



The Police Quest Casebook, Second Edition





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For my son, Taylor, age six

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

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Acknowledgments

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 John Carey, 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, Gifes 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. And speaking of police officers, a special thanks to Daryl F. Gates who was generous and good natured enough to take on the Police Quest project, and who provided a thoughtful and insightful interview for the readers of this book.

A tip of the hat and my sincere appreciation go to Mark Karmendy and Bob Myren at Osborne. These two editors 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 Bill Linn for getting me in touch with the right people; and Tammy Dargan for riding herd on Police Quest: Open Season—thanks to her whole production team.

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, 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 December 9, 1993

Foreword

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 five parts. The first part of the book focuses on the newest game to join the series—Police Quest: Open Season. This section also features an interview with Daryl F. Gates, the former police chief of Los Angeles. Chief Gates's assistance in designing a game that reflects the gritty realism of big-city police work is evident throughout the new game. Police Quest: Open Season is the first game in the series not to feature Sonny Bonds, the character Police Quest players came to know through his exploits in the fictitious town of Lytton, California. Instead, players meet John Carey, a detective with the LAPD Major Crimes, Homicide division. It's a radical departure, sure to draw intense interest from gameplayers and bystanders alike. I thought it only right that this effort take center stage in this book and be featured as the first section.

The first four parts of this book take Police Quest: Open Season, 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 includes an interview with Daryl F. Gates that players and readers will find insightful in terms of the methods and thought processes that make a good detective. Part Two 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 John Carey or 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 Carey and Bonds a worthwhile addition to their gaming experience. Certainly, there have been a lot of changes to the Police Quest characters over the years.

When Sonny Bonds was created back in 1987, he was given all the attributes of 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 first three games of the 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.

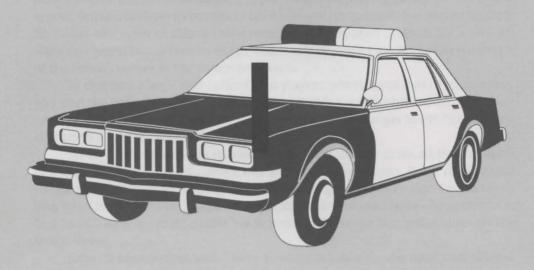
John Carey is another piece of work altogether. In many ways, the Carey character is much more of a blank canvas than the Sonny Bonds character. Carey has all the basic elements of a good police detective, but it's really up to the player to develop the way Carey moves through Police Quest: Open Season. This latest version of the game is much more open ended; it makes for a more compelling game, in which the player can actually don the mantel of John Carey, without inheriting all of the emotional and psychological baggage that accompanies Sonny Bonds.

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 is a mug book of the main characters you'll meet during your tour as a police officer.

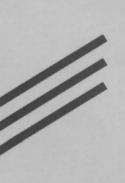
There are several good books on law enforcement, countless novels, and many good movies. But when it comes to computer games, there is only one definitive police procedural—Police Quest. I hope this book makes the experience of the game more enjoyable for all who read it.



PART



Police Quest: Open Season







Recipe for Death

eath Don't Have No Mercy

John Carey steered his way through the darkening streets of South Central Los Angeles. He was looking for a side street, and was just about to call in for a 10-20 when he spotted the flashing lights of two cruisers, two blocks up on the left. In a minute he had found the alley. He swung his car between two charred shells, remnants of the L.A. riots.

Stepping from the car, Carey nodded to the two uniforms and let himself under the yellow police barrier, Sam Nobles, the deputy coroner, was already there.

"Got an ID?" Carey asked, moving toward the body. When he got close, he realized the question wasn't necessary. "Christ," he said. "Hickman."

Nobles looked up from notebook. "You want the details?"

Carey squatted next to the body. He and Bob Hickman had gone to the Academy together. They were partners for a while. Lately, Hickman's wife had been pressuring Bob to get off the street, to take a safer position. But Hickman was a born detective, and he wasn't going to leave the street for a desk job. Looks like she got her wish. He'd be off the street now. In the ground, but off the street.

"Mutilation," Nobles continued. "Contusions and multiple burn marks. This was no drive by. They took their sweet time."

"Did it happen here?" Carey asked.



"Haven't made that determination yet," Nobles said. "I'm hoping that you'll find something to help me there. Right now I'll take what I have back to the lab, see what it says."

Carey nodded and turned back to Hickman. The dead detective's holster was empty. Carey sighed and stood up. His eyes were drawn to the lighted sign above the street—Lucky Mini-Mart. Some luck, he thought. All bad. While he waited for SID and the crime scene unit to arrive, he thought he'd try his own luck with the passers-by gathered at the end of the alley, beyond the yellow police line tape. One middle-age black man tottered slightly near the red fence that bordered the alley. Might as well start with him, before he falls down and forgets everything he saw, Carey thought.

"Hello Woodbury," Carey said to the patrolman who was trying hard to keep the drunk from sinking into the ground.

"Evening, detective," Woodbury replied. "You might have a witness here, although I suspect that everything he saw might be a little blurry." Woodbury gave a slight kick to an empty bottle at his feet.

Carey looked down. Mad Dog 20-20. Fortified wine, to use the term loosely, created and sold for a single compelling reason. A cheap drunk. Not a pretty one, but a cheap one.

"Say, you got bit by a little of the mad dog?" Carey asked the drunk. "Well, did you see anything here?"

"I did hear some gunshots," the drunk muttered.

"I'm sure that's an unusual occurrence in this neighborhood," Woodbury replied. Carey shot him a look and he shut up.

"They was just shots, man," the drunk muttered.

Carey made a few notes. "Give your name and address to the officer here, in case we have to speak with you again," he said.

"What's that over there, Woodbury?"

"Just graffiti, detective. Walls are full of it around here. Crips, Bloods. Hell, I don't know."

Carey walked closer and made a note of the letters spelled out in red spray paint against the dirty gray cinder block—RBGB. Then he turned to the second uniformed officer, Malcolm Allen.

"Bad night, Allen."

"Yes, detective, that's a fact."

Carey liked Allen. He had taught the young patrolman in an evidence procedures class at the Academy three years ago. Allen was smart, and he didn't talk much. Carey could tell, even in a classroom situation, that the young man was always thinking, always puzzling out new angles to take on the questions posed to the class.

"You have the crime log?"

"Woodbury's got it," Allen replied.

Carey nodded. "I thought I saw someone here next to you when I drove up," he said.

"Just a curiosity seeker. Woman about 30," Allen said.

Carey nodded. "Did you get her name?"

"No," Allen replied. "I don't think she was involved—a witness, I mean."

That didn't seem like Allen. Carey was sure that the officer would have taken a report, for no other reason than just to make sure his butt was covered. "You all right?" Carey asked.

"It's ugly," Allen said. "What they did. To Hickman."

"Yeah," Carey said. "It's bad. Kind of makes you want to change your mind."

"About what, detective?"

"About being a cop."

Allen stood up a little straighter and put his hands on his belt. "What I want to change doesn't have anything to do with being a cop."

"Glad to hear it," Carey said. "Next time you have a potential witness in front of you, get her name." He walked back to Woodbury and retrieved the crime log. A young black man leaned against the fence, obviously interested in the scene in the alley. "Did you see anything here?" he asked.

The young man said that he hadn't. He gave his name as Raymond Jones. Carey wrote it down. "The Third," Jones said. "Make sure you write that. Raymond Jones III. You arresting me?" he asked.

"No," Carey said. "Should I?"

Jones shrugged. "What you do, man, ain't it? Arrest the brother 'cause there's a dead cop. A dead white cop."

"Not how it works, son," Carey said.

Jones barked a derisive laugh. "Yeah, tell me how it works, man."

Carey's reply was interrupted by a uniformed woman who stepped under the police tape with a camera. "Julie Chester," she said by way of introduction. "SID."

"John Carey, Chester. I need some shots of the alley. I want a shot of that graffiti. Then talk to me before you shoot the body."

"You got it, detective." As Chester began her shoot, Carey mulled over what he knew of Hickman's recent assignments. Though close friends throughout the Academy and in their first few years on the force, the two hadn't seen much of each other in the last few months. Carey had been caught up in the daily grind of homicide, while Hickman's undercover work had made him almost invisible to his friends.

Chester moved to where Hickman's body lay in the alley. Carey joined her. "There's a cigarette next to the body. Make sure to bag it for evidence," he said.

Chester looked at him quizzically.

Recipe for Death





"Hickman didn't smoke," Carey explained. While Chester worked, Carey returned to his own thoughts. It wasn't good police work, didn't make sense—Hickman coming by himself to South Central at night. Who else knew about his meeting? If there was a meeting, he reminded himself. Think through the system, Carey told himself. Don't start with the conclusion until you know the answers.

"Anything else, detective?" Chester asked. Carey shook his head no. "OK, Nobles," she called. "Bag it and tag it."

Carey hated that kind of talk. Made it sound like they were all on stage or something. A dead cop would surely make the news, but that didn't make his murder into a TV show. He sighed. The whole world was turning MTV. He returned to his car. Now the real work started.

On the Case

Carey knew all he needed to know about Lieutenant Donald Block. The man had 16 years experience as a detective, in robbery, vice and, for the last six years, homicide. He was tough and thorough. And he backed his detectives all the way—loyalty was very important to him. But the man didn't like loose ends. He didn't like it when cops got killed. He didn't like it when the department made the news, unless it had to do with catching a bad guy. And, despite his last name, he didn't like doing his taxes, either.

John Carey pulled up a chair across from Block's desk. He hadn't had much sleep. Most of the night he had been with Katherine, Hickman's wife, trying to offer what little comfort he could. Sometimes he hated this job. But never as much as he hated the criminals who thought they ruled the streets. There was never a shortage of bad guys.

"I'm going to need you on this case," Block was saying. "Normally, I would think twice before assigning it to you, knowing how close you and Hickman were."

"You couldn't take me off this case unless you killed me," Carey said.

"Let's hope that isn't necessary," Block replied. "But I can tell you, I'll pull you off if you handle this in anything less than the most professional manner. This is a high-profile case. The media is going to be on this like ugly on an ape. And the Chief isn't going to be mildly disinterested, either. Not to mention the mayor and the whole damn city council."

"I get the picture," Carey said.

"Good. Keep it in focus at all times. I want you to start with the neighborhood where Hickman was found. I want every rock, every brick checked out. I want every potential witness interviewed."

Carey nodded.

"Before I let you go," Block said. "Let me ask you something. Did you notice anything different about Hickman's behavior in the last few weeks? Talk around the halls is that he was having trouble at home."

"I hadn't noticed anything out of the ordinary," Carey replied. "Katherine wanted him off the streets."

"Same old story," Block said. "Undercover operations can raise hell with family life. The stress can be too much—for any cop."

Carey nodded and stood up from his chair.

"Get started," Block ordered. "You've got a cop killer to catch. And I want to be fully informed—do you understand that detective?"

Carey said he did. He stepped out of Block's office into the din of the detective's bullpen. The room was completely open—no cubicles or pods for officers to call their own. Three lines of standard metal desks divided the room into rows, across which detectives could share information or form loosely into groups for discussing leads and cases. It was the brain stem of the Major Crimes, Homicide division. Hal Bottoms, Carey's partner, looked up from a stack of papers on his desk as Carey drew near. "You and Block have some special deal going I should know about?" he asked.

"Just discussing the Hickman case," Carey said.

"Might be a good idea to include your partner in on those discussions, Carey."

Carey ignored the remark. He didn't have anything personal against Bottoms. Just the fact that he worked like a systems analyst rather than a detective. Carey put it down to a generational thing. Bottoms was a new breed of cop, raised on computers and green-striped printouts. He used words like "download" and phrases like "integrate into the system" and "noise in the channel." Carey knew how important information was to solving cases—getting it, using it—but there was more to detective work than gathering information out of computers. You had to know how to get the story out of the people who knew it, and how to build a story out of the evidence gathered at the scene of a crime. And you had to know how to project the information you had against what you knew about the people involved.

Carey opened the top left drawer of his desk and pulled out an old photo. It had been taken at the Academy, just before he and Hickman graduated. Carey smiled. We both looked a lot younger then, he thought. He tossed the picture back into the drawer and picked up his telephone. What Block had said about Hickman's problems bothered him. It didn't sound like Bob to let the street get to him like that. He punched out the extension to Hickman's undercover unit.

"Crash. Varaz here."

"Detective Varaz. This is John Carey in Major Crimes, Homicide."

"Carey. Yeah, how's it going? You working the Hickman case?"

"Right. What can you tell me about what Bob was working on lately?"

"Look, Carey, I want to help, but I can't comment on that."

Recipe for Death





"You'd better find a way to say something," Carey said icily. "I need a report on what Hickman was doing in the last few weeks. And I need it 10 minutes ago."

There was a brief silence on the other end. "You have your lieutenant call me, Carey. Right now, I'm out the door."

Carey didn't wait to hear the excuses. He set the receiver down firmly and pulled a 3.14 report form from his desk drawer. This was the standard form used by investigators. He filled it out using his own notes and the crime scene log Woodbury had given him the night before.

"You can add this to the case file," Carey said, handing the form to Bottoms.

"I think sometimes the only reason you took me as a partner is because I do the paperwork so well," Bottoms grumbled.

"We all have our strengths, Hal." Carey grabbed his suit jacket from the back of his chair and headed out of the office. "I'll catch up to you later. Got a couple of things I need to check on. I'd like you to run that information through the computer and see if it gets us anywhere."

"I'm way ahead of you," Hal said, inserting the 3.14 into the Hickman murder book.

The elevator opened onto the ground floor. Carey nodded at the desk sergeant and pushed his way through the darkened glass doors and into the bright light of an LA morning. Immediately, he wished he was back inside. Kristy Bilden, the popular crime reporter with KKAT, was all over him, microphone in his face.

"Detective Carey, what can you tell our viewers about the murder of officer Bob Hickman?"

"I can't comment on that right now," Carey said. "The investigation is proceeding according to normal procedures."

"There are reports that Hickman's death is gang related."

"I can't confirm or deny that, Ms. Bilden."

"Other reports state that Hickman was tortured and mutilated," Bilden continued.

Carey smiled. "I don't know where you get your information, Ms. Bilden, but I am not prepared to comment on the Hickman case at this time. As the investigation continues, the LAPD will release a statement about the progress of the case."

"Is there a special bulletin for South Central?" Bilden pursued. "Have any gangs taken responsibility for the slaying? Sources say that Hickman was not on duty at the time of the slaying, although he was assigned to that sector."

Carey felt his smile freeze into a grimace. "A detective is always on duty, Ms. Bilden. Just like a reporter. Now if you'll excuse me..."

Bilden stepped in front of him but Carey pushed away slightly and was able to get by and out of the camera shot. She complained loudly but to no effect. In a few minutes Carey was in his car and headed northeast toward the morgue.

Fifteen minutes after leaving the ramp and moving through traffic, Carey swung into the county morgue's parking lot. Inside the front entrance, he showed the receptionist his badge and asked for Sam Nobles. She gave a quick look up from her nails, which she was polishing to a fine buff shine. "Down the hall, turn right," she said.

Carey had never told anybody, because he thought it made him sound weird, but he liked the inside of the morgue. He smiled a little inside—what would the police shrinks make of that? A homicide cop who likes the morgue. But it was true. It was quiet, clean. Like a church, but without redemption. No souls got saved here. The morgue was the refuge of last resort, a way station on the way to wherever the next stage took place.

As Carey entered the outer office of the autopsy theater, Russel Marks, Nobles' assistant, pegged him for a few especially tasteless jokes. Carey wasn't listening. But he managed half a grin and that seemed to satisfy the young man's craving for attention. "Where's Nobles?"

Marks jerked his thumb in the direction off his left shoulder. "Go right in, detective. He's expecting you."

When he caught his first look at Bob Hickman laid out on the slab in front of Nobles, Carey had second thoughts about liking the morgue. Nobles nodded as Carey entered. "Sam, tell me something I don't already know."

"The autopsy isn't quite complete yet, John," Nobles replied. He spoke quickly into a small microphone suspended above the body. Carey couldn't understand all of the medical terminology, but he didn't have to. He had Hickman's body to look at.

"But what do you have so far?" Carey persisted. "Lieutenant Block is really on my tail about this one."

Nobles looked up from the incision he had made in Hickman's abdomen. He said something else into the microphone, then took a couple of steps back from the table and pulled down his mask. "All right," he said. "But this is all preliminary. Don't hold me to it."

"First," Nobles started, "I think we have a poisoning on our hands." Carey stopped scribbling in his notebook and looked up. "Probably to keep him under control while they tortured him. Look here." Nobles pointed to two small injection marks on Hickman's forearm. "Looks like an 18-gauge needle. Not something you'd get from an insulin kit. More like a hospital or a blood bank."

"Or a lab?" Carey asked. Nobles nodded. "The burn marks—can you tell what made them?" Carey asked.

"Some animal from hell," Nobles replied. "You can see here these marks around the ankles, where the rope tore into the skin during his struggle," he said, lifting the sheet slightly. "Same thing on the wrists. We've recovered fibers from both those

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points. SID is running a match, see if we can establish the type of rope used, maybe even a manufacturer."

"Look at the eyes," Nobles continued. "The killer glued them shut. Lots of trauma around there," he said, pointing to discoloration at the outside of both eyes. "That again would indicate the victim struggled violently against his bonds. And here on the lips. I had to cut the mouth open with a scalpel. Again, glued shut."

"Lovely," Carey said. "You have a match on the glue? Do you know what kind it was?"

"SID is running the tests," Nobles replied. "But I can tell you one thing for sure," he said. "Hickman didn't die in that alley. You can tell, by the discoloration on the buttocks and on the shoulders, that the blood had a chance to settle in two places."

"And that means two locations," Carey said, writing in his notebook. "What about the finger, Sam?"

"Ah, yes, the mysterious missing finger. Well, cutting it off didn't kill him. In fact, he didn't even feel it. There's no evidence of blood emanating from the wound, so I'd have to conclude that the killer cut it off after Hickman was dead. Going to make it tough for Hickman to finger the suspect from the grave."

"Christ almighty," Carey said. "Is it the formaldehyde you guys breathe all day that makes you think that way? It's even rubbing off on your assistant out there."

Nobles wasn't listening. "I don't think the torture killed him, poor bastard. I believe it was the poison that finally did the job," he said. "You going back to the crime scene today?" he asked, changing the subject.

Carey said that he was, after making a couple of other stops. "Why?" he asked. "Forget something?"

"No," Nobles said. "Found something. Just after you left." He moved to the wall of storage lockers and pulled one out. "How old do you think this one is?" he asked.

Carey looked down onto the face of a young boy. Very young. And very, very dead. He guessed his age between six and nine. He didn't need Sam Nobles to identify several gunshot wounds as the cause of death. "God, Nobles, where did you find him?"

"After you left, Chester was poking around inside the dumpster at the back of the convenience store that backs up to the alley. He was inside."

"Do you have anything on him?" Carey asked.

"The owner of the mini-mart identified him as Bobby Washington. Neighborhood kid. I counted 10 entry wounds. The kid is carrying more lead than a number 2 pencil. I extracted three slugs. SID is running ballistics. Looked like 9mm."

Carey breathed out loudly. The 9mm handgun was a popular choice among several of the gangs. But what kind of creature would shoot a little kid almost 20 times? "Has anyone come down to claim the body?"

Nobles shook his head. "Mother's first name is Bernadette. A couple of uniforms stopped at her house earlier, but they called me this morning and said she was too upset to come down."

"You have an address?"

"It's on the envelope. Personal effects. It's on the desk up front, along with an envelope containing Hickman's personal effects. I was hoping that you'd take it to South Central to his mother...ask her to come down and make the official ID."

Carey sighed. "All right, Sam. I'll drop in on Mrs. Washington. Be in the neighborhood anyway."

"Thanks, Carey." Nobles closed the storage drawer and moved back to Hickman's body. Carey left him to his work. At the front desk, he picked up the two manila envelopes stamped with the official LA County Seal. They hardly weighed a thing. Funny how a person's whole life could be wrapped up in a single 10-by-14 envelope with a string tie.

No Rest for the Weary

Sometimes his life felt like a long list of victims. Too much death. Too many left behind, grieving. Carey swung his car onto Lincoln Boulevard. Although SID had already secured the area, he hoped that returning to the alley where Hickman's body was discovered might set some thought process in motion. He didn't let himself think about his pending conversation with Bernadette Washington.

It rankled him that Hickman could be killed in such a leisurely fashion. Carey always thought of a cop's death as sudden, explosive, unexpected. Not bound and gagged and tortured, then dumped like so much refuse. Hickman had been an experienced cop. He should have been able to take care of himself, Carey thought. But a kid. That's different.

He drove past streets of burned rubble. There had been a lot of talk about rebuilding in the aftermath of the violent orgy that had torn the city—or at least the poorest sections of it—apart, but nothing came of it. Too little money, too many hands out. After working homicide and visiting this side of the city too many times, Carey saw it as a place without hope. Just the place to begin an investigation into a cop's murder.

He pulled up at the mouth of the alley. In the daylight it looked even worse than at night, if that were possible. The sun lit up the squalor without hesitation. Carey noted the dumpster where Nobles had found Bobby Washington's body. He walked over to take a closer look but saw that someone had locked it down with a heavy padlock.

Carey returned to his car and pulled his briefcase off the front seat. He withdrew one of the envelopes he had picked up at the medical examiner's office. The street address listed was just around the corner. Carey locked up, then started

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down the street. The house wasn't hard to find. It was a ramshackle shotgun affair, not any different than the other row houses that lined the street. What set it apart was the black woman on the steps leading up to the front porch. Her mournful eyes were full of waiting. When she saw Carey she knew what was coming and she let her face fall into her hands, her body wracked by sobs.

Carey hesitated only briefly at the sidewalk, then stepped up and showed his badge. After identifying himself, he handed over the envelope containing the dead boy's personal belongings. It was paper thin. The kid was only 7 or 8. He hadn't had time to collect much.

"Mrs. Washington..." Carey began.

She cut him off. "What good you going to do me coming here. Police already come by. They don't care. They ain't gonna find who did this to my little Bobby."

"If I can find who did it, Mrs. Washington, I will make them pay," Carey responded. It sounded as phony as he felt.

Mrs. Washington nodded. She didn't embarrass him any further by asking how exactly he planned on doing that.

Carey didn't want to ask, but he had no choice. A little kid like Bobby Washington didn't catch 10 slugs for making MVP on the YMCA Midget Basketball squad. Either he was mixed up in something bad or he stepped into a crossfire of a gang war. "Was your son involved in anything bad? Was he carrying rock for anybody? Was he mixed up in any of the gangs?"

Mrs. Washington shook her head. "He was a good boy," she said. "Never was mixed up in that."

Carey made a note in his book. Mothers always said that. When your baby is shot full of holes and thrown in a dumpster, or hit with automatic fire standing in front of a friend's house, or cut for the shoes he wears—well, a mother had to believe in something in a place where believing in anything was a luxury. Was he supposed to argue? He didn't think so. Let the woman keep the idea of a mother in her heart. It was little enough to hold in this world.

"All right, Mrs. Washington," Carey said. He handed her a card with his phone number on it. "If you think of anything that might help us, I'd like you to call me. I'll be back in touch soon to let you know how we're making out."

When she didn't respond, Carey closed his notebook and moved away. He walked the few streets in a circle around the alley. Not much happening. The major difference here from the rest of the city was the large number of men, hanging out on street corners, without work or hope.

Confident that he had had all the cheering he could possible stand, Carey headed back toward his car, returning through the alley from the side opposite the end where Hickman's body had been dumped. As he settled himself behind the wheel, he made a mental note to stop by SID first thing. The lab work should be

done by now. Just as he turned the key, his radio came on. He picked up the mike and responded with his call number. Dispatch patched through Bottoms.

"Got something for you," Bottoms said. "You headed back this way?"

Carey accelerated away from the curb. "Even as we speak," he said. SID would have to wait.

Back at Parker Center, Carey took the elevator to the third floor and walked briskly to the detective's bullpen.

"Carey," Bottoms called. He waved Carey over to his desk. "Been banging the computer all morning. But it paid off. I think you'll find it interesting."

"Forget interesting," Carey said. "Is it useful?"

"Decide for yourself," Bottoms replied. He led Carey over to the computer terminal that rested at the end of the room. "I thought I had seen this graffiti symbol somewhere before," Bottoms explained. "Last month I was prowling through the new image data bank—"

"That techno-weenie stuff means nothing to me," Carey said. "Just show me what you've got."

Bottoms frowned. He always like to lead up to his electronic discoveries with a bit of show and tell. Detectives like Carey, they were happy to use the information that computer-literate rookies pulled from the computer, but they didn't have any sense of how to get it for themselves. Guys like Carey couldn't dial a toll-free call if their lives depended on it. He restrained his scorn and tapped in his password to open the system. "Information Services put together this image bank over the last year and a half," Bottoms said. "You really ought to keep up with this, it might help you make a bust someday," he said, unable to resist a little bit of scolding.

Bottoms tapped out a few more keys and entered the computer system's image bank. Carey saw over his partner's shoulder a breakdown of categories. Bottoms opened up the Gangs folder and moved to a display of gang graffiti."Incredible," Carey whispered. He was looking at a picture of the initials painted at the scenes of Hickman's murder.

"I'll be damned," Carey said. "RBGB. Rude Boys Get Bail."

"Says that South Central is their turf," Bottoms said. "Put them in the right neighborhood." He paged to the next screen. "Look at this," he said. "Torture and mutilation are way up on their hit parade of trivial pursuits. International connections. Gun running."

"Used to be the Welcome Wagon would come calling when you moved into a new neighborhood," Carey said. "You have any information on the leadership?"

"Top guy uses the name Ragtop Spiff," Bottoms said. He tapped a few more keys. "We can access his rap sheet from here, using the known alias. There you go."

"Damn," Carey whispered. "That guy was at the scene last night. Gave a name of Raymond Jones III."

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"Seems to be legit. He was booked under that name 17 months ago. Carrying a concealed weapon—9mm Smith & Wesson." Bottoms paged to the next screen. "He stays cool, that's for sure. Suspected in several murders and disappearances related to gang activity since his release five months ago, but nothing solid."

"Get your jacket, Bottoms. This is where virtual reality stops and the real world begins."

Bottoms placed an electronic bookmark in the file and logged out of the system. "Where we headed?" he asked, pulling his suit coat from the back of his chair.

"Back to South Central," Carey said.

"You're getting to be a regular native down there," Bottoms said. "Maybe you should take an apartment."

What I should take is a vacation, Carey thought. But there would be no rest any time soon. Not with a cop killer on the street.

Psycho Killer

"There he is," Bottoms said excitedly, pointing out the passenger window toward a young black man cradling the receiver of a pay phone between his shoulder and chin. "Wearing RBGB colors." He glanced at the crime book in his lap. "We're not three blocks away from where Hickman was found."

"Let's take him," Carey replied, pulling to the curb.

Bottoms reached for the radio but Carey stopped him. "Don't you want backup?" he asked.

"Just a nice friendly chat," Carey replied. "With my new friend—Raymond Jones."

"Whatever you say."

The two cops let themselves out of the car and walked toward the pay phone. The young man had his back to them and did not notice their approach. When they got close, Carey motioned for Bottoms to drop back a few steps. His partner stopped and leaned against the fender of an '88 Firebird parked in front of the Rainbow Cafe. Carey moved up alongside the pay phone and showed his badge.

"Chill, man. Making the call here," the young man replied to the flash of gold. Carey put his finger on the receiver hook. "Wrap it up. I want to talk to you."

Jones ignored him and turned his back. Carey pushed the receiver hook down with his finger. Jones tried to swing around, but Carey stopped the move by grabbing him by the left wrist and forcing his arm up between his shoulder blades. "Calm down, son," Carey said. "This is just a pleasant conversation."

"OK, OK, man, let go me man—you goin' to bust my arm."

Carey released his grip. The young man turned to face him, rubbing his right arm with his left hand.

"Looks like we meet again, Mr. Jones."

"Yo, I don't know you, cop. I know you crazy. I know that for a fact. And I don't have to talk with you. You ain't gonna arrest me, get out of my face."

"True, you don't have to talk with me. But you will."

"Yeah? Why will I do that? I got plenty of friends to talk to. Don't need to talk to no cop."

"Because if you don't I'll tell your gang buddies that you did anyway. And I'll tell some of the other gangs looking at this turf that me and RBGB had a nice long, interesting chat about the neighborhood."

"You jive, man, my homeboys ain't goin'..."

"Let's talk about Bobby Washington. Or maybe about a dead cop. I think your friends would be interested to know how you told all about how RBGB was in on that." Carey paused to let it sink in. "What do you think, Hal? Think they'd be interested?"

"Interested," Bottoms echoed. "Most definitely."

Jones cursed under his breath. "All right, you the man." He started down the street past Carey.

"Not that way, junior." Carey took the subject by the arm and steered him in the opposite direction. "Down this way about four blocks or so."

Jones accompanied the two detectives down the street, walking silently and sullenly between them. In a few minutes they reached the alley where Hickman's body had been discovered. Carey was getting familiar with the layout. It felt like a second home. "Look what we have here," Carey said, directing the young man into the alley. "Looks like you and your compatriots have been decorating the neighborhood. Want to tell me about it?"

"This is what you roustin' me for? You want to ask me about some dumbass graffiti? What's the matter—they got you working the clean city detail?" Spiff giggled.

"I was out here last night," Carey said quietly, "and this paint was fresh. Still wet. Found something else, too."

"I can guess," the young man countered. "You musta found some litter. You want to bust me for litterin'. Oh, man, I guess I better confess right here. You gonna bust me for litterin'. Maybe for loiterin'."

"Maybe for murder," Carey said.

"You and you ass," the young man said. "You mean that cop that got wasted last night? Nothing to do with me and my people. We don't need—"

"Tell me about Bobby Washington," Carey said quietly. "Tell me about how a little kid like that ends up full of bullets. And after you tell me, maybe you'd like to go down the street with me and tell his mother."

"'Hood is a dangerous place, man. Bad place to grow up in. Bad place to live. Bad place to die."

Recipe for Death





"You got that right," Carey replied. "You better be clean on this, Jones. Clean like your momma's kitchen. Because I am all over it. And that means I am all over you."

Jones shook himself off and smoothed his jacket. "Save it for the TV, Five-O. The illustrious LAPD ain't going to worry about some little black boy got found in the alley. This city is full of little black kids dead in the streets. You ain't going to worry about one more."

"This one I am," Carey said. "I'm taking it personally. I'm on a mission."

"Mission impossible." Jones sniffed. "You through here? If you are, you best be letting me go. Else you can take me down and we'll sit around and wait for my lawyer."

These gang kids had all the answers, Carey thought. All but one. The magic formula for getting off of the streets. For most of them, there were only two ways—prison or the morgue.

"Go on, get out of here. Remember what I said."

"Oh, yeah. I'll remember that. And I'll remember you. No problem with that." The two detectives watched him turn the corner out of the alley.

"Maybe we should have been tougher with him," Bottoms said.

"Wouldn't do us any good at this point," Carey replied. "I just wanted to adjust the heat a little bit. When the heat goes up, so does the pressure. And when the pressure is on, that's when you find the leak."

