

# **The American Dream**

## Barfly

*".....I'm proud to shut down the government for border security....."*

Why I'm watching this shit? Yeah, you fucking asshole, you fantastic deal maker! Yeah, the Mexicans will pay for it - your're nothing then a fucking liar! But that's nothing new - happy Christmas to all who work for this wonderful government! Have a nice celebration with no paycheck - I need my golfing in Florida.....

But what would be the alternative? Closing your eyes and your ears? This country turns into a nightmare - I have to leave this place.....

I decided to walk to the bar, the fresh air would help me. I never believed in the American Dream, but today? I'm from the States - best way to begin a joke nowadays. Was there a time this nation was proud? Today it was a shame to live in this nation.....

I arrived at the bar, a new young doorman. I nodded with my head and tried to enter the bar as he addressed me:

"Sorry, sir. Today we have a birthday celebration and a lot of other guests are in. Today no more guests....."

He shook his head - did he think that I couldn't understand him otherwise?

"Ask Jack, it will be okay."

"But he....."

"....do me a favor, ask Jack."

He stood up, not very motivated, and walked inside - I behind him.

"Can you please....."

"...no!"

For a moment he thought about the situation, eyed me up, but to my surprise he decided to continue his way - I behind him. I had to confess that the bar was obviously overcrowded. In the back part of the bar the birthday guests, a bunch of people, in high spirits - a bit too artificial for my taste. Another group in the front part - some with sweat suits? Okay, I not wanna sound arrogant, but in a bar? Obviously young people with money, modern times! The rest of the tables were filled with couples or groups of four. Surprisingly, apart from some people standing around there, obviously from the birthday group, the bar as such was empty - enough space for me! But I saw that Jack and his bar crew were very busy and I thought for a moment whether it would be better to look for another bar. But unfortunately I had my guide - we reached the bar and it took a moment that Jack saw us. The doorman started the conversation.

"Sorry, but he....."

"Hi Pete!"

"You know that I hate it when you call me Pete - Jack!"

"I know, Pete!"

Then he moved his head to the youngster.

"This is Peter. He can come in whenever he wants to."

Then he looked at me again.

"Sorry, it was my mistake. I not thought that you would come today and he's new, he's a last-minute sub."

"No problem, now I'm here. He's a good boy."

The doorman nodded with his head and returned to his place, and I took a seat on one of the bar stools.

"Very busy place today."

"Yes, thought that most of the others will have left before the birthday group will come, but.....you

see it!"

"I can look for another bar."

"Hey, for your drink I've time every time - the usual?"

The usual? Very often I decided to drink his fantastic House Old Fashioned. His version was a, at least for my taste, wonderfully well balanced mix of the ingredients. The taste of the Whiskey, a bit bitter, a bit sweet, and the wonderful harmony with orange was at any time a fantastic choice.

"I need something harder today."

"Stressed? A case?"

"No. I heard our wonderful president."

"Why you do such stupid things? Maybe I can help you?"

"Sure you can help me - Continental Sour, please."

Continental Sour, a Whiskey Sour with an addition of port - also a fantastic combination. It was more alcohol, I would need not that much of them. After a short time he came back to me.

"Your sour, Pete - you know where you can find the snacks....."

"Thanks, you neglect your other guests."

"They have time. Say, when you need a new one."

Therewith he started again to mix the drinks for the other guests. That was okay, he knew that I was not very much interested in a conversation.

I looked at the door, waited that it would be opened and "she" would enter the bar. I did this always, sitting here. You know her - or? Come on, we all know her! And maybe you will say now: Hey, and the doorman! Wow, every doorman would let her in, would let her in the most overcrowded bar you can imagine. It would be his death would he refuse her the entrance - yeah, "her".

There she was, tall and slim but not skinny. Her - dyed - platinum blonde hair, the waves who are playing with her large hat, the symmetric make-up. You're not sure, but it seems that she smiles a bit - and the rest? The classic costume, the hand gloves, the bi-colored shoes and of course the seamed nylons. You think about the nice things under the costume - but you also know that she will not come in. This only happens in Hollywood movies, unfortunately not in the reality. Therefore I looked at the other guests.

The birthday people in the back part - yeah, happy people. Chicks with their boys - I was unfair, but would they be fair to me? All the happy pairs around here. Well, nice and cool drinks - let's celebrate the decay. I thought about the young girl who died after she had been separated from her mother, caged like an animal. I thought about the dying in Yemen, but why we should be interested in? Our wonderful president was a buddy of the murderers in Saudi Arabia - you should choose your friends carefully. Let's be happy and celebrate while the world is turning on.....

I looked at Jack and his crew. Order after order they had to manage. But it was fascinating to watch their doing. I was always fascinated of bars. All the bottles, the different glasses, all the equipment you needed to mix all the different drinks. All the shakers, the little bottles with bitters and so much more - all the juices, the mint. They worked fast, but absolutely concentrated, every drink, every cocktail a masterpiece. They worked exactly, all this recipes in mind. I could watch them for hours, it was simply fascinating.....

"Another Continental Sour please....."

"It's your third then? You're very fast today Peter. At least very fast for someone who has no alcohol at all at home, for someone who drinks only tea at home, and coffee when he's on his way."

"I drink wine."

"Yeah, to a good dinner or at our jazz events. Should I organize you a hot coffee?"

"No, I have to kill me - in whatever way....."

## In The Office

I sat in my office and was bored, a privilege. I had the time and the possibility, to be bored. No case at the moment, but I was not really interested in getting one - the day after Christmas, the time between Christmas and New Year began now. The happy days were over now, the presents were unpacked now - a stupid time. Every year the same shopping fever - fortunately New Year was near, the fireworks waited to be bought. What a nice time, not for the civil servants - no money anymore for the police? Even his own GOP bootlickers were against it, calling his behavior "juvenile". But why should such a narcissistic asshole be interested in the feelings of others? "I wanna have my wall, I wanna have my wall, I wanna have my wall - and if not I'm butt-sore!" Billions for a fucking wall, but no money for people who would need it - oh, forgotten, the Mexicans will pay for it: "Indirectly"!

I leant back and looked at my small office. I had everything I needed, a small office and a small condo. Christmas time, holidays for the whole family, celebration time, the TV program even more worse than in the rest of the year - I took a sip, green tea from Japan. Too much alcohol the last days. Even when I had a cocktail from time to time, or a glass of wine, I wasn't used to alcohol so much. I not needed much to be drunken - and it was long ago now, that I was drunken for the last time, except for.....was I on the way to become an alcoholic? The phone rang.....?

