

CHAPTER 5

That night Jewel received an email from Professor Letzger addressed to the whole class.

Hello Class,

For everyone interested in taking on the murder case of one Able Williams is allowed to join in on the investigation. I will have copies of the case file for anyone interested after Monday's lecture. Just let me know ahead of time so I have the appropriate number of copies.

Important information:

First, Captain Alvarez would like me to remind you all that you've all signed and agreed that if you become involved on any case assisting the Syracuse Police Department you are subject to expulsion from Syracuse University as well as legal fines for mishandling any case files. That includes purposefully leaking information to the press, or accidentally leaving the file in the dining hall. This is a privilege that I've convinced my friend to go along with for years, but I assure you it will disappear with one mistake. So, for the sake of your future, and the future students of my classes, don't make such a mistake.

For the case of Able Williams, you will put any questions, or provide any leads to Officer Clayton Jones who will be acting as a liaison between yourselves and the detectives on the case.

His email: cjones374@syracusepolice.org

Good luck,

E. Letzger

Not until Monday?! Jewel thought. Jewel stood up from her computer and began to pace the room. After a minute she made up her mind and walked back to her computer and sat down. She copied and pasted the email address for Officer Jones into the "to:" field of her email and then began typing.

Officer Jones,

My name is Jewel Princket and I'm one of the students in Professor Letzger's class who will be assisting with the investigation into Able Williams' death. I would like to come to the Police Station to pick up a copy of the file instead of waiting for Professor Letzger to hand it to us on Monday. I'd like to come by the

Police Station tomorrow anytime to do so. Please let me know when is convenient.

Thank you,

Jewel

She read the email over one more time making sure it sounded right. It was something Abe, her Librarian friend, always stressed for her. "Make sure you sound professional, and people will treat you professionally," he would say and then go on a short rant about how texting was killing the language skills of Jewel's generation. Satisfied with what she wrote, she hit send.

Then, she just waited, hoping for an immediate reply, but none came. Jewel sat refreshing her email every minute or so for several minutes, then got up and paced the room. She checked the time on her phone after a few more minutes and then went back and refreshed the email again. Nothing. She started doing some homework for her other classes, but would pause every few minutes to refresh the email again. *Still nothing.* After an hour passed, Jewel gave up expecting a reply and decided she just had to do it herself. Putting her homework down, which she wasn't really concentrating on to begin with, she got ready for bed and set her alarm for 8am. Not the typical Friday night activity of a College Freshman, but the thought never crossed her mind. There was nothing else on her mind but Able Williams and catching his killer.

CHAPTER 6

It was 2:30 pm and Jewel was getting antsy, her patience draining by the second. She had arrived at the Police Station at 9:00am, and in spite of the extremely busy atmosphere, people coming and going and phones ringing, the one person she needed to speak to wasn't there. The portly officer at the front counter with the bushy mustache told her that Officer Jones wouldn't be at his desk until 2:00pm so she had to kill some time. Luckily she was only a couple blocks from Downtown so she could poke around stores and get some food. Five hours of killing time got old pretty fast for Jewel, and now, waiting for Officer Jones since 2:00pm, she was getting annoyed.

"Control your mind, or let your mind control you," Jewel repeated the line in her head from her Sensei, Master Lai. Every time she would get angry, and frustrated in class, he'd give her a gentle smack on the back of the head and remind her of this. Jewel closed her eyes, sitting on a plastic chair in the middle of the Police Station amongst two guys in handcuffs and another woman who was probably a lawyer. She took a deep breath and shut it all out.

Silence. After a few deep breaths and exhales that's all there was to her. Silence.

"Jewel," she heard the Officer behind the counter say, but she didn't acknowledge the call right away. "Hey kid!" He said again and this time Jewel's eyes opened, and she jumped to her feet. The officer looked at her, laughed, and pointed with his head for her to look to his left. There, standing with his thumbs on his police belt was who she assumed was Officer Jones. She read his face, and no knowledge of micro-expressions was needed. He was clearly not happy to see Jewel. Not deterred by this at all, Jewel walked over to Officer Jones and stuck out her hand.

