drawer	1
Go to Locker Room and Open Locker	5
Get Gun	1
Get Handcuffs	1
Get Ammo	1
Take Evidence Kit from Counter in Hallway	2
Get Ear Protection from Weapons Officer	2
Raise and Fire Weapon	2
Adjust Weapon Sights	5
Get New Ammo from Weapons Officer	2
Take Bains's Mug Shot from Homicide Files	1

**On the Trail (Lytton City Jail)**

Secure Weapon in Locker at Jail	3
Get Description of Getaway Car	1
Get Recent Mug Shot of Bains	2
Read Pate's File	2
Ask for Witness	1
Interview Saxton	2

**WHAT TO DO****POINTS****On the Trail (Oak Tree Mall)**

Use Tape to Get Print from Car	3
Take Holster from Glove Box	1
Take Bullets from Glove Box	1
Radio Dispatch with Information	3
Get Description of Stolen Car	3

**On the Trail (Cotton Cove)**

Question Jogger	2
Return Fire at Bains	4
Radio Dispatch About Situation	2
Take Clothes from Trash Can	1
Read Name Tag from Clothes	2
Find Blood at Riverbank	1
Take Sample of Blood	2
Get Cast of Footprint	2
Photograph Scene	1
Select Correct Air Tank from Diving Van	2
Complete a Successful Dive	6
Get Badge from Bottom of Cove	2
Get Knife from Bottom of Cove	2
Remove Pate's Body from Water	5
Radio Dispatch About Discovery	2

**On the Trail (Lytton City Airport)**

Look at Stolen Car's License Plate	1
Use Tape to Lift Fingerprint	3
Radio Dispatch About Plate	2
Press Crosswalk Button	1



**WHAT TO DO****POINTS****On the Trail (Lytton City Airport)** *(continued)*

Buy Rose from Flower Vendor	2
Show Mug Shot to Ticket Agent	1
Examine Passenger List	3
Show Mug Shot to Car Rental Agent	1
Examine Car Rental Customer List	3
Show Mug Shot to Security Guard in Boarding Area	2
Find and Remove Gun from Toilet	4
Dry Gun with Electric Dryer	2
Press Crosswalk Button	1
Radio Dispatch About Gun	1
Radio Dispatch About Rental Car	2

**Police Headquarters**

Book Evidence	10
Access Vice Directory on Computer	2
Access Personnel Directory	2
Help Lloyd Pratt in Narcotics	5
Call Marie Wilkans	3

**Off Duty**

Give Marie the Flower at Arnie's	3
Kiss Marie	2
Kiss Marie Again	2
Eat Dinner	1
Ask for Check	2

**On the Trail (Warehouse District)**

Take Sample of Blood	1
Take Photo of Murder Scene	1



<u>WHAT TO DO</u>	<u>POINTS</u>
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**On the Trail (Warehouse District) (continued)**

Look at Victim's Face	1
Get the Corner of the Envelope	2
Have Coroner Remove Body	2
Search Trunk	2
Get Paper from Trunk	2

**On the Trail (Hotel on West Third)**

Show Manager Mug Shot	3
Radio for Warrant	2
Radio for Backup	2
Use Warrant to Get Key	3
Open Door to Room 108	3
Take Sample of Blood from Room 108	1
Get Lipstick Tube from Floor	3
Read Letter	2
Get Card from Sink	3

**On the Trail (Marie Wilkans's House)**

Examine the Handwriting on Note	3
Find Hit List Inside House	3

**Police Headquarters**

Book Evidence	6
Ask Simpson in Burglary About Shotgun	2
Ask Simpson About Prints	2
Call Steelton Police	4
Warn Donald Colby About Bains	4
Look in Basket	3



**WHAT TO DO****POINTS****On the Trail (Lytton City Airport)**

Buy Ticket to Steelton	3
Pass Metal Detector	2

**On the Trail (Plane to Steelton)**

Wear Seatbelt	1
Shoot First Skyjacker	6
Shoot Second Skyjacker	3
Search Masked Skyjacker's Pockets	3
Search Other Skyjacker's Turban	3
Find Bomb in Paper Dispenser	2
Cut Yellow Wire	3
Cut Blue Wire	3
Cut Purple Wire	3
Connect Yellow Wire	3
Cut White Wire	3
Cut Yellow Wire	3

**On the Trail (Steelton)**

Pick Up Hand-held Radios at Police Station	3
Use Radio When Mugger Appears in Burt Park	5
Read the Mugger His Rights	2
Question the Mugger	2
Find Sewer Entrance	1
Remove Manhole Cover	2
Find Gas Mask	4
Find and Enter Control Room	10

**WHAT TO DO****POINTS****End Game**

Calm Marie	5
Untie Marie	5
Kill Jesse Bains	15

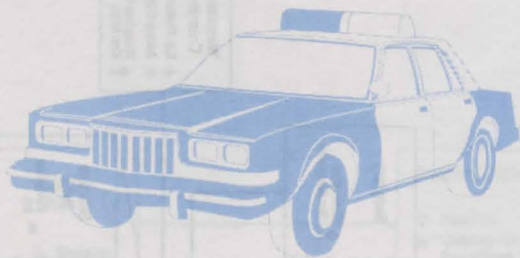
**TOTAL POINTS****300**














# CHAPTER 8

# Maps



## Map Order:

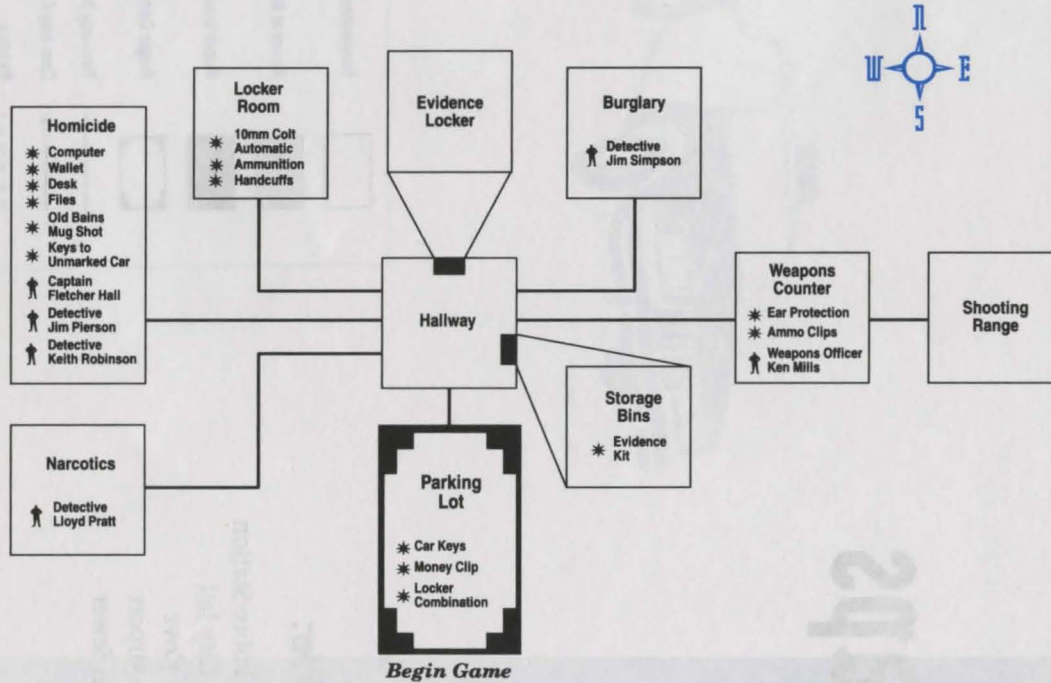
- Lytton Police Station
- Lytton City Jail
- Cotton Cove
- Lytton Airport
- Steelton Sewer

	Room One Level Up
	Room at Base Level
	Room One Level Down
	Begin Game
	Two-way Path
	One-way Path
	Bypass
	Objects Found in Room
	People Met in Room



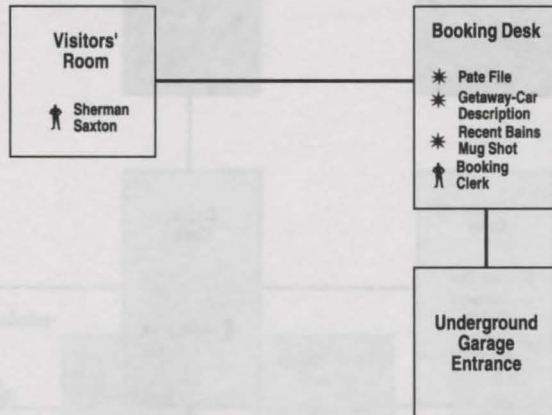


## Lytton Police Station





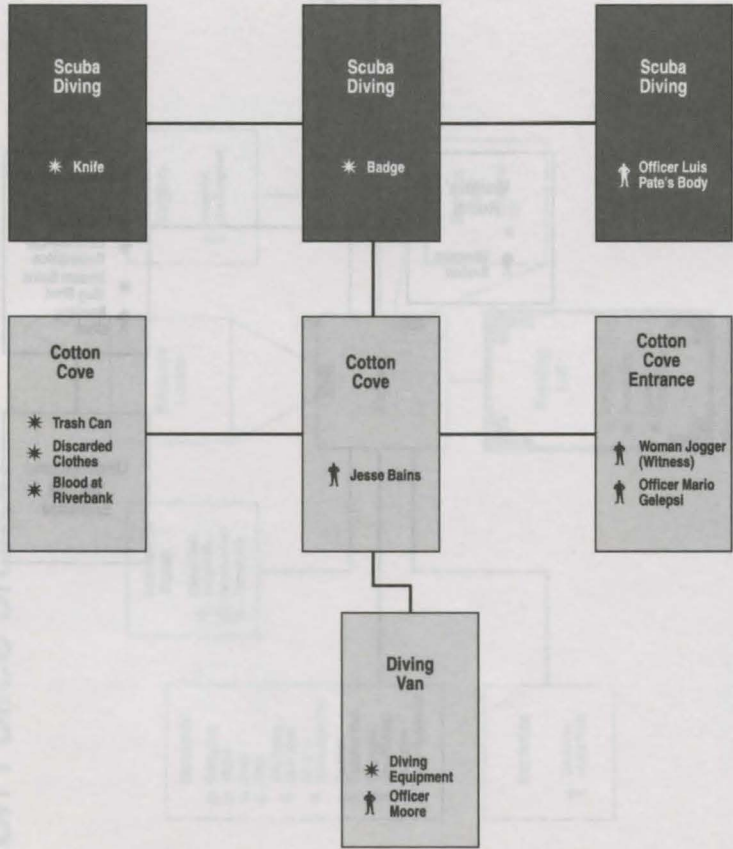
# Lytton City Jail





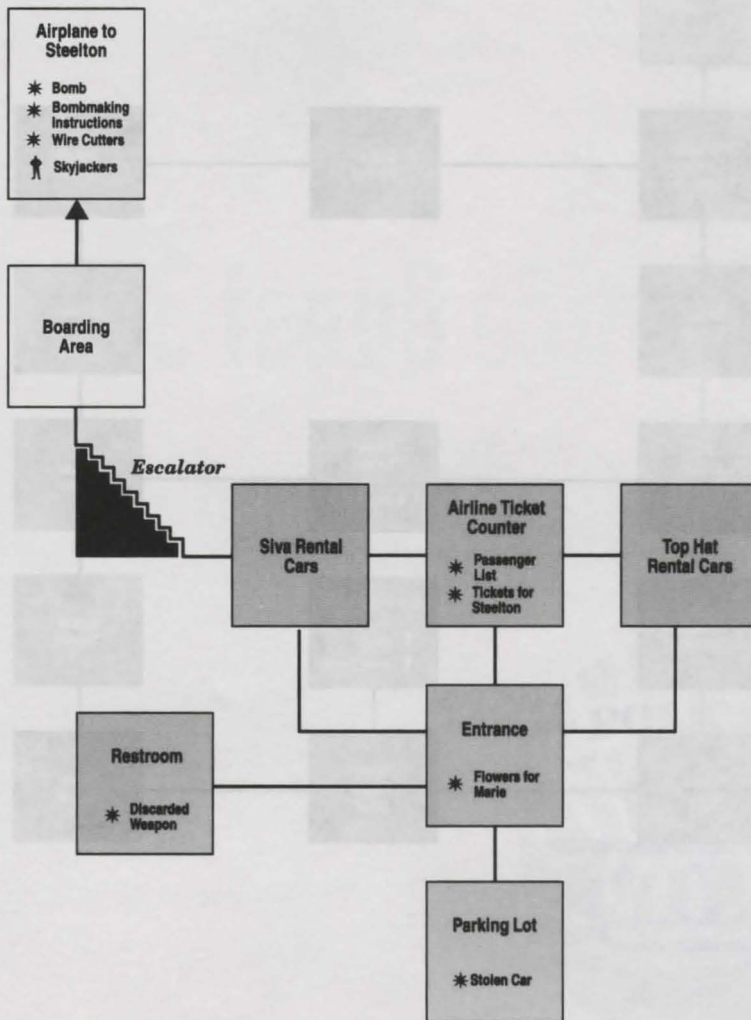


# Cotton Cove





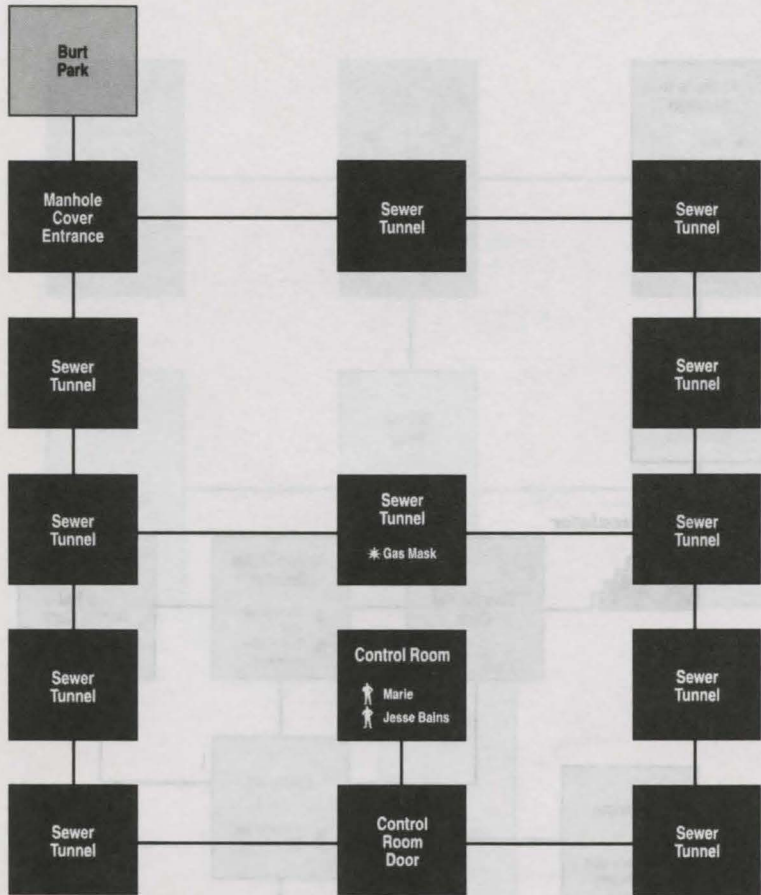
# Lytton Airport







# Steelton Sewer



PART 3

Police Quest 3:  
The Kindred





PART



# Police Quest 3: The Kindred









# Cult of the Mad

**S**onny Bonds stood on the front porch of his new house and looked up and down the street of a satisfied suburban landscape. Lots of gray shingles. Lots of shiny cars that got washed on weekends. Clean and orderly and predictable. Not like real life, he thought. Not like real life at all.

Not that he was complaining. Not really. So what if real life was a lot more complicated than was evident in the glittering facades along Lilly Street? That's why people move to the suburbs. They need the space to decompress. They need the sameness. They need the time.

Time was something Sonny Bonds knew about. He knew how an entire life could pass in the second it took to pull a trigger. He knew how an hour could stretch to a month in the front seat of an unmarked car at 3 A.M. He knew those things because he had lived those things, those times. When you're a cop, the living is never easy, no matter the season.

He pulled open the door to his Ford Mustang and climbed behind the wheel. He had never been so happy as on the day he traded in his anemic Japanese compact for another American road machine. The Mustang was less conspicuous than the '66 Corvette he used to own. But he didn't think he could ever bring himself to get behind the wheel of a Corvette again. The Corvette seemed like part of somebody else's life. A lot of Sonny's memories were like that—newsreels from another place, another time, another life. The Corvette. Jesse Bains. The stench of the Steelton sewers.





The litany of the dead—Pate, Roberts, Colby, Bains—passed through his mind like a ghostly roll call. Sonny swung his car left onto Rose Avenue and accelerated through a yellow light with a glance at his watch. This new schedule would take some getting used to. But the promotion made the hours easier to live with.

He repeated his new title to himself. Detective sergeant. Eight months ago, threatened with a possible civil suit and disciplinary action that rose out of the Bains case, Sonny thought his career might be over. Some of the national papers and magazines had picked up on his troubles. *Time* did a cover story—"Cowboy Justice." Sonny didn't think of himself as some latter-day Judge Roy Bean, dispensing justice with a gun. He followed the rules as best he could. As for justice, well, Jesse Bains was dead. He didn't see how anybody could ask for any more justice than that.

Captain Fletcher Hall had played a big role in keeping Sonny's career intact over the the last half of a year. During the long, bleak months, Hall had insisted that it would all blow over. He was right. After a while the public moved on to other stories. And the passengers on Steelton Flight 234 went after bigger game—the airline. In the end, it was just a blip on the radar screen of his career. It didn't make him any less of a cop.

Of course, Hall had done some heavy politicking during the Bains case, Sonny reminded himself. As he made the left turn onto Sixth, he thought about the smooth way Hall had parlayed the publicity about the Bains manhunt into a successful bid for police chief. Hall was just serving out his last nine months as captain of Homicide division, and then he would take the place of outgoing Chief Morton Whipplestick. It'll be interesting, Sonny thought, to have a chief with a name that doesn't encourage a room to break into chuckles every time he's introduced.

Hall's rise within the force played a major role in Sonny's promotion, there was no doubt about it. There wasn't anything illegal or unethical about the promotion; it wasn't tainted with the reek of politics. But Hall had earned Sonny's loyalty, and Sonny knew that sooner or later the chit would come due. He didn't have a problem with that. Hall had backed him in the face of the Internal Affairs investigation, and he had backed him in front of the Civilian Review Board. He protected Sonny's gold shield. That kind of loyalty made it a lot easier to be a cop. If Hall ever needed an ally down the road somewhere, Sonny would be glad to be there.

The recently renovated Lytton City Police Department Headquarters occupied three floors of a newly designed building between Rose and Peach Streets. From the outside, the white stucco and gray-blue glass offered a sterile and professional face to the city. Inside, long hallways gleamed under the steady hum of fluorescent lights. It was a long way from the noisy brick building that had served as Sonny's training ground. Even that phase seemed like a century ago.



Sonny pulled into the underground garage and parked in his assigned space. The garage was capped by the three floors of the new headquarters. On the ground level, with the parking, evidence lockup and booking had their separate facilities. It worked much better than it had in the old station, where officers had to take a suspect to the city jail for booking, and then return to the station to complete the paperwork. Now suspects could be booked and evidence logged right at headquarters. The added security more than made up for the cost of moving the facilities from their old haunts across from the Lytton City Courthouse.

The first floor housed the men's and women's locker rooms and several classrooms, used for academy and continuing-education courses.

The sergeants' office was on the second floor, along with the other divisional offices. Homicide, Burglary, and Narcotics shared space with the departmental briefing room, and the staff psychologist's office. Sonny had gotten pretty familiar with the shrink's office over the past six months. Prior to his promotion, the department had suggested therapy to get him past any lingering doubts or suspicions he might have carried over from the Bains case. Sonny had been skeptical at first, but finally he went along with it. It was Marie who had convinced him that it was the right thing to do. When it came to Marie, Sonny denied himself nothing. They had been married now for three months. Life, after taking several radical detours, seemed to be coming to grips with itself. They were a strong couple, stronger together than apart. They had a marriage that was way more than the sum of two individuals.

Dispatch made its home on the third floor, along with Information Services and the rest of the computer facilities. The other major change over the last few years was in the department's increased reliance on computer technology in the fight against crime. That was all right by Sonny. Any weapon he could use to outsmart a criminal—however seemingly benign—he was glad to have.

Sonny's office was empty. He took a seat at his desk and reached into his in-basket. On the top of the pile was a Disciplinary Action Form from Lieutenant Morgan. Pat Morales, an officer with the Traffic division, had been cited by a civilian for abusive language. It wasn't the first mark on her record, Sonny was sure. He took a look at his watch. He still had ten minutes until the briefing. He switched on his computer and inserted his departmental access card. Nothing. Sonny started to change his mind about the wonders and advantages of high technology.

When the going gets tough, the tough call tech support. He telephoned upstairs to Mike Holland in Information Services. "Hey, Mike, Bonds here. I can't get access to the system."

"Yeah, Detective. We had a hacker try to break in the other night. We're issuing all new access cards. Stop by this morning. I have yours all ready to go."

Sonny thanked him and hung up. He didn't have time to get the card and return before he had to give the briefing. What an unpleasant way to start a day.





He had wanted to take a look at Morales's file before he sat down with her. That's the way it goes. He picked up the blank computer access card requisition form from his box and put it in his shirt pocket. The troops were waiting. He'd be glad to get out of Traffic division. No matter how much crime and mayhem there was out there on the streets, it always seemed that Traffic was short on personnel. With Mario Gelepsi out for a three-week vacation, Sonny had been tapped to fill his role as supervisor. Sonny looked at his calendar. Gelepsi was scheduled to return in three days. Not a day too soon, as far as he was concerned.

Entering the briefing room, Sonny took a quick survey. Before stepping up to the podium, he stopped by the table where Officer Morales sat alone. Leaning over so he could speak in a low tone, Sonny asked that she report to his office after the briefing.

"Let me guess," Morales said. "Another complaint from some moron who thinks he's the victim of police brutality."

"I assume that's the voice of experience, Morales. Just come to my office. Two-thirty. Don't be late."

"What did you think? I was going to run out and get my hair done?"

Sonny ignored her snide remark and picked up the clipboard from beside the podium. He flipped through the various bulletins, want sheets, rap sheets, and miscellaneous police-department memos. All pretty routine stuff. He'd finish the briefing in short order.

"One last thing," Sonny added in closing. "You have all heard about the terrible accident involving Officer Haines during a routine traffic stop on Highway 41 just two days ago. Just in case your memories are failing in your old age, I'll repeat it. Officer Haines had pulled over a speeder to issue a routine citation. He stepped out of his patrol car and approached the suspect vehicle on the left side. As he drew near to the passenger side door, he was struck by a passing delivery van and killed instantly."

"Road pizza," muttered Morales.

"I want all of you to make right-hand approaches during all traffic stops. The few extra steps are nothing compared to losing your life." Sonny replaced the clipboard on the hook next to the podium. "Officer Morales, if I get another remark like that out of you, I'll have you filing papers until you collect a pension." Morales rolled her eyes but held her tongue.

"Let's roll," Sonny said.

The officers filed out, leaving Sonny to complete the duty roster. Standing at the front of the briefing room, he remembered when he sat at the long tables, taking notes at Dooley's briefings, enduring Dooley's insults any time he reported just a second late for duty. Dooley retired last year, after 30 years on the force. He bought a small farm in the mountains and told Sonny he was going to grow his own food, get reacquainted with his wife, and stop reading the newspaper.



Sonny smiled, thinking of Dooley's farewell dinner. Each of Dooley's fellow officers had roasted him before the crowd of family and friends.

