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Witness

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Staring at the screen he couldn't believe his eyes there she was again! It couldn't be the same woman from the other crime scenes. There was just no way. Staring at the screen, he had to be seeing things. The woman didn't look like she had aged at all. How was that even possible?

Detective Marcus Brown went to his desktop and opened a folder that was labelled "unsolved". Inside that there was another folder labelled "Mystery Witness". He opened that and there were ten photos from various crime scenes over the last twenty-five years. He opened all the pictures, having them cascade across the screen. Lining them up, he sat back and eyeballed the witness.

It was impossible but there she was, the same lady at various crime scenes and she is captured on security footage from these crime scenes. Tall, thin, short dark hair, full red lips and big brown eyes, pretty, appearing to be about 25 or 26 years old. An odd grey shapeless dress, she never touched the body, or anything at the crime scene but she lingers nearby as if she is taking notes of what she's seeing. She doesn't look alarmed nor disturbed by the scene itself.

Detective Brown's eyes narrowed. He had caught some fingerprints that belonged to her at a crime scene ten years ago and ran the prints, nothing. He searched the database for her picture as well and came up with nothing again. It was as if she just didn't exist. Yet there she was on the screen, again. What was she doing? What was she looking for? Who was she?

"Marcus, wanna come get a drink? We're heading to Mike's."

“Yeah, I’ll meet you there.” Sitting staring at his screen he couldn’t take his eyes off her. For some reason she looked familiar, but he never met her anywhere. Just seen her picture after the fact at these crime scenes.

There was something about her, he couldn’t put his finger on it. His mystery witness knew something, maybe she was working with the killer? Killers?

Sighing heavily, he sniffed and closed his files. Then shut down his computer. Getting up he grabbed his coat and decided a cold beer was sounding pretty good.

Stepping outside the night air greeted him. He stopped in his tracks and blinked. There she was standing across the street watching him. What the hell?

“Hey?” he called to her and started across the street.

She looked surprised and began to back away. He moved faster. Her eyes went wide as she gasped and began fumbling with something in her hand. It dropped she stared at him like a deer in the headlights. He grabbed her and was pressing her up against the building.

“Lady, I have been wanting to talk to you for some time.” He wasn’t wasting time as he hauled out his cuffs and cuffed her hands behind her back.

“No, no, no,” she shook her head wide eyed. “Mon cher, you misunderstand.”

He noticed a little key fob on the ground and picked it up, sticking it in his pocket. It was probably what she was holding and dropped when he came at her.

“What’s your name?” he asked her.

She didn’t reply. Her lips pressed together in a frown.

“That’s okay, let’s just head back to my office and we can talk there.” He smiled. Even with her cuffed he felt like there was something off. Something wrong. Looking both ways, no one was coming he tugged her across the street.

Once inside and sitting at his desk with her in the chair beside it. He took a long look at her. This young woman was only 25 or 26. How? He turned his computer on and pulled up the pictures of her. Looking at his computer then at her.

“How?”

She looked at him and swallowed hard.

“Who are you?”

“Mon cher,” she began. Clearing her throat. She sighed. Then shook her head no.

“No, you don’t know?” he ventured.

Her eyes narrowed.

“Who are you? Give me your first name.”

“Alma.”

“Alright Alma, how is it that you are seen at all these crime scenes over a span of 25 years, and you haven’t aged a day?”

“I can’t tell you.”

“Can’t or won’t?”

“I can’t.”

“Do you know Henry Mack? Bart Catwell? Charlie Vince?”

She stared at him and said nothing. He could tell she knew them but to what extent?

“How do you know them?”

“Just what I have seen in the news.”

“Really? I don’t believe you. You were at all these crime scenes, and I want to know if you were working with these guys?”

Her eyes went wide at the accusation. “No! Never, mon cher.”

“Really?”

She nodded. She leaned close to him and whispered. “I know them because of you.”

“Because of me?”

“Oui, yes mon cher. This is going to sound crazy, but we meet in a couple of years. I became your partner and we have become very close. You die in my arms, and I couldn’t bare it. They have this new tech out and I took all the money you and I have saved and used it. Trying to figure out why you. Bart Catwell escapes and comes after you.”

His eyes narrowed as he sat back in his chair and eyes her. What the hell is this woman on? She had to be on drugs. This didn’t make any sense.

“Well for starters your good buddy Bart is locked up. He’s not getting out any time soon.”

She frowns, then looks around the room. Her eyes widened. “We need to leave at once. Right now! Please!” she got up and nodded towards the door.

“We’re not going anywhere until you tell me the truth.” He shook his head and looked back at his screen.

There was a loud commotion in the back room. A couple of officers got up and went to check on it.

Alma began moving away. He reached out and grabbed her arm. “You can sit right back down little lady.” Marcus wasn’t letting this one out of his sight. There was another loud crash, and then a pop, pop, like gun shots. He turned to look at the back room, still holding Alma’s arm.

“We have to go now,” She screamed at him.

Looking at her, she stomped her foot. There was fear in her teary eyes.

“You aren’t supposed to be here! You can’t die here, not tonight, Marcus we need to leave now please!”

Someone yelled, "Officer down! Officer down!" There was more gunfire.

"Stay here," he ordered as he headed to the back room to help his fellow officers.

"Marcus NO!" Alma shouted.

As he entered the backroom the gunman shot two more rounds and caught Marcus in the face.