Bottoms nodded and the two detectives stepped out of the alley and started back to their car. Jones was about thirty feet in front of them. The sound came from Carey's left and a little behind, but it came so quick he barely had time to register it before the sound of a shot drowned it out and the smash of a bullet into the concrete wall threw a spray of plaster and dust onto his shoes. Instinctively, Carey pushed forward and shoved Bottoms toward the ground. The second shot went wide, but the third hit Bottoms square in the back of the right shoulder. He dropped with a groan. Carey managed to get him behind the cover of the car. Looking up, he saw Jones sprinting for the corner, but too late. Another shot and Jones' head jerked as if pulled by a rope. His body dropped like a sack of stones.

Carey had his gun out, for all the good it would do him. Carefully, he reached up and forward and managed to get the car door open. A fourth shot careened off the windshield as he pushed inside the car and pulled the radio mike free.

"Unit Able Tony Copper 34. Officer down. Repeat. Officer down."

Dispatch immediately piped the call through the network to all available units. Carey gave them a quick rundown of the situation and his location. It seemed like hours, but in a few minutes Carey could hear oncoming sirens. It sounded like the entire LAPD was converging on this one corner of the city.

"LAPD!" The shout came from Carey's right. He looked up to see a man dressed in a cook's apron standing toward the other end of the street. The cook reached beneath his apron and pulled out a badge.

Carey held up his hand. "Fire coming from the building at the end of the alley," he shouted. "We've got an officer down."

The cook signaled that he understood, then indicated that Carey should give him covering fire while he made his way toward the car. Carey nodded. A quick glance at Bottoms reassured him that the officer's wound wasn't as serious as he had first feared. "Hal, hang in there. Help is on the way." Bottoms smiled weakly.

On Carey's signal, the officer dressed as a cook sprinted toward the car. Carey prepared to return fire, but there were no shots fired. "Varaz," the cook said. "Undercover."

Carey told him who he was and explained the situation. "What's the get-up?" he asked.

"Working a sting at the Rainbow Cafe," Varaz replied. "But your little fireworks have blown the top off of that but good."

Carey didn't answer right away. He didn't give a fat rat's ass about Varaz's special sting operation. Right now he had a wounded partner and a shooting spree. Carey extracted a first aid kit from the front passenger door. He applied a bandage to the wound in Bottom's shoulder and directed the wounded officer to hold it in place.

"Look after your partner," Varaz said. "I'll see if I can flush our shooter into the open." Keeping low, Varaz made it to the building's front door. Just as he got inside the entrance, Carey saw a figure moving from behind the building at the corner. "Varaz! He's making a run for it out the left side!"

Startled, the suspect who had just appeared from around the front of the building scuttled toward the next block. Varaz began to pursue on foot. Thankfully, he didn't have to chase him far—a black and white pulled up short across the street, blocking the suspect's path so effectively that he hit the hood of the car at full stride and rolled off the other side. He stood to run, but by that time Varaz hit him with a blind side tackle.

Carey was still crouched behind his car, but he stood when Varaz called out that the suspect was apprehended. Minutes later, an ambulance pulled up in front of Carey's T-Bird. The EMT's were able to hustle Bottoms onto a gurney and into the back of the wagon. Carey joined Varaz as the second officer emerged from the vacant building.

"Look what we have here," Varaz said, pushing the offender violently out onto the sidewalk. "Gang member extraordinaire. Bucking for promotion. Community role model."

"Killer of little boys," Carey said. "Isn't that right?"





"I don't know what you're talking about," the suspect snarled. "I was just minding my own business—"

"Found this on the floor under some old newspapers," Varaz said, holding out an automatic pistol. "Near enough to our friend here to make him a danger to society."

"That's not my piece," the suspect said. "Never saw it."

"Then you won't mind if we take it for prints," Carey replied. He stood back while Varaz moved his prisoner to a waiting car. In a few minutes the undercover cop returned.

"Good going, Carey. I spent four months setting up that sting operation at the Rainbow Cafe and you take four minutes to screw it up with a shoot out in broad daylight."

"Wasn't my choice," Carey said.

"What the hell are you doing rousting gang members down here? You think you're invisible? That nobody sees you?"

"I want them to see me," Carey said evenly. "When a cop goes down, I want the whole city to see me. I'm not going to sneak around to protect your precious undercover operation. You should have stayed put."

"Right," Varaz replied, disgusted. "And then they would be wheeling you into Sam Nobles' inner sanctum. Hickman couldn't handle the street, and neither can you."

"Screw you, Varaz."

Varaz closed his hand into a fist and stalked away toward the group of squad cars gathered at the end of the street. Carey saw Block's car join the group. He sighed and walked over to where Jones lay on the sidewalk. No need to chalk this one, he thought, noting the blood that boldly marked Jones' death against the dull gray cement.

Julie Chester, the criminalist who had assisted the night before at Hickman's murder, came up behind Carey. "Getting to be a regular team, you and me," she said. "How's Hal?"

"He'll be laid up for a couple of weeks," Carey said. "But he'll recover." Chester nodded. "Have anything for me here?" she asked.

"When the shooter opened fire, I saw a slug or two hit the wall along here," Carey said. "Let's see if we can find a slug, match it to the gun Varaz found."

"What did you say to Varaz anyway?" Chester asked. "The guy's really pissed." "He'll get over it," Carey said. "Let's look for that bullet."

Carey took one end of the wall, about 20 feet from where he remembered the bullet hitting, and directed Chester to a spot about 20 feet on the other side. Slowly, they moved toward each other, closely examining the wall and the sidewalk for signs of impact. "Got it!" Chester shouted, moving closer to the wall and pointing

to a spot about three feet from the ground. Drawing nearer, Carey could see a ragged scar against the wall's plaster.

Chester was busy with a small awl and a pair of needle-nosed pliers. Gently, she worked the instruments into the crevasse and retrieved a bullet that had lodged there. "Can't believe that it didn't ricochet into the street somewhere," she said. "This must be your lucky day, detective."

Carey smiled ruefully. One of his friends gets tortured and mutilated to death. A guy gets his head blown off in broad daylight. A mother learns that her little boy was killed and dumped with the trash. His new partner takes a bullet. His supervisors are getting an earful of how he blew the top off an undercover sting. Yeah, this was some streak of luck he was having. "Take that down to SID, and check the third floor of the building over there for shell casings," Carey said. "I'll catch you later, see what turns up."

"You got it, detective," Chester said. "And the lab should have results on the evidence gathered last night as well."

Carey nodded and headed toward his car. He saw that Block's car had already left the scene. Probably waiting for me back at Parker Center, Carey thought. That way he can chew me out in front of the whole department—get more mileage that way.

Partners in Crime

Block didn't waste any time. Carey had taken a slow ride back to Parker Center, hoping that the situation would cool a little. But no sooner had he stepped off the elevator on the third floor than Block summoned him to his office. Carey didn't even hang up his jacket. Varaz was waiting with Block, sitting in a chair against the far wall.

"Come in, Carey, sit down," Block said, motioning to a chair in front of his desk. "Bad deal, this shooting."

"Yes, lieutenant, a bad deal."

Block looked across the desk at Carey for what seemed like a very long time. "How's Bottoms?"

"I expect he'll be back before too long," Carey said.

Varaz shifted in his seat. Block glanced at him then returned his gaze to Carey. "The detective here says your fireworks cost the department several months of intense undercover work," he continued. "I don't need to tell you what a dim view my superiors take of such a waste."

Carey started to speak but Block silenced him with a look. "I don't know what you were doing down there, Carey, stirring up that hornet's nest trying to get a case for the Hickman killing, but try sticking to detective work. You have enough





resources at your disposal, with the lab and with other officers, that you don't need to turn South Central into a wild west show."

Block paused and pushed a manila folder across his desk toward Carey. "I'm making a change in your case," he said. "First, Varaz here has been temporarily reassigned from Narcotics as your partner."

"Lieutenant..."

"Shut up, Carey. The second thing is, we've got another dead cop." Silence hit the room like a winter storm sweeping over the Missouri Badlands. "Rene Garcia—patrolman out of Hollenbeck. Found this morning on the front lawn of a Mr. Yo Money. Some kind of musician."

"Rap," Varaz volunteered. "Money's got quite a following on the LA urban music scene. Plays clubs up and down the coast. Hasn't broken national yet, but the talk is he will soon. Records for a minor label—Ivory—and has several tapes out."

"My, my, Varaz," Carey said. "You're a veritable wealth of knowledge concerning Mr. Money." He flipped through a couple of pages in the folder. "I don't see the coroner's report here," he said.

"Just the prelims," Block said. "What concerns me is that the Hickman and Garcia killings may be related, that the killer or killers have a mandate for murdering police officers."

Carey stood up from his chair. "I think I want to talk to Nobles. There isn't any way to see a connection from this stuff unless I have a full report from him."

"One more thing, Carey," Block said. "I got a call yesterday from Community Relations. A lot of people are upset at your treatment of Ms. Bilden. Your little shoving match was all over the TV."

"She was in my way..."

Block held up his hand. "She has a job to do, Carey. And you are not to antagonize the press while working this case. We are getting enough heat already from all sides. Two dead cops—and that little boy found in the same alley with Hickman. Community groups want to be sure we don't let that one get swept under the rug while we go after a cop killer."

"Don't worry, lieutenant. I have no intention of forgetting little Bobby Washington."

"Good," said Block. "Because I have some disturbing news about that. Just an hour ago a search team turned up Hickman's missing weapon—in Raymond Jones' apartment."

"That's great," Carey said. "That links our shooter to Hickman."

"I got the ballistics report from SID this morning—it matches the slugs dug out of the Washington boy."

Carey faltered. "You're sure about that?" he demanded.

"You can go to court on it," Block said. "That's the reason Varaz is being assigned as your partner. It isn't a matter of making friends—Varaz worked with Hickman for the last eight months. You're going to need him to get to the bottom of this."

"I still don't believe it," Carey said. "There must be some other explanation. I know Bob Hickman. I can't see him shooting a kid."

"Neither do I. Neither does Varaz. Nobody in this police department does. But the public is going to want more than faith. You better make them believe it," Block said. "Because if they don't buy it, if the media gets wind that the bullets dug out of little Bobby Washington came from Hickman's gun—hell, last year's riots will look like a trip to Disneyland. Doesn't have to be true. The story will be enough. That's why I want you to not antagonize the press. Let them think they have the story all figured out. If they start suspecting what we're really looking at, no cop in this city will be safe." Block took one final long look at Carey and Varaz, then dismissed them.

The two detectives filed out of Block's office and took a long, silent elevator ride down to the first floor. During the walk to the car, both men were acutely aware of the growing tension that ticked between them like a bomb. Carey wished he could drive anywhere except where he was going. Katherine Hickman was already suffering, and having two cops come into her house asking questions about her husband was too much—for anyone. Last night, after Hickman's body had been discovered, Carey had visited the Hickman house to provide support. Now he was going in the role of a detective. He didn't like it, not at all.

The ride to Hickman's house was almost automatic, he had done it so many times. All the way along the expressway, Carey's thoughts went back and forth, across time and place to when he and Bob had first enrolled at the Academy. Years telescoped to minutes, old jokes came back with forgotten punch lines, nights remembered on stakeout, car chases and the dull routine of report writing and case filing. The two of the them thought they would always work together, but then went their separate ways, following their instincts and interests into separate fields. Hickman, with his flair for the dramatic, opted for undercover work. And Carey took Major Crimes, Homicide, where his penchant for the analytical and the uneasy calm he mustered in the face of mayhem, within sight of the worse things people could do to one another, played to his strengths.

Before he knew it, Carey had stopped before the ranch house along Sandine Drive. The drapes were drawn across the front bay window—that was unusual, he thought, knowing Katherine's fondness for sunny rooms and fresh flowers. Carey rang the bell. Valerie Hickman, eight years old, opened the door.

"Hi, Uncle John," she said. She looked up at Varaz with questions in her eyes. Carey kneeled. "Hi, Princess." He brushed her hair back from her face. "We need to talk to your mother."





"Come on in," the little girl said, matter of factly. "She's in her bedroom. I'll go get her."

Varaz followed Carey into the house, stepping through the short entrance hallway to the living room. Carey noticed a small box on the coffee table in front of the floral-patterned couch, and recognized it as the contents of Hickman's desk. He started toward it, then stopped as Katherine came into the room.

"Oh, John," was all she could say and then she was in his arms, and he was holding her for a long time. After several minutes that seemed longer, he was able to settle her on the couch. That's when she noticed Varaz.

"Detective Varaz," Carey said. "He worked with Bob on undercover assignments."

Katherine nodded. "Bob never brought anyone home from the unit," she explained. "So I didn't..."

"That's all right," Varaz said. "Undercover cops don't tend to meet or visit each other's houses. If a cover is blown, it would put innocent people at risk."

"Someone from his office dropped it off," Katherine said, changing the subject and motioning toward the box that Carey had noticed earlier.

Carey nodded and mumbled something. "We have to ask you a few questions," he said. "We're handling the investigation." He was deliberately vague. Let Katherine think they were looking into Hickman's death only, and don't mention the SID findings, he reminded himself. Varaz shot him a look, but he ignored it.

Katherine glanced over to where Valerie was leaning against the wall. "Honey, why don't you gather up your doll collection in your room for Uncle John to see." Valerie scooted down the hall eagerly.

"Kate, was Bob having any problems at work that we should know about? Something that he talked to you about but maybe kept from the department?"

It was obvious that she had something to say, and just as obvious that she was looking for a way not to say it. Maybe it was the presence of Varaz, or maybe it was something else, Carey couldn't tell. But eventually she spoke up. "I suppose you'll find out all about it sooner or later," she said finally. "It's probably better that it comes from me." She stood up from the couch and walked to the living room closet.

"Bob and I were having some problems. Mostly about the job. Something was eating him. He wouldn't talk to me about it. Said he was getting help from the department, and that was all he needed to deal with the stress. I told him it was killing him, and if he couldn't step away—" she paused, then opened the closet door. "Last week, I found these in his jacket as I was doing laundry." She held out a prescription bottle.

"Valium," Varaz said, taking the bottle and looking it over. "Were these prescribed by a doctor?"

Katherine stared at him like he was stupid. "If a doctor had prescribed them, we wouldn't have been fighting over them," she said coldly.

"Why would he have those?" Carey asked. "I never knew Bob to be involved with drugs."

"He claimed he got them off an informant, and that he planned to take them to the office for evidence, but forgot them in his jacket pocket."

"That might make sense," Carey said. He ignored another look from Varaz. "What makes you doubt that was the case?"

"I could tell he was on something. He didn't sleep good at night. He was cranky, snapping at Valerie..."

"Doesn't sound like Bob," Carey agreed.

"I don't know anymore," Katherine said. "I don't really know what sounds like Bob anymore."

Carey took the pill bottle from Varaz and pocketed it. "He might have been having problems, but he was a good man underneath, Kate. Don't lose sight of that. And if there's anything that you need, call me right away." Carey made his way to the front door. Varaz hesitated, then followed.

"Thanks for coming over," Katherine said. "I'm glad you're working the case. It's fitting, in a way."

"I guess it is," Carey said. The two detectives stepped through the door and made their way down the walk to the car. Katherine watched through the glass of the storm door, then closed the front door after he pulled away from the curb.

Where There's Smoke

Varaz was in a state. "What the hell was that, Carey? Do you call that an investigation?"

"I call that a friend," Carey said. "That's a concept you wouldn't understand, Varaz."

"Screw you," Varaz replied. "You're so blind with loyalty to Bob Hickman you can't do your job. That's not being a friend. That's being a patsy."

"Look, Varaz," Carey said, steering his way onto the ramp headed north. "I don't want to get off on the wrong foot, but I need to say a couple of things up front. First, Hickman didn't shoot that kid."

Varaz shrugged.

"He didn't do it," Carey said. "So the way I see it we have one job here—to get that son of a bitch who killed Hickman. If it's the same guy that killed Garcia, that's even better. I might very well have screwed up your undercover operation, but frankly I don't give a flying rat's ass. We can work together on this, or we can butt heads all the way to hell and back. Which way will it be?"

"I heard you were rough on your partners, but this must be a record even for you," Varaz replied. "The sooner we get this case solved, the sooner you and I can part company."





"Suits me," Carey said. He parked the car in the underground garage and the two detectives entered the building and took the elevator to the third floor, then walked briskly down the hall to the Major Crimes, Homicide bullpen. Neither man spoke. Carey crossed the room to his desk and pulled a yellow interdepartmental envelope from his in-box. "Here's the crime log report on Hickman," he said, handing the envelope to Varaz. Carey went over the highlights as Varaz leafed through the papers. "DNA tests were run on the cigarette found next to the body, but there's no match on record." The telephone on Carey's desk rang. He picked it up and punched the blinking red light.

"Carey, this is Julie Chester, SID."

"Hi, Julie. I was just getting ready to talk about you."

"Don't say anything you won't regret later," detective. "You might get what you ask for."

"Right now I'm asking for lab results," Carey replied. "So what do you beaker breakers have for me?"

"We ran ballistics on the weapon detective Varaz recovered from your shooting suspect yesterday. The slugs match those in the Washington case, and were fired from Hickman's weapon."

"I know all that," Carey said impatiently. "But I need a way to prove that Hickman was not in possession of the gun when it was used to kill Bobby Washington."

"We also have a match on slugs dug out of the wall in the alley where Hickman's body was recovered. Same weapon—registered to Hickman. Might indicate that the boy was shot in the alley."

"No blood at the scene on the ground," Carey reminded her. "No, I think maybe there was some target practice going on. Hickman has an entire professional range for that, he doesn't need to shoot off a full clip at some alley wall downtown."

"Then it comes down to pinpointing the time of death for each victim," Chester replied.

"That's what it comes down to, you're right. Is that it? Anything else?"

"One last thing. We did an analysis of the cigarette picked up at the Hickman site. "It's a brand called Quantum."

Carey made a note of the name and thanked Chester, then hung up the phone. He relayed the news to Varaz. "That pretty well ties Jones to the Hickman killing," Carey said. "It certainly makes him the shooter for the Washington kid."

"It won't stand up," Varaz said. "It's all circumstantial. Hell, if it wasn't Hickman, any punk could have bought that weapon on the street 20 minutes after Hickman was killed."

"No, Jones is my killer all right," Carey said. "And I am going to hang him but good."

"Then think about this," Varaz said. "Jones was in jail when Garcia was killed. Unless you're suggesting that we have a copy cat, or that we're dealing with a gang of cop killers, then he's not Hickman's killer."

Carey swore under his breath. Everything that Varaz said made sense, but he didn't want to admit it. What he wanted was a clean trail and an easy collar. Jones and Hickman. Jones and the Washington kid. There had to be a connection between the two.

"Come on," Carey said, grabbing his jacket from the back of his desk. "Let's see if Nobles has anything on Garcia yet."

Carey made the drive to the coroner's office in record time. The two detectives found Nobles in the examination room, making notes in a spiral binder. He gave a quick glance up as they came into the room. "Good morning, gentlemen," he said. "I was just getting ready to step out for a small snack. Care to join me?"

"Some other time, Sam," Carey said. "We just need a couple of answers about Garcia."

Nobles nodded. "I've started the workup, so I can give you preliminaries. But the final results of all the tests won't be ready until this afternoon."

"We'll start with what you have," Varaz said. "We'll fill in the rest later. But let's cut to the chase—any similarities between Garcia and Hickman?"

"Besides the fact that they were both cops?"

"Come on, Sam," Carey said impatiently. "Something we can use."

"Like the fact they were both missing a piece of anatomy?" Carey and Varaz stared at Nobles in silence. "Yes, detectives. Hickman, as you know, was missing the index finger from his right hand. And Garcia — well, I hear they have a helluva band in heaven, but Garcia won't be dancing to the music. The killer or killers cut off all of his toes."

"All ten?" Carey asked, incredulously.

"That's how many toes most people have, detective. Except for Garcia. That little piggy has none."

Varaz invoked the name of some deity under his breath. Nobles leafed through a few more pages in his notebook. "Here it is. I knew there was something else. Garcia had rope marks on his wrists and ankles—the same pattern and placement as found on Hickman. Also, we ran a check on the fibers found on both bodies and got a positive match. Same rope, a red nylon type, was used on both victims. Like Hickman, Garcia's mouth and eyes were glued shut. We don't have a match with the glue yet, so I can't tell you what brand it is. SID is working with that. Both of the deceased suffered cigarette burns to the face. We recovered tobacco from Garcia's hair. I have sent the sample to SID, along with ashes scraped from the burns. Maybe we can get a brand name..."

"Quantum," Carey said.

"What's that?" asked Nobles.





"A partially smoked cigarette was found near Hickman's body. SID identified the brand as Quantum."

Nobles made a note. "I'll call SID and have them check the samples I sent over against that brand. That'll be faster than running an analysis from scratch without a control."

"You said yesterday that Hickman died from poisoning, and not from the torture," Carey said, looking at his notes. "Does the same hold true for Garcia?"

"That's what I am guessing at this point," Nobles said. "And, like Hickman, Garcia was killed at one point and then dumped in another location—where the body was found this morning. We have primary and secondary lividity. The killer let him lay around for a little while before dumping him—" Nobles paused, and shuffled some papers on his desk.

"Yo Money," Varaz said. "Garcia was discovered early this morning in the front yard of Yo Money's house. He's a local rapper."

"Right," Noble said, pulling a copy of the report from his stack of papers. "Says 1201 Whittle Boulevard. Must be good money in rap music. That's a real nice address."

"Let's find out how nice," Carey said, moving toward the door. "I'll be calling you later, Sam, to find out the results of the other tests."

Nobles nodded and turned back to his work. "One more thing," Carey interrupted. "Have you fixed a time of death for Hickman and the Washington boy?"

"My estimate is that Hickman had been dead for 4 to 6 hours before his body was found. The boy—I would say about 8 hours."

"Thanks," Carey said. He and Varaz shut the door behind them and returned to their car. "You know the way there?" Carey asked. "You can drive."

Varaz took his place behind the wheel and pulled away from the curb. "Now you see what I meant earlier," he said to Carey as he maneuvered his way through the city traffic and caught the expressway going south. "That guy's a piece of work, but I don't see him cutting off toes."

"You may be right, Varaz. But I am still laying even money that he's the shooter in the Washington case."

"With the time the coroner gave us, a good defense counsel could put enough doubt in a jury's mind to get an acquittal," Varaz said.

"Just drive, Varaz. Maybe Mr. Money can provide some assistance."

"Hard to believe that he would be mixed up in something like this," Varaz said. "The guy has everything going for him. Money, big contract—"

"Maybe somebody doesn't like to see all that going to one guy. Maybe he got to the top by standing on somebody else's neck."

Varaz shrugged. "I guess that could happen. But what are you saying? Someone killed Garcia and dumped him on this homeboy to frame him? Not too bright. Why not just shoot him?"

"Maybe he ran out of bullets," Carey replied. "Bobby Washington was carrying 10."

Recipe for Death



Bad Rap

Yo Money filled his glass from a bottle of malt liquor and considered the day's events. Getting ready to start a nationwide tour, and now he had the press and everybody else wanting to know what he was doing with a dead cop in his yard. Like he knew. He didn't put him there. He just called the cops when he found the body this morning. Dead cop in the front yard.

Didn't do any harm to his image as a gangsta rapper, he thought, smiling. He left the 'hood stuff behind a long time ago but, like the record people said, something like this could boost the sales of his fresh CD.

The bad part was dealing with the cops. They made him nervous. And right now he had two cops in his living room. He knew they didn't really care if he was telling the truth or not about just finding the cop dead in his yard. They were just looking to hang it on him, bust up his record deal. Money set the empty can of malt liquor on the kitchen counter and headed back to the living room.

Carey looked up from his notebook and gave Varaz a nod. They were pretty much done here. There was no question that Money had nothing to do with Garcia's murder. But there had to be something more to it than a random dump. "Mr. Money," Carey began, "do you have any idea why someone would choose your house to dump a body?"

"Like I said," Money replied testily, "I don't know nothing about it. Ask me, I say it's all trying to put down the black man. One of us gets successful, and all of the sudden you white folks got to put him in his place."

"Not all of us are white," Varaz corrected him.

"Could have fooled me," Money said. "You ain't black, then you're white."

"Garcia wasn't black," Carey said. "So it doesn't seem to me that this was purely a racial crime."

"Some of you white folks got a lot of hate in you," Money replied. "Some don't like anybody at all if they aren't pure white."

"Who do you know like that?" Carey asked. "Perhaps we should be talking to them."

Money quickly crossed the room and yanked open the drawer of a small writing table. He pulled out a stack of papers and envelopes and tossed them on Carey's lap. "Take your pick, man. You tell me which one of your cousins is the one who did your cop friend. Ain't none of them in there worth nothing to me."

Carey leafed through the papers. Hate stuff, vile racist trash that no intelligent person could write. None of it was signed. "Do you mind if we take this? We might be able to turn up a lead from it."



"Take it, take all of it," Money said. "There's plenty more where it came from."

Carey stood up. "Let's go Varaz," he said. "Mr. Money, this is where you can reach us, should you think of anything at all that might help in our investigation," he said, handing Money a business card. "Anything at all, call us. And I'll have someone check into these," he said, waving the fistful of hate mail. "Even if it's unrelated to Garcia's murder, which I suppose it is, we'll see if we can put a stop to it."

"Only one way to stop something like that," Money replied. "That's with a fist and a gun."

"Stick to the record business," Varaz cautioned. "You don't want to get into anything you know nothing about."

Money sniffed. "I know all about that," he said. "Nazis and KKK. Don't ever tell an African he don't know about that. You the one who need to get right, Jose. Five-O isn't any friend of yours, either."

There didn't seem to be anything else to say, so the two detectives let themselves out the front door and returned to their car. "Let's head back to Parker Center," Carey said. "I want to go through this and see if there's anything else turned up about Garcia's lab work." Varaz hit the gas.

Serve 'em Up Cold

Carey had heard it all before, and not that long ago. He leafed through Sam Nobles' autopsy report. Glue on the eyes and mouth. Rope fibers recovered from the binding points at both ankles and wrists. Burn marks on the face and torso consistent with cigarette burns. Stress marks around the eyes and mouth indicated the victim had struggled while under severe torture. Everything about it struck an uncomfortably familiar chord in Carey's mind. Same killer did Hickman, did Garcia.

He pushed back from his desk and rubbed his eyes. The clock above the door to Block's office read 10:20. These 16-hour days would kill a cop just as sure as a bullet—it just took longer. Varaz was running a check on the hate mail they had brought from Money's house. Carey wondered what was keeping him. He wanted to get to a stopping place, get home and get some rest. Better yet, he wanted to stop and get a drink.

He reached absentmindedly into his jacket pocket and found the pill bottle he had gotten from Katherine Hickman. He pulled it out and rolled it around in his hand. Not much different than his wanting to get a drink, he thought. Bob Hickman may have been abusing these stress relievers to escape what looked like a neverending war against the gang violence that plagued the inner city. Carey wished he knew more about his friend, knew more about how Hickman was dealing with the stress of his undercover assignment. So far, Varaz had been quiet on that score. Carey put it down to loyalty, and he wasn't about to dismiss that. Yet, at the same

time, Varaz came down pretty hard on him when he held on to the pills, rather than introduce them as evidence.

Carey pulled an evidence envelope from his drawer and filled out the paperwork, then dropped the pills inside. Hickman was dead now. There was no reason to protect him. Katherine knew his problems as well as anyone—better. And she had made some kind of uneasy peace with it. Just he as was about to drop the envelope into the SID pick-up box, he had second thoughts. If an investigation labeled Hickman as a druggie, then Katherine might lose her survivor's benefit. He'd have to call his buddy in Internal Affairs, see what the possibilities were. Until then, he'd keep the envelope locked in his desk. Where was Varaz?

As if summoned by an invisible command, Varaz appeared at the door, with a computer printout and a smile. "We may have something here, Carey. Special Investigations has been keeping a file of hate crimes, and they spotted a pattern among the letters we got from Money. Seems SID has been keeping tabs on one Dennis Walker."

"Fits the pattern, is all they say. Walker runs a neo-Nazi group out of his house—the usual paraphernalia, fascist regalia, hate literature, Jewish conspiracy clap trap that those people eat up like dog food," Varaz said. "A couple of the letters sent to Money have direct references to his operation."

"Might be a fan of his," Carey replied. "Trying to make an impression."

"Sure, could be. But Walker has a record. He did time in the big house, released 8 months ago. And while there, he was a real maker in the White Night Brotherhood. So he isn't afraid to get his hands dirty for a good cause." Varaz handed a photograph to Carey across the desk. It was the standard mugshot variety.

"Not his best side," Carey observed.

"Wears a swastika tattoo on the inside right forearm," Varaz read from the computer report. "That should make him easy to identify."

"So where does this Walker live?" Carey asked.

"Hollywood," Varaz said.

"All that glamour," Carey said, sarcastically.

"Bet you never thought you'd get into show business," Varaz chuckled.

Carey muttered and got up from his desk. "Maybe we can catch Walker at home, combing his moustache."

"Sure," Varaz replied. "It's early yet."

The two men compared notes on the road to West Hollywood, the last address listed for Dennis Walker. "I still think we're reaching here," Carey said. "I don't see that Walker would have a reason to kill Garcia."

"Let's say he's trying to set Yo Money up. Like the man said, he's trying to pin something on the black man who's making a better life than he is."

"But that doesn't match up with what we know about Garcia's murder and how it relates to Hickman's murder. Same guy did both."





"Or the same group," Varaz replied.

Carey thought about that for a minute. "Yeah, I guess you're right. If it's a group thing, then the similarities might be easier to explain. But what about the graffiti where Hickman was found? Looks like a gang thing."

"Those Rude Boys have been running weapons in and out of LA for years," Varaz replied. "I really thought CRASH was going to nail them this time. Then this Hickman thing blew it wide open. I don't know who your snitch was, but that really screwed the whole operation."

"So you're thinking that there's a connection between Walker and the Rude Boys? What is it? Guns? I don't think the White Night Brotherhood has any problems getting weapons."

"Anybody with money can get a gun in this town," Varaz said. "Maybe something else is going down. Maybe Rude Boys were carrying out a hit for someone. Maybe that hit was Walker. Or maybe it was the other way around."

"I don't see a black gang carrying out a hit for Nazis," Carey said.

"Profit motive makes for strange allies," Varaz replied. "Don't discount greed. Or maybe one of their members owed a favor from inside."

"I don't buy it," Carey said, turning off the expressway and making his way into Hollywood. "I'd bet my badge we're looking at one suspect. One really crazy guy. Even if what you say is true, and there's a connection between the gangs and the White Night Brotherhood, it doesn't add up to torture and murder. The gang would have shot Hickman and Garcia, the same way they wasted Jones. A gang doesn't go in for cutting off fingers."

"Maybe they wanted a keepsake," Varaz said. "Something to show the kids back home."

"Jesus, Varaz." Carey slowed the car along a residential street just two blocks off the seedy strip that plays host to Hollywood's most disreputable establishments. He switched off the lights and coasted to a stop in front of a weathered bungalow. "Here we are," he said, checking the magazine of his 9mm and sliding the clip into place. "Let's say hello to Adolph Jr."

The two detectives strode up the walk to the front door. Martial music could be heard booming from inside. Carey pounded on the door. "Police!" he shouted above the din. "Please come to the door!"

The music died quickly. Carey listened to some light footsteps coming toward the front door. The click of a bolt and the rattle of a door chain preceded the door coming open just a crack. A young woman's face peered out.

