

MAGIC STORM

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Chapter 1: Cops

An adze broke the jaw in one swift crack. Another contorted one rib under another. The third and final attack was to the back of the skull projecting blood spatter on the sardonic smile of Sherlock Holmes. He wasn't your typical Sherlock, he was the Sherlock without Dr. Watson. He was the coked out, eccentric and lost Sherlock. He slowly removed the organs and placed them in an icebox.

His hands shook with fear because when he looked down at them he couldn't believe they were his own. Distractions had him lost in a maze within his own mind. As soon as he gathered enough thought it was burned with another noise. Confined to his own prison, he continued because he had too. He placed the body in the crate and went back to his desk. A desk full of horror- that in which a pile of notes, a pile of research and a pile of demented thoughts scattered about. He wished he could get the deed done with proficiency, with a little bit of dignity, but it was all driven with the voice inside his head. A voice that was never consistent. A voice that if listened to closely would drive any person insane. This was his voice of reason, and this was his Sherlock Holmes. A smart and lost detective, one of the most dangerous there are. He was without guidance and without guidance his eccentricities took over, according to his chart.

He grinned his teeth and tasted blood as the sockets began to loosen. His blurred vision was not only because of his delusions but because of his malnutrition. His lungs stung with a yearning of nicotine and his breath was that of stale coffee and liquor. He began to understand it was time to call a Doctor- Watson, but there were none on his list. He panicked scrummaging through bloody papers and disorganizing the disorganized until he gave up and picked

up the bottle once again.

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The vultures picked away at the dead armadillo corpse outside the auditorium. They flew together and circled above in the frivolously showering skies. The sub-tropic temperature still lingering from the previous months seemed it would never go away.

Each drop fell evenly cut through the rays of sun. The brick walls were cracked, missing the genuine treatment it had decades ago. It stood tall though, with a plethora of loose screws, decaying elements and crevices yet still holding each piece to its architectural integrity. Within sat the naive graduating class anxious for their first coffee pouring job in the police force. As he stared blankly at the young group who were so eager to be in the police force but have not even been there more than breakfast, Deacon coughed into the open microphone.

"Uh, hmm," Deacon said.

He stood there with his Police Academy sweatshirt on. His eyes scanned the audience looking for the next candidate to actually make it, a cop, a detective, a homicide clean up crew member or even the tacky and overrated profession of a criminal scene investigator. Deacon frowned and slowly began to speak.

"It's a pleasant day here in central Florida. Nice breeze, a little cloudy, humid and sunny. You never know if it's going to rain because the meteorologist cannot predict sudden showers like the ones in Florida. Even the best mathematician would consider 50:50 odds every day here." The crowd looked back unamused. "As I speak I think about what is ahead of me, what time and effort or mountains I have to climb in order to make chief of OCPD. I am humble

and confident and you will enjoy my insight. I live in a condo where my pet dog Rocky loves to destroy anything new, if you know what I mean.

Deacon sighed and looked at the students in front of him. They were eager and so naive, seeking a job in the corrections field.

"What do I tell you? What did I do to make it this far? I don't want to discourage - I HAVE to motivate! So, maybe I just give you the harsh truth that you put your life on the line for a month to month paycheck. But if you're an adrenaline junkie like me- then you should know that this is a very structured job. Let me tell you something though, most of us in the police force are not seeking danger and publicity- a lot of us are nerds. Nerds that know about guns, protective gear, police history, and a lot about court cases and current events. Do you think cops out there are running aimlessly without an objective? You may be surprised that cops need to know things in order to be out serving the cities defenses. You'll learn, and you'll find out if this is for you- don't expect to like this job if your parents were cops- just try- give a lot of effort and don't let anyone tell you different because if they discourage you- then they don't understand what it is to be a cop! You may catch a perpetrator who is so demented you can be scared for life. You may even be stalked for life, for that matter. I better not make any little fucks piss on the auditorium, so I'll be nice.

"I know it takes a lot to get a degree but it starts after that degree. I know you don't want to hear that but it's true. So use every bit of time in college to help you on your way. Make sure this is something you want to do, and internships is what helped me know this is the job for me. I haven't even started my job with the Orlando police department and I already feel like I know the ins and outs of police duty. Let me tell you something, you guys haven't even been here since breakfast. Anyone in here needs to know when you leave this school, you don't know shit. "

Deacon stepped down and Professor James began to clap

followed by three of four students in the auditorium.

The class applauded only because of common courtesy, it was beyond a short speech, it didn't really improve their motivation, and it left most of the students geared up for new tasks and research. This was the last assignment towards his degree...he could not believe it was finally over: every semester, every week, hour, minute of his life now back in his hands and ready for the first day on the job. Deacon smiled and spoke to Professor James a bit before leaving his graduating xclass and walked to his car and drove home.

The microwave beeped and Deacon walked down the stairs to the kitchen for his dinner. He threw a piece of chicken to his best friend Rocky, a powerful and courageous Siberian Husky. They scurried up to his room, he knew it was time to grow up if he hadn't already been in the process.

He continued dwelling on the past, which was Deacons favorite game to play growing up- think about his past while it crippled his present and future. Deacon stepped up from his desk and looked out the window only to see a couple of squirrels on the huge tree blocking his view of the roads. He remembered he promised Benson he'd be at the Magic game. It was time, it was the Orlando Magic game at the Amway Center in downtown Orlando where Benson and Amber were going at 7:30.

Deacon grabbed the phone and dialed..."Hello? This is Deacon...Are you ready yet?"

"Almost, I have to put away some things, talk to my probation officer and pick up some other things," Amber said.

"Do what you gotta do, but meet us at Bensons-we're taking the new Ram," Deacon said.

"Yup, I will," said Amber on her way out the door and silenced her iPhone, stepping over a bong. She put down her

Magazine and her pocket knife and put out her cigarette. She dabbed on some makeup before starting the grand marquis, grabbed her Orlando Magic Jersey from the back seat and started the radio. She pushed her foot on the pedal while adjusting the rear view mirror- she managed to multi-task.