"Hi, my name is Jewel, I don't know if you received my email, but..." she stopped as Officer Jones put his hands up gesturing her to do so.

"Yes, I got your email, but I don't know what you think I can do for you. I can't just give you a police file," he said and he folded his arms across his chest. Jewel was already pretty short, but next to Officer Jones she felt tiny. But again, she wasn't deterred and kept pushing forward.

"We were given permission to have the files, so what does it matter if I get it from you or from Professor Letzger?" She said looking straight into his eyes.

"What matters is that I have clearance to give files to him, and that's it, so I think you should just go home and wait," he said and started to turn away, but she wasn't going to give up that easily and walked after him.

"Listen, please," she said, and he stopped and turned back to look at her with more frustration boiling up on his face. "I have been here all day, since 9 o'clock, then waiting

in the lobby there for,” she pulled her phone from her jacket inside pocket and checked the time, “for almost an hour to just speak to you.” Officer Jones went to interject but Jewel kept talking so he didn’t have a chance. “I know you’re busy, and I know you have a long day ahead of you, but there has to be something we can do. There must be a list of all the students who signed the non-disclosure agreements, I can show you the email from Professor Letzger to prove I’m in his class, or something. Please, I just want to be a part of this,” she finished and she took a couple deep breathes to catch up from speaking so fast and with so much energy. Officer Jones said nothing at first, but just stared at her seemingly assessing her.

“Come with me,” he said and immediately turned around and started walking away from her. Through the door and into the squad room and finally to a desk in the back left corner of the room. “Take a seat,” he said pointing to the two empty chairs in front of the desk and then walked around to the other side and sat in his chair. Jewel removed her jacket and threw it on the furthest chair, and sat in the other. She didn’t want to say anything else as she was through the door. She watched him hit some keys on his keyboard to wake his computer, and then with a two clicks of his mouse he put his hands back on the keys and looked at her with tired eyes. “Name?” He said.

“Jewel Princket,” she said and Officer Jones started typing and then she watched his eyes dart back and forth reading the words on the screen.

“You’re on the list of sign non-disclosures, but Letzger hasn’t sent me a list of how many files he needs and who is on the case,” he said looking back to her with a shrug of his shoulders.

“here,” she said handing him her phone open to the email the Professor sent last night. “All I need to do is tell him I want in, which he already knows, and I’m on the list. If we can just...” he put his hand up stopping her again while he read the email.

“Alright, I’ll do it,” he said and handed her phone back, “but you have to come back tomorrow.”

“Why?” She said feeling a little frustrated, and Officer Jones leaned forward folding his arms on his desk.

“Because there’s really nothing to go on yet,” he said. “The crime scene was just finished being processed yesterday early morning and we won’t have results in terms of finger prints, ballistics, and so on until tonight or tomorrow morning. If you come back here tomorrow at 2:00pm I’ll have the file ready for you.”

“Ok, then, I’ll be back tomorrow, thank you,” and she got up grabbing her coat. Before she walked away she turned back to Officer Jones, “Why did you change your mind to help me out? Can I ask?” She said and he just stared at her for a moment before responding.

“It’s pretty simple,” he said, leaning back in his chair, “after reading the email it’s clear I can’t stop you from getting the file, and you kind of remind me of someone which both scares me and interests me. I guess we’ll see where things lead,” he said.

“Who do I remind you of?” She asked.

“don’t worry about it,” he said.

“Also, why don’t you want me to have the file in the first place?”

“Because you’re just a kid, like everyone else in your class, and it’s the same thing every year. But, you’re the first I know of to come to the station trying to be involved and I think you’re getting in over your head.”

“I can take care of myself,” she said and turned to walk away.

“Let me ask you a question now,” he called to her before she took a step. Jewel paused and turned back to look at him.

“Sure,” Jewel replied.

“What makes you want to be on this case so much?” He said. Jewel didn’t hesitate and responded right away. She knew exactly why.