"Carey, Major Crimes, Homicide," Carey said, showing his badge. "This is officer Varaz. Is Mr. Dennis Walker at home?"

"He ain't here," the girl said. She started to close the door. Carey stuck his foot in the opening.

"Oh, thank you," he said, pushing his way into the house. "I don't mind waiting inside at all."

Varaz followed Carey inside. The girl turned quickly and moved away from them down a narrow hallway. Carey went after her, leaving Varaz to inspect the front room. When Carey got to the end of the hallway, he found himself in a small kitchen, with dirty linoleum flooring and badly painted cabinets. The girl was nowhere to be seen. He cursed under his breath, but took a couple of moments to look around. The sink was full of dishes, the table littered with take-out bags and half-eaten burgers. A couple of roaches skittered across the table top as he lifted the corner of one of the bags.

Disgusted, Carey started back down the hallway toward the front of the house. When a small, undernourished cat ran between his legs from behind, he almost tripped. Stumbling slightly, he regained his footing just in time to see the shadow cross the wall behind him. He turned and raised his arm as an instinct, pure reflex defense, and the blow caught him on the forearm. A glint of light bounced across his eyes. The skinny girl who had disappeared came at him again, a knife raised over her head.

Carey wished he had drawn his gun in the kitchen, but it was too late now. He counted on the girl being too much of an amateur to have much success with the knife, but it didn't make him feel much better. If that blade hit him, he was going to feel a lot worse. "Hold on there, sister," he said.

She replied by screaming and lunging forward. Carey stepped to the side at the last minute and let the girl's momentum carry her forward. As her fetid breath crossed his cheek, he buried his elbow in her kidneys. She grunted a high-pitched gasp, but managed to turn around. The knife wasn't so high now, but it was still just as sharp. Varaz emerged from the end of the hallway and drew his weapon. The girl wasn't looking at him, though. She glued her eyes on Carey and came toward him, hissing like a bad tire.

He had his weapon out now, the heavy metal of the barrel moving like a cold shadow in the hallway. "Stop right there and don't move an inch," he warned. "I'll blow your head off. I swear I will. Don't move."

This time, thankfully, he got through. "Drop the knife," Carey ordered. The girl continued to stare at him and through him, but then finally relented. The clatter of the knife as it struck the floor was as loud as a truck. Varaz moved swiftly behind her and got the cuffs on. Then the two detectives moved her out to the front room where they pushed her into a ratty and stained overstuffed chair. "Where's your boyfriend?" Carey asked. "Where's your little storm trooper? Out getting his brownshirt cleaned?"

The girl gazed back with hate. "Screw yourself," she said.

"That's original," Carey replied. "Nice to know you have such a witty personality. She's got a great personality, doesn't she Varaz?"





"Oh, yeah," the other detective replied. "I'd like to fix her up with a cousin of mine. That would be two personalities, give or take one or two."

"Let's go," Carey said, lifting the girl by the arm. "We can talk about this at headquarters. The stench in here is making me sick."

By the time Varaz had finished the booking and Carey had cleared his desk of the paperwork for the arrest of Jane Doe—she had refused to give her name but it didn't help her any—it was past midnight. Carey had gone beyond the simple tiredness that accompanies little sleep and high stress. He had entered that middle state where he knew a second wind would keep him awake for several more hours. Varaz caught up with him just as he was putting on his jacket to leave.

"Headed home?" he asked.

"In a while," Carey said. "I think I'll make a stop first." It was a kind of code the detectives used when referring to a hangout they visited regularly, a practice discouraged by the brass.

"I'll follow you," Varaz said.

"Suit yourself," Carey replied. He wasn't in the mood for company, but that wasn't any reason to deprive Varaz of a little R&R. The two detectives filed out of the office and took the elevator to the garage. Traffic was light, and in less than 20 minutes they had put Parker Center, Walker, and Yo Money behind them. It wasn't as easy to shake Hickman and Garcia.

The flashing neon beer sign that festooned the front plate glass window of the Short Stop bar promised a brief respite from the street and the Hickman case. It was a place of refuge, even though the Chief didn't see it that way. He saw it more as a hindrance and an obstacle to good police work. If a cop was ever busted for drunken driving, or got into a brawl, the chances were good that the Short Stop bar had been on the day's agenda.

Carey ordered bourbon from Peg behind the bar, who poured it generously and slowly. Carey drank just as slowly, savoring the strong taste, the feel of ice against his teeth.

"Been a long time since you paid us a visit," she said.

"Not that long, Peg," Carey replied, setting his half-empty glass on the bar.

Peg lit a cigarette from the pack she kept next to the cash register. "I heard about Bob Hickman. Saw it on the TV." Carey didn't say anything. "Saw you on the TV, too. You sure are rough with your women."

"You should have seen him earlier tonight. He went dancing with a psycho knife pusher," Varaz volunteered. "Talk about rough."

"Let's leave it, Varaz," Carey said. "I didn't come here to get the instant replay. You want that, turn on ESPN."

Varaz shrugged and ordered another beer.

"You want to talk about it?" Peg asked.

"No, I don't. What I want is to finish this glass of whiskey, in peace," Carey said.

"Touchy," Peg complained. She turned away to face Varaz.

Carey thought, nursing his drink. I've got to get clear on this thing. Two cops tortured to death, a little boy murdered in a gang shoot out, a Nazi's crazy girlfriend. He didn't have any trouble figuring the body count, but it still didn't add up. He looked around the bar as if it would give him an answer. The pool table, the empty booths, the pictures on the walls just stared back, without talking. Screw this, Carey thought, tossing back the rest of his drink. He left Varaz and Peg to sort it all out, and pushed through the door to his car.

Recipe for Death



Everything Rises with the Sun

The next morning didn't bring any solutions to the mystery surrounding Hickman's death. It didn't answer the questions about Garcia's killing. It didn't bring a winning lottery ticket, a new car, or anything else except more questions.

It didn't help Carey's mood when he found a memo in his box directing him to report to a special session of the city council. Just what he needed, some bureaucrat-clerking, pencil-pushing know-nothings eager to poke their noses into his investigation. All they wanted was the publicity and an edge on the next election. Carey wanted a lot more than that. He wanted a killer.

He was on his second cup of coffee by the time Varaz arrived. By that time, Carey had made his way once more through the crime scene photos and the lab reports on Raymond Jones III, Bob Hickman, and Rene Garcia. The final reports bore out what had been indicated from the preliminary findings—the Hickman and Garcia cases shared several facts that pointed to a single killer. Nylon fibers recovered from both bodies matched. The particular brand of fiber was used in rope sold by hundreds of companies in thousands of places across the country. No help there.

Tobacco recovered from Garcia matched that in the cigarette recovered from the Hickman crime scene—Quantum. None of this was new, but having it confirmed put Carey's mind at ease. The one thing that didn't quite match was the location. Hickman was killed in one location, then dumped in an alley, away from public view. Garcia had also been killed in one location, then moved—but the body dropped into a front yard where anyone might see it.

That might be the point, Carey thought. An alley in South Central LA wasn't as public as the front yard of a popular entertainer, unless you stopped to think about what public you were talking about. If Garcia had been dumped in Yo Money's yard to send a message, as Varaz had suggested, then perhaps Hickman's body was dropped in that alley to send a message—but to whom? Was the message aimed at RBGB, or was it a message from RBGB? And what about Bobby Washington?



"You want to take a drive to Hollywood, see if Walker's come home yet?" Varaz asked.

"Not likely," Carey replied. "We don't have time for that anyway. We've got to be at City Hall in 40 minutes to talk to the esteemed city council."

Varaz groaned. Like most detectives, he shared a common distaste for politicians. "Guess there's no way we can escape that," he complained.

"Come on, Varaz. Lets get it over with."

City Hall was no place for a self-respecting detective. Grim faced assistant and junior assistant bureaucrats in suits and skirts crossed gleaming marble floors and passed through heavy oak doors, oblivious to the teeming mayhem outside in their own streets. Ironically, most of the clerks and receptionists and broom-pushers who kept City Hall going were from those same streets, harried commuters putting in their 9-to-5 and working toward a city pension. But in the chambers upstairs, the politicians gathered in hushed tones, scratching backs, rewarding themselves with contracts and bonuses. The closest they got to interacting with the populace is when they turned on the local news and surfed the popularity polls with the remote control.

Carey and Varaz were ushered into the council chambers as they stepped out of the elevator that had carried them to the fourth floor. From where he sat at a long table in the center of the room, Lieutenant Block motioned the two detectives over. Someone struck a gavel and the meeting came to order.

Harold Brown, a councilman on record as a strong supporter of the LAPD, led Varaz and Carey through a series of questions about the Hickman and Garcia killings. It went pretty smoothly until Charles Clayton took up the issue of their interview with Yo Money. "Do you want to explain to this council why you thought it unreasonable to believe Mr. Money was the victim of an attack from a racist group bent on causing him professional and personal harm?" Clayton asked.

"With all due respect, councilman," Carey answered, "the victim was patrolman Garcia. Mr. Money was unharmed. But we did gather evidence at the scene that indicates there may be a connection between the hate mail Mr. Money has received and the killing of officer Garcia."

"And what did you do with that evidence? Did you follow it up?"

"Yes, we did," interjected Varaz. "We were able to trace the mail to a Mr. Dennis Walker, and we visited his residence in Hollywood last evening."

"You understand that we cannot afford to have attacks against the citizens of this city just because they have a different skin color..."

"I don't believe that there is a connection between Walker and the Hickman-Garcia killings," Carey interrupted. "Evidence does indicate that a Dennis Walker was sending hate mail to Mr. Money. We have already turned that evidence over to Special Investigations so that they can take that matter up. But, in my opinion, that

evidence does not contraindicate the theory that these killings are anything but the work of a psychopath." Carey's use of bureaucratese was a stroke of brilliance.

"Why don't you tell this body what those indications are, Detective Carey," said Brown.

"I am not at liberty to discuss the details of the investigation at this time," Carey responded.

"So we just have your word," Clayton snapped.

"You have the word of the entire department," said Block, coming to the defense of the detectives. "We don't want to let the public know all of the information that we have, for fear of damaging the investigation."

"Surely that doesn't include the members of this city council," spoke Sara Bellows, a first-term councilwoman with a reputation for plain talk. "I don't think you mean to keep from this council vital information that will help us in making the right decisions for this city."

"No, I don't," Carey said. "But I..."

The mayor cleared his throat and spoke. "I believe what the detective is trying to say here—excuse me officer Carey—is that certain elements of this case must be withheld from public knowledge in order to ensure that the case can be tried successfully at its conclusion." He turned to Carey. "The case will be brought to a successful conclusion, won't it detective?" He asked it like a question, but it wasn't. It was a command, and Carey know it.

"Yes, your Honor."

"And when might that be?" the mayor asked.

"As soon as possible," Carey answered.

"I hope you're right, detective. Because I am going to hold you to it. If the press gets on this it could make it very difficult for all of us."

"Yes, sir, I understand."

"That wasn't very evident in your confrontation with Kristy Bilden yesterday," shot Bellows. "You might think of taking a few community relation courses and learn how to handle the media when it comes to something this sensitive. Otherwise, it might be best if someone else were put on the case."

That outburst prompted several minutes of discussion about just how publicity was to be handled. All of the council members were extremely sensitive to the idea of adverse publicity. It could jeopardize the public safety. Not to mention their careers. Carey and Varaz stole a glance at Block, who cleared his throat. "If that's all, I'd like for these two officers to get back to the street and see if we can get an end to this whole bloody mess," he said.

There was a murmur of assent. Carey and Varaz took that as their leave. Just as they had turned from their table, a loud commotion from outside the door grabbed everyone's attention. There were shouts in the hallway, followed by a quick burst of gunfire.





"Get down!" ordered Block. The council members and the mayor dove from their seats and took cover behind the dais. Carey, Varaz, and Block drew their weapons just as the door in front of them opened and a dark-haired man wearing a baseball cap and carrying an assault rifle burst into the chamber. The three officers took defensive positions behind the table.

There wasn't any time for warnings. The three officers opened fire against the clear target, but their shots were absorbed by the shooter's armored vest. He swung his weapon around toward the table and reduced it to splinters with a long burst.

He didn't know how, but Carey escaped by rolling to his left. The noise was deafening, but it was hard to tell which was louder—the screaming or the firing. Coming up to his knees, he squeezed off two quick shots, then dove for the cover of a stack of metal folding chairs that had been pushed up against the wall.

The shooter turned in Carey's direction, which was just enough of a distraction for Varaz to get off five rapid shots. As a clip of ammo cut a line across the floor and skidded into the far wall, the shooter lurched forward, his forehead coming apart.

The quiet that erupted was almost as shocking as the attack itself. Carey ordered the security guards who raced into the room to call 911 and dispatch ambulances and police. Block had been wounded, as had Bellows and Brown.

Carey crouched over the fallen shooter. Varaz came up behind him. "I'll give you this much, Carey. You sure know where the action is." Carey grabbed the dead man's shoulder and turned him over. His face wasn't much more than slush. "Getting a positive ID is going to be a little tough," Varaz said.

Carey took the dead man's right arm and turned it to see the inner forearm. "Won't be that tough," he said. "Look at the tattoo. It's Dennis Walker all right."

The room was filling with emergency personnel. "He must have taken it off so as not to draw attention to himself," Varaz said. "I'm sure nobody noticed he was carrying an AK-47 with five clips of ammo."

"Get a call into SID," Carey told Varaz. "I want prints run on this guy as soon as he gets bagged. Let's make sure it's Walker." He stood up and holstered his gun.

"Just saved myself a dime," said Varaz, pointing to the squad of criminalists and photographers who had just arrived. Right behind them, Sam Nobles entered with his team from the coroner's office.

"I am going to run out of freezer space, we get many more bodies this week," Nobles said. He waited while SID's Julie Chester printed the dead man and photographed the scene. "OK," he said to the coroner assistants after she had finished, "let's get this creep bagged and out of here." As the dead man was loaded into a black plastic body bag, Nobles drew Carey and Varaz aside. "We got another one, early this morning. Found her in Griffith Park. Body was stripped. No ID yet." He passed a photograph to Carey.

Carey looked at the photograph carefully, then handed it to Varaz. "You linking her with Garcia and Hickman?"

"There are some similarities. She's missing a forearm. We matched fibers from her ankles and one wrist with the fibers recovered from the two officers."

"What about the eyes?" Carey asked. "Signs of torture?"

"You'd think hacking off an arm would be torture enough," Varaz muttered.

"No glue this time," Nobles replied. "But there are marks indicating that the victim was gagged and blindfolded. We're running a check on fibers recovered from inside her mouth and throat. And we also have a couple of burn marks, which are consistent with those marks found on Hickman and Garcia."

"Just a couple?" Carey asked. "Must have been in a hurry."

Nobles shrugged. "That's for you to tell me, detective. But call me this afternoon. We should have final test results by then." Nobles followed his assistants out of the room.

EMT's were moving Lieutenant Block past them on the stretcher. He reached out to grab Carey by the sleeve. "Nobles have something on your cop killer?"

"Maybe," Carey said. "Just preliminary. But looks like we might have another victim. Female this time." He looked to the medics. "How bad is it?"

"A wound to the right arm, but he'll be all right."

"Don't slack off," Block warned.

"Wouldn't think of it," Carey said.

The rest of the morning was taken up with filling out reports and interviewing witnesses to the City Hall shooting. Just as Carey and Varaz were leaving for Parker Center, Kristy Bilden approached and thrust her microphone into their faces.

"Can you officers comment on why the City Council was meeting in secret session with the LAPD?"

"No comment," Carey replied. "We have just had a serious incident here and until all of the facts are known..."

"Did this secret session have anything to do with the two police officers who have been killed this week?"

"I can't discuss any investigation currently underway," Carey replied coolly.

"We have reports that officer Hickman was under investigation from the LAPD's Internal Affairs division."

"The man is dead," replied Carey. "So the question is irrelevant."

"The body of a young woman was recovered in Griffith Park this morning, apparently after having been mutilated and killed. Does this mean that there is a psychopathic killer stalking the streets of Los Angeles?"

"It means that the city isn't as safe as it used to be. Now, if you'll excuse us, Ms. Bilden."

The reporter turned away from the officers to look at her cameraman. "So, far, the LAPD has been unable, or unwilling to put a stop to the killing spree that has haunted our city for the past three days. Is it the work of a deranged lunatic, or the conspired war from inner-city gangs trying to capture a share of the city's lucrative





drug and gun trade? Without more cooperation from the police department, the public may never know. Lock your doors, ladies and gentlemen, the LAPD is on the case."

Carey walked away disgusted, seething at Bilden's implying that the police were unwilling or incapable of solving the murders. Protect and serve was supposed to be the motto. But this wasn't television—and he wasn't Joe Friday. Or maybe he was wrong. In a city that sold illusion like Detroit sold cars, maybe everything was television. He remembered a line to an old song—"If heartaches were commercials, we'd all be on TV." From what he'd seen in the past 48 hours, Carey thought he had a shot at his own network.

Proof in the Details

It was no small satisfaction that, when Carey returned to his desk at Parker Center, he was able to pull together a story about the killing of Bobby Washington. The ballistics match between the slugs in Washington's body and the gun that Varaz recovered at the shoot-out might be circumstantial, but subsequent interviews in the area where the boy's body was found turned up a couple of witnesses. Kim Chee, who ran the mini-mart on the corner just around from the alley where Hickman and Washington were found, identified Raymond Jones as the man she saw pick Bobby Washington up in a late model BMW, sometime in the early afternoon two days ago.

Carey made a note to speak with her. He didn't want any loose ends on this one. He wished, only for a second, that Jones had survived the shoot-out. It would have been satisfying to see Jones rot for life in prison for killing Bobby Washington. But at least this way the DA couldn't cut a deal. What's a kid's life worth these days, Carey thought. Five years?

Carey dialed the DA's office and arranged for a warrant to search Walker's house. When he hung up, he grabbed Varaz for a quick trip to the morgue. "Before we go, let's talk to SID about their final report here on Hickman and Garcia."

Julie Chester met them in the SID conference room in the basement. *Conference room* was really an inflated term; actually it was a large room given mostly to the storage of specimens undergoing analysis. Baskets of evidence lined shelves, papers bulged from files. There was probably some order to all of the material, but Carey couldn't find it. The center of the room was filled by a long table, the cheap kind you can find at any office supply warehouse, with fake wood veneer on top and metal folding legs at the bottom. Carey, Varaz, and Chester sat on muddy-colored metal folding chairs around one end of the table.

"OK, guys, what you're looking at here is a severely deranged individual. We developed this psychological report, with the help of the FBI's task force on serial killers. The mutilation, the torture—it all points to a specific kind of person."

"You have a name?" Varaz asked. "Sure would make it easier."

"No," Chester replied. "But we have a pretty good description. Male. Mid-thirties. Lives alone. Probably doesn't have any friends, at least not close friends. Holds a job, but something that doesn't draw much attention. Something in his history that is driving him to these murders, probably some kind of sexual abuse trauma. Unless he is caught or he moves on, there's little hope that the killings will stop. He kills to satisfy some need, some hunger that can't be relieved until some kind of final satisfaction occurs. The trouble is, nobody but the killer knows what will bring it to a close."

"You keep talking as if the suspect we're looking for is a man. Is there something that rules out the possibility that it's a woman?" Carey asked.

"The level of cruelty and violence," said Chester, "is consistent with a male suspect. Most serial killers are male. Most of their victims are either female, or males who for some reason or another are unable to put up resistance."

"That doesn't fit here," Varaz replied. "We've got two cops dead, both trained in defending themselves and others—with deadly force, if needed."

"Yes, that's odd," Chester agreed. "The feds picked right up on that. Usually, a killer like this hunts for victims at the fringe of society. If the victims are male, most of the time they are young, or they know the killer in some way. That would lower their defenses and make them more vulnerable to attack."

"And Eudora Thurman? The body found this morning in Griffith Park?" asked Carey. "Does she fit in here at all?"

"Some of the pattern is different," replied Chester. "Instead of using glue, the killer gagged and blindfolded the victim with restraints, probably a bandana or strips of cloth—something like that. We're running a check on the fibers that Nobles' office sent over, but I wouldn't expect much."

"Does the fact that the killer didn't use glue this time mean we have a different killer?"

"Not necessarily," Chester replied. "But like I said, it's a step off the track. Others things match, like I told you earlier: the cigarette burns, the missing body part, the fibers around the binding points. But I really don't have an answer for you about the glue. Maybe there wasn't any glue in the store. Maybe he wanted a change."

"Variety is the spice of life," Varaz said sarcastically.

"Speaking of glue," Chester said. "The brand used on Hickman and Garcia is a very special type—Regent's Epoxy. This isn't your run-of-the-mill model airplane glue that the sniffers use to get high. This is specially formulated for use in theatrical productions."

"You mean like for gluing on beards and mustaches?" Carey asked.

"Not exactly. It's used in scenery and props, especially in those areas that come under intense heat from stage lights. It dries harder than carpenters glue, but in the





initial stages it's quite elastic. That lets the set builders make adjustments before the epoxy sets."

"Where do you get that stuff?" Carey asked.

"I've got a list for you right here," Chester said, handing him a computer printout.

"Must be a hundred stores here," complained Carey.

"Sorry," Chester replied. "It's the best I could do. I thought you detectives could narrow it down a bit from there."

"Sure," Varaz said. "We've got a few free months."

"It's all right," Carey said. "We'll check it out."

"After we identified the cigarette from the Hickman scene, I took the liberty of calling the manufacturer's publicity department," Chester continued. "The Quantum brand has been on the market for about three years. The ad campaign and the marketing strategy behind it targets women between the ages of 18 and 25. The cigarette, according to the company mouthpiece, is a symbol of the independent woman making it on her own in a tough, man's world."

"Back to women, then," Carey said. "Even if the main suspect isn't a woman, perhaps there's a woman in the background."

"A helper?" Varaz asked. "That would be pretty unusual, wouldn't it, Chester?"

"Very," the criminalist agreed. "These killers almost always work alone. I don't think your suspect, judging from this profile, would tolerate another person so close to the action." She passed the psychological profile over to Carey. "And that's all I've got for you right now. We should have more information about the Griffith Park murder by this afternoon."

Carey and Varaz thanked her, then gathered up the papers and took the elevator out of the basement.

"We should run a full background check on this Eudora Thurman," Varaz suggested. "Maybe something in her file can point us in the right direction."

"If she has a file," Carey replied.

"Everybody's got a file," Varaz said. "You just have to know where to look."

"There isn't enough shoe leather in all of China to check Thurman and these addresses," Carey said. "We've got to come up with a way to narrow our choices."

"That's what I'm talking about," Varaz said. "We can use the computer to run the checks. Save ourselves the interesting part."

"Which is?"

"The detecting," Varaz chuckled.

As they entered the Major Crimes, Homicide squad room, Varaz went straight for the computer terminal. "Tell you what," Carey said. "You take on the machine, and I'll call Social Services. I'm betting that Eudora was on the dole at some point in her life."

"Must have been right after she graduated Bryn Mawr," Varaz said.

Carey grinned and headed for his desk. Once seated, he hit the speed dial for Social Services and spoke with an efficient bureaucrat who refused to release any information without a warrant from a judge. "The woman's dead," Carey explained. "What possible harm could come from me looking into her records?"

"We have standards to uphold," replied the clerk icily.

"OK, we'll get the warrant. I hope you're there when we arrive to serve it. I want to thank you in person."

Carey hung up and pushed himself away from his desk. Varaz was at the computer, scrolling past screens of data. Carey was glad Varaz had taken on that task. With Bottoms out of commission, Carey needed someone to do his electronic searches. He stood and crossed the room to stand behind Varaz. "Anything useful?" he asked.

"Turns out our friend Eudora didn't have a record. But, I did strike pay dirt when checking the visitation records for Walker. She struck up with him during the last 16 months of his sentence. Visited like clockwork, every month."

"What else will this thing tell you?" Carey asked.

"What do you want to know?" Varaz.

"Oh, how about Walker's cellmate? He have a buddy there?"

"Let me check," Varaz replied. He tapped a few keys. "Hello," he said. "Look at this here. Walker was moved around a bit during his time in prison, but for the last two years of his sentence he managed to stick it out with one cellmate. And the name of that lucky fellow—are you sitting down Carey?—was Mitchell Thurman."

"You've got to be kidding."

"The file does not lie," Varaz said. "Released eight weeks ago. Eudora's brother, you think?"

"Got to be," Carey said. "Some kind of relation, anyway. Come on, shut that thing off. Let's get our warrants and burn some shoe leather."

Getting the warrants was no problem at all. The DA's office informed Carey and Varaz that a team from SID had already been assigned to Walker's house. The two detectives decided to visit Social Services first.

When they arrived, they identified themselves as police officers and produced the warrant for access to the agency's computer files. It took only moments for the clerk to bring Eudora Thurman's file to the screen.

"Who is listed as her caseworker?" Carey asked.

"Luella Parker," the clerk answered. "She's been out for several days. Sick relative."

"Where's her office?" Varaz asked. "We need to look at her files on Thurman."

"I'll take you," said the clerk, coming around from behind her desk. "It's locked."





Once inside Parker's office, Carey and Varaz went straight for the filing cabinet that stood in the corner. "Not here," Varaz said. "Teller, Torrance, Tyler. No Thurman."

"Got it," Carey said, pushing aside some papers that covered the top of Parker's desk. "She must have been working on it."

"But why didn't she put it back?" asked Varaz.

"That's not like Luella," the clerk observed. "She very organized. She works on one file at a time, then puts it right back where it belongs."

"Maybe she left in a hurry," mused Carey, thumbing through the case reports in the file. "Here, Varaz. You take this half."

The two detectives spent the next ten minutes poring over the Thurman papers. Each report was a standard form that summarized the meeting between Luella Parker and her client, Eudora Thurman. "According to these," Varaz said, "Thurman was getting public assistance for the last year and a half. Doesn't look like this helps us much."

"Wait a minute," Carey said. "It says here that Eudora Thurman had a job as a dancer at the Bitty Kitty Club, in Hollywood." He turned to the clerk. "Would she still be eligible for public assistance if she held a job?"

"That depends," the clerk said. "Sometimes, extra income is deducted from the amount of assistance. Of course, if the earnings are significant, then the client would be dropped from assistance. A caseworker can always make a case that the client is attempting to work his or her way off welfare. A temporary waiver of the income restrictions can sometimes be granted."

"So it's up to the caseworker. that's what you're saying."

"Yes, in most cases. There's all kinds of loopholes in the system, detective. A good caseworker knows where they are and how to exploit them to the benefit of a client."

"Is Luella good?" asked Carey.

"One of the best," the clerk replied.

"Someone from the department will be by to look over the room for further evidence, but I'm going to take this folder," Carey said to the clerk. "When do you expect Ms. Parker to return?"

"I don't know that," the clerk said. "That's something you'd have to ask personnel. I only know that she left quite suddenly. Some kind of personal family crisis, I guess. That was two days ago."

"It's a bit early," Carey said, turning to Varaz, "but what do you say we pay a visit to this nightclub?"

"What would the Chief say?" Varaz asked sarcastically.

"I wouldn't even want to know," Carey said.

On with the Show

"This is just too convenient," Varaz said as Carey pulled to a stop across the street from the Bitty Kitty nightclub. "Do you recognize this street? Walker's house isn't four blocks from here."

"Does seem odd," Carey agreed. "Let's hope some of the gold-footed girls inside can shed some light on that."

"I don't think they get a job here because of fancy footwork," Varaz said, pointing to the explicit playbills at the front door. "And the last thing they shed here is light."

"It's a dirty job, Varaz. But the show must go on."

About the only light inside the club came from a cigarette machine positioned in a narrow entrance way that led to several tables in a room dominated by a round stage built up from the floor about three feet. As Carey and Varaz made their way toward the stage, a set of klieg lamps came on and splashed the entire room in a fiery red light.

"We're not open yet, fellas," came a voice from the shadows on the other side of the stage. "Come back tonight. Really good show for you tonight."

"Police," Carey answered. He pulled his badge out to show it. "We'd like to speak with the manager."

The klieg lights went out and normal fluorescent lights came on. A heavyset balding man with a half-chewed cigar clinging to his lips approached from the far side of the stage. "Always eager to help the police," he said.

"I bet you are, Mr. —"

"Allan. James Allan. You guys aren't vice. I'd know you if you were vice."

"Major Crimes, Homicide, Mr. Allan," Carey answered. "We'd like to ask you a couple of questions about one of your girls."

"Performers," Allan corrected him. "I run a clean establishment here. I'm no pimp."

"Yeah, I can see that," Varaz replied. "Gateway to the stars, that's the Bitty Kitty Club."

Allan shrugged. "Lot of girls come to Hollywood, want to make it in the movies," he said. "I give them a job on the stage. Not everybody can be Meryl Streep, you know what I mean?"

"Yes, you're quite the philanthropist, Mr. Allan," Carey said. He pulled SID's photograph of Eudora Thurman from his pocket. "Does this girl work here?"

Allan took the photo, gave it a quick look, then handed it right back. "No. Not this one. Never seen her."

"Look again, Mr. Allan. Are you absolutely sure?"

Allan looked at the picture again. "Yeah, I'm sure. Never seen her before."

"We have it on record that she danced here," Varaz said. "Eudora Thurman."





Allan laughed. "Eudora Thurman? Yeah, she dances here, that cow."

"So what are you trying to hide?" Carey asked. "Why didn't you identify her picture?"

Allan pulled the soggy cigar out of his mouth and threw it toward a trash can by the wall beneath a dimly lit exit sign. "Because that ain't Eudora Thurman," he said, pointing to the picture that Carey still clutched. "She's cute though. If she's looking for a job, send her down." He shook his head and started to walk away.

"Come on," Carey said to Varaz. "Let's get out of here."

"What do you want to do now?" asked Varaz, once they had returned to the car.

Carey's reply was interrupted by the radio. "Able Tony Copper 34, respond. Able Tony Copper 34."

"This is Carey, over."

"Putting through a call from SID, Officer Chester," Dispatch intoned.

"Come ahead," Carey replied.

"Detective Carey, this is Julie Chester, SID."

"We read you. Go ahead."

"Made a mess of this one, detective. That Jane Doe from Griffith Park—the final results of the lab work are in. It is not, I repeat, it is not Eudora Thurman."

"No kidding," Varaz muttered.

"Do you have a real ID this time?" Carey asked.

"A check of the dental records identified the victim as Luella Parker." Carey whistled. "That's positive?" he asked.

"Affirmative," Chester replied. "Luella Parker, age 34, employed..."

"We know that already," Carey replied.

"Oh. OK. To make up for it, I have some information about the Walker search. The team discovered a can of Regency Epoxy there. Also a couple of advertisements for the Bitty Kitty Club."

"We just talked to the manager," Carey said. "Not much help."

"Maybe this will help," Chester replied over the radio. "We rechecked the stores that sell Regency Epoxy and cross-referenced them to an area of 16 square blocks, using Walker's house as the center. There are four stores."

"Give me the addresses," Carey said, pulling out his notebook. After he had written them down, he passed the list to Varaz.

"Thanks for the work, Chester."

"Don't mention it. Over and out."

"Dispatch, get me Corrections," Carey requested.

"10-4, ACT-34. One moment."

While he waited to be connected, Carey asked Varaz to start checking the stores on the list. "I'll meet you at the last one there," he said. "But I just had a

thought to see who Mitchell Thurman's parole officer is. Might be a faster way of tracking him down."