"Yes.....?"

"Yes, I'm Mr. Maurer."

"Yes, it would be possible for me to take over a case."

"If its urgent, I'm in my office - you know the address?"

"Would be no problem, I have no plans for the evening. Take your time, I will wait till you arrive."

"No problem, you not have to thank me. It's my job."

I hung up, she sounded very desperate, I hoped nothing that dealt with marriage! She had said that she wants to talk with me personally - happy Christmas time. But to be fair, I really had no plans for the evening. My only concern was that a woman would sit here, cheated by her husband or something like that, and I should console her - that would be too much for me, at least in this strange mood.

She had told me that she would need at least an hour to come to my office - no traffic, I near the city center, outlying district obviously. A nice house with front garden, nice cut lawn, Christmas illumination, the family unified under the Christmas tree - obviously not.....

Mrs. Brewster..... - I was an idiot! It was simple, no minute, Internet, three weeks ago: Sarah Brewster, fourteen-year-old girl disappeared under mysterious circumstances - headlines in the newspapers and news channels, headlines three weeks ago! I tried to get as much information as possible before she would arrive. But there was not much, always the same.

Obviously she was on her way home from the music school, she took singing lesson. It were two and a half blocks from the music school till the bus station, a very good neighborhood, 6:00pm, everything well illuminated, but she never reached the bus stop. A girlfriend accompanied her for almost a block, two other passengers came to the bus stop shortly before the bus came, she had five minutes time. A very limited time frame and a very limited area - but nobody had seen anything. Unfortunately no traffic surveillance in this area. A lot of speculations in the press.

A crime? A runaway? Obviously no blackmailing - at least nothing of that in the press. I had to wait till she would arrive - she would arrive! I entered the little bathroom, looked in the mirror and tried to do my best to look at least somewhat better. Then I cleaned up the office as good as possible - the phone rang, it was the ringtone of the house telephone.

"Yes, I await her.....yes, I'm in my office.....yes, also today and still. Please show her the way .....thank you, Phillippe!"

Phillippe from the reception desk - as I came his college was there. I had my office in an office building near downtown. Sounds maybe better than it was. The building was old and in fact not every office was hired out. But therefor I could afford the rent, at least for such a small office. I stood in front of my desk and waited till she would open the door.....

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I had opened the connecting door between the office and the small waiting room, a room I normally not needed. She opened the door and I walked up to her, to greet her.

"Hello Mrs. Brewster, come into my office and have a seat."

"Hello Mr. Maurer, thanks."

I looked at her as she took a seat - inconspicuous would be a fitting word.

"Tea or coffee? I can offer you also mineral water?"

"A coffee would be nice."

I had brewed some coffee, also I took one. She was a beautiful woman, but a woman who was not interested in to be noticed, not talking about, to be a conspicuous woman. She was dressed up nicely, but in a way also boring - standard fashion of an average American housewife.

"Sorry Mrs. Brewster, I was a bit slow at the phone. You're here because of your daughter?"

"Yes, I think so."

"It has to be a hard time for you at the moment - Christmas time....."

"Yes, the first Christmas without her - not knowing where she is....."

She started to cry and I handed her a handkerchief. I had to be careful with my questions.

"The police? I have only the information from the press. Can you tell me something about the actual state of affairs?"

"The police has no clear evidence about what happened, only some hints and theories. They say that it's a problem, that it's even not clear, whether it's a crime at all, or maybe not. I think they are poking around in the dark only."

"What do you think I could do for you?"

"I'm not sure, but sitting at home and doing nothing? Maybe you would be able to find something, maybe only a new starting point?"

"Why you have chosen me? There are much larger detective agencies in the city."

"I've read a newspaper article about you some times ago. I could remember your name."

"About the McAllister case?"

"About the young girl."

"Well, it's difficult to say, but....."

".....she was found dead - but at least her parents had certainty about her fate. We all know that.....the longer a person is missing....."

She started to cry again, and I waited for a moment.

"It's hard for me, but I have to ask you some questions. Also we have to talk about what I could do for you and what not."

"I hope not for a miracle, but I need certainty."

"Okay. Your daughter, can it be that she ran away?"

"It would be a consolation, would this be probable."

"No new friends, a boyfriend maybe, new behaviors? Anything that has changed, in the time before her disappearing?"

"No, also the police has asked this and did some investigations in this direction. They have asked her girlfriends for example, but no indications in this direction."

"You know, it's difficult for me. Sure, I could start now asking her girlfriends again, but I fear that will bring no new clues. What I can offer you is, that I will use my connections to the police to see what they know. Then I think it would be good to go different ways of getting information. I know some tipsters, some informants. Maybe they know something. The point is, that you cannot hope for

a fast success - if any, at the end."

"I'm aware of this."

"The McAllister case - I worked five months for them. And even then it was a fluke....."

"I'm only not sure if I can pay you for such a long time."

"Oh, I will not work every day on your case, that would make no sense. It depends. At the beginning I will do a lot, but then a time will begin where we have to wait. You have to pay only the hours when I'm working for you. At the beginning I inform you often, at least once a week. I will tell you also how many hours I've worked for you. Later....."

"You wanna tell me with this that I should not hope for a fast result, not to talk about a good result."

"The McAllister case - this is no Hollywood movie. If it would be one, I would tell you that I will bring your daughter back, and in no two hours you would embrace your daughter again."

"As I said, it's important for me to get certainty. Why you look at me?"

"Nothing, I was lost in thoughts."

"You can tell it me, what should be more worse than this situation now?"

"The McAllisters? The whole family broke into pieces, after the knew that the girl was dead. Your situation is terrible and I will not start therewith to say something like: I can empathize with you. Simply because, I cannot imagine how awful this situation has to be for you. I've no children, and unfortunately I've no magic hat, I cannot make the things better than they are."

"What happened with the McAllisters?"

"We should not talk about that."

"I can check on the Internet."

"Don't do it, concentrate on your daughter. I will begin tomorrow therewith to cast the nets. I know people who know people who know people. Give me two days - can we meet again then?"

"This would be at Saturday?"

"You have plans?"

"Definitely not! You're in you office at Saturday?"

"I'm in my office today - Saturday at 3pm? Would this be okay for you?"

"Yes, sure."

"Your husband knows that you're here?"

