

Twin Killing
By
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Author's Note

This is a work of fiction and in no way is intended to recreate the investigative procedures of those law enforcement agencies mentioned.

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*So Joshua smote all the country of the hills, and of the south, and of the vale, and of the springs, and all their kings: he left none remaining, but utterly destroyed all that breathed, as the LORD God of Israel commanded.
(Joshua 10:40)*

Chapter 1

Dallas, Texas – 2013

→It was hot in Dallas. Robert David Smalley had the yellow Camaro's a/c on max. All the vents were pointed at him as he cruised down South Lamar Street. He was showered, shaved and dressed for business. His sports coat lay on the passenger's side front seat. Smalley's short, dark hair showed a lot of grey in it. He brought the car to a crawl as he passed between the South Side on Lamar apartments on his right and the Dallas Police Headquarters on his left.

“They need some parking down here,” he said as his eyes searched the two sides of the street. He was past the entrance when he saw the headquarters' parking area on the the east side of the building.

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Smalley gunned the Camaro's and sprinted down a couple of blocks to Corinth. He hung a U-turn and headed back to the police parking lot. He slid the car into a parking spot near the front of the building.

Smalley got out of the car and pulling the sports coat out along behind him. He was average height with a slim build. He locked the car, slipped on the sports coat and headed to the front entrance.

Inside he took a couple of steps to get himself out of the doorway and looked around.

It was a spacious lobby that had a cramped feel to it, dark windows, dusty plants. There was a tall veneered counter along most of the right hand wall. Several police offices moved around behind it. One female office took notice of Smalley's entrance.

«This place looks more like a hotel than a police station. I wonder what's happened to the old building where Oswald was shot?»

Smalley walked over to the counter where the office stood watching him.

“May I help you sir?” she asked.

“Yes ma'am. My name is Robert David Smalley. But everyone calls me Robbie D. I need to speak to someone in Homicide.”

«Give ear to my words, O LORD, consider my meditation.

Hearken unto the voice of my cry, my King, and my God: for unto thee will I pray.

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My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O LORD; in the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee, and will look up.

For thou art not a God that hath pleasure in wickedness: neither shall evil dwell with thee.

The foolish shall not stand in thy sight: thou hatest all workers of iniquity.

Thou shalt destroy them that speak leasing: the LORD will abhor the bloody and deceitful man.

But as for me, I will come into thy house in the multitude of thy mercy: and in thy fear will I worship toward thy holy temple.

Lead me, O LORD, in thy righteousness because of mine enemies; make thy way straight before my face.

For there is no faithfulness in their mouth; their inward part is very wickedness; their throat is an open sepulchre; they flatter with their tongue.

Destroy thou them, O God; let them fall by their own counsels; cast them out in the multitude of their transgressions; for they have rebelled against thee.

But let all those that put their trust in thee rejoice: let them ever shout for joy, because thou defendest them: let them also that love thy name be joyful in thee.

For thou, LORD, wilt bless the righteous; with favour wilt thou compass him as with a shield.

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Thank you Lord. Your blessings are many.
Amen.»

Oakland, California – 2013

The land line phone began to ring. Mitchell was kicked back in his recliner watching *Law and Order, Criminal Intent*. He looked over at the phone but it was too far away to see the caller id.

“Probably a damn telemarketer.” His eyes went back to the TV show. The phone stopped ringing. Shortly it beeped receipt of a voice mail.

Mitchell looked at the phone. Telemarketers don't usually leave messages.

«Wonder who in the hell that is? No one calls on that line.

I'll check it when the show is over.»

Fox went to the 2 PM commercials. Mitchell grunted and kicked the recliner into it's upright position.

Mitchell pushed himself out of the deep seated chair with an effort. He had never been small and retirement had abetted his weight gain. Up on his feet he buttoned his “house” slacks, pulled the white tee shirt down over his stomach. He walked over to the phone, picked it up and checked the caller id.

“Area code 214. Where the hell is that?”

«Ah, that's right, that's Dallas.»

Mitchell checked the voice mail.

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“This is Detective Luis Escobar with the Dallas, Texas homicide unit. I am trying to reach Detective Wayne Mitchell who was with the Oakland Police force. They gave me this number. Please give me a call as it is important that I find Detective Mitchell.” The voice mail finished with Escobar's direct number.

«That would be Lieutenant Wayne Mitchell, Retired, Detective Escobar. What the hell is so important?»

Mitchell found a pen and paper then replayed the message, writing down the phone number.

«It's after two here, that makes it after four in Dallas. I'll call him in the morning. You'd think they'd have a toll free number.»

When the phone rang again Mitchell was watching an episode of *Walker, Texas Ranger* waiting for the 5 PM airing of *Law and Order, Criminal Intent*.

“Two phone calls in one day,” he said pushing himself up and out of the recliner. “Busy day.” He moved fast enough to get to the phone on the third ring.

“Hmm.”

«Dallas cops again.»

Mitchell picked up the phone and answered, “This is Mitchell.”

“Detective Wayne Mitchell?” a slightly Latino sounding voice asked.

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“No. This is Lieutenant Wayne Mitchell, Retired,” Mitchell replied matter-of-factly .

“I'm sorry Lieutenant. My name is Detective Escobar, Luis Escobar. I'm with the Dallas, TX Homicide Unit. How are you this evening?”

“I'm fine Detective,” Mitchell answered. “They paying overtime in Dallas these days?” he asked.

Escobar laughed. “No sir. Actually I'm driving home right now.

Mitchell stood up a little straighter.

«A cop working on his own time?»

“What can I do for you Detective?”

“Lieutenant, I want you to know that I'm talking above my pay grade right now.”

«Shit.»

“We're holding a guy named Robert David Smalley. Ever heard of him or maybe Robbie D.?”

“No. Why?”

“He's the one that gave us your name,” Escobar explained. “It's taken awhile to find you.”

“I'm in the book,” Mitchell answered. “If they still have a book.”

“Yes, sir,” Escobar agreed. “But it still took me a while.”

“You got me now Detective. What can I do for you you?”

“Well this Robert David Smalley guy walked into headquarters two days ago and asked to talk to someone in homicide. I catch the call and take the

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elevator down to the lobby to talk to him. I just want to get rid of him so I can go back to work. Then he confesses to a double homicide.” Escobar pauses for Mitchell to comment.

«Jesus. What's this got to do with me?»

When Mitchell doesn't comment Escobar continues “So I figure the guy is crazy.

I get a uniform to roll on the location Smalley gave me and I take him upstairs.”

“And?” Mitchell asked quietly.

“The uniform finds two bodies in the house,” Escobar says, “with their heads, hands and feet cut off. The body parts are still missing.

I ask this guy what the hell did he do? He says I should call you. My boss says screw that. The collar is ours.

Well, for the past two days he says he'll only talk to you. He don't ask for a lawyer or anything. He just wants to talk to you. So I call you on my personal phone, and you don't know this guy?”←

—The screen door flew open and a heavy set man in a brown suit ran out. The door banged back against the house, rebounded and slammed shut as he raced across the backyard.

The yard was small, more dirt than grass enclosed by a board fence. The man reached the far left corner of the yard, bent over, and vomited. He vomited again, then again.

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A couple of uniformed patrolman stood at the right rear corner of the house.

“I hope there's no evidence under that.”

His partner added, “I'm not going to look there.”

They both laughed.

The first uniform called out, “You alright there Detective?”

The man in the suit straightened up and pulled a handkerchief out of his back pocket and wiped his mouth. He spit and wiped his mouth again.

Mitchell turned around and answered, “I'm fine.” He headed back across the yard to the house.

He stopped on the porch, took a deep breath, opened the screen door and went inside.

The house had been closed up for several days. The air was rancid.

The kitchen floor was covered in blood. The walls were streaked with blood. The ceiling was splattered with blood. The blood was mostly dry except on the floor where it was thick and syrupy.

She lay on the floor. Her body was unclothed. It was missing its head. Her hands and feet were also gone.

Flashbulbs popped. The police photographer moved cautiously around catching every angle of the body, the kitchen and the bloody Converse All Stars shoe prints on the floor.

Two assistants from the morgue stood watch over the body. The coroner moved in and crouched

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down. Opposite from the coroner, Mitchell's superior stood stoically taking in the scene. A patrolman stood at the doorway from the kitchen into the rest of the house.

Mitchell's boss looked over at him. "You ok?"

"I'm fine, Captain," Mitchell answered.

"Let's walk around then." He turned away from the body and carefully picked his way across the bloody floor to the interior doorway. The patrolman stepped aside.

Mitchell followed behind the captain. As he entered the hardwood floored breakfast area he saw the Converse footprints leaving the kitchen. He and the captain followed them as they turned toward the hallway connecting the dining area and the two bedrooms. The footprints began to disappear in the hallway but reappeared traveling in the opposite direction from the back bedroom. A patrolman stood at the bedroom doorway.

The captain grunted at the patrolman as he passed him and entered the room. Mitchell was right behind him.

There was a dresser just inside the door. It was filled with children's clothes. A small window in the back wall looked out onto the back yard. A larger window on the side of the room looked out onto the neighbor's house. Both windows had simple white cotton drapes on them. The drapes were drawn but

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they still let in a lot of light. The cribs were on either side of the large window.

Blood had pooled beneath them both. From the Converse's tracks it looked like the killer had returned to the room after the small pools formed. Maybe to check his work before leaving the house. He had stepped into the blood then.

Like in the kitchen there was blood on the walls and on the ceiling but a lot less of it. The flies were not as bad and the smell was a little less.

The captain looked into the crib on the right. "Jesus," he swore quietly and turned to look into the crib on the left.

Mitchell moved close and looked. He focused on trying to find clues, not on the small body. He breathed softly through his mouth. He and the captain moved silently to the second crib.

The bodies in the cribs had been mutilated like the woman in the kitchen. The two boys were undressed and there did not appear to be any wounds on their bodies.

"Well?" the captain grunted at Mitchell.

"Other than the killer came back in here after being in the kitchen, I don't see anything," Mitchell answered and continued, "I didn't see any forced entry. I don't see any evidence of the weapon used. I don't see any clothes from the bodies. I don't see any body parts. And I don't see any god damn reason."

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The captain answered, “We'll get all that Mitchell. The coroner'll be able to give us a time line on the killings. That'll be a start. The bastard left evidence everywhere. We've just started looking. We'll find it. Let's finish walking the house.”

“Yes sir,” Mitchell answered and followed the captain out into the hall.

The bathroom was next in line in the hall. It was small and clean, with light blue tile.