Morales was waiting for him when he opened the door to the sergeant's office. Sonny took a seat at his desk. Morales sat erect in the chair to his right, staring straight ahead. Sonny could sense the tension in her vibrating like the skin of a drum. "I have a complaint here that you were verbally abusive to a violator you stopped yesterday," Sonny began. "The complaint alleges that you yelled, screamed, and used profanity."

"Yeah, so I'm not Miss Manners," Morales said. "Look, Sarge, that guy was a real jerk. I stopped him for doing 70 in a 55. When I asked for his license, his eyes were all over me. It was 'baby' this and 'baby' that. The guy had more lip than Mick Jagger. Am I supposed to put up with that kind of crap?"

"Did you raise your voice and use profanity toward the violator?"

"You try being a woman cop for one day, Sergeant. Then you can tell me how to do the job. To tell the truth, I don't remember what I said. But whatever it was, he had it coming."

"OK, Morales. I hear you. Now you hear me: I don't know if any of this will do any good, because I have the feeling you've had this talk before with other supervisors. Being a cop isn't an easy job, for a man or a woman. But you picked it. We didn't go out and find you. You signed on at the academy, you passed the requirements, you learned the rules."

"I hear that you've broken a few rules in your day, Sergeant."

"What you hear or don't hear and what I do or don't do isn't at issue here. I don't want another of these reports to cross my desk, is that clear? My advice—if you want it and I am sure you don't—is to let that kind of abuse roll off your back. It's not worth thinking about. People like this," Sonny said, holding up the complaint, "are attacking the uniform, not the person in it." He could tell his words were wasted. He set the complaint on the desk.

"Morales, you have the department behind you. Use it. The next time you have a situation like this, I want you to call Dispatch and summon a supervisor."

Morales started to object, but Sonny held up his hand to cut her off. "That's an order, Officer. Dismissed."

Morales rose from her chair like it was on fire and stalked from the room. Sonny sighed. He picked up the complaint and wrote a quick evaluation of the interview. He didn't really have any choice but to sustain the complaint. He could do without this part of being a supervisor. Promotions weren't always what they were cracked up to be.

Sonny glanced at the clock and decided it was a good time to get his system access card. He wanted to look over Morales's personnel record before he turned in the disciplinary form to Morgan. He took the elevator to the third floor. The metal





doors opened directly to Information Services. Dispatch was enclosed behind a soundproof glass wall.

Mike Holland rode herd on a wide desk in the center of the room. Holland had both eyes on his monitor. Sonny waved at the dispatchers and put a finger to his lips. Holland continued to work, oblivious to Sonny's approach.

"Boot me up, big boy," Sonny joked. Holland jumped out of his chair as if electrocuted. A couple of the dispatchers slapped their hands together and gave Sonny the thumbs-up sign.

"Don't sneak up on a guy like that," Holland complained.

"What's the matter, Mike? Did you twist your floppy?" Sonny chuckled.

Holland shook his head. "You guys on the street think you're such hot stuff. Let me tell you something. Without the information I put in this system, you couldn't catch a cold."

Sonny bowed in mock apology. "I seek the Holy Grail."

"If you're talking about your access card, it's in the top drawer." Sonny moved toward the desk but Holland held up his hand. "Before you leave you must complete a System Access Card Requisition Form, Number 197742-3."

"You're kidding me." Sonny pulled the lengthy form from his shirt pocket and examined it with a sinking heart.

"Normally, I would complete that for you, Sergeant, and then pass it over your desk for your signature. But today I just don't seem to have the time." Holland smiled.

"Vengeance is an ugly thing," Sonny said. He picked up a pen from Holland's desk.

"Ugly," Holland said, "but mine."

Five minutes later, Sonny was sitting in front of his computer station. He shook his head as he read over Morales's record. Her career was spotty, to say the least. Written reprimand in 1981 for insubordination. One-day suspension without pay for disobeying a direct order. Internal Affairs investigation in 1987 to look into a claim of evidence tampering. The IA findings were inconclusive, and the charges were dropped in 1990. Then a red flag—Morales had been cut from the force for willful destruction of evidence in August 1990. The kicker was that the department reinstated her in March of the following year.

Sonny switched off his computer. Morales was reinstated eight months ago. Until this complaint, she had been clean since coming back to the department. Whatever was eating her before, it could be making a return engagement. Reluctantly, he took the form to Morgan's office and knocked on the door.

"Come in," Morgan barked. Nothing in the past few years had changed Morgan's outlook on life, or his habit of shouting commands to anyone within earshot. That didn't bother Sonny. Morgan was a main reason why Jesse Bains got nailed during the Hotel Delphoria operation two years earlier. Morgan's painstak-



ingly planned operations had a consistently outstanding success rate. If Sonny ever had to work undercover again, he'd be happy to have Morgan as backup. "Bonds," Morgan said, seeing Sonny come through the door. "Did you talk to Morales?"

"Yes, Lieutenant. Based on my interview, her record, and the description of the incident, I would have to say that the complaint is justified."

Morgan snatched the disciplinary form from Sonny's hand. "I will never understand why she was let back on the force," he muttered.

"I was curious about that myself, Lieutenant."

"Politics. Female Hispanic officer. Double-barreled affirmative-action hire, if you ask me."

Sonny said nothing.

"What do you think, Bonds? Would you recommend that the department get rid of this bad apple?"

"I don't think that's warranted at this time," Sonny said truthfully. "I'd like to see the department work with Morales. She may still be worth saving."

Morgan grunted. "Heart of gold, Bonds, that's your trouble."

Sonny winced at that. Morgan had made it no secret last year that he thought Sonny's relationship with Marie was a mistake. When the two of them got married, Morgan came to the ceremony and even offered a toast at the reception, but Sonny knew he didn't approve. Then again, Sonny didn't care if he approved or not.

"All right," Morgan said. He signed the form and put it in a basket on his desk. "While Gelepsi is out, you are Morales's supervisor. That's three more days. Keep an eye on her."

Sonny nodded. Morgan was already busy with something else when Sonny left the room and shut the door quietly behind him. With any luck, Sonny thought, I'll be on the freeway in 20 minutes. Traffic. It's my life. He took the elevator to the garage and opened the trunk of his assigned patrol car. Whoever had used it last hadn't bothered to replace the flares or spare flashlight batteries. Sonny shut the trunk with a loud bang and took the elevator back up to the first-floor storage closet.

He was just shutting the door, his arms full of equipment, when a page over the intercom asked that he call Dispatch. What next, he thought. Can't even get out of the building. He grabbed the elevator for the second floor and returned to his office. "Dispatch," Sonny said into the telephone. "This is Bonds."

"Please check out a call from Aspen Falls," the dispatcher said.

"Don't you have anyone in the area?"

"All units are tied up right now, Sergeant."

"Any more details?"

"Seems a man is spouting gibberish and making a nuisance of himself," the dispatcher responded.

We can't have that, Sonny thought. "All right. On my way." He hung up the telephone and headed back to the garage. This time he made it.





Aspen Falls lay just on the eastern outskirts of the city, in an area previously known as Cotton Cove. After a few years of bad publicity—like several dead bodies, arrests for drug sales, and prostitution bazaars—the city had overhauled the river-side area. With the help of the federal government and several community groups, the river had been dredged, the area around it had been landscaped, and a reservoir created for swimming and pleasure boating. The name Cotton Cove could still be found on some old city maps, but by and large the populace embraced the new moniker Aspen Falls. Sonny guessed that the new name was supposed to conjure up images of crystal-clear blue sky and clean air, but to him the name suggested a beer commercial. Even so, it was better than the dark shadows that once haunted the dense growth of Cotton Cove, and the murky waters that played host to countless unpleasant deposits.

Sonny turned left on Lilly and headed east, keeping the bright afternoon sun to his back. Traffic was light. Most of the city was busy at work, inside the glass-and-steel mausoleums called office buildings. Sonny pulled to a stop at the east entrance of Aspen Falls. He could never get over how different it all looked. The entire area was so much warmer and more open than it had been when it was Cotton Cove.

A family having a lakeside picnic at the two tables near the entrance motioned to him. Sonny grabbed his nightstick and climbed out of his black-and-white.

"Officer," complained a young woman holding a baby. "You've got to stop that man. He's a raving lunatic."

Sonny followed her eyes to the right. A half-naked man was leaping up and down on a large rock, shouting some kind of nonsense about flying saucers and aliens. Apparently, Sonny thought, somebody has released the inhabitants of the zoo. Or maybe someone forgot to lock the doors of the Ha-Ha Hilton.

Sonny approached the man cautiously. Experience told him that most of the time people like this were harmless. A mixup in the medication, perhaps. But it never hurt to play it safe. "Excuse me," Sonny said from his vantage point about ten feet from the rock. "I'm Officer Bonds. What is your name, please?"

"You must leave immediately!" the man screamed. "I must make this area safe for the Bathonians!"

That's a good one, Sonny thought. This character looks like he could use a visit from the Bathonians. He could use a bath, at any rate. The dirt that covered him from his neck to his ankles was unbroken and pure. Sonny couldn't remember ever seeing dirt collect on a human being in such an impressive way.

"The mothership approaches!" the man shouted. "Clear yourself!"

"Calm down," Sonny said. He began to walk toward the man slowly. "Can you describe this mothership? Does it have room for all of us? How do you know it's coming here?"



"Don't come any closer," the man hissed. "You will be vaporized!" Without warning, the man flung himself off the rock and grabbed hold of Sonny's badge. Before Sonny could break the lunatic's grip, the man had torn the badge from his shirt and heaved it into the lake. Then, as quickly as he had attacked, he raced to the top of a rock and dove into the water. He continued to shout at Sonny from his wet sanctuary.

"The Bathonians scoff at your badge, lawman. The mothership will squash you like an unruly bug! This is your last warning! You must leave the area immediately."

Sonny had to get him out of the lake, but he wasn't about to go in after him. He was wearing a brand-new uniform. These things didn't come cheap. Besides, the thought that a crazy man might somehow grab him and drown him in the waters of Aspen Falls wasn't a particularly welcome image.

Sonny picked up the man's pants and searched the pockets. Here's something, he thought, pulling out a set of keys. This guy isn't so crazy that he doesn't have a set of car keys. Now Sonny was thinking that his alien friend was more likely looped on drugs than on visions. He jingled the keys above his head. "Catch!" he hollered. The keys fell with a satisfying plop into the water.

"You scum-sucking . . ."

Sonny lost the gist of the man's tirade amidst the splashing he made getting to the bank. Calmly, Sonny took a defensive position with his PR-24 nightstick.

The lunatic stormed out of the water and rushed Sonny, oblivious to the nightstick. That was unfortunate, because within a few seconds he lay on the ground, shaken but not seriously injured. At least he's not dusted, Sonny thought. He had seen kids half this man's size take on four or five officers while blasted on PCP. Sonny put the nightstick away and handcuffed the man, then got him to his feet.

"That dip in the lake might have cooled you off, but now you can go soak your head in the jail," he said.

"What about my clothes?"

"Don't worry. They're not going anywhere."

When he got the suspect back to the patrol car, Sonny did a quick search. He was surprised to find a knife concealed in the man's briefs. "You should be more careful where you keep that," Sonny said. "You could hurt yourself."

Once in the car, Sonny had a chance to look at the man's driver's license. "Brian Forbes," Sonny read. "Well, Mr. Forbes. Seems that perhaps you've been ingesting some extra-medicinal substances."

"Where are you taking me? I must meet the ship when it arrives."

"Uh-huh," Sonny said. "Don't worry, Forbes. I'm just beaming you to new landing coordinates." He picked up the radio and advised Dispatch that he was returning to the station with a prisoner.





Forbes dripped quietly to himself as Sonny drove west on River Avenue. Traffic division is getting more interesting these days, he thought. He swung north on Sixth Street. Jefferson High School was just letting out. Sonny maneuvered through the cars spilling out from the parking lot. It was a lot different now than when he and Marie had attended school there. In those days, a kid would be lucky to borrow his parents' car, much less have one for his own. Times change, he thought, but kids still look the same. Their clothes and hair don't hide the fact that they are still kids.

Sonny pulled into the police-station garage and guided Forbes toward the booking area. "Stop there," he ordered. He put his weapon in the storage locker and secured it with a key. "All right, Forbes, this way." The two of them were quite a sight walking into the brightly lit booking room. It's not every day you get to see a uniformed cop with a half-naked man in tow.

"Check it out," George Pate laughed. "It's the Village People on the comeback trail."

Pate had worked Corrections at the old city jail, and had moved from there to downtown almost two years ago. His son, Luis, had taken over his position. Tragically, Luis had been killed when Jesse Bains escaped from the jail the year before. George had asked to be transferred back to Corrections. The department didn't like the idea, but in the end Pate won back his assignment. He kept a photo of Luis on the wall behind the window.

Sonny put Forbes's knife into the drawer of the booking window.

"Did you fish this out of the guy's shorts? You've got guts, Sonny Bonds."

"Take this, too," Sonny said. "The license lists him as a native of California, but I have a distinct suspicion that he's really from another planet."

Pate gave a knowing nod. "I'll ring up a shrink for a quick eval," he said. "Might be we want to book Mr. Forbes here in a rubber room." He took the evidence and deposited it, then returned to the window. "Just sign on the dotted line and we'll be all set, Sergeant. By the way," he added, taking the arrest form from Sonny, "Officer Morales just made a call requesting a supervisor. She's on 41 near the Seventh Street on-ramp. Motorist refuses to sign the citation."

"I'll take it," Sonny said, retrieving his handcuffs. "Put it through to Dispatch, all right?"

"Sure thing, Sonny."

Five minutes put him on the Fourth Street entrance to Highway 41, and it wasn't five more minutes before he spotted a black-and-white and a red Mercury Sable wagon pulled to the side of the road. That would be Morales. Sonny slowed to a stop behind the Sable and approached Morales by walking between his car and the wagon, coming up on the right-hand side. He had no intention of getting splattered like Haines.

"I got the call, Morales," Sonny said. "What's the situation?"



"You're the boss man, you handle it."

"Why do we have a refusal to sign?"

"Who knows what reasoning goes on in that brain of hers? You got any more good questions like that? I think this whole idea of my having to call you on a failure to sign really stinks. You know, I don't really need you. I'm just going to take her downtown."

"No, you're not," Sonny said. He was starting to get an idea of why Morales was getting flak from the violator. "You're going to stand there until I talk to the driver." He turned and walked to the passenger side of the station wagon. The driver, a young woman, was pregnant. Sonny introduced himself as she rolled down her window. He explained that a signature on the citation wasn't an admission of guilt, but merely an agreement to appear in court on the date indicated.

The woman was having none of it. "I'm not afraid of signing a ticket," she hissed. "But I can tell you right now, if that was a check for \$10,000 I wouldn't sign it for that witch. She's rude, abusive, and insulting. I won't sign."

"I would like you to reconsider and please sign the citation," Sonny said.

"To hell with it," the woman answered. "Take me to jail."

The picture of himself dragging an immensely pregnant woman into Booking gave Sonny pause. There had to be a way out of this. He went back to Morales.

"The violator claims that you were rude and abusive," he said. "Why don't I have a hard time believing that?"

"It's obvious that she's hysterical," Morales argued. "In her condition, she'd pop off if you looked at her funny. She's been belligerent and hostile since the second I pulled her over. She's begging for a night in jail. So are you going to give it to her or not? Because I certainly would."

Sonny put the citation on the hood of Morales's patrol car and signed as a witness to the violator's refusal to sign.

"I don't see why we have to let somebody like that walk all over us," Morales complained. "I got my lessons in the academy, not some charm school."

Sonny handed Morales the citation. "Too bad you missed out, Morales. You could use some."

Back on the road, Sonny tried to put the confrontation with Morales out of his mind. He didn't know what was bothering her, but he'd have to talk to Morgan about it again. Things were hard enough out on the street without some cop looking for an excuse to explode.

He came up so fast on the car in front of him that he had to stand on his brakes and swerve into the right lane to avoid a collision. He pulled up even with the car and glanced at his speedometer. Forty miles per hour in the passing lane. There were at least a dozen cars in front of this one, all doing well under the speed limit. Sonny moved his way up the line from the right side. Finally, he discovered the bottleneck: a low-rider out for an afternoon cruise.





Sonny pulled alongside and hit his lights. The driver looked over and signaled that he was pulling over. Dropping back, Sonny gave the violator room to get into the right lane, then pulled to a stop behind him. As he approached the car, Sonny had to admit it was a fine ride. What had started life as a 1959 Ford Fairlane had been chopped so low you could barely slide a piece of paper under the oil pan. All four wheels hissed and bounced on hydraulic lifters. The black hood gleamed in the sun, crowned with a bright mural of sweeping flames that moved from the grill to the windshield.

**ON THE BEAT:** Always look at the plate and call it in before the stop takes place, if it's possible.

The driver rolled down his window. "Sir," Sonny began, "I pulled you over because you were traveling too slow in the passing lane and causing the traffic to back up behind you. You need to keep to the right at that speed." Sonny asked for his license and registration.

"Man, you guys are *always* hassling me," complained the driver. "And hey, don't lean on the paint."

Sonny verified that the registration—under the name Juan Jose Ruiz—was in order and handed it back.

"You're all alike," Ruiz muttered.

"It's the uniform," Sonny said. He went back to his car and processed a citation for Ruiz, then returned to the Ford and had him sign the ticket.

"I'll see you in the 'People's Court,'" Ruiz said, rolling up his window.

"Thanks for the warning." Warily, Sonny returned to his car and continued his patrol. He glanced at his watch. Just about dinnertime. He didn't have much time to think about food before a black Dodge blew by him so fast that he almost got whiplash trying to keep an eye on it. He accelerated to 95 and soon caught up, then clocked the car doing 90 for a quarter mile. He punched in the license-plate number. The Dodge was registered to the Jackson County Sheriff's department. Sonny fell back to 55 miles per hour and let the unmarked car continue on its way.

The next car that flashed by was no county sheriff. It was a white Mercedes convertible, and it had to be doing at least 75. Sonny accelerated and caught up with the car. When he could make out the plate he ran the number through the computer and hit the name Orpheus Hanley. Sonny clocked him at 85. He hit the lights. "Hello, Orpheus," he chuckled. "Looks like I'm going to have to slow you down a bit."

After about a quarter mile, the Mercedes slowed and pulled to the side. Sonny stepped out of his car and approached the driver from the right side. The car was completely top of the line: leather interior, snow white paint job, convertible



top—Sonny thought he might have one someday if he ever quit being a cop and took a job as a mediocre utility infielder for the Padres.

"Man, where did you come from?" the driver asked. "You must have fallen from the sky. I never saw you."

"At the speed you were going, things tend to get a little blurry," Sonny said. "I need to see your driver's license and car registration, please."

"I know I was speeding," the driver admitted. "But you have to understand, I am on my way to see a superb woman. And I could see that it was just taking way too long to get to her house. I knew that if I didn't get there in ten minutes I would be in no condition to drive. You know what I mean, don't you, Officer?"

When Sonny didn't respond, the driver made another try. "You wouldn't want a man driving around in my condition, would you? I might cause an accident or something. I was just trying to get off the road."

"Please wait," Sonny said. "I will be right back." He took the license and registration back to his patrol car and ran them through the computer. Everything checked out. But 30 miles an hour over the limit—there was no way he could let that go. He pulled the citation from the computer and returned to Hanley's car.

"I sympathize with your condition, Mr. Hanley," Sonny said, "but you really need to be more responsible when operating your vehicle." Sonny handed him the citation and asked him to sign it.

Hanley was a good sport about it. "I know you're just doing your job, Officer," he said.

"Nice to be appreciated. You have a good time tonight."

Hanley gave a little wave and pulled away from the shoulder. Sonny had been back on patrol no more than ten minutes when he came up behind a light-blue Escort. The driver wasn't speeding, but he was sure having a tough time keeping the wheels between the white lines. Sonny ran a quick check on the tags—Carter Hoss: no wants. He hit his lights and after a mile or so the driver pulled over to the side of the road.

Sonny asked for the man's license and registration, but it was obvious what the problem was. "Have you been drinking, Mr. Hoss?"

"Jussa couple," he slurred. "Tell you what. You could give me an escort to the next whiskey bar. We could polish off a bottle of bourbon together, you and me." The alcohol exuding from his tongue was enough to fuel a quarter-mile dragster.

"Step out of the car, Mr. Hoss. I want you to do a few little tests for me," Sonny said.

After a few painful moments, Hoss managed to unshackle himself from his seatbelt and stagger from the car. When Sonny had him standing safely on the shoulder of the road, he held up a finger in front of Hoss's face and moved it back and forth. "I want you to follow my finger with your eyes," he said.





"Sure, easy." Every time Hoss moved his eyes to either side, his entire body swayed. "Excuse me, Officer—"

That was all the warning Sonny got. Hoss spewed the better part of a fifth of bourbon all over his shoes.

"Man!" Sonny shouted. He tried to move away, but it was too late. "I just shined these!" Sonny grabbed Hoss by the coat and pulled him a little closer, then wiped his shoes on Hoss's trouser legs. "Let's get in the car, Hoss."

Sonny searched him and cuffed him from behind. When he had him safely buckled in the backseat, Sonny pulled away from the shoulder and headed for the station. "Don't puke in my car, Hoss. You just better not puke in my car." Police work, Sonny thought. What a glorious career.

Sonny's luck, such as it was, held. His prisoner made it all the way to the station house without tossing a load onto the floorboards.

**ON THE BEAT:** After arriving at the jail, an officer will give the prisoner a Breathalyzer test or turn the prisoner over to a breath-test operator.

"Geez, Sonny," said George, as Sonny led Hoss through the metal door and into Booking. "First a naked man, and now a walking distillery. Couldn't you stop off and give them a shower first? What a smell!"

"Stop there, Hoss," Sonny ordered. He removed the cuffs. "Step over here to my machine." Sonny explained to Hoss how to blow into the Breathalyzer. Sonny shook his head.

"You just blew a one-five. Congratulations. You get a free night in the Iron Bar Hotel. And when Judge Palmer gets through with you, you'll be wishing you never took that first drink." He led Hoss to the booking window and made him empty his pockets. "Book him on DUI, George."

*Marie Bonds stepped out of Miriam's Dress Shop and paused on the sidewalk to get her keys. She wish she hadn't volunteered to stay so late tonight. Her car was the last one in the lot. After what seemed like an hour, she found the keys to her Sunbird at the bottom of her tote bag. She glanced to either side, and when she saw nothing she locked up the shop, stepped out into the lot, and started for her car. She always followed Sonny's advice and parked underneath a streetlight.*

*As she pulled her long blue coat tighter against the night chill, Marie thought she heard a scuffling sound. She paused for just a second to look around. She shrugged and wrote it off as her imagination, but she walked a little quicker anyway, and soon she stood in the crescent glow of the streetlight. Reaching down to lift the door handle, she heard a low wheezing sound that froze the hairs on the back of her neck. A rough hand reached around and pulled her away from the door.*



*The world was moving in slow motion but choppy, like an old film, and as she was spinning she felt herself being stopped, and somebody was behind her, holding back her arms. "Please," she pleaded. "What do you want? I don't have anything."*

*She knew even as she screamed that it wouldn't make any difference. She struggled, managed to get her hands around something and pull, but it came loose and she flailed at the air, which rocked with laughter. She couldn't see faces, though she tried. She caught only glimpses of hair and eyes that burned like the embers of hell, eyes that set her world on fire and then the glint of steel, the shiny silver blade reflected in the glow of the streetlights and rising slowly in the darkness like a plane or a rocket. Then it rained down on her, and the light gave way to the pressure of steel on flesh, and the flesh gave way and she could feel the air escape her even as she began the long, slow endless fall to the asphalt.*

*The smell of sewage assaulted her nostrils and a voice she would never forget came roaring out of the black bowels of the past. The voice rushed over her like a black and rancid river, moving with the fire that consumed her, and when Death reached out from beneath a red robe, she nodded and put out her hands.*

Sonny took the call at his desk. "We've got an assault at Oak Tree Mall," the dispatcher intoned.

