

The ringing of the phone woke John Cade up from his bed. Eyes still dreamy, he blinked many times to water his eyes in order to be alert. Looking at the digital clock on the wall, he didn't like what he saw. *Who the hell is calling at 12:26 at night?* Cade thought. Not being happy about being interrupted from his soft bed, he let the phone ring a few more times before finally picking it up.

"What now?" he answered in a tiresome tone.

He couldn't bear to open his eye lids, so he just let them hang, hoping to catch any more sleep he could possibly get before the night took off.

"We need you down at 7991 Dobberville," an emotionless voice spoke. "There's been a murder."

"This can't be happening," Cade groaned before he hung up the phone.

Dropping back onto his bed, Cade stared at the ceiling. The interruption to his sleep made his body feel like it was deprived of 12 decades of rest. He wished he could have just laid in his bed for the rest of the night. *Just let them take this one without me*, he thought, but he had a job to do, and he wasn't going to let a murder go unsolved.

Mustering all his strength, Cade rose out of the bed where a dark-haired woman was sleeping at. After putting on his black suit, penny loafers, and silver watch, he took a moment to gaze into his mirror that revealed his hairless face. Looking into his brown eyes, he saw nothing, but what he always saw before going out on the job, an empty void. He could have gotten lost in the empty void if he wanted to, it would have been better than being the dog chasing its tail.

When he was outside, the moon brought energy to his exhausted brown eyes. He knew he was going to need all the energy he could get if he wanted to make it through the midnight shift. Leaving his house in Queens, in his grey car, he used the windshield wipers to remove the water left from the previous rain. Even in May, rain fell heavy; that was New York City. He didn't bother turning on the radio, all he wanted was complete silence, that he was bound to not get, going into whatever hellhole the man on the phone had sent him to.

Moments later, after driving through the still busy streets of Manhattan, Cade arrived to a townhouse in Brooklyn surrounded by police cars and a crowd of onlookers. Wanting his senses to be sharpened up before going in, he pulled out a Canadian

whiskey bottle from the glove department. From the drop of the toxic but needed liquid touching his tongue, Cade's eyes widen up. That shit always hit the spot and did the trick for him whenever he was feeling down and out. It was never recommended for him to drink while on the job, but he could care less about what those dickheads behind a desk thought of his habits. He gave his blood, sweat, and tears for the department; he knew he deserved a break.

“Oh no! Oh my god!” Cade heard a lady crying near the house as he got out of his car.

The flashes of the police sirens were enough to shift Cade into detective mode. Many different faces: young, old, male, female, fat, skinny, rough, and soft gathered behind the caution tape, but they all looked with the same poor eyes from the scene. Cade didn't feel the need to regard the eyes just as bystanders. They all had something in common; the crowd and him, they all were torn up from the crime, feeling connected in a twisted and unfortunate way.

“Detective,” Cade presented as he showed an officer his badge.

As Cade crossed the caution tape, a man with broad shoulders and a full beard approached him.

“Just follow me,” the man instructed Cade with displeasure in his voice.

From hearing the discontent in the man’s voice, Cade knew they both felt the same way at the moment; they both wished they weren’t there in the mess. As Cade followed the man inside the house, he saw police and forensics examining the brown carpet living room.

“What the hell happened here, Bryan?” Cade asked, walking up the quarter landing stairs.

“We got a call from a lady.” Cade took a glance at some of the family pictures on the wall. Whatever sense of family and love the household had, was gone. “When she came home, she found her daughter unconscious with stab wounds in the bathroom. The scene is very brutal,” Bryan explained.

“Who’s the victim?”

“Her name is Sarah Oliver.” Bryan turned to Cade as they got to the upstairs. “She was a senior at Stuyvesant High down in Manhattan.”

“Christ!” Cade gasped, being appalled by the reveal. “That’s where Harry goes to.”

“Well,” Bryan mentioned, not showing any feelings towards Cade’s concern, “he’s going to hear all about this.”