“I just need to know. I have the question in my head asking me what happened and I need to know the answer. It’s a puzzle and I have access to the pieces. It’s something I need to figure out now.” She finished her statement and turned to walk away before he could say anything else, including changing his mind.

CHAPTER 7

When she went to pick up the case file the next day, Officer Jones was true to his word and had the file ready for her. He never came out to greet her, but had the Officer in the front lobby give it to her. She felt a little disappointment as part of her wanted to confront Officer Jones again. Something about him drew her towards him, and she wasn't sure if it was in a good way or not. His attitude towards her bothered Jewel as she hated being treated like a teenager even though she was 18. Where her peers were mostly confused about what they wanted to do with their lives, or who they were, Jewel seemed to be light years ahead in that department and when she wasn't treated the age she felt, it frustrated her. Being short just made her look younger and that's how most treated her at first.

When she got back to her dorm room, Jewel kicked off her shoes and went to her desk opening up her laptop. Without sitting down, she sent a quick email reply to Professor Letzger letting him know that she already got the case file. Then, she sat on the floor with her legs crossed and opened the file in her lap. Inside there were crime scene photos, a ballistics report, finger print report, autopsy report, a list of all evidence catalogued, and an incident report. She worked methodically going from one sheet to the next starting with the pictures. When she analyzed something she placed it down on the floor in front of her.

First was a picture of the front of the house. The two story home with front porch and second story balcony seemed to droop, aged like a person. The paint cracked and chipped looked like years of acquired wrinkles, and the balcony and porch were tilted slightly downwards as if the house itself were hunched forward in desperate need of the support of a cane. She looked it over and placed it on the floor to her left and moved on to the next picture.

Next was a picture of the long driveway that went all the way to the back yard where a detached garage awaited in similar disrepair as the house. Then, a closer picture of the garage. Then, one of the back yard which flowed straight into the back yard of the house behind it as there was no fence to divide the two properties. The back of the house, and the back door where a clear screen door was missing, again showing the age like teeth falling out after years of neglect or simply years of extensive use. All the exterior pictures showed footprints in the snow everywhere. *Were these taken before or after the forensic team came in?* She wondered and made a mental note to check. She now had a ring of pictures on the floor in front of her creating a semi-circle around her.

Picking up the next picture, she entered the interior of the home. The quiet loneliness of the exterior made the messy cluttered interior a startling contrast. The kitchen had every surface covered with plates or food or pots and pans. Into the living room, every piece of furniture had items of clothing or a blanket strewn across them like there were no drawers in the entire house to put them in. And of course, on the long

brown couch, amongst the scattered clothes, under a teal colored blanket, Able Williams lay with his eyes closed and a dark red dot on his forehead.

The pictures highlighted every corner of the home with more detailed close up images of each area. Jewel looked through each one and then again placed it somewhere on the floor before her, sometimes pooling images together by location to consolidate her growing semi-circle which was trickling outwards from her like a ripple in water.

Finishing with the pictures, Jewel went to the next page in the file which was the incident report filled out by Detective Shaw. Jewel reached up behind her and pulled a highlighter from her desk without getting up. She uncapped the highlighter and then put her head down to read with focus. Detective Shaw described the events of the night:

911 call came in to dispatch at 12:57 am on Friday 1/16. First on the scene was Officer Clayton Jones. Officer Jones made several attempts knocking on the front door, before entering the home through the already unlocked back door. Upon seeing the clearly deceased Able Williams, Officer Jones left the scene and called in the 10-35, major crime alert, which brought myself and Detective Anderson to the scene. Other officers arrived on the scene a minute or so after Officer Jones and they began crime scene protocols. When myself and Detective Anderson arrived on the scene, the front and back yard was properly roped off and forensics was en route.

Detective Shaw went on to describe the collection of evidence, and results of canvassing the neighborhood for any witnesses. Their efforts there turned up nothing. *More reason to suspect gang involvement, as witnesses are most likely afraid to come forward with information,* noted Detective Shaw in his report. *More reason?* Jewel thought and highlighted that sentence in the report. Jewel read through the rest and then moved on to the actual list of evidence.