"On my way." Finally, he thought, a change from traffic duty.

When he pulled into the traffic on Sixth Street, Sonny hit his lights and siren and drove quickly for half a block, then turned east on Rose. By the time he got to Eighth Street he had the road almost to himself. At the mall entrance he killed the lights and siren. He could see an ambulance and an E.M.T. team scrambling near the dress shop where Marie worked. In the same instant he recognized Marie's car. Not Marie, thought Sonny. This can't be happening.

The paramedics had Marie belted into a gurney and were rolling her into the ambulance by the time Sonny brought his car to a stop. He identified himself as Marie's husband, and they hustled him into the back of the ambulance, then rolled Code-3 for Lytton General Hospital.

The drive lasted an eternity. Sonny held Marie's hand as the medic in back struggled to keep her alive. Something came loose in her hand and dropped to the floor of the ambulance. Sonny reached down and picked it up—a broken gold chain. He didn't recognize it as anything that she wore. When they reached the emergency room, the triage team was already waiting. They wheeled Marie toward surgery. Sonny, alone in the rush of people beneath the glaring white light of the hospital corridor, buried his face in his hands and tried, unsuccessfully, to stop the tears.

He waited for six hours. He could get little information. Three hours after they brought Marie in, the page for Doctor Wagner went out over the intercom. A few minutes later Sonny watched an older man in green scrubs make his way to the





operating room. Sonny stopped him outside the door. "Tell me what's going on in there," he demanded. "Can you help her?" He gripped the doctor by the elbow.

"Are you the husband?" Wagner asked. Sonny nodded. "I'm Doctor Wagner, head of Neurosurgery. We're doing all we can." Gently, he removed Sonny's fingers from his arm. "I won't kid you: Her wounds are serious. She was stabbed several times. She has multiple lacerations and abrasions. A lot of her recovery will depend on her."

"She's a fighter," Sonny said.

"That's good. She'll need that to pull through. All you can do now is wait, and pray." The doctor disappeared through the swinging doors.

Three more hours passed before the nursing staff notified Sonny that he could go into ICU for a brief visit. As Sonny stepped into the critical-care ward, he was taken aback by the concentrated, quiet suffering that suffused the room. In his years as a cop, Sonny had seen the front lines of mayhem and violence. He had pulled victims from highway carnage and domestic explosions. But ICU was the other side of the line, where the broken bodies came to rest, after the adrenaline and shock that shielded them from pain wore off. Laid out in the sterile confines of the hospital, the suffering victims began their long mending process. That was for the best cases. For the others, ICU was a place of limbo—of ritual daily monitoring and final days on earth.

Sonny passed by the beds, hissing tubes, and dripping IV bottles, and found Marie toward the end of the row. Somewhere beneath the bruises was the face Sonny knew as well as his own. His pain was tinged around the edges with rage. He could feel it creeping toward the center of his soul. Oddly detached, he realized that it was not an unfamiliar sensation. The same poison invaded him on the day Jesse Bains kidnapped Marie a year ago.

Doctor Wagner stepped up behind him. "The surgery went well," he said.

"When will she be able to talk?"

"Officer Bonds, I can't answer that. Your wife is not simply unconscious: She's in a coma. It's too early yet to say when she might recover from this. It may be her body's means of recovery."

"Could it be permanent?"

"Yes," said Wagner. "Yes, it could."

"What can we do? Isn't there something we can do?"

"I have seen improvement in such patients when there is a loved one who can visit regularly," Wagner continued. "Bring something from home, something familiar. Talk to her. Touch her. The body may respond to these things when the mind cannot. Little by little, it may be possible to rebuild the link between mind and body."

He put his hand on Sonny's shoulder. "She's getting excellent care now, Officer. You can't help her if you're exhausted. Go home and get some rest. Come back tomorrow."



Sonny nodded. "Thank you, Doctor."

After spending the better part of an hour with Marie, Sonny took the doctor's advice. As he was leaving the hospital, he ran into his former partner, Keith Robinson. "I heard about Marie," Robinson said. "I'm really sorry, Sonny. What can I do?"

"You can give me a lift back to Oak Tree Mall."

"No problem, let's go."

On the way to the crime scene, Sonny and Robinson had time to catch up. "Hear you're working Traffic right now," Robinson said.

"Filling in for Gelepsi," Sonny explained.

Robinson nodded, the red glow from his cigarette illuminating his face in the dark car.

"What about you?" Sonny asked. "How's work in IA?" Robinson's transfer to Internal Affairs had been a surprise to Sonny, but his old partner seemed to welcome the change of scene.

"Going good, real good. Pretty routine, to tell you the truth. Checking out civilian complaints about officer behavior, that kind of thing." He paused to crush the cigarette in the ashtray. "Things taste like burned carpet," he complained. "I ought to quit."

"Yeah, and I should win the lottery."

Robinson laughed. "About the same odds," he agreed. "Anyway, IA is all right. Like I said, pretty routine."

"No fireworks like we set off last year in Steelton?" Sonny asked.

"Nothing like that." Robinson pulled into the parking lot of Oak Tree Mall. "Looks like the team is giving the place a good going over."

As Robinson brought the car to a stop, Sonny hopped out. "Thanks for the lift, Keith."

"Anytime, partner. And listen—if there's anything I can do for you or Marie, let me know."

"Sure," Sonny said with more enthusiasm than he felt. Robinson pulled away.

Sonny's patrol car sat where he'd left it. He got a flashlight from the front seat and joined a group of officers standing near the dress shop where Marie worked. One of the group was Detective Laura Watts.

"Bonds," she said. "How's Marie?"

"She's through the surgery, but she's in a coma."

"Jeez," muttered Watts.

"What are you doing here?" Sonny asked. "I thought you were working Burglary."

"I heard the call; I came out," she answered. "Doesn't hurt to have another pair of eyes."

"You mind if I look around?"





Watts shrugged. "Morgan and Hall just left five minutes ago. We've been over the whole parking lot. I don't think you'll be able to find anything else."

"Anything *else*?" Sonny asked. "What did you find?"

"One of the uniforms found a Bronze Star under the right front tire of Marie's car. Morgan took it with him back to the station."

"Bronze Star? You mean the military decoration?"

Watts nodded, then stretched and tried, unsuccessfully, to stifle a yawn.

"I'm sorry, Sonny. I can hardly see straight." She looked at her watch. "Four-fifteen. That's a wrap for me. Look around if you want, Sonny, but if you want my advice I say go on home and get some sleep. You need it for tomorrow; Marie will need you."

"I won't stay long."

Sonny turned on his flashlight and began to search the area around Marie's car. He knew he wasn't likely to find anything. But he felt better going through the motions. He was so intent on his search that when the voice came from behind him he had no idea someone was even standing there.

"What a mess." The man speaking wore a gray jacket over a red polo shirt. His jeans weren't quite new, and his feet were shod with canvas sneakers.

"What do you want here, Bulwer?" Sonny said.

"Digging up a little mischief and mayhem for my local Lytton *Tribune* readers," Ben Bulwer answered. "This has all the elements for page 1. Young attractive woman attacked with a knife in the parking lot of one of Lytton's most established shopping centers. Her screams unanswered in the darkness, she falls prey to the will of her attackers—"

Sonny took two fistfuls of Bulwer's collar and lifted him to the balls of his feet. "That woman is my wife," he hissed. "She's not some piece of meat you can use to wrap your paper in. You're a cannibal, Bulwer, feeding off other people's pain. If you don't evacuate this crime scene in 30 seconds, I will haul your stinking vulture carcass in for obstructing an investigation." Sonny released his grip on the reporter's jacket.

"Like hell," Bulwer said. He brushed the wrinkles from his jacket. It wasn't much improvement. "You can't do squat."

Sonny looked at his watch. "Twenty-five seconds," he announced.

"The public has the right to know—"

"Twenty seconds."

"But I can see that you're upset." Bulwer looked around the lot. His outlook dimmed when he saw that the rest of the investigative team had already gone. He and Sonny were the only ones remaining. "And I have all I need here," he said quickly, putting his notebook into his jacket pocket. He pulled a business card out of the same pocket and offered it to Sonny. "Just in case you want to talk about it later," he said.



"Fifteen seconds."

Bulwer shrugged and put the card on the hood of Marie's car. "Good night, Bonds. I am sincerely sorry about your wife. I hope you catch the creep that did it."

Sonny stared at his watch. Bulwer turned and climbed into a battered Dodge K-car with bad tires and a worse muffler. Sonny could still hear it a half mile down Rose Avenue. "Zero," he whispered. Smart move, Bonds, he thought. He could just hear Hall and Morgan in the morning. He knew Bulwer would give them an earful. And he figured that they in turn would give him one. The thought made him suddenly tired. He tossed his flashlight into his patrol car and headed back to the station to get his car.

## **B**ack in the Saddle

Daylight came much too soon. Sonny slept fitfully, his dreams invaded by memory and fantasy, nightmares of the past threatening and overtaking any rest he struggled to hold. Visions of steel doors banging shut, the sounds of anvils clanging in the dark reaches of some underworld prison, the clinking of chain, the ever-present banging and tolling that finally turned into a ringing and then became recognizable as the telephone. Groggily, Sonny picked it up.

"Bonds? This is Hall. I want you to report to Homicide today. Plainclothes. We've got a lot of work to do."

Sonny groaned and looked at his alarm clock. Noon. "I'll be there before two," he said. He hung up the telephone and crawled toward the shower. In a little while he felt more human, but there was no hiding the huge hole that had been torn in his heart and mind. All of last night seemed like some terrible nightmare, but the real nightmare was that it was all true. After dressing, Sonny crossed the bedroom and took down a carved wooden music box from the top shelf of Marie's wardrobe. He opened the top and listened to the faint melody, then closed it again. Sonny had given Marie this box almost two years ago. He meant it as a symbol of hopeful progress toward what they could be and as a reminder of who they once were. He decided to take it to the hospital. The feel of it, the sound of it, might be familiar enough to help Marie escape from the confines of her coma.

He returned to the bed and picked up the telephone again. He had written the hospital phone number on a scrap of paper before falling asleep. Holding the paper in one hand, he punched in the numbers. Wagner was out, but he did manage to reach the doctor on call. There was no change in Marie's condition. He thanked the doctor and hung up.

On the way to the station, Sonny's thoughts of Marie were interrupted by another pressing matter: He had to talk to Morgan about Morales. If he was going





to be working Homicide, he wouldn't be able to supervise her very closely. He wanted Morgan to know that he felt something was wrong. Glancing at his watch, he saw that he had a few minutes to spare. With any luck, he could catch Morgan in his office before reporting to Captain Hall.

Luck was with him. Lieutenant Morgan was just coming out of his office when Sonny turned the corner of the hallway. "Lieutenant," Sonny said, "I need a word with you."

"Make it quick, Bonds. I have an operations meeting in three minutes."

Inside Morgan's office, Sonny explained his concerns about Morales. In answer to the lieutenant's pointed questions, he admitted that he didn't know about any specific problem bothering Morales, but insisted that her conduct was erratic. "It's my opinion that the department would be better off having her off the street for a while until we can find out what the problem is," Sonny said.

Morgan nodded his head. "I took a look at her personnel file. She's not exactly a shining example."

"No, sir."

"All right. I will have someone in IA look into it. But as far as getting her off the street, that's up to Captain Hall." Morgan stood up from his desk. "I've got an operation to set up. If you want, I can talk to Hall for you."

"That isn't necessary," Sonny replied. "I can handle it."

"Good. That does it then."

The two men stepped out of Morgan's office. Sonny went down to Homicide, a large office on the north side of the new headquarters building. Stepping through the door, he gave a quick nod to Oscar "Guido" Hamilton. "Nice suit, Lieutenant."

Hamilton smiled and ran his right hand down the front of his dark pin-striped jacket. "You like? I'm telling you Bonds, nobody makes a suit like the Italians. The English might be better tailors, but the Italians, they've got flair."

Sonny found it hard to argue with a man in a fifteen-hundred-dollar suit. He felt his own jacket and slacks were positively anemic in comparison. "Captain Hall in?" he asked.

"Holding court in his office," Hamilton replied.

Sonny crossed the floor and knocked on Hall's door. When he heard the command to enter he pushed through and stepped up to the captain's desk. Hall looked up from a stack of reports.

"Bonds," he said. "Damn sorry about Marie. The whole department is crazy about this thing."

"I appreciate the thoughts, Captain. Marie does too." Sonny explained a little about Marie's condition.

"You need some time off?" Hall asked. "I'll give it to you, Sonny. There isn't a problem with it."

"I'd rather stay on the job, thanks."



"Good. I want you on Marie's case. I don't think you could concentrate on anything else, anyway. Normally, of course, I would keep you away from it, afraid you'd be too distracted to get the job done. But in this case, I think your personal involvement will be an asset." Hall folded his hands on top of the papers he had been studying and lowered his voice. "I'll be straight with you. Some of the boys in IA don't like it. They'll be keeping a close eye on you. Play it by the book, Sonny. No cowboy heroics."

"You have my word."

Hall nodded and pressed the red call button on his telephone. "You'll have a partner," Hall said. The door to his office opened. "I've assigned Officer Pat Morales to assist you in the investigation."

After Sonny picked his jaw up from the floor, he mumbled something that passed as a greeting to Morales.

"Is there a problem between you two that I should know about?" Hall asked. "I don't need any friction on my team."

"No problem," Morales answered. "Sergeant Bonds and I have established a working relationship over the past two weeks, during the time he filled in for Sergeant Gelepsi."

"Good. I'm glad you got off on such a good footing. That's important." He leafed through a couple of papers on his desk and extracted a computer printout. "This first case number matches in some respects the attack on your wife, Bonds. And we found this on the crime scene last night," Hall continued, holding up a plastic bag containing a military medal. "A Bronze Star. Not something you just drop on the ground. We ran a check through military records and turned up another case number, this one here."

Hall handed the printout to Sonny. "All three cases show the same kinds of wounds," he said. "Six by one and a half inches."

"Mean blade," Morales said. "What's that?" she added, pointing to a photograph amid the clutter on Hall's desk. "The perpetrator carved pentagrams into his first two victims?"

"Apparently, something or someone interrupted the attack on Marie Bonds," Hall said. "We don't know what or who it was, but it saved her life."

Sonny folded the papers and put them in his jacket pocket. "Let's hit it, Morales. The bad guys aren't going to wait for a formal invitation."

Morales followed Sonny out of the office. The two of them found an out-of-the-way corner in Homicide. "Look, Bonds," Morales said. "I know that maybe we got off to a bad start in Traffic, but I can handle this. If we're going into this as partners, I want you to know you can depend on me."

"Hear what I'm saying, Morales," Sonny replied. "Maybe you're a decent cop. But I don't really have the time or the inclination to get to know you. I don't know or care what your problems are. I've got one job here—to nail the scumbag who





attacked my wife. Get with the program and you'll have no problem with me. But get in my way and I will roll over you like a breakaway train."

"Nice to have that kind of understanding right up front," Morales said. She turned and walked away. Sonny took an empty desk with a computer terminal. As he pulled his computer access card from his wallet, Ben Bulwer's business card fell out on the desk. He had forgotten about that. Nether Morgan or Hall had mentioned any call from a reporter. Maybe Bulwer didn't settle his grudges that way. Sonny raised his estimation of the crime reporter slightly and dialed the number on the card.

"Bulwer. Talk to me; it's your quarter."

"This is Sergeant Detective Sonny Bonds, Mr. Bulwer. You might remember we met last night at Oak Tree Mall."

"Bonds. Oh, yeah. Sorry about your wife, pal. I mean that sincerely."

"Thanks. I got a little rough with you last night, and I called to apologize."

"You got a lot rough with me last night. Apology accepted."

"I fully expected you to file a complaint this morning."

"Not my style, Bonds. You know something, you and I are somewhat alike."

Sonny laughed. "I don't think so, Bulwer."

"Sure. We feed off information. That's what our jobs are all about."

"Do you have any information about what happened last night at Oak Tree Mall?"

"No, I don't. But I'll keep my ears open."

"Just like that?" Sonny asked. "What's the catch?"

"No catch. I keep you informed, you keep me informed."

Sonny thought about it. In the end, he didn't care what kind of deal he had to strike; if it brought him closer to Marie's attacker he would make a deal with the devil himself.

"You got it," he said. "Keep in touch." Sonny hung up. "I've got to run down to Evidence," he called to Morales. "Meet me in the garage in ten minutes."

"You got it."

Sonny grabbed the elevator for the ground floor and pushed through the glass door into the Evidence storage area. Officer Carol McClary looked up from her desk behind the glass partition. "Help you, Officer?"

"I want to relog this item in evidence for case 199144," he said, handing her the plastic bag with the Bronze Star. "And I want to log this in as well." He pulled from his jacket pocket the broken chain he had taken from Marie's hand and passed it through the small opening.

"Same case number?" McClary asked.

"Right. Case 199144."

"Check," McClary said. "What's the name on that case?"

"Marie Bonds."



McClary looked up from the form she was filling out. "Marie? Your wife?"

Sonny nodded.

"Oh, God, I'm sorry, Sonny. What's the disposition of these items?"

"Secure them as evidence."

McClary nodded and Sonny headed out the door to the unmarked car. The elevator opened at the same time and Morales stepped out. "You've got a good sense of timing," Sonny said.

"Where to?"

"I want to check out the scenes of the two murders that the computer turned up," Sonny told her. "So the first stop is 280 West Palm. Second stop is 392 South Sixth."

Neither scene offered up much of anything. "West Palm has really seen better days," Morales said. Together, she and Sonny picked their way around turned-over garbage cans and discarded rubbish.

"This is it, right here," Sonny said. They stood at the end of an alley, where it came out on a deserted lot about three blocks east of the Hotel Delphoria. "I suppose this is a slum version of a quad."

"So what are we looking for?" Morales asked.

"I don't know, to tell you the truth. I just wanted to see where it happened. See if anything seems remotely linked to Marie's attack." Sonny and Morales spent about 45 minutes poking around in the dirt and trash that comprised most of the empty lot. For their efforts they got nothing but dirty shoes and dry throats.

The next stop on their list wasn't any more productive. Although only a few blocks from police headquarters, any number of crimes could have been perpetrated in the maze of alleys that crisscrossed among the office buildings that made up the old part of downtown. "I don't see anything here, either," Morales said finally.

Sonny agreed. "Let's get back to the station and see if the lab was able to determine anything from the evidence at the scene last night."

The two rode in silence all the way back to headquarters. That suited Sonny. His mind was on Marie, and he wasn't in the mood for small talk.

Case #199137

280 W. Palm

multiple stab wounds; pentagram

mutilation

victim white Caucasian 65 yrs old

Case #199124

392 S 6 St.

multiple stab wounds; pentagram

mutilation

victim white Caucasian 57 yrs old





A half hour later, Sonny and Morales sat together at Sonny's desk, trying to put some kind of framework on the few disparate elements they had to work with. The lab report wasn't complete yet. Sonny didn't think it would tell them much. The serial number of the Bronze Star had already been traced. As for the gold chain, every homeboy this side of Atlantic City wore one just like it. "When you have this little to go on," Sonny remarked, "you'll consider anything to get the investigation off the dime. What do you see, Morales? Let's start with the similarities."

"Same weapon," Morales remarked. "Wounds on both murder victims and on Marie Bonds are consistent—six inches by one and a half inches."

"What else?"

"The pentagram. The killer or killers carved into the chest of both murder victims. And the blood type found on both crime scenes was A negative. All three victims put up a struggle. That's how we got the blood and tissue samples for the lab to type—from the fingernails of the victims."

"All right," Sonny said. "Good. Now I'll take the differences. The two murders we pulled from the computer happened far away from where anyone might be a witness. Second, the two murder victims were white males—one aged 65, the other 57. If there was a struggle, it probably wasn't much of one."

"I'm tuned to your station," said Morales. "But I'm not getting any picture."

Sonny leaned back in his chair and closed his eyes. "Let's think of this a little differently. Two murders—both older white males. One attack, young white female."

"Something made the killer or killers change their selection process," Morales said.

"All three victims struggled," Sonny continued. "So we can assume that the killer didn't have total surprise. Maybe he didn't want it. Maybe he wanted to see his victim's eyes as they died."

"You're assuming it's a man," Morales said. "Why not a woman?"

"The profile for this kind of violence is almost always a man. But you're right; we shouldn't rule out any possibilities. One last item—the two murders occurred, like you said, in out-of-the-way locations."

"But the attack on your wife was in the Oak Tree Mall parking lot. Pretty public place for a sacrifice, if that's what it was supposed to be."

Sonny watched the second hand sweep the clock face on the wall across the room. "A sacrifice," he muttered. "A ritualistic act. A ritual is something done the same way each time, that's where it gets its power. If the attack on Marie was supposed to be a ritualistic act, why the change? Why a female victim? Why a public place?"

"New blood," Morales suggested. "A new element to the ritual to create excitement."



"Or maybe it's not a ritual at all," Sonny said. "Maybe it's just stone-cold killing with a little extra garnish to make it more palatable."

"A false trail?" Morales asked incredulously. "What kind of mind on this living earth would hide a crime behind a couple of butcher jobs like this?"

Sonny stood up from his desk. "One that feeds on blood and fear like an addict feeds off drugs. Forget the living earth, Morales, this one is reaching back from the grave." He grabbed his jacket from the back of his chair. "I'm going to the hospital. You need a lift?"

"No, thanks. I want to work on this some more. You go ahead. I hope Marie is getting better."

Sonny nodded and let the Homicide door swing shut behind him.

## **S**ee No Evil

He woke again to the ringing of the telephone. "Bonds," came the voice from the other side of the wire. "This is Bulwer. I've got some news that you will most definitely be interested in."

"Put it in the paper, Bulwer," Sonny grumbled.

"We found a witness."

Sonny was instantly awake. He grabbed a notebook and a pen from the nightstand. "Details, Bulwer. Who? Where?"

"The call came in last night. I tried to reach you at the station but they said you had already left for the day. I don't have a name, but she gave an address of 325 South Second."

"That's clear across the city from the mall," Sonny said doubtfully. "What did she say?"

"Only that she read about the attack on your wife in the paper and that she had information. She won't come in by herself, and she doesn't want her name in the newspaper. She said that if you—you specifically—came down to talk to her, she would tell you everything she knew."

"All right. Looks like I owe you one, Bulwer."

"I'm not keeping score. But if I see a report on Channel 5 or in any of the other papers about a break in this case, I'm going to be a lot more selective about the information I pass on."

"Don't worry," Sonny replied. "If I get anything I can talk about, you can have the story." He hung up the telephone and dialed Pat Morales's number. She answered in a groggy voice.

"Bonds," he said. "I'll pick you up in an hour. Looks like we have a witness."





Forty minutes later he was headed west on Peach. At the 500 block he slowed down and began to look for Morales's car. Then he saw her up ahead, waving. She stepped down from the porch of a wood-frame house and met him at the curb. The house was in need of paint, as were several others on the block. Most of the construction had been done immediately after World War II. It was one of Lytton's oldest and most established neighborhoods, one that the real estate agencies liked to call "in transition." The vague phrase was supposed to convey a sense of hope to young, inexperienced buyers. But a quick stroll around the block made it clear that the transition wasn't toward the better.

"So where's this witness?" Morales asked, buckling herself in as Sonny pulled away.

"South Second." They rode in silence to the appointed stop. Sonny parked the car in back of a large grocery.

"Not exactly a social hot spot," Morales said. "Who are we looking for exactly?"