"Sure hope we get somewhere soon," Varaz said. "This trail keeps going in circles."

Dispatch came back on the radio and notified Carey that Corrections was on the line. He asked for Thurman's parole officer. It took a couple of minutes, but finally a woman's voice came over the radio.

"This is Corrections Officer Sampson. May I help you?"

"This is Detective John Carey. LAPD Major Crimes, Homicide. We're trying to locate one of your parolees, name of Mitchell Thurman. Do you have a current address?"

"Just a moment. Thurman. Thurman. Here it is—1208 Voyager Street, Hollywood."

Walker's address. This is too strange, Carey thought. Maybe they were closer than prison cellmates.

"Has this Thurman got a job?"

"As a matter of fact, he's been working at Third Eye Theatrical for the past seven weeks," Sampson replied. "That's on the corner of Vine and West Blocker Avenue."

"Thanks, Sampson. Carey out." He replaced the mike in the handset. The address of Third Eye Theatrical was only two blocks from where he was. He jumped in the car and headed straight over. On the way, he spotted Varaz coming out of an art supply store. Carey pulled over to the curb and filled him in on what he had learned.

"The guy back there in that store, he remembered selling several cans of Regency Epoxy just recently—about a month ago," Varaz said, opening the door and getting in beside Carey.

Carey continued his drive to the Third Eye. "Description?" he asked.

"A big woman, that's all he could remember. He didn't recognize her as from the neighborhood."

"This is it," Carey said, pulling to a stop.

He and Varaz checked their weapons and went to the front of the store. It looked empty, but the door was unlocked. Carey gently pushed it open. Varaz followed him inside. "Mr. Thurman?" Carey called. "Mitchell Thurman?"

Silence. Varaz shrugged. "You take that side, through that door," he suggested, pointing toward the left. "I'll check through here."

Carey nodded and set off, his pistol held loose but ready. Something about the setup was wrong. It was too quiet. The room he moved through looked like it would hold a dozen workers, but it looked like it hadn't been used in months. Dust covered the tables and counter tops. He let his eyes move over the floor in front of him. Slight footprints were just visible where the dust was not quite so heavy.





He pushed through a heavy swinging door and entered a smaller room, which in turn led to a short hallway that ran toward the back of the building. A metal door at the end of the hallway let a sliver of sunlight through to the inside. Carey's first thought was that someone had just come through, but the footprints were too old.

Satisfied that there was nothing on his side of the building, Carey retraced his steps to hook up with Varaz. He called to his partner. When he didn't get a response, he tightened the grip on his pistol.

Back in the main room, Carey started off in the same direction Varaz had gone earlier. He pushed through a pair of swinging doors into a second room. The marks in the dust showed that Varaz had passed through this room, then to the right and through an open doorway. Carey followed his trail.

He was in a small room, an office. A table littered with photographs of women in various stages of undress took up most of the space. All around the walls, fastened to the yellowing paint with tape and thumbtacks, pictures from magazines—portions of pictures, really—created a collage of body parts. One section was devoted to eyes and noses. Another grouping of pictures concentrated on limbs, arms and legs arranged and ordered as if on display in a butcher shop window.

Carey was so transfixed by the arrangement of photos on the wall that when he stumbled he barely caught himself. Regaining his balance, he stared at his feet, and at the square hole in the floor. A small throw rug that had once covered the hole had been kicked into the far corner. Wishing that he had brought a flashlight, Carey let himself down into the shaft.

He stood still for a couple of minutes to get used to the darkness. Varaz must have come down here already. Should have called me, Carey thought angrily. Crazy fool. Must be bucking for a big promotion, trying to get this bust all by himself. As his eyes grew accustomed to the meager light in the tunnel, Carey moved forward, keeping a hand on the wall. The corridor was almost tall enough to stand erect in. As it was, Carey had to stoop slightly as he moved ahead.

It was difficult to judge distance from inside the tunnel, but Carey estimated by the number of steps he had taken that he had walked at least the width of the street above. The floor of the tunnel began to change, sloping up gradually as the dimensions of the tunnel itself began to shrink, forcing Carey to bend even further as he kept moving. Finally, just as he thought he might have to get on his knees and crawl, Carey felt a slight breeze coming from ahead. Suddenly the tunnel veered to the right, and as he made the turn, bent painfully almost double, he saw the end of the hole as a splash of light.

Carey lifted himself out of the hole and pulled his pistol from his shoulder holster. He was in an apartment or a house, but he wasn't sure where. Not too far from the Third Eye, he guessed. But which street? He walked softly toward a window on the right wall, thinking he could figure his location with a quick glance, but his steps brought a complaining creak from the old wooden floorboards.

Cursing silently, Carey gave up his idea of the window. If he were going to make that much noise, he might as well find Varaz. A door just ahead led to an open living area. Again, photographs of fashion models and pornographic images of less famous faces lined the walls. Two mannequins hovered near a window across the room, on the other side of a worn couch. Near them, a drafting table was set up to take advantage of the natural light.

Carey brought his pistol up and held it ready in front of him. He could hear a voice, singing softly, coming from a room past the large room where he stood. As quietly as he could, he moved toward the singing. He was able to get across the room to where he could see through a doorway into a brightly painted kitchen. A tall, heavily built woman stood at the sink with her back to the doorway. Carey lifted his badge from his jacket and held it out in front. He lowered his pistol to avoid frightening the woman, then stepped full into the doorway. "Los Angeles Police Department," he said, as calmly as he knew how.

The woman gasped and turned quickly. She held a large carving knife in her hand. "What are you..." she screamed.

"Put the knife away, miss," Carey directed.

"What are you...you came in...scared the..." the woman stammered. She lifted a hand to her throat. "Scared the pants off of me," she finally managed to get out. She wore yellow latex kitchen gloves. They dripped with blood.

Carey kept his gun raised. "Eudora Thurman?" he asked. "I'm looking for my partner," he tried again. He felt somewhat at a loss. What was he doing in this woman's kitchen? "Do you know Mitchell Thurman?" Carey tried again. "Does he live here?"

"Mitchell?" the woman asked. "Oh, no. Mitchell left weeks ago."

"Do you know his whereabouts?" asked Carey.

"Can I make you some coffee?" the woman asked.

Carey shook his head. "Please, Miss —"

"Would you like to stay for dinner?" she asked. She turned away to lift something out of the sink. "I was just getting ready to put this in the oven."

Carey's eyes went to the counter. The open can of glue sat near the window over the sink. The open can of glue. No...

Carey felt the hot bile rise in his throat. The bloody eyes of Jim Varaz stared back from his severed head. Above it, the woman beamed like a proud homemaker showing off a prize-winning recipe.

Just Desserts

Kristy Bilden gave her makeup one last check before heading out of her dressing room and down the corridor to the studio. This morning was, potentially, the biggest of her career. Already word had come down from the network that more





than 200 affiliates would be getting the feed. From here, it's a short hop to one of the TV news magazines, she thought.

Bilden took her place on the set, on a chair that, with two other chairs and a short sofa, surrounded a low table. Billy Whalen, the show's producer, gave her the thumbs-up sign from the control room upstairs. She smiled back and turned her eyes to the assistant director.

"And five, four, three,..."

The voiceover began. "It's a love affair that even Hollywood cannot imagine. The psychopathic addiction of slave to master. A despairing devotion turned to murder and cannibalism. On this morning's 'Deadline: LA'—a glance into the face of evil. Your host, Kristy Bilden."

"Good morning," Bilden began, looking brightly into the camera. "The real Hollywood is far removed from America's idea of golden streets and star-studded marquees. It's a dirty neighborhood, a place where you might never visit, and if you did, you might not return."

"That's what happened to Jim Varaz, an undercover detective with the Los Angeles Police Department. Varaz worked with John Carey on the Hollywood Hacker case, one of the most gruesome murder investigations this city has known. Not since Charles Manson loosed a team of drug-addled psychopaths onto an innocent population has Los Angeles seen such carnage. When John Carey finally arrested Mitchell Thurman, the official body count included three police officers and an employee of the city's Social Services agency."

"But in the weeks since Thurman was jailed, the total story has become even more twisted. It begins in San Quentin, with an uneasy alliance between a group of white supremacists and a gang of inner-city criminals involving the trade of drugs and guns. That alliance, sponsored by Dennis Walker, linked the South Central gang known as Rude Boys Get Bail, or RBGB, with the White Night Brotherhood. Here to explain it to us, and to describe the face of evil, is John Carey of the Los Angeles Police Department."

The studio audience applauded as Carey stepped out of the shadows and walked quickly to the set. He took a seat across from Bilden. "Detective Carey," Bilden said, "what's the link between a family of black gangsters and a neo-Nazi group like the White Night Brotherhood?"

"It was a business relationship, pure and simple," Carey replied. "The White Night Brotherhood needed weapons to supply its members. RBGB needed a stable drug supply for its network of dealers. By combining forces, the two groups were able to get what they needed while maximizing their profits."

"How did that work, exactly?"

"The Brotherhood had connections in South America related to several of its members having served as mercenaries there during the civil wars in Nicaragua and El Salvador. The groups had a very efficient supply line between the United States

and South America, complete with planes and pilots. When the AFT and FBI cracked down on the group's activities in the United States, it made it more and more difficult to obtain firearms, which the group believed were necessary for surviving the race war it believed was inevitable."

"In San Quentin, one of the Brotherhood's top commanders, Dennis Walker, worked out a deal with RBGB's former leader, Reggie Wilkins. Both men were doing time for weapons charges. We're not sure how the relationship came about but, by the time Walker was released from prison last year, the Brotherhood was running drugs from South America and trading them to RBGB for stolen weapons."

"And the Hollywood Hacker?" Bilden asked.

"That was part of the deal Walker never saw coming. Mitchell Thurman was his cellmate at San Quentin. One of several, but the last one on record. A kid really, serving a five-year sentence on a drug charge."

"That would describe a lot of inmates," Bilden said. "What made Thurman special?"

"He wasn't," Carey replied. "That's the tragedy. He's like too many other kids that find themselves in prison. His life started out bad and went down from there. Thurman never knew his father, who was just one of a series of boyfriends that his mother ran through over the years."

"Broken families..." Bilden began.

"This family wasn't broken," Carey interrupted. "It was ripped to shreds. The information gathered since I arrested Mitchell Thurman would make any of us sick. Should make us sick," Carey insisted.

"Thurman survived years of physical abuse at the hands of the men his mother depended on. She never got the help she needed to break out of those relationships. Instead, she sank deeper and deeper into them, the men became harder and harder, more cruel. And Mitchell escaped the only way he could—with a needle and whatever narcotics he could find to ease the pain."

"What happened to his mother?" Bilden asked.

"We aren't sure," Carey replied. "We haven't been able to locate her, and we have no trace of her whereabouts since Mitchell was released from prison eight weeks ago. We suspect that Mitchell killed her, but we haven't found a body and he isn't admitting it." The audience muttered. They were certainly getting their money's worth this morning, Carey thought.

"So what makes you think that he killed her?" Bilden insisted. "You have no body."

Carey sighed. "I wish that were the case. But it's not. We have four bodies. We just don't have his mother's body." Carey stared right into Bilden's eyes. "Judging from the photographs we recovered from a search of Thurman's apartment, I would guess that he was wearing his mother's clothes when I arrested him," he said. "As far as the body—for all I know, he may have eaten her."





The audience groaned. Bilden smiled to herself. She'd be writing her own ticket after today's show, she thought.

"What we do know is that Eudora believed she was Mitchell's protector. That takes a leap of faith, considering her marginal position and the abuses the boy suffered at the hands of the men she kept company with. But even mothers like Eudora Thurman cling to their illusions."

"When Mitchell Thurman was sent to prison, Eudora Thurman made sure that her son was protected as well as could be expected, by working out a deal with Mitchell's cellmate—Dennis Walker."

"What kind of deal?" Bilden asked.

"She took Walker's messages to the outside," Carey explained. "She knew about Walker from one of her boyfriends, who had a brief fling with the Brotherhood. And when she found out that her son would serve time in the same prison as Dennis Walker, she arranged for them to be cellmates and for Walker to help Mitchell escape the worst that prison can bring."

"But how did she manage that, a woman in her position?"

"To tell you the truth, we aren't sure how she pulled it off. Obviously, she was a more resourceful woman than we give her credit for," Carey admitted. "We suspect that there was some collusion at the Department of Corrections. There is an investigation being conducted into that at the present time."

"When Mitchell Thurman was released from prison three months ago," Carey continued, "he traced his mother to Hollywood. By that time, he was a walking bomb, primed to go off. We aren't sure what triggered the explosion. But we're pretty sure that Eudora Thurman died soon after her son returned home."

Carey took a drink of water from the glass on the table in front of him. "I am not an expert in the psychology of serial killers," he said. "But the experts who have examined Mitchell Thurman since his arrest have put together a plausible scenario. They suggest that Mitchell murdered his mother, assumed her identity, then proceeded to act out a perverse fantasy of maternal protection that extended to the only person who had ever protected him—Dennis Walker. Mitchell Thurman, the theory goes, in the role of his own mother, killed the people who threatened to expose the drug and gun smuggling operation that Dennis Walker started while in prison and continued after his release."

Bilden turned to face the camera. "When we return, we'll discover the face of evil in a tidy kitchen. But this kitchen never saw your mother's recipes." Carey flinched.

"And to commercial," the assistant director called. "Nice work everybody. We're working on a winner here."

Carey took a couple of deep breaths and sat back in his seat. "You're doing fine," Bilden said.

Carey nodded absentmindedly and looked out into the studio audience. He wondered how many of them would sleep easier tonight, after hearing the details

of what Mitchell Thurman did with his victim. He thought about what it was that made people want to hear these things, to read about them. He thought about Valerie Hickman, a daughter without her father, and Bernadette Washington, a mother without her son. Sure, he thought. I'm doing just fine. We're all doing just fine.





Blue Knight, Black Hight

hope you've been paying attention during your courses at the Police Academy. The underbelly of Los Angeles is no place to start your education, because the gangs and the whackos won't wait for you to graduate. Neither will the media. You better get street smart real quick.

Start with who you are and work from there. As John Carey, you're working Major Crimes, Robbery/Homicide for the LAPD. That means you're a detective. You're supposed to be smart, logical, intuitive, assertive, and competitive. You need a little compassion and a whole lot of attitude. You need to know where to go for information, and you need to know what to do with that information once you have it.

That brings us to the guide you're reading right now. Follow these instructions, and you'll get your killer. You might not get all the points possible in the game, but you will solve the case. If it's points you want, skip over to Chapter 3.

Like Police Quest 3, Police Quest: Open Season uses Sierra's graphical interface for moving through the game and for acting the role of John Carey. The Walk icon looks kind of like a stick figure walking—use it to move from one part of a scene to another. The Look icon is an eye—put it on people and places you want to see up



close, or use it to get information about objects in the game or in your inventory. Use the Hand icon to touch and pick up things.

The Talk icon, like a speech balloon in a comic strip, signifies conversation. Click it on the person or thing you want to talk to. Interviewing witnesses and talking to your colleagues is an important part of being a detective—it's a key way of gathering information. Much of the Police Quest: Open Season story is told through the character conversations. Whenever you talk to another character, as suggested by this guide, always continue the conversation until the dialog begins to repeat. This is your only indication that the conversation has come to an end.

Sometimes a conversation will turn into an interrogation. In these instances, using the Talk icon will bring a menu of topics to the screen—you'll have to choose from the list those subjects you want to talk about. One question may bring up a whole new set of questions. This guide lists all the interview topics available during each encounter. Be sure to click through the entire list and read all the answers. Be thorough and cycle through all the possibilities. You may fail to gain vital information and therefore fail to progress through the story until you ask specific questions of certain characters.

All of the game's icons are easy to manipulate, and their use is obvious once you're in the game. To make it easier to read this guide, I won't say "Use the Hand icon to push the elevator call button." Instead, I'll just tell you to take the elevator to another floor. You're a detective—you can figure you what that means, right?

One of the best features about Police Quest: Open Season is your method of travelling from one part of the city to another. You don't have to drive your police car anymore. Just select a site from the map and you are transported there. If you're a detective, it's assumed you know how to drive. Not all sites that are relevant to the Open Season case are available on the map at the start of the game. Only by uncovering clues and making the right decisions can you locate key areas of investigation.

Police Quest: Open Season takes place in several locations, from the streets of South Central L.A. to the busy hive of police headquarters in Parker Center. You'll be going back and forth between all of these locations; the game may require several visits to some of the locations. I'll give detailed directions for entering and leaving these locations for the first visit only. After that, I'll assume you're familiar with the layout. Like I said, you've got to get street smart real quick.

One last word of advice. When you're in a situation that requires action, don't stop and think about it, just act. In Police Quest: Open Season, there are a few action sequences that require quickness and timing. In this guide, I'll remind you to save your place in the game before tackling these sequences. You'll most likely need a few retries to survive these encounters. Real cops don't get second chances—you're lucky this is only a game. Now, let's get started.



Sunday, 3:00 A.M.

You, as John Carey, are a detective in the Major Crimes division of the LAPD. As the game opens, you find yourself in an alley with a dead body, identified as Bob

Hickman. Hickman was working undercover, and is an old pal of yours from the Police Academy days, when you were both studying to become police officers.

Talk to the officer at the right side of the scene. Officer Bruce Woodbury was the first one on the scene. He gives you his crime scene log. Talk to the officer at the left side of the screen. He identifies himself as Malcolm Allen.



There are a couple of bystanders, who may be potential witnesses. Show your badge to both of them before questioning. The man in the red cap is Two-Jack, an alcoholic street person. The other identifies himself as Raymond Jones III. Don't let these witnesses leave before you get a chance to question them. You might want to take notes by using the Notebook icon from your inventory on both men.

Look at the dead body. When the camera shifts to a closeup view, you can examine the body in more detail. Look at the body, the holster, and the cigarette. Use your notebook to record your observations on all of the details. To leave the closeup perspective, use the Walk icon anywhere outside the picture.

There's some graffiti on the wall. Touch it. Make a note of it. There's a dumpster near the middle of the alley. Open it. The camera shifts to a closeup view of the dumpster's interior. The bullet-riddled body of a young boy lies there amid the garbage. Look at the body. Take notes. Tell the Deputy Coroner, Sam Nobles, about what you've found. Nobles stands in the alley, to the right of Hickman. To leave the closeup perspective, use the Walk icon anywhere outside the picture.

Use your key to unlock your car's trunk (you drive a white 1993 T-Bird). Take the briefcase, which contains your homicide evidence kit. From this point, the kit will remain in your inventory—you won't need to return it to the trunk. Open the briefcase and get the chalk. Look at Hickman's body to bring up the closeup view.





Use the chalk on the cigarette. Exit the closeup view and use the chalk on Hickman's body.

Talk to the uniformed female officer standing to the left of the body. This is Julie Chester, a criminalist from SID. Chester will photograph all of the evidence you have marked, including the graffiti, and will retrieve the cigarette for analysis.

All that's left is for the coroner to bag the body. This night is over, but your case has just begun.



Monday, 5:30 A.M.

The scene opens with a shot of the Los Angeles Police Department headquarters in Parker Center. Your day begins in the office of your supervisor, Lieutenant Donald Block, who assigns the Hickman murder case to you. You're also given responsibility for solving the case of the boy in the dumpster. Block will fill you in on some details about Hickman. After he finishes talking, open the door to leave.

You're now standing in the detective's bullpen, on the third floor of Parker Center. Your desk is at the center of the screen. There are two other detectives in the office. You can look at them for identification. Use the Hand icon on your desk to get a closeup view. Take the memo from the tray on the left. Open the left drawer.



Take the picture from inside. The picture is now in your inventory. Close the drawer. Open the right drawer. Take out a 3.14 follow-up report form. Close the drawer.

Open your inventory and look at the photograph. Notice the word "gunner" and the number 8-8326. Look at your police badge and notice the badge number: 612. Close your inventory.

Lieutenant Block told you that Hickman was assigned to

the CRASH unit, so you should call over there and see what Hickman was working on. What's the number? It's on the photograph, of course. Pick up the phone and dial 8-8326. The phone rings several times. Wait till someone answers. You learn that Lieutenant Varaz is not in, but at least you have attempted to make contact.

Open your inventory again. Use your notebook on the 3.14 form to file a report about the Hickman murder scene. After you exit the inventory screen, use the Walk icon anywhere outside the picture to leave the closeup view of your desk.

Hal Bottoms, your partner, sits right across from you. Give him the 3.14 form and he'll file it away for you. Give Hal the crime scene log. Talk to Hal to get information about the cigarette in the alley. Ask him about the coroner's results. Ask what he knows about the CRASH unit.

After this conversation, you may notice a computer sitting against the far wall. Use the Hand icon on the computer to shift to a closeup view of the computer screen. Type **612** as your ID number (from your badge, of course). At the Password prompt, type "gunner" (from the photograph). Press enter (or click the mouse). You are now logged onto the police computer network. (Veterans of the previous Police Quest games will get a kick out of Carey's login name.)



If you're wondering what you might be looking for in the computer, think back to last night. Remember the graffiti? It's often left behind as a mark from gangs. Choose Gang Information from the Main menu. The ninth name on the list is Rude Boys Get Bail. RBGB! The gang's symbols match the graffiti that you saw on the wall in the alley. Read the information available on RBGB and its leader,

Ragtopp Spiff. Once you've done that, you can log out of the system from the Main menu. Click outside of the closeup window to leave the screen.

Exit the bullpen to the left. You'll enter a short hallway. You can go right or left at the end of the hallway to get to the elevator. Push the button to call the elevator. After the elevator arrives, push L to go to the building lobby. After stepping out of the elevator, walk to the left. Walk toward the front, past the desk, to leave the building.

As soon as you leave the building, you will be confronted by Kristy Bilden, a reporter from the TV station KKAT. Talk to her (you won't tell the media anything of value at this point in the case, of course). You won't be able to walk past her—she's an aggressive reporter and she can smell Emmy all over this story. You'll have to shove her out of your way. She won't like that, but too bad. You're a cop with a job to do. And you don't need the media dogging you every step of the way, telling the bad guys what you're up to and alarming the city.





The map selector at the bottom of the screen is now active. Click on it to bring up a map of Los Angeles County. Locations that you are allowed to visit show up on the map as red dots. Passing the cursor on any red dot will bring up the name of that location. Clicking on a red dot will transport you to that location.



Your next stop is the morgue. Enter the building through the front door. After she notices your presence, show your badge to the receptionist, Sherry Moore. Walk past Moore to the right and enter the cold box area. Talk to the assistant Russel Marks to hear a silly joke or two. You walk past him, toward the right side of the screen, to get to the examination room.

You find Sam Nobles in the

examination room. Hoping to get some answers, you talk to Nobles, who directs you to be specific. Ask Nobles about the dead child. Ask about an identification. Ask about the boy's mother. Ask about the cause of death and the autopsy results.



Now turn your attention to Hickman. Ask about Hickman's autopsy, and the cause of death. Inquire about physical marks on Hickman's body, and the condition of lividity. Ask about any toxicology tests. Ask about the fibers recovered from Hickman's body.

Leave the examination room. As you reach the cold box storage room, where the assistant works, you'll see two envelopes

on the counter. Take both envelopes. These contain the personal belongings of Hickman and the boy, Bobby Washington. Push open the door to return to the reception area. Walk to the left to leave the building.

You need to see if Hickman's widow is all right, and to see if she can shed any light on what her husband might have been working on. Select Hickman's house from the map. Knock on the door. Talk to the girl, Valerie Hickman, who answers. Once inside, wait in the living room for Katherine Hickman to appear.

Give the envelope with Hickman's belongings to Katherine. She gives you Hickman's Kevlar vest in return. Not very sentimental, but practical.

Talk to Katherine, and ask her about the stress Bob was under at work. See if she knows anything about Bob's missing handgun, or has any details that might help with the murder investigation. Ask about Bob's possible drug and alcohol abuse. You won't get very far with the questions before Katherine will run from the room.



Valerie should have returned to the living room by this time. Talk to her and you discover some interesting facts about the hallway closet. The closet door is just visible outside of the living room. Open the closet door, then reach into the pocket of the dark jacket that hangs to the left of the white shirt. You find a vial of pills. Show the pills to Katherine. Nothing left to do here.

Leave the Hickman house and choose South Central LA from the map. You'll return to the scene of the Hickman/Washington crime. Walk down the alley. You'll end up in a burned out building. Look at the graffiti on the wall to get a closeup view. Make a note about the bullet holes you see in the wall. Open your homicide kit and select the putty knife. Use the knife on the bullet holes. Get a plastic bag from your homicide kit and use it to collect the slugs you have loosened from the wall. Leave the closeup view by clicking the Walk icon anywhere outside the picture.

Open the door at the end of the burned out building. There are a couple of teenagers on the other side of the wall. Show your badge to both. Use your notebook to record facts about each of them. Talk to both of them. The kid squatting down with a paper bag is Herbie Lewis. The other kid, with the baseball, is Emmo Jones. Walk to the right of the scene. You can open the door to the Rainbow Cafe, but the owner won't let you in. Continue to the right.

You are now outside the Lucky Mini Mart. There are two characters on the street. One is talking on the phone. You recognize the other as Two-Jack. Show your badge to both of them and talk to them. If Two-Jack asks for spare change, you can give him some coins from your inventory. Give him coins three times. On the third time he'll give you some information concerning Bobby Washington. Make notes on both characters.







Open the door to the minimart and step inside. Use your notebook on the clerk, Kim Chee. On the television above the counter you can see the news clip of you pushing Kristy Bilden, the reporter. Talk to the storekeeper.

To your right, there are several canisters of glue. Take one. Pay the storekeeper with your wallet. There is a bowl of apples

on the counter. Take one and pay the storekeeper with coins from your inventory. Open the door to leave.

Once outside the store, walk to the right and you find yourself in front of the alley again. Continue walking to the right. You'll come across a little girl playing with her doll on the sidewalk, next to a red fence. Show your badge to her. Talk to her. Ask for her name and address. Make a personal inquiry.

You learn that she is LaSondra, Bobby Washington's little sister. She's hungry, so you should give her the apple you bought at the store. Walk to the right side of the screen.



You'll enter a neighborhood and see a woman sitting on the front steps of a woodframe house. Show your badge to the woman. Talk to her. This is Bobby's mother, Bernadette Washington. Give her the envelope containing Bobby's personal belongings. Ask her about Bobby's activities. Ask when she last saw Bobby. Ask about neighborhood gangs. Ask her about herself.

After this interview, you should leave the scene by walking left through two scenes until you arrive back at the mouth of the alley and your car. Use the map to return to Parker Center. Enter the building. Each time you enter Parker Center, you must put on your ID card by getting it out of your inventory and using it on yourself. The guard will not let you pass without an ID card.

Walk past the desk and to the right. Take the elevator to the basement (push the B button). The SID window is at the end of the hall. Walk there and the view

will shift to a closeup of Julie Chester, the criminalist you met at the Hickman murder scene. Talk to Chester. Ask about fibers found on the body. Ask about the cigarette found at the scene. Find out about the toxicology tests. Ask about ballistics tests.

Give the glue you bought at the Lucky Mini Mart to Chester. She will take a sample and return the canister to you. Show Chester Hickman's pills. She will examine them and return them to you, observing that they probably had nothing to do with Hickman's death. You can leave now. Take the elevator to the fourth floor.

The Property room is at the far end of the hall. Walk down the hall. At the counter, give the bag of slugs you took from the alley wall to the officer there, Teddy Baker. Tell Baker to put the evidence in shelf storage after analysis. Leave and take the elevator to the third floor.

Return to the detective's bullpen. When you arrive, your phone starts to ring. Use the Hand icon on your desk to get the closeup view, then answer the phone. Emmo Jones is on the other end. He wants to meet you to give you some information he thinks may help with the case.

After the phone conversation, leave your desk and the office and take the elevator to the lobby. (You should save the game here.) It's now possible to use the map from the lobby—looks like Kristy Bilden won't be bothering you for a while. Select South Central LA. When you arrive, you'll be in front of the Rainbow Cafe, on the other side of your car. Emmo is standing against the wall. As he starts to move, use the Walk icon to duck behind your car.

Emmo is gunned down. Use the Kevlar vest on yourself. The cafe owner—actually, Detective Jim Varaz working an undercover sting operation—rushes out from the restaurant with gun drawn. Use your Walk icon a couple of times to move you closer to the trunk of your car.



Use your keys on the trunk to open it. Unlock the shotgun mounted on the left side of the trunk's interior. Take the shotgun. (Save the game if you want to save yourself.)

Use the Shotgun icon on yourself to arm yourself with the shotgun. You aim the shotgun at the windows by moving the mouse left and right, or back and forth to aim higher or lower. Return fire whenever the sniper re-

veals himself. You need to score two hits to win the shootout. If you need to reload





the shotgun, you'll find shells in your inventory. After surviving the shootout, Day 2 comes to an end—not a moment too soon.



Tuesday

After a long session with Lieutenant Block, who is none too happy with what you have accomplished so far, you learn that another cop, Officer Rene Garcia, is dead. When you go back to your desk, get another 3.14 form and fill it out with information about the ambush. Give Hal the form to file in the murder book. Talk to Hal about Hickman's gun. Talk to him about the shootout and the firearm.

Next, report to SID in the basement to get your weapons back. (Never leave home without them). You can talk to Chester about the slugs you took from the alley wall, about Spiff's weapon, about the glue sample, and about Officer Garcia's toxicology tests. Before you leave SID, Chester invites you for a drink at the Short Stop bar after work. Sounds good.

Garcia's body was discovered in the front yard of rap musician Yo Money. Once you get to the lobby of Parker Center, you can use the map to get to Yo Money's Estate. Once there, use your notebook on the chalk outline of the body on the lawn. Walk toward the door.

In the next scene, look at the bushes near the right side of the screen to bring up a closeup view. Look at the red shoe half hidden in the bushes. Take the red shoe. Knock on the door. When the big bodyguard (Dannyd) opens the door, show him your badge. Show him the red shoe. Talk to him and he'll let you into the house.



Yo Money and his girlfriend, Nicolette, are in the living room. Talk to Nicolette after she finishes her tirade. Show her the red shoe. Show the red shoe to Yo Money. Talk to him about the dead body. Ask about where it was found. Ask if he has any enemies. You learn about Dennis Walker. Ask about Dennis Walker.

About this time, the phone will ring. As soon as the phone

rings, use the Hand icon to steal a cigarette from the ashtray. You will be able to

snatch the discarded cigarette from the ashtray only when both Yo Money and Nicolette have their backs turned, and Dannyd is out of the picture. This moment is extremely short. If you are unable to steal the cigarette you won't get the points; however, looking at the ashtray and cigarettes will provide useful information.

After the phone call, talk to both characters again to ask questions about the call. Leave Money's house and return to South Central. You have some nagging questions about that ambush. Find the street with the red fence, and walk down that sidewalk until you get to the Washington house. This time, LaSondra is here with her mother. Talk to LaSondra. She knows a secret about a pretty lady. Ask LaSondra what she saw the lady doing. Ask her to describe the lady and the clothes she was wearing. As with any witness, you should take note of the girl's conversation in your notebook.