"No."

"Please tell him that I work for you. Maybe it would be good when he would also come at Saturday."

"We had a severe quarrel this afternoon - he has left the house."

"He will come back, and then it would be important that you're working together. It would be important for me, I need all your support. It can be that the next weeks nothing will happen, no new clues and then suddenly.....do it for your daughter."

"What happened with the McAllisters?"

"Her father committed suicide, her mother got institutionalized, her younger sister became drug-addicted, a prostitute, a small-time criminal. That does not have to happen!"

"She has no younger sister....."

## **A New Old Case**

I had a phone conversation with Yves, a friend from the police.

"Do you have some information about the Brewster case for me?"

"Why you're are interested in?"

"Mrs. Brewster was in my office yesterday."

"You've worked yesterday?"

"Many have worked yesterday - cooks and waitstaff, at hospitals and old folks' homes, at the police and more. Surprising, how many have worked during the last days."

"Yeah, she has hired you?"

"More or less. I said her that she should give me two days time. I've no real feeling for this case at the moment. I need more information. It would be unfair to raise her hopes - I've only limited possibilities."

"I'm a bit surprised that you consider to work for her."

"The McAllister case? Ten years are a long time - should I have send her home?"

"Such cases end all the time in a disaster. I'm happy that I have not to deal with such cases. But I know the responsible investigator, I could ask him."

"Do you think he would tell you something?"

"I will tell him that you asked me - yes, he will talk with me. He was involved in the McAllister case also, as a rookie in this department."

"Thanks for your support. Do you have some more information about what happened with the mother and the younger sister?"

"The McAllisters?"

"Yes."

"What I know is that the mother became discharged from the mental hospital. As far as I know she moved away."

"And the younger sister?"

"Foster family, street, in custody, street, foster family, street - no idea were she's at the moment. Maybe I get some information about her as well."

"Can we meet later?"

"Sure. How about 7pm in the bar here, next door?"

"Not too much police there?"

"Why, we do nothing illegal - or?"

"No, I don't think so."

"What do you plan?"

"You mean?"

"Well, do you hope for another stroke of luck as in the McAllister case?"

"No, that would be too much. As I said, my possibilities are limited and I have no real feeling for the case at the moment. Maybe I have to tell Mrs. Brewster that it will make no sense to work for her."

"Four eyes see more than two - you're very good linked-up in the city. 7pm?"

"Yes, thanks again!"

The McAllister case? A fluke? Yes and no. I had asked as much people as possible to keep an ear to the ground - and it had functioned. A homeless told my request another homeless. One evening he looked for a place for the night and sat down on the ground next to a bus stop. A man came and waited for the bus, he not payed the homeless man attention - why he should. A stinking shabby homeless, sitting there, starring at the street? Then a mother and her daughter walked along on the other side of the street and the man started to think aloud - why not, he was alone at the bus stop. He thought something like: Wow, nice little girl! With her one could have the same fun, as I with Tammy! Tammy was the first name of the daughter of the McAllisters. And the homeless? He heard him, and he reacted - but he was clever, a vet. He was aware of, that he not could address the man directly, or someone else - but he had a plan. He waited till the bus arrived and that the man entered the bus. Then he started to shout around, stupid things, nothing about what the man had said. His goal was that the bus driver, and the maybe the passengers, would keep this moment in mind. The bus stop, the time, and the man who entered the bus, right in the moment, when he started therewith to become annoying - and it functioned fantastically!

It was easy for the police to find the bus driver. He could recollect the situation very well. And better? He had bandied some words with the man about the situation, he could remember that this man drove from time to time with him. He also could remember where he had left the bus, he could describe him very well. The police needed no three days to arrest him! He was a divorced man who

lived alone, with a good job and income - nothing notable, a normal average citizen. But then they searched his house. He had observed all the time various young girls, to kidnap one, if possible. He had had time, he had waited for a good chance and unfortunately he got his chance and Tammy was his victim. But he still continued therewith to observe young girls, waited for his next chance. He never would get another one.....

The press reported about me, I had provided the decisive hint, about the homeless nobody reported anything. And the McAllister family? The father drowned in self-reproaches, that he had not protected his daughter. Nothing helped him, not even the certainty that the murderer has given him no chance. The murderer had waited, for his unique chance. But he thought that the other fathers had protected their daughters - he not! He killed himself. For the mother and the younger sister this was the final catastrophe. A whole family destroyed because of the deed of a murderer.....

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I met Yves in the bar, he was not alone.

"Allow me to introduce. Peter, this is Benjamin, he's the responsible investigator in the Brewster case - Benjamin, this is Peter, a long time friend of mine."

"Peter....."

"Benjamin.....I'm a bit surprised to see you here."

"Why not, we have the same interest."

"I'm still not sure whether I should work for the Brewsters or better not."

"You should, any help would be good."

"You make no progress?"

"No. I tread water, to be honest."

"But please, do not hope for too much support on my part - you were involved in the McAllister case?"

"Yes, I was new at the department at this time."

"This will not happen all the time. I fear this case will find no quick answer."

"That's not my worst concern."

"But....."

"I've the feeling that this is only the beginning."

"You have indications for a serial killer?"

"No, not really - maybe I'm wrong."

"But....."

"The McAllister case? The killer would have killed again, wouldn't he had been stopped. But the point is, this all had started long before the murder."

"You mean the fact that he already had harassed young girls a long time before the kidnapping?"

"Yes, the classic career. At least we stopped him after the first murder. But.....why nobody reported him to the police earlier, before the murder? Tammy could live - maybe my feeling is wrong."

"You think this could be the beginning of a series of murders? That this is someones first serious crime?"

"I'm not sure, the circumstances? A few minutes, no two blocks, I think she knew him. Maybe no near friend, but definitively not unknown to her. Maybe it was not planned at the end - I mean, kidnapping her."

"That leads you to the idea that the offender is a person with a history and someone not unknown to her. Someone, who has harassed young women already before. Someone from her school?"

"Also my idea. The problem is: No complaints, no names. It can be everyone....."

"That she's a runaway?"

"We found her diary, for example. She knew that her parents respected her privacy - some entries are very private, about her dreams and longings. But no word about a boyfriend, that she plans to



run away or something like that. On the contrary! All in all she was very happy at home, loved her parents and had plans for the future."

"All in all?"