The front bedroom was a mirror image in size and layout of the back bedroom except a double bed was against the wall under the large window. The bed was made. The clothes in the dresser were all folded and arranged. Dresses, skirts and blouses hung neatly in the closet. No blood, no bodies.

After looking around the captain asked, “Well?”

“I didn't see any evidence of a man in the bathroom,” Mitchell answered, “but both the dresser and the closet have extra space in them. It looks like someone has packed their stuff.”

“See,” the captain said, “the husband, boy friend, maybe even girl friend is missing. Could be the killer.”

“Girl friend?” Mitchell asked. “What about the two boys?”

“Maybe they are the reason for the killings,” the captain answered. “Don't discount any ideas until

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you have a reason they can't be true. Let's take a look at the living room.”

“Yes sir,” Mitchell answered and dutifully followed his boss back into the hall and into the living room.

A picture window looked out onto the street filled with police cars and neighbors. A patrolman stood outside the front door.

The small room was carpeted in a long shag that had needed raking weeks ago. A large sectional couch filled the area and faced a Zenith console center that sat against the wall separating the living room from the dining room.

“Nice console,” the captain said. “Lots of knobs. Good for finger prints.”

The coroner stepped into the room.

“Well,” asked the captain.

“Too early to say anything, Frank. There are no defensive marks on the woman or the boys. Liver temp suggests they were killed more than seventy-two hours ago. I can't be more precise until I get a chance to check the exterior temps the past few days.”

“Cause of death?”

“Don't know yet, Frank. The necks are messed up so I can't be sure of strangulation on the woman until I get inside and check her closer. Without the hands and feet it's hard to tell right now if there are

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ligature marks. Let me get them downtown and do a workup. Then we'll know something.”

“I hope so,” said the captain. “Right now we don't even know their names.”—

→Mitchell cleared his throat and spoke carefully to Escobar, “We had a decapitation, dismemberment MO here in Oakland back in the early seventies. Were your vics related?”

“Like I said Lieutenant, I'm talking above my pay grade here. I can't afford to have my ass in a sling.”

“But you called me anyway.”

“Yeah, I did. The vics here were a couple of middle aged women, twin sisters living together. One of them had something terminal.” Escobar answered.

“The vics here in '72 were twin boys and their mother. The boys were fourteen months old.”

“Damn, that's sick.”

“It was,” Mitchell agreed. “It sounds like it still is.”

“You got that right,” said Escobar.

“It was also my first homicide case,” Mitchell stated.

“Christ,” Escobar swore softly.

“That's a lot of years between the two cases.”

“Which probably just means more bad shit between them,” Escobar snapped tersely.

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“Do you think your boss will let me talk to this guy now?” Mitchell asked.

“Hell if I can ask him that. I shouldn't be talking to you right now,” Escobar stated.

“Then why are we talking?”

“This Smalley guy is different. The dude is different. I think he won't talk to anyone but you, despite what my boss wants.”

Escobar was quiet, then continued, “I need to explain things to Smalley. If he wants to talk to you, if he wants us to fly you to Dallas, he has to give me something. Something worth the expense.”

Good luck with that,” said Mitchell.

“What else can I do?” asked Escobar. “My boss is a hard ass.

“Aren't they all?” said Mitchell.

“You got that right,” agreed Escobar. Then he added, “Smalley will give me something. I can feel it. He wants to talk. He wants to talk to you, really bad.”

“Well, you keep in touch,” Mitchell said.

“I will. You got my number. We'll talk again soon. I can feel it.”

Mitchell rubbed his stomach.

«I can feel it too.»

The two detectives exchanged good byes and hung up.

Mitchell set the phone down and looked at the TV set. *Criminal Intent* had started. He walked to

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his recliner and found the remote. He turned the TV off.

«I need a beer.»

He headed to the kitchen.

“Honey. Honey you need to wake up, it's bedtime.”

Mitchell opened his eyes slowly. He searched around slowly for the disturbance and finally found his wife's face. She was standing beside the recliner.

Sally Mitchell smiled and shook Mitchell's shoulder again. “Are you going to wake up?” she asked.

She was a petite woman less than half the size of her husband with blond hair in a Peter Pan cut that made her look much younger than her husband. She was dressed in a pair of red silk pajamas.

Sally shook her husband's shoulder again. “Come on sleepy, it's bedtime.”

Mitchell's mouth was dry. He swallowed trying to loosen his tongue. “Why do I need to wake up so I can go to bed?”

“Firstly, I didn't marry you so I could sleep alone,” she laughed.

“And secondly, when you sleep all night in this ratty recliner you whine about a sore back for weeks.”

“Okay, okay. I'm getting up.” Mitchell pushed the recliner into the upright position. “See, I'm getting up. And the recliner isn't ratty.”

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“I am not going to discuss the recliner,” Sally stated. “Now help me carry these beer cans to the kitchen.”

As she picked up empty cans from the coffee table she asked, “Did you drink all the beer in the frig? No wonder you were asleep.”

Mitchell pulled himself out of the recliner and stood towering over his wife.

“I think I did drink all the beer,” he answered sheepishly.

Sally turned with her hands full of cans and looked up at Mitchell.

“Are you okay? Did something happen?”

“Someone called about an old case,” Mitchell answered.

“Honey, you're retired. You're not even suppose to think about that stuff. It's done and it's over. You did what you could and now you're RETIRED. Don't let them bother you. Whatever it is, it's their problem, not yours.”

Mitchell bent down and kissed his wife on the top of her head.

“You're right, but...”

“No “buts” about it. Let's get this mess into the kitchen so we can go to bed.”

Sally turned and headed to the back of the house.

Watching her Mitchell remembered something. He asked, “How was your day? How was work?”

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Sally didn't slowdown. She said over her shoulder, "About time you asked. I'll tell you all about my day when we get upstairs. That should put you back to sleep."

Mitchell smiled as he watched his wife walk into the kitchen. Then Escobar's phone call came back. He stooped down and picked up the last two cans and followed after his wife.

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Chapter 2

→Detective Escobar entered the interrogation room. Robert D. Smalley was seated at the table dressed in an orange jumpsuit.

«LORD, my heart is not haughty, nor mine eyes lofty: neither do I exercise myself in great matters, or in things too high for me.

Surely I have behaved and quieted myself, as a child that is weaned of his mother: my soul is even as a weaned child.

Let Israel hope in the LORD from henceforth and for ever.»

Escobar sat down opposite Smalley. They each waited for the other to speak.

Finally Smalley asked, “Did you find him?”

“Yes, I found him,” Escobar answered. “He's retired but still lives in Oakland.”

Smalley grinned, “Symmetry,” and winked, “can sometimes be a beautiful thing.”

“Was it symmetry when you killed those two women?” Escobar asked.

Smalley shook his head, “I'm only talking to Mitchell, Detective.”

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Escobar launched into his spiel, “My bosses don't care what you want Smalley.”

“Robby D.,” Smalley corrected.

“Right, Robbie D.” Escobar continued, “We don't fry people here in Texas any more, we shoot 'em up. It's neater.”

Smalley nodded and grinned.

“And we have enough evidence, two victims and a confession, to kill you twice. We don't need to spend any money on anything or anyone that might clutter up our case. My boss doesn't care what you did anywhere else..”

Smalley winked and smiled. “Did you ever see the Daniel Day Lewis movie *My Left Foot*?”

“No, never heard of it. Why?” Escobar asked.

“Well, I guess you're too young. But you can see *My Left Foot*.” Smalley winked again. “And you don't have to pay for anything. Call in the FBI. Let them pay for everything.”

“We'll lose the collar,” Escobar stated. “The FBI takes over everything. My boss won't go for that.”

Smalley stopped grinning. “I won't talk to the FBI, Detective. I'm only going to talk to Mitchell.” He looked into Escobar's eyes. “You just need to set yourself up as Mitchell's handler. Let the FBI foot the bill and you manage the circus.”

“What if my boss won't call the FBI?” asked Escobar.

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“Then I'll get a lawyer and have him call the FBI. I'm sure they'll be happy to get Mitchell here so they can hear my story. They like my kind of story.”

Escobar stood up. “I'll talk to my boss.”

Smalley grinned, “Super. Thank you Detective.”

Latter that day FBI Special Agent Dale Scott stood outside Smalley's interrogation room. Scott was shorter than average. He had a small pot belly which protruded from his unbuttoned suit jacket and rendered his tie unable to stay tucked inside. His close cropped dark hair was thin in the back but not on top. He was on his phone.

“Yes, sir. We can't find any records on him, sir. No driver's license. No credit cards. No Social Security listing. The guy just seems to have dropped out of nowhere.”

Scott listened, then answered, “Yes, I believe him. He's already killed two people here and I think he is very capable of having done it before. He was very precise in his directions. He has been to the place before.”

Scott listened again.

Yes, sir. I'll get an email off to you as soon as we get off the phone.”

He listened.

“Yes, sir. I'll be waiting on your okay. Thank you, sir.”

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Scott lowered the phone from his ear and pressed the disconnect button. He checked that the call was over then said, “Asshole.” He slipped the phone into the inside pocket of his jacket and turned around to reenter the interrogation room.

Smalley was seated on the far side of the table. His manacled hands rested in his lap. Escobar was seated at one end of the table watching Smalley.

Smalley winked at Escobar when Scott walked in.

Scott crossed the short distance to the table trying to look tall. He stood with his arms crossed across his chest and stared down at Smalley.

Smalley smiled up at him.

“My boss thinks you're full of shit, Smalley,” Scott swore.

“Robby D., Special Agent. You can call me Robby D.”

Scott glared down at Smalley.

“I told him you killed two people here, why not more elsewhere. He's willing to check out your story.”

Smalley looked over at Escobar whose expression did not change.

Escobar looked up at Scott and asked, “What happens next?”

Scott turned to face Escobar.

“We're sending a forensic team out from Sacramento to canvas the area. They should get

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there early tomorrow and if this guy is telling the truth they should find something pretty fast.”

“I have no reason to lie to you Special Agent,” Smalley interjected.

Scott swiveled back to face Smalley. “Right, no reason at all, except publicity, book rights, movie rights, and whatever rights. It always comes down to the money. Even for people like you.”

«Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

But his delight is in the law of the LORD; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.

And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

The ungodly are not so: but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

For the LORD knoweth the way of the righteous: but the way of the ungodly shall perish. Amen.»

Scott pulled out the chair opposite Smalley and sat down and said, “Now let's talk some more.”

Escobar switched his eyes from Scott to Smalley.