- Time of Death: approximately 4 am Thursday 1/15.

Jewel stopped and read that over again and then flipped back to the first sentence of the incident report and read out loud. *911 call came in to dispatch at 12:57 am on Friday 1/16...* Jewel continued to think aloud. *So, the actual murder took place the night before the call of a crime in progress?* She paused thinking it over in her mind and then again reasoned out loud. *The only explanation is that the killer made the call. He or she would be the only one to know that Able Williams was dead at that point... and that also means he wanted the body found.* Jewel let the silence of the room linger as she thought over her analysis. After a minute, she felt satisfied and kept reading.

- Footprints in the snow all around the house, and through the backyard. Too numerous to attribute one set of prints to victim or assailant. Heavily trafficked area.

Ok, so those pictures of the tracks in the snow could've been before forensics came in. Jewel reasoned to herself and continued reading.

- Backdoor lock was picked with precision.

Professional...

- 9mm handgun with silencer found at the scene
- Ballistics match the gun found at scene to the bullet that killed Able Williams.
- Serial number filed off weapon completely and no prints on the weapon.

Smart, can't be traced, and killer can't be caught with the weapon on hand.

- Fibers found at the scene all appear to be from the house itself.
- Hairs found all from Able Williams.
- Fingerprints on the backdoor handle and throughout house all match Able Williams with no other prints found.

Not a man who had company over, clearly, Jewel's mind flashing back to the pictures of the messy kitchen and living room.

Jewel flipped the page over and back again. *That's it?* She thought and then placed the page directly in front of her, laying it on top of some of the pictures she already had there. The rest of the pages in the report were already summed up in the list of evidence like the Ballistics report, Finger print report, and Autopsy report, but she skimmed through them anyway finding nothing surprising. She closed the file and put it behind her and stared at the ring of pictures before her as well as the page with the list of evidence and the incident report. *More reason to suspect a gang shooting, she thought. That doesn't make any sense.* Jewel picked up the page of the evidence again and studied it closer. *Lock picked with precision, she said aloud to the empty dorm room. Gun left at the scene, and the whole time of death and call into dispatch thing happening the next night... it's all wrong.*

Jewel stood up from her circle and paced the room talking to the air. Walking from her side of the room, to the other side with empty walls and an unmade bed where a roommate would've been. She was completely engrossed in the puzzle. *Gangs usually do something big and obvious, not something so precise and so... emotionless. There's no passion or rage...* Jewel went back to the floor and started writing notes in the margins adding to the list of evidence. *Nothing stolen, extreme lack of evidence, professional.* She lifted her head staring at the ceiling in thought and her mind instinctively went to one of last semester's lessons from Professor Letzger.

“No matter how well someone covers their tracks, the act of covering their tracks leaves tracks themselves. Leaves traces. A lack of evidence, is still evidence, it still tells a story. The lack of prints means the person wiped things down, or wore gloves, and that tells us something. Yes, we always want DNA and fingerprints, but no one is going to leave you that. A lack of one clue, means an abundance of others. As a criminal investigator, you

have to look between the lines, not just at what the light illuminates, but at what the darkness is trying to hide.”

Whoever it was knew how to leave almost no trace, so they have a knowledge of forensics, Jewel thought returning her gaze to the pages before her on the ground. She looked back at her recent notes. Professional, she said out loud and continued to do her reasoning out loud to no one but herself. This can't be gang related, it would be at least a little sloppy. Picked locks, weapon left at the scene, wiped clean, no serial number. It just would make more sense if it were a cop than a gang shooting...