"Yeah, she dreamt about to become a singer, to become a star. But she was very realistic. For instance, she was highly focused on her singing lessons. She wrote about, that she will need at least one or two further years of intensive singing lessons, till she should consider it in a serious way to become a professional singer. She was cantor in the church choir - absolutely no hints that she ran away."

"Everything leads to a crime."

"Yes, three weeks and I have not a single serious hint about what has happened - it's fucking!"

"You think that she's dead - or?"

"Well,....."

"Dead or in a devastating situation....."

"Let's hope for the best, let's hope that this is not the beginning of more....."

### **End-Of-The-Year Review**

I had developed various activities over the last days, now I sat at home, in my small condo, and watched TV - I was bored because of the TV program. Tomorrow I would meet Mrs. Brewster, and hopefully also Mr. Brewster, in my office. Crackers and a herbal tea, time for the end-of-the-year reviews. The people who had luck, the people who had bad luck, the most important events, the people who died - wouldn't it had been enough to say: 2018 had been a fucking year! I hoped that the Brewsters would be strong enough to get together in this awful moment - easy to say, bored because of the TV program with crackers and herbal tea. Aretha Franklin - respect? What a strange word today, disrespect was the pulse of the time. Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez? New hope in dark days? Would he be a serial killer, than we would have a bigger problem - it would be more difficult to get him, serial killers were clever.

I stood up - had talked with many people, unsurprisingly no instant results, what should I say the Brewsters tomorrow? Our announced withdrawal from Syria? Thanks Kurds, we will fool you again! I was in a fucking mood, nothing seemed to make sense anymore.....

Another tea and Christmas cookies now, but also this helped not much. I had headache and was tired, maybe I was wrong in my doing, maybe it would be cowardly not to try it. More and more I felt that Sarah would be dead, but what I feared more was, that I would have to say the Brewsters again and again, week after week, month after month, that it gave no new development. I decided to go to bed, not to sleep, I would find no sleep. I would lie in the dark, thinking about the people who had luck this year, about the people who had bad luck this year, about the people who died this year.....

### **Meeting The Brewsters**

Saturday, shortly after 3pm, we sat together in a threesome in my office - and I was relieved that we were three.

"It's nice to meet you also, Mr. Brewster."

"Thanks Mr. Maurer, my behavior towards my wife was very stupid."

"It's a difficult time for you both, we have to talk about this later. But I will start therewith that I will give you a summary about what I've done the last two days. Also I will talk about what you can expect from me, and what not. Should I begin?"

"Yes, I think it would be good for us both, to hear your estimation."

"I had a conversation with the responsible police officer concerning your case. Should I work for you, we would work together closely. I started therewith to use my connections in the city. The more people see and listen, the better for us. I visited the neighborhood where your daughter disappeared. I try to get a feeling about what maybe happened - yes?"

"Sorry that I interrupt you, but the police and also you.....nobody has in fact an idea therefrom what happened?"

"That's true, but at the moment the question is not what happened. Too many unknown aspects make it impossible at the moment to develop a sound theory."

"The asked us what we have done at the time in question. Also neighbors, girlfriends, classmates.....do they think that we are involved in it?"

"No, but as I said, too many unknown aspects. They start to eliminate as much unknowns as possible. Also they try to find a starting point. Can I give you an example?"

"Sure."

"Say, that a car is involved. The street, where the music school and the bus stop is, leads in both directions to a large crossroad with traffic surveillance. The police checked all cars who crossed the intersections during the time in question. No suspicious car so far, but in the case that the car turned into a side street? Then suddenly many possibilities pop up regarding the way of the car - a very difficult situation at the moment."

"Is this the moment, when you tell us that it can take a very long time, till we can hope for results - if ever?"

"The problem is, that tomorrow everything can find its solution, maybe never. It would make no sense to tell you something different."

"You said, "if" you work for us? I thought you would do so?"

"For me it's important that you see that the police does everything they can. I have limited options, I can support the police with my work, but I can promise you nothing."

"We understand this, it wouldn't be helpful for us, would you create castles in the air. We have to accept that our daughter probably became the victim of a crime - if not more."

"The problem for everyone is, that you not even can say this. At the moment we all are clueless."

"Would you work for us?"

"I have two.....wishes. First, don't give up! Most probably is will take a long time. Second, you both are responsible for nothing! Whatever happened, it was not your fault! You both are not to blame! If it was a crime, you know who is responsible and to blame?"

"The offender?"

"Yes, without a question mark! Don't start to search for your responsibility, there is none! You did nothing wrong! Maybe with our society, our country, some people, something is wrong - but you did nothing wrong!"

"But the grief and pain?"

"Express your pain and your grief! Talk with friends and neighbors about it, there's nothing to hide! Your daughter's destiny is unclear - who would not suffer in such a moment? Don't suppress your feelings, this are noble feelings, this are important feelings."

"Will you work for us?"

"Sure I will!"

## **New Year's Eve**

I sat in my condo, no TV today, would be too much for me today. My head ached strongly, I was tired - was my behavior correct? The Brewsters, no good time for them - still time for Sarah? Was it okay what I said to them? Was it only unctuous talking? What should I have told them? Hey, I'm the private dick! When ever you need help, I'm here for you! Your daughter is missing? - No problem! I will find her, I will bring her back home - unharmed, of course! She will fall in love with

me, but I would know that this would be only the puppy love of a young girl, while she would look in the eyes of the man who would have saved her life! Cool, doubtful whether she still lives at all, like Tammy? Bringing back a dead daughter again? You've nothing to lose, when you know that you will lose in any case.....

I switched on the TV, zapped around and.....Ladies and Gentleman, The Rolling Stones playing: Sympathy For The Devil! Was never the biggest fan of them, but at least some of their songs were icons - this was one of these. Already the beginning, the drums, the vibrating, the piano - and yes, also the lyrics and the voice of Mick Jagger. But be honest, the song begins as such in the moment, when the guitar playing starts, not to talk about the final. Who's the coolest? Well.....Jump?

I decided to watch some footage on YouTube - yeah, an outstanding song with some good questions and some good answers, a very up to date song! Today you had not to ask about his name, and not about the place where you could find him.....courtesy? Yeah, have sympathy with him and fuck him, this man of wealth and taste.....

The two other songs? Well, Under My Thumb - it's the vibration, I like the xylophone, for me a wonderful pearl in an endless ocean! And of course: Give Me Shelter! What one should say - the guitar? The intro is simply not from this planet and always the same feeling - why he starts therewith to sing? But okay, drown in the guitar, a song to listen to for hours, to forget the things around you - *Rape, murder! / It's just a shot away.....*

## **New Year's Day**

"One of your fantastic Home Old Fashioned, please."