They entered into a grey tiled bathroom where forensics were taking pictures. A splash of blood on the lime walls caught Cade’s attention. He had seen many crime scenes, but something about the splash bothered him. He could already playback the mother’s haunting discovering of her daughter’s body as if he had been there, sharing the dismay. Facing down, Cade saw the naked carcass on the floor inside a pool of blood. Stab wounds covered the body, especially around the breast area where a long deep cut went down between the breasts to the belly button. Whatever sick bastard did the work, they wanted the girl to suffer, and they enjoyed it.

“Where’s the father?” Cade wondered as he placed his hand on his sharp chin.

“He’s out of town for a business trip,” Bryan replied.

With medical gloves on, Cade kneeled down to examine the corpse. The opened

eyes of the body caused a little tremble inside of Cade. He wanted to shut them so much, to give the body complete peace, but he wasn't allowed to. Seeing the lifeless eyes just staring, Cade felt like the girl was trying to communicate with him. *Help me! Help me!* Cade could hear the girl scream, but there was nothing he could have done. So close to the body's mouth, it was like Cade could feel its breath. Sometimes when dealing with a dead body, the detective has to get familiar with it. They have to know the body's past and what they were like to the point that in the detective's mind, the body isn't dead. Sticking his hands inside the torso wounds to examine, Cade felt a deep hole.

"Self-inflicting wounds, of course," Cade announced as he took his hands out of the corpse. He was just glad that he didn't have to stick his hands inside the deep wounds anymore. "Were there any signs of breaking and entering in any parts of the house? I didn't see any."

"No, there weren't." Bryan looked at the body from where he was standing up. "The mother said the doors outside were locked before she came in."

Rising back to his feet, Cade looked around the bathroom again as he took off the

medical gloves. He knew something didn't add up; he felt it in his gut. He had been so accustomed to murders, that he was able to look past them and see what hid beneath from a logical perspective.

"Have you notice that there are no windows in this bathroom?" Cade asked, hands waving through his black crew cut.

"Not really." Bryan seemed confused. "What does that have to do with anything?"

"If there's a dead body in the bathroom, and no one from outside broke into the house, then the mother isn't telling us everything."

Bryan took a moment to think, looking at Cade.

"What are you saying, Cade?"

"I'm saying that we're not being told everything." Cade started walking towards the door, feeling the need to get to the bottom of the case. He wasn't in the dark anymore like he was when he first entered into the house. With purpose, he knew what he had to do. "Let's talk to the mom for more information."

When they walked back to the living room, they saw a brunette-haired woman crying on the couch.

“That’s the mother right there,” Bryan informed.

Cade didn’t move in instantly, he was frozen by the tears of a mother mourning over her child. He eyes staring while his mind lost in whatever sadness the mother was in. There he was once again, inside the hurt’s mind, feeling what they felt. Snapping out of his trance, Cade began walking towards the couch.

“Mrs. Oliver, my name is Detective Cade, and this is my partner Detective Bryan.” Cade showed his badge. “We are very sorry about your loss, but we have to ask you some questions.”

The pale round face woman was still crying, causing Cade to hand her a box of tissues. She didn’t bother to look at them, her eyes focusing on the ground as she kept huffing. The constant wheezing of her lungs was painful for the ears of Cade. He no other choice to let her have her moments before he could ask her questions, knowing it was too much for her to bare.

“What happened here when you found your daughter in the bathroom?”

Cade questioned after the mother's crying settled.

"I came home, and I called out to her, but she didn't respond." Still sniffing, the mother wiped her nose. "Her car was here, so I knew she was here. I went upstairs, and that was when I found her."

Tears rushed from Mrs. Oliver's eyes. It was pure torture, witnessing the mother crying over and over again. The pain she was going through at the moment was as bad as the pain her daughter had gone through when she had suffered her vile fate.

"This is impossible!" she cried, looking up at the detectives with red eyes. She looked at them like they were supposed to be the answer to her problems. "What did she ever do to deserve this?"

Bryan placed his hand on her shoulder.

"Just take a breath, Mrs. Oliver," Cade advised. He didn't like the feeling of people putting the weight of the world on his shoulders. He was just a man, a human like everyone else, but still the mother needed him the most. "Was there anyone else in the house?"