She stopped speaking, stunned by her own thought. She said it as a joke, but the joke instantly turned serious. *It would be easy to make sure a scene is clean of any forensics if you know how to collect the evidence.* Her hands dropped while she mulled over the thought and then brought the incident report back up to eye level. She went to the first thing she highlighted, *First on the scene - Officer Clayton Jones.*

CHAPTER 8

Jewel was on her feet pacing her dorm room with both the evidence sheet, and the incident report held in front of her face. Where the one side of the room was empty, clearly missing something, her side of the room was covered and clearly occupied. Like two halves of her brain, one filled with thoughts and ideas, and the other blank and open for new connections to be made. Her desk was covered with notebooks and folders, as well as her police radio and the book shelf that sat upon the desk was filled. Psychology, Forensics, Statistics, and other topics filled the book shelf and stated very clearly to anyone who entered that room the seriousness of her coursework. A double major in Forensic Science and Psychology was no easy road. In this moment though, only one puzzle mattered, only one thought occupied her mind. While she paced, she spoke aloud to herself like a mad scientist about to make a major breakthrough in their research.

Ok, ok, he could have just been the first on the scene, period. It doesn't mean he was there removing evidence, and I'm uncovering some conspiracy here! Jewel put the list of evidence down amongst her semi-circle, and walked away from it all. She could hear her peers in the hallway talking and laughing as they walked by her room. They knew by now to not knock on her door and invite her out. She would just say, "no, thanks." Jewel was not the one for small talk. And it wasn't that she didn't like people, she just was insanely focused on what she was studying. Nothing else seemed to matter to her than becoming an amazing investigator. Jewel pointing out people's micro-expressions didn't help her make any fast friends either. Her door saw no visitors, really, except for Thomas. He was the only one she met so far who seemed as focused and as dedicated as she was. In that moment, it hit her like a lightning strike. Instant connection, instant understanding.

No prints, she thought and ran back over to where she had the incident report on top of the semi-circle of crime scene photos. She dropped to her knees, picked up the report by Detective Shaw and read it over searching for what she was looking for.

"Officer Jones made several attempts knocking on the front door, before entering the home through the already unlocked back door."

Jewel knew from the state of the house and the fact that there were no other prints or hairs but his own, that Able Williams never had any visitors. Yet, that house had one other visitor; one other person opened that door, yet left no prints. Her mind was spinning with the theory and another lesson from Professor Letzger played out in her head.

"...as a detective, it is your job to be overly suspicious of everyone. It's your job to assume everyone is guilty, and only to let go of that assumption when you've proven their innocence." She remembered him talking, walking back and forth while addressing the students. He was an excellent lecturer and spoke with charisma. At this point he paused for effect before continuing. "I know it's backwards to how things work in court,

but it's because of how things work in court that we must think this way." He paused again for dramatic effect and Jewel could see he was clearly amused with the looks he got from his students, "If everyone is guilty until proven innocent, you'll never forget to interrogate the true criminal who could be staring you right in the face."

She went from her knees back to sitting cross legged in front of all the crime-scene photos. She thought now to herself, feeling the tense, potential implications of her thoughts. Alone in a dorm room with no roommate, yet she felt to speak anymore of her thoughts aloud would be dangerous somehow. *He could've committed the crime the night before, and then arrived early on the scene to double check he didn't leave any evidence behind. Putting the call in of a crime in progress allowed him to be at the scene again without any suspicion.*

The whole idea was startling, but it made more sense to her than a gang related shooting. There were too many details that suggested her theory was a much better one. *No prints*, she repeated to herself. *He could've just had gloves on, right?* She thought and then immediately countered that thought. *Who would wear gloves with their gun drawn though?* Her mind was racing back and forth playing devil's advocate, but she couldn't prove him innocent or guilty and Professor Letzger's voice played in her mind again. *Guilty until proven innocent.* She made up her mind in that moment. She needed to investigate the idea further. *Officer Jones*, she said talking aloud again, *I think we need another face to face.*

CHAPTER 9

Monday morning's for Jewel started with a Psychology class: Intro to Human Behavior. After this 8 am class, she was off to Professor Letzger's lecture. When he entered the classroom, he again began speaking to the class before putting his bag down on his desk.