I sat in the bar, kindly he had open the bar today, and I looked forward to my nice mix of whiskey and orange.

"Here you are, Pete. The first cocktail of the year comes on the house - enjoy it!"

"Very kind, Jack! You know how to pamper your regular customers."

"Sure, it's my business. I think it's too early to ask about the Brewsters?"

"Sure, no new information. We have to be patient - easy to say when it's not your daughter."

"I've also no children like you, but I would run mad in such a situation."

"It's hard to imagine what it means for such a couple.....the first Christmas, the first Happy New Year - without her? I wish you a Happy New Year - yeah, at least the liquor store would have a new best customer."

"Hey, you would go to the liquor store?"

"Your cocktails are fantastic and definitively worth their price. But as a lush, for every day? Sorry, beyond my possibilities!"

"You would get quantity discount! But seriously, do you think the Brewsters will bear this situation? Apart from the question whether her daughter is still alive or not."

"Difficult to say. I think it really depends on the development during the next weeks and maybe months."

"And if there will be no development at all?"

"It has to! It's one of this unbelievable nonsensical questions - why nobody has seen anything? Many people disappear and you get never an answer to the question: Why, what happened? It's a fucking situation!"

"The same as in the McAllister case?"

"Well.....their daughter was much younger, only nine years old. This time you still can think about the possibility that she ran away, even when it seems unlikely."

"You mean, should this case find no solution, the parents still will have the possibility to hope, to hope that their daughter is still alive."

"Yes, it's more difficult when your daughter is just nine years old."

"It's strange, again and again such cases which find no solution - okay, it's too early to say this

regarding this case, but I think you know what I mean."

"Yeah, only too good. Think about JonBenét Ramsey? Her dead body was found in the house of her parents - till today only theories, but no hard facts? You would think that this should be an easy case - and then? Sure, lies and chicaneries, but on the other side DNA samples and a strange ransom note - still today an open case. And we have nothing.....and you're not sure about whether you should see this as positive or negative."

"Yeah, this is no good beginning of the new year. A situation, when even I think about to pray, even when I think that this would be meaningless. Another one?"

"No, I have to walk around a bit."

"Would accompany you, but I have some other customers."

"It's okay, you do a lot for me. You know, what I feel?"

"I have some ideas about."

"I've seen a statistic, you also? 2017 we had again, after many many years, more dead people by gun violence then by traffic accidents. I've the feeling that everything decays."

"You have only to think about Las Vegas? Yes, I know the statistic. More than the half were suicides, but that not makes it better."

"Definitively not! Even when you subtract the suicides, we have a gun death rate of nearly 5! Normal European countries have gun death rates around 0.2 till 0.5 - with suicides! This is devastating! Sorry, but I need some fresh air....."

I started to walk around the streets, so much contrary developments at the moment. The whole world laughed about us, because of our wonderful president. But on the other hand so much new, young and forward pressing new faces appeared in policy. But the next two years? Get rid of this fucking president - and then? Mike Pence? The choice between the devil and the deep blue sea, between the rock and the hard place - that we have had yesterday? But what should went wrong? That the democrats back the wrong horse again? If this should be, then this country will perish - without style! Again street fighting? Maybe sometimes you have to, maybe the democrats have learned their lesson, maybe this all makes no sense.

And Sarah? Maybe it would be time to pray, even as a nonbeliever.....

## A New Case

The phone rang, the ringtone of the call forwarding - I lay in my bed. I had no plans for today, no appointments, no reason to hurry up. But someone, a potential client, called me - I took the phone.

"Agency Maurer, private investigations. What can I do for you?"

"Yes, it's me personally."

"No, my regular office times are mainly in the afternoon. The mornings, and nights, I need mostly for my investigations."

"Yes, we can settle an appointment for the afternoon. Would be 4pm good for you?"

"Fine, then we will meet at 4pm."

I looked at the clock - 11am, a lot of time, no reason to hurry up. I had not asked about his concern, but mostly it was unpleasant for the people, to talk about their concerns at the phone. Therefore.....I would come to know it later. The Brewster case? The time of waiting had begun. The difficult time had begun, the difficult time for the Brewsters. For me the normality had begun again. Waiting for new cases, waiting that, maybe, a new development in the Brewster case would happen. I was on the happy and easy side.

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3:45pm and I sat in my office. The coffee was brewed, hot water was prepared, mineral water and juice waited in the fridge. It would do me good to have a new, another, case - aside from the fact that I had to earn money. I thought about what it would be - the glamorous side of private investigations? Most cases were standard cases, nothing for the big screen. But who would be interested in them? Who would be interested in the daily life stuff? The outside door became opened, as the sign recommended: Peter Maurer / Private Investigator / Please Step In.

In case that somebody opened the outside door? A short buzzer sound was to hear in the office then. I stood up to open the between door, to greet my guest in the waiting area - and was somewhat surprised! I had awaited one person, a male voice? But instead of one male, five persons entered my office - two men and three women. Two of them were Afro-Americans, one Latina and two Asian-American - I had not enough chairs in my office! But that was no problem at all. We took the chairs from the waiting room and everyone got a seat.

"Sorry, that I not said that I will not come alone. But it was not certain, who will come with me. But I should have warn you."

"No problem at all. We all have a chair to sit on - what can I offer you for drinking? I've coffee, tea, mineral water and various juices?"

After everyone had something to drink, I started with the conversation.

"What can I do for you, Mr.....sorry, I've forgotten your name."

"I'm not sure whether I told you my name at the phone or not.....it's a bit a delicate subject."

"Mr.....?"

"Oh, sorry! I'm Mr. Johnson and this is Mr. Chang. Mrs. Chang, Mrs. Turner and Mrs. Martinez."

"Don't be shy, what's said in this room, will stay in this room."

"Yes, we have heard that you're a trustworthy person - and a person who's not interested in the appearance of someone."

"I guess we not talk about clothes?"

"No, definitively not about clothes."

"And what else does you have heard about me?"

"That you're affordable?"

"Well, clients who can give more, give more. And clients who can not give that much, give less. But so far every client has paid me."

"I fear we have no real financial scope."

"As long as you pay me, I see no real problem at all. What can I do for you?"

"The police is involved....."

"The police as such?"