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“Special Agent Scott,” Smalley said, “I try not to judge people but it is in our nature. I don't know you well enough to dislike you, or to like you. I'm sure you have a lot of good points. You wouldn't be in your position if you didn't do some things very well.”

Smalley smiled at Scott and continued, “But I am not going to talk to you anymore. I don't like big government and the FBI is part of one. I don't like bureaucracies and the FBI is one. People who are successful in those type situations are not people I usually like. As I said, I don't know you well enough to dislike you but I am not talking to you anymore.”

Scott's face was red as he turned to look at Escobar. Escobar shrugged his shoulders.

Scott looked back at Smalley.

“And what the hell is your plan?” Scott demanded.

Smalley sat upright, there was a gleam in his eyes. He moved his hands from his lap onto the table top and there was a clinking of metal from his restraints.

“My plan is to talk to Wayne Mitchell.”

“Who in the hell is Wayne Mitchell?” Scott demanded.

“That's who I am going to talk to,” Smalley said firmly. “You can watch through the mirror over there or you can watch the video or you can listen to

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the audio. I don't care, but I will only talk to Mitchell. Mitchell and me. That's the plan.”

Smalley leaned back in his chair and moved his hands back down to his lap.

Scott looked at Escobar and asked, “Who the hell is Wayne Mitchell?”

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Chapter 3

→It was a little after ten in the morning when the phone rang. Mitchell was sitting in the recliner drinking coffee. He had a headache but no worse than usual.

Mitchell got up and walked over to the phone. Escobar's number showed on the caller id. Mitchell turned up the volume on the recorder and waited.

“Lieutenant Mitchell, this is Detective Escobar in Dallas. Please call me. Smalley gave us what he called my left foot. And he gave us a location near the Nevada state line. We had to call in the FBI but Smalley still says he will only talk to you.”

Mitchell looked at his watch and figured the time in Dallas.

«Shit. I guess Escobar is calling on his lunch. My left foot doesn't sound good.»

Mitchell picked up the phone and pressed the call back button. He started pacing. Escobar picked up on the second ring. Mitchell didn't say hello. He asked, “What the hell does 'my left foot' mean?”

“I'll get to that,” Escobar answered.

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“OK, I can wait,” answered Mitchell and continued, “Leaving the bay area east there's one way. Where did he stop?”

“Old US 40, Donner Memorial Bridge,” Escobar answered. “But I'm getting ahead of myself. I told Smalley that my boss couldn't afford to bring you to Dallas. I told him he needed to give me something to justify the expense.

The guy winked and smiled at me. He said 'The FBI can afford it Detective. Did you ever see the Daniel Day Lewis movie *My Left Foot*?'

I told him no.

So he says, 'I guess you're too young. But you can see my left foot. That'll pull in the FBI and they can bring Mitchell here. Detective, after this tip, I'm not talking to anyone but Mitchell.'

Can you believe the guy?” Escobar asked.

“I guess that was rhetorical?” Mitchell stated. “I think you can believe everything this guy says.”

“I hope so,” said Escobar. “My boss called up the FBI and told them what we had. They wanted to talk to Smalley. He talked to them, told them to look under the Donner Memorial Bridge. And he told them when they find his package he'll only talk to you. My boss told me to find you and get you up to speed. He wants to be your friend now. He wants you to help us keep the collar.”

«Super.»

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“When will you know something?” Mitchell asked.

“Maybe this afternoon. The FBI have some forensic people on route as we speak.”

“They haven't contacted me yet, Mitchell said.

“Smalley kind of pissed the FBI agent off. He doesn't like the idea of you,” Escobar explained.

«I don't always like that idea either.»

Mitchell laughed.

“So, what are we doing?” he asked.

“We're waiting on that forensic team. When they find something the FBI will be calling you.”

“You don't have any doubts?”

“No doubts at all Lieutenant. I saw what Smalley did to those women up here. He's had practice.”

Donner Summit, California

Donner Memorial Bridge is a concrete arch span near the summit of Donner Pass in the Sierra Nevada Mountains overlooking Donner Lake. Two of the FBI's forensic team took the time to look east over the valley and take in the scenery before they slid down the bridge embankment on the southwest side. They skidded to a stop near the first support leg.

The seven team members stood around dusting themselves off and getting their bearings.

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“Well, here it is. We're suppose to look due south from this leg up under the bridge.”

“You know they rehabbed this entire bridge back in '96? And if there was anything here they would have found it then.”

“Doesn't matter. Let's get the area gridded out and get to work. The sooner we don't find anything, the sooner we go home.”

The team went to work up under the bridge putting down stakes and laying out grid lines. It was chilly in the shade under the bridge.

“Damn goose chase,” one of the men swore as he carefully lifted dirt out of his grid section with his trowel, dumped it onto a screen and sifted it quickly. On the third rake of the trowel he hit something firm but not hard like a rock.

“Oh hell,” he swore and carefully moved the dirt and fill away from the buried object.

“Hey Boss! I got something here!”

Whether it was from the construction crew in 1996 or the snow melts and wind erosion or just good timing he could already see the top of a pink Samsonite train cosmetic case buried in the ground.

«The LORD is my shepherd; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

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Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the LORD for ever. Amen.»

Smalley looked across the table at Scott and said, “You can call me Robbie D.”

“Okay, Robbie D,” Scott answered. “We kind of got off on the wrong foot last time.”

Escobar shook his head in disbelief as he watched the interview from behind the two way mirror.

Smalley looked at the mirror and winked. Scott kept talking.

“I just thought you were playing me. And now I see that you weren't, you are a very honest man. I appreciate honesty. Honesty goes a long way in making life easier for everyone.”

“Thank you Special Agent Scott. I appreciate your appreciation.”

Scott shifted his weight, looked a little sideways at Smalley. “Please call me Dale.”

“Thank you Dale.”

Scott smiled and leaned his elbows on the table. “Can you tell me about the train case?”

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“No Dale, I can't,” Smalley answered.

“But you knew where it was?”

“Yes I did, Dale.”

“Did you put it there?” Scott asked.

“Put what where?”

“The train case,” Scott answered. “Did you put the train case under the bridge.”

Smalley looked Scott in the eye and asked very seriously, “What bridge?”

“The Donner Bridge!” Scott answered angrily.

“Did you hide the case under the Donner Bridge?”

Smalley leaned back in his chair. The manacles rattled as he adjusted his hands in his lap. He looked across the table at Scott and said, “If you want to know what I did, and who, and when I did it then you need to get Mitchell in here. I'll talk to him, not to you.”

“Forensics says there were three feet in the case,” Scott said his voice raising in volume.

Smalley smiled softly and said, “Wayne Mitchell. I'll talk to Wayne Mitchell.”

Scott leaped out of his chair, shouting, “What the hell do you need this Wayne Mitchell for? Why can't you talk to me?”

“Do you have a twin brother?” Smalley asked.

The question made Scott come to a stiff attention. “No, I don't have any brothers.”

“I am sorry to hear that Dale. Mitchell had a twin brother. I like that in a person. An intimate family

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member and confidante. I think Mitchell and I have a lot in common.

Dale, I don't want to talk to Samantha Waters. I don't want to talk to Spencer Reid. I don't want to talk to any doctors. But I will talk to Wayne Mitchell.”

Scott's face was flushed a bright red. He wanted to speak but held his tongue. He spun around and walked stiffly out of the interrogation room.

Escobar watched the door close behind Scott. He looked over at Smalley. Smalley was looking right at him.

“How the hell does he do that?” Escobar swore.

Smalley smiled as if he had heard.

Scott opened the door to the viewing room and started to speak.

“Just a minute Special Agent,” Escobar said.

“Let's talk in the hall.”

Scott stepped back into the hall and Escobar followed.

“That guy gives me the creeps,” Escobar told Scott as he closed the viewing room door behind him.

The lighting was bright out in the hall. Scott's face was an unpleasant shade of red. “He just pisses me off! Thinks he knows it all. Thinks he's running the show.”

Escobar looked at Scott but didn't comment.

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“He's killed two people here in Dallas and gives us evidence of three more in California and he tells us who he'll talk to,” Scott almost shouted.

I should just let the son of a bitch die here in Texas and not let him talk to anyone else,” Scott continued angrily. “That would teach the ass hole. Let him go to his grave with his murders. He just wants everyone to made a big deal out of him. That's all any of these bastards want. They're screwed up and they just want to screw with everyone else.”

“You alright Special Agent?” Escobar asked.

“Hell yes I'm alright!” Scott swore. “Let's find this Mitchell guy. Let's see what he knows.”

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Chapter 4

→Mitchell was dressed in a brown sports coat, blue knit polo shirt, jeans and loafers. None of which looked new or fit well.

Sally stood back and looked him over, head to toe. “Honey, why don't you wear your suit? You look nice in a suit.”

Mitchell smiled at her. “My suits don't fit. The pants all cut me in two and the jackets won't button. Hell, these jeans barely button and they have elastic in them.” He rubbed his stomach. “I need to lose some weight, or go shopping.”

Sally stepped back in close. “I'll do the shopping,” she grinned. Then she lightly rubbed her right hand over his paunch. “We have a lot of money invested here. You sure you want to downsize?”

“I don't want to do anything but watch some TV,” he answered. Then he kissed her on top of her head. “And don't start something I won't have time to finish.”

Sally looked up at her husband and they kissed. When they separated she said with a broad grin, “You could take a different plane.”

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"I'm already packed and at the door," Mitchell answered.

"So?" Sally asked.

"Stop it," Mitchell laughed. "I've already called the cab and we're both too old for your nonsense."

"Nonsense. Too old," Sally repeated. "When you get back from Dallas you might just find yourself sleeping on the couch."

"What would be different about that?" Mitchell grinned.

"The couch will be in the garage," Sally stated.

"Ouch," answered Mitchell pulling his wife close to him.

"I wish you wouldn't go," she said.

Mitchell held her close. "There's some crazy guy who will only talk to me. What can I do?" he asked.

Sally looked up into her husband's face and answered, "Wanting to talk to you shows you how crazy he is."

She and Mitchell both laughed.

"I won't be gone long," he said. "Probably just a couple of days."

"Well that's too long. You're retired and I hate what police work does to you. But I can't stop you." She stepped back and asked, "Do you have your blood pressure medicine?"

"Yes Ma'am."

"Imodium? You know how restaurant food messes up you stomach."

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“I've got that too. I'm a big boy now. I can take care of myself.”

Sally began to cry.