"A woman." Sonny opened his door and stepped out of the car. "I'll take this side of the street, you take the other. I gather she's a little nervous about telling her story, so she may be hiding."

Sonny started off to the right, watching and looking in the secluded areas around the alley and the loading dock at the back of the grocery. Several large cardboard boxes and stacks of old newspapers confirmed his suspicion that the area served as a refuge for a segment of Lytton's homeless. He hoisted himself up to the loading platform, where he discovered a battered shopping cart filled with rubbish. Old clothes, empty plastic containers, a ball of string, and a few glass jars made up the bulk of the cargo.

He turned from the cart and came face-to-face with a small stooped woman with the face of a gnome. Her voice crawled out of her throat like gravel from a tin bucket. "Hey—get away from my stuff." She scurried past him and covered the cart as best she could with her body. "You can't have it. Find your own."

"I didn't mean to disturb you," Sonny said. "I was looking for someone."

The woman regarded him suspiciously. "Maybe someone don't want to be found."

"I think this person does. She called the newspaper with a very interesting story."

"That was me," the woman said proudly. "I saw something the other night. I won't never forget it either."

"Do you remember where you were?" Sonny asked her.

"Over on Rose." The woman backed off slightly. "Who are you?" she asked. "I don't want to talk to you. I don't want to talk to anybody."

"You told the paper you would help me find the person who attacked my wife. I'm Detective Bonds with the LPD. If you have any information at all, I sure could use it."



"Why didn't you say that was your wife? I got a good look at the man who messed with her. There were two of them, but I saw one of 'em real good, he was right under the light."

"Will you come back to the station with me and give us a description?"

"I don't like to leave my stuff." The woman looked up and down the narrow street. "Somebody might take it."

Sonny took out his handcuffs and secured the shopping cart to a steel railing that ran along the side of the loading dock. "Nobody can take your cart now," he said. "We could sure use your help, ma'am."

After a few moments of indecision and coaxing, Sonny finally managed to get the woman into the patrol car. He honked the horn and Morales came from around the corner to join them. On the way to the station, Sonny determined that the woman's name was Carla Reed and that her story put her in the vicinity of the Oak Tree Mall parking lot right around the time of Marie's attack. It wasn't much, but it was the best lead they had so far.

At the station, Sonny led his witness to the elevator and into the Homicide office. "Here," he said, passing her some peanut-butter crackers from his desk. "Have something to eat."

Reed mumbled her thanks and tore open the plastic package with a set of mottled teeth. Sonny turned on his computer and inserted his access card.

**ON THE BEAT:** In recent years, computer programs that can build facial composites based on witness descriptions have greatly enhanced the effectiveness of police artists.

"Let's start with the head, Carla," Sonny said. "Then we can move on to the other features." Patiently, he moved through the process of creating a composite representation of the attacker Reed said she saw at Oak Tree Mall. After he was finished, he sent the composite out into the search routine. A few minutes later, the computer system showed a hit—a guy by the name of Steve Rocklin.

"That's him!" Carla said excitedly. "Look at those eyes and that nose. He's so mean; I can feel it right here. I won't never forget him." She shook her head. "That poor girl. If I hadn't come along and scared 'em off . . ." Her voice trailed off.

Sonny printed out the picture of Rocklin and helped Carla into her coat. "We appreciate all of your help," he told her.

"Some life, isn't it?" Morales asked after they dropped Reed back at her spot on South Second and Sonny retrieved his handcuffs.

"Nothing to tie you down, that's for sure," he responded, heading east on Lilly. "I want to show this picture around at the mall."

"Good idea," Morales said. "You have any copies of that? Who did our bag lady finger, anyway?" Sonny handed her the printout of the Rocklin file. "This fellow





has had his fun," she mused. "Went up to the big house for five years on two counts of burglary. Paroled in '88 and serving three years probation. No outstanding wants."

"Turn it over," Sonny said.

Morales flipped to the second page. "What have we here? Known to associate with members of crack cocaine outfit. Call themselves 'Sons of Darkness.'" Morales set the report down on the car seat. "What a lot of crap. I think I saw them march in the Saint Patrick's Day parade once."

Sonny laughed. It was the first time in many days he had laughed. It felt good.

"But that crack cocaine is no joke," Morales continued. "Maybe if Rocklin is the guy who attacked Marie, he was just trying to get some money for a habit."

Sonny pulled into the lot at Oak Tree Mall. "I'll take the shops on the street level. You take the ones downstairs. Meet me back here in an hour." He took one of the pictures of Rocklin and crossed the lot to Zak's Key Shop. Zak took a long look at the photo and shook his head. Sonny thanked him and continued his round of the shops. His last stop was an army recruiting office. The sergeant sitting behind

the desk hadn't seen Rocklin either, or anyone recently who fit the description.

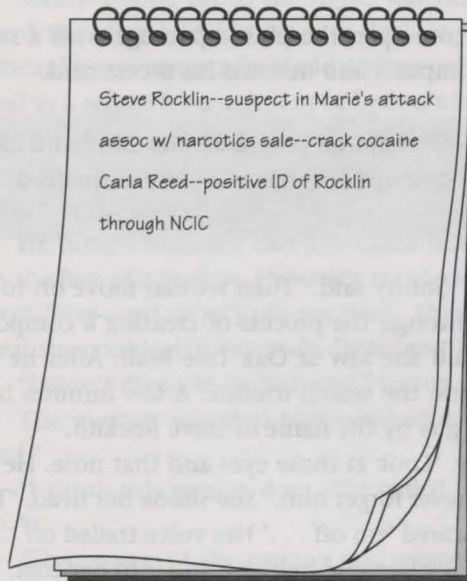
Back at the car, Morales informed him that she hadn't had any luck either. "If it was Rocklin, he didn't hang out here during daylight hours," she said. "Starting to look like Marie was just in the wrong place at the wrong time."

Sonny wasn't so sure. He glanced at his watch. "I need to get over to the hospital. How about I drop you off at the station?"

"Better make it my house. You picked me up there this morning, remember?"

"Right." Sonny turned left on Ninth and then left again on Peach. After dropping off Morales at her house, he swung the car around and headed for Lytton General.

It bothered him all through his visit with Marie. Looking into her face, he wondered for the first time what he might do if she never came back to him. It



Steve Rocklin--suspect in Marie's attack  
assoc w/ narcotics sale--crack cocaine  
Carla Reed--positive ID of Rocklin  
through NCIC



wasn't something he wanted to think about, so he returned to the case. He had only one witness—Carla Reed. No one else had seen Rocklin in Oak Tree Mall at any time before or after the attack. Given those facts, Sonny assumed that Rocklin hadn't spent any time searching for a victim.

That assumption led him to two possibilities. One said that Morales was right and that Marie had been a victim of circumstance. The other said that Rocklin didn't hunt his victim beforehand because he already knew who his victim would be.

Sonny didn't believe in circumstances. They were just convenient explanations for the facts. That left him with the second possibility. He didn't like it any better than the first. If Marie had already been selected—why?

No matter how long he pondered it, Sonny couldn't escape the idea that Marie had been picked, not by some quirk of fate, but by some deranged consciousness that needed to satisfy itself by her sacrifice. Over and over, his thoughts turned to Marie's ordeal at the hands of Jesse Bains.

This is crazy thinking, he told himself. Bains is dead. I put a bullet into his black heart. Nobody escapes that. Sonny took another long look at Marie, then stood up from his chair at the side of the bed. He was tired and his thinking wasn't making any sense. He kissed his wife and turned out the lamp.

## The Plant

First thing the next morning, Sonny reported to Information Services. "I'm going to start a surveillance," he explained to Mike Holland. "I need a tracking device."

"Car or individual?"

"Car."

Holland nodded. "You're in luck." He opened his top drawer. "Morgan's team just brought this back. Attaches to any metal surface. I can set the transmitter beacon frequency to be specific to your on-board computer. This will give you a readout of about two miles."

"How soon can it be ready?"

"Twenty minutes," Holland said. "I'll get right on it."

Sonny thanked him and took the elevator down to Homicide. Morales was already there. "Have a cup of coffee," she offered. "Don't take it personally, Bonds, but you look like hell."

Sonny managed a wan smile. "Thanks for the encouragement, Morales." He drank his coffee and watched her work. "Anything new?" he asked.

Morales shook her head. "I've been plotting the crime scenes on the map, thinking there might be a pattern. Not having much luck."





"Three scenes isn't enough data to lead to anything."

Morales set down her pencil. "You have a better idea?"

Sonny didn't share his theory about somebody ordering a hit on Marie. He didn't have any proof, anyway. "I'm going after Rocklin," he said.

"I guess he's just going to dance through the door there," Morales said sarcastically.

"I'll find him. I have a feeling he's still in the city."

"Woman's intuition," Morales muttered. The telephone cheeped on her desk. "Morales," she said. She grabbed for a piece of paper. "Where? Right. What time? Any witnesses? Got it." She hung up and looked over at Sonny. "You think four crime scenes is enough data?" she asked. "We've got a homicide in the alley on the 300 block of West Rose. Preliminary report says it was a knife attack."

Sonny set his cup down. "Let's roll, partner."

They met up with Holland in the garage. "You're all set," he told Sonny. "Everything's hooked up and running straight." He handed Sonny the magnetic homing device.

"What's that all about?" Morales asked as Sonny pulled out onto Sixth Street.

"A little surprise for Rocklin that I had Holland rig up. Now all we have to do is find him."

"We won't have any trouble finding this one," Morales said, looking over her notes. She gave Sonny a rundown on the call from Dispatch. "Coroner's on the way. With any luck, we'll beat him to it."

Sonny hit the lights and siren. They were only two blocks away now, on West Rose as it crossed Fourth.

"Right along here," Morales said as they crossed Third. Sonny slowed and killed the lights. "There it is, on the left, just this side of that bakery truck."

Sonny pulled into the alley and drove about 200 feet. A black-and-white was on the scene. "That's Gelepsi," Morales noted. They climbed out of their car and walked around to the trunk. Sergeant Gelepsi approached them.

"Sonny, glad you took the call," he said. "This is some kind of mess here."

"Mario, hell of a way to come back from vacation. What are you doing down here anyway?"

"I was on my way to Rosito's for some dinner," Gelepsi explained. "I stopped at the light at Third and some kids came up to the car and told me there was a body in the dumpster down here."

"OK, Mario. Do me a favor and get rid of those people," Sonny said. A group of curiosity seekers were lining up in the alley. "Then you can go get something to eat."

"I think I'll skip it," said Gelepsi. "I'm just not that hungry anymore."

"I'll take the pictures," Morales suggested to Sonny. "You can take care of all that delicate up-close work."



"How can I ever thank you?" Sonny pulled the evidence kit from the trunk. Together they approached the graffiti-sprayed dumpster and hoisted themselves up the side to see over the edge.

Morales snapped a couple of shots, then moved to the left and then to the right. "OK, Sonny. I'll shoot a few of the general scene, then take a look around."

Sonny lowered himself into the dumpster. The victim was an older white male, dressed in jeans and what used to be a white T-shirt. The blood from the wounds had soaked through the shirt and run down both arms and into the trash. His eyes stared blindly at the sky. Gingerly, Sonny lifted the shirt from the waist to the neck. He choked back the bile that rose in his throat. "Morales," he called. "Get a picture of this."

"Oh, man," she said softly, boosting herself up to see over the lid of the dumpster. "All carved up and nowhere to go." A bloody pentagram covered the victim's chest. She snapped a couple more photos.

"This is our guy. And, look here," he said, indicating the victim's right hand. "He didn't go down without a fight."

Using a toothpick, Sonny carefully extracted some tissue samples from beneath the victim's fingernails. Then he reached into the blood-soaked jeans and pulled a wallet from the right hip pocket. "Andrew Dent," he read, taking the driver's license from the wallet. "Date of birth: March 15, 1935."

"Fits the pattern," said Morales.

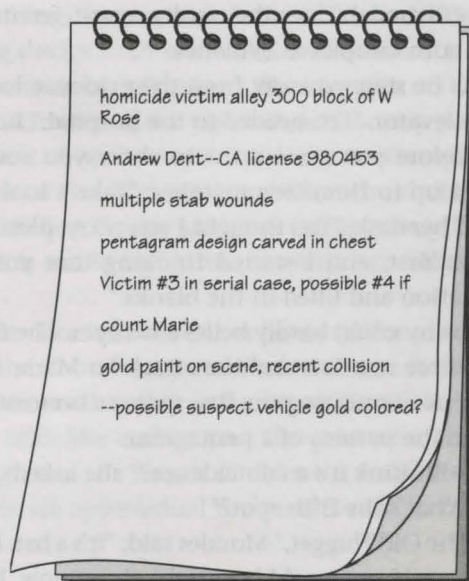
Sonny climbed out of the dumpster. "Did you check out that abandoned car there?" he asked, indicating a white 1973 Ford Pinto on blocks about 30 feet away.

"Not yet."

"OK, I'll get it," he said.

The car had been sitting in the alley for some time. Sonny looked over the interior. Some homeless person had used it for a bathroom. The stench almost overwhelmed him. He was about to walk back to the car when he noticed a gold-colored scrape in the back quarter panel. Carefully, he scraped some of the gold paint into a glassine bag. It looked fairly fresh.

Just as he finished collecting the paint sample, Leon Stygian showed up. "Hear







you've got a real juicy one," he called. Stygian was the city medical examiner. He was the stereotypical coroner, full of morbid jokes and scintillating sepulchral humor.

"In the dumpster," Sonny said, pointing. He handed over the victim's driver's license. "Here's the ID."

Sonny called Morales over to the car. Together they stowed the evidence kit and headed back to the station. After about ten minutes of silence, Morales couldn't stand it any longer. "What's eating you, Bonds?"

"The pattern," he said. "Three white males above the age of 55. Stab wounds match. Mutilations—the carved pentagrams—match. But none of that matches with the attack on Marie."

"The knife wounds match," Morales reminded him.

"Could be similar weapons, but different attackers. There's a piece missing. A big piece."

At headquarters, Morales excused herself to go out to her car. Sonny took the elevator up to Homicide and opened a file on Dent. Captain Hall looked out of his office. "How's the work going with Morales?" he asked.

Sonny hedged his bet. "All right, Captain. We're working things out."

"Glad to hear it." Hall's head retreated. After logging in the new case, Sonny caught the elevator to the ground floor to secure the evidence. "Blood and tissue samples, case number 199145. Run through the lab and cross-check with cases 199144, 199137, and 199124."

McClary nodded and wrote out the disposition form. Sonny handed her a second envelope. "Gold paint transfer," he said. "Have the lab analyze for possible make and model. Have the results cross-referenced to the same case numbers, then secure both samples as evidence."

As he stepped away from the evidence lockup, Morales was just coming out of the elevator. "I'm headed to the hospital," he told her.

"Before you go, I want to show you something," she said. They rode the elevator up to Homicide together. "Take a look at this." Morales spread out a city map on her desk. "You thought I was crazy, plotting the murder locations. I couldn't see it at first, and I started thinking that you were right. Then, I used a little imagination and filled in the blanks."

Sonny could hardly believe his eyes. The four spots on the map corresponded to the three murders and the attack on Marie. Morales had marked a fifth spot in red. A line connecting the five spots criss-crossed the map between the points and revealed the pattern of a pentagram.

"Still think it's a coincidence?" she asked.

"What's the fifth spot?"

"The Old Nugget," Morales said. "It's a bar. I looked it up in the cross-directory."

"I could use a cold beer right about now. How about you?"



"I'm right behind you, partner."

As Sonny drove to the Old Nugget on East Palm, Morales checked her revolver. "This is a pretty rough place," she said. "I want to be ready in case we come up on anything particularly nasty."

The radio crackled to life. "64-David-1, 64-David-1, please stand by for traffic from Officer Williams."

"That's the lab," Sonny said.

Morales picked up the mike. "Dispatch, this is 64-David-1. You are 10-2 here, go ahead with your traffic."

"Williams here," said the voice over the radio. "We have a lead on that paint sample. That's a General Motors vehicle, 1976."

"10-4, Williams," Morales responded. "Dispatch, this is 64-David-1, our 10-20 is Fig Avenue, northbound toward Eighth. Destination Old Nugget bar on 200 block of East Palm. ETA five minutes."

"10-4, 64-David-1. Are you requesting backup?"

"Negative. 64-David-1 out." Morales replaced the mike. "Gold GM car," she said. "Where did they get that?"

Sonny explained the paint transfer he had scraped from the Pinto in the alley where Dent's body had been found. He made a right turn onto East Palm and slowed to a stop about 40 feet from the front door of the bar. "Jackpot," he said, pointing across the street at a 1976 gold-colored GTO.

Sonny and Morales stepped out of the car and approached the vehicle. "No tags," Morales observed.

"But look at this," Sonny replied. Along the right front quarter panel was a scrape of white paint. "I'll bet anything that it came from a certain 1973 white Pinto." He pulled Holland's tracking device from his pocket and attached it to the underside of the GTO. He hoped it worked as advertised. The magnets on the side of the transmitter formed a solid attachment to the metal chassis. Sonny pressed a small switch on the side of the unit. A green light indicated it was operating correctly. He stood up to make sure that the light and transmitter couldn't be seen by anyone stepping into the car. Satisfied, Sonny saw that the only way Rocklin would know he was carrying a beacon would be for him to climb beneath the car. "Time for that drink," Sonny said.

They pushed through the front door into the bar. A heavy pallor of cigarette smoke drifted about seven feet off the floor. Sonny counted two men at the bar, a woman bartender behind the counter, and another customer at the pool table.

"I'll cover the back," Morales said. She walked past the pool table toward a small hallway. A crudely painted sign and the stench of old urine told Sonny that the bathrooms were off the hallway. He approached the man closest to the door and asked about the car outside.





"Not mine," the man replied. "I ride a Harley." The other customer at the bar was no more help than the first.

"My customers' cars are their own business," the bartender said in response to Sonny's question. He didn't press it.

Sonny turned at the sound of a cue ball breaking a full rack. "Anybody else in here smell bacon?" the player asked loudly.

Sonny walked over to the table. "That your car out front?"

"You're in my way, pig."

Sonny stepped back to let the player by. As the man passed between him and the table, Sonny reached out and grabbed a handful of hair on the back of the guy's head and slammed his face onto the table. "I bet you can see the angles better from here," Sonny hissed.

The man's pool partner stepped from the hallway. "What the hell is going on here?" he demanded.

Sonny looked up. It was Rocklin. He released the first player and reached for his weapon, but Rocklin had the jump on him. Rocklin's shot went wide and shattered the light above the pool table.

Sonny returned fire but missed. His three shots slammed into the wall. "Morales!" Sonny hollered. He pursued Rocklin into the hallway. No Morales. Where the hell was she? The sound of breaking glass in the men's room gave Rocklin away. Sonny turned and ran out the front door. As he reached the sidewalk the GTO roared to life and rocketed down the street. Sonny raised his weapon but couldn't get a clear shot.

Morales emerged from the alley next to the bar. "What's going on?" she called.

Sonny ran toward the car. "Get in, just get in. That's Rocklin!"

As Sonny gassed the car down Palm, Morales hit the radio. "Dispatch, this is 64-David-1. Advise all units we are in pursuit of suspect Steve Rocklin, westbound on Palm. Suspect is driving a gold-colored GTO, 1976. No plates. Repeat, no plates. Suspect is armed and dangerous. Request all units in the vicinity to respond, Code-3."

"10-4," Dispatch answered. Morales hung up the mike as her request went out to all units. She buckled herself in as Sonny hit 75 miles an hour.

"Turn on the tracker," Sonny ordered. Morales flipped the switch and the on-board tracking system came to life.

"Damn thing actually works," she said in amazement. She could see Rocklin's car indicated as a flashing red light on the map overlay. "He's on the expressway."

Sonny swore and stood on the brakes. He barely managed to keep the car on the road to make a left on Seventh toward the on-ramp. Cars pulled over to the side of the road, lost in a blur of flashing red lights and the wail of the siren. Another hard turn to the right and Sonny was on the freeway. He put the accelerator to the floor.



"He's stopped," Morales said. "The red light—look! He's stopped right on the road."

Sonny could already see it. Smoke billowed out of the overturned GTO. He slammed on the brakes and brought the patrol car to a stop. "Get the meat wagon out here, now," he ordered. "And call off that APB." He jumped out of his car and ran around to the trunk. In less than 30 seconds he had set down flares to warn oncoming traffic of the accident.

Rocklin, or what was left of him, lay sprawled out on the road. When the car flipped, it had thrown him out of the passenger's door. From the looks of it, Sonny guessed that the GTO had rolled over him a half-dozen times before coming to a stop against the concrete retaining wall.

Gelepsi was the first unit on the scene. "I'll handle the traffic," he told Sonny. "That guy doesn't look like he's going anywhere."

Sonny agreed. He looked into the GTO's interior and saw the keys hanging from the ignition. He pulled them out just as the ambulance arrived. The coroner's sedan pulled up shortly after.

"Who ordered the road pizza?" Stygian asked.

Sonny described the confrontation at the Old Nugget. "He tried to pop me and Morales, and I went into pursuit. Got out onto the freeway here and apparently he lost control."

"Yes," Stygian said. "Apparently he did. Any identification?"

"I didn't find any," Sonny said. "But he fits the description of one Steve Rocklin. I wanted him for questioning in the Andrew Dent murder case."

"I don't think he's really up to answering any questions," the coroner said. "Come down to the morgue tomorrow. I'll have a positive ID by then."

"Thanks, Leon." Sonny walked back to his car and joined Morales, then started the car and pulled away slowly.

"So much for my theory," Morales said. "I thought the pentagram pattern might point to the next murder. Instead, you almost bought it from Rocklin and now he's spread out over the highway with a fatal case of road rash."

Sonny was quiet for a long time. "I'll drop you off at the station," he said finally. "Then I'm going over to the hospital." They rode the rest of the way in silence.

## **A** Pattern of Death

Sonny spent two hours with Marie. He talked with her quietly, trying to sort out his thoughts about the murders and the attack that put her in the hospital. Looking over his notes of the day, he didn't like what he saw. Morales's remark in the car





kept coming back to him. The pentagram pointed to the next murder, or at least that was her idea. That led to the Old Nugget bar and Steve Rocklin.

If Rocklin hadn't been as bad a shot as he was a driver, Sonny would certainly have been the next victim on this homicidal hit parade. He picked up the telephone next to Marie's bed and dialed an outside line. Then he put in a call to Keith Robinson.

An hour later, Robinson and Sonny were sitting over coffee at Carol's Caffeine Castle. Robinson was examining Sonny's notes. "So you think Morales is tied up in this in some way?"

"That's what I can't figure," Sonny said, looking him in the eye. "I know she set me up at the Old Nugget. I just know it."

"Hall won't buy it, you know," Robinson replied. "You don't have enough to warrant taking her off the case."

"I know, but I've got a real bad feeling about this. I'm starting to see a pattern, and I don't like what I see." He took his notebook back from Robinson. "You told me a few days ago that if there was anything you could do for me and Marie—"

"I don't think I like this."

"Just watch my back," Sonny said. "That's all. If Morales is involved, she's got to make a mistake. I need backup on this."

Robinson looked out of the plate-glass window at the dark street outside. "This could lose me my shield, Sonny. You could lose yours, too." He finished his coffee and threw a dollar on the table. "I'll cover you for 48 hours. If you can't turn up something by then, I'm out." He stood up from the booth and left.

Sonny brooded over his cup of coffee for a long while. Two days. It would have to be enough.

When he reported to the office in the morning, Sonny called up the lab report on the Dent case from the computer. The tissue and blood samples were consistent with the sample from the first two murders—type A negative.

When Morales came in a few minutes later, Sonny gave her an update. "I'm headed over to the coroner," he said. "Want to ride along?"

"Yeah, sure. I can always use one of Leon's jokes."