You didn't learn much about the ambush, but LaSondra's account has got your wheels spinning. Return to Parker Center. If you managed to steal the cigarette from Nicolette, go to SID and show it to Chester. She points out that this is not the same brand as the one found in the alley. (You can find this out yourself just by looking at the cigarette and ashtray at Money's house.) Show Chester the red shoe.

Take the elevator up to the bullpen on the third floor. Use a 3.14 form to document the interview with Yo Money, then give the report to Hal for filing. Go to the computer and log in as you did last time. During this session, you want to examine Hate Crimes from the Main menu. Type in **Walker** as the last name. Not a very savory character, as the computer file suggests. After getting the information you need about Walker, log out of the computer.

Take the elevator to the lobby. From the map you now have the option to visit Dennis Walker's residence. After selecting that location, you will move to a scene right outside the front door of Walker's apartment. Knock on the door. Show your badge to Walker, who opens the door. Talk to Walker to gain entry to his apartment. Once inside, you'll notice that the stereo is playing very loud Nazi music.



Talk to Walker. Ask about Yo Money. Ask about his last contact with Yo Money. Ask about the music. Ask if you can turn the volume down. Walker permits you to turn down the volume. (Save the game.) Click the Hand icon on the stereo. As you turn your back on Walker to fiddle with his stereo, he escapes out the side door. Immediately after, a girl appears from the left. As soon as she appears, use the Walk





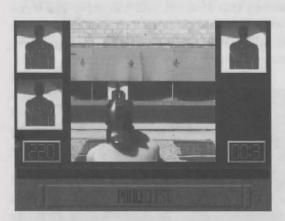
icon to turn around in her direction. Get your gun and use it on the girl. This freezes her in her tracks. Without delay, talk to the girl to get her to drop the knife in her hand. Talk to her again to order her to turn around and kneel on the floor. Again, as quickly as possible, get your cuffs out and apply them to the girl. At this point she is safely under arrest; the scene shifts to the bullpen at Parker Center.

Your success in the encounter at Walker's apartment depends on quick reflexes and quick thinking. It's helpful to have your gun in the icon window at the bottom of the screen at the time you go to adjust the volume on the stereo. If you have to open your inventory and look around for it, it'll be too late. If you're too slow to talk, or too slow to cuff her, you'll be looking at the coroner from a slab.

Back at Parker Center, Rene Garcia's mother emerges from Lieutenant Block's office and starts to talk to you. Talk to her until she leaves. Use a 3.14 form from your desk to fill out a report about the Walker incident, then give the report to Hal for filing.

Go back to your desk and get the memo from the tray on the left. Once it's in your inventory, you can look at it—it's a notice about Hickman's funeral. Leave Parker Center and head over to the Police Academy for some shooting practice. Your qualification day isn't until Wednesday, but there's no harm in getting in some practice rounds ahead of time.

Go into the pistol range through the front door. Talk to Bert Arnold at the desk. Get a practice round form from the box just to Arnold's right. When given the choice, select form 13.5.1 (buff-colored). Give the form to Arnold. Pay for the ammunition from your wallet. Pick up the ammo, then the headgear. Exit the office to the right, and enter the shooting range.



Walk to the booth immediately beside the shooter who is loading his pistol in the foreground (about the middle of this screen). Put on your headgear. Step out into the range, to the right. What follows is fairly straightforward. Take your gun and use the mouse to aim and fire at the targets that appear. There are several phases to each firing session, at targets along different distances. You should fire quickly

and accurately for a good score. Follow the range master's instructions at all times. When the reload order comes, use the ammo in your inventory. A score of 210 or better will give you 4 game points for each time you visit the pistol range. After

each shooting session, return the headgear to Arnold, then open the front door to leave.

Your next destination is Hickman's house. Knock on the door. Katherine answers. After you get to the living room, talk to her. Tell her that Bob Hickman has been cleared of the boy's death. When the conversation ends, walk to the door to leave the house. Katherine will tell you that she is leaving town for a few days to get some much needed rest.



The scene shifts to the Short Stop bar. A short scene from the television above the bar describes the situation of the two officers being murdered, and the implication that Yo Money is being framed for his controversial music. Once the TV report is over, Sam Nobles joins you and Julie Chester. Help yourself to some pretzels and take a few sips from your beer, but not too many or you'll find yourself intoxi-

cated. Talk to Chester and Nobles. Keep on talking until Lieutenant Block shows up. He's not in a very good mood. He tells you about the City Council meeting set for 9:00 A.M. the following morning and orders you to go home.



Wednesday, 9:00 AM.

The day starts in City Hall. Lieutenant Block tells you of yet another dead body. This time the victim is a female and the location is Griffith Park.

The City Council is holding a public hearing and you are called to the front to give an account of the police investigation. Approach the bench by walking to the right; then, in the next screen, walk up to the barrier that separates the council members from the audience.

You are bombarded by questions and comments from worried council members and spectators. Reporter Kristy Bilden hurls a question. Reply to her question. (Save your game. You are about to face one of your toughest challenges.)







After you answer Bilden, it is the mayor's turn to ask you a question. Reply to the mayor. Then, get your gun out and have it ready. Soon, the man in white suspenders sitting to the right of you will get up and lunge at you.

Without delay, use the gun on him. This freezes him. Immediately order him to drop his weapon. Talk to him repeatedly until he raises his hands, turns around and kneels down. As

quickly as you can, get out your cuffs and use them on the suspect. Any delay in any of these actions and you can kiss your police pension goodbye.

Your attacker turns out to be none other than Dennis Walker. The scene shifts to the bullpen at Parker Center. Fill out a 3.14 form to document the assault, then give it to Hal for filing. Talk to Hal about the Griffith Park discovery. Ask about an update in the Hickman and Garcia cases. Talk to him about Hollywood and Vine.

You need to check out Garcia's patrol car. Take the elevator to the lobby, then select the Impound Lot from the map as your next destination. At the impound lot, show your badge at the window to get the day's password. Walk into the lot, toward the right. Talk to the yardman and give him the correct password.



Talk to the yardman about the patrol car. Talk to him about SID. Look at the patrol car. Open the door. The scene shifts to an interior view of the car. Get the torn newspaper from the front seat. Look at the newspaper for information about the Bitty Kitty Club and the Third Eye Theater.

Leave the Impound Lot and head for the morgue. Enter the morgue and show your badge to Sherry Moore, then head back to

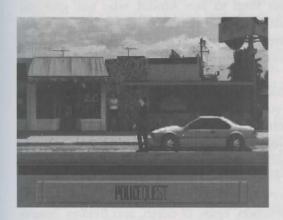
the examination room. You can stop and talk to the assistant if you want—sure, you've got time, what's another dead body here and there?

Sam Nobles is in the examination room. Talk to him about Griffith Park. Ask about Jane Doe 1201-K. Get information about the Jane Doe 1201-K autopsy. Ask about injection marks, mutilation, glue, and the status of Jane Doe 1201-K. Ask if

there's any other information about the victim. Ask if there were shoes found at the scene, and what kind. Talk to Nobles about the dog he says was near the murder scene. Before you leave, get an update on the Garcia case.

Following the lead you picked up from the newspaper clipping, go to Hollywood and Vine by selecting that area on the map. There's a male prostitute hanging around in front of the Bitty Kitty. Show him your badge and talk to him. Ask him about Garcia. Ask about the abandoned car. Ask about a possible girl friend. Ask where he came by his information, and inquire as to any suspicious activity in the neighborhood.

After this interview, open the door to the Bitty Kitty and go inside. Show your badge to the woman sitting at the bar. Talk to her about Garcia. Ask about the abandoned patrol car. Ask some questions about the club, and about the dancers who work there. Show her the red shoe you picked up from Yo Money's house. Talk to her again, and ask her about Barbie Cann.



After you talk to her about Barbie, the woman will ask for a light. Pick up the lighter from the bar and light her cigarette. When you leave the club, you'll have the lighter in your inventory.

Once outside, you'll see the man you talked to earlier is trying to break into your car. He runs away when he sees you. Notice that your car's broken side mirror is now lying on the ground. Pick up the car mirror.

It's about time you paid Griffith Park a visit. Use the map to go there. There's a dog guarding the crime scene. You can't get close enough to examine the scene. You have a couple of choices here. Use the car mirror on the dog, which will irritate its eyes and make it run away. Or, give the dog a few pretzels, which it will take somewhere to eat. If you want the most points, use the mirror. Once the dog has gone, you can walk closer to the taped-off area.

The scene shifts to a closeup view of the crime scene. Dig around in the dirt a little bit with your hands. You uncover a bone. Looks human. That's disgusting. Record your find in your notebook. Put the bone in a plastic bag, which you can get from your homicide kit.

Remembering that the stripper at the Bitty Kitty Club said that Barbie Cann would be in later, you return to Hollywood and Vine. Inside the club, Barbie Cann is sitting at the bar. Show your badge to her. Talk to Barbie. Ask her about Garcia







and the abandoned patrol car. Ask about the girls who dance at the club and the club's customers. Ask her what she knows about Yo Money.

Show the red shoe to Barbie. This pretty much wraps up your interview. You've got just enough time to make it to the Police Academy in order to carry out your monthly shooting qualification routine.

The qualification round operates the same as the practice round, with a few exceptions. Instead of using the buff-colored form (13.5.1), you should fill out the green form (13.5.0). Give the correct form to Bert Arnold, who will give you ammunition and headgear. Ammunition for qualifying rounds is free. One of the perks of the job. After entering the range, you shoot at the targets the same way as in the earlier practice rounds. Be sure to return the headgear to Arnold before leaving.

You want to get the bone you found in Griffith Park analyzed, so head from the Academy to the morgue. When you walk in this time, Sherry Moore is not at her usual place. Head back to the examination room—you know the way. When you enter the autopsy area, you find Nobles and Moore playing doctor. Nobles seems a little embarrassed, but his receptionist just hops down from the table, smooths her short black dress, and leaves the room.

Talk to Nobles about the killer's latest two victims. Start with John Doe 7216-M. Ask about the autopsy, mutilation, cause of death, and lividity. Inquire about the nylons found at the scene, and ask about the use of glue.

Now you can turn your attention to the other victim, Jane Doe 1202-L. Don't these names just roll off your tongue? Ask about the Jane Doe 1202-L autopsy, and inquire about her lividity. Ask Nobles about the cause of death. Inquire about missing extremities and the use of glue. Ask about the discovery of the bodies, and the status of the car in which the two bodies were found.

Give the bone to Nobles. At first he wants to turn it over to Property, but after you chew him out he agrees to cut through red tape and perform the necessary tests. You don't have to mention the little episode with his receptionist there on the cadaver couch. Nobles is a smart guy—he gets the message.

After you leave the morgue, you can travel to any location to scout out more clues, or return to Parker Center to fill out a 3.14 form about the bone you found in Griffith Park. After making a visit to one of the other locations, return to the morgue. As you arrive, you see KKAT Reporter Kristy Bilden, trying to get Sherry

Moore to comment on the investigation. You pull Sherry away from the reporter and hustle her into your car. The day ends with your negative feelings about the media entirely intact.

Blue Knight, Black Night





Thursday, 9 A.M.

The day begins in the examination room at the County Morgue. Sherry Moore apologizes for the inadvertent comments she made to the media the night before. Tell her to watch herself with the media.

Ask Nobles about his findings on the bone you gave him. Determine the autopsy status of John Doe 7216-M. Ask about the identification of John Doe 7216-M, and about the victim's body fluids. Good thing you haven't had breakfast yet.

Determine the autopsy status of Jane Doe 1202-L. Ask if an identification has been made. Once this line of questioning is complete, you can leave the morgue and return to Parker Center. After arriving at headquarters, take the elevator to the basement and talk to Chester in SID.

Ask her about the glue sample, if you haven't already done so. See if she has anything to add to what Nobles told you about the bone you found in the park. Ask about John Doe 7216-M, Jane Doe 1202-L, and Jane Doe 1201-K. See if Chester can tell you anything about the abandoned vehicle in which the most recent victims were discovered.

Take the elevator back to the lobby, then head over to the Impound Lot. Show your badge at the window to get the daily password. Head into the yard, and talk to the yardman to give him the password.

Look at the license plate of the Ford Tempo car to bring up a closeup view. Make a note of the license plate number, [E]2BSY669. (You better write that down somewhere.) You can open the door of the car to look inside, but SID has already swept the car clean. You see no further evidence that would help you in your investigation. Leave the Impound Lot and return to Parker Center.

Take the elevator to the third floor. Log in to the computer and access the DMV records. Enter **E2BSY669** as the license number. After getting the information you need from the computer, log out of the system.

You want to check out the registration of the abandoned car, but first you should check the scene of Hickman's murder. Something might have been overlooked. Leave Parker Center and head back to South Central LA. The scene shifts to the street fronting a burned out building, near where you dug the slugs out from



the wall. Open the door to the alley. Check out the boxes there. A piece of rope hangs over the edge of one of the boxes. Get the rope. Return to your car.

Now you can check out the registration to that car. Select Social Services Office from the map as your next destination. Open the door to the office. Walk down the hallway to the reception area, and show your badge to the woman behind the desk, Nora Hayes. Talk to Hayes to discover that the driver of the abandoned car is Luella Parker, a social worker. Hayes tells you that Luella has been missing for a few days.



Not a good sign. You wonder if she's missing an arm, as well. Ask to see Luella's office.

After Hayes leaves you in Parker's office, look at the desk to get a closeup view. Take the envelopes and the audio tape from the desk. When the envelopes are in your inventory, look at them for further details. You can also examine the tape, which leads to the discovery of a sales receipt from Ragin' Records—

that's a shop right next to the Bitty Kitty.

Return to the front office and talk to Nora Hayes again. Ask about Luella's friends. Ask if Luella had a boyfriend. Ask about her clients and work habits. Get the details about Luella's disappearance. Ask Hayes to explain the folders to you, and inquire about the coding used in the different files. Ask about child custody cases. Get a definition of a borderline case. Ask Hayes if she has any information about Barbie Cann or Mitchell Thurman. Finally, show the audio tape to Hayes. Your interview concluded, you can leave the Social Services office.

You want to check out your leads while their hot, so select Hollywood and Vine from the map. This time, head straight into Ragin' Records. Show your badge to the man at the counter and talk to him. Show him the audio tape. After he agrees to exchange the tape and puts it away, look at the display case to get a closeup view. Select one of the drumsticks displayed in the case, depending on your musical tastes. After the man takes it out of the display case, pick the stick up from the counter and leave the store.

Head back to the Bitty Kitty. Talk to Barbie again. Find out about her situation. After the interview, you can leave the club. There's another lead to check out, from the newspaper clipping you retrieved from Garcia's patrol car. Select the Third Eye Theater from the map.

Look at the theater's ticket booth and talk to the man, Thurman Mitchell, inside. Show him your badge. Talk to him again. Follow his directions and open the left door to enter the theater.

Talk to Mitchell about Garcia. Ask about police as customers in the theater. Ask if he knows Luella Parker. At this point, Mitchell becomes upset. He's obviously in a fragile state of mind. Further interrogation reveals a hysterical story about a skinny dog. Find out when Mitchell last saw Luella Parker. At the end of the conversation, Mitchell will offer you a cup of tea. Let's see—a serial killer on the loose, a strangely hysterical man crying about a skinny dog, a nice cup of tea. Things are coming together nicely, don't you think?



Don't drink the tea, at least not yet. Walk to the left, which takes you down the hallway to the men's room. Nothing there. Walk back the way you came and continue to the right, which leads to the women's bathroom. Open the bathroom door. There is a red dress hanging in the bathroom. What was it that LaSondra said about a pretty red dress? Can't remember? Maybe a spot of tea would help.

Return to the concession stand. Talk to Mitchell about the red dress. You can also try showing him the red shoe. Now for that tea. Maybe a movie—what the heck, Block will never know you killed a few hours watching a Dirty Harry triple header. Open the door that leads into the theater. After you sit, the tiredness born of the last few days sweeps over you. You dream about someone in a red dress smoking a cigarette. It's quite obvious that this is a man wearing a woman's dress and a wig. And not a very good looking man at that—at least not in that red dress. Maybe she/he's just not your type. What you really like in your women is the way they move when you—suddenly, you are awakened by Mitchell, who throws you out of the theater. Right when your dream was getting good, too.

You need some fresh air. That's the only excuse you have for going back to Griffith Park. The dog is there again and he has no intention of leaving, no matter what's worked in the past. Use the rope to lasso the dog. He's a skinny little mutt, but he's strong. He drags you halfway across the city until both of you arrive in a strange, somewhat familiar alley with a dead end.





End Game

The dog disappears through a small pet door cut into a large set of double doors at the side of the alley. Get a prybar out of your homicide kit and use it on the double doors to get in. Once inside, you're blanketed in total darkness. Get the flashlight from your briefcase. Use it on the dark screen and you'll be able to see those areas where the beam of light falls. There's a door on the right side of the screen. It's locked.

Looking all around the room, this first door appears to be the only way out. The double doors don't have interior door handles and have locked behind you! Get the putty knife from your homicide kit, and use it to jimmy the lock of the door. Open the door.



The scene shifts to a stair-case leading up to another door, which is slightly opened. You need to check to make sure there's no one at the top of the steps. Get that glue you've been carrying around for four days and put some on that drumstick you picked up at the record store. Next, use the drumstick on the piece of broken mirror you got from the street. You now have a mirror on a stick,

which will allow you to see around the corner. Use the mirror-stick to see behind the door at the top of the steps. When the coast is clear, open the door to leave the basement.



You're now standing in a kitchen, replete with all the usual appliances. Open the refrigerator. Check out top shelf. It certainly helps to keep a cool head in these situations, even a severed one. Use your notebook to jot down details about the head. Walk to the left of the screen, on the far side of the refrigerator, to leave the kitchen and enter the living room. Walk

left again and you enter a hallway. Your old pal dog is back, barring your way.

Feed the dog the pills you got from Hickman's house. It doesn't take long for the dog to fall asleep on the floor. Enter the first door on the left. This is a bathroom. There is a medicine cabinet that you can open, but it's empty.

Leave the bathroom and enter the last door on the right. You're in a small bedroom. Use your notebook on the bed. Use the mirror-stick to look under the bed. Open the closet door. You see a red shoe on the floor. Use your notebook on the shoe. There's a small throw rug on the floor. Pull it aside to reveal a trapdoor. Open the trapdoor. Climb down the ladder and you find yourself in a small room, with a door on the far side. You can leave through that door. I recommend it.

Surprise—you're back in the Third Eye Theater, backstage. An unconscious woman lies in one of the seats. Walk over to her. Look at the woman. Use your notebook on her. Talk to her and finally push her. Nothing you do wakes her. Maybe she could use some of that tea. Head up the aisle toward the front of the theater and through the door there.

You're back at the snack bar where you interviewed Mitchell during your first visit. Notice the three soda cans at the top of the counter there? Take the cola can on the right. When it's in your inventory, use the Hand icon to shake the can and dislodge a key—a skeleton key, of course.

Head back to the women's bathroom, which is to your right. Enter the bathroom—the red dress you saw earlier has disappeared! Use the skeleton key on the paper towel dispenser. There's a hypodermic syringe inside. Record your find in your notebook, then bag the syringe as evidence.

Leave the bathroom and return to the snack bar. You better check on that unconscious woman again. Open the door to the theater. You're just in time to see someone in a red dress escaping with the woman through a door downstage to the



left. You follow, but you can't open the door—it's locked.

You can, however, use the skeleton key to open the stagedoor on the right. Once you go through the door, it's totally dark. Use your flashlight. Great—just in time to see Mitchell Thurman loom up before you and stab you with something. Everything goes black.

You wake in the living

room that you visited before. The dog is back, and he's not too happy about eating those pills. You see a ball under the couch. Get the ball and throw it out the window.





The dog chases after it, freeing you to stand up and move through the house. Check your inventory. Nothing—Thurman has cleaned your pockets. Walk to the right side of the screen back into the kitchen. Open the refrigerator again. The severed head is still in there, but you notice something in its mouth. Get that out of your mouth, you think, reaching for item. You don't know where that's been, you scold the head. The item turns out to be the lighter you picked up at the Bitty Kitty.

Make your way to the bathroom by walking left out of the kitchen and through the living room to the hallway, then through the first door on the left. Open the door to the medicine cabinet. This time you find a can of BeautyNet hairspray. Get the hairspray. (Save the game.)



You have no weapon, no badge, nothing but your wits, a cheap disposable lighter, and a can of hairspray. Wait a minute—remember the warning labels on aerosol cans? Keep away from open flame. A little knowledge is a dangerous thing, especially in a computer game. Use the lighter on the hairspray. Now you have a torch. It's not as classy as your 9mm Beretta, but it's pretty effective at close range.

Still intent on your prey, leave the bathroom and enter the bedroom through the last door on the right. The unconscious woman from the theater lies on the bed. It's a bloody mess. Mitchell Thurman stands over her in a red dress.

When Thurman starts for you, use your torch on him. Your adventure soon reaches a sizzling finish, with Thurman screaming and writhing on the floor in agony, the flames engulfing his head, setting his cheap wig ablaze. You could run to the kitchen for some water to douse the flames, but you remember that the kitchen cabinets are all glued shut and the Dixie cup dispenser in the bathroom is empty. Besides, you think, the murdering psychopath wailing on the floor in front of you will be burning in hell anyway—he might as well get used to it.

As the game ends, you are awarded the metal of valor from Chief Daryl F. Gates himself. Another case, another metal. Another job well done—so to speak.

Points of Evidence

he LAPD is no place for slackers. Yeah, you can get by and maybe even close some of your cases without turning over every piece of evidence. But you can also get some rude surprises. And the DA's office doesn't like surprises. The serial killer stalking Los Angeles in the famous Open Season case is counting on your overlooking a few things. After all, what's a finger here, a foot there? Just as long as the killing can continue. But the mark of a top homicide dick is in the details, and in the use of those details to construct the bloody history of a murder. The Canadian Mounties always get their man, but that won't do in LA. You have to sell the story to your superiors, to the press, to the DA and, finally, to a jury. Those 12 men and women want to know why and how. Then they can feel good about saying who.

More than any of the other Police Quest Games, Police Quest: Open Season is an open-ended investigation. It doesn't always matter when you take action, as long as you follow the right procedure to get the information you need to make your case. Of course, you'll want to make reasonable progress in a reasonable amount of time, if you want to keep the body count under control—and if you want to keep your job. When the details get overwhelming, refer to this list to keep your investigation on track. Don't miss anything—you're dealing with a cop killer. I've marked those actions you must take if you don't want to be next on the list.



ACTION POINTS **MUST DO** South Central LA: Hickman Murder Scene Take notes on Jones 2 Take notes on drunk (Two-Jack) 2 3 Take notes on graffiti 3 Take notes on cigarette 3 Take notes on body Take notes on boy in dumpster (Bobby 2 Washington) Show badge to Two-Jack 2 Show badge to Jones 2 4 Use chalk on cigarette Use chalk on body (Hickman) 4 Use key on trunk 2 Get homicide kit from trunk 2 Open dumptser 5 Talk to Officer Woodbury and get crime scene log Parker Center: Detective's Bullpen Get Qualifying memo from inbox 2 Look at Qualifying memo 2 Get photograph from desk drawer 2 Look at photograph 2 Call CRASH undercover unit 3 Give Hickman crime scene log to Hal 2 Bottoms Transfer notes about Hickman event to form 3.14 Give form 3.14 regarding alley event to 2 Hal Bottoms Transfer notes about ambush event to 2 form 3.14

Give form 3.14 regarding ambush event to Hal Bottoms	2
Transfer notes about Yo Money event to form 3.14	2
Give form 3.14 regarding Yo Money event to Hal Bottoms	2
Transfer notes about Walker's girlfriend event to form 3.14	2
Give form 3.14 regarding Walkers's girlfriend event to Hal Bottoms	2
Transfer notes about Walker attack to form 3.14	2
Give form 3.14 regarding Walker attack to Hal Bottoms	2
Transfer notes about armbone found in Griffith Park to form 3.14	2
Give form 3.14 regarding armbone found in Griffith Park to Hal Bottoms	2
Get memo about Hickman funeral	2 *
Look at funeral memo	2
Take phone call from Emmo	2
Enter correct computer password (first time only)	4 *
Enter correct ID number (first time only)	4 *
Look up RBGB in computer (first time only)	2 *
Look up Walker in computer (first time only)	2 *
Look up correct license number for abandoned car (first time only)	2 *
Look at badge	2 *
Parker Center: Exterior	
Get past Kristy Bilden	4 *
County Morgue	
Get envelope with Hickman's personal belongings	4

Points of Evidence





Get envelope with Washington's personal belongings	4	
Give bone in baggie to Sam Nobles	4	*
Hickman House		
Talk to Valerie to gain entrance (first time only)	3	*
Give envelope with Hickman's personal belongings to Katherine and get Kelvar vest	3	
Open closet after talking to Valerie	5	*
Get pills from jacket in closet	2	*
South Central LA: On the Street		
Give coins to Two-Jack (two points per coin) outside of Rainbow Cafe	6	
Take notes on Lucky Mini-Mart store clerk (Kim Chee)	2	
Get glue from store rack	2	*
Pay for glue	2	*
Get apple from store counter	2	*
Pay for apple	2	*
Show badge to Emmo	2	*
Talk to Emmo, arrange for call at Parker Center	4	*
Take notes on Emmo	2	
Show badge to Herbie Lewis	2	
Take notes on Herbie Lewis	2	
Use putty knife on each hole in alleyway wall (up to 16)	16	*
Use baggie to collect evidence after using putty knife on each hole (up to 16)	16	*
Take notes on graffiti	2	
Get discarded rope	3	*
Put on Kelvar vest at start of shootout	3	
Use keys on trunk	2	*

Use keys on shotgun	3	*
Take shotgun	2	*
Win shootout	5	*
Show badge to little girl (LaSondra Washington) on street bordered by red fence	2	*
Give apple to LaSondra	2	*
Show badge to Mrs. Washington	2	
Give envelope containing Bobby Washington's personal belongings to Mrs. Washington	3	*
Ask LaSondra about the Pretty Lady (2 points per question, up to 3 questions)	6	*
Yo Money's House		
Take notes on crime scene	2	
Get red shoe from garden	4	*
Take notes on location of shoe	2	
Show badge to Dannyd (first time only)	2	*
Show shoe to Dannyd	2	
Show shoe to Nicolette (first time only)	3	*
Show shoe to Yo Money (first time only)	3	
Steal cigarette	4	
Ask Money about possible enemies (first time only)	3	*
Ask Money about Dennis Walker (first time only)	3	
Walker's Apartment		
Show badge to Walker (first time only)	2	*
Turn down radio volume	3	
Train gun on girlfriend	3	*
Talk to girlfriend	4	*
Talk to girlfriend again	4	
Handcuff girlfriend	3	*

Points of Evidence





Police Academy

Choose buff-colored form for practice range (first time only) (2 points per visit, up to 3 visits)	6	
Choose green form when qualifying (first time only)	2	
Pay when on practice range (1 point per visit, up to 3 visits)	3	
Score more than 210 on practice range (4 visits to practice range available during game, with 4 points awarded per score of 210 or better)	16	
Use headgear on practice range (4 visits to practice range available during game, with 1 point awarded for proper headgear each time)	4	
Impound Lot		
Show badge at office window to see patrol car	2	*
Show badge at office window to see abandoned car	2	•
Get newsclipping from patrol car	2	
Read newsclipping	2	*
Look at license plate of abandoned car	4	
Talk to Joe Bob to gain entrance on DAY 4	2	*
Talk to Joe Bob to gain entrance on DAY 5	2	
City Hall		
Gun on Walker	3	
Talk to Walker	4	
Talk to Walker again	4	
Cuffs on Walker	3	
LA County Social Services		
Show badge to receptionist (first time only)	1	
Get folders from Parker's office	2	
Look at folders	4	

		*
Get cassette tape from Parker's office	2	
Hollywood and Vine		
Get broken mirror off of street	4	
Bitty Kitty Club		
Show badge to Electra	2	***************************************
Show shoe to Electra	3	*
Light Electra's cigarette	4	*
Show badge to Barbie Cann	2	*
Show shoe to Barbie Cann	2	*
Ragin' Records		
Show cassette tape to Paul at counter	2	*
Choose drumstick	2	3 (* A * A * A * A * A * A * A * A * A *
Griffith Park		
Give pretzels to dog (2); or use mirror on dog (4)	4	*
Use rope on dog	5	
Dig away dirt at crime scene to reveal bone	3	*
Bag bone for evidence	3	*
Take notes about bone	2	
Parker Center: Lobby		
Wear ID card (first time only)	3	*
Parker Center: Property		
Give bullets in baggie to Teddy Baker	3	*
Choose shelf storage as first choice	2	
Parker Center: Lobby Elevator		
Get matches from ashtray	3	
Lieutenant Block's Office		
Answer Block Yes (4); Answer Block No (5)	5	
Parker Center: SID		
Pick up guns from Julie Chester	3	*
Give glue to Chester	1	

1

Give pills to Chester

Points of Evidence





Give bullets in baggie to Chester	1	
Give bone in baggie to Chester	1	
Third Eye Theater: Ticket Booth		
Show badge to Mitchell (first time only)	2	
Third Eye Theater: Lobby		
Drink tea	3	* Bank III
Go through double doors to theater	3	*
Get soda can	4	*
Get skeleton key from soda can	4	*
Third Eye Theater: Women's Restroom		
Use skeleton key on towel dispenser	3	
Bag hypodermic needle as evidence	3	
Third Eye Theater: Screen View		
Use skeleton key on right stage door	2	*
Thurman's Apartment: Outside Alley		
Use prybar on double door	3	
Thurman's Apartment: Basement		
Use flashlight (first time only)	3	*
Use putty knife on door	2	*
Thurman's Apartment: Stairwell		
Put glue on stick (first time only)	3	
Put glue on mirror (first time only)	3	
Fasten mirror to stick	5	*
Use mirror-stick on door opening	3	
Thurman's Apartment: Kitchen		
Open refrigerator (first time only)	2	***************************************
Take notes on head	2	
Get lighter from head	3	*
Thurman's Apartment: Hallway		
Use pills on dog	3	*

Thurman's Apartment: Bathroom

Get hairspray	2	M. G. (* 18 19 18 18 18 18 18 18 18 18 18 18 18 18 18
Make torch by using hairspray on lighter	5	* - 7
Thurman's Apartment: Living Room		
Get rubber ball	2	* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *
Throw ball out window	4	
Thurman's Apartment: Bedroom		
Stick mirror under bed (first time only)	3	
Lift rug (first time only)	3	*
Open trap door (first time only)	4	*
Torch Mitchell Thurman	10	*****
Short Stop Bar		
Get bowl of pretzels (first time only)	2	
TOTAL POINTS	490	

Points of Evidence





CHAPTER 4

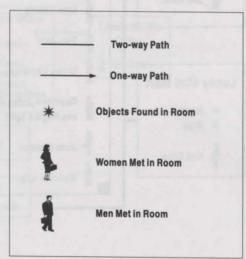
Maps



Map Order:

South Central L. A.
Parker Center
L.A. County Morgue
Impound Lot
Police Academy Firing Range
Hickman House
Walker's Apartment
Short Stop Bar
Griffith Park
Yo Money's House
City Hall
L. A. County Services

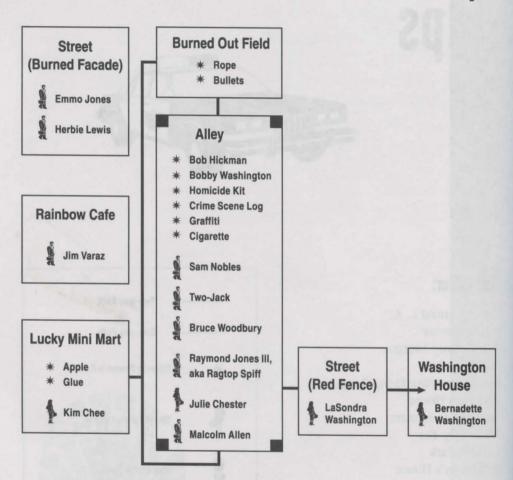
City Hall
L. A. County Services
Hollywood and Vine
Thurman's Apartment/Third Eye Theater





South Central L.A.