“Honey,” Mitchell said pulling his wife close and holding her tightly. “I'm just going to Dallas for two days. Everything will be fine. I'll tell you what, you and the girls can throw away my recliner while I'm gone.”

Sally looked up, “Really?”

“No, no, no,” Mitchell said quickly. I was just joking.”

Sally looked slyly and said. “We'll see about that big guy.”

“You better not,” Mitchell started but was interrupted by a car honking.

“There's the cab. I need to go,” he said squeezing his wife tightly. “I love you,” he said and kissed her.

“I know just the chair to get,” Sally smiled. “You better hurry dear.”

Mitchell grabbed his bag and pulled open the door. “Don't you dare get rid of my chair,” he commanded.

“Call me when you land in Dallas,” Sally called after him waving, then she closed the door and dropped the smile. She did not like to watch him leave.

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“Attendants prepare for landing,” the plane's captain announced and took the plane into a deeper decent.

Mitchell sat in a window seat. He was tightly buckled up and had been during the entire flight. He watched Dallas-Ft. Worth fill his view as the plane tilted in his direction. The plane dropped quickly onto the runway, braked and veered off towards the terminal. Mitchell saw planes waiting bumper to bumper to take off and virtually the same thing in the air aligned for landings.

All around him passengers pulled out their phones and made calls to their loved ones and business contacts.

«Jesus Christ, phones.»

At the gate Mitchell sat and waited while most everyone struggled to be the first one off. He was in no hurry. It was years since he had been in a hurry.

Mitchell carried his small bag in his right hand and nodded a goodbye to the flight crew as he stepped out of the airplane onto the jetway and was struck by the Texas heat.

«What the hell am I doin' here?»

He walked a little faster to get out of the jetway and into the terminal.

Inside there were people hugging and smiling. Others standing or seated stared at every passenger entering the waiting area. Mitchell rolled his shoulders up and around to relax them and moved

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forward into the maze of greetings, looking for a pay phone.

He saw a sign with his name on it and headed toward the man holding it.

“I’m Wayne Mitchell,” he said stopping in front of the man.

The man smiled, lowered the sign and stuck out his right hand, “I’m Escobar, Dallas Homicide” he said. “This here is Special Agent Scott,” motioning to a shorter man on his right whom Mitchell had not noted.

Mitchell shifted his bag to his left hand and shook Escobar’s hand.

“Nice to meet you Detective,” he said.

«Good grip.»

“Special Agent,” he said taking Scott’s hand. It was a quick shake.

“Nice to meet you Lt. Detective,” Scott said.

“Please call me Mitchell. At least to my face,” he joked. “I’m old and retired and there’s nothing formal about me.”

Escobar laughed and Scott smiled slightly.

“Baggage pickup is this way,” Escobar said pointing to his right.

“This is all I brought,” Mitchell said motioning with his bag. “I like to travel light.”

“Well then, let’s get out of here,” Scott directed and started off with Mitchell and Escobar slightly behind him.

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“I need to find a phone and call home. Wife's orders,” Mitchell explained as they worked their way through the crowded terminal.

“You can use my cell if you want,” Escobar offered reaching inside his coat for the phone.

“If you don't mind. I appreciate it,” Mitchell stated and accepted the offered phone. He moved out of the foot traffic as he dialed. Escobar followed and Scott took note and stopped. He looked at his watch and then looked over at Mitchell.

If Mitchell saw it he didn't acknowledge it.

“Hi honey.

Yes, I landed about five minutes ago.

They sent some people to pick me up.

All I know is it's hot and I haven't even been outside yet.”

Okay, I'll call you from the hotel.

I love you too.”

Mitchell handed the phone back to Escobar saying, “I'm not sure how you turn it off.”

Escobar smiled taking the phone, checked that the call was ended and slipped it back into his jacket pocket.

“This way,” Scott instructed and took the walking lead again.

Mitchell and Escobar followed.

“You don't carry a phone?” Escobar asked.

“No. Hate 'em. Hate the whole GPS thing, instant email access, always connected. If God had

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mean us to be always connected he'd have stuck an antenna up our ass.”

Mitchell smiled then added. “When I retired I quit carrying their phone and my weapon. I travel light now.”

Escobar nodded his understanding.

Scott looked over his shoulder and said, “I’m parked out this way,” and headed to a pair of sliding doors.

Stepping outside was like stepping into a blast furnace for Mitchell.

«I wish I was home.»

“I hope the car is not too far,” he said. “I am not a young man.” Then he laughed and added, “And I am not a skinny man either.”

“We’re just up here,” Scott said pointing up a long line of cars in the parking tower.

“How do you stand this?” Mitchell asked looking at Escobar.

“You mean the heat? I guess we get use to it.”

“I don’t believe that,” Mitchell responded. “I think your brain is melted.”

Escobar smiled and answered, “Or maybe that.”

Mitchell was beginning to breath heavily when Scott pulled out his key fob. A black Ford, a couple of cars up the line responded with flashing lights and an opening trunk.

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“Toss your bag in Mitchell and we'll head to the hotel,” Scott said as he opened the door locks and walked around the end of the car to the driver's side.

«OK, Special Agent.»

“Here, let me take your bag,” offered Escobar, “and you set up front. I'll take the back seat.”

“You sure?” asked Mitchel.

“I'm sure it'll be cooler up front,” Escobar answered.

“Then I'm not arguing,” Mitchell laughed and handed his bag to Escobar.

Scott had the engine running and the AC blowing by the time Mitchel and Escobar were buckled up. Mitchell aimed the vents on his side of the car at his face.

“Texas is as hot as hell,” Scott said as he looked over his shoulder and began backing out.

“Phil Sheridan said he rather live in Hell than Texas,” Escobar said.

“Actually he said that if he owned both he'd rent out Texas and live in Hell,” Mitchell offered.

“Who in hell is Phil Sheridan?” Scott asked as he put the can into drive and headed forward.

“Someone who wasn't from Texas,” Escobar laughed.

Mitchell smiled and wiped the sweat from his forehead.

“Right,” Scott responded as he merged into traffic and picked up speed.

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The three men were silent as Scott drove aggressively in the heavy traffic. Mitchell gripped the armrest tightly and tried to not act nervous.

«This is crazy.»

“When do I get to meet Smalley?” he asked looking back to Escobar.

Scott spoke first. “I thought we'd take you over to the hotel and let you get settled in, then have some dinner and make a plan for the interrogation.”

“No offense,” Mitchell offered, “but I didn't fly half way across the US because I like hotel food. I'd like to get this started so I can get it finished.”

Scott didn't look at Mitchell as he said, “Whatever.”

“Sounds like a plan,” Escobar added with a grin. “Let me call ahead and have them get everything ready for you.”

“Great, thanks,” Mitchell replied. Then he asked Escobar, “What is this guy like?”

“He's crazy,” Scott quickly answered. “Like all these kind of guys, he thinks he's smart. But really he's just one disturbed bastard.”

Mitchell looked at Escobar.

Escobar winked his right eye. “He has gotten away with murder for over forty years if he did kill your people in Oakland. We still haven't confirmed ID's on the remains found at the bridge.”

“The remains WE found,” Scott corrected.

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“Right, Special Agent,” Escobar confirmed with another grin to Mitchell.

«Politics.»←

—Seated behind his desk the captain looked up as Mitchell entered the office. The captain cleared his throat and said, “We are shutting down the investigation on the mother and twins.”

Mitchell was stunned. “Why sir?” he asked incredulously.

“Because it's been three months and we don't have a thing.”

“But Captain.”

“What do we have Mitchell? Tell me,” the captain ordered.

“The house was owned by Gladys Davis and she had twin fourteen month old sons named Jerry and Terry. The ME says there were signs of suffocation but the cause of death was the dismemberment,” Mitchell answered.

“Right, we know who owned the house. Is that who was killed?” the captain demanded.

“Well, that's who we think they are. Who else could it be?” Mitchell demanded.

“We get paid to prove things not guess at them,” the captain commented. “We can't even find next of kin for this Gladys Davis. Where in the hell did she come from? We have no idea. We've talked to her boss and her baby sitter. They know even less about her than we do. We talked to people who ride the

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same bus as she did. Nothing. No one knows anything. She's as big a mystery as the killer.

And what do we have on him?" the captain continued.

"He wore size 10 Converse shoes," Mitchell answered.

"Right, we know what size shoe he wore. Not what size feet he has." The captain kept going. "The neighbors never saw a man coming or going out of the house. No cars ever parked outside. No parties inside the house. No idea why the woman and kids were targeted. We don't have shit Mitchell," the captain stated emphatically.

"But," Mitchell started.

"No buts Detective. You have a back log of cases waiting for you. We have to move forward on them and we can't spend all our budget on a case that is going nowhere. You have no more time to spend on this one. Do you here me?"

Mitchell didn't answer.

The captain continued. "Before you go home tonight box this thing up and get it off your desk. Do you hear me? Come in here tomorrow ready to move forward."

"But," Mitchell stammered.

"Detective, sometimes this job sucks. This is one of those times."

It was late when Mitchell stepped into the apartment. His wife Debbie was lying on the couch

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watching TV. She looked up and said, “You're late Honey, everything okay?”

“Yeah, everything is great,” Mitchell answered pulling off his jacket. He tossed it toward the small dining table on the right end of the apartment. “Just work, you know.”

Debbie stood up from the couch. She was a small, young woman with long, dark hair pulled back in a ponytail. She was barefoot, wearing one of Mitchell's shirts dress-like. In two short steps she was next to him with her arms wrapped around his waist, looking up into his face.

“Just work?” she asked standing on her tip toes so her lips could get near his.

“Yeah, just work,” he answered bending his head down to kiss her. “Sometimes you just have to move on,” he said then kissed her again.

When the kissing stopped Mitchell asked, “What's for supper?”

“I thought we could call in for a pizza,” Debbie answered. “That's okay isn't it,” she asked.

“Yeah, that's fine. Do we have some beer?”—

→Escobar ended his call and said to Mitchell, “Smalley will be ready when we get there. We're about ten minutes away. Later when you're ready we'll get something to eat and get you over to the hotel.”

“Great,” Mitchell answered. “Just like old times.”

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Scott grunted what could have been his agreement.

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Chapter 5

→Smalley was seated at the table in the interrogation room when Mitchel entered. He looked up at Mitchell.

«He looks older than I imagined. I guess he is old. I hope I don't look that old.»

Mitchell closed the door behind him and stood looking down at Smalley.

«He doesn't look crazy. You always expect them to look crazy. You expect to see eyes like Mike Shanahan's.»