It was a short drive to the morgue. A note on Stygian's door said he had stepped out for a sandwich. "I don't see how he can stand to eat with this kind of job," Morales said. "I don't think I would ever have an appetite."

They waited about ten minutes for Stygian to return. He apologized for not bringing enough food for everybody, then unwrapped his sandwich on a stainless-steel instrument tray near one of the examining tables.

"Anything on our 11-44 last night?" Sonny asked.

Stygian nodded, his mouth full. He crossed the room to a cluttered desk and picked up a manila envelope, which he handed over to Sonny. "Found that stuff after you left."



"Hey, Leon," Morales said. "I've got to make a telephone call. Can I use the phone in your office?"

"Help yourself."

Sonny emptied the contents of the envelope onto an examining table. Right away he recognized Marie's locket. It had been a gift from her father before he died. She always wore it. The other two objects were a ring with some kind of occult symbol on it and a book about cult rituals. "Thanks, Leon. Did you get a positive ID on the guy?"

Stygian nodded again. "Ran his prints this morning. Steve Rocklin. No doubt about it."

Morales returned from Stygian's office as Sonny was putting the objects back into the envelope. "I want the lab to get to work on these right away," he said. "Let's get back to headquarters."

Sonny had driven about three blocks when the radio broke the silence with a report of a fire on West Peach Avenue. Morales grabbed for the mike. "Dispatch, this is 64-David-1. Repeat, please. Do you have an address on that fire?"

"Lytton Fire Department reports the 500 block of West Peach," the dispatcher responded.

"That's my block," Morales said forlornly. Sonny hit the lights and did a quick turn. They monitored the calls but couldn't pin down an exact location. As he swung left onto Peach, Morales began to scream. "My house! That's my house!" She jumped out of the car before Sonny could even stop and ran toward the fire.

Sonny took off after her but he couldn't prevent her from getting through the fire lines and into the house. He flashed his badge at the firefighters outside and followed her inside.

Morales stood sobbing in the middle of the front room. There was little left. The smoke and water had pretty well destroyed everything that the flames had spared. Despite all that he suspected, Sonny reached out to her. She pushed him away and ran from the house.

A firefighter in a yellow slicker emerged from the hallway. Sonny showed his ID. "Fire's out now," said the firefighter. The badge sewed onto his coat identified him as Taylor. "Damn thing went up like a tinderbox. These old houses, no fire protection in them at all."

"Any idea as to the cause?" Sonny asked.

"No question." Taylor led Sonny down the hallway to a small utility room near the back of the house. "Definitely a torch," Taylor said, pointing to a flaring pattern along the exposed brick. "You can see where the heat of the initial explosion left its signature." He knelt and studied the marks more closely. "It'll take a couple of days to sort it all out, but my first guess is some kind of phosphor trigger. Professional torch, no doubt about it."

"Where does a person learn that kind of thing?" Sonny asked.





Taylor rose and shrugged his shoulders. "Construction. Prison. Military. Take your pick."

The two of them moved back into the front room. "Do me a favor," Sonny said. "Check on my partner. I want to take a quick look around."

"OK," said Taylor. "I'll give you five minutes." He exited through what was once the front door.

Sonny picked his way through the debris. There wasn't much that could be salvaged. Near the left side of the room a charred side table lay on the floor. The contents of its single drawer were spilled into a small puddle of water. Sonny crouched down to have a closer look. There was something there that looked like an old photograph. He picked it up by the corner.

She was much younger, just a girl really, but he recognized Morales standing in the front yard of a house. He could just make out the address—522 West Palm. Not four blocks from here, he thought. Morales looked happy. She was laughing. Sonny guessed that one of the young men in the picture had made her laugh with some silly joke. He started to smile, but then his smile froze into a grimace of recognition. The man standing nearest Morales in the photo was Jesse Bains. Younger, but there was no mistake. It was him.

He didn't recognize the other man. But the resemblance to Bains was striking. A brother? He wore a U.S. Army uniform. What did Taylor say about the military? The fire department's lab technicians were filing into the room. Sonny put the photograph in his pocket and headed back to the car.

Morales was silent all the way to the station. As they entered the garage, Sonny spoke up. "You should take some time off. Do you have a place to stay?"

"I've got some friends I can call."

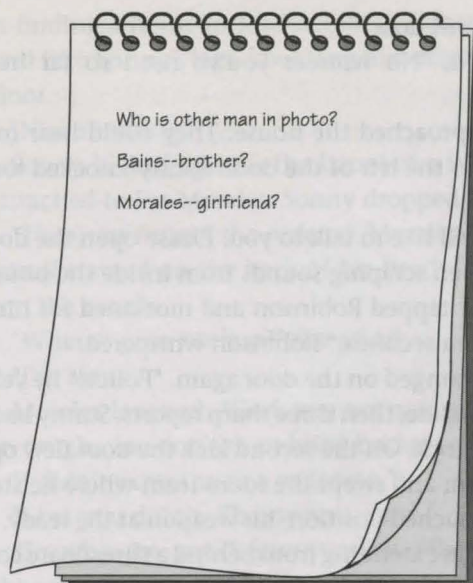
"Take the rest of the day," Sonny said. "I can handle things here. Get your insurance agent on the phone and arrange for some place to stay."

"Thanks, Bonds." She opened the door and got out. Sonny followed. "I'll keep you posted," she said. "I imagine I'll see you here in the morning."

"All right." Sonny watched her get into her car, then entered the evidence lockup. He catalogued the contents of the envelope that the coroner had given him and ordered it cross-referenced to the three murders and to Marie's attack. Then he took the elevator to Homicide and reviewed the Dent case. There wasn't anything new in the computer. Rocklin had been his best lead, but now he was dead. Sonny's choices were limited. He sketched out some ideas in his notebook, then picked up the telephone and called Holland in Information Services.

"Mike? Detective Bonds. Do we have access to military records?"

"Sure, Sonny. I'll have to make a couple of calls, but it should be no problem."



Sonny told Holland the case numbers he was working on and explained that he was searching for any relative of Jesse Bains who might have served in the military.

While he waited, Sonny placed another call, this time to Robinson in Internal Affairs. The two of them met in the garage. Sonny showed Robinson the picture he had taken from Morales's house.

"Morales and Bains." Robinson handed back the picture. He pulled a cigarette from the pack in his shirt pocket and lit it.

The intercom paged Sonny for a call. He and Robinson went into the evidence lockup. Sonny picked up the receiver from the wall phone outside and punched in his extension. "Bonds here."

"This is Holland. Just got your report from military records. We have a Michael Bains, brother of Jesse Bains, who served in the army from 1987 to 1990 as a demolitions specialist. Medical discharge."

Sonny thanked Holland and hung up. When he and Robinson were back in the garage, Sonny told him about Michael Bains's military service. "I bet he was the torch for Morales's house." Sonny started for his car. "You coming?" he asked, opening the door.

Robinson blew a long stream of blue smoke toward the sky, then ground out the cigarette under the heel of his shoe. "Let's roll, partner."

West Palm Avenue played host to a long line of shotgun houses that served as rental units to Lytton's poorest citizens. The front yards, barely large enough to turn around in, served as parking lots and repair shops for all makes of cars and motorcycles. Soiled, grim-faced children stared at the world from sagging front porches. Dirty mutts roamed the neighborhood without benefit of leash or license. It wasn't the Lytton found on airport postcards.

Sonny pulled to a stop several houses down from number 522. He slid a full clip into his weapon. Robinson checked his own pistol. "How do you want to do this?" he asked.





"How about we knock on the front door?"

"That's original," Robinson said. "No wonder you've risen so far in the department."

Together, the two detectives approached the house. They could hear music inside. Robinson took up a position to the left of the door. Sonny knocked loudly with his fist. The music stopped.

"Lytton Police," Sonny said. "We'd like to talk to you. Please open the door."

There was a brief silence, and then scraping sounds from inside the house as if furniture were being moved. Sonny tapped Robinson and motioned for him to move around to the back. "Give me ten seconds," Robinson whispered.

Sonny counted to ten and then banged on the door again. "Police!" he yelled.

This time he heard shouts from inside, then three sharp reports. Sonny backed away from the door and kicked at the lock. On the second kick the door flew open. He swung his pistol out in front of him and swept the room from where he stood, then rolled inside. He came up to a crouched position, his weapon at the ready. The room was empty, except for a pair of legs extending from behind a threadbare couch to his right.

When he made his way over to the couch, he recognized the pool player from the Old Nugget. The man's shirtfront was soaked with blood. Sonny felt for a pulse but there was nothing. He could feel the skin growing colder under his fingers.

A sound from the back of the house startled him back into action. Taking cover behind the couch, he advanced toward the hallway. He took a quick glance into the narrow corridor. Empty. There was one open door to the left about halfway down, another at the end on the right. Keeping his back to the left-hand wall, Sonny advanced down the hall. He reached the open door on the left. Holding his breath, he swung around to face the room, his weapon drawn in a two-handed grip.

It was an empty bathroom. Sonny wiped the sweat from his forehead. Where the hell was Robinson? A guy can't get decent backup these days. Sonny moved toward the door at the end of the hall. Before he could make his sweep, Michael Bains stepped out into the hallway.

"Freeze," Sonny warned.

Bains stepped forward. He held a long dagger in his right hand, which he brought up over his head.

"Drop the knife, now!" Sonny shouted. "Drop the knife, Bains!"

He seemed to think about it for a flash of a second, then changed his mind and came at Sonny with a slashing attack. Sonny fired four quick rounds, each of



them finding a home in Michael Bains's chest. He collapsed to his knees and fell forward into Sonny's legs, knocking him slightly off balance. The knife clattered to the floor.

"Nice shooting."

Sonny looked up into the barrel of a 9mm Smith & Wesson. The other end was attached to Pat Morales. Sonny dropped his weapon to the floor.

"The front room," she ordered. Morales followed Sonny into the living room, her pistol trained on the back of his head. "Sit down," she snarled. Sonny took a seat on the couch.

"Where's your backup?" she asked.

"I'm alone."

Morales laughed. "God, you are one stupid cop, Bonds. You think you're so damn tough, you don't even bring backup on an assault."

"I didn't expect such a welcome."

"I bet you didn't. That surprises me."

"So who are you?" Sonny asked. "Bains's girlfriend? Sweetheart from the neighborhood?"

"Just have to have all the answers, don't you?"

"Consider it a last request."

Morales laughed again. Sonny didn't like the sound of it at all. "All right," she said. "No, I wasn't a girlfriend. I was a sister. Jesse Bains was my half-brother. You killed the best thing in my life, Sonny Bonds. You have no idea, you and your little wife. She's nothing but a hooker on an extended holiday."

"God, you make me sick. You want to know what real life is like? It's going to bed hungry because your father is too damn drunk or too damn lazy to keep a job. It's taking a beating every morning for having the gall to go to school and to think that you might end up with something better than the hell you come home to every day."

"Morales—"

"Shut up. When my daddy died, it was about the happiest day of my life. He was drunk and he stepped out in front of a taxi. I felt like throwing a party. Then my mom met Hiram Bains and they got married. It didn't last. He got shot in a card game. Drew to an inside straight with the help of a card he'd palmed during the deal. The other players at the table didn't care for his cheating so they put a bullet in each eye and left him in the front yard."





"Jesse took over. He got us the money we needed to get by. We didn't ask where he got it. We were just glad to have food on the table and clothes on our backs."

"Jesse Bains was an animal," Sonny said. "He murdered at least three people." He paused before continuing. "I was glad to put a bullet into his black heart."

Morales screamed in rage and raised her pistol into Sonny's face. "You'll see him in hell," she hissed.

Sonny looked into her icy eyes and waited for the blast, but when it came it came from his right. Time was frozen in small seconds, split into a thousand moments. A windowpane shattered and Morales's head bent crookedly to the right as if jerked by an invisible wire. A thin pink spray exploded from behind her right ear and the gun went off in her hand, as Robinson's shot carried her to the floor.

A white-hot shaft of pain shattered bones in Sonny's left leg. He heard screams, distant but familiar agonizing wails of sirens, and watched Morales collapse even as he started his long slide into darkness.

## **R**ecovery

Sonny put aside the magazine he was reading. He was restless. He started to get out of bed, but the complicated pins and pulleys that kept his leg together reminded him, rather impolitely, to stay put.

The door opened and a nurse stepped in. "You have a few visitors," she said. "Do you feel up to it?"

"Yes, please. I'm about to go stir crazy in here."

The nurse smiled and opened the door. Captain Hall and Keith Robinson stepped inside. "Bonds," Hall said. "How are you making out?"

"As well as can be expected," Sonny answered. "The doctor says I can go home in a few days. I can start rehab in a month, be back on the job soon after that. No lasting damage."

"That's great," Robinson said. He handed Sonny a copy of the Lytton *Tribune*. "Looks like you made the papers again."

Sonny unfolded the newspaper. The page 1 story was a long feature by Ben Bulwer about the pentagram murders and the tragic saga of the Bains family.

"I think Bulwer smells a Pulitzer," Hall said.

"If it's a cash prize, maybe he'd like to share it," Robinson added.



## Police Smash Coke Ring, Nail "Pentagram" Murderers

by Ben Bulwer

LYTTON: Lytton City Homicide Detective Sonny Bonds broke the back of a wide-flung cocaine cartel yesterday afternoon. The results of the investigation, sparked by rumors of a satanic cult operating within the city, resulted in a fierce firefight at 522 West Palm that left three people dead, including one police officer. Bonds, recovering from wounds suffered in the gun battle, is recovering at Lytton General Hospital. His wife, Marie Bonds, is also recuperating at Lytton General from injuries sustained during an attack linked to the investigation earlier this week.

Bonds's partner, Officer Pat Morales, was killed during the fight. Sources within the police department indicated that Morales was shot by another police officer. The two other victims have not been officially identified, although it is believed that they were soldiers in the Jesse Bains drug operation. Bains was killed last year during another gun battle with police, also involving Detective Bonds.

Also according to sources, Morales developed a drug problem over a year ago while working undercover to break a cocaine network that filled the void left when Jesse Bains was jailed in 1989 on charges of drug trafficking, attempted murder, murder and gambling. "It happens," a source said. "Police officers aren't immune to the dangers of drug addiction. Morales had problems, and drugs gave her a brief vacation from those problems."

The tragic connection linking Bonds and Bains can be traced to early 1989, when Jesse Bains arrived in Lytton with the scheme of taking over the city's then-nascent drug trade. Taking the street name of Death Angel, Bains enlisted the help of juveniles for sales to local high-school students, and backed his organization with enforcement gleaned from his

days as a Chicago street hood. In a few short weeks, Bains had quickly mounted his campaign to capture the Lytton narcotics-trafficking trade.

Information leading to Bains's arrest late in 1989, supplied by Marie Wilkans, formed the backdrop for a successful prosecution that resulted in a sentence of 97 years at the state penitentiary. One year later, however, Bains escaped and exacted his revenge on those informants. During the manhunt that eventually ended in Steelton, New Mexico, Bains kidnapped Wilkans and killed three people. Detective Bonds and his partner at the time, Detective Keith Robinson, tracked Bains to Steelton, where he was killed by Bonds in the gun battle that ensued.

That might have been the end of this troubling tale, especially in light of the fact that Sonny Bonds and Marie Wilkans, brought together under the most tragic and severe circumstances, were wed less than three months ago. Still, beyond all belief, Jesse Bains reached back from the grave to make one last strike at the policeman who ended his criminal career and eventually his life.

Captain Reginald Tate of the Lytton City Police Department confirmed reports that Officer Morales, who worked with Bonds during the investigation of the Pentagram murders, was related to Jesse Bains. City records show that she was a half-sister to Bains, who also had a brother, Michael Bains. Well-placed sources within the department confirmed reports that Morales was involved with the "Pentagram Gang," a loose group of confederates who sold crack cocaine and who had connections with the Bains brothers dating back to the mid-1980s. Although linked to homicides in the past, the criminal activities of this shadowy gang appear to be drug-rather





*continued from p. 1*

than cult-related. Tate would not comment on those reports.

Michael Bains served in the army for two and a half years before being medically discharged about three months ago. Sources say that his discharge stemmed from psychological instability related to the death of his brother. A U.S. Army spokesperson refused to comment on the case other than to confirm that Michael Bains had been discharged for medical reasons.

Although the Pentagon murders were first associated with a cult believed to be seeking human sacrifices for religious rituals, police speculate that the murders of four elderly men in Lytton over the last few months were actually diversionary crimes perpetrated by soldiers in the Bains drug operation to disguise their real objective—revenge for Jesse Bains's death. Detective Robinson, formerly of the Homicide division and a principal player in last year's manhunt for Jesse Bains, said that the connection between Morales, Michael Bains, and Jesse Bains, plus the attack on Marie Bonds, became apparent only days ago. "If I hadn't agreed to back Sonny up at the call on West Palm, you'd be writing his obituary right now," Robinson said.

Details of what actually transpired at the ramshackle house at 522 West Palm remain sketchy, but sources within the police department and others were able to provide enough background to compile a reasonable scenario. Officially, the police will confirm only that they are checking into the allegations of drug use by Officer Morales. "What you have here is a family-run organization," said one source from within the department. "And the ties within the family were too strong to break—even for Morales."

Just how big those problems were did not become evident until just two days ago, when Morales's own house, located in the 500 block

of West Peach Avenue, burned to the ground in what Lytton Fire Department officials describe as a case of arson. Police sources speculate that Morales had second thoughts about her family's plot to exact revenge against Sonny Bonds, Marie Bonds, and others associated with the original Death Angel case. Apparently unable to dissuade her half-brother, Michael Bains, from continuing with the vendetta, Morales lost her house and all of her possessions when Bains set the fire as a means of destroying evidence and cementing his control over the criminal confederation.

Reached in his office in Internal Affairs, Detective Robinson would not comment on specific details. Other sources at the department confirmed large parts of this scenario. These sources also said that Robinson was forced to shoot Morales during yesterday's gun battle when she turned her weapon on Bonds and threatened to kill him. According to the LPD Human Resources division, Robinson will start a two-week administrative leave tomorrow. Such mandatory leaves are standard procedure when a shooting has occurred.

Captain Fletcher Hall, who directed the manhunt for Jesse Bains last year and supervised Bonds and Robinson within the Homicide division, commented yesterday that the two detectives succeeded in permanently crippling the drug trade in Lytton. "I hope this closes the book," he said. "We lost an officer yesterday, but perhaps we lost her long before that. Lytton's long, tragic relationship with the Bains family is finally over."

LPD Chief Morton Whipplestick has promised a full examination of the Pentagon murders investigation and of the death of Officer Morales. He claimed that full disclosure would be forthcoming within the month.



There was another knock at the door. "I must be really popular today," Sonny said, folding the paper. The door opened and Doctor Wagner stuck his head in. "You have the strength for one more visitor?"

"Sure, Doc. Come on in."

Wagner pushed a wheelchair through the open door. Marie's smile flooded the room. "We've got to get going," Hall said, pulling at Robinson's sleeve. The two of them said hurried good-byes and left the room.

Doctor Wagner wheeled Marie up to Sonny's bed. "The nurse will be along in about 30 minutes," he said from the door. "She can take you back."

Marie nodded, only half listening. Sonny found himself falling into her eyes, a familiar feeling that he welcomed with a silent joy. Outside, distant birds continued the journey toward a new season, perfectly framed against the cool blue autumn sky.





# The Blue Knight Walks Yet Again

**T**hings are a lot different in Lytton these days. The police work you've done up to this point has been admirable. But with the tools and techniques available to you now, criminals don't stand a chance. New procedures reflect these changes. Gone is the interface that requires typed commands. With this edition of Police Quest, you employ any of four standard icons: To walk from one part of the screen to another, you use the Travel icon. To examine something, you use the Eye icon. The Hand icon is for picking things up and for opening doors. The Talking Head icon is for speaking. In addition, there are other icons associated with objects that you collect during the course of your duty and which you hold in your inventory (handcuffs, badge, and weapon, for example). To use an object, activate it by clicking on it, and then click on the object on which you want to take action. (For example, click the Handcuff icon on a suspect to cuff the suspect.) More often than not, it's obvious which icon should be used in order to carry out a specific action.

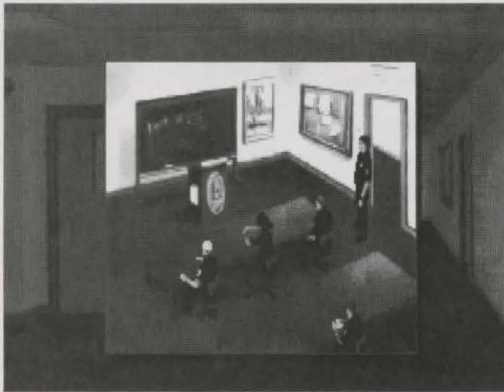
The city's layout, as well as certain game locations, such as the courthouse and the coroner's office, are displayed on a map in the Police Quest 3 manual. Refer to your map when you travel. Other important information contained in the manual includes the various penal codes and vehicle violation codes.





## Day 1

As Day 1 begins, you find yourself on the second floor of the police station, just outside the elevator. Go down the corridor. Open and enter the door to your left. This is the sergeant's office. Your desk is the one against the wall. Get the form from the in-basket on the left-hand corner of your desk. This is a Disciplinary Action Form against Officer Pat Morales. There is a note from your lieutenant, who wants you to interview the officer and then make a recommendation.



Get up from the desk and leave the office. Go to the north end of the corridor and turn right. Enter the briefing room through the open door. There are three officers sitting in the front row and another officer filling out a report in the back. The middle one in the front row is Pat Morales. Talk to her. Get the clipboard hanging on the side of the podium to begin the shift briefing. After the briefing, return to your office. Morales is there

waiting for you to begin the interview. Read through the dialogue and at the end of the interview, choose "Sustained" on the Disciplinary Action Form.

Notice that there is now another piece of paper in your in-basket. This is a requisition form for a computer access card. Get it. Leave the office. Push the elevator button. When the elevator arrives, push "three." On the third floor, give the requisition form to Mike Holland, the head technician sitting behind the desk in the center of the room. Pick up the computer access card when he puts it on the desk for you. Read the dialogue that follows for a clue about a tracking device that should be available on Day 4.

Push the elevator button again and take the elevator to the first floor. Go down the hallway and open the door to the left. This is a storage closet. Get some batteries and some flares from the closet. Enter the men's locker room, which is the first door to the right. Go to the cluster of lockers in the middle of the screen. The center locker is yours. Open the locker by dialing the proper combination (7-7-6). Get everything from the locker, which includes a flashlight, a notebook, and a nightstick. Close the locker (click the Hand icon on the locker window) and leave the locker room. Take the elevator to the second floor. Right about this time, you should get a page to call the dispatcher.



Return to the sergeant's office and use the phone on your desk. Pick up the handset and then press the Dispatch button. You are told to go to Aspen Falls to answer a call. Leave the office and take the elevator to the ground floor.

Use the marked police car to leave the station. Drive to the Aspen Falls Recreation Area by going east on River Avenue. Slow down to about 35 miles per hour. When the sign for Aspen Falls appears, stop the car. Exit the car by clicking near the left margin of the screen with the Travel icon.



Talk to the lady with the baby to find out about a possibly insane man near the lake. Exit to the right. This takes you to the lake area where you see a man talking nonsense and waving his arms. Walk toward the deranged man. He will grab your badge and throw it into the lake before jumping into the water himself. Search his clothing and get his keys. Throw his keys into the lake.

Sure enough, this annoys the man and he comes toward you to settle the score. As he is swimming ashore, pull out your nightstick (click on the Nightstick icon in your inventory window). Use the nightstick on the man as he approaches. Using the nightstick, you subdue the man. Handcuff him. After returning to the police car, search the man. You will discover and confiscate a knife. Open the passenger side door for the suspect. Get in the driver's seat.