"No, just the two of us."

“Who else has a key to the house?”

“Her father, but he is out on a business trip. No one broke into the house because the security system didn’t go off.”

Detective Cade took a deep breath. He didn’t want to pester the poor lady. With each question, he hated himself more for asking, but he had a job to do.

“Mrs. Oliver is there anything you aren’t telling us?” he asked.

Mrs. Oliver looked at Cade with disgust.

“Of course not!” she screamed with retaliation. “Why would I be hiding something? My daughter is dead!”

Cade knew he was in the wrong, so he didn’t try to defend himself. He didn’t bother to say anything else as nothing could slip his tongue, knowing he deserved whatever attack the mother threw at him. Suddenly a tall man with a belly sticking out past his waist, entered into the house. Detective Cade and Bryan approached him.

“This looks like a goddamn mess.” the man insulted. He glanced at the living room with distaste, showing no emotions towards the situation. He was there for only business, not wasting any thought of

sympathy. "I heard what happened. What did you guys come up with?"

"I don't know. I just feel like something is missing, Stevenson." Cade placed his hands on his hips. "This whole situation doesn't seem right, like it doesn't add up,"

"What about the mom? I mean she is our only suspect," Stevenson explained as he scratched the enormous bald spot on his head.

"Suspect?" Bryan questioned.

"Yes, suspect," Stevenson responded. He looked at Bryan with menacing eyes, trying to debunk any questions. "We're police here, just even use your common sense. There was a dead body, no one broke in, and the mother was the only one in the house."

"Stevenson, come on." Cade's voice started to grow louder with impatience. "How could the mother stab her daughter over 10 times, wash the blood from herself, and put on a different act. Hell, why would a mother butcher her own child?"

He wasn't sure if he was a detective or a lawyer, but Cade didn't want the wrong person to be blamed. He knew the situation

seemed fishy, but that didn't excuse faulty tactics by the police.

"Cade, our job isn't to find out why. As for as I am concerned, we have our suspect." Asserting his perceived dominance, Stevenson called over to two police officers in the kitchen, causing them to walk over to him like two mindless drones. "Michaels and Hunter, arrest that woman."

"What are you doing, Stevenson?" Cade pestered as the two officers confronted Mrs. Oliver without any thought.

Getting Mrs. Oliver to her feet, the two idiots read her the Miranda Rights.

"Wha-what is going on here?" Mrs. Oliver shrieked.

"Mrs. Oliver, you're under arrest for the murder of your daughter, Ashley Oliver," Stevenson informed.

"Wait? No! This is a mistake!" With left over tears on her cheeks, Mrs. Oliver was puzzled. What was happening to her, made her forgot that her daughter was dead as she was now trying to save her own hide from injustice. "I didn't kill my daughter! You have to be kidding me!"

The two officers escorted Mrs. Oliver out the door as she continued to argue. The poor woman had already been through hell, and now it was getting worse for her.

“Stevenson, are you serious?” Bryan questioned, throwing his hands up in the air.

“This is a mistake,” Cade told.

“From the looks of it, Cade, I’m saving you a lot of time.” Stevenson turned his attention to everyone else in the house. “Alright let’s wrap this up.”

“How could you arrest a mother who just lost her daughter?” Cade’s feelings were overpowering his logic. He was speaking with emotion at that point, even though it was clear to him that Mrs. Oliver hadn’t murdered her daughter. “There is no proof she killed her.”

“The proof is everywhere.” Sarcasm filled Stevenson’s voice. “Just open your eyes for once Cade.”

His eyes were opened, and Cade saw it clear what a dumbass his captain was.

“You’re wrong,” Cade declared walking away.

The anger inside Cade was boiling to the point of insanity as all he wanted to do was

strangle the fat son of a bitch, just wrap his hands around his pudgy neck. Cade was more than willing to take the rap for Mrs. Oliver at that point. Walking to their cars outside, Bryan turned to Cade.

“John, you and I both know, that Mrs. Oliver didn’t kill her daughter,” Bryan opined.

That was a positive for Cade, at least he wasn’t the only one with sense around.