“I am suppose to inform you that the FBI and Dallas Police are capturing everything that happens inside this room on video,” Mitchell said. He paused and then asked, “Why twins?”

Smalley smiled as he met Mitchell's gaze.

«Unto thee, O LORD, do I lift up my soul.

O my God, I trust in thee: let me not be ashamed, let not mine enemies triumph over me

Yea, let none that wait on thee be ashamed: let them be ashamed which transgress without cause.

Shew me thy ways, O LORD; teach me thy paths.

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Lead me in thy truth, and teach me: for thou art the God of my salvation; on thee do I wait all the day.

Remember, O LORD, thy tender mercies and thy loving kindnesses; for they have been ever of old.

Remember not the sins of my youth, nor my transgressions: according to thy mercy remember thou me for thy goodness' sake, O LORD

Good and upright is the LORD: therefore will he teach sinners in the way.

The meek will he guide in judgment: and the meek will he teach his way.

All the paths of the LORD are mercy and truth unto such as keep his covenant and his testimonies.

For thy name's sake, O LORD, pardon mine iniquity; for it is great.

What man is he that feareth the LORD? him shall he teach in the way that he shall choose.

His soul shall dwell at ease; and his seed shall inherit the earth.

The secret of the LORD is with them that fear him; and he will shew them his covenant.

Mine eyes are ever toward the LORD; for he shall pluck my feet out of the net.

Turn thee unto me, and have mercy upon me; for I am desolate and afflicted.

The troubles of my heart are enlarged: O bring thou me out of my distresses.

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Look upon mine affliction and my pain; and forgive all my sins.

Consider mine enemies; for they are many; and they hate me with cruel hatred.

O keep my soul, and deliver me: let me not be ashamed; for I put my trust in thee.

Let integrity and uprightness preserve me; for I wait on thee.

Redeem Israel, O God, out of all his troubles.»

“Thank you for asking, Detective,” Smalley answered. “God spoke to me.”

“You can call me Mitchell. I'm not a detective any longer,” Mitchell said crossing over to the table and taking a seat.

“How did God do that calling Smalley?”

Mitchell asked leaning forward, resting his elbows on the table and crossing his arms.←

—It was dark. A heavy mist hung close to the ground. The headlights of the car picked out a shimmering figure standing at the edge of the road. The figure looked, stared as the car quickly closed the distance.

Smalley felt the figure imploring him to stop the car. He watched the front fender of the car pass through the figure. He stared into imploring eyes. And then he was speeding down the highway looking into his rear view mirror.—

→“You can call me Robbie D, Detective.”

Smalley smiled. “It wasn't from a burning bush or

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through a bright, shining fish medallion. It was more of a road to Damascus moment; but it was, and is, very personal. It changed my life.”

“Like I asked, Smalley; why twins?”←

—Smalley stood looking down a long hotel corridor. The alternating left and right doors were unnumbered. There was a new smell to the corridor, a smell mixed of paint and adhesives. A door opened, and Smalley saw himself step out into the hall. Another door open and he saw himself step out into the hall. Then another door opened and another and another until the corridor was filled with Robert David Smalleys looking down the hall at Smalley. As one, they began to walk toward him.—

→Smalley smiled and said, “One night, a long time ago, God showed me that multiples of one individual was, is, an abomination. I understood then, it was my job to help mankind by ridding the world of these duplicate individuals.”

Mitchell leaned back from the table and rubbed his chin. “Why not triplets then?” he asked.

There was a metallic sound as Smalley moved his hands from his lap onto the table. “Do you know how difficult it is to find twins? Much less trips or quads or quints.”

He winked his left eye. “God can definitely be practical sometimes.”

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Mitchel didn't react to the humor. In response he said, "I don't remember anything in the Bible about twins being an abomination."

Smalley smiled. "Not everything God has ever said is in the Bible. Now is it, Detective? God is in the Bible but the Bible is not God."

When Mitchell did not quickly respond Smalley asked, "Do you read the Bible much, Detective?"

"Not much. Not in a long time," Mitchell answered.

"When did you lose God?" Smalley asked.←

—The trees at the edge of the hamlet were smoldering sticks. Mitchell felt the scorched earth up through the soles of his combat boots. He carried his M60 in a ready position covering the left flank of the squad as they moved into the hamlet. At the far end of the village an A-1 roared in, dropped its ordinance in a deafening, earth shaking thunder, leveling the last remaining hut and roared out.

The squad fanned out to the right of Mitchell into the open area and advanced through the blackened hamlet making a careful body count. Mitchell kept his focus on the potential threat along the smoking tree line on his left. He had done his share of body counts before. The Lieutenant reported twenty-two kills to battalion. No one asked if they were combatants.—

→"Can't say I ever had him," Mitchell answered.

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Smalley nodded his head as if he understood. He said, “It is a tough life out there sometimes, isn’t it?”

“Who were the victims in Oakland?” Mitchell asked.←

—It was a quiet neighborhood. Not affluent, but quiet and no dogs. It was nearly two am. A small sliver of moon was rising as Smalley walked up the silent alley carrying a small travel case. He found the gate he was looking for and stopped beside it. He took a pair of yellow Playtex gloves from his back pocket and pulled them on. He opened the gate and slipped into the backyard pulling the gate closed after him, making sure it latched. Twice during the past five days he had driven past the house in the early evening paying attention to which rooms were lit to get a feel for the floor plan.

The back screen door was unlatched, the door unlocked. He locked the door behind him and stood quietly listening, his heart pounding, and let his eyes adjust to the dark interior. Slowly he discerned that he was in the kitchen. Far to his right the faint line of a night light showed under a closed door providing him a field of depth to the house. He set the travel case down beside the door and moved cautiously toward the night light, down the hallway that should lead to the front of the house.

Smalley paused outside the door where the night light showed. He listened intently, taking deep, slow

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breaths to quiet his racing heart. He wanted to look inside the room but forced himself to move past it and on to the deeper darkness ahead that indicated the open doorway of the front bedroom.

He stopped at the doorway and placed a hand on the right door jamb to steady himself. He cocked his head slightly to the right and listened intently. His eyes peered into the dark room looking for a glint of any light to indicate the position of the bed.

She was breathing lightly. Smalley heard her and focused on the sound. Was she awake? Had she heard him? His heart pounded. It was all he could hear for seconds. Then she rolled over, snored softly and Smalley knew where she was.

She had always kept a neat house. Smalley was not afraid of stepping on something, tripping and waking her. He knew the sounds. She was fast asleep. He moved slowly toward the bed, his right arm and hand extended in front.

His knee brushed against the side of the bed and he stopped. He listened to her breathing. Looking down he could make out her form on the far side of the bed near the wall. Smalley lowered his right hand down and felt at the head of the bed for a pillow.—

→“Oakland?” Smalley asked coyly.

Mitchell leaned forward his face a bright red color. The vein at his right temple bulged. His voice

Twin Killing

croaked as he, “Yes, Oakland. You know, your three left feet. The reason I’m here.”

“Oakland,” Smalley smiled. “I read about you in the newspaper. Back when we had newspapers. I was living out west for a while, the 'Let's do it.' state. Like a lot of folks I didn't fit in very well.”

“What the hell does that have to do with anything?” Mitchell roared.

“A paper ran a story that mentioned you were a twin,” Smalley answered.

Mitchell stood up stiffly. He took hold of his chair, flipped it against the wall and walked out of the room.

Smalley watched him leave then looked over at the mirrored wall.

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Chapter 6

→Escobar and Scott moved quickly out of the observation room into the hallway. They heard the interrogation room door slam shut.

Mitchell bellowed “Who in the hell is that son of a bitch?”←

—The Dodge pickup raced down between rows of pistachio trees trying to stay ahead of the trailing cloud of dust. Wayne and Walter sat on their bottoms in the bed in opposite corners behind the cab. They were laughing. Their dad, driving the truck, was laughing.

Wayne shouted at his brother, “It's like flying!”

“What?” Walter shouted back.

“It's like flyin'!” Wayne repeated.

“What?” Walter repeated.

Walter put a hand on the edge of the truck bed and started to stand. The truck's right front tire hit a broken limb laying in the row. The truck jerked up and to the left.

Everything ran in slow motion for Wayne. Walter bounced up into the air. His hand lost its grip on the truck and he tumbled with flailing arms out of the truck.

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“Dad! Dad! Stop!” Wayne screamed. He beat on the rear glass of the cab with his fist to get his dad's attention. He saw his father's eyes in the rear view mirror. They looked up at him. There was amusement shining out of them. When their eyes met the look turned to horror.—

→“What is that sick bastard after?” Mitchell roared.

Escobar was first beside Mitchell.

“You okay man?” he asked looking Mitchell up and down with concern.

“Hell yes I'm okay!” Mitchell shouted. “Who is that son of a bitch in there?”

“All we have is the name he gave us,” Scott stated in a tone he considered soothing. “We can't find any ID on him. It's like he never existed until now. We're running his prints through every database we can find but haven't hit on anything.”

“Man, you need to sit down,” Escobar said kindly. “You look like you're getting ready to explode.”

“I am ready to explode!” Mitchell said loudly, but his volume was lower.

“What about my Oakland case? Don't they have his prints?” Mitchell demanded.

“They didn't hit when we checked the database,” Scott answered. “I've got them digging for the evidence file right now to see if there are any print

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files there. Maybe they didn't get scanned in. That was a long time ago.”

“Damn right that was a long time ago,” Mitchell swore. “We had lots of prints but no hands to check them against. That's why the bastard took their hands.”

“Let's go sit down,” Escobar suggested watching the throbbing vein on Mitchell's forehead closely.

“Let you catch your breath. Maybe call it day. What do you say?”

“Hell no,” swore Mitchell. “I'm just getting started with that son of a bitch.”

“Hey now,” Scott said stepping in closer. “We are not going to do anything stupid. Do you hear me?”

“I won't do anything stupid Special Agent,” Mitchell responded shaking his head back and forth slowly. “My brother died when we were ten. Fell out of a truck and hit his head against a tree. And that bastard in there knows about it somehow. I want to know how!”

“Nothing stupid,” Scott ordered.

“Nothin' stupid,” Mitchell answered.

“You sure you don't want to take a break?” Escobar asked.

“Detective, I'm old, fat and I have high blood pressure. But I want that son of a bitch,” Mitchell said nodding toward the interrogation room. “I am not going to cash in right now. I've waited forty

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years to get that guy.” Mitchell turned and headed for the interrogation room door. Escobar and Scott moved back to the viewing room.