"As you all got my email last night, it seems to me that we have a number of you who wanted in on the murder case and you can all see me after class to pick up your case files," then turned to look at Jewel, "and if you can stay after briefly as well Jewel." He said with a nod and Jewel gave a nod back. "Now," he began again facing the whole class, "today we're going to talk about myths in the field of criminology and forensics. What is real and what is just television." The class gave a small laugh and he continued his lecture. He rarely wrote down notes, as he preferred to read his class and allow the conversations to flow and even concepts get debated. It always made for an interesting lecture and by the end, the entire class was in good spirits as they left.

Jewel and fifteen other classmates remained behind to gather case files and she was shocked to see so many that would be reading the same file as hers and making conclusions and theories off of the same evidence. Jewel felt a well of determination build up inside her and a certain anxiousness to get moving on what she wanted to do next. As everyone grabbed their files and left, only Jewel remained. Professor Letzger was just sitting on his desk with his arms crossed, a smile on his face, while he waited for everyone to grab their file and go. Now, he turned to Jewel with the same smile.

"So, you managed to get your hands on the file already, can I ask how?" Jewel explained her journey down to meet Officer Jones and Professor Letzger nodded his head along with her tale. "Excellent work, I love the initiative. A good detective takes that level of... how can I say.... lack of concern for what is expected of you. Going to places people don't want you to go and asking the questions no one wants you to ask."

"Thank you, Professor," Jewel said with a smile.

"Well, I don't want to keep you from any further investigations or your regular classes. I just wanted to impart a private compliment. If I shared your example of initiative it might inspire a classmate, but as I said last class, a true detective, or investigator, doesn't need a push. They just are." Professor Letzger finished with a smile and Jewel felt at home in way with another great teacher to guide her.

Jewel left her class and met Thomas for lunch. She hadn't seen him since Thursday night, technically Friday morning, and he showed her that his hands were doing fine. Most of the cuts were minor so his hands were de-mummified already. He joked how he was able to milk it for the morning class though to get out of some hw so he could have a little more time to work on his side project. Thomas explained leaning forward in excitement his idea for an app to

He leaned forward and then back in his seat, and forward again as he explained it to Jewel but his curly red hair never moved an inch.

Then, Jewel was off. She was off to surprise Officer Jones with another visit and knew he wouldn't be too happy about it. But, she had to find out if he was innocent or guilty. She had to know if he wore gloves that night, and why? The trick would be to do so in a very subtle manner so he didn't even know she was interrogating him. She had some ideas and the rest she'd have to go with on the fly.

When she arrived to the Police Station, she again turned towards the lobby area to her left. The several seats that lined the two walls of the corner were mostly empty and behind the counter was the portly officer from her last two visits. He was leaning back in his high-top chair with his arms folded and he was staring at Jewel with amusement.

"Back so soon, my dear?" He said pulling the chair closer to the counter and leaning forward in a friendly manner.

"Hello again, Officer..."

"Officer Russo," he said.

"Officer Russo," she said with a nod and then continued, "I am back again, and I would really like to talk to him for just a minute." Jewel spoke as politely as she could hoping he would even help convince Officer Jones to see her.

"Come on, I'll bring you back," he said pushing his chair back to stand up, "should be worth it just to see the look on his face!" He raised his eyebrows in excitement and grinned playfully. No micro-expressions needed. Jewel knew this man was just looking for some fun in the midst of what was probably a hard day.

Officer Russo disappeared behind the wall before opening the door to let her in to the squad room. He walked with her back to where Officer Jones had his desk and he had his head down looking at the contents of a file laid out before him.

"Hey there, Christmas, I've got a present for you," said Officer Russo and when he Officer Jones looked up and saw Jewel the face he made was a mix of exasperation and despair. Officer Russo laughed out loud and when they got to his desk he placed his hand on Jewel's shoulder and looked at Officer Jones. "Be nice," he said and then gave a wink to Jewel and walked away.

Jewel ignored the clear annoyance on Officer Jones' face, took her long black winter coat off, placed it on the far chair in front of his desk, and sat down in the other.

"Hi," she said.