“And we’re going to have to find the killer no matter what.” He entered into his car, before taking another look at Bryan. “An innocent woman may well be on her way to prison. We can’t let that happen.”

“Is it possible that this is the work of the Snipe Killer?” Bryan rubbed his hair; the words were hard for him to get out. “A knife was used in both situations.”

That name, Cade hadn’t heard in years. Still, it was chilling to hear it.

“The Snipe Killer hasn’t struck in 5 years.” Cade had regained his state of mind, being able to look past the idea and brush it off. “He’s finished, and now we have to find this killer.”

Cade's car took off into the night as he couldn't get shake his mind of the misfortunes he had witnessed. Dealing with a murder was one thing, but working against time to save the freedom of an innocent person was putting stress on Cade which he didn't not like. He already had a full plate, and he was going to have to dig deep if he wanted to make it through with not just justice served, but with his mind in the right place.

Walking into his house, Cade saw the gel blue eyes of the heart-faced woman who stood in the living room.

"It's almost 3 in the morning," the woman told. Her arms were folded across her chest, and she looked displeased. "Where have you been?"

"The usual, I was called in to work." Without looking at her, Cade walked right past her to the kitchen. He didn't give her any attention as he was getting a glass of water from the faucet. "It was urgent."

"What have you been doing? You were gone for hours?"

The woman turned around, still anxious for an answer.

“I actually came home when you were asleep at 10.” He plopped down on the chair in the kitchen, but was in no mood to give long explanations. After all the shit he had to go through that night, it was best not to bother the man. “I didn’t want to bother you Kate, so I just went to bed, and then I got a call at 12 to go back in.”

Kate let out a huge breath, rolling her eyes. Her displeasure with her husband’s attitude was felt by Cade as he shared the same displeasure for her annoying questions.

“And that’s another thing, where were you today at 7pm? You were supposed to be here, so Harry, you, and I could have gone to the cemetery. Do you think just because Jessica is dead that she is forgotten,” she declared.

Cade’s instantly put his attention on his wife. He was now focused on her as he placed the glass on the table.

“Oh I forgot.” Feeling embarrassed, he sighed, knowing what a disappointment he had been. He wasn’t even thinking about the murder case he just been through. “Kate, I’m so sorry. I just got caught up at the station.”

“You’re always getting caught up at the station. What is up with you? What is up

with your work that you have to choose it over your family every single time? Why can't you just be here when we need you John?"

"What would you rather have me do? Would you rather have me stay home and let psychopathic killers run around loose?" Not feeling the need to play on the defensive, Cade didn't care if the fault was on him. All he needed was to get his point across to the nagging woman in front of him. "Would you want that?"

Kate approached Cade with her finger pointing at him.

"You know that is not what this is about," she spoke as she was trying to hold back her tears. "We all have jobs, and one of yours is to be part of this family!"

Kate then marched upstairs; she slammed the door.

"Peace and family." Cade said to himself. "Why can't I have both?"

Feeling tired, Cade walked down the stairs, letting the sunlight from the morning sky hit his face. He had barely managed to get 6

hours of sleep, and even that wasn't enough.

"You're up early," Kate addressed, eating pancakes on the marble top counter in the kitchen.

"I couldn't really sleep." Cade headed for the coffee maker near the sink. It wasn't smart to drink coffee on a headache; water would have been better, but he wasn't in the mood to break his routine. "What a night."

The sweet taste of warm creamy caramel coffee woke Cade up from his grogginess. He didn't have his Canadian whiskey around to do the trick, but the coffee was just alright. As Cade continued to sip from his white mug, a freckled-face boy entered into the kitchen, carrying a skateboard under his arm. Just like always, the boy kept his smirk that alluded to his good-humored attitude.

"I see the family is all together," the boy remarked as he combed his curtained hair.

Looking into the mirror on the wall, the boy used precision as he continued to comb his hair. Not trying to mess up or leave a spot undid, he wanted to look perfect for whatever day was ahead of him.

“Harry, I need to talk to you,” Cade began.

“About what?” Harry wondered, putting the comb down to look at his father.

