

Crime



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

The wind bellowed outside as the aged man sat at his desk watching the clock ticking as time slowly passed by. His eyes drawn towards the painting intrigued yet fearful of what it represents. It hung there in the center of the room too big not to notice yet too dreary to hold a guests gaze. The image haunted him; it was something that consumed him with the past at every glance of it, the reason he could not move on and live a happy life with his family. He had been retired for 6 years now from the Orlando FBI special victims unit, at the age of 52 after becoming obsessed with his last case until it interfered with his work and effected his decisions and judgment and now spent most of his time in his study going over and over his last case, the one that still gave him nightmares and haunted his thoughts. The case was a murderer who had been named the ??? Silhouette Killer??? he took children between 18-19 and tortured them for weeks on end until finally drowning them, then dumping there body in easy to find for the police with a neatly painted picture of their silhouette with a deep purple envelope attached clutched between the victims arms. The envelopes always exactly the same containing the same paper and printed note from famous poets and authors.

The paintings always differing depending on the victim but always keeping the same shades of dark greens and grays. 6 years ago the murders had suddenly stopped, there had been no sign of a body, no reported missing people in the Orlando area and no paintings found. The last victim a 19 year old boy, was taken while running in the early hours of the morning and appeared 3 weeks later bruised head to toe clutching the large painting of his silhouette, this time it was different it had purple splotches throughout it and the silhouette was outlined with a dotted circle although the same

purple envelope attached still. The same painting that hung in Morgan's study that captured his gaze for nights on end, letting his mind wonder to what he missed, why he could never catch the killer. Morning came and the rain outside drizzled down the windows. The house was warm and Morgan had fallen asleep once again in his study only to be woken by the sound of the dog barking and children running around the hallway above him. He walked to the kitchen to get his morning coffee on his way he noticed something out of the corner of his eye, it couldn't be, he became paralyzed as his eyes were drawn to the purple envelope. His heart started beating quickly and his stomach dropped as his head started to spin he felt himself let the mug of coffee slide from his hands and crash to the floor to frozen to stop it or react he just stared at the deep purple envelope slid under his front door.

Shaking he carefully picked up the envelope and opened it letting his eyes scan the letter inside, reading it over and over in his mind "for he today who sheds his blood with me shall be my brother." William Shakespeare of course but what was he trying to say After all these years why was he sending this now Why directed so personally to his home He felt sick as he realized ??? The Silhouette Killer??? had been to his house, had walked right up to the front door and slid the letter through, had tracked him down and been so close to him, to his family. He sat in his study analyzing the letter over and over he was stumped. A few hours later the Orlando FBI special victims unit called, a body had been found. They wanted Morgan to come and assist with the investigation of course this excited him; it had been 6 years since he'd been out on the field. Finally he could reach closure, the endless nights

awake staring at the painting could finally end. The body was placed in open woodland area used for family picnics and joggers; it was an 18 year old girl laid limply in a pile of leaves a dirt, purple and blue bruising embodied her head to toe, her pale white arms clutching a painting of her silhouette.

But this time the killer had made a mistake, he had left something of himself behind and Morgan was the first to notice the chunk of skin and hair under each fingernail of the victim. Enough for a DNA test maybe if there lucky he would be in the system but it was also interesting the murderer had made a mistake, most cunning serial killers don't make mistakes, he was slipping or his first time back in the game wasn't as successful has had been hoped. Morgan went home and spent the night going over and over the case, staring at the painting, trying to find something hidden within the paint, revisiting old crime scene photos, racking his brain for something he hadn't figured out yet. It scared him, what if he got away again, and what if he couldn't stop him from killing the thoughts circled his mind, pushing against his skull. He got up to finally get a goodnight's sleep in a bed it was about 10pm and a sleep in a bed is what he needed but then the phone rang, slowing turning he carefully picked up the phone feeling his heart rise in his chest. "Hello, Morgan speaking." The voice on the other end was formal not what he expected his body relaxed as he listened to the officer on the other end of the line "It's agent Jackson from the Orlando FBI special victim unit I just wanted to call you to let you know the results came back from the lab and we've identified the murderer his name is George Brand his a door to door salesman for a small telecommunications company in Orlando, there's just one thing we sent to agents to his house to make

the arrest but he wasn't there, but we found a lot of photos of you up around his apartment you at work, dating from 6 years ago till now and a half painted silhouette that looks a lot similar to you.

??? There was a loud bang outside and trembling Morgan dropped the phone. Slowly moving round to his desk where he kept his gun he heard another bang then a scrapping sound, he could see the shadow of a man standing outside, it quickly disappeared and a loud banging penetrated from the outside of his front door. Quivering he slowly made his way to the door, sweat was running down his face, this was the moment he was waiting for, he knew exactly who was standing outside his door, he knew exactly who he was about to become face to face with. The hairs raised on the back of his neck as the air became still, the silence deafening as he stood only able to hear his heart pounding. Morgan had no back up, no one to stop the killer killing him but he couldn't stop his hands from doing what they were about to do, he reached forward for the door and unlocked it keeping his gun in his right hand he slowly turned the knob and pulled the door open.

There he was standing with a smirk. His deep brown eyes so cold and piercing yet. His golden hair messily parted in the middle, he wasn't tall average height and build almost attractive with a mysterious aura surrounding him. He stepped forward and Morgan pulled his gun out. Laughing he almost mocked Morgan ??? Morgs you don't need a gun, your not even a agent anymore, should you even be allowed that gun Don't be silly we wouldn't want to hurt anyone would we Morgs??? Morgan shuddered at the sound of his voice it was deep and comforting, the nickname made goose bumps emerge across his skin. Morgan ignored the

comments about the gun ??? What do you want Why are you here Why start killing again we had no evidence no way to even suspect you so why start again and make mistakes??? He still had a light tone, sniggering at Morgan??™s questions then ignoring them ??? Iv always wanted to meet you, you know, iv always been a big fan, I was quite amazed when you never caught me, you were meant to be the best, but my murders the consumed you, over took your life. It was satisfying to know I could have that impact on someone so important.

You got my last envelope I am assuming you did, I hope you understood what it meant.??? Morgan was speechless he just stared at the murdered so well spoken no one would have ever guessed he could do such horrible things. He repeated himself ??? You understood what I meant, well if not ill explain anyway, I want a partner, I want someone else to experience my enjoyment and I want it to be you.??? It was Morgan??™s turn to laugh. ??? You have to be kidding me That is the most ridiculous thing I have heard in a long time. You think I would sink to your level You think I am a psychopath as well You are delusional.??? His neck started to become red and it was rising up over his face almost masking it, his cool, calm, collected composure was breaking. This had snapped him, he leaped forward screaming, ??? I AM NOT DELUSIONAL, THIS IS WHAT HAS TO BE DONE.

??? Morgan jumped back as he saw the knife emerging out of Georges back pocket as he run towards him. Morgan put his finger to the trigger pulling it, once, twice, a third time he watched as the bullets hit him and he fell grasping at Morgan as he slowly tumbled to the cold pavement with a thud. Morgan was shaking as he stared at the pool of blood oozing from under the

limp body, staring at the mess he had created he fell to his knees heaving as he heard the sirens in the distance he knew it was over once and for all.