Smalley stared at his hands, resting in his lap. The door opened and he looked up and watched Mitchell re-enter the room.

«Preserve me, O God: for in thee do I put my trust.

O my soul, thou hast said unto the LORD, Thou art my Lord: my goodness extendeth not to thee;

But to the saints that are in the earth, and to the excellent, in whom is all my delight.

Their sorrows shall be multiplied that hasten after another god: their drink offerings of blood will I not offer, nor take up their names into my lips.

The LORD is the portion of mine inheritance and of my cup: thou maintainest my lot.

The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage.

I will bless the LORD, who hath given me counsel: my reins also instruct me in the night seasons.

I have set the LORD always before me: because he is at my right hand, I shall not be moved.

Therefore my heart is glad, and my glory rejoiceth: my flesh also shall rest in hope.

For thou wilt not leave my soul in hell; neither wilt thou suffer thine Holy One to see corruption.

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Thou wilt shew me the path of life: in thy presence is fulness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore.»

Smalley smiled.

Mitchell stood just inside the closed door and glared down at Smalley. “What do you know about my brother?” he demanded.

The smile dropped from Smalley's face. He replaced it with sincerity. “Detective, like a lot of people, I only know what I read in the paper.”

Smalley moved his hands onto the table.

“I've always enjoyed the *Chronicle*,” he continued. “Well, up til 2000 that is.” Smalley smiled at his comment. “Since then I've kind of struggled with the news. I really miss the feel of the paper. You know, folding it back and forth as you read it?”

Mitchell's face was set with his lips pressed into a straight line and his brows furled. “What does that have to do with anything?” he demanded.

“Sorry,” Smalley said. “I was trying to explain. I've always kept a subscription to the *Chronicle*. Had it sent to me everywhere.”

Smalley smiled up at Mitchell. “It was a good paper. Back in late '72 they ran a story about a police investigation and the story had quite a bit about you. You were quoted as '...going to get that guy.'”

Twin Killing

The reporter seemed to think you had a special edge on that particular case because you were, or should that be, are a twin? Is that true?" Smalley asked. "Do you have a special connection, a special insight?"

Mitchell moved slowly across the room until he stood in front of Smalley with only the width of the table between them.

"Yes, I am a twin," Mitchell growled. "And I do have a special insight," he added. "I see that you like to play games. Would you have killed me and my bother and my mother?"

Smalley looked into Mitchell's eyes and answered. "I believe so, if the opportunity had presented itself."

Smalley looked away as he kind of nodded to himself, "It would have been the thing to do. The right thing to do. But," he said looking back up into Mitchell's eyes, "God took care of that in a different fashion didn't he? It seems he wanted us to meet here. Wanted me to talk to you. To talk to someone who would understand what I was saying.

Why don't you take a seat again Detective. You'll be more comfortable."

Mitchell didn't move. He said, "You talk. And I listen and build a case that will put you away for the rest of your life. What do you get out of it?"

Smalley waggled his head a little to the right and then back to the left like he was loosening up his

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neck. Then he answered, “Detective, as you can see, I am not a young man. What God has called me to do has gotten more difficult as I've grown older. He has given me the means and the opportunities to serve him all my life but he limits all of us to only a small time slot. It's time to tell the world about my service to him.”

“How does talking to me do that?” Mitchell asked.

“People use to have a purpose. Now it's all about things, gadgets. Young people with their smart phones and apps. How can you trust them? There use to be 'smart people.' Like you. You have invested your time in your life and work, in this case. People will listen when you talk, in court and out of court,” Smalley asserted with a slight nod to Mitchell. “And I think it's important to know what kind of man God has sent me to.”

«You are crazy.»

“You want me to tell you about my life? Why? Why would I do that?” Mitchell demanded.

Smalley looked pained by Mitchell's questions. He shook his head and replied, “Detective. I would just like a conversation with a contemporary who walked a different path. I'd like to know what I've missed in life. God won't begrudge me that.”

Mitchell looked to the mirrored walled and answered, “I don't know. I'll have to think about it. I'll need to talk to people.”

Twin Killing

“Congratulations,” Smalley said.

Surprised at the comment Mitchell turned back to look at Smalley.

Smalley said brightly, “I assume that means you're still married. I hope it's still the same woman. None of my marriages lasted.”

«Crazy. I'm not telling you anything.»

“Like I said, I'll talk to some people. I'll think about it,” Mitchell said. He turned back to the mirror and pointed to the door, “Right now, I am tired and hungry. I want out of here.”

“Me too,” Smalley laughed. “But I guess I'll stay another night.”

Mitchell turned and walked to the door.

“See you in the morning?” Smalley asked.

Mitchell stopped and looked back at Smalley. “We'll see in the morning,” he answered.

“Sounds good Detective. Have a nice evening.” Smalley raised his shackled hands as high as he could in a wave.

Mitchell ignored him and exited the room. Scott and Escobar were waiting for him in the corridor.

“Did you hear that part about the newspaper?” Mitchell asked excitedly.

“We got that,” Scott answered nonchalantly. “I've already got the search warrant in the works. I'll have it in front of a judge shortly, then I'll have a team working through the *Chronicle's* data base.”

Twin Killing

Scott knotted his brows slightly, “God, I hope it's digital or it'll take for ever.”

“I bet your agents can handle it,” Escobar said to Scott as he winked at Mitchell. “You guys are incredible.”

Scott nodded his head slightly in acceptance of Escobar's at-a-boy. Then he asked, “What was that earlier business about the 'Let's do it.' state?”

Escobar shrugged his shoulders, “Beats me.” He looked at Mitchell.

Scott looked at Mitchell.

Mitchell shook his head. “You two are kids. “'Let's do it.' was the last thing Gary Gilmore said before he was executed by the State of Utah. Smalley was telling us he was in Utah shortly after the Oakland murders.”

Mitchell looked at Scott, “He wants you to know where he was so you can find his *Chronicle* subscription there.”

“Why would he do that?” Scott asked.

“'Cause he's crazy,” Mitchell answered. Then he looked over at Escobar and said, “I'm hungry. Where can we get something good to eat? Maybe some Tex-Mex?”

“You came to the right place Detective,” Escobar answered with a broad smile.

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Chapter 7

→Tucked into his hotel room for the night Mitchell walked out of the bathroom in his tee shirt and boxers. He crossed to the dresser and picked up his watch.

«It's only nine back home. I'd better call Sally or she'll kill me.»

He went to the mini-fridge and pulled out a green bottled beer.

“I guess we're too good here for an American beer,” he said quietly as he twisted off the cap and took a long drink. With the beer in hand he walked to the bed and sat down near the nightstand and phone. He took another drink, sat the beer down and picked up the phone.

Sally answered on the second ring, “Hi Honey.”

“How did you know it was me?” Mitchell growled in answer.

“Because you have everyone afraid to call here after nine,” Sally laughed.

“Well, it is too late to be calling,” Mitchell grunted.

Ignoring the comment Sally asked, “How are you? You feeling okay?”

Twin Killing

“Had some enchiladas for supper,” Mitchell grumbled. “They're still hanging around.”

“I'm sure you covered them in jalapeños didn't you?” Sally asked. “And drowned them with beer and hot sauce.”

Mitchell reached for this beer and took a drink making sure Sally could hear him before he answered, “It was Mexican beer. That doesn't count.”

“Don't you dare call me early in the morning whining about anything!” Sally snapped back. “You're suppose to be a big boy who can take care of himself, remember?”

Mitchell laughed, “How was your day? Did you talk to the girls?”

“Today was fine. I sold a great, new, recliner to a nice couple and the girls are both going to be over here tomorrow to help me move it in!”

“It may be after nine but I do have their phone numbers,” Mitchell threatened.

“I miss you Honey,” Sally said quietly.

“I miss you too,” Mitchell replied. “I won't be here long.”

“Good,” Sally stated. “That guy can't stand your withering gaze?”

Mitchell grunted. “He's just crazy. He can't wait to spill his guts out. He's already told us how to track him back to every place he's ever been. It won't be long.”

Twin Killing

“Good, I want you back home ASAP,” Sally stated.

“I’ll be there PDQ,” Mitchell laughed. Then he said, “It’s getting late here, Sweetie. I’ll call you tomorrow, okay?”

“Okay, Honey,” she answered. “I love you.”

“I love you too. Good night.”

“Good night,” Sally answered and then hung up the phone.

Mitchell set the phone down on the nightstand and picked up his beer.

«No reason to bother her with what Smalley wants to talk about. Am I still married to the same woman?»←

—Mitchell stood outside the station in his new patrolman uniform. It was after one AM, the second week on night shift and his wife was late picking him up. It was warm outside as he paced the sidewalk outside the station trying not to look angry. The rest of his shift was gone, but third was there and they could be watching.

He looked at his watch, “Where in the hell is she?”

Looking up the street Mitchell saw headlights coming. He stopped pacing and waited.

The top was down on the yellow Camaro. Mitchell’s wife, Brenda, was seated in the passenger’s seat and some guy was driving. As the

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car slowed to a stop Mitchell recognized Wilson behind the wheel.

Wilson was a smallish man Brenda had met at a restaurant where she waited on tables. Wilson wasn't his real name. Mitchell couldn't recall his name, couldn't recall why everyone called him Wilson.

"Hi, Mitchell," Wilson called over Brenda's head. "Brenda was afraid to drive so she asked me to. I hope that's okay?"

"Sure," Mitchell answered staring at his wife.

"Hi, Honey," Brenda said with a big drunken grin. She was four years younger than Mitchell and had just started collage when they married. Her long, brown hair was in a mess, tangled by the wind "Wilson drove 'cause I'm wasted," she explained and began to laugh.

Wilson began to laugh.

"Climb in. Set in the back," Brenda instructed through her laughter.

Mitchell opened the passenger side door and squeezed in behind the front seat. The backseat was barely big enough to hold him. He took off his hat and held it tightly in his right hand. He sat quietly and watched as Wilson let the clutch out and pulled the car out onto the street laughing with his wife.

It was a short drive home and Wilson pulled into the single storied apartments' parking lot and stopped in front of Mitchell's door. "There you are,"

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he said and handed the car keys to Brenda. "Safe and sound."

"Thank you Wilson," Brenda said moving over close and giving Wilson a kiss. "I could never have made it," she laughed.

"Yeah, thanks Wilson," Mitchell said.

"Any time. Glad I could help," Wilson said. "This is me right here," he said pointing to the car he had parked beside, a red Ghia.