CHAPTER 10

He couldn't believe it. *Again?* Clayton was trying to get some work done, writing up reports from his patrol the night before. The liaison duty he was assigned to was quickly becoming a nuisance to him. Just because of this one girl. He only gave the case files to the Professor yesterday. *How has she been here three times already?* Clayton knew his face must be sending the message he was thinking, but Jewel just seemed to ignore it and spoke to him as if they were long-time friends.

"Thank you for leaving me the file yesterday, I really appreciate it." Clayton was taken off guard by her friendly demeanor and he leaned back in his chair and submitted to hear whatever it is she came to say.

"You're welcome," Clayton said, "but I doubt you came down here to say thank you."

"You're right, let me get straight to the point, then," she said and inched up to the edge of the seat.

"Good idea," he replied and slowly twisted his chair back and forth slightly just waiting.

"I have some questions about some of the things I read in the file," she began speaking fast and Clayton's eyes widened in focus to keep up, "It's all pretty much about the same thing and that's the gang shooting theory." She paused for a breath and Clayton just waited, letting her look at him, clearly analyzing him.

"Go on," he said still slowly twisting in his chair with his arms on the rests.

"In the incident report, Detective Shaw writes, '...More reason to suspect a gang related shooting....' After describing how no witnesses have come forward."

"Yes, and...?"

"Well, what other evidence is there?" She said. Clayton stopped his twisting and wheeled his chair closer to the desk and folded his arms on top of it now analyzing Jewel.

impressive, he thought.

"It wasn't in the report, but Able Williams is a member of the 'New Age Warriors.' One of the local gangs around here," Clayton said.

"And the rival gang? Who are they?" Jewel asked.

“They call themselves ‘The Silent Sons.’” Clayton said and he could see where her mind was heading, down the same road the Detectives were running.

“Can you tell me more about both gangs?” She said.

“Well, ‘The New Age Warriors,’ are an ancharist group... sort of. They believe or at least they recruit young teenagers on the premise that any and all establishments are oppressive, anti-freedom, and so on, but reality is they spin just enough of that b.s. to justify robbery and illegal drug sales.”

“And, ‘The Silent Sons?’”

“They’re more your traditional gang philosophy. They’re all about making a statement and being, ‘un-silenced,’” he made quotes with his hands. “So, usually when they do drug sales or thefts of some sort, they do things in a big way like rob 10 stores in a night all at once and then go silent for a time.”

“Ok, so the theory is then, that ‘The Silent Sons’ killed Able Williams in some sort of gang dispute with the ‘New Age Warriors.’” Jewel said not as a question, but as a statement and Clayton just nodded his head, but this time he thought he noticed her silently scoff at the whole idea. *Could she know?* He thought, but before he could really probe with further questions, she was grabbing her coat.

“Thanks again for seeing me, I know you’re busy,” and she stood up putting her hand out. Clayton did the same, stood up and shook her hand.

“Oh, I almost forgot,” Jewel said looking up to Clayton’s eyes and he looked down at this intense but short girl. “It’s not really case related, just something that I was curious about because you were the first on the scene and all.”

“Go ahead,” he said with a nod.

“It’s obviously really cold out, so is it difficult to hold your gun with gloves on when you’re going into a house like you did?” She asked.

“No, because I wouldn’t wear gloves. I’m in the squad car most of the time, but if I’m heading into a crime in progress, and same for anyone here, gloves are off. The adrenalin will keep you warm.” he said and he saw her smile briefly.

“I guess that makes sense,” she said and Clayton thought he just imagined the smile. “Thanks again, Officer Jones, I’ll see you soon,” she said with a smirk and laughed a little.

“Not too soon, I hope,” he said, joking back. Clayton then watched her walk away and wave goodbye to Officer Russo as well. He sat back down at his desk and just thought for a minute leaning back in his chair. Then, Clayton sat up and reached over on

his desk to a pile of files grabbing the one on top. He opened it before him and pulled out the incident report by Detective Shaw. He read it through. Then, the list of evidence, his heart racing while he skimmed through everything, and there it was. *No Prints...* he read to himself in a low whisper. *Shit.*