“It’s about a girl named Sarah Oliver who went to your school.” Cade placed his mug down and confronted his son. He felt that he had to deliver the bad news to his son with absolute concern for Harry’s feelings. “She was found murdered in her bathroom last night. We do not have any leads right now.”

“Are you serious?” Shock hit Harry’s voice as he lowered his skateboard to the ground. “Sarah?”

“Oh Harry, I heard about it last night.” Kate stepped in towards the two. Wanting to express her worries, she placed her soft hand on Harry’s shoulder. “I’m so sorry.”

“Relax everybody.” Harry laughed as if the terrible news was just a joke. Maybe he didn’t understand the news, or maybe it didn’t bother him. “Just because I went to the same school as her doesn’t mean I was close to her. I barely even spoke to her. Let her family and friends cry over her dying.”

“Harry!” Kate shrieked. The manner in which her son had responded to the unpleasant news was disturbing to her as if he had butchered the girl himself. “How can you say something like that?”

“Let me take you to school today,” Cade insisted, completely ignoring the uncomfortable exchange between his wife and son. He had heard and most definitely seen worse. He wasn’t bothered by his son’s detached manner. He got used to it actually, with the expectation that his son picked it up from him.

“Sure,” Harry agreed, walking towards the door.

Minutes later they were in the car driving as the sun shined onto them.

“I really feel for that girl’s family, right now,” Cade informed as he turned his head briefly to Harry.

He wanted to start a conversation, but Harry remained quiet, not willing to comply.

“Life really does change at any moment, usually when you least expect it,” Cade continued, feeling the need to try again.

“Look dad, you don’t have to act all sentimental about what happened.” Harry glanced at his father. “I know how this detective stuff works. You act like you care just so you can get the information you need to go make arrests and save the day.”

“Harry, that is not true. Though I have a job to perform, I do show sympathy for the people I help.” Concern radiated from the detective’s voice as brief flashes of previous cases went on inside his mind. Remembering the faces of numerous people whose lives he had saved, made his point more believable to himself. Sometimes he had to remember them, so he could be sure what he was doing was right. “The three of us in the family knows how it feels to be in need of sympathy.”

“Wow.” Harry rolled his eyes, still not convinced of the attempts made by his father. “I almost forgot you were in this family.”

It bothered Cade, trying to figure out his son. One minute he would be cheerful, and the next minute he would show how cynical he could be towards others. Of course, the smiling attitude his son always displayed contributed to his insolence. Never taking anything seriously fitted Harry’s personality. That was something Cade could learn from

in a way, just live and not worry; nothing is serious enough to cry over. For the rest of the ride, an uncomfortable silence had remained in the car until they arrived at their destination.

“Harry, just be safe,” Cade told as his son got out of the car.

“Yeah.” The smallest hint of affection was not in Harry’s voice. His father’s concern went through one ear and out the other like always. “Whatever.”

Cade wanted to say more to his son as he watched him walk away, but he felt like it was pointless, seeing his son’s attitude. He received a text from Stevenson explaining that Mrs. Oliver had been released, but they still had no leads for the case so far. The news brought glamor inside of Cade, knowing the poor woman had received some retribution after being completely disrespected by the police. Still it bothered Cade, remembering his fat ass boss had put the woman through hell.

Starting the car back up, Cade’s eyes glanced into the mirror and captured an egg shaped face man sitting in his back seat. Instant tension jumped into Cade’s heart as he took out his gun, ready to protect himself. He didn’t know or care how the

man managed to get into the car, but Cade's finger was close to pulling the trigger.

"Hold up man, don't shoot," the bald man told calmly with his hands in the air. A confident smile came across the man's face as if he figured he wouldn't die. "It's all good."

"Get the hell out of my car right now!"

Cade's hand didn't move a single inch as he kept the gun on the man, ready at any moment to fire.

"Look, I know you're looking for a killer." The man stopped smiling, being serious, knowing he couldn't control Cade's impulse to not shoot. Now he was talking for his life. "The one who killed that girl. I can help you find the killer."

"How so?"

"I know who he is. He's name is Owen Mundy."

"Owen Mundy?" Cade's eyes squinted. "What are you talking about?"