"Come back inside," Brenda offered taking hold of Wilson's hand.

"No, it's getting late," Wilson said opening the car door and sliding out. "I bet Mitchell is tired and would like to relax a little after work," he said nodding toward Mitchell.

"Mitch won't mind, will you Mitch?" Brenda asked turning to look at her husband.

"No, no, come on in. It's still early," Mitchell answered.

"I need to get home," Wilson said. "I got to work in the morning," he added with a laugh.

Brenda laughed.

Mitchell didn't see the joke, but he said, "Thanks again for picking me up. Brenda didn't need to be out driving."

Brenda turned around and looked at Mitchell, "You don't think I can drive?" she demanded.

"I need to go," Wilson interjected. "You two have a good night."

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“You too,” Mitchell answered.

Brenda didn't speak. She just glared at her husband.

Mitchell sat his hat down on the backseat and pushed the driver's seat forward then reached to open the door as Wilson hustled over to his driver side and hurried into the Ghia.

Gazing through the Ghia's windows Mitchell watched Wilson fumble with his keys as he glanced over to check on Mitchell's location.

Wilson got the Ghia moving in reverse and backed quickly out, waving a short armed goodbye.

Mitchell opened the car door and stood up to step out.

“You need to put the top up,” Brenda snapped at him.

“I will. Just as soon as I can get the hell out of this backseat,” Mitchell snapped back.

“Don't cuss at me you ass hole!” Brenda spat back as she kicked at the car door to open it. When the door swung open she stumbled out and slammed it shut.

Brenda did not raise her feet high enough to step over the curb and tripped almost falling to the ground before catching herself with a helping hand from the apartment wall as she got her feet back under her.

She looked around at Mitchell and snapped, “Ass hole,” at him again. Using the wall to steady

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herself she made it to the door, dropping the keys twice before she got the door open and went inside.

Mitchell watched quietly until the apartment door closed. He shook his head and swore under his breath, “Jesus Fucking Christ.”

He stepped out of the car and reached behind the backseat to pull up the top. He slid into the driver's seat and locked both latches then rolled up all the windows. He picked up his hat from the backseat and went inside.

The apartment was a small, one bedroom with the kitchen and dining area on the right and the bedroom and bath behind the living room where Mitchell stood. The light from a pole lamp was dim. The room was filled with blue, hazy smoke. There were dirty dishes on the table and he could see the sink was still full of dirty dishes. There were two gin bottles on the counter. It looked like between them they had the makings for one drink.

Mitchell coughed. “Jesus, Brenda. You been smoking pot too?”

Brenda stepped from the bedroom into the living room pulling her blouse off over her head. “What do you think? You're the fuzz.”

“That's right. I am the Fuzz,” Mitchell said, his voice getting louder. “What the hell do you think would happen if you got caught?”

Brenda tossed her blouse toward the love seat on her right. “You would have to bail me out, wouldn't

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you?" she laughed. "Would that embarrass the little fuzzy-wussy?" she smirked.

Mitchell took a step closer and asked, "Is that a fucking hickey on your neck?"

Brenda stood up a little straighter and answered carefully, "I don't have a hickey on my neck."

Mitchell moved two steps closer looking carefully at his wife's neck. "That's a fucking hickey."

Brenda's eyes shifted left and right before they settled back on Mitchell's face. "If it's a hickey, you put it there," she stated calmly.

In a very quiet voice Mitchell asked, "What have you and Wilson been doing?"

"Nothing," Brenda spat back defiantly. "He's a friend. I get lonely with you working every god damned night. So I called him and asked him if he had any gin. He said he did, so I asked him to bring it over here. You want me driving your new car all over town?"

"No, I want you to clean up this filthy apartment!" Mitchell shouted.

"I'm not your fucking maid!" Brenda shouted back.

"Whose fucking maid are you then?" Mitchell shouted.

Brenda raised her right hand and gave Mitchell the finger. Then she turned and stomped into the

Twin Killing

bedroom, slamming and then locking the door behind her.

Mitchell tossed his hat on the love seat and went over to the kitchen counter for the gin.—

Smalley lay on his bunk with his eyes closed. He was not asleep.

«I love the LORD, because he hath heard my voice and my supplications.

Because he hath inclined his ear unto me, therefore will I call upon him as long as I live.

The sorrows of death compassed me, and the pains of hell gat hold upon me: I found trouble and sorrow.

Then called I upon the name of the LORD; O LORD, I beseech thee, deliver my soul.

Gracious is the LORD, and righteous; yea, our God is merciful. The LORD preserveth the simple: I was brought low, and he helped me.

Return unto thy rest, O my soul; for the LORD hath dealt bountifully with thee.

For thou hast delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling.

I will walk before the LORD in the land of the living.

I believed, therefore have I spoken: I was greatly afflicted:

I said in my haste, All men are liars.

What shall I render unto the LORD for all his benefits toward me?

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I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the LORD.

I will pay my vows unto the LORD now in the presence of all his people.

Precious in the sight of the LORD is the death of his saints.

O LORD, truly I am thy servant; I am thy servant, and the son of thine handmaid: thou hast loosed my bonds.

I will offer to thee the sacrifice of thanksgiving, and will call upon the name of the LORD.

I will pay my vows unto the LORD now in the presence of all his people,

In the courts of the LORD's house, in the midst of thee, O Jerusalem. Praise ye the LORD.»←

—Smalley's knee brushed against the side of the bed and he stopped. He listened to her breathing. Looking down he could make out her form on the far side of the bed near the wall. He lowered his right hand down and felt at the head of the bed for a pillow.

The pillow was warm to his touch. He lightly pulled it towards him. It moved easily. She was neither lying on it nor holding onto it in her sleep. He lifted the pillow up off the bed and grasped it firmly in both hands staring at the sleeping figure.

«What has the least chance of waking her? Moving fast or going slowly? Left leg or right leg first? Just jump across the bed?»

Twin Killing

Smalley lifted his right leg and slowly rested his knee on the bed, cautiously watching her as he settled more weight down on the bed.

He waited and watched, letting his heart rate slow down, afraid it's sound would awaken her.

«Carefully now.»

He raised his left leg to move it onto the bed. The shifting increase of weight to the right knee coaxed a squeak out of the bed springs.

She rolled toward him.

He lunged forward, landing across her breasts with the pillow partially covering her face. She tossed violently in reaction throwing her arms up to resist the pillow.

Smalley pulled himself fully atop her body fighting against her thrashing body. He could feel her chest heaving and her head moving left and right underneath the pillow as he forced it downward with only his arm strength.

He shifted his weight and slid his legs forward, raising up as he did so, applying more pressure downward with the pillow.

Her legs, freed of his weight, kicked and trashed. She tried to swivel her hips and throw him off but he bore his weight down on the pillow and her face.

Her arms pushed less. Her legs and hips tossed less. Her head no longer moved left or right. Her chest moved shallowly.

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Smalley coved her still face tightly with the pillow, increasing his pressure downward.

Her legs stopped moving. Her arms did not press against the pillow. Her chest did not raise.

He continued smothering her, holding onto the pillow for dear life.

Breathing heavily, drenched in sweat, he sat the pillow down beside her. He could feel his wet hands inside his gloves as he brushed the tangled hair from her face.

Smalley moved off her and crossed to the edge of the bed. He put his feet on the floor and stood up. He stood up tall.

«Thank you Lord.»

He turned and reached across the bed taking hold of the woman's left wrist. He pulled her across the bed and off onto the floor. Walking backward he pulled her body across the bedroom floor. When he got her body through the doorway and straightened out in the hallway she slid easily enough. As he passed the room with the night light Smalley heard noises but he did not stop. He kept his momentum going all the way into the kitchen and slid her body to a stop near the sink.

Smalley's clothes were soaking wet. He raised his arms and sweat ran out of his gloves and down his arms. He lowered his hands to his hips and gasped for air.

«I need some light.»

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He turned and crossed to the back door. He found a double light switch and flicked on the right hand switch. The backyard burst into view.

Smalley flicked off the backyard light and turned on the kitchen light. The ceiling light cast a bright light across the room. Smalley stared at the body.

«Good Lord, thank you Lord.»

Smalley looked down and around for the travel case. It was to his right. He walked over and squatted down, opened the lid and pulled out a butcher's knife.

He stood up and walked over to the body. He stood and stared. Finally he dropped to one knee and cut away her nightgown and panties. He tossed them toward the travel case.

Smalley moved up beside the woman's head. He reached out with his left hand and grasped the hair at her temple. He raised the knife and realized his awkward positioning. He stood up and walked around to the other side of the body and bent back down beside her.

With her head held firmly in his left hand he brought the knife to her throat. He cut. Her head flinched in reaction. Blood gushed out of the cut.

«Dead people don't bleed.»

Smalley saw her eyelids flicker. He pressed harder with the knife, sawing his way through her neck, blood spewing everywhere, until he lifted her

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head away from the body. He stood up covered in blood and set the head in the sink.

He stared at her face. His knees shook.

«I will pay my vows unto the LORD now in the presence of all his people.

Precious in the sight of the LORD is the death of his saints.»

Smalley turned around and looked down at the bloody corpse. He moved back beside the body and reached down and took hold of her right hand. He began to cut away at the wrist joint while he listened to crying from the night lit bedroom.—

Twin Killing

Chapter 8

→In the morning Escobar finally found Mitchell standing at the hotel's breakfast bar.

“I wish you had a damn phone,” Escobar said waving his cell phone at Mitchell. “I’ve been ringing your room and had the front counter paging you for half an hour.”

“And I wish they had pecan waffles,” Mitchell answered back smiling. “You don’t always get what you want Detective. How are you this morning?”

Escobar looked at Mitchell's overloaded plate of pancakes, bacon, sausages, eggs and biscuit with gravy and said, “I’m fine thank you. And I see that you got what you need.”

Mitchell chuckled, “Yes I did Detective. No one here to watch my diet for me.” He nodded at the buffet. “You need anything? FBI is buying.”

Escobar grinned. “I’ll have some coffee. Maybe that can keep me awake while you eat all that.”

“I’m over this way,” Mitchell said and headed to the back corner table. He sat down facing out so he could watch the room leaving Escobar to sit with his back to the room.

Twin Killing

As they sat down the middle aged woman attendant came over and Escobar ordered a cup of coffee. They waited until she was out of ear shot before talking.

“What's up?” Mitchell asked as he loaded up his first forkful.