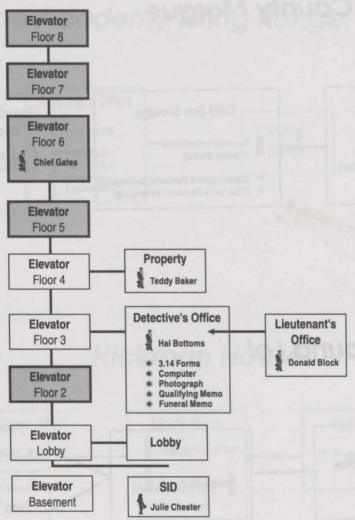


Parker Center



Maps

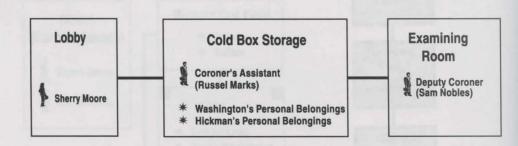




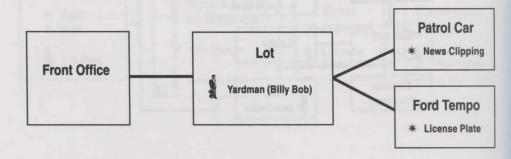


L.A. County Morgue





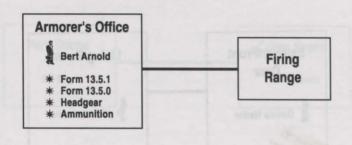
Impound Lot



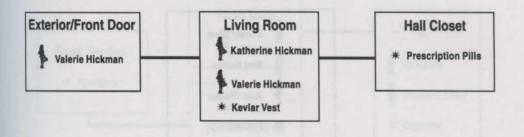
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Police Academy Firing Range



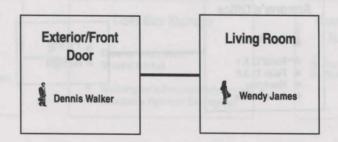
Hickman House



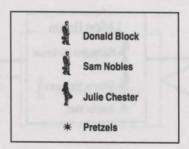


Walker's Apartment



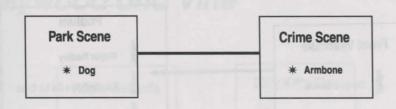


Short Stop Bar

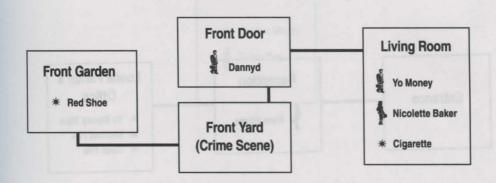




Griffith Park



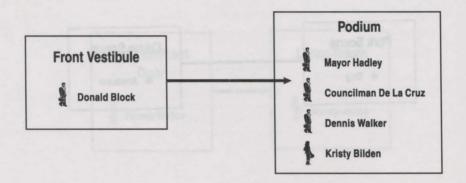
Yo Money's House



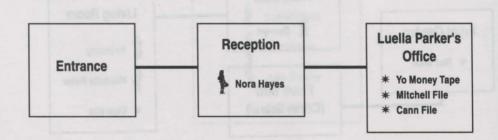


City Hall





L.A. County Services

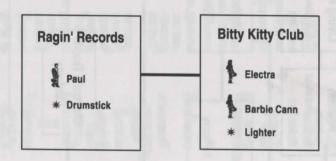


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Hollywood and Vine





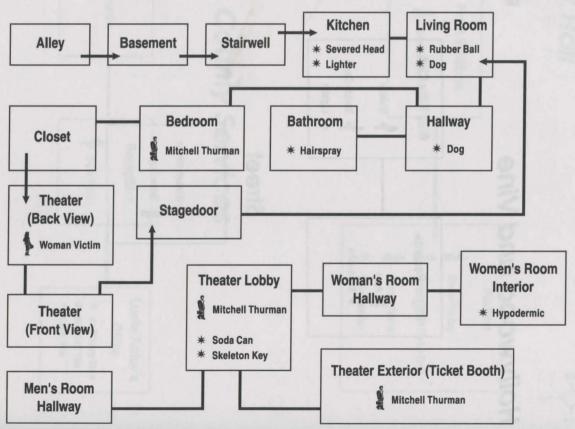
Street





Thurman's Apartment/Third Eye Theater





Behind the Badge: An Interview with The Chief-Daryl F. Gates



o look at the career of former Los Angeles Police Chief Daryl F. Gates is to examine some of the most dramatic American stories of the last half century. The Watts riots. The first SWAT units. The Black Panthers. Patty Hearst and the SLA. The Robert Kennedy assassination. The Hillside Stranglers.

Not pretty stories. But important ones. And all centered in Los Angeles. During his 40-some years on the LAPD, Daryl F. Gates has seen probably more than most if not all of us would like to see.

Bringing that experience to bear on an interactive computer game was a challenge—for Gates and Sierra On-Line. But out of that challenge comes one of the most realistic role-playing games in recent memory. Gates wants players to walk away from Police Quest: Open Season with the feeling of what it's like to be a police



officer. He wants them to experience some of the same frustrations and revel in the elation that comes with working on a tough case.

Not everyone is cut out to be a detective. Few get the chance to be. But with Police Quest: Open Season, under the guidance of Daryl F. Gates, you just might get as close as you ever dreamed.

In the following conversation, Chief Gates talks about detectives, game playing, criminals, puzzles, and reality, of which there is a healthy dose in Police Quest: Open Season. Not as much as there is in urban Los Angeles. But enough to make you sweat.

Peter Scisco: How did you get involved with Sierra On-Line and the [new] Police Quest game?

Daryl F. Gates: It's kind of a funny story. I didn't know about the interactive games. I've dealt with the mainframe computers. [In Los Angeles] we probably put up the most sophisticated command communications system anywhere, so I'm familiar with that kind of computer, but have very little experience with small computers. We have them all over the police department, but it wasn't something I dealt with.

Anyway, I knew nothing about these kinds of interactive games. When I was about to retire, I got a letter from Ken [Williams], a very nice letter asking if I would like to get involved with Sierra On-Line.

Quite frankly, I didn't pay much attention. There were a lot of offers coming in. So I really didn't pay much attention. And I told my secretary to tell them that I have a couple of kids that really love those eye-hand coordination games, and to tell them to send them to me and I would let the kids play them. If the kids say they're good, then I would buy into it.

So she called them and they sent me this box and I said, "Uh-oh, I don't know what the hell I've gotten into here." So I called back and kind of apologized and said I didn't recognize what they were talking about. So we talked a lot about the games, and I talked to Ken at length. We had a couple of conference calls. And I got more and more into it. I went up to Sierra On-Line and went through their shop and got more and more intrigued with it. [I] went through the last Police Quest and I kidded them about the mistakes they had in it. I thought they were pretty serious mistakes.

We just kind of kept talking and finally we had an agreement and here we are. We went from what I consider my position of having no knowledge and being kind of stupid about the whole thing and being awfully brash—to a recognition that this is very sophisticated and high-class stuff. I'm delighted to be involved. More and more, I'm impressed by what they do.

Scisco: The Police Quest games are like little films, aren't they?

Gates: Oh, yeah. It's just amazing.

Scisco: I'm curious about the mistakes you noticed in the last game? Were those procedural errors?

Gates: Yes, basically that. The one I chuckled over most was the battering ram. The battering ram is my thing. I took all the criticism for it. Those who applauded the use of the battering ram, and there were many people who did, put up with a lot of criticism.

They used it in Police Quest 3 to ram the door. And that's not right. The purpose of the battering ram was to deal with those rock houses [places were crack cocaine is sold] where they had barricaded the doors—they actually put steel doors in. And the officers could not get through. There was a slit in the door. You put your money through a slit in the door and fingers would pass out a package of dope.

So you could make a buy, but once you got in, getting through the steel door was almost impossible. And when you finally did get in, all the dope was gone and there was no way to identify who it was that sold it.

So we needed a way to get in very quickly. We tried several things. We backed up a tow truck and tried to hook the doors and pull them off. That worked, but the noise—by the time you do all that the people inside knew you were coming in. We tried sophisticated burning tools that the fire department has and that worked also, but by the time we got in they knew it.

We used charges and would blow off the doors and that worked beautifully. I got out there and worked with the explosives experts but it was a very dangerous thing. It was dangerous for them to hook the charge up to the door because these were heavily armed people. And it was dangerous from the standpoint of the explosive.

We finally came to the idea of having this battering ram—not to hit the door, but to hit in a place that was vulnerable. A battering ram only penetrates the wall. There's a bit shield in the front of it. You back it up and it opens up the wall and SWAT could go though very quickly.

Scisco: Like a barb?

Gates: Yes. It's like taking a crowbar and doing the reverse with it. Pulling it out instead of pushing it in. So when the plate would go through, it would come back out, rip the 2x4s out and zap—SWAT would be in. We practiced and practiced. SWAT could secure a five-room house in about four seconds.

Scisco: So that would give you your element of surprise.

Behind the Badge: An Interview with The Chief–Daryl F. Gates





Gates: Yeah. By the time we got in, the dope was still there and we could make the arrests. We'd always make a buy before we used the battering ram.

It was so bad, that in some places we would go in they would have steel doors in the bathroom. So they could go in and flush this stuff. We'd get through the front door but then you'd have to bang on the bathroom door.

You had to be in quickly, and a lot of people didn't understand that. They would criticize the use of the battering ram...thought it was a terrible thing. But it was really the only way we could get in that quickly.

Scisco: What were the criticisms exactly?

Gates: The ACLU and others claimed that using a battering ram in an urban environment was a terrible thing. And I countered that it was a terrible thing to have dope in an urban environment on a nice residential street. You had two or three crack houses, barricaded, bars on the windows, steel doors, and the dopers going up there to get their crack cocaine.

We would use the battering ram and, in spite of all that criticism, I would go out quite often because I didn't want my police officers to take the heat. I would go out and the neighbors would come out, come pouring out of the houses, and one time I stood there for two and a half hours signing autographs. The people were just elated about somebody doing something about this dope house.

We had many, many barricaded rock houses, heavily armed. And those rock houses went out of existence. We put the word out: If you're dealing crack, and you have a steel door, we're coming through with a battering ram.

Scisco: In Police Quest 3, the player uses the battering ram against a ramshackle little house that looks like you could probably drive a car through it.

Gates: Yes, and though we're talking for the most part about wood frame houses, there's no way to get in because the windows are all boarded up or have steel bars on them, and the front doors actually have big, thick steel plates.

Scisco: I've heard some people say that in the Police Quest games, the most realistic parts of the game are the traffic stops. But there's always license in these games, since they're fiction. How did you deal with realism in Police Quest: Open Season?

Gates: In dealing with Police Quest: Open Season, I've had to compromise. There's compromise on both sides. It's impossible to make it totally realistic. Otherwise, you wouldn't be able to play the game. But I think that we have built in a great deal of realism.

What players will see is the Los Angeles Police Department. They will walk right into major crimes, see where homicides have been investigated for many, many years. Walk right into that office and sit down at a desk of a major crime investigator. They will go to the coroner's office. They will see the coroner's wagon. They will understand that police officers don't pick up the evidence, that we have specialists who do that. Police officers point out things that they want picked up, but they don't do that any more in a major city. That is done by experts—criminalists.

Scisco: Is that to preserve the chain of evidence?

Gates: It's mainly because we hire and train people of science for this kind of work. Detectives, for years have been screwing it up. The crime lab stuff has become extremely sophisticated and you need a criminalist.

Now, there are certain things that a detective will pick up, but some of the tougher stuff is done by the scientific experts. With that kind of situation, and with the continuity of evidence—the player has to make sure to maintain that.

Scisco: So what's the detective's role? Not just in the game, but in a real case?

Gates: The detective puts the case together. He uses the information that's available from the crime lab, out of the coroner's office. That's another thing. You learn that the criminalist coordinates things with the coroner.

The coroner collects a great deal of information from the body. And the criminalist picks up things from the crime area. They make comparisons, they work together, their labs work together.

There are other, little things that I think will make the game more interesting. For example, players will go into an actual police officer watering hole—you know, detectives have their watering holes where they stop to have a drink or two—and players will go right into one of these places. As a matter of fact, it's a bar that used to trouble me greatly, because I had a lot of police officers who would go in and have too many drinks and either get arrested for driving under the influence, or they'd get into a fight or something else because of drinking too much.

Because they were in that bar, I took on a dislike for that bar. And every time I would get a disciplinary case, I'd think, "Got to keep them out of the Short Stop." I used to go out and talk to some police officers and tell them "Stay out of that damn bar." It got to be kind of a joke inside the department, because everyone who went to the Short Stop knew how I felt about the bar. They all knew. They'd all chuckle over it.

Anyway, when the storyline in this game came out, Sierra wanted a place where a police officer or a detective would hang out. We thought about the police

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academy, because it has a bar, kind of a club. And I said, "Why don't you use a real detective's watering hole?"

I wasn't sure if I would ever get the bar owner's permission. He knew the chief didn't like his bar. When Sierra came down to take the pictures, I sent my ex-security aide around with them to places so it could be coordinated. So he went out, and the owner said "The Chief? He wants to use our place?" He thought they were putting him on. So finally the owner says, "I don't believe it, but absolutely. If the chief says so, absolutely."

So Sierra went in and took all these pictures. It's a dive. As a matter of fact, Sierra told the owner that they would change the name of the bar in the game so it couldn't be identified, but the owner told them absolutely not.

So it all goes toward more reality. And the police academy, the shooting range, it's the actual academy and shooting range. You get your ammunition from the guy who gives the ammunition. We went everywhere we could. The actual city hall. There's a scene in a strip joint. We went to a real strip joint.

Scisco: Sounds like an even more realistic experience than the other three Police Quest games.

Gates: I certainly hope so. I have a lot of ideas if we do another one, and I think we probably will. I've gained a better understanding of this process. I've gained some insight and I think I can do an even better job next time. But I think [the new version of] Police Quest is going to be much more realistic than what I've seen Sierra has done in the past.

Scisco: When you say "realistic," are we talking about more than the places where you go? Are we also talking about the way you go about solving the puzzles in the game? Is that as realistic as solving a real crime?"

Gates: We stay as close to that as we possibly can. This is where we've had to compromise. It's unrealistic to follow exactly how a detective would function, but we made it as close as we could make it and keep it within the scope of making a game that works. It is as close to reality as we can possible make it.

For example, the game's producer read the detective manual backward and forward—she loves that stuff. She could pick up the jargon, pick up procedures, so that again we could make it as real as possible, considering that there are certain things you have to do to make the game work.

Scisco: What's the story in Police Quest: Open Season?

Gates: It's a serial killer. I don't want to give away all of the details, I don't want to let out all the secrets. But it's a serial murder. It's a little gruesome. There are some body parts missing here and there.

Scisco: Nothing we haven't seen on television, I'm sure.

Gates: That's exactly what I told Sierra. I look at this and some of it is very farfetched. But then I think back to my experience and it doesn't seem farfetched at all. It really doesn't. I've seen much worse than this. Much worse.

But, as I said, there are body parts missing and that's part of the story. There are a lot of false leads. You will probably be walking down three different paths, but there are some surprises because you take on the view that perhaps a police officer is involved in the murders. And as a matter of fact, police officers are among those being killed.

Scisco: And the player has the role of a homicide detective?

Gates: Yes, and Sierra had an actor play out the role on the screen. I taught him a little. He had had some lessons in drawing a gun and such things, but I taught him a little bit more about that. He was doing it wrong. We got that straightened out.

The player is the homicide detective, working through the same frustrations that a detective goes though. The same blind alleys. That's what detectives do. They run down crazy leads.

When the player sees the Police Quest: Open Season storyline, it's a very surprising suspect. It's bizarre.

Scisco: How do detectives get drawn into these blind alleys?

Gates: One of the problems with detectives is that they are not systematic enough. You have to approach detective work with a systems approach. Many detectives don't want to do that. And many people who read detective stories think in terms of having informants, or having this or that—and they think that's the way cases are solved. And sometimes they are, no question about it.

But the real [sleuths] are very, very systems oriented. You have to be very systematic in your approach to it. If you aren't, you move in a direction that just isn't right. You'll end in a quagmire, and you won't be able to work your way out of it. I've seen many detectives do exactly that. And then, the trouble is, they persist. They are so sure that they have it all figured out that they persist [in the wrong direction].

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So you grab them by the coat collar and pull them back and tell them no, that's not the direction, and try to get them to change their direction. But they are convinced that they have it figured out.

So there's a lot of frustration in detective work. An awful lot. Yet there's nothing like the elation of putting the thing together and watching it come together and boy—you got the suspect.

Scisco: What's the main feeling you'd like people to come away with after playing Police Quest: Open Season?

Gates: I hope they'll have a better understanding of what detectives go though. That there's emotion involved in it. There's emotion involved in this game, with police officers dying.

But you can't allow that emotion to color your judgment. I hope they come away with the sense of frustration that a detective has, and see how easy it is to be led down a blind alley. And I hope they'll feel the elation that a detective gets when things fall into space. That suspect looms up there and you say to yourself, "Why the hell didn't I recognize that?"

So I really hope they'll come away with a feeling and sense of accomplishment, and feel that they indeed have done something very, very special by solving the crime. Rather than with a whodunnit you read in a book or see on TV, you really come away with a feeling of having solved something.

On most TV shows, you start out in the first 15 minutes and, through the process of elimination, you know who the suspect is. You may not know the storyline, but you know who's the guilty one.

So I hope they come away with the sense of having really been a detective. And not somebody who's just watched TV.

Scisco: As a rule, do many police officers believe that what they do is misunderstood, on some basic level, by civilians?

Gates: They do feel misunderstood, and I can't think of a better way to get people to understand than this way [with a game like Police Quest: Open Season]. You really throw yourself into it. You really get engrossed. Spend two or three hours with an interactive game and you feel worn out sometimes, trying to think them through.

I hope Sierra will expand this police series and get into some other kinds of things. They could give the public a better sense of what it is that police officers go through. I don't think you have to stick with homicide. There are sophisticated frauds, and a lot of [other] things that officers do that I think would be of great interest.

Working vice, for example. There is some thought, Sierra has already felt me out, on doing some SWAT games. You would have a problem, a certain situation, and SWAT comes in and designs an approach to it that deals with the situation. That would be a lot of fun.

I think these role-playing games are a great vehicle for giving people a clear and better understanding. I know you can't get on an educational kick, necessarily, but people are amenable to some of that.

Scisco: How do your experiences come into play in the latest Police Quest? Did you approach this game as a detective, or did you rely on your experience as an administrator who supervised detectives?

Gates: Actually, both. It's been a long time since I played detective, although my detectives will tell you that in a major crime, one that draws a lot of public attention, I am forever giving the poor detectives great direction as to exactly what they should be doing. Which they ignore, of course.

I spend a lot time with them looking at what they are trying to deal with and the approaches they're taking. I've had 20-some years experience of being in charge of all the detective cases within the department.

I'm one of those guys who can't keep his hands off. One of the problems of operating the ship is that it's hard to stay away from it. Fortunately, my detectives are very understanding. And that's good. They look at me and pat me on the head.

But there are a couple of things they've found out. From time to time, I have a great idea. So they've learned the hard way to be careful not to stiff everything I say, and they don't.

Scisco: Do detectives get territorial about their cases?

Gates: Oh, gosh. A detective? Do they? That's one of the big problems. They withhold information—the hardest thing in the world, if you have a series of crimes and they're connected, and you assign teams to the different crimes, it is so hard to get them to pool their information. You just have to sit them down and force them sometimes.

Detectives like to play things tight to the vest. They each think they have the solution. So it's very, very difficult to get them to sit down and understand that they have to share [information].

Particularly in the age of computers. In major cases, computers have become invaluable. As you try to make comparisons on the basis of some kind of chart, the computer will do all of that for you, much faster and much better, with more combinations. So you have to get the detectives to punch in that information.

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But you also have to understand that detectives are not there to massage the data. You have to have someone sit down and actually massage it.

It's competitive [for detectives], which is good and bad. It can be most helpful, it can be most productive. On the other hand, it can hurt.

Scisco: Does that kind of competition play a role in Police Quest: Open Season?

Gates: No, we left that out of it, although those are some of the things that I look at. There is a little bit of it that comes into play because there is some feeling that police officers might be involved. So there's some grumpiness on the part of some of the characters. But there isn't any of the internecine warfare—it's very subtle.

Scisco: Isn't that competitiveness part of what you look for in a detective?

Gates: You get smart people. They're bright, aggressive, competitive. They want, in the worst way, to deal with some of these situations. They want the bad guys in jail.

When you wrap all those things together, [the competitiveness] is helpful most of the time, but harmful some of the time. I've seen some dead ends that have cost us a lot of money and time. Had [the detectives] spent just a little more time and been better in sharing some of their ideas with somebody, it would have gone better.

Scisco: What percentage of cases are tough detective work, and how many are wrapped up quickly?

Gates: The hard part about being a detective is not necessarily finding out who did it. That is sometimes the easy part.

The hard part is putting together a case that you can prosecute. For example—motive. Motive has no legal meaning whatsoever. You hear all of that: "You have to find a motive." That has no legal meaning, and it's not something you have to prove in court.

But motive is extremely important when you're trying to convince a jury of why this guy did what he did. Then you have the chain of evidence, you have scientific evidence, you have to have experts testify to that—qualified experts.

Another thing that people don't understand is that a prosecutor's office today, particularly in a major city, has so many cases facing it, that it is not about to take a case unless it tests every possible alibi. I mean that. [Prosecutors] will sit there and they will knock the alibis that come from the guy, although if the guy comes up with a story, that's the first one they use. They test every possible alibi, every possible defense.

And so, a detective has to go out and debunk each of these defenses before he can get the case prosecuted. The detective has to be meticulous in gathering his

evidence and making sure his witnesses have seen what they have seen. When you show a mug, for example, you don't show just one mug. You show a series of mugs. And they have to look reasonably alike. If you show a mug, you have to be very careful if you have a lineup. You can't show a mug, have a witness identify a mug, and then have a lineup. The defense will say: "Well, of course she picked him, because you showed her a picture of him."

So all of these kinds of things have to be thought out. The game doesn't get into that kind of detail. To some degree it does, but not to the extent you have to get into it when you're trying to put your case together and then trying to have the case successfully prosecuted.

Scisco: Sounds like there's a lot of work that happens in the background.

Gates: There's a tremendous amount of follow up. After you get the case solved, that's when you really start. You need to gather the kinds of evidence necessary to defend against the defense.

Scisco: So the detective builds a story to explain the facts? A plausible, provable story of what happened?

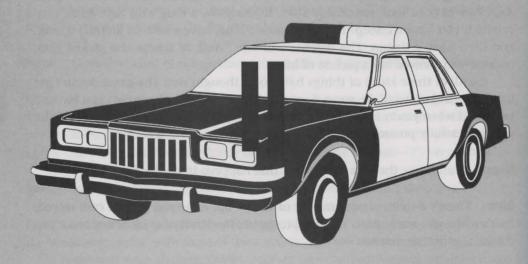
Gates: Exactly right. And you'd be surprised how imaginative defense counsels can be.

Scisco: Well, that's their job.

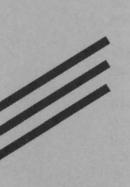
Gates: Yes, that's their job. And they come up with some real strange ones. But if you do your homework, you can blow holes in that. But you have to do your homework.

Behind the Badge: An Interview with The Chief–Daryl F. Gates





Police Quest 1: In Pursuit of the Death Angel







CHAPTER 6

Death Angel, Sweet Angel





onny Bonds pulled his dark blue Corvette into the lot at Lytton City Police headquarters. He had just come off the freeway, what he liked to think of as an interactive California lottery. The sound of banging pistons had preceded him the whole way, knocking like a freshman's knees on prom night. He took his sunglasses from the glove box, and sighed. Even pulling extra duty, he'd never be able to pay the mechanic's bill.



Locking up, Sonny put it out of his mind. There wasn't anything he could do about it anyway. He took 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, barely up to earthquake code. Institutional paint covered the walls, slithered into small offices, tossed itself down narrow hallways.

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.

"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," Sonny said.

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

Sonny took his service revolver and holster down from the hook and examined it—standard .38 police issue with a speed loader. He was meaning to get a new one, but so far this had served well enough. It wasn't like he was going to war, he thought. Not while he was stuck in traffic division.

"Jack, you going to make it?" Sonny yelled.

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

"All right. You've got about three minutes. Dooley will have you for lunch if you're late."

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

Sonny closed his locker with a bang and hustled out into the hallway. He made it to the briefing room in plenty of time. 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.

Lytton Tribune

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.

I'd like to see this "reliable source" myse ance. The scuttlebutt around the station w

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. 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. It was still dead.

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.

At least it's in the paper, he thought, folding the rag and tossing it back on the table. The troops started 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.

Death Angel, Sweet Angel





Lytton Tribune

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.

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.

Sonny changed his view when Detective Laura Watts entered. 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 one night 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.

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 would like to reclaim his property sometime before he makes the last payment."

"Three teenagers were arrested last night in three separate incidents," Dooley continued, "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. I don't think 'hooked on phonics' is what these kids had in mind."

Dooley waved a copy of the *Tribune* above the podium. "If you read this morning's paper you know that we aren't exactly stemming the tide of crime in our

Talk with Bulwer at Tribune?
Check -- Jack's birthday
stolen -- black Caddy
LOP1238
VIN CO3456218

fair city," he said. "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. If anyone here isn't prepared to back up your fellow officers so that we can do that job adequately, then that officer should be looking for a new line of work."

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. Sonny took a quick look at his notebook.

That Bulwer seems to know a lot for a reporter, Sonny thought. Maybe I should pay him a visit. 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

The sun hit Sonny hard as he stepped out into the parking lot. "Hey, Sonny!" called Jones, 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."

Death Angel, Sweet Angel





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

Sonny watched Jones take the corner, then turned back to his own vehicle. There's nothing wrong with this car, he thought, noting a bad paint job that tried to disguise the minor scrapes. Nothing that a bullet through the oil pan wouldn't fix.

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.

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. Or the woman who always rode those words into his mind—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 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. Marie's father 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 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. "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."

POLICE

Death Angel,

Sweet Angel

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 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. 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.

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 that told him all he needed to know. He turned and walked back to his car.

He still saw Marie occasionally. Not socially, of course, but on his beat, as he drove the city streets. 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 liked to think that it helped Marie, no matter how weak the bond between them. He liked to think that.



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. 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. A spiderweb of cracks spread across the windshield, and the front end all the way down the right fender was history. 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?"

Death Angel, Sweet Angel





"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'—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, a dark Italian-cut suit that didn't come off any Sears rack. Sonny couldn't help stealing a glance at Hamilton's shoes: gleaming, black high-quality leather that

187 at Fig and Fourth/green sedan driver with gunshot wounds - entrance left side, exit right jaw witness says lite blue Caddy, partial plate L964 ck w/ hot sheets!

Caddy go east two blocks then south

looked like it had been formed around his foot by an old shoemaker and stitched by hand. And it probably had.

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, Hamilton, 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.



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."

Jones'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 Jones'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. Beyond the dirty barroom windows of Wino Willy's bar, which sat right next to Carol's, Sonny could just make out a couple of regulars spending their Social Security benefits.

Death Angel, Sweet Angel





He locked his car and pushed through Carol's front door. Jones had snagged a booth by the front window. Sonny slid into one of the seats.

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

"Patience is a virtue," she replied.

"So is virginity," Jones 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," Jones 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," Jones quipped. He poured what appeared to be a half cup of sugar into his mug, then took a drink from his cup and winced. "Even additional ingredients don't seem to help. So tell me about this accident."

"It wasn't any accident," 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," Jones said.

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. 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."

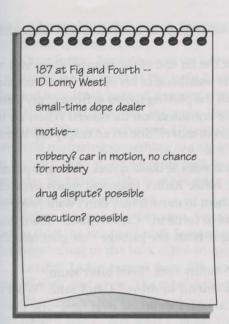
"That so?" Hamilton replied. "Well, he got somebody's attention. West is the second small-timer to get his ticket punched in the last two weeks. Pass the word," he continued. "I want to hear from the patrol officers about any new drug activity. I want to find out who whacked our small-time friend. Even money says they're connected."

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

Sonny took his place in the booth. "Seems the victim at my 187 was Lonny West." "Our Lonny West?" asked Jones. "The little punk dope dealer?"

"Don't get all broke up over it," 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.

Death Angel, Sweet Angel



No-Parking Zone

The next few hours passed without incident. Sonny wrote a couple of citations, and settled a dispute between two homeless men arguing over a grocery cart. Driving north on Ninth Street, Sonny found himself yawning and wishing for action. As if on cue, the radio broke into his thoughts with a call about a complaint at Carol's Caffeine Castle.

Sonny 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, her back to the door. 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 then dried her hands on the cloth she had tucked into the waistband of her apron. "Those drunken bikers in the bar next door are taking up all the parking spaces in front of my place," she complained. "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.

"There's no law against parking motorcycles in those spaces," Sonny explained, taking a tentative sip from his cup. The coffee 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."

"My customers are going to be afraid to come in," Carol replied. "You'd think that the city would want to protect people from the garbage that goes into that place over there."

"The law protects all of the people," Sonny said. "Even biker scum."

"You know, the Chief 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. "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."

"I think there's drug dealing going on over there," she said, leaning in closer. "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."

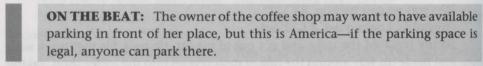
Sonny looked her in the eye. "I hope you're not just pulling my chain, Carol. You know I'd be bound to check out information like that."

"I thought you would be," Carol said.

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."

Carol just glared at him.

"Call the Chief 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."



Sonny pushed his way out the door and walked the few steps to Wino Willy's bar. He didn't put much stock in Carol's declaring that drugs were being sold in the

bar. But 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 did the bartender retreat to the back office so quickly?

Leather Jacket turned from his place at the bar. The two bikers to the left stopped their dart game. The rider at the bar turned around on his stool. When the girl turned, Sonny felt his heart drop. It was Marie. She met his glance only briefly, then looked down. She didn't let on that she knew him. Sonny found himself wishing that he had called for backup.

"Good afternoon, gentlemen. Afternoon, miss," Sonny 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. The rest would follow his lead. "Something wrong with that, 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.

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, one of the dart players, "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." He smiled crookedly. "So why don't you get back in your little police car and split."

Death Angel, Sweet Angel





Sonny didn't have a legal foot to stand on, but 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, 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 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. "The next time you come in here, you had better bring in the troops," he said.