"No, not as such - we come from the neighborhood around 25<sup>th</sup> and Main."

25<sup>th</sup> and Main - not the part of the city were you live, because you wanna live there. Poverty and one of the highest death rates by gun violence in the whole country - a devastating combination.....

"Take a deep breath and say what you have to say. You know that I have connections to the police?"

"Yes. But it's said also, that you have still connections to the ordinary people - and that you judge people by their doing, not by their social status or skin color."

"Say it right out, don't hesitate."

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"You know, we have a lot of problems in our neighborhood, but we don't need anymore of them. Two new young police officers patrol often in our neighborhood, since two or three months now. Don't understand me wrong, please, it's good for us that the police shows up. We're not interested in the 70s, 80s or 90s anymore! Every day we had dead people in our streets - today....."

"Today we have a murder every twenty hours - refereed to the whole city. One could call this progress."

"And we know that our neighborhood contributes its share to this statistic - and not only to this one."

But nevertheless, it got better over the years, even when it's still bad. We try and do our best....."

".....sorry therefore that I interrupt you. You maybe know that I also stay in your neighborhood from time to time. I know that you try hard to change the things for the better. And how much everything has changed! In my youth? It would have been my death sentence, to come up with the idea to walk around in your neighborhood. Today I can do it - at least at daytime. And in the major streets even in nighttime. Can we return to the two young police officers?"

"Yes of course, sorry."

"You not have to apologize, for nothing."

"Well, some have other ideas, especially again today - the police officers! Yes.....we think that they try to provoke us, especially younger people."

"What do you mean with this?"

"They behave sometimes like hooligans, like a person who seek after quarrel."

"Okay, but we live today. We all have smartphones with cameras - why not recording them? You could go to the police with the footage, to the local media, or you could post it on YouTube?"

"Sounds good, but have I to say it? We tried. But they became aware of it and threatened us that they would lock us up, because it wouldn't be allowed to film them."

"Okay, what would you expect of me?"

"You have connections to the police, maybe you can use them for us."

"I need evidence first....."

"We can try it again."

"No, no! It's too dangerous for you and your people. I have to do it, I'm the private investigator! Do they have their routines? Times, routes, places?"

"No, not really. Mostly they drive around and look for their opportunities."

"Then we try the following. When they are on their patrol in your neighborhood the next time, you call me. I will come then and will observe them. This will maybe not function right away at the first time, but....I have to see them, their behavior - I have to get an idea of the situation."

"This will be all?"

"I have to have something on them, before I can act - something that's unambiguous. A distinct situation, caused by them. Maybe I will need some time. Very important would be that nobody will respond to their provocations - would this be possible?"

"We can do our best and talk with the people."

"But very important is that you not mention me."

"Yes."

"I will spend some time tomorrow in your neighborhood. Can you recommend me a good restaurant?"

"'Good' is relative....."

"Well.....I think.....I would prefer soul food tomorrow - any recommendations?"

"I own a restaurant.....?"

"Fantastic! Then I will walk around a bit in the morning, and later we can talk in your restaurant, without attracting attention. Maybe we're lucky and also they will appear - maybe not."

"Your payment?"

"First I wanna see what I can do for you. Then I have to be successful. After that we can talk about the payment."

"But as we said, when it would need a longer time, we have no big financial scope."

"As I said, everybody payed me so far....."

### **Not The Best Neighborhood**

I looked down the avenue, the large construction area, the new metro line. Not the best moment for the people who lived here, especially for the shops and restaurants. They feared, that they would have to go out of business, before the metro would be ready. Sure, the metro line would bring new

life into this area, but in the meantime? All the businesses around this area complained about a decline in sales, and the shutdown made it even worse. Many people in this area needed social aid, food stamps and more to pull through - and now? Public offices and institutions were closed, thanks to our fucking asshole president! But this affected the poor the most - and the businesses where the poor bought their stuff. Not enough with the problems caused by the construction of the metro, now less and lesser people had money or food stamps to buy things. Bad for the people, bad for the businesses - but as said, this affected the poor people, so.....

Garbage on the streets, homeless people staring at the streets, I felt like an alien. My clothes were new, I had enough money to buy the things I needed, I could even save money. I had a job, I had a perspective! Most people here had no perspective, especially the youth. What perspective they should have? Bad education led to bad jobs, if any. The feeling, the certainty, that nobody cares for you - especially the politicians. Billions to give the rich, billions for a fucking wall, but nothing for health care and supporting the poor. Nothing to improve the education system, not in such areas, not for the "normal" people! I always wondered about, why they accepted this - only sometimes violence erupted. No, I not argued in favor of violence, I simply could not understand, why they accepted it - staring at the streets.

Rob all hope of the people, let them no hope, no perspective - nothing to lose anymore. No, that not meant freedom, that meant burning blocks, death and violence. A problem? Why? As long as they burned down their own blocks, as long as they killed themselves, as long as "we" had the national guard?

Only a few decades ago, in this neighborhood only Afro-Americans lived. But then the Latinos came, even some Asian-Americans. And during the last years more and more white middle-class families, who no longer could afford the rents in the "better" quarters. Today this was a very heterogeneous area, an area on the move, not everyone was happy about it. Especially the older population, the long-time residents, feared about their future. The rents started to rise, more money in the area. That caused, that this area became more and more interesting for investors. Time for the homeless and the poorest to look for another place.....

And the solution for that? There would be no solution, history would taken place, the poorest will be the losers, as always. I decided that this was enough for now and entered Mr. Johnson's restaurant. He stood behind a counter, some guests were there. They looked at me, knowing that I was not one of them. I decided that it would be stupid, to act as if I wouldn't know Mr. Johnson.

"Mr. Johnson."

"Mr. Maurer. Should we talk that openly?"

"I think that will make no difference at all."

I looked at the other guests.

"Yes. You not look like, as if you were from this neighborhood. Hungry?"

"Not that much. Lunch time is not so much my time, I'm more the man for dinner. Something with chicken and vegetables? Not too hot, not for lunch."

"I arrange you a plate if you like. A beverage?"

"A coffee, thanks."

I sat down at a free table and after a very short time Mr. Johnson served me a plate with roasted chicken, a mix of vegetables, mashed potatoes and gravy.

"I hope you will like it - it's soul food. Not everyone's taste."

I knew what he meant with that. This was a place, where you could stave off your hunger on the cheap. But that not had to mean, that this not could be tasty.

"Looks like housemade."