Check out the suspect's ID by entering his driver's license number into the car computer. Start the car and return to the police station. After exiting the car, click the Hand icon on the left wall next to the jail door to display a group of storage lockers. Open the one on the top left. Put your gun in the locker and close it. Enter the jail. Put the knife and the driver's license in the drawer in front of the booking officer. Open the door leading to the jail cells. When the booking officer asks you, enter **12025**, the penal code for carrying a concealed weapon. This completes the booking of the suspect. When the booking officer returns, he will tell you about a request for a supervisor from an officer on the freeway. Take your handcuffs from the drawer. Leave the booking area. Use the key to open the top-left locker and retrieve your gun.

Get into your car to leave the station. Enter the freeway from the Seventh Avenue on-ramp and travel east. You will automatically stop at the correct spot on the freeway. Once you leave your car, walk around the front of your car and





approach the second car from the right side. (If you approach cars from the left, you may get run over by freeway traffic.)

Talk to Pat Morales. Talk to the driver of the car she has stopped. Talk to Morales again. When you are offered the choices of Signature or Incarcerate, choose Signature. Get back in your car and drive off. Stay on the freeway but do not take any of the exits. Once you get to the end of the freeway, you will automatically turn around.

Observe the 55 miles-per-hour speed limit. As long as you remain on the freeway, you will encounter four traffic situations which play a significant part later in the game. In each of these four encounters, you need to adjust your speed in order to keep the other car in sight. When you see the other car in the overhead view, you will be able to change the icon. Click the Eye icon on the other car to get its license-plate ID. Check out the plate ID on your car computer to decide if the car should be pulled over. To pull a car over, turn on the light and siren by pushing the red button under the ignition key. Increase speed and get directly behind the suspect vehicle.

One encounter is with a "low rider" that is going too slow in the fast lane. In this case, turn on the light and siren but stay in the slow lane and slightly to the rear of the car and wait for it to pull over. Once you exit the car, first make careful note of the time as given by the program and then make sure that you go to the

right side of the suspect vehicle. Talk to the driver twice to get his driver's license. Return to the police car.



Insert the driver's license in the slot of the car computer. Select Form 900. Enter the time (military time) of the incident and enter **21654**, the vehicle violation code for driving too slow in the fast lane. Turn off the car computer by selecting Quit. Get the ticket and the

license from the computer slot and exit the car. Talk to the driver again and give him the ticket. Return to your car and drive off.

A second encounter is with a speeder. Increase speed to catch up with the car, but do not turn on your light and siren. Look at the car to get the license-plate ID. Check out the plate ID in the car computer. You will learn that this car is from the sheriff's department. Back off and do not pull this car over.

A third encounter is with another speeder. After checking the license plate, turn on the light and siren, get behind the car in the fast lane and pull it over. Exit



your car and talk to the driver to get his license and registration. Here you have a choice of either giving a ticket or a warning.

A fourth encounter is with a drunk driver. After pulling him over and exiting the car, talk to the driver twice. Administer the Field Sobriety Test. When you arrest him (after he throws up on your shoes), search him first and then handcuff him. Open the passenger side door of the police car to get the prisoner in the backseat. Return to the police station.

Again, store your gun in the locker before entering the booking area. Remove the cuffs from the prisoner. Click the Hand icon on the Breathalyzer machine on the bench to the right. Turn on the machine and then pick up the nozzle. Once the test is complete, get the printout. Open the property drawer. Put the printout and the driver's license in the drawer. Open the door leading to the jail cells. Punch in **23152**, the vehicle code for driving under the influence of intoxicants.

#### Meanwhile . . .

as you complete your paperwork for the DUI arrest, the scene shifts to Oak Tree Mall. Marie, your wife, is just getting off work. As she walks toward her car in the deserted parking lot, she is attacked and stabbed by two men.

You get a page to call Dispatch. Leave the booking area and be sure to retrieve your gun from your locker once you get outside. Take the elevator to the second floor. Enter your office and use the phone to call Dispatch. You are told to rush to the Oak Tree Mall. Exit the sergeant's office and take the elevator to the ground floor. Get in the marked police car and drive to Oak Tree Mall (341 East Rose).



When you get there, you see two paramedics carrying Marie on a stretcher and putting her into the ambulance. Take the broken gold chain that Marie is clutching.

The scene changes to the inside of a hospital room. Listen to what the doctor has to say. You can try looking at or talking to Marie. Leave the room when you are





done and return to the scene of the crime. Talk to the reporter who approaches you and get his business card. Look at the business card and note the phone number. Put batteries in your flashlight, then use the flashlight to search the ground just behind the left-front tire of the red car. The glint is a Bronze Star. Pick it up and look at it. Note its serial number. Get back in your car and go home.

## Day 2

After you wake and get dressed, take the music box down from the top shelf of the closet. Leave the house and go to the police station. Take the elevator to the second floor. Go down the corridor and open the door to Homicide, just opposite your office. Captain Tate assigns you to Marie's case. He gives you two case numbers and introduces you to your partner—Pat Morales! Talk to Officer Hanks, who is reading the newspaper, to get a hint about how the newspaper can help in tracking down criminals.

Use the phone on your desk (the desk closest to the file cabinet) to call the newspaper at 555-0707. Turn on your computer and insert your access card into the slot. You may want to check out the personnel record of Pat Morales to get a clue about her background. Feel free to check out other personnel if you like. When you are done with the personnel records, select Homicide, Review Case. Call up case numbers 199144 and 199137. Write down the crime scene addresses. They will come in handy later.

Next, select Serial # and enter **09987**, the number you found on the Bronze Star. Doing so will uncover a third case number (199124). Call up this case and note down the address as well. Select Quit twice to turn off the computer. Leave the Homicide office and take the elevator down to the ground floor. Walk into the evidence room (the metal door to the left of the booking room). Put the broken chain and Bronze Star in the evidence drawer. When the clerk asks, enter Marie's case number, **199144**.

The scene changes to the Lytton General Hospital lobby. Walk into the flower shop at the left side of the screen and go toward the left edge until the florist greets you. Use the money in your wallet to purchase a rose. Exit the flower shop and talk twice to the receptionist at the front desk. Take the elevator to the third floor, where Marie has a room.

While you are in Marie's room, you can use the Hand icon to kiss her. Use the Eye or Talk icons to get a close-up view of her. Give Marie the music box and the rose. Use the Hand icon to return to the normal view. Leave the room and then leave the hospital.

## Day 3

At the police station, take the elevator to the second floor and enter the Homicide office. Get the message from the in-basket on your desk. A potential witness to Marie's attack can be found at 325 South Second Street. Leave the office and take the elevator to the ground floor. Click on the driver's side door of the white car. Pat Morales will join you. Drive to 325 South Second Street, then stop the car and get out. Use the Hand icon on the white object next to the shopping cart.



It turns out to be a bag lady sleeping under a pile of newspapers. Her name is Carla Reed. Talk to her and then show her your badge. Secure her shopping cart by handcuffing it to a water pipe. Take Carla back to the police station. When you are in the Homicide office, talk to Carla to find out if she is hungry. Get the brown paper lunch bag from Hanks's desk and give it to her. Turn on the computer and insert the

computer access card in the slot. Select Tools and then Drawing Composite. Click on the shape of the head and wait for Carla to comment. Next, select Eyes and keep changing the selection until Carla agrees with your rendition. If Carla tells you a feature is either too much to the left or to the right, or perhaps too high or too low, that means you have made the correct selection but you need to use the slider controls on the drawing to properly position the feature. After you reposition the feature, click on the icon again to listen to Carla's comment. Make sure Carla tells you that feature is OK before moving on.

When all the features have been properly selected and aligned this way, select Search Composite Master. The record of Steve Rocklin, together with his mug shot, should appear on the screen. Turn off the computer by selecting Quit twice. Talk to Carla and take her home. Retrieve your handcuffs from the shopping cart, then get back in your car. At this point, Morales will ask you to drive her to the mall so she can make a phone call. Once you are there, get out of your car and check out the U.S. Army recruiting office and Zak's Key Shop. There isn't too much you can do at either place right now, but you should remember that they are there. Get back in your car.





## Day 4

When you arrive at the police station, take the elevator to the third floor. The tracking device should be available from Mike, the computer technician. Click the Hand icon on top of Mike's desk just to the left of the keyboard. Get the tracking device. Take the elevator to the second floor and enter the Homicide office. Get the subpoena from the in-basket on your desk. You have been called to testify in the case of Juan Jose Ruiz, the slow driver you ticketed on the freeway. Leave the Homicide office and take the elevator to the ground floor.

Get in the marked police car and open the glove compartment to get the speedometer calibration chart, which you will need to supplement your testimony in court. Close the glove compartment and exit the marked police car. Get in the unmarked car. Pat Morales will join you. Drive to the courthouse (take a left on Rose, then another left on Eighth). When the courthouse sign appears, stop the car and exit. Enter the courthouse.

While testifying, click the Talking Head icon on the prosecuting attorney whenever necessary. When asked, present the speedometer calibration chart. If you've done everything properly up to this point, Ruiz will be convicted. When the trial is over, return to your car. Pat Morales will ask you to drive her to the mall so she can make another phone call.

### Seize the moment . . .

This is the only time in the game when Morales will get out of the car without taking her purse with her. You must act quickly to make the most of this opportunity.

Take the key from the top of her purse. Exit the car and enter Zak's Key Shop. Give the key to Zak and then pay him for the duplicate key that he makes for you. Return to the car and put the key back in Morales's purse. When she returns, start the car and drive off. A call from Dispatch alerts you to another crime scene at the 300 block of West Rose Avenue. Respond immediately.

Once you are on the right block (on Rose Avenue between Third and Second streets), stop the car and get out. Open the trunk of your car. Open the metal



briefcase. Get the toothpicks, scraper, and empty envelopes. You'll need these tools to gather evidence. Close the briefcase and the trunk. Click the Hand icon on the corpse in the dumpster to get a closer view. Pull up his shirt to reveal the pentagram carved on his upper torso. Examine the right hand of the victim. Use the toothpicks to get a sample from beneath his fingernails. Search the victim's pockets. You find his driver's license, which reveals the name Andrew Dent. Click the Travel icon outside the victim close-up window to return to the normal view.



Leon the coroner takes over the examination of the body. Examine the abandoned car. Use the scraper to gather some of the gold paint on the car as evidence. Open the trunk of your police car and open the metal briefcase. Return the toothpicks, the scraper, and the empty envelopes to the briefcase. Close the briefcase and the trunk. Get back in your car. Morales will rejoin you. Start the car and return

to the police station. Go to the Homicide office. Pick up the note in your in-basket. It's from Doctor Wagner. He wants you to stop by the hospital.

With Morales out of the room, use the duplicate key to open her desk. Examine the piece of paper you find inside to get the three-digit number written on it. This is the combination to her locker in the women's locker room. You need to be quick about all this, or Morales may come into the office and catch you in the act.

Turn on your computer and insert the computer access card in the slot. Select Homicide and then New File. This creates a new file for the Andrew Dent murder, and case number 199145 will be assigned to it. Again, make a note of the address of the crime scene. Quit the computer and leave the office.

Take the elevator to the ground floor. Enter the evidence room. Put both plastic bags (one contains the hair sample taken from the fingernail of the victim and the other contains the paint sample taken from the abandoned car) into the drawer. When asked, punch in **199145** as the case number. Leave the evidence room and get in your unmarked car. Pat Morales will join you. Drive to the hospital. After entering the lobby, push the elevator button to get to Marie's third-floor room. The doctor is in the room. Listen to what he has to say.

After he leaves, take the chart hanging on the front of Marie's bed. It says that the IV dosage should be set at .005. Look at Marie. If you look at the display of the IV dispenser, you can clearly see that the rate is set at .015. Be sure to click the Eye icon on the display that shows the dosage. Click the Hand icon on the red call button on the wall next to the oxygen valves. This call button summons the nurse.

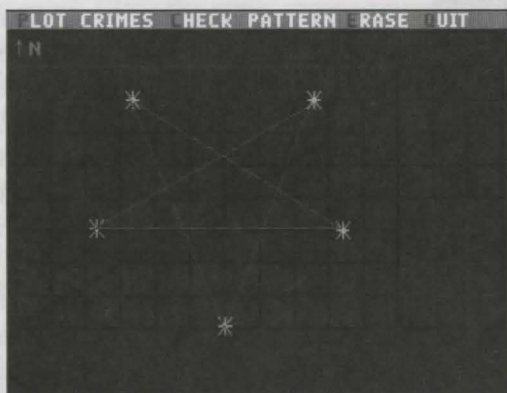




There will be a short wait here until the nurse shows up. Talk to the nurse to tell her about the obvious discrepancy in the IV dosage. Wait for the doctor to show up. After the scene is complete, leave Marie's hospital room and the hospital.

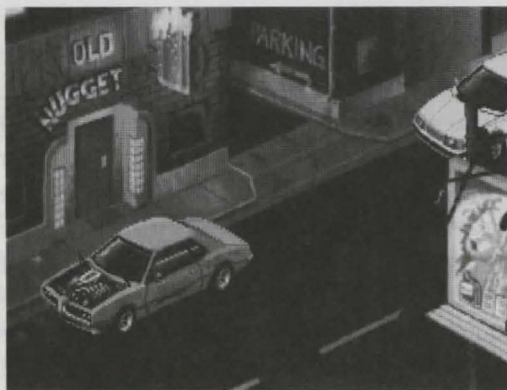
## Day 5

At the police station, take the elevator to the second floor and enter the Homicide office. Talk to Hanks to get a hint about plotting crime scenes in order to predict the next crime location. Turn on the computer and insert the computer access card in the slot. Select Tools, City Map and Plot Crime. Plot the four crime locations as accurately as possible. Select Check Pattern. Draw lines between the crime scenes



and then using the pattern you see there, try to complete the pentagram. (This isn't easy to do. The correct point on the map you need to complete the pentagram is a point on East Palm Avenue, between Eighth and Ninth Streets. The game tells you when you have properly completed the pentagram.)

Turn off the computer. Exit the homicide office and take the elevator to the ground floor. Get into your car. You're ready to investigate the address you just obtained from the computer, which is the site of the Old Nugget bar. Pat Morales joins you. Drive on East Palm and stop the car between Eighth and Ninth (take Ninth north to Palm and turn left). Exit the car. You see a gold-colored car parked in front of a bar. The



car matches the description you have from the analysis of the paint sample that you gathered the previous day. Get your scraper and some envelopes from the briefcase in the trunk, then take a sample of paint from the car. Plant the tracking device on the car, then enter the bar. Talk to everyone there. Wait around until a second man shows up and joins in the pool game.



Look at the new pool player. You will see a close-up view of him as he makes a pool shot. You recognize him as Steve Rocklin, the man whom Carla Reed identified as one of Marie's assailants. Draw your weapon. Very shortly after, Rocklin fires a shot at you but misses. Return fire. (Don't be slow about it, or he will shoot a second time and this time he won't miss.) Your shot is off the mark, but it forces him to run away. The scene changes to outside the bar. Steve Rocklin drives away in the gold car. You and Morales run to your car to give chase. Once inside your car, turn over the ignition, then turn on the tracking radar that is on top of the dash as well as the light and siren. Drive away, following the gold car.

Very soon, you will see that the bleep on the radar which represents Rocklin's car becomes stationary on the freeway. Turn left on Seventh Street and enter the freeway. Once you catch up to the bleep, you discover that Rocklin has lost control of his car. What a mess. Get out of your car. Your first action is to set flares to warn oncoming traffic.



Examine the victim Rocklin. Get the key from the ignition. The ambulance will arrive about this time. Talk to Leon the coroner. Use the key to open the trunk of Rocklin's car. Notice that five bags of cocaine fall out. As you go to pick up the bags, another cop interrupts you. Pat Morales volunteers to gather up the bags of cocaine and to turn them in as evidence.

Return to the police station.

Go to the Homicide office. Pick up the note from your in-basket. This is a note from Doctor Wagner. He wants you to visit Marie every day. He thinks this will help improve her chances of recovery. Leave the office and take the elevator to the ground floor. Use the white car to drive to the hospital. Take the elevator to Marie's room. Kiss her, talk to her, look at her. You won't get a lot of response, but it's important that you try.

## Day 6

In the police station, take the elevator up to the second floor. Enter the Homicide office. Turn on the computer and insert the computer access card in the slot. Select Homicide and Review Case. Enter **199145** as the case number. This is Andrew Dent's murder case. Click on the Continue option at the bottom right-hand corner to view





the information on the second screen. You will find that only four bags of cocaine were turned in as evidence. It's time to check out Pat Morales's locker. Quit the computer and exit the office. Take the elevator down to the first floor. The janitor outside of the locker rooms will stop you if you try to enter the women's locker room. You need another plan.

Go into the men's locker room. Open the bathroom stall door and enter the stall. Tear off a big wad of toilet paper. Throw the paper into the commode. You did it! The big wad of toilet paper causes the toilet to back up and creates a big mess. Exit the locker room and tell the janitor about the mess. When he disappears into the men's locker room to clean it up, you can enter the women's locker room. Pat Morales's locker is in the top row on the right. Open her locker by turning the combination dials to 3-8-6, which is the number you got from her drawer. Once you open the locker, you find a bag of cocaine inside. Don't take the bag. Close the locker and exit the locker room.

Take the elevator to the second floor and enter the Homicide office. Talk to Captain Tate. You have enough reason to suspect Pat Morales and the evidence to convince Tate. He assigns Internal Affairs to watch Morales. Talk to Tate a second time. He gives you a message from the coroner. Leave the office and take the elevator to the ground floor. Take the unmarked car, and with Morales drive to the coroner's building (make a left on Rose, another left on Eighth; the coroner is between Peach and Fig).

Get out of the car and enter the coroner's building. Open the big drawers where the dead bodies are kept. Read the toe tag on each one. Leon will appear when you get to Steve Rocklin's body. After talking to Leon, who gives you a newspaper clipping of yourself, pick up the manila envelope lying on the bench. Take a look at its contents. Inside you find a cult book, a cult ring, and Marie's locket. Leave the building.

You are at the hospital. Once in Marie's room, click the Eye icon on her to get



a close-up view. Give her the locket. That does it! Marie awakens. You can try talking to her and kissing her. Leave the room and the hospital and get back into the car. Once you start the car, you receive a call about a fire on the 500 block of West Peach Avenue. Drive there immediately. Exit the car. Open the trunk of the car and then open the metal briefcase. Retrieve the toothpicks, the scraper, and the empty envelopes. Close the



briefcase and the trunk. Talk to the fireman closest to the fire hydrant (the fire chief). Enter the burned ruin.



In the middle of the room, pick up the photograph showing the Bains brothers. If you study the photograph, you should notice that you can just barely make out the address of the house in the background (522 Palm Avenue). Also note that Michael Bains wears an U.S. Army uniform in the picture. Walk through the hallway near the middle of the screen into another room. Look at the pentagram drawn

in the middle of the floor. Use the scraper to gather evidence. Leave the house. Open the trunk of your car and the metal briefcase inside. Return the toothpicks, the scraper, and the empty envelopes. Close the briefcase and the trunk. Get back into the car. Pat Morales asks you to drive to the mall again so she can make another phone call.

At the mall, exit the car and enter the army recruiting office. Show the photograph and then your badge to the officer. He will provide you with some service information on Michael Bains, as well as a printout. Get the printout from the printer next to the computer. Leave the recruiting office and get back into your car. Drive to the police station. Enter the evidence room and turn in the cult book, ring, and the sample you took from the burned house. Use Andrew Dent's case number (199145). Leave the evidence room and take the elevator to the second floor. Enter the psychiatrist's office, which is across the hall from the briefing room. Talk to the psychiatrist and give him the military record of Michael Bains. In return, he provides you with a verbal description of the psychological profile of Michael Bains. Leave the psychiatrist's office and take the elevator to the ground floor.



Get in the unmarked car with Morales and drive to 522 West Palm Avenue. Exit the car when you get there. Go up to the front door and knock. You won't get an answer, but you can clearly hear that there are people inside. Get back in the car and drive to the courthouse. Enter the courthouse. You will be taken to





the judge's chambers. Show the photograph of the Bains brothers to the judge. Then show her the news clipping that Leon gave you. That evidence persuades her to issue a warrant for you to enter the house. Leave the courthouse and drive back to 522 West Palm Avenue.

Go up to the front door and knock again while Morales covers the back entrance. You still will not be able to gain entrance to the house. Get back into the car and drive to the courthouse a second time. Exit the car and enter the courthouse. You are once again inside the judge's chamber. Talk to the judge. She will issue a judicial order allowing the use of a battering ram to knock down the door to the house. Pick up the judicial order from her desk. Leave the courthouse and drive to 522 West Palm Avenue again.

#### Turn it around . . .

Tired of all this driving around? Simply reenter the courthouse again after you obtain the search warrant the first time. The judge will issue the judicial order for the battering ram when you see her the second time.



Exit the car. This time you see an armored vehicle equipped with a battering ram and other officers surrounding the house. Go up to the door and knock. Talk to the armored vehicle. Draw your gun. The armored vehicle drives forward and breaks down the door with the battering ram. The scene shifts to the interior of the house. A gunman appears at the left side of the screen. He rolls on the floor toward you and tries to get off a shot. Return fire. You should be able to take him out with one shot.



Once you kill the gunman, Michael Bains appears from the right side of the screen. There is no struggle here. All you have to do is handcuff him. Another officer will take him away, leaving you alone in the house. Move the left cushion on the couch. You discover a remote control under the cushion. Pick up the remote control and look at it. Push the button labeled "8." The fireplace moves aside, revealing a hidden passage. Enter the passage. You arrive in a secret laboratory where illegal drugs are manufactured. Keep your gun ready. Move to the left of the screen and then to the right.



As you move to the right, a gunman suddenly appears and tries to shoot you in the back. Quickly return fire before he can get off a second round. Pat Morales enters the room. She draws down on you, but your backup takes care of the situation. Your job here is done.







# Points of Evidence

**A**s a sergeant detective, your responsibilities have grown. So has your skill as a detective. That's good, because you'll need all of your talent, and not a little bit of luck, to get to the bottom of a string of grisly murders that plague Lytton. When the fireworks are over, and you're going over your notes, it will be helpful to write a report so the chain of evidence is preserved.

Keeping all of these details straight can tax even the best police officer. So to help you out, you can follow the list on these pages to make sure you haven't missed a thing on the trail of the pentagram killer.