"I'll take that under advisement," 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 hit by sudden lamplight, 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's the matter?" asked the big guy in leather. "Having trouble with your nightstick?" 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."

"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. "When a john comes to me, he brings a wallet, 'cause I don't take American Express, I don't take MasterCard, and I don't take Visa neither. And I sure don't take advice from a cop."

"All right, Marie, I hear you. But I do need something from you."

"Oh?" she asked, smiling a wicked little grin. "Now I'm interested. You leave your uniform on for this or does it come off?"

Sonny stifled his impatience. "I'm serious. I'm looking for information. I've got something to trade."

"Yeah? Like what?"

"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 turned away quickly and picked up her drink from the bar. "Look at me," she said. "I feel like some teenager who just broke up with her boyfriend." She took a long swallow from her glass and set it back down.

Sonny 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 stood to make a real sweet killing."

"Is that all he said?"



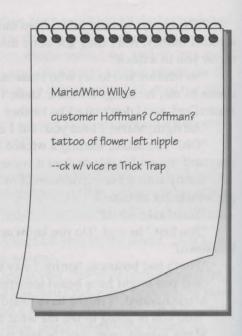


"That's all I can remember. But that's about all of it. I think he knew he had said too much 'cause right after, he got quiet and didn't say nothing. Just tossed some more money on the dresser and left."

"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."

"I want you to get off the street for a few days," Sonny told her. "Vice is running a sweep called Operation Trick Trap."



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

"I'll think about it, Sonny."

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

Marie waved him off. "I'm no charity case. Besides, what would all of your copfriends 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 ever think of me? 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.

Station House Blues

Back in his cruiser, Sonny keyed his radio and acknowledged his position. At least now he had a lead—the john with a tattoo and a loose wallet. If the guy will talk business with a hooker, no telling what he might say during an official interroga-

tion. Of course, they didn't allow that rubber hose and bright light bit anymore. Too bad, thought Sonny.

Back at the station, Sonny parked in front of his Corvette. He returned the PR-24 to its holder. Just as he reached the top of the steps, the station house door opened and Detective Laura Watts stepped out.

"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 wants a 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, Detective. I'll put in a request right away."

The front hallway inside the station house was quiet. Sonny 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.

What Sonny knew about Morgan would fit on one page in his notebook. Word was that the lieutenant was a master at covert operations. The rumor was that he picked up a lot of what he knew from a stint with CIA.

Patrolman Norris Walker caught Sonny in the hallway on the way to the locker room. "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. Why don't you stop by?"

"Sounds good," Sonny said. "I'll be there as soon as I get out of this uniform." Sonny undressed, showered, and changed into his street clothes in record time. Less than 15 minutes later, he was pulling into a spot in front of the Blue Room Lounge. He switched off the ignition and climbed out, then locked the door and pushed his way through the glass doors.

Immediately, Sonny spotted Jack sitting alone at a table in the middle of the room. Jack waved him over. "Boy, what a depressing day I've had," Jack said, as Sonny took a seat at the table.

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





Before Sonny could say anything, officer Steve Jones tapped him on the shoulder. "Did you forget?" Jones asked. "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. Let's talk."

"Don't worry, Sonny," Jones said. "I'll keep an eye on him."



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.

"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.

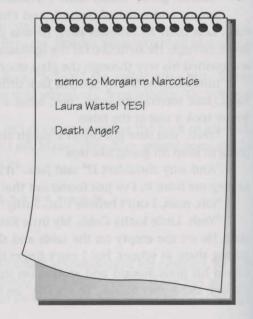
"As I was saying," Dooley continued, "we have some information from the day watch concerning a Missing Persons report filed earlier this morning. It seems that a Hispanic male by the name of Jose Martinez was last seen by his wife two days

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.



"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 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."

"All right," Dooley concluded. "Here are your assignments and calling codes." As he 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. "Keep your eyes open for that Cadillac."

187 at Fig and Fourth/green sedan driver with gunshot wounds - entrance left side, exit right jaw witness says lite blue Caddy, partial plate L964 ck w/ hot sheets!

Caddy go east two blocks then south mp Jose Martinez -- wife reports last seen getting in Caddy plate #L964

As the other officers filed out, Sonny crossed the room and reached into his mailbox for 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.

Sonny's patrol car waited for him like a lonesome dog. As he pulled out into the city traffic, he contemplated driving past Carol's 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. "Dispatch, this is 83-32. Requesting backup for pursuit of suspect vehicle."

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, I get 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.

"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. 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 I will put you there!" Sonny shouted.

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

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. "That's a pretty big gun for such a little punk," Sonny said.

"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. "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 read 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," the prisoner snarled.

"Oh," said Sonny. "The voice of experience. Shut up and listen to it anyway. I'm not having any judge throw this bust out on a technicality."

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

"Oh, I don't think so," Sonny said. "Get on back there to the squad car." Sonny guided the suspect to the waiting patrol car and maneuvered him into the backseat. After closing the door, he asked Jack for a closer look at the suspect's gun. "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. "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.

You don't know who this is. But there's something going down at the Deliphoria. Don't turn your back on the gambling there. It's ligger than that.

He found it under a layer of grime on the door frame. It 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

DMV

ILLINOIS
DRIVER LICENSE
C532045

CLASS: C

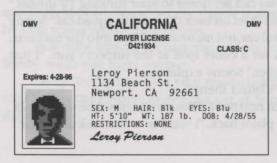
Expires: 6-2-96

Marvin Hoffman
31 W. 104th St.
Chicago, IL 60607

SEX: M HAIR: 81k EYES: 81u
HT: 6'0" WT: 194 1b. DOB: 6/2/56
RESTRICTIONS: NONE

Marvin Hoffman

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. "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. felony vehicle stop -- black Caddy suspect 10851 register 70 cad. suspect/vehicle searched VIN CO3456218 - ck with hot sheet ck w/ a.m. briefing! suspect w/ 45 auto #SW9764912 glove box black notebook/coded JM -- Jose Martinez? LW -- Lonny West? JB -- ? HD -- ? RG --? Robert G.? 2 driver's licenses -- Hoffman, Pierson this cks w/ john -- Hoffman w/ tattoo trunk 2 bags -- suspect coke/grass

impounded w/ vehicle per Cobb

Death Angel, Sweet Angel



"Be a shame if he had an accident on the way to the jail. Looks like 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."

"All right, Sonny. Leave it in the trunk," Jack said. "I'll have it impounded with the rest of the car and the other evidence."

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?"

"I don't answer any questions until I see my lawyer."

"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. 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. Let's 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. He took a firm grasp of Hoffman's arm and marched him to the booking desk.

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

"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 George Pate, looking at Hoffman. Pate had been the correctional officer at the city jail since before Sonny joined the force. His witty patter usually helped to ease the boredom and tension of the booking procedures.

"A real comedian," muttered Hoffman.

"And who's our lucky contestant?" Pate asked.

"Hoffman. Marvin Hoffman, you piece of pig scum," sneered the prisoner.

Sonny shrugged. "That's what *he* says," he told Pate. "But I think he's having a little trouble finding himself."

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," Pate 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 in a state of nervous anticipation. He wondered if 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 Pate, 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."

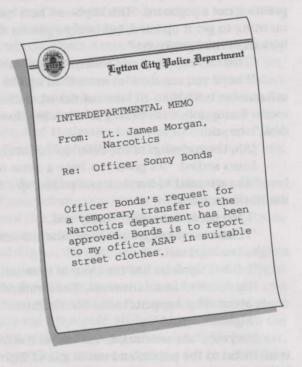
"Thanks, Sergeant."

Dooley picked up a paper from his desk. "I have a memo here regarding your request to be assigned to Narcotics. Here—why don't you read it yourself?"

Sonny almost shouted. He'd been working for this moment for months, even years. Now it was happening. "Congratulations," Dooley said, extending his hand. "Report to Lieutenant Morgan right away."

Five minutes later, Sonny was standing in front of Morgan. "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 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 Watts's office. As he entered, she looked up from her desk, all blond hair and blue eyes. It stopped Sonny dead in his tracks.

"Sonny," she said cheerily. "Welcome to our humble abode. Let me show you around."

"Thanks, Detective."

Watts shook her head. "None of that here. If we're going to work together, we have to start right. 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.

"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 a high-class legal suit."

"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, "his lawyer has convinced the judge that Hoffman is no threat to the public, and not at risk of flight. 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 springs 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." 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." She walked out of the office,

clutching her case and leaving a cool wake behind. She turned just outside the door. "Good luck, Sonny."

After she disappeared into the hallway, Sonny turned to the task at hand. 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 same guy. 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 moved 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. 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. 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. 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 for you—"

"Officer Bonds," Sonny said. "Lytton City Police." He showed his badge. "I need to see Judge Palmer right away."

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

"Listen," said Sonny. "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.

"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 court-room. 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. "Youthful indiscretion, perhaps."

"Perhaps, your Honor, but 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'm saying 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. 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. He turned and made his way out, stopping by the clerk's desk long enough to snatch the warrant from his hands before hurrying outside to his car. With any luck at all he could still catch Hoffman at the jail.

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 Pate let him in.

"That worm Hoffman has his lawyer here and that guy is getting his bail ticket even as we speak," Pate said.

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

"Oh, great!" shouted Pate. "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! Did you come 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.







Sonny had no sooner pulled into a designated space when Detective Watts rushed from the building to meet him. "Sonny, 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."

Sonny put the car in gear and drove out of the lot toward the park. 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.

"Good luck," Watts said. "Keep in touch."

Sonny headed into the park. He found the picnic table quickly, then 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. He passed the time by making careful observations of his surroundings and noticing possible avenues of escape. Just as he was beginning to relax, 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.

Sonny kept his eyes on the first suspect, then noticed the second man entering the area from the west. He was noticeably older and 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.

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. 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." 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. "You have a lot of trouble on your hands here, Simms," he said. "Do you have anything to tell me before I take you downtown?"

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

"Did you ever sell to Kathy Cobb?" asked Sonny. Simms thought it over for a few minutes. "Answer the question, Victor. It will look better to the judge."

"Yeah, a few times."

"Who do you get your stuff from?" Sonny pressed. 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.

"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. 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. Then they radioed their position and headed downtown.

Blue Room Redux

Death Angel, Sweet Angel



With Colby and Simms booked and in jail, Sonny and Laura headed back toward headquarters. "That was one smooth bust," she said.

"Thanks for catching up to Colby," Sonny replied.

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

Sonny swung into the parking lot. "Now for the paperwork," she said.

"What glamour," Sonny replied.

Before the two detectives could make it down the hallway to the narcotics office, Homicide Detective Keith Robinson caught up to them. "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."

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 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."

"We'll catch him, Lieutenant," Watts said.

"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.

"Bonds, 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 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.

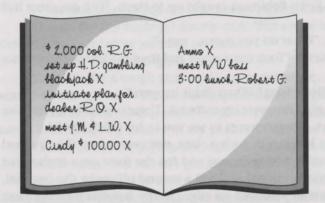
"A bit slow for me," Russ admitted. "But I hear things are really cooking in the real world."



"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 elec-

discipline pimp 1
discipline pimp 1
terminate L.W. X
terminate (M. X)

terminate (M. X)

cash project total
phone East Coast
meet Gutless Wonder
initiate Plan 3

tronic-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 to a more hospitable location."

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

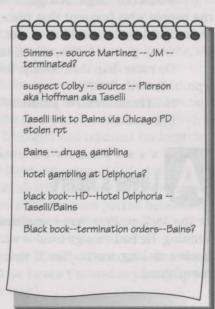
"Wicked character. Very dangerous. But also very smooth. I'll fax you some information on him. Send you the file, photos, the whole nine yards."

"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, 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 is she?" 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 keep 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."



Lover's Heart

At the lockup, Pate 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."

Pate 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?"

"Listen, Marie," Sonny 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."

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

"You don't have to, Marie. Pay the fine. Sit in jail for a few days. Morgan can't hold you any longer than that."

"No, Sonny. I want to do this. Maybe it's time I started walking a different road. I don't figure on finding happiness, nothing like that. But maybe I could have some peace." 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.

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.

Robinson of homicide was there. "One male, Sonny. 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 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.

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

"Jeez, he's really ripe," said Robinson. "I have some cheese in my fridge the same color. Kind of blue around the edges."

A uniformed officer put a hand to his mouth and ducked behind some bushes. "Rookie," Robinson explained.

Sonny knelt 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.

During his drive back to headquarters, all Sonny's 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. Everything that had happened pointed to one man—Jesse Bains. 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 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. 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. "Nobody will suspect anything." 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. 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. You have to get into the gambling room, which is somewhere in the hotel. That's the logical place for making the connection with Bains."

"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. "You'll have to wear this wig."

"Blonds do have more fun," laughed Marie.

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

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

"Wear the rug, Bonds," Morgan said.

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. First report is a drug overdose. She never regained consciousness."

"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."

"Sonny," Morgan said softly, "don't let this cloud your judgment. Get to that hotel and close the place down. 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 police 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. In some ways, he was already staring into the face of Jesse Bains, looking into the eyes of the Death Angel.





Blonds Have More Fun

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 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?" Sonny sought refuge in Morgan's office.

The live to and he had a hearth and the

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 not the Delphoria. 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 its steady decline.

Sonny walked with purpose to the reception desk and rang the bell. He rented a suite from the surly clerk, paying 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.

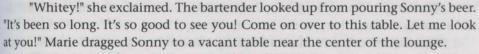
"Where can I get a drink?" Sonny asked.

"The lounge is open. Door on your right."

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.

Death Angel, Sweet Angel





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. 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?"

"That's right," Sonny said. "And here's a little something for your trouble." He slid a twenty-dollar bill across the bar into Woody's hand.

"Thanks," Woody 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."

"I'm not really interested in any amateur action," Sonny said.

"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. They rode the elevator in silence to the second floor. When Sonny unlocked the door to room 204, 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 though his mind until they disappeared and the memories came flooding back, pushing past the doubt and the fear and the long, lonely longing 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 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, and had to laugh.



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.

Sonny followed the bartender through the door at the back of the lounge. "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.

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."

"The game is five-card draw, gentlemen," Otto said. The cards moved between his fingers with a practiced flair. "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. 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.

"I like that," said Frank, shuffling the cards. "That's a good attitude."

Sonny drew one card to an inside straight and got it. 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. And, Mr. Banksten, 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 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, then discuss some kind of business opportunity."

"That might be the break we're looking for," Hamilton said. He handed Sonny the radio-transmitter pen.

"We can track the beacon through the hotel 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 have officers on every floor."

Watts 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 looked it over. "This is Frank. He's the one who invited me back for the game and other business."

Hamilton smiled. "If Bains 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.

"Let's roll," Sonny said, looking at his watch. "No time like the present."

"Good luck," Watts said.

Sonny 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 never loses," Woody said. He knocked on the door. A panel slid open and two eyes looked out. "He's clean," Woody said.

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.

There was no doubt in Sonny's mind that this was Jesse Bains—the Death Angel. "Start the deal, Otto," Frank said.

After a flurry of hands, the game settled into a contest between Frank, Sonny, and Otto. Gene just lost 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 an 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 twos 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." He ordered Gene and Otto to cash out his chips. 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 'Officer Bonds'?"

Sonny turned to find himself staring into the muzzle of a 9mm handgun. "Gene remembers getting a ticket from you 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." His finger tightened on the trigger.

A bang at the door diverted Bains's attention for a split second 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.

Second 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. Donald Colby turned state's evidence and gave exacting and damaging testimony about the Death Angel's drug operation. Bains was further charged with attempted murder for his part in the Hotel Delphoria shooting. 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. Bains was declared guilty on all counts. The judge sentenced him to 97 years in the State Penitentiary, without parole.

It was a win, but there were too many losses for Sonny 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 everyone who had crushed his ambitions.

Leaving the courtroom for the final time, Sonny's doubts and dissatisfactions lifted briefly in the perfect fall weather. He reached into his pocket, and frowned when the keys to his Corvette didn't seem to be there. The throaty growl of a high-performance motor, tuned to racing perfection, caught his ear and brought his eyes up to the street. His car, shined and waxed to show competition standards,

pulled slowly to a stop in front of him. Before he could speak, the windows on the passenger side came down.

"Get in," Marie ordered.

"I ought to run you in for grand theft auto," Sonny replied, sliding into the passenger seat.

"Shut up, Sonny Bonds," Marie said. "and enjoy the ride." So he did.





he Blue Knight Walks

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 updated (what I call the new edition) Police Quest 1 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".

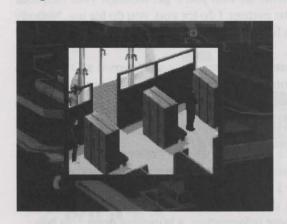


To catch a speeder—or to catch any violator—in the new edition, your first action should be to hit the lights and siren. Otherwise, the violator will disappear and you'll never have a chance.

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 hall-way 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.

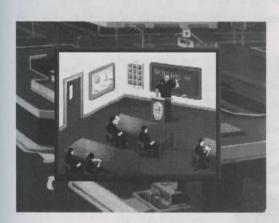
Your locker is the center one in the center row. Open it by dialing the correct combination (2-6-9). Inside, you keep your tools of the trade. Get your towel and take a quick shower by walking into the shower stalls. After your shower, return to

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 are 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.)

The Blue Knight Walks





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.

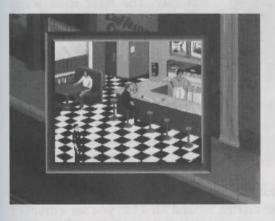
A sedan is smashed to pieces on the side of the street. Get out of your car and walk to the driver's side of the crashed automobile. Look at the driver. There's no time to lose. Help the driver. Too late. Radio Dispatch and make your report. The meat wagon is on the way, but your job isn't finished. 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.

The Blue Knight Walks







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 night-stick 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 moni-

ker "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 un-

dress. 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.

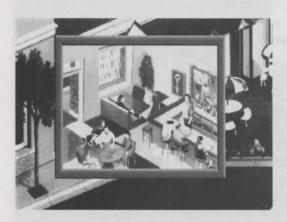
Return the patrol-car keys to the pegboard, and replace the radio extender before exiting the building to the parking lot.

The Blue Knight Walks





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.

The Blue Knight Walks



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? Hmmm. 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 Hoff-

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

The Blue Knight Walks





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

The Blue Knight Walks







get a call to proceed to Cotton Cove, which is at the far lowerright 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

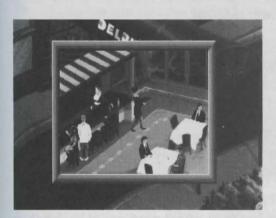
final briefing before the undercover assignment at the Hotel Delphoria. On the way, return your radio extender to the hallway table.

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 bar-

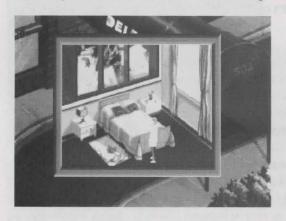
tender. Pay for your drink—nothing in this life is free, not even lunch. After Marie introduces you to the bartender, she excuses herself for a few moments. This is a good time to play the role of the wild-eyed gambler Jimmy Lee Banksten. After a little while, Marie returns and the two of you decide 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.

The Blue Knight Walks





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 bigtime 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.

The Blue Knight Walks



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.

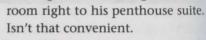
Approach the bartender and pass the word that Frank sent you. Again you are led to the back room, where you are searched a second time. Then you are escorted to the big game. The stakes are getting higher. Take a chair at the table and play poker until you win big. As you sit down to play, Frank asks 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





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

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 classic version seems almost quaint. The new edition, published in the summer of 1992, replaces the cartoon feel of the classic 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 DO	POINTS (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

WHAT TO DO	POINTS (Classic)	POINTS (New)
On the Beat (continued)		
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
Police Headquarters		
Write Memo and Put in Basket	2	
Take Shower in Locker Room	2	

Points of Evidence





WHAT TO DO	POINTS (Classic)	POINTS (New)
Police Headquarters (continued)		
Get the Keys to Your Corvette	1	
Off Duty		
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
Police Headquarters		
Take Assigned Position in Briefing Room	1	
Get Note from Pigeonhole	3	
On the Beat		
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

WHAT TO DO	POINTS (Classic)	POINTS (New)
On the Beat (continued)		
Book Hoffman for 12509		1
Book Hoffman for 12876		1
Book Hoffman for 00308		1
Police Headquarters		
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
On the Beat		
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

Points of Evidence





WHAT TO DO	POINTS (Classic)	POINTS (New)
On the Beat (continued)		
Book Simms and Colby for 12755		1
Book Simms and Colby for 12876		1
Join Other Officers at Blue Room Lounge	1	
Police Headquarters		
Attend Briefing in Morgan's Office	1	
Get Taber's Name from Computer	2	
Get Taselli Information from Taber	5	
On the Beat		
Enlist Marie for Undercover Work	5	5
Respond to Call at Cotton Cove	2	10
Open Victim's Shirt	2	
Radio Dispatch	3	
Police Headquarters		
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	
Hotel Delphoria		
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

WHAT TO DO	POINTS (Classic)	POINTS (New)
Hotel Delphoria (continued)		
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
End Game		
Trial and Sentencing	4	
TOTAL POINTS	243	225

Points of Evidence



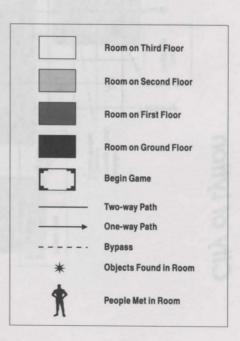


Maps



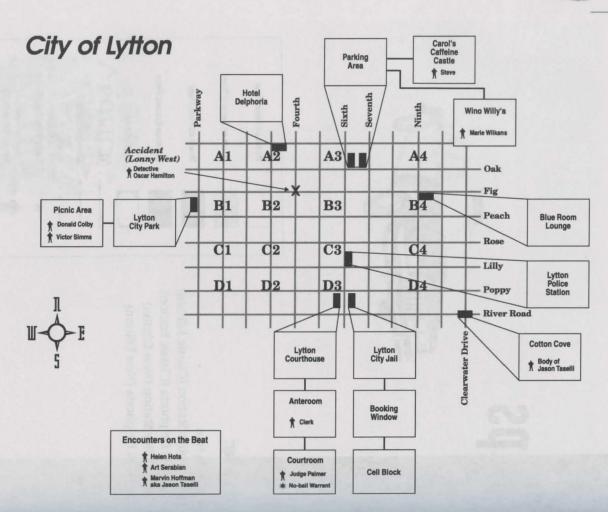
Map Order:

City of Lytton Lytton Police Station (Classic Edition) The Hotel Delphoria (Classic Edition) Lytton Police Station (New Edition) The Hotel Delphoria (New Edition)

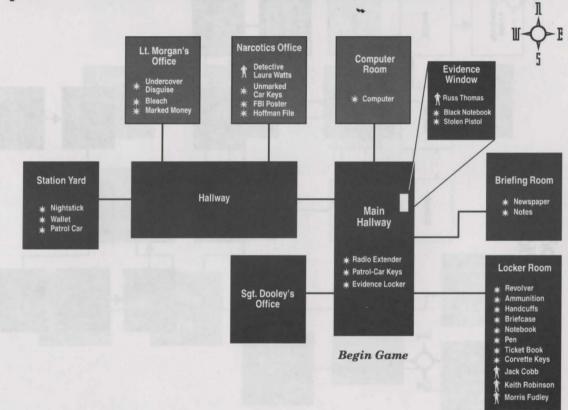




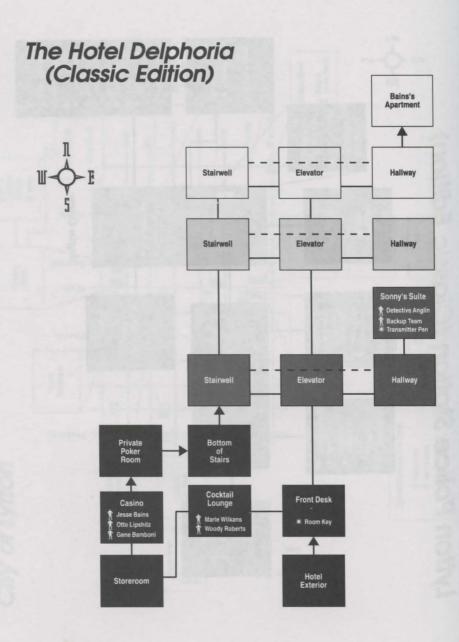




Lytton Police Station (Classic Edition)

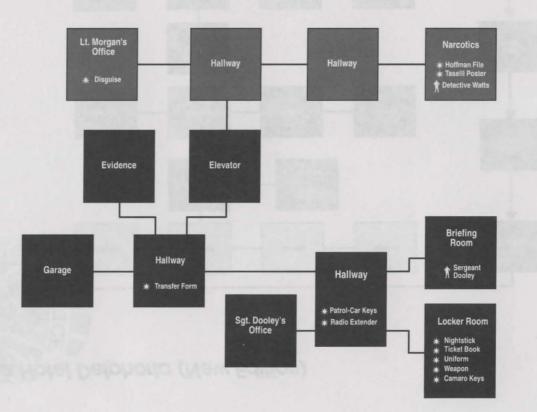






Lytton Police Station (New Edition)

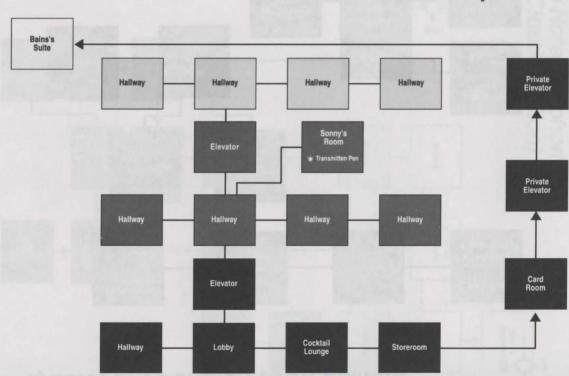




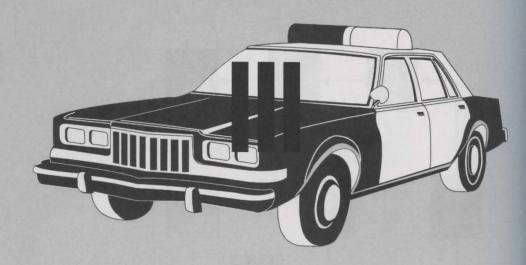


The Hotel Delphoria (New Edition)









Police Quest 2: The Vengeance







A Meal Served Cold

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. The meteorologists were hoping it signaled the end of a long drought. Sonny just hoped that it would mean fewer fires this year.

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. Some things can't be replaced, he thought, even by common sense.

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. His wish came true last month, when he was transferred to Homicide.



He liked it. In the time since he had arrived, he'd found a home. It suited his nature. He was a painstaking clue-finder and evidence junkie. He liked to make things right. Sonny Bonds, the Fixer. No situation too hopeless.

Counting Sonny, the Homicide division consisted of four detectives. Captain Fletcher Hall, a big man, called the shots. 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. Pington 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. 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 rappeling.

Captain Hall was on the phone, but he looked up as Sonny entered the office. Sonny nodded to Peterson, then crossed the floor to his desk opposite Robinson.

"Says here in the *Tribune* that Jesse Bains is returning to town today," Robinson yawned. "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."

"Paper says that the jury was improperly instructed," Keith read.

"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. The evidence will stand. 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. 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. They were taking it one day at a time, and that was good enough.

Sonny replaced the letter and locked his drawer. That's when Captain Hall hit them with the news.

"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."



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."

As Sonny 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.

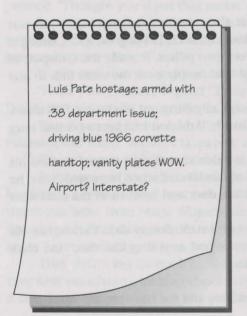
"Do we have any witnesses to the kidnapping?"

"No," the clerk replied. "We were occupied with other prisoners at the time." Sonny put away his notebook and picked up Pate's file. "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."

"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. "But 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."

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, heavyset, with blond hair tied back with a scarf.

"Bains may have a new car," Gelepsi said. "This lady here says that hers is missing." "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."

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. But I think he 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. 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."

"There it is," Robinson said, pointing to a patrol car near the Cotton Cove entrance.

Officer Mark Johnson 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. From what I can 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, Johnson?"

"Not since I arrived," he answered. "I've been here about ten minutes."

"OK," said Sonny. "Let me talk to her."

Johnson 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," Johnson 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," she continued. "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 Johnson here. He'll see to it that you get home all right."

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.

Robinson 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 Johnson 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. "Damn, we were close," Robinson said. "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.

When the van pulled to a stop, Sonny and Robinson approached and filled the diver in on the details. Shortly after, he disappeared into the murky waters of Clearwater River.

There was nothing to do but wait. While Sonny counted time in minutes, Robinson had his own clock, measured in filter-tip cigarettes. Both men stood silently along the banks of the river, then gave a jump as the police diver emerged with a small bag in his hand.

"Look familiar?" the diver asked Sonny. He held up a metal object. A badge. Sonny nodded. "Probably Pate's, but we'll have to check the number," he said.

"Then there's this," said the diver. A glint of light caught Sonny's eye. He recognized the rough work of a homemade knife. He knew it was probably the weapon that Bains had used to force his escape.

"The body is wedged behind some rocks, about 40 feet downstream," the diver continued. "Matches the description you gave me."

Cotton Cove
body of Luis Pate recovered
from river with badge
blood sample -- Pate?
homemade knife -- Bains?
prison clothes -- Bains

"I'll call the coroner," Robinson said. He headed toward the car.

"I did a quick check of the body," the diver explained. "A single knife wound under the rib cage on the left side could have been fatal. If it wasn't, the fact that the head was nearly severed from his body certainly was."

"Stick around for the M.E.," said Sonny. "I'm going to call it in."

Sonny hotfooted it back to the car. The only job in his mind was putting Jesse Bains back behind bars. And he didn't feel like being very pleasant about it.

"Let's roll," Sonny said. 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. 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?"

"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."

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. In a few minutes they had bypassed the heaviest traffic. 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 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!" He slammed the door. "Let's check out the terminal," he said.

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."

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 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."

"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."

Within 20 minutes the two detectives were back at Lytton Police Headquarters. "Meet you in the office," Robinson said.

Sonny continued to 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.

"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 middle 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 was a special place.

Sonny found a parking space and opened the door to 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 and looked at his watch. He'd made good time. He assumed she'd been delayed somehow.

"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." Sonny took her hand in his.

"If I could make you forget, I would," he 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."



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 are their breakfast quietly. "I'd like you to stick close to home today," he said. "I can come by later to check on you."

"Do you think it's necessary?"

"Just for today."

"All right," 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 the victim, Detective?"

"Roberts," Sonny replied. "Woody Roberts."

The M.E. nodded. "Apparently, Mr. Roberts was indiscreet in his choice of friends." "It's not his friends I'm worried about," 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. You think 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. There didn't seem to be many customers. 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. 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.

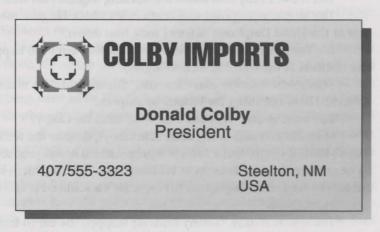
He pulled out the scrap he had taken from Roberts and put it against what he had just found in the nightstand. Looked like a perfect match.