"Sure, everything is housemade. My wife runs the kitchen, she never would accept anything else then housemade soul food!"

"And it smells very good - well, sometimes hunger comes while eating."

"We have also very good sweets - but now I will no longer keep you up from eating."

He returned behind the counter and I started with my meal. Well, the gravy was very rich, but tasteful. As he said, everything was housemade, and obviously his wife was a very good cook. The chicken was very well flavored and roasted, and the vegetable was, of course, cooked from fresh vegetable. I enjoyed the dish!

"Wow, your plate is empty."

"Yes, it all was very tasty. Well, the gravy. A bit too much and a bit too rich for my taste, but also very tasty."

"Something sweet?"

"Not now. Can we talk?"

"Yes, here?"

"Yes. It will be no problem that the people see us."

"Okay, another coffee?"

"Yes."

He brought me my new coffee and took seat at the table - also with a cup of coffee.

"You walked around?"

"Yes. As I said, I was here already before. But it's important for me to get impressions about a place. I've a question."

"Okay."

"The businesses around here, do they have no video surveillance?"

"Some none, some have fake cameras - only a very few have a real one."

"And I think that the police officers know, which camera is a fake and which not?"

"Of course."

"So, this is no way....."

"No."

"I have changed my plans. We have to set a trap for them."

"Okay?"

"Are there places - I mean businesses - where they are more often?"

"Yes.....I think so. I would have to ask around a bit. But for instance, at the grocery down the street they are regularly."

"And I guess that they have no video surveillance."

"A faked one."

"That's cool. We need some places with faked video surveillance. Then we will replace with working ones. Then we have to wait."

"Well, no bad idea at all, but....."

"I will be there also."

"But how this should function? You can not be everywhere all the time? This would be a fluke, when you would be in, when they provoke someone."

"Depends on the direction."

"I don't understand?"

"They will act inappropriate and we have the footage. In the best way, we have at least two or three incidents. The last time, I will be also an eye witness."

"You mean you will lie? They will simply say, that you weren't there."

"But we will have footage, that shows that I came in before them, and that I left the shop after them. I will say, that I not interfered because, I had doubts about the situation. Later I had a talk with you. Some time before, I discovered your restaurant and I liked the food very much. You told me, that this police officers do this more often. Well, I'm a private detective! I discovered, that footage exists about this incident, of which I'm an eye witness, but also from other incidents, that happened before. That's it."

"The footage where you've entered and left the shop?"

"Modern times?"

"You will fake this? When this comes to light?"



"This will be no big deal. At least not, when the police is wise. I will go to the police and talk with them. They will not examine the footage in a strict manner."

"What about when they will not be wise?"

"Apart from that, that everything will depend on what misbehavior we can prove with our footage - the press?"

"And then?"

"Let us begin first of all. We need a list of businesses who come into question. Then we have to replace the faked video surveillance with real ones. This has to happen unobtrusive. Do you think this will be possible?"

"I think so!"

"Then we have to wait. We need good footage - it has to be more, than only two unfriendly police officers! After this I can interfere."

"Okay, I've understood my homework. And.....about what we have talked today?"

"About your fantastic dishes, that this will be not my last time here, that I have to have something sweet now."

"My wife's apple pie is very famous by the people around here."

"With whipped creme, please....."

## Bar Talk

"Hello Jack, kinda empty today? Or I'm too early?"

"Hi Peter. Thanks to our wonderful president. You know that I've a lot of customers from the public institutions, which are around here. Some are completely closed. And to get a pay check with a zero on it? They are not interested in my cocktails at the moment - especially not in mine."

"Maybe you should serve cheap hooch?"

"Maybe I should close doors till this shit has stopped."

"Well, would be interesting then: Who will have more staying power? The jerk in the House, the democrats or Jack? I bet my money on Jack."

"And without Jack?"

"I hope he will declare a national emergency."

"Why?"

"They would fuck him then."

"Who's "they"?"

"The people on the streets, the democrats, the Supreme Court for instance."

"Are you sure?"

"If not, then we deserve him the whole eight years!"

"Mitch McConnell is the filthy pig! One word from him and the haunting would be over."

"Do you really think that this bootlicker would embarrass his master?"

"No, and I hope he will pay the price therefor one day. Hundred thousands of people with no wage, only because this sucker cries like a baby!"

"Yeah, he wants his lolly - unbelievable how many have to suffer because of this relentless asshole. His narcissism is more important then the finances of our nation and the welfare of our inhabitants - you have to set priorities!"

"By the way, what can I do for you?"

"Don't know? Can you make me something with power in it?"

"Sure."

I looked at the door, but.....

"You not give up?"

"One day.....what's this?"

"Try it."

"Okay.....okay, not bad.....not to say that it's fucking good, but.....?"

"I think it's better for you when you go without alcohol tonight."

"You're a real friend - what's the name of this one?"

"Jack's Special - only for the closest friends....."

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I wasn't sure about, whether he fooled me with his "Jack's Special" or not. It was the first time that I saw this cocktail here, that I saw this cocktail at all. Coconut milk, he knew that I loved coconut milk, but then it became difficult. Bitter? Juices? Lime? Cane sugar? Every sip tasted different - a fantastic creation without alcohol. And of course the better choice – it was good to have friends.

I had watched the news before I decided to spend the evening in the bar. Better, the news had been the reason therefore that I decided for the bar. Affected people talked about their problems, how to deal with the situation. Loans had to be paid, some lived from their savings now, others not knew how they should handle the situation. And one of this conservative assholes babbled in TV about the cool situation for them - they could make vacation now! What a fucking asshole! That was too much for me and I decided to go to the bar - now sitting there with my wonderful non-alcoholic cocktail. I wasn't sure, but I had saw a movie about the eve of the French revolution once - I could find parallels. But maybe I was too optimistic - 80 percent of the republicans were for the wall? 5.7 billion dollar for a shit and our infrastructure, as an example, was in a pitiful state? Billions and billions tax break and a civil servant had no idea about, how he should pay the next installment for his loan. The decay of a nation caused by the greed of a few - this could not meant seriously!

"Another one?"

"Yeah, what's in it?"

"It's a secret."

"Never saw that you've made one of these?"

"Sure, that was my first one."

### **A Hint?**

Sitting in a restaurant for a quick lunch, I got a phone call:

"Peter Maurer, private investigations. Mr. Maurer at the phone."

"It's me, Benjamin. Have heard nothing from you anymore."