"He's killing because his sister was bullied in high school, and she committed

suicide last Halloween. The girl Owen killed, she bullied his sister.”

“That sounds reasonable.” The caution inside Cade was going away, but it wasn’t enough for him to let his guard down. “What the hell does that have to do with you, and why are you in my car?”

The man took a deep breath, his fear was heightening.

“This may sound crazy,” he started, “but I’m Owen from the future.”

Cade lowered his gun, not believing what he had just heard.

“What?”

“I’m 60 years old, and I am Owen 30 years from now. I came back in time to save my sister, but the time traveling device didn’t let me go back as far as I wanted to. This was the most I could have gone back to.” Cade remained unconvinced. “Now you’re probably wondering how Owen got hold of the device to do what he is doing. Well there’s a limit on how far I could go back in time with the device. When I realized I couldn’t go back any further, I gave Owen another device. I felt sorry for him. I was planning on returning back to my time, until I heard about the Sarah girl who

died. I knew what he did then. Now I need your help to catch him.”

“You expect me to believe that story?” Cade’s gun came back up at Owen. He had dealt with a lot of nonsense within the last 24 hours, and this topped all of it, making him angrier. “I’m going to arrest you now, don’t move.”

As Cade was opening his car door, the man suddenly vanished in thin air right in front of his eyes. Astonished from what he had seen, Cade froze in disbelief until the man reappeared right next to him in the passenger’s seat.

“You..... you vanished right in front of my eyes.” Cade trembled, not knowing what to think or say. The sight that had happened in front of him had been enough to give him a heart attack. “I have never seen anything like it before.”

“Yes, that is another use of the device.” The old man’s confidence was high as he knew he had the man convinced. There was nothing for him to fear, as the gun wasn’t pointed at him anymore. “It allows people to teleport within the timeline as well. It’s how the younger Owen got away with murdering Sarah.”

“And you built that?” Cade’s eyes wondered off to his steering wheel, not being able to look the man in his eyes due to the surprise. “How did you do that?”

“I built this, and it’s a long story on how I did it, but we don’t have time to explain it. My younger self is going to kill again. I came to you, because in the future you’re a ‘big shot’ in the police department of New York. I figured with your skills and my knowledge, we can stop Owen.”

It all started to make sense to Cade. He didn’t know how it came to be, but what he had seen was real, and now he had to deal with it.

“Where are we supposed to find him?” Cade asked, looking at the old man.

“I checked Owen’s house, but he’s not there anymore. He could be at my father’s old church that’s abandon now. It’s the Devine Covenant Church on Staten Island, but we have to go now before anything else happens. He’s going to kill again, targeting all the people who bullied his sister. The Sarah girl was just the 1st, so we can’t waste time calling and waiting for backup.”

Cade knew it was now or never. He couldn’t waste a single second contemplating about

what had happened to him in the few minutes. He wasn't ready, but sometimes it was best to go when you're not ready.

"Alright," Cade began, "let's go."

The drive to the church allowed the old man to give the rundown to Cade. The device the old man had used was a black watch with a digital screen. The name for the device was TRD for Temporal. Relocation. Device. For time traveling, once a few buttons would be pressed, a holographic globe would appear circled by numbers, and a glowing cylinder of light would surround the person using it. When it was just teleportation throughout a timeline, it only took a few buttons, and the transportation was instant. Cade told the old man he still didn't understand a damn thing about the device. The old man assured him it wasn't anything to stress over, in attempts to relax the unhinged detective. Still, Cade continued to flip out, calling the device a mistake, and that the old man was a dumbass for letting it get in the hands of a killer. The old man, who remained calm, reminded Cade that they had to focus on the present and stop more innocent people from dying. A sense of guilt rained on the old man, trying to fix his own mistakes.

It was still early around 9. The octagonal church stood on a steep hill that placed it above the rest of the surrounding area of Staten Island. A crippled black gate stood at the bottom of the hill which allowed the car to pass right through. As Cade drove up the steep hill to get to the church, the air grew smoggy. A crude mist filled the atmosphere around the church. When Cade finally parked and stepped out of his car, his breath was shown through the cold air. Not wasting any more time, he took out his gun and proceeded to the door of the church.