**WHAT TO DO****POINTS****Police Headquarters**

Take memo from in-basket	1
Talk to Officer Morales in briefing room	1
Take clipboard from podium	1
Select the Sustained box on disciplinary action form	5
Take computer requisition form from in-basket	1
Find your locker and enter your combination	1
Take flashlight, notebook, and nightstick	3
Open hallway closet and take batteries and flares	8
Give the computer access card requisition form to the head technician	4
Take computer access card off the head technician's desk	1

**On Patrol**

Search deranged man's clothing at Aspen Falls	2
Toss deranged man's keys in lake	3
Use the nightstick when the deranged man attacks	5
Handcuff the deranged man	5
Search the deranged man and find the hidden knife	5

**Police Headquarters**

Secure gun in gun locker in front of jail	2
Place deranged man's knife in property drawer	2
Place deranged man's driver's license in property drawer	2
Book man on charge of possessing a concealed weapon	1
Get gun back from gun locker	1

**On Patrol**

Meet Morales and talk with pregnant woman on freeway	2
Select Signature on decision box	5

**WHAT TO DO****POINTS****On Patrol** *(continued)*

Do not stop the undercover unit	5
Select proper vehicle code for the slow-mover	5
Select proper vehicle code for the speeder	5
Ask drunk driver to step out of his car	2
Search the drunk	5
Handcuff the drunk	5
Take the printed results from the Breathalyzer	5
Open property drawer	2
Select proper vehicle code for driving under the influence	5
Take broken chain out of Marie's hand	5
Talk to reporter at scene of Marie's stabbing	3
Put batteries in flashlight	2
Pick up Bronze Star at scene of Marie's stabbing	5

**At Home**

Take music box off top shelf of closet	5
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**Police Headquarters**

Enter the serial number of the Bronze Star into computer	5
Use the phone and call the reporter	5
Log Bronze Star into evidence	5

**At the Hospital**

Walk to nurses' station and get Marie's room number	1
Pay for rose from the florist	5
Give Marie the music box	5
Give Marie the rose	5
Kiss Marie	10



**WHAT TO DO****POINTS****Police Headquarters**

Take note from in-basket	1
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**On Patrol**

Identify yourself to Carla Reed	3
---------------------------------	---

Secure cart with handcuffs	5
----------------------------	---

**Police Headquarters**

Take the bag lunch from Hanks's desk	5
--------------------------------------	---

Complete composite drawing and conduct computer search	20
--	----

**On Patrol**

Take handcuffs off of Carla Reed's cart	2
---	---

**Police Headquarters**

Take subpoena from in-basket	1
------------------------------	---

Open head technician's desk and take tracking device	5
--	---

Get calibration chart out of patrol car	5
---	---

**At Court**

Give calibration chart to prosecuting attorney	3
--	---

**On Patrol**

Get key off Morales's purse	5
-----------------------------	---

Make copy of Morales's key and pay key maker	5
--	---

Replace Morales's key before she returns	1
--	---

Remove the victim's driver's license	5
--------------------------------------	---

Put toothpick under victim's fingernails	5
--	---

Open the victim's shirt and take notes about pentagram	5
--	---

Use scraper to remove the paint transfer	5
--	---

**Police Headquarters**

Open new file for Dent homicide	1
---------------------------------	---

**WHAT TO DO****POINTS****Police Headquarters** *(continued)*

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| Pick up and read the note on your desk                      | 1 |
| Log paint, hair, and blood samples as evidence in Dent case | 5 |

**At the Hospital**

- |                                      |    |
|--------------------------------------|----|
| Read Marie's chart                   | 5  |
| Examine IV bottle and call the nurse | 20 |

**Police Headquarters**

- |  |    |
|--|----|
| Walk to bulletin board and read the memo           | 3  |
| Review Dent case on computer and call Dispatch     | 5  |
| Complete the pentagram on Homicide computer        | 10 |
| Pick up and read file on staff psychologist's desk | 5  |

**On Patrol**

- |  |    |
|--|----|
| Plant tracking device on gold GTO                      | 10 |
| Use scraper to get paint sample                        | 5  |
| Draw weapon  | 5  |
| Get into your car, turn on tracker, and follow suspect | 5  |
| Put flares down at freeway accident site               | 5  |
| Reach for packets of cocaine fallen from GTO trunk     | 5  |

**Police Headquarters**

- |  |    |
|--|----|
| Search Morales's desk drawer               | 10 |
| Get Dr. Wagner's message from in-basket    | 1  |
| Create diversion in men's locker room      | 5  |
| Talk to the janitor                        | 3  |
| Note what you find in Morales's locker     | 10 |
| Talk to Captain Tate about your suspicions | 5  |

**On Patrol**

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| Get manila envelope at coroner's office | 2 |
|---|---|



**WHAT TO DO****POINTS****At the Hospital**

Give Marie the locket	10
-----------------------	----

**On Patrol**

Pick up photograph from floor of burned house	5
---	---

Using the scraper, get sample of blood and hair	5
---	---

Identify yourself to army recruiter at mall	3
---	---

Show recruiter the photo of Michael and Jesse Bains	3
---	---

Remove printout from recruiter's printer	3
--	---

**Police Headquarters**

Show staff psychologist Michael Bains's military record	5
---	---

**On Patrol**

Knock on crack-house door at 522 West Palm	5
--	---

Show news article and photo to the judge for warrant	3
--	---

Take warrant from judge's desk	5
--------------------------------	---

Return to crack house with warrant and knock on door	5
--	---

Return to judge and get judicial order	5
--	---

Return fire when attacked by gunman in front room	10
---	----

Handcuff Michael Bains	5
------------------------	---

Search couch	5
--------------	---

Use remote control on the TV	5
------------------------------	---

Return fire when attacked by second gunman	10
--	----

<b>TOTAL POINTS</b>	<b>460</b>
---------------------	------------











# CHAPTER 12

# Maps



## Map Order:

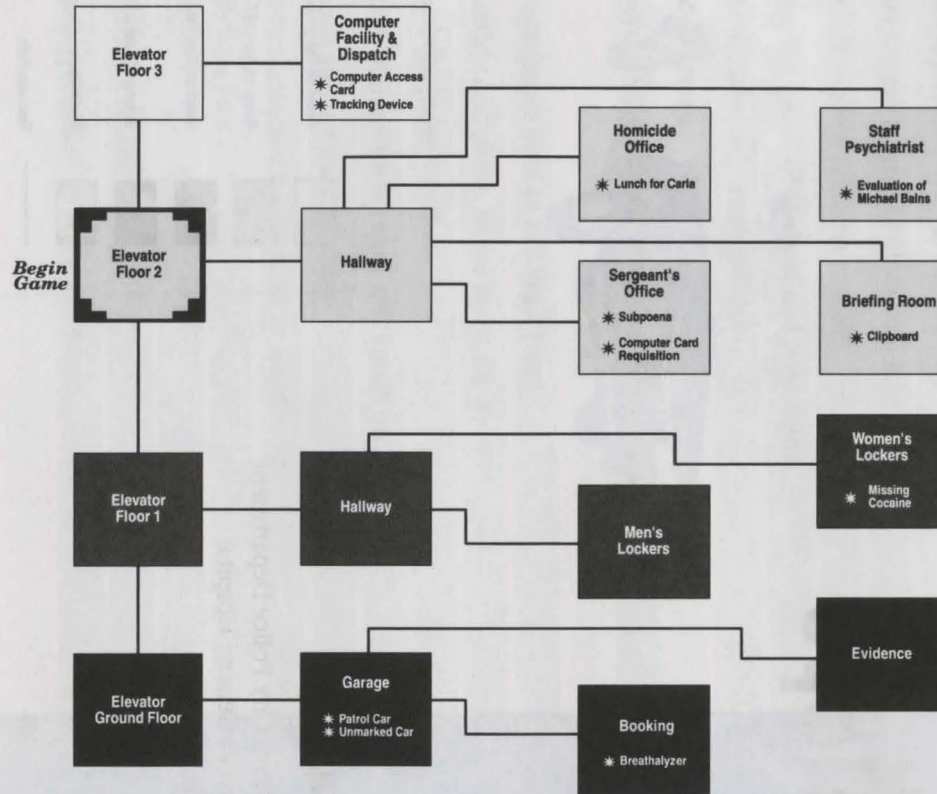
Lytton City Police Department  
Lytton General Hospital  
Oak Tree Mall

	Room on Third Floor
	Room on Second Floor
	Room on First Floor
	Room on Ground Floor
	Begin Game
	Two-way Path
	One-way Path
	Bypass
	Objects Found in Room
	People Met in Room

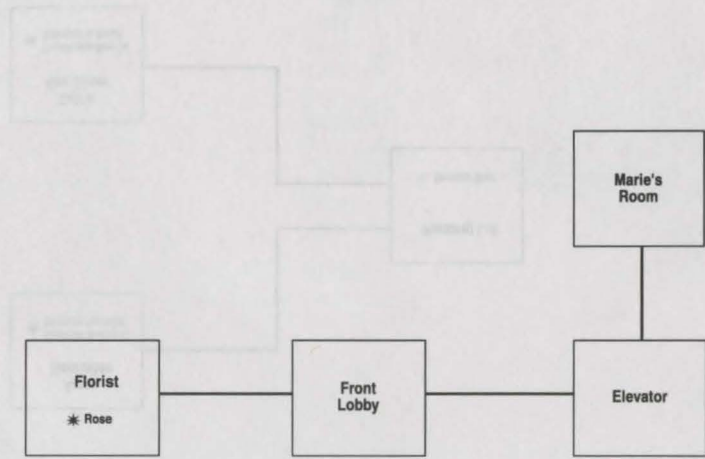




## Lytton City Police Department



# Lytton General Hospital

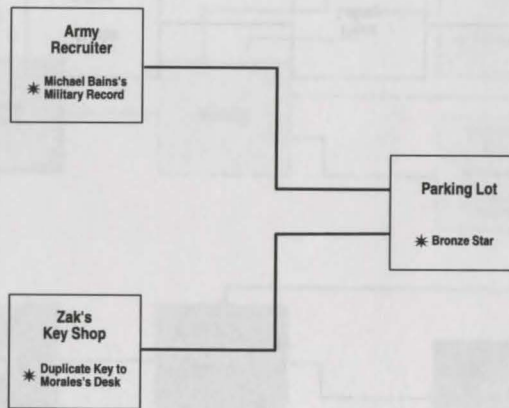






# Lytton City Police Department

## Oak Tree Mall

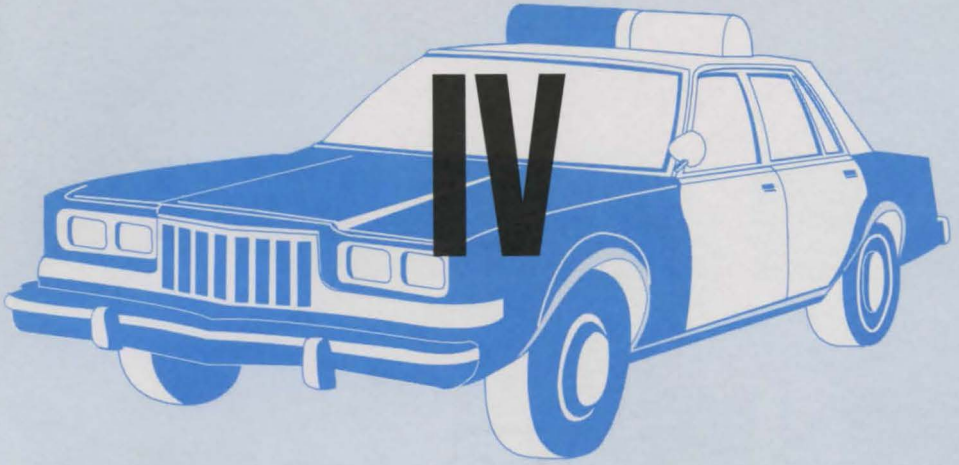


The Academy





P A R T



# The Academy









## CHAPTER 13

# Call for Backup

**S**o you've played all three games in the Police Quest series so many times you can quote Miranda in your sleep. You've read every Joseph Wambaugh and Ed McBain novel. You watch reruns of "Hill Street Blues," you have the entire "Miami Vice" series on tape, you watch "Cagney and Lacey" when you can't sleep, you tune to "Law and Order" every week without fail. Your spouse runs a hand under your pillow every night to make sure you're not packing. You dream about Colonel Mustard in the billiard room with a knife.

If that's not enough for you, there are other avenues for exploring the world of police work and legal prosecution. Your computer, when attached to a modem, offers an electronic doorway to other people who share your interest. It's a thin blue line of electrical impulses and data bits to a world where crime and prosecution are the topics of the day.

Today's briefing covers the known MO for the major electronic information services that offer topics related to law enforcement and legal prosecution—just the thing if you've got the police-work jones.



CompuServe is one of the largest online information services, with more than 925,000 members in the United States, Canada, and around the world. The service





has more than 150 special interest areas, which it calls Forums, that promote the discussion of particular topics.

CompuServe has different pricing options from which users can select. The Standard Pricing Plan includes unlimited connect time to a variety of CompuServe services. The Alternative Pricing Plan includes free and unlimited use of the online Membership Support services free of connect-time charges.

For more information about CompuServe and its current rates, call (800) 848-8199.

Two CompuServe Forums serve members with an interest in law enforcement and legal prosecution. Probably the most compelling for police-work junkies is the Safetynet Forum, a companion to which is the Legal Forum.

## Safetynet

The introduction to Safetynet describes it as a Forum designed to share information about all aspects of safety, from fire prevention to law enforcement. In this Forum, especially in the areas devoted to police work, you'll find answers to law enforcement problems and open discussion about law enforcement tactics and issues. The Safetynet Forum includes the following categories.

- General Interest
- Computer Security
- Chemical Hazards
- Physical Hazards
- Biohazards and Radiation
- Fire and E.M.S.
- Firefighter Safety
- Police Chatter
- Police Business
- Environmental
- Emergency Planning
- Computer Applications
- Transportation
- Consumer Products
- Research in Safety
- Non-Business



Of these categories, four will strike the interest of Police Quest players. Make yourself acquainted with the following descriptions. We don't want any surprises out there.

### General Interest

Topics of various kinds and temperaments can be found in this category. Discussion ranges from frank talk about police procedure and the limits of police power to discourse about the relative safety of emergency service occupations [police officer, emergency medical technician (E.M.T.), or firefighter]. You'll even find analyses of holster design—talk about esoteric! The comments and topics are always timely: during the much-publicized Rodney King trial in Los Angeles, through the verdict and subsequent riots, Forum members participated in lively discussions about police corruption and brutality.

### Fire and E.M.S.

Firefighters and emergency-medical-services response teams come together here to discuss topics related to their work, equipment, and techniques. Issues such as patient survival and whether AM/FM radios should be allowed in ambulances get plenty of airtime.

### Police Chatter

Here is where police-work enthusiasts can gather for informal discussions about all kinds of law enforcement topics. Readers interested in police procedure and law enforcement will find this one of the most enlightening and stimulating areas in the Safetynet Forum. Here you'll find discussions of police response tactics and speeding vehicles, and even a strange game of online Monty Python chatter.

### Police Business

Law enforcement professionals meet in this category for discussion, to share information, tactics, and advice, and to help you with various projects. There's even an online Police Academy for those interested in studying law enforcement issues. You'll find everything from colloquia on gang activity and suppression techniques to debates about police-department software.

### The Legal Forum

This Forum is actually aimed at legal workers and lawyers, but is of complementary interest to Police Quest players who want to discuss legal issues and the ramifica-





tions of legal practice, policy, and politics. Decisions and opinions submitted by Legal Forum participants are not to be accepted as legal advice; if that's what you need, hire an attorney with knowledge of your locality and case. The Legal Forum includes the following categories.

- General Interest
- Computer/Tech Law
- Attorney Wanted
- Legal Research
- Software/Automation
- Lawyer to Lawyer
- Reporter/Paralegal
- Law Student
- Hot Topic
- Municipal Planning
- Demos, Vendors
- Supreme Court
- Bar Room

Of these categories, the six described here could possibly ignite interest in Police Quest players. Keep in mind, however, that police work and law practice are quite different. They are mutually supporting facets of American jurisprudence.

### **General Interest**

This category incorporates, as its name indicates, topics of a general nature, including timely discussions of landmark court cases, updates on well-publicized and current trials, and even "execution watches." You will also find solicitations for legal services and investigative work, as well as the usual complaints about "the system."

### **Computer/Tech Law**

This specialty area deals with all kinds of topics related to high technology and its legal ramifications in our lives. For computer-game players interested in high-technology issues, the debates can be very illuminating. Find out how legal issues and decisions can affect the use of personal computers locally, nationally, and worldwide.



## Legal Research

Here's where you can pose your legal questions to the lawyers and other professionals who hang out their shingle in the Legal Forum. Think of it as electronic pro bono work (though, as said before, your own attorney is your best source of legal advice). But for fairly simple and straightforward questions, the lawyers and other legal professionals here are willing to share their thoughts on such matters as trademark infringement and the choice of law schools (to use some recent examples).

## Lawyer to Lawyer

In this area, lawyers discuss trade tactics and ideas. If you want to know the opinions of lawyers on various topics, and how they are shaped by law and practice, you'll gain valuable insight here. The language is quite technical, and the jargon can be intimidating to the non-professional.

## Hot Topic

If it's in the news, you'll find it discussed here. Get another perspective on the headlines by looking behind the scenes at the legal issues involved.

## Supreme Court

Discussions about the nature, trends, and decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States are aired here. If you are interested in how the laws of this country are shaped by the decisions of the highest court—and a citizen's ultimate legal resort—you should sit in.



Like CompuServe, GENie has hundreds of thousands of members who meet one another in the electronic village known as cyberspace to discuss various topics, argue points of view, share experiences, and just plain have fun.

GENie has a monthly subscription fee. Connect rates in the United States are based on your modem's baud rate and the time of day you dial into the service ("prime time" or "non-prime time"). GENie defines prime time as the hours between 8 A.M. and 6 P.M. on weekdays, except for specific holidays. Some areas of the country can access GENie at 9600 baud, which costs more. For more information about GENie and its current rates, call (800) 638-9636.





Two specific areas, which GENie calls Roundtables, will appeal to fans of Police Quest. The Alert Roundtable is a meeting place for civilian and military police, firefighters, E.M.T.s, paramedics, private investigators, and civilians interested in police work and emergency response procedures. Complementing the Alert Roundtable is the Legacy Roundtable, which is geared toward the discussion of law and its applications—including criminal law.

## Alert

GENie's Alert Roundtable is one of the most active electronic venues for people interested in law enforcement. Police officers, firefighters, and emergency medical technicians meet nightly to discuss a wide array of topics. Participants hailing from California to New Hampshire, New Mexico to Canada, and even a few bobbies from Britain make this Roundtable always interesting reading. The Alert Roundtable includes the following categories.

- Welcome to A.L.E.R.T.
- Notices and Help Requests
- The Bureau of Administration
- The Uniformed Division
- Investigations Bureau
- The Crime Prevention Unit
- The Hitech Unit
- Law Enforcement Related Organizations
- Professional Organizations
- Emergency Medical Services
- Courts and Corrections
- Firefighting
- Central Supply
- Private Investigator Discussions

As you can see, there's a lot of action. Although many of these categories will be of interest to Police Quest players, the following categories, with their corresponding descriptions, hold the most promise for players wanting to further explore the world of law enforcement. You'll want to keep these areas under close surveillance.



## Welcome to A.L.E.R.T.

This is where new members introduce themselves, and it's also the place for general discussions about a variety of subjects. Recent topics have included the pros and cons of high-speed chases, a listing of law enforcement publications, the rules to making ride-alongs work, non-fiction cop shows, how to spot a liar, weapons permits, armed citizens, and police brutality and corruption. The conversations are always lively, the participants always eager to share experiences and opinions.

## The Uniformed Division

This area is devoted to the officer on the beat, and includes everything from traffic enforcement to K-9 patrols. Find out what cops think about patrolling on bicycles, how they get warrants, and what other professional strategies are employed by the blue uniforms on patrol.

## Investigations Bureau

Ongoing police investigations and tactics for handling investigative problems find airing in the Investigations Bureau. Get an insider's view into the real day-to-day workings of police procedure. From homicide to hit-and-run, all manner of crime is given the magnifying-glass treatment here. If you've played Police Quest 3, you might find the Cult Crime topic especially interesting.

## The Crime Prevention Unit

In this category you can find out whether neighborhood watch programs work, how to protect your home from burglaries, and discuss tactics for dealing with crime in this category. Professional law enforcement personnel share expert advice and tactics.

## The Hitech Unit

For discussions about computer use in crime and law enforcement, this is the place to be. Whether it's a question about computer crimes, such as hacking or embezzlement, or whether you're interested in seeing the kind of software police officers use on the job, you can find the answers here.

## Courts and Corrections

Investigating and apprehending a suspect is only half of the law enforcement equation. Dial into this category to get the police officer's view of the American judicial system. Discussions about courts, judges, juries, lawyers, correction facilities, conjugal visits, and bad cops, to name a few, are ongoing. Interesting reading and clicking for Police Quest players is always on hand in this corner of the Forum.





## Central Supply

If you want to know what kind of equipment police officers use and why, then tap into Central Supply. Learn the difference between a PR-24 and a straight-stick baton; find out what cops think of stun guns. From S.W.A.T uniforms to police flashlights, it's all covered here.

## Private Investigator Discussions

PI work is much different from police work, but they are compatible interests, especially to Police Quest players who are as interested in the solving of crimes as they are intrigued by the procedural aspects of police work. General-discussion and question-and-answer categories make this an interesting place to snoop.

## Legacy

The Legacy Roundtable describes itself as "the electronic meeting place for the legal profession and people interested in learning more about the law." It provides an arena for legal professionals and lay persons interested in a discussion of the law and its policies. It's also a forum for soliciting legal advice and opinion (although it should be noted that the opinions are provided without any kind of warranty—it's always best to seek your own legal counsel). Categories open for discussion within the Legacy Roundtable include the following.

Welcome to Legacy!

Ask an Attorney

Computer Law

Software For Attorneys

Law Student Study Hall

Legacy Lounge and Conversation Pit

Family Law

Labor & Management Law

General Civil Practice

Corporate, Securities, & Business Law

Entertainment Law

Constitutional Law

Criminal Law and Justice

Medical and Health Care Law

Real Estate Law



Intellectual Property Law  
Wills, Trusts, and Estates  
Legacy Archives

Of these categories, Police Quest players will find the six described below the most interesting. Keep in mind, however, that those who enforce the law and those who practice it differ markedly in their concerns and perspectives, as well as their methods and goals.

### **Welcome to Legacy!**

This general-interest category serves to introduce new members and to spark general conversations between legal professionals and lay persons. More specific topics can be addressed in areas devoted to particular issues. This category also serves as a means for soliciting legal advice or for researching solutions to particular legal problems. Topics cover such diverse areas as good-samaritan law, freedom of information, fetal rights, and wiretapping.

### **Ask an Attorney**

If you have a specific question about a particular legal matter, this category provides a means of discussing it. First of all, it can clarify if the matter can indeed be classified as a "legal" problem, thus requiring an attorney. The lawyers and other professionals who frequent this Roundtable can offer suggestions about where to go for advice, but cannot provide specific legal advice on particular problems. Answers to queries are general in nature and should be taken as such. Recent discussions have included issues of self-defense, the right to a speedy trial, and, that perennial favorite, traffic violations.

### **Computer Law**

This topic is especially appealing to those computer-game players who also have an interest in technology and the way it affects us individually and as a society. Topics of discussion have included private computer bulletin boards, the right to privacy, and the Electronic Freedom Frontier.

### **Legacy Lounge and Conversation Pit**

Legal professionals gather here to debate various issues relating to their trade. The discussion is open to the public, so if you have an interest in what the professionals are thinking, here's the place to discover their thoughts on such topics as blood and urine testing, strange cases, environmental issues, and law-related humor.





## Constitutional Law

The Supreme Court and the U.S. Constitution are supposed to ensure each citizen's ultimate protection from government intrusion. Discuss with other interested parties the ramifications of the Fifth Amendment, the war on drugs, religious freedom, search and seizure, freedom of speech, and many other topics related to the Constitution and its interpretation by legislatures and the courts.

## Criminal Law and Justice

This area may well be of the most interest to Police Quest players, as it deals specifically with criminal law and the procedures that law enforcement officials must abide by when performing their duties. Discussions about Miranda, entrapment, arrest procedure, excessive force, and other front-page topics dominate the category. This is a live one, so make sure you have your debating fingers on the keyboard.



## America On Line

America On Line (AOL) is one of the newest electronic information services. Once a singular haven for Apple Macintosh users, AOL has developed a graphical interface that appeals to PC users and makes navigating the service easier than many other online services.

For more information about AOL and its current rates, call (800) 227-6364.

One specific area in AOL will appeal to Police Quest players: the Emergency Response Club. This area is designed for anyone working in the emergency response arena—police, firefighters, E.M.T.s. The area has topics and discussions ranging from hazardous waste spills and cleanup to home security tips. The topics and categories likely to interest Police Quest players are described below.