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."





Infriendly 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, 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."



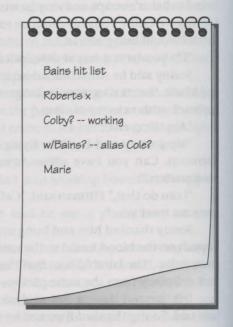


Captain Hall glared at Sonny over his desk. "You better fly straight, Detective, or I will ground you right now. I can make a few calls," he continued. "I know a captain there, Ferguson, we went through the academy together. Maybe I can smooth your entrance."

"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. 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 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. The Steelton PD doesn't know what it's getting in to."

Sonny 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 new friends 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. Whimpers 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.

S ewer 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 600 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."



ON THE BEAT: A case of skyjacking is the jurisdiction of the FBI; it's not handled by "sky marshals."

A Meal Served Cold



"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.

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 concern."

"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. 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. They 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. 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.

"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.

"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. Theirs 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."

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 tripped slightly over a manhole obscured by the long grass. It was slightly off center, revealing an entrance to the storm sewer system.

Sonny keyed his radio. "Robinson, this is Sonny. I've got something here." Robinson's voice came over the radio. "I'll be right there."

When Robinson emerged from the bushes, Sonny showed him the entrance he had uncovered.

"Looks like a good place to hide," Robinson said.

"I say we go," Sonny replied. "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 for Pittman."

He 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."

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. 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 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."

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."

Bains 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 put a final bullet into Bains's chest. The killer sat bolt upright, then slumped. His empty eyes stared straight ahead, at nothing.

"You have the right to remain silent."



After the Bains investigation, Sonny Bonds was put on involuntary leave, suspended with pay while Internal Affairs looked into his handling of the case.

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.

In the end, the shooting of Jesse Bains was ruled justifiable. Nobody 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.

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.

The Blue Knight Walks Again

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.

The Blue Knight Walks Again





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



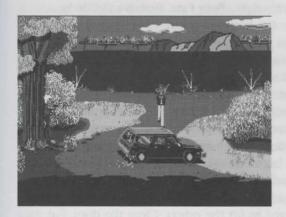
The Blue Knight Walks Again



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.



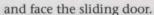
As you enter the scene to the left, draw your gun. Kind of spooky back here in the Cotton Cove woods. Proceed left. When Bains appears from behind a tree, return fire. Your shot is off the mark. Perhaps more time at the pistol range is called for. Bains flees. Proceed left in pursuit.



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





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 be-

cause 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

The Blue Knight Walks Again





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 **PERSON-NEL.** 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.



The Blue Knight Walks Again



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.



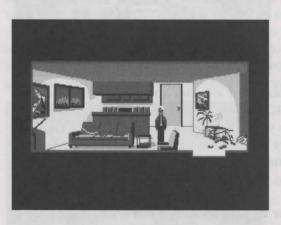
Go in the motel room and take a quick look around. Go to the near corner of the bed and look down. Sure is a lot of blood in this job. Retrieve a sample of the blood and move to the back of the bed. Look under the bed and get the tube of lipstick you see there. Then move to the nightstand and open the 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 housekeeping. 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.

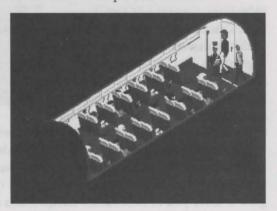
Go back to your office, sit down at your desk, and use the phone to call information to get the number of the Steelton Police Department. If Bains is after Colby, you should let them know. Perhaps they can help. Now call Colby and warn him. Colby doesn't seem too worried. Look in your basket. Read the 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



The Blue Knight Walks Again





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. Kidnapping, 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



The Blue Knight Walks Again

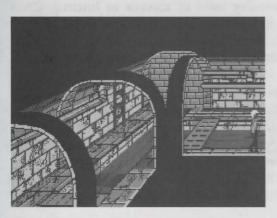


Keith on the radio. The mugger flees, but doesn't escape your partner.

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?

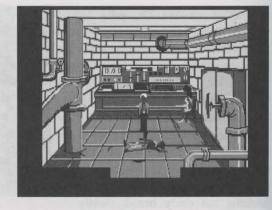
Cross the sewer and keep to the lower side. Walk to the right and into the next scene. Keep to the right and walk into the next scene. Don't stop or hesitate, even when the gas burns your eyes and nose. As you enter the next scene, turn

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.



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

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

Points of Evidence





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 1
Ask for Check	2
On the Trail (Warehouse District)	
Take Sample of Blood	1
Taka Photo of Murdon Coops	

WHAT TO DO	POINTS
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

Points of Evidence





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

251

300

WHAT TO DO
POINTS

End Game

Calm Marie 5
Untie Marie 5

Kill Jesse Bains 15

TOTAL POINTS

Points of Evidence



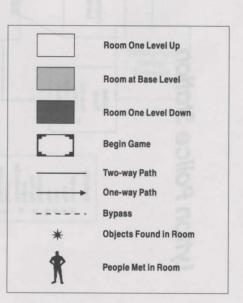


Maps



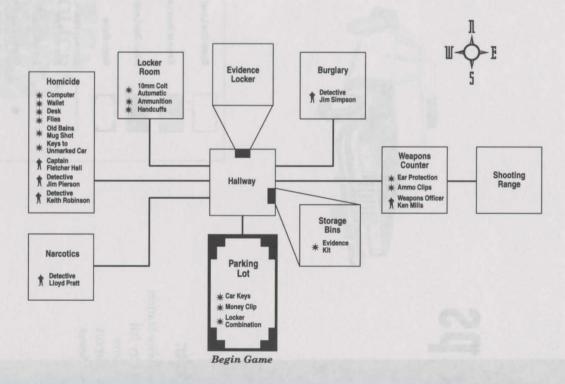
Map Order:

Lytton Police Station Lytton City Jail Cotton Cove Lytton Airport Steelton Sewer





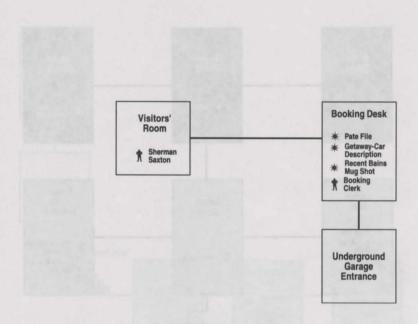
Lytton Police Station



Maps



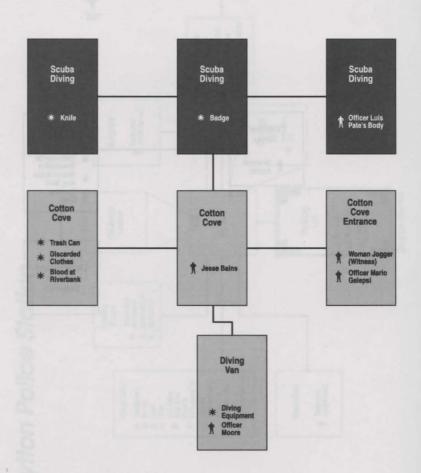
Lytton City Jail





Cotton Cove

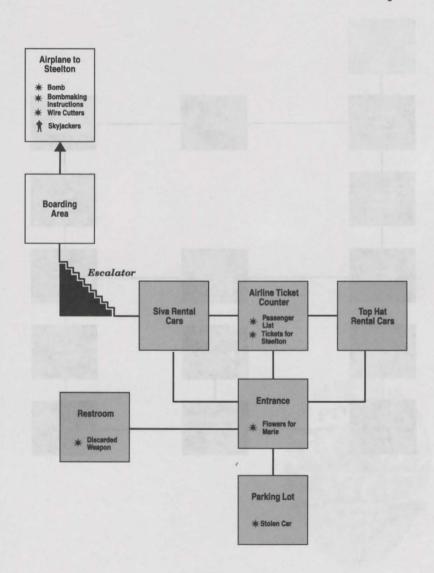




Maps



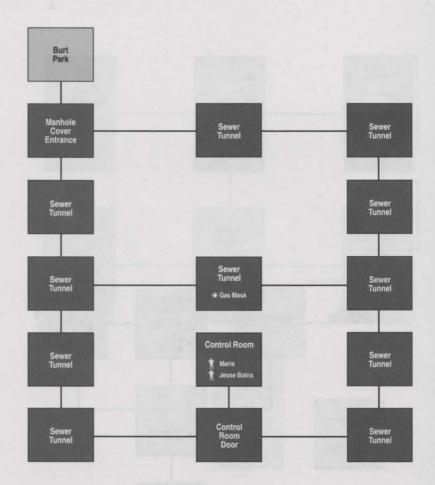
Lytton Airport



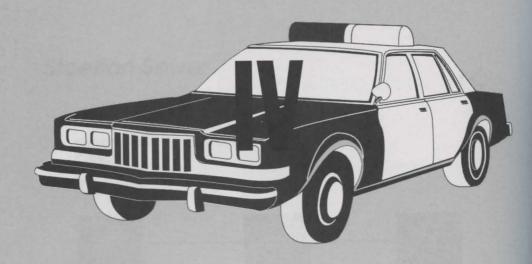


Steelton Sewer









Police Quest 3: The Kindred







Cult of the Mad

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.

He pulled open the door to his Ford Mustang and climbed behind the wheel. 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 Sormy's memories were like that—newsreels from another place, another time, another life.

He swung his car left onto Rose Avenue and accelerated through a yellow light with a glance at his watch.

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's rise within the force played a major role in Sonny's promotion, there was no doubt about it. Sonny 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.

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.

The sergeant's office was on the second floor. Sonny 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. 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 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.

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."

Sonny 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 finished the briefing in short order.

Morales was waiting for him when Sonny returned to the sergeant's office and 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."

"OK, Morales. I hear you. Now you hear me. Being a cop isn't an easy job, for a man or a woman. But you picked it. You signed on at the academy, you passed the requirements, you learned the rules. 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. "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. Promotions weren't always what they were cracked up to be.

Sonny 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.

Mike Holland rode herd on a wide desk in the center of the room. Holland had both eyes on his monitor. Sonny bowed as he stepped onto the gleaming tile floors. "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.

Sonny sighed. He picked up a pen from Holland's desk.

Five minutes later, Sonny was reading 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. Reluctantly, he addressed the disciplinary form to Morgan and put it in the departmental mail.

Cult of the Mad





With any luck, Sonny thought, I'll be on the freeway in 20 minutes. Traffic. It's my life. He headed toward the elevator, but before he got there Dispatch paged him over the intercom. What next, he thought. Can't even get out of the building. He 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."

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 riverside area. 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 thought it sounded like a beer commercial.

He turned left on Lilly and headed east, keeping the bright afternoon sun to his back. Traffic was light. He pulled to a stop at the east entrance of the park. 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. 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. He raced back to the top of a rock, laughed quietly, then just as quickly stormed off the rock toward Sonny. Calmly, he took a defensive position with his PR-24 nightstick.

The lunatic rushed him, 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.

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.

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."

Cult of the Mad





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.

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.

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 forever. 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.

"She'd better be. 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.

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. The red glow from his cigarette illuminated 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. He 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'll need it for tomorrow; Marie will need you."

Sonny said his goodbyes, then 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. "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.

Back in the Saddle

Daylight came much too soon. Sonny slept fitfully, his dreams invaded by memory and fantasy, in the end shattered by the clinking and clanking sounds of an imagined prison, a ringing and that 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 just barely. 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 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 Inspector Oscar 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. "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." 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."





Hall pressed the red call button on his telephone. "You'll have a partner," he continued. 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.
"No problem," Morales answered. "Sergeant Bonds and I have established a
working relationship over the past two weeks."

"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, but I can handle this. You 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. Neither Morgan nor 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."

"No hard feelings?" Sonny asked.

"None," the reporter replied. "And I'll keep my ears open. You can never tell."

"No, you never can," agreed Sonny. He 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?"

Sonny secured the gold chain and Bronze Star as evidence, then 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.





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. "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."

"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."

 $"But the \, attack \, on \, your \, wife \, was \, in \, the \, Oak \, Tree \, Mall \, parking \, lot. \, Pretty \, public \, place."$

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 that little extra something."

"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. You go ahead. I hope Marie is getting better."

Sonny nodded and let the Homicide door swing shut behind him.



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. It was one of Lytton's oldest 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 slid 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

Mad

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 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.



Cult of the

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 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.



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. A uniformed officer approached them.

"Do me a favor and get rid of those people," Sonny said. A group of curiosity seekers were lining up in the alley.

"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. 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 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. "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.

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.

Sonny 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.



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. 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. 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

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.

"Drop your weapon and move to 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.

Recovery

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.

Lytton Tribune

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 than cult-related. Tate would not comment on those reports.





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continued from p. 1

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 Pentagram 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 Pentagram 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 their journey toward a new season, perfectly framed against the cool blue autumn sky.

Cult of the





The Blue Knight Walks Yet Again

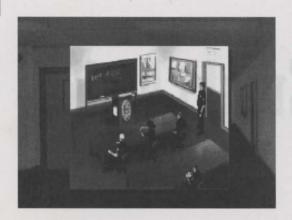
hings are a lot different in Lytton these days. The police work you've done up to this point has been admirable. But with the tools and techniques available to you now, criminals don't stand a chance. New procedures reflect these changes. The city's layout, as well as certain game locations, such as 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.



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 night-stick. 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

The Blue Knight Walks Yet Again





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.

The Blue Knight Walks Yet Again



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.





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.

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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.



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

The Blue Knight Walks Yet Again





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.

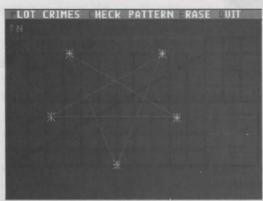
The Blue Knight Walks Yet Again







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.



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

The Blue Knight Walks Yet Again





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 a 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 Blue Knight Walks Yet Again





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.

The Blue Knight Walks Yet Again





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

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 Talk to Officer Morales in briefing room 1 Take clipboard from podium 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 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 5 Select Signature on decision box

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 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 Open property drawer 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 Pick up Bronze Star at scene of Marie's stabbing At Home Take music box off top shelf of closet 5 **Police Headquarters** Enter the serial number of the Bronze Star into computer 5 Use the phone and call the reporter Log Bronze Star into evidence 5 At the Hospital Walk to nurses' station and get Marie's room number Pay for rose from the florist Give Marie the music box Give Marie the rose Kiss Marie 10 Points of Evidence





WHAT TO DO **POINTS Police Headquarters** Take note from in-basket On Patrol Identify yourself to Carla Reed 3 Secure cart with handcuffs **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 **Police Headquarters** Take subpoena from in-basket Open head technician's desk and take tracking device Get calibration chart out of patrol car 5 At Court Give calibration chart to prosecuting attorney 3 On Patrol Get key from 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 Open the victim's shirt and take notes about pentagram 5 Use scraper to remove the paint transfer **Police Headquarters** Open new file for Dent homicide

WHAT TO DO **POINTS** Police Headquarters (continued) 1 Pick up and read the note on your desk 5 Log paint, hair, and blood samples as evidence in Dent case At the Hospital 5 Read Marie's chart 20 Examine IV bottle and call the nurse **Police Headquarters** 3 Walk to bulletin board and read the memo 5 Review Dent case on computer and call Dispatch Complete the pentagram on Homicide computer 10 Pick up and read file on staff psychologist's desk 5 On Patrol 10 Plant tracking device on gold GTO Use scraper to get paint sample Draw weapon Get into your car, turn on tracker, and follow suspect 5 5 Put flares down at freeway accident site 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 Create diversion in men's locker room 5 3 Talk to the janitor Note what you find in Morales's locker 10 Talk to Captain Tate about your suspicions On Patrol Get manila envelope at coroner's office

Points of Evidence





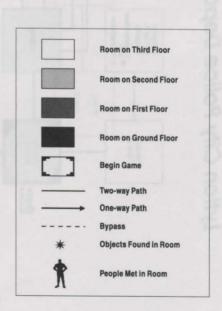
WHAT TO DO POINTS At the Hospital Give Marie the locket 10 On Patrol Pick up photograph from floor of burned house 5 5 Using the scraper, get sample of blood and hair Identify yourself to army recruiter at mall 3 Show recruiter the photo of Michael and Jesse Bains 3 Remove printout from recruiter's printer 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 **TOTAL POINTS** 460

Maps



Map Order:

Lytton City Police Department Lytton General Hospital Oak Tree Mall

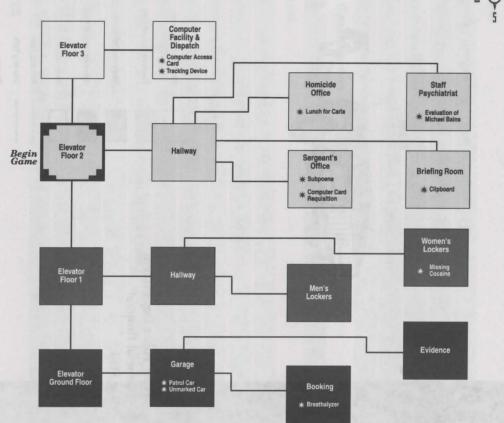






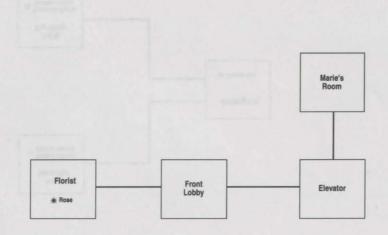
Lytton City Police Department





Lytton General Hospital



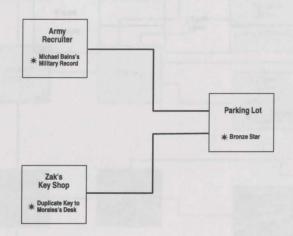




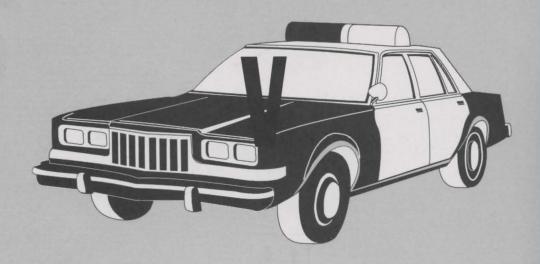


Oak Tree Mall









The Academy







Call for Backup

o you've played all four 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 give away copies of Daryl Gates's autobiography as gifts. You watch reruns of "Hill Street Blues," you have the entire "Untouchables" series on tape, and you never miss an episode of "America's Most Wanted," "American Justice," "Top Cops," or "Law and Order." 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

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.

Call for Backup



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 probono 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).

Call for Backup



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.

Call for Backup



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, learn how to protect your home from burglaries, and discuss tactics for dealing with crime. 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

Call for Backup



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 (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.

Call for Backup



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?

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.

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



Washington	(206) 438-6716
Florida	(305) 964-6104
Illinois	(203) 677-1446
California	(408) 287-8399
Arizona	(602) 253-7949
Colorado	(303) 987-7388
New Jersey	(908) 797-7459
Illinois	(309) 963-6060
Michigan	(517) 263-0273
New Jersey	(609) 628-4311
	Florida Illinois California Arizona Colorado New Jersey Illinois Michigan

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!

Mug Shots and Profiles

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.

Allen, Malcolm

DOB: May 19, 1960

Sex: Male

Height: 5'9"

Weight: 169

Eyes: Brown

Hair: Black

Notes: Patrolman, Central Area, LAPD. No photo on file.



Arnold, Bert

DOB: March 17, 1959

Sex: Male Height: 5'9" Weight: 223 Eyes: Green Hair: Black

Notes: Rangemaster, LAPD Academy. No photo on file.

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.

Baker, Teddy

DOB: October 5, 1960

Sex: Male Height: 6'2" Weight: 206

Eyes: Brown Hair: Black

Notes: Detective Support Division, LAPD.



Mug Shots and Profiles



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.

Bilden, Kristy

DOB: May 6, 1968

Sex: Female Height: 5'7" Weight: 112

Eyes: Blue Hair: Brown

Notes: Reporter, KKAT, Los Angeles.





Block, Donald

DOB: February 10, 1940

Sex: Male Height: 6'1" Weight: 212 Eyes: Green

Hair: White

Notes: Lieutenant, Detective Headquarters Division, LAPD. 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.

Bottoms, Hal

DOB: January 6, 1950

Sex: Male

Height: 5'11"

Weight: 196

Eyes: Brown

Hair: Black

Notes: Sergeant Detective, Robbery-Homicide Division, LAPD. No photo on file.

Cann, Barbie

DOB: June 4, 1964

Sex: Female

Height: 5'5"

Weight: 146 Eyes: Green

Hair: Hair

Notes: Owner, Bitty Kitty club, Hollywood, California. No photo on file.

Carey, John

DOB: April 3, 1956

Sex: Male

Height: 6'

Weight: 190

Eyes: Blue

Hair: Black

Notes: Sergeant Detective, Robbery-Homicide Division, LAPD.

Chee, Kim

DOB: July 4, 1970

Sex: Female

Height: 5'2"

Weight: 102

Eyes: Black

Hair: Black

Notes: Manager, Lucky Mini Mart, Los Angeles. No photo on file.





Chester, Julie

DOB: December 19, 1963

Sex: Female Height: 5'4" Weight: 115 Eyes: Brown

Hair: Black

Notes: Criminalist, Investigative Analysis Section, LAPD.



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.

Daniels, Danny; aka Dannyd

DOB: August 20, 1967

Sex: Male Height: 6'4" Weight: 227 Eyes: Brown

Hair: Black

Notes: Bodyguard, Yo Money.



Mug Shots and Profiles



De la Cruz, Hector

DOB: September 24, 1952

Sex: Male Height: 5'7" Weight: 159 Eyes: Black Hair: Brown

Notes: Member, Los Angeles City Council. No photo on file.

Dooley, John

DOB: July 27, 1928

Sex: Male Height: 5'11" Weight: 165 Eyes: Blue

Hair: Gray

Notes: Lieutenant with LPD, Narcotics division.





Garcia, Rene

DOB: October 20, 1969

Sex: Male Height: 5'11" Weight: 186 Eyes: Brown

Hair: Brown

Notes: Patrolman, Hollywood Area, LAPD. Murdered by Mitchell Thurman. No photo on file.

Gelepsi, Mario

DOB: April 10, 1945

Sex: Male Height: 5'11" Weight: 179 Eyes: Black Hair: Black

Notes: Patrolman, LPD. No photo on file.

Griese, Joe Bob

DOB: November 19, 1957

Sex: Male Height: 5'10" Weight: 176 Eyes: Blue

Hair: Black

Notes: Yardman, LAPD Impound Lot. 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.



Mug Shots and Profiles



Hadley, Don

DOB: December 4, 1942

Sex: Male Height: 5'11" Weight: 200 Eyes: Brown Hair: Brown

Notes: Mayor, Los Angeles. No photo on file.

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.

Hayes, Nora

DOB: January 11, 1950

Sex: Female

Height: 5'4"

Weight: 128

Eyes: Blue

Hair: Brown

Notes: Receptionist, LA County Services. No photo on file.

Hickman, Bob

DOB: February 19, 1957

Sex: Male

Height: 6'1"

Weight: 209

Eyes: Hazel

Hair: Black

Notes: Detective, LAPD, Central Area, CRASH Section. Murdered by Mitchell Thurman. No photo on file.

Hickman, Katherine

DOB: March 20, 1959

Sex: Female

Height: 5'4"

Weight: 115

Eyes: Blue

Hair: Blonde

Notes: Widow of Bob Hickman. No photo on file.

Hickman, Valerie

DOB: August 18, 1985

Sex: Female

Height: 4'2"

Weight: 60

Eyes: Blue

Hair: Red

Notes: Daughter of Bob and Katherine Hickman. No photo on file.





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.



Jackson, Jack; aka Two-Jack

DOB: December 25, 1940

Sex: Male

Height: 6'2"

Weight: 213

Eyes: Bloodshot

Hair: Black

Notes: Panhandler. Unemployed, homeless, drunk. No photo on file.

James, Wendy

DOB: June 18, 1971

Sex: Female Height: 5'2"

Weight: 102

Eyes: Green Hair: Blonde

Notes: Girlfriend of Dennis Walker. Arrested for attempted murder, felonious assault, and resisting arrest for knife attack against LAPD Detective John Carey. No photo on file.

Johnson, Steve

DOB: August 8, 1955

Sex: Male Height: 6'1" Weight: 205 Eyes: Blue

Hair: Blond

Notes: Patrolman, LPD.

Jones, Emmo

DOB: April 1, 1977

Sex: Male Height: 5'8"

Weight: 130

Eyes: Brown Hair: Black

Notes: Gang member, RBGB. No photo on file.







Jones III, Raymond; aka Ragtopp Spiff

DOB: May 9, 1969

Sex: Male Height: 6'1" Weight: 170 Eyes: Brown Hair: Brown

Notes: Gang leader, RBGB. No photo on file.

Jurica, Phillip

DOB: January 27, 1954

Sex: Male

Height: 5'10" Weight: 166 Eyes: Brown Hair: Black

Notes: Detective, Robbery-Homicide Division, LAPD. Transferred from Houston Police Department. No photo on file.

Kroewcrank, Paul

DOB: May 14, 1968

Sex: Male Height: 5'9" Weight: 169 Eyes: Brown Hair: Black

Notes: Owner, Ragin' Records, Hollywood, California. No photo on file.

Lewis, Herbie

DOB: June 29, 1974

Sex: Male Height: 5'9"

Weight: 181

Eyes: Black Hair: Black

Notes: Gang member, RBGB. No photo on file.

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.





Money, Yo; aka Hooper, Alvin

DOB: July 30, 1971

Sex: Male

Height: 5'10"

Weight: 172 Eyes: Brown

Hair: Brown

Notes: Rap musician, singer. 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.

Moore, Sherry

DOB: March 10, 1970

Sex: Female

Height: 5'4"

Weight: 105

Eyes: Black

Hair: Black

Notes: Receptionist, Los Angeles County Morgue.





Morgan, James

DOB: March 17, 1950

Sex: Male

Height: 6'3"

Weight: 190

Eyes: Brown Hair: Black

Notes: Lieutenant, LPD.



Mug Shots and Profiles



Nobles, Sam

DOB: August 9, 1950

Sex: Male

Height: 6'1"

Weight: 222

Eyes: Green

Hair: Black

Notes: Deputy Coroner, Los Angeles County. No photo on file.

Parker, Luella

DOB: September 7, 1959

Sex: Female

Height: 5'5"

Weight: 160

Eyes: Brown

Hair: Black

Notes: Social Worker, LA County Services. Murdered by Mitchell Thurman. No photo on file.



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.

Rogers, Nicolette

DOB: September 29, 1975

Sex: Female Height: 5'2" Weight: 119

Eyes: Black Hair: Brown

Notes: Girlfriend of Yo Money. No photo on file.

Ruiz, Juan Jose

DOB: August 1, 1966

Sex: Male Height: 6'1" Weight: 280 Eyes: Brown

Hair: Black

Notes: Hispanic community activist.

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Mug Shots and Profiles



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.

Schmall, Neil

DOB: November 25, 1960

Sex: Male Height: 5'11" Weight: 230 Eyes: Brown Hair: Brown

Notes: Bartender, Short Stop bar, Los Angeles. 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: Blonde

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.









Tate, Reginald

DOB: November 2, 1950

Sex: Male Height: 6'1" Weight: 159 Eyes: Brown

Hair: Brown

Notes: Captain, LPD.



Thurman, Mitchell

DOB: March 15, 1961

Sex: Male Height: 5'8" Weight: 188 Eyes: Brown Hair: Red

Notes: Serial murderer. Judged guilty but insane of killing five people in bizarre sex-deviate related crimes. Arrested by John Carey, LAPD. After recovering from severe burn injuries received at the time of his arrest, Mitchell was sentenced to five consecutive life terms in California state prison under severe medical observation, without possibility of parole. Currently receiving psychiatric treatment. Became the first serial killer to appear on *Oprah*.

Varaz, Jim

DOB: November 29, 1954

Sex: Male Height: 5'10" Weight: 200

Eyes: Blue Hair: Black

Notes: Lieutenant, Central Area, CRASH Section, LAPD. No photo on file.

Walker, Dennis

DOB: October 31, 1960

Sex: Male

Height: 5'10"

Weight: 218

Eyes: Brown

Hair: Brown

Notes: A product of the California Youth Authority System. Prior convictions for Trespassing, Disorderly Conduct, Assault, and Possession of a Controlled Substance. While serving time in state prison, became enamored with Erik Strauss, founder and leader of Ayrans for Justice, a white-supremacy organization well known for terrorist acts and hate campaigns. Paroled in 1993 after serving 2 years of a 12-year sentence. No photo on file.

Washington, LaSondra

DOB: October 10, 1988

Sex: Female

Height: 3'

Weight: 30

Eyes: Black

Hair: Black

Notes: Daughter of Bernadette Washington; sister of Bobby Washington. No photo on file.

Washington, Bernadette

DOB: December 15, 1965

Sex: Female

Height: 5'4"

Weight: 159

Eyes: Brown

Hair: Brown

Notes: Mother of Bobby Washington. No photo on file.





Washington, Bobby

DOB: May 31, 1985

Sex: Male

Height: 3'10"

Weight: 40

Eyes: Black

Hair: Black

Notes: Murdered by Raymond Jones III. No photo on file.

Watts, Laura

DOB: April 10, 1948

Sex: Female

Height: 5'5"

Weight: 128

Eyes: Brown

Hair: Blonde

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

Mug Shots and Profiles



Notes: Previous arrest record for solicitation; no convictions.

Woodbury, Bruce

DOB: January 12, 1971

Sex: Male Height: 6' Weight: 204 Eyes: Hazel Hair: Brown

Notes: Patrolman, Central Area, LAPD. No photo on file.

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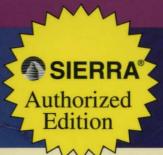
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ABOUT THE AUTHOR...

Peter Scisco, author of the original Police Quest Casebook, has also written scores of magazine articles and is the co-author of The Big Book of PC Sports. An avid reader of police procedurals and hard-boiled detective novels, Scisco has followed The Police Quest series with intense interest since its debut in 1987.



Crime Fighting Doesn't Get More Exciting Than This

an't crack that case? If you're caught in the throes of investigating your way through this exhilarating Sierra On-Line series, **The Police Quest Casebook** will help you outsmart all the fiendish criminal minds you'll encounter in games 1-4. As you probably know, the new and ultra-realistic Police Quest: Open Season was created with the help of ex-Los Angeles Police Chief Daryl F. Gates. Just wait until you read Chief Gates' exclusive, never before published interview about Police Quest: Open Season in this Sierra authorized edition of **The Police Quest Casebook**.

As some very real action goes down in urban L.A., you'll be on the scene trying to solve cases that are tougher than ever with tips from a mastermind. Here's how this casebook can help you make the right calls:

- Get briefed on all the background details of life (and death) in all the Police Quest games as you read author Peter Scisco's original stories based on each game.
- Get the back-up you need to solve every case with screen-by-screen walkthroughs provided for each game.
- Find answers to every puzzle in all the games so you'll score maximum possible points and never miss a bust due to a technicality.
- Be assured that you're always in the right place at the right time with the many maps and diagrams for each game.

Next time you're playing any version of Police Quest and need backup, don't reach for your piece — call on **The Police Quest Casebook** instead.



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