"Not that I would not tell you everything, it's simply that I have nothing to tell. Makes it not better, to talk with the Brewsters from time to time."

"Yeah, but maybe I can give you an update. But to say it plainly, no real hint. We have talked about the people from her school, as you maybe can remember. We did some background checks."

"And?"

"Nothing substantial. We found a teacher and a few students with some "history", but nothing that would lead to Sarah. The teacher has an alibi. On the other hand we got some information from some female students, that some male students would not behave always as they should. I say this in this way, because the information is still vague at the moment. But I thought that you should know this."

"Thanks Benjamin. I will inform you when I have something."

"Then bye for now, Peter. Hopefully we will find something soon."

"Would be good. Bye, Benjamin."

Yeah, still nothing in hand. I hoped that Mr. Johnson would give me a call, at the moment no progress at all. Not in the one case, not in the other case. But that was a part of the game.

Sometimes you had to be patient - yeah, have patience. Maybe your daughter still lives, maybe not. I had talked the last time with the Brewsters four days ago - could wait some days till I would have to call them again, to say them once more, that there was no new development. Maybe - definitively - Benjamin would give them the information that he had given me, but that was also not much. Such cases were always a burden - I could not imagine to work in a corresponding police department. All the time such cases, no surprise when they were burned-out after some years. And thanks to our fucking president, now without salary - what a shit was that!

I had no distinct plans for the afternoon and the evening, therefore I decided to walk around a bit - maybe in the area around 25<sup>th</sup> and Main.....

## **The Normality of Life**

No developments in the Brewster case and with Mr. Johnson I had an appointment for tomorrow. Therefore it fitted very well that I had got a request for a new job - defamation! Sounded very interesting, obviously related to a dispute with a neighbor. Everything was prepared and I waited for Ms. Palmer, who was very punctual. Five minutes before the appointed time she opened the front door. I stood up, to welcome her in the waiting room.

"Ms. Palmer, nice to meet you. I'm Mr. Maurer. Can I attend you to my office?"

"Yes, thank you."

I offered her a seat.

"Something to drink? Coffee, tee, a juice or mineral water?"

"An orange juice?"

"With pleasure. Can you tell me more about your problem?"

"Well, it's a bit delicate. I'm not sure about which is the best way to start. I've problems with my neighbor, and now there are rumors about me in circulation? I think both is related, but I cannot proof it."

"Let's start with the problems with your neighbor."

"I'm a single woman and I live in a suburban area. My neighbor thinks that I'm a bit too loud - therewith its started. Well, as I said, I'm a single woman, I have no committed relationship."

"Let's name it "male acquaintances"?"

"Well, someone has spread the rumor that I would take money from men."

"That you would work as a prostitute?"

"Somewhat more indefinite. More in the way, that I would be a slut, that I get kept by men."

"Only that I have a background. You have varying partners?"

"As I said, I have no committed relationship. I like it to have some fun at the weekends, but I take no money and I'm no slut."

"You have a job?"

"Yes, of course! I work full-time in an office. I have a good income, I need no extra money."

"So you think it started therewith, that your neighbor was upset about you, because he thinks you're too loud? And now he started therewith, to spread rumors about you, to get rid of you?"

"Yes. He had hired a private detective to proof that I'm too loud."

"And the result?"

"Nothing. Everything I do is within the limits of statutory regulations. I even came towards him! Maybe I should say that weekdays, after work, I enjoy the silence of the suburban area. But is it too much, to have at some, not every, weekends some fun, at the normal times. Maybe a BBQ, maybe sitting in the garden with music. But he wishes absolute silence at the weekends - that's nonsense."

"And the other neighbors?"

"They have - should I say had - no problems with me. But now, the rumors?"

"What would you expect from me?"

"That you can prove that he spreads this rumors, that they are wrong."

"Are you're thinking about to report him to the police?"

"This situation is no longer acceptable for me."

"Is social media involved?"

"No, the rumors pass on from mouth to mouth only. But it's obvious that he's the source."

"Okay. I have to tell you that it will be very difficult to prove that he's the source of everything. Even when you could prove that he would tell somebody rumors about you, he could simply say that he has heard them - you know, all this rumors about you which are in circulation. Can you give me information about your neighbor - family, places where I could meet him, something like this?"

"He's married, but the children are older and live no longer at home. I'm not sure where you could meet him - why?"

"The only chance I see is that I would have a conversation with him. Maybe he would incriminate himself? Maybe I will have a better idea later, but can you compile me a list of places where I could meet him? Even a supermarket, good would be a bar or something like this. A sports bar maybe - you know, a place where you drink a little bit, where you talk a little bit?"

"I understand. What about your fee?"

"Compile the list at first. I have to think about it. Then I will make you a proposal about my next step. You can hire me then or not. Payment after success."

"That sounds fair. Can I send you the list via e-mail?"

"Of course."

Trouble with the neighbor, a quite ordinary problem. And yet, a very difficult to solve problem. What if I could prove that he's the source of all this rumors? That not solves the problem as such - maybe it escalates it only. Should I recommend her to move to another neighborhood? But why she? Always this difficulties, when there was more than one human. The suburban life - better with a pretty family and some nice kids. Why Joan Crawford came me to mind? Blue Öyster Cult.....?

## **Soul Food**

<< son

<< list

## **Talking With The Brewsters**

<< No developments

## **A Jazzy Evening**

<< A tribute to Ray Charles

## **The normal Job**

<< list, talking  
<< police officers

## **The Man In The Bar**

<< A hint?

## **Talking With The Brewsters**

<< the new developments  
<< how to act

## **At The Police**

<< a starting point?

## **Provocation**

<< (Kishana)

## **Enough Problems Today**

<< At the police

## **Meeting The Devil's Admirer**

<< bracelet / room

## **Working Together With The Police**

<< how to act  
<< specialists

## **You're No Informant**

<< money / more information

## **At The Police**

<< talking about alternatives / still alive? / with the Brewsters

### **Catch Him If You Can**

<< decisions have to be made

### **Specialists Today**

<< IT / not my topic

<< a spoor?

### **Bar Talk**

### **A New Job**

### **Sarah's Dead**

### **New Footage**

### **Deadlock**

### **Soul Food**

### **Miss Chang**

### **Investigations**

### **A Nice Apartment**

<< advertising

### **A Job For The Police**

### **Talking With The Brewsters**

### **The Force Of Greed**