“This is it,” the old man stated as he gazed at the church.

The outside windows were broken. A giant wooden door stood in the opening of the church. It had splinters sticking out, and the handle was rusted. As Cade slowly opened it, the door creaked. White stained pillars went across the room to hold the structure up. The rows of seats were battered as the floor was filled with rubble. As Cade walked inside, he heard a clicking noise. When he turned around, he saw the barrel of the gun held by the old man who grinned.

“Drop the gun,” the old man told, still smiling.

“What the hell is going on?” Cade questioned, dropping his gun.

There was no more questions left with Cade for him to be surprised at what had just happened. After the crazy shit he had just seen, the old man turning on him wasn't a huge shocker. At that point, his own wife could have had hundreds of affairs, and it wouldn't phase him as surprising.

“Well I am Owen Mundy from the future, but he isn't the one doing the killing.” The old man kicked the gun away, and walked in front of Cade with his gun still aimed on the detective's head. His smile persisted, seeing he had the detective's life in his grasp, knowing he could end it at any moment. He played God, feeling the power he had. “I am the one who killed that girl, it was all part of my plan.”

“Why did you lie?”

“Take a good look at me.” The old man chuckled as if he knew a joke. “Tell me you don't recognize me.”

“Wait a minute,” Cade spoke.

He felt like he was supposed to recognize the old man as memories of his office came into his mind. Back at the office where a picture had been up for everyone to see it.

Cade had seen the picture for years. Now it started to get clear as he remembered the man's face. It was similar to the one in the picture.

"Oh my god." His heart started to accelerate as he could feel his adrenaline rising at the shocking reveal he had come across. "You're the Snipe Killer."

The smile on the old man's face grew more sinister.

"That's right."

"Why now?" Cade gasped. His eyes couldn't focus on the old man, seeing the haunting reveal. "Why did you come back?"

"It was never my plan. You see in the future, the police find me, and charge me for the Snipe victims. The DA messes up, and I get away. Unfortunately for me, the chief of detectives, you, plant evidence on me linking me to somethings I never did. I get over 25 years in prison, but I escape and steal the TRD to go back the furthest in your life that the device allows me to which is this year. Now I'm here with vengeance in my mind."

The story was played out inside of Cade's mind. The amount of bad luck Cade had to

put him in a dire situation with the lunatic in front of him was overwhelming.

“So that’s it?” Cade smirked. The only thing he felt was pity for the old bastard. Seeing the Snipe Killer would have been menacing to Cade, but the poor story the old man gave him, made Cade see the pathetic waste the old man really was. “I throw you in prison, making you finally pay for all the wrongs you have done, and you blame me for it? All that time, and you still haven’t seen what you did was wrong?”

“I didn’t do anything.” The old man stepped closer to Cade as the chilling smile went away along with his calm manner. “What I did was special, and you took that away from me, so now it’s time for you to pay.”

As Cade saw the old man’s finger move closer to the trigger, his instincts kicked in, allowing him to snatch the gun right out of the old man’s hands before the old man even knew it wasn’t in his hands anymore. There it was, as Cade held the gun to the old man’s head, there was no adrenaline rush, no caution, not even a sense of fright inside Cade. All the adversity he had faced ripened him up to be calm in the heat of the moment. It was as if he knew exactly what to do, and he proceeded with what was

necessary. With a single gunshot, the horror was over. What used to be the old man, laid on the ground with blood coming out from the wound in its head. Standing over the body, Cade kept calm. It was the most composure he had since the encounter. He didn't feel anything as he stared at the body. He had thought that putting an end to the Snipe Killer would have left him more emotional, but he couldn't find it in him at the moment. It was just a job, and he finished it.

“Bryan,” Cade spoke on the phone after he had dialed, “I think I may know who the Snipe Killer is. His name is Owen Mundy. Can you see if you guys can find out where he lives? It may be in the city.” He placed his shoe on the TRD around the old man's wrist, and he crushed it. “If he's the killer, he may even have evidence in his house. I also believe he may be connected to Sarah Oliver's murder. You were right.”