## Tips and Techniques

In this area, emergency professionals share information about the ingenious, original, make-shift, field-tested shortcuts and techniques that aren't taught in the classroom.



## Open Forum

This message board is designed to broadcast questions and answers among emergency professionals. Participants—many of them leaders in their respective fields—address issues and concerns unique to their particular station and area.

## The Police Station

Here is the place where law enforcement professionals and interested civilians can gather to talk about experiences and share stories from the field. Police Quest players can find out more about police procedure from veteran officers. Inside the Police Station, recent topics have included:

- Security Patch Exchange
- Single Patrols?
- Hostage Negotiations
- Work Schedules
- Chases, Videos, and Photos
- Home Security Advice
- Should I Become a Cop?



Prodigy, a joint venture between Sears and IBM, is investigating the interest its subscribers might have in exploring the world of police work and emergency response; but as of Spring 1992 there were no firm plans as to where that investigation might lead. Several "clubs" in the Lifestyle section of Prodigy address particular member interests. Company officials say it's likely that some kind of "police procedure/emergency response" club will form to serve those members with an interest in this area.

Prodigy carries advertising to subsidize monthly subscription rates, so fees can be fairly low. For more information about Prodigy and its current rates, call (800) 776-3449.





## **P** Private Bulletin Boards

Aside from public electronic information services, there are any number of private "bulletin boards" that are sponsored by law enforcement groups, police departments, police academies, city court systems, and interested individuals. Some of these bulletin boards are off-limits to non-professionals and require that you complete an enrollment and authorization process.

<u>Bulletin Board</u>	<u>Location</u>	<u>Number</u>
Robocop	California	(619) 299-0351
Search BBS	California	(916) 392-4640
CJT BBS	Michigan	(517) 483-9615
NCPI Hotline	Kentucky	(502) 588-8556
LEH	California	(619) 788-1731
Copshop	New Jersey	(201) 254-8117
Squad Room	Washington	(206) 438-6716
Cop Stop	Florida	(305) 964-6104
KMFC On Line	Illinois	(203) 677-1446
Crimebytes	California	(408) 287-8399
Copshop	Arizona	(602) 253-7949

There are two things to remember about private bulletin boards: First, these systems spring up overnight and can sometimes have a short lifespan, or they can be very popular and last for years. (I compiled this short list several months prior to the publication of this book; it may or may not be current.) Second, private bulletin boards have their own fee schedules and connect-time rates (not to mention long-distance charges), which vary greatly and change often.

For Police Quest players looking for a little more insight and feedback regarding the police officer's career—especially those who are law enforcement professionals—private bulletin boards serve as a national community center for the free flow of ideas, strategies, and information. So dial up anytime. And be careful out there!

## CHAPTER 14

# Mug Shots and Profiles

**O**n your tour through the Police Quest series, you will encounter any number of characters. Some of them are outstanding citizens, others have a rap sheet as long as your arm. Some of them are your coworkers. Others will conspire against you. Take a look through this mug book and become familiar with these characters. At some point in your career as a police officer, in some alley, with backup minutes away, your life may depend on it.

### **Bains, Jesse Hiram; aka Sloan, Frank**

DOB: November 30, 1951

Sex: Male

Height: 5'8"

Weight: 150

Eyes: Brown

Hair: Black



Notes: Convicted for the murder of Jason Taselli; convicted for the attempted murder of Sonny Bonds; convicted for the sale of narcotics; convicted for illegal gambling. Shot to death in a police firefight in Steelton, New Mexico.





## Bains, Michael

DOB: September 21, 1954

Sex: Male

Height: 5'10"

Weight: 167

Eyes: Brown

Hair: Brown

Notes: Brother of Jesse Bains; found not guilty by reason of insanity for his role in the Pentagram Cult murders. Hospitalized at state sanitarium for the criminally insane. No photo on file.

## Bamboni, Gene

DOB: June 3, 1944

Sex: Male

Height: 6'2"

Weight: 215

Eyes: Green

Hair: Black

Notes: Convicted of illegal gambling. Soldier in Jesse Bains's drug operation. No photo on file.

## Bonds, Sonny

DOB: June 30, 1958

Sex: Male

Height: 6'2"

Weight: 198

Eyes: Blue

Hair: Brown



Notes: Sergeant Detective, LPD. Credited with ending the reign of terror and crime sponsored by Jesse Bains, aka the Death Angel.



## Cobb, Jack

DOB: October 20, 1940

Sex: Male

Height: 6'5"

Weight: 188

Eyes: Green

Hair: Red



Notes: Patrolman, LPD. Sought early retirement after the death of his daughter, Kathy, from a drug overdose. Bought a controlling interest in the Blue Room lounge, which he now manages.

## Colby, Donald

DOB: February 19, 1948

Sex: Male

Height: 5'7"

Weight: 145

Eyes: Black

Hair: Brown



Notes: Convicted for sales of narcotics; turned state's witness and provided testimony against Jesse Bains for the murder of Jason Taselli. Relocated under state witness protection program. Murdered by Jesse Bains.

## Dooley, John

DOB: July 27, 1928

Sex: Male

Height: 5'11"

Weight: 165

Hair: Gray

Eyes: Blue



Notes: Lieutenant with LPD, Narcotics division.





## Gelepsi, Mario

DOB: April 10, 1945

Sex: Male

Height: 5'11"

Weight: 179

Eyes: Black

Hair: Black

Notes: Patrolman, LPD. No photo on file.

## Grounds, Carol

DOB: March 15, 1949

Sex: Female

Height: 5'3"

Weight: 120

Eyes: Green

Hair: Red



Notes: Proprietor of Carol's Caffeine Castle.

## Hall, Fletcher

DOB: April 22, 1948

Sex: Male

Height: 6'0"

Weight: 185

Eyes: Brown

Hair: Brown

Notes: Captain, LPD. Instrumental in the capture of mass murderer Slinkard Pington in 1978. No photo on file.



## Hamilton, Oscar

DOB: May 22, 1949

Sex: Male

Height: 6'2"

Weight: 180

Eyes: Black

Hair: Black

Notes: Homicide Detective, LPD. No photo on file.

## Hanley, Orpheus

DOB: February 6, 1967

Sex: Male

Height: 5'11"

Weight: 140

Eyes: Brown

Hair: Black



Notes: Lytton citizen and entrepreneur. Several traffic violations for excessive speed.

## Holland, Mike

DOB: December 2, 1960

Sex: Male

Height: 5'10"

Weight: 196

Eyes: Brown

Hair: Brown



Notes: Information Services Manager, LPD.





## Hots, Helen

DOB: February 15, 1966

Sex: Female

Height: 5'2"

Weight: 105

Eyes: Blue

Hair: Black



Notes: Doesn't take them. Can't type.

## Johnson, Steve

DOB: August 8, 1955

Sex: Male

Height: 6'1"

Weight: 205

Eyes: Blue

Hair: Blond



Notes: Patrolman, LPD.

## Lipshitz, Otto

DOB: September 3, 1940

Sex: Male

Height: 5'11"

Weight: 189

Eyes: Black

Hair: Black

Notes: Convicted of illegal gambling. Soldier in Jesse Bains drug operation.  
No photo on file.



## Mills, Kenneth

DOB: March 26, 1940

Sex: Male

Height: 5'11"

Weight: 175

Eyes: Brown

Hair: Brown

Notes: Weapons Officer, LPD. Silver Medal winner at 1982 World Games in biathlon as member of Team U.S.A. No photo on file.

## Morales, Pat

DOB: March 16, 1954

Sex: Female

Height: 5'6"

Weight: 125

Eyes: Brown

Hair: Black



Notes: Traffic Officer, LPD. Killed during attempt on Sonny Bonds's life.

## Morgan, James

DOB: March 17, 1950

Sex: Male

Height: 6'3"

Weight: 190

Eyes: Brown

Hair: Black



Notes: Lieutenant, LPD.





## Pate, George

DOB: December 19, 1938

Sex: Male

Height: 5'11"

Weight: 167

Eyes: Brown

Hair: Black



Notes: Corrections Officer, LPD.

## Pate, Luis

DOB: February 28, 1966

Sex: Male

Height: 5'11"

Weight: 165

Eyes: Brown

Hair: Black



Notes: Corrections Officer, LPD. Murdered by Jesse Bains.

## Pierson, Jim

DOB: April 3, 1956

Sex: Male

Height: 6'2"

Weight: 175

Eyes: Blue

Hair: Blond

Notes: Homicide Detective, LPD. No photo on file.



## Pratt, Lloyd

DOB: September 21, 1953

Sex: Male

Height: 5'10"

Weight: 170

Eyes: Brown

Hair: Red

Notes: Narcotics Detective, LPD. No photo on file.

## Reed, Carla

DOB: October 20, 1934

Sex: Female

Height: 4'11"

Weight: 97

Eyes: Gray

Hair: Gray



Notes: Homeless Lytton citizen. Witnessed attack on Marie Bonds and identified Steve Rocklin.

## Roberts, Woody

DOB: February 14, 1961

Sex: Male

Height: 5'8"

Weight: 210

Eyes: Brown

Hair: Brown

Notes: Bartender at Hotel Delphoria. Convicted of illegal gambling; turned state's witness and provided testimony against Jesse Bains for the murder of Jason Taselli. Murdered by Jesse Bains. No photo on file.





## Robinson, Keith

DOB: May 18, 1950

Sex: Male

Height: 6'3"

Weight: 162

Eyes: Brown

Hair: Red

Notes: Homicide Detective, LPD. No photo on file.

## Rocklin, Steve

DOB: January 10, 1950

Sex: Male

Height: 6'2"

Weight: 210

Eyes: Hazel

Hair: Red



Notes: Prior convictions for burglary. Killed during high-speed chase while trying to elude capture during "Pentagram Murders" case.

## Ruiz, Juan Jose

DOB: August 1, 1966

Sex: Male

Height: 6'1"

Weight: 280

Eyes: Brown

Hair: Black



Note: Hispanic community activist.



## Saxton, Sherman

DOB: August 23, 1950

Sex: Male

Height: 6'6"

Weight: 256

Eyes: Green

Hair: Blond

Notes: Convicted for grand theft auto; witness to the abduction of Luis Pate and the escape of Jesse Bains from Lytton City Jail. No photo on file.

## Serabian, Art

DOB: December 14, 1947

Sex: Male

Height: 5'8"

Weight: 199

Eyes: Blue

Hair: None

Notes: Lytton citizen. Three convictions for DUI. Elected to MADD Most Wanted List in 1987. No photo on file.

## Simms, Victor

DOB: April 14, 1966

Sex: Male

Height: 5'7"

Weight: 145

Eyes: Black

Hair: Brown



Notes: Convicted as a juvenile for sale of narcotics.





## Simpson, James

DOB: April 22, 1963

Sex: Male

Height: 6'1"

Weight: 188

Eyes: Blue

Hair: Blond

Notes: Burglary Detective, LPD. No photo on file.

## Small, Hannah ("Hoochie-Coochie")

DOB: January 21, 1969

Sex: Female

Height: 5'4"

Weight: 115

Eyes: Blue

Hair: Blond

Notes: Exotic dancer. No photo on file.

## Stygian, Leon

DOB: March 15, 1952

Sex: Male

Height: 5'10"

Weight: 190

Eyes: Brown

Hair: Brown

Notes: Lytton City coroner.





## Taselli, Jason; aka Hoffman, Marvin

DOB: October 9, 1949

Sex: Male

Height: 6'0"

Weight: 190

Eyes: Black

Hair: Black



Notes: Drug runner and enforcer. Suspected of killing Lonny West. Murdered by Jesse Bains. No photo on file.

## Tate, Reginald

DOB: November 2, 1950

Sex: Male

Height: 6'1"

Weight: 159

Eyes: Brown

Hair: Brown



Notes: Captain, LPD.

## Watts, Laura

DOB: April 10, 1948

Sex: Female

Height: 5'5"

Weight: 128

Eyes: Brown

Hair: Blond



Notes: Narcotics Detective, LPD. A censurable report was issued in 1984 for her role as "the Gremlin," a practical joker and constant annoyance to Lieutenant Dooley.





## West, Lonny

DOB: July 28, 1959

Sex: Male

Height: 5'10"

Weight: 147

Eyes: Brown

Hair: Brown

Notes: Independent drug peddler. Murdered by Jason Taselli. No photo on file.

## Wilkans, Marie

DOB: February 14, 1958

Sex: Female

Height: 5'3"

Weight: 115

Eyes: Blue

Hair: Black



Notes: Previous arrest record for solicitation; no convictions.

## CHAPTER 15

# Procedures and Policies

**E**vidence is the basic material to any police investigation. It is central to a successful prosecution of a criminal. Extreme care must be made in all cases to preserve the chain of evidence so that each piece maintains its validity in court.

### **T**he Ten-Step Trail of Evidence

By following a few simple procedures, you can ensure that the evidence you collect during your investigation will stand up to the most rigorous examination.

1. Secure the crime scene
2. Photograph and sketch overall crime scene
3. Search for evidence
4. Take close-up photographs
5. Mark or tag all evidence





6. Place evidence in container
7. Record details of crime in notebook
8. Make and file official report
9. Send evidence to the crime laboratory
10. Secure evidence in locked room

## Observation and Description

In any police investigation, a witness can be the key element to a good collar. Whereas most citizens are unprepared to give an accurate description because of the trauma involved during a crime, a police officer has the tools and training necessary for making accurate descriptions. Following a standard pattern will assist you in making them as well. Everyone has some distinguishing characteristics. As a police investigator, it's up to you to determine what they are and to use them as part of your investigation.

### General Characteristics

These labels are used for categorizing such descriptive elements as sex (male or female) and race (white, black, or Hispanic, for example). Height and weight can be exact or estimated. If estimated, an element should be clearly indicated as such. The build of a suspect includes such descriptors as heavy, slight, or average; it would also take into account the posture. Likewise, the age of a suspect can be exact or estimated. Age can be estimated in multiples of five years, but care should be taken to describe the suspect not only in years but also in appearance. The complexion of a suspect can be described as pale, fair, ruddy, or flushed, to cite a few examples.

### Specific Characteristics

When it comes time to identify the definitive features of a suspect, an investigator should pattern descriptions along systematic lines, beginning at the head and moving down.

#### Head

The size and shape of the head should be noted as large, medium, or small. A profile should also be described. The face, as seen from the front, should be described as



round, oval, or broad. The hair color, texture, and style should be noted. The forehead can be described as high, medium, or low; the width can be wide, medium, or long. Eyebrows should be described by color, line (arched or straight), and texture (heavy, curly, or thin). Eyes can be described as deep-set, round, or bulging. Any noticeable peculiarity about the eyes should also be noted. If the suspect wears eyeglasses, note that as well. The suspect's nose can be described as short, crooked, or long, and as thin, flat, or thick. The mouth size, as seen from the front, can be described as small, medium, or wide; lips can be thin, medium, or thick. Describe a beard or mustache if the suspect was wearing one. Make note of any irregularities of the teeth. The suspect's chin can be described as normal, receding, or jutting; cheeks can be bony, angular, or full. To describe a suspect's ears, note size and whether they lie flat or stick out.

### The Rest of the Body

Moving down from the head, a description of any suspect should include notes on the neck, shoulders, arms, hands and fingers, torso, legs, and feet. Any distinguishing marks such as scars, tattoos, moles, and warts should also be noted for identification purposes.

### Other Attributes

If a witness can describe a distinguishing voice pattern, such as an accent or distinct pitch, that should be noted. Although the value is limited, a description of how the suspect was dressed is also valuable, at least in the short term. Likewise, notes about the suspect's personal appearance, mannerisms, and habits can go a long way toward identifying a fugitive.



## Terms and Techniques

During your tour with the Lytton Police Department, you're likely to come across terms and language that are unfamiliar to you unless you're an experienced law enforcement official. Like any profession, police work spawns its own slang, as well as a vernacular designed for communications among peers. The following very short list will help you sound a little more like a cop and add to your enjoyment of playing the role of Sonny Bonds.

**A-B-O system** A classification system for typing human blood.

**Accidental whorl** The combination of any two fingerprint patterns exclusive of the plain arch.





- Arson** The deliberate burning of a house or property.
- Automatic pistol** A firearm with a mechanism that ejects the fired shell and loads a new round into the firing chamber, with the capability to fire as long as the trigger is depressed.
- Backer** The party behind a gambling operation who supplies the bankroll to the gamblers.
- Bagman** The person who collects the protection money for an illegal operation, such as prostitution or gambling.
- Bank** The location where the controller of a gambling operation turns in the proceeds.
- Bar voiceprint** A specific type of recording made with a voice spectrograph.
- Big house** Usually a slang term for state prison.
- Bookie** A person who accepts wagers for an illegal gambling operation usually focused on horseracing or sports.
- Boost** To steal, such as in shoplifting.
- Bore** The diameter of a gun barrel.
- Breathalyzer** A device that measures the amount of alcohol in the breath and thereby determines the amount of alcohol in the bloodstream.
- Breech** The rear portion of the bore of a gun, sometimes called the chamber.
- Brick** A kilogram of drugs, usually marijuana or cocaine.
- Buy** The purchase of drugs or other contraband by an undercover police officer.
- C note** A \$100 bill.
- Central booking** The collection point for prisoners between arrest and arraignment, where records are checked.



- CO** An abbreviation for commanding officer.
- Collar** An arrest.
- Comatose** To be unconscious or in a stupor.
- Connected** To have ties with organized crime.
- Core** The innermost center of a whorl or loop in a fingerprint.
- Detail** Any police assignment that is not routine patrol or office work.
- Dime** A ten-year prison sentence.
- DOA** An acronym for Dead On Arrival.
- Drop** Where a collector deposits the day's business in a gambling operation.
- Evidence** Anything that proves the facts at issue in a court of law.
- Expert witness** An individual who possesses exceptional qualifications or skill in a particular field.
- Fingerprint** The skin pattern formation of ridges found on the first joint of the finger.
- Foot bail** To flee an arrest on foot.
- Forgery** An object or document falsely rendered and presented as genuine.
- Gold shield** The badge worn by detectives as supervisors, usually with the rank of sergeant or lieutenant, and as opposed to the silver shield worn by officers of lesser rank.
- Good fellow** A person who has killed for organized crime.
- Hook** A person in higher authority who can provide references or transfer another to a better position.
- Jones** Slang for a habit, such as a drug addiction.





- Larceny** The unlawful taking of property.
- Line** The point spread in a sports-betting game.
- Magazine** A replaceable receptacle for firearm cartridges designed to make loading the weapon faster and easier.
- Make** To identify or recognize an undercover officer.
- Mark** Gambling slang for an easy target, or sucker.
- Meat wagon** A vehicle used for transporting bodies to the morgue.
- Miranda** A prisoner's constitutional rights based on a Supreme Court ruling.
- Modus operandi** Shortened to *MO*, a set of characteristic methods used by a person in the commission of a crime and which can be used as evidence.
- Mope** A person with a record of petty crime.
- Mutt** A person with a record of violent crime.
- Muzzle** The exit end of a gun barrel.
- NCIC** National Crime Information Center. A computerized database of criminals and crime maintained by the FBI.
- Nickel** Slang for a five-year prison sentence.
- Pad** A bribe or extortion.
- Plain arch** A basic fingerprint pattern containing neither a whorl nor a core.
- Radio codes** A numerical system used by police departments for communicating information during radio transmissions.
- Rap sheet** A person's record of arrests and crimes.
- Robbery** The forced stealing of property from an individual.



**Shill** A hustler who drums up business for a gambler.

**Shooting gallery** A room or house where addicts go to inject drugs.

**Stash** A cache of drugs or other contraband.

**Subpoena** A summons to appear in court as a witness.

**Switch** To change the cards or dice in a gambling game from honest to dishonest or back again.

**Taste** A small quantity of drugs given as a reward or favor.

**Torpedo** An old term for a hired assassin.

**Toss** To search or frisk.

**Tour** A shift of working hours.

**Whack** A criminal slang term meaning to kill an enemy.

**Wheel man** The driver of the escape vehicle after commission of a crime.

**Wise guy** A person with ties to organized crime.





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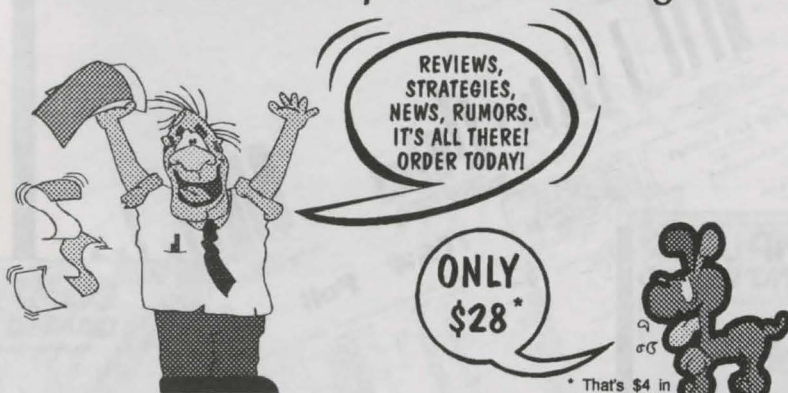
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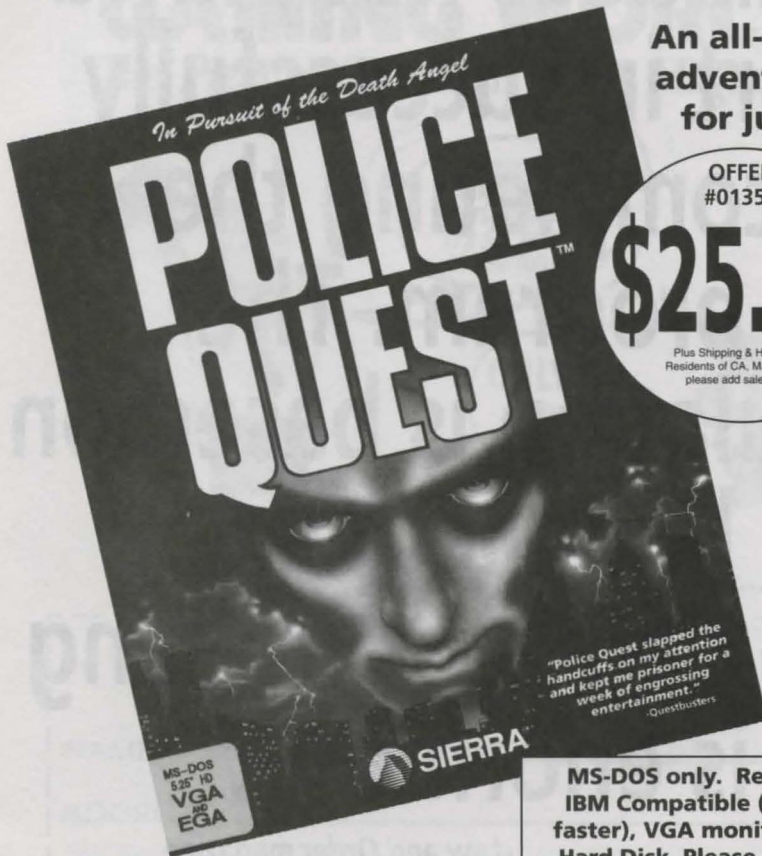
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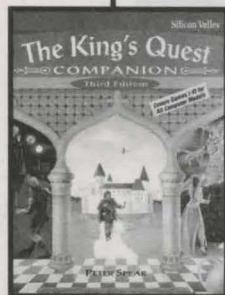
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Peter Scisco, the former Editor-in-Chief of *COMPUTE* Publications, is the author of scores of magazine articles and the co-author of *The Big Book of PC Sports*.

He has written about computers and software since 1985. An avid reader of police procedurals and hardboiled detective novels, Scisco has followed *The Police Quest* series with intense interest since its debut in 1987.

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