Confusion on the man's face as police held him in cuffs, escorting him inside the building. Different from the description that they had, but underneath the dyed blonde hair, blue contacts, and beard Cade saw the egg face of the Snipe Killer in Owen Mundy.

“We finally got him, Cade! The Snipe Killer is finished! We found many bodies underneath his house!” Bryan yelled as he slapped Cade on the back in excitement.

Not sharing his partner’s enthusiasm, Cade barely smiled.

“Yeah, we did.”

He had won, but he felt like he failed. Maybe it was the idea that there was no way they could pin Sarah’s Oliver’s murder on Owen Mundy. Owen didn’t physically kill her, and he didn’t have a clue on who she was, but Cade knew someone had to be blamed for what the old man had done. Of course he couldn’t tell everyone that an Owen from the future killed her, so the crime had to be placed on the younger Owen. Nevertheless it didn’t feel right to Cade, giving a man a sentence for something he didn’t do, even though it wouldn’t make a difference after all the crimes he had done. That was what got Cade in the situation in the first place, getting Owen for a crime he didn’t do.

Ah fuck it, Cade thought. If the maniac gets charged for Sarah’s murder or not, he would still go down forever, but there had to be some closure for Mrs. Oliver. She had to know who killed her daughter, but if Owen

went down for it as well, then she would be blaming the wrong person. If she was told the truth, she wouldn't believe it. It was a messed up situation, but it was what it was. The guilty was caught, and justice was served; that was all that mattered.

Feeling the need to get away from the department, Cade left and drove off. He couldn't let his mind get caught up in the mess. It was his job, but even that needed a break. He just needed to breathe. Rolling down the windows, he let the fresh wind of the Spring blow into his lungs. It let him feel alive.

After getting white daffodils from the flower shop, he arrived to the Trinity Church. The church had a long steeple on top of its neo gothic rectangular frame that pierced the sky. He walked through the heavily shaded graveyard until he approached a black marble monument headstone. The headstone had the name of Jessica Cade inscribed into it.

“Coming here wasn't easy.” He briefly looked around, couldn't focus on the headstone, trying to hold back the tears. “Life hasn't been easy since you left.” After taking a breath, he looked directly at the inscription. He felt as if he was talking to a live person because in his heart he knew

she could hear him. "But most of it has been because of me. I spend way too much time at my job, trying to forget about my grief which is why I never pay enough attention to Kate and Harry. Now I see that was a mistake. One that I can't afford to make anymore because I have to appreciate every moment I have with them." He placed his hand on the headstone, smiling. "Hell, I'm 47, I'm done."

After he took out his badge, he dropped it right on the dirt near the headstone. The weight he had been carrying with it was finally lifted. All the anger, doubt, and pity that wore down his heart for the past few years, he didn't feel anymore. For the first time in a long time, he finally breathed freely and peacefully. *No more chains*, he thought.

When he arrived back to his house, he took out his whiskey bottle from the glove department. He knew exactly what to do with it when he opened the lid of the garbage can outside. Dropping the bottle inside the garbage where it belong, Cade knew the toxic liquid would no longer plague his life. As he entered into the living room, he saw Kate sitting on the couch reading a book. She always loved to read. It calmed her mind, something he could take up on.

“Kate.” Cade sat down beside her, hand on her shoulder, getting her attention to him. “I went by the cemetery today and spoke to Jessica.”

Taking off her glasses, Kate gasped.

“Oh, John.” She placed the book down, feeling the need to give her husband her undivided attention. He deserved it, she knew. “I’m so glad.”

She wrapped her arms around him, kissing him on the cheek. He hadn’t felt her lips in a long time, matter of fact, he hadn’t felt love in a long time. As much as he played the hero, he was really in need for compassion. After sharing the hug, Cade let go, looking in the beautiful eyes of his wife.

“We’re not a perfect family are we?” he asked, trusting the judgement of his wife.

“No.” She smiled, tears fell from her eyes. “But we have each other.”

“We’ll make it work.” He smiled back. “I promise.”