“Scott is all hot and bothered,” Escobar started. “They've got two similar cold case MO's out in LA, twins and their mothers, decapitated, hands and feet cut off. There's a possible third one up in Bremerton, Washington. That's somewhere near Seattle. He wants me to get you into the interrogation room with Smalley ASAP.”

“If he is in such a heat why didn't he come fetch me himself?” Mitchell asked.

Escobar grinned, “My boss said I'm completely at the FBI's disposal.”

Mitchell nodded and swallowed. He watched as the attendant walked up and set Escobar's cup of coffee on the table.

“Can I get you anything else?” she asked.

Mitchell looked at Escobar.

“No, this is great. Thank you.”

“Just the check then, please,” Mitchell said with a wink.

The attendant smiled and set the check down on the table. “Thank you,” she said to Mitchell. “I hope you have a good day here in Dallas.”

Twin Killing

“Thank you,” Mitchell replied. “I hope it is a good day today.”

Escobar picked up his cup of coffee and took a sip as he peered at Mitchell.

Mitchell loaded up another forkful but stopped it halfway to its destination. “What about the *Chronicle* subscription. Does it tie in to these other three cases?” he asked. The question was immediately followed by eggs and bacon.

Escobar lowered the cup and answered, “It’s still too early on that one. Scott told me the warrant didn’t get issued last night. They’re expecting it anytime.” He set the cup down and laughed, “If you had a damn phone you’d know all this.”

Mitchell swallowed, then chewed some more. Finally he took a sip of water and said, “If I had a phone I wouldn’t be sitting here enjoying breakfast and you wouldn’t be drinking that coffee from a clean cup.”

Mitchell cut up the biscuit with his fork and pushed a quarter section of it around in the gravy on his plate before transferring it to his mouth.

Talking around the biscuit he advised, “Smalley ain’t going anywhere. Neither is Scott. He’s hoping this will make his name. We’re just outsiders looking in. Smoke ‘em if you got ‘em.”

Escobar smiled and picked up the coffee cup. “Those eggs look good,” he said.

“They’re pretty good,” Mitchell answered.

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Scott was pacing the hall outside the interrogation room when Mitchell and Escobar arrived. Smalley was seated inside.

Scott stopped walking and kind of puffed up, “Where the hell you been? What took so long?” he demanded of Escobar.

Mitchell answered. “He was waiting on me to finish eating. If I’m going to be cooped up in there all day I need to keep my strength up. Did you hear anything back on the *Chronicle* angle yet?”

“No, it’s still early out there,” Scott answered.

“Yeah, tell me about it,” Mitchell grumble under his breath.

“But I do have briefs on the three cold cases we think Smalley’s linked to,” Scott added quickly. “The two in LA were in ’85 and ’93. They were two blocks from each other. The Bremerton one was in ’76. Due to the decapitations no final cause of death was determined in any of the cases.

But get this,” Scott said pointing a finger at Mitchell, “there was no major blood loss from the victims. The vics were dead before he did the hard work. Not a lot of blood at the scenes. More like the killings here in Dallas than your’s in Oakland.”

Mitchell’s face went beet red. “You didn’t say anything about the killings here being different,” Mitchell quietly stated. “No blood is a big difference in MO. Why the hell didn’t you say something?”

Twin Killing

Mitchell looked at Escobar, “Did you know about this?”

“I never saw any report on the Oakland killing,” Escobar answered and he moved a little farther away from Mitchell.

“Smalley confessed to the killings here and gave us the location of the feet in California,” Scott shouted at Mitchell. “He's connected to both. And he fits in with these other three.”

“You don't know what the hell he fits in with,” Mitchell roared. “You don't even know whose feet they were.”

“You want to wait while we nail down all the details on these other three?” Scott roared back.

“I don't need more. The guy wants to talk. He'll tell us all about them,” Mitchell snapped. “Let me just get on in there. I'd like to go home tomorrow.”

“Be my guest,” Scott answered ushering Mitchell to the door.

Scott closed the door behind Mitchell and grinned at Escobar, “The old fart is sensitive, isn't he?”

Escobar answered, “Yes Special Agent, Mitchell is sensitive.”

Smalley looked up as the door opened and watched Mitchell enter the interrogation room. Mitchell stood aside as the door closed behind him.

“Good morning Detective. Everything all right out there?” Smalley asked.

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Mitchell answered, “Smalley, we have you for three more twin killings, two in LA and one in Bremerton. Tell me about 'em.”

«Be merciful unto me, O God: for man would swallow me up; he fighting daily oppresseth me.

Mine enemies would daily swallow me up: for they be many that fight against me, O thou most High.

What time I am afraid, I will trust in thee.

In God I will praise his word, in God I have put my trust; I will not fear what flesh can do unto me.

Every day they wrest my words: all their thoughts are against me for evil.

They gather themselves together, they hide themselves, they mark my steps, when they wait for my soul.

Shall they escape by iniquity? in thine anger cast down the people, O God.

Thou tellest my wanderings: put thou my tears into thy bottle: are they not in thy book?

When I cry unto thee, then shall mine enemies turn back: this I know; for God is for me.

In God will I praise his word: in the LORD will I praise his word.

In God have I put my trust: I will not be afraid what man can do unto me.

Thy vows are upon me, O God: I will render praises unto thee.

Twin Killing

For thou hast delivered my soul from death: wilt not thou deliver my feet from falling, that I may walk before God in the light of the living?»

“I admit I've had five serious relationships Detective,” Smalley answered. “How about yourself? You still with your high school sweetheart?”

“What the hell does that have to do with anything?” Mitchell demanded.

“It's just my way of answering your question, Detective,” Smalley answered. “Humor me.”

«What's a serious relationship. Longterm sleeping with someone? High school sweetheart, college sweetheart, Marine Corps sweetheart, three wives. Talking honestly, longterm with someone who you wish you were sleeping with?»

“Yeah, I'm still with my high school sweetheart,” Mitchell answered.

“Detective, you are not telling me the truth,” Smalley admonished shaking his head.

Mitchell walked to the table and sat down.

“Well, if you're asking how many women did I kill and decapitate, that answer would be zero.”

Smalley tilted his head slightly to the right and said, “Point taken. 'Serious Relationship' is kind of open to interpretation, isn't it?”

He straightened up and stared at the ceiling for a few seconds then looked back at Mitchell. “I've been married fives. They weren't necessarily church

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marriages or even civil marriages but in my heart they were husband and wife relationships. Is that a better description?" Smalley asked.

"I suppose so," Mitchell answered. "I've been married three times."

"Any children?" Smalley asked.

"And?" Mitchell asked.

Smalley smiled softly, "You want to know about my children. I'm just as interested in yours."←

—Mitchell rushed into the hospital's maternity wing and ran over to the information desk.

As fast as the words could move out of his mouth he said, "I'm looking for my wife, Debbie Mitchell. She's having our baby."

The lady at the desk smiled. "And you are?" she asked.

"Wayne Mitchell, Debbie's husband."

The lady began to look through some paper work as she asked, "May I see some ID please?"

Mitchell pulled his detective's shield out of his jacket, "I'm a cop for god's sake," Mitchell exclaimed.

"I am sorry office but I need some verification," she answered.

Mitchell dug his wallet out of his back pocket, opened it, dropped his shield and everything out of of his wallet onto the desk.

"Shit, I'm sorry," he said as he began to pick everything up. Then he said, "Sorry I said shit. I

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mean,” he stammered, “I’m sorry. Just a little nervous here.”

The lady picked up Mitchell's drivers license up from the pile on the desk and handed it to him. “Your wife is in delivery room A3 Mr. Mitchell, but you can't go in there. There's a father's only waiting room through those doors and to the right. You can wait there. The doctors will let you know how things are going as soon as they can.”

Mitchell scooped the contents of his wallet up from the desk and headed to the double doors.

The doors swung closed behind him and he heard the cries of a new born baby. He checked his watch for Wayne Jr's. delivery time.

Mitchell was in his brown suit and had his back turned toward Debbie laying in the hospital bed. The doctor had the sheet pulled back and was examining her.

The doctor raised up and pulled the sheet back over Debbie's legs. “We need to go ahead and move you into the delivery room, Debbie.”

“Can my husband go with me?” Debbie asked.

Mitchell turned around to find the doctor staring at him. After a couple of seconds the doctor answered, “I think Mr. Mitchell will be better off if he stays in the waiting room. He is already looking a little green. I don't want him fainting on us.”

Mitchell went to his wife and kissed her. “I love you,” he whispered into her ear as orderlies moved

Twin Killing

into the room to wheel Debbie to the delivery room. Mitchell sighed in relief and headed to the waiting room to await his daughter, Christine.

The second time Bobbie was covered in sweat. She screamed in pain.

Mitchell said, "Come on now, breathe. Take deep breaths."

"AHHH, god damn it," Bobbie screamed.

"Here she comes," the doctor said happily. "Here comes Melissa."

Looking over the curtain Mitchell saw his second daughter Melissa's head appearing. He fainted, dropping straight to the floor.

"Nurse, get someone in here to help with Mr. Mitchell," the doctor ordered.

The doctor stepped into the waiting room and five men stared up expectantly.

"Mr. Mitchell?" the doctor asked.

"I'm Wayne Mitchell," Mitchell answered standing up.

The four other expecting fathers looked at Mitchell.

"It's a boy, Mr. Mitchell. Nine pounds, three ounces. Congratulations."

Mitchell grinned. «Robert Wayne.»

"How is Bobbie?" Mitchell asked.

"She is doing fine. You can go in and see them now," the doctor said.

«Robert Wayne.»

Twin Killing

Sally held Michell's hand tightly and said, "I have two daughters."

"That's great," he answered, "I have two daughters and a son. That could make it into a bit of yours, mine and maybe ours."

"I don't think so," Sally said. "I had my tubes tried after Emma."

"Doesn't mean we can't try," Mitchell smiled.

"You're terrible," Sally laughed.

"And that's my good side," Mitchell said laughing.—

→"I have five," Mitchell answered.

"Boys or girls?" Smalley asked.

"Yes," Mitchell answered.

"I guess that's all I'm going to get, isn't it Detective?"

"That's all Smalley."

Smalley nodded his head in acknowledgment. "I have ten kids," he stated, "six boys and four girls."

Mitchell clasped his hands together on top of the table and leaned forward.

"Your math doesn't add up Smalley."

"How so, Detective?" Smalley answered with some humor sparkling in his eyes.

"You said you've been married five times and had ten kids," Mitchell explained. "These last murders here in Dallas were only the twins. There was no mother. According to Escobar she died several years ago."

Twin Killing

How do you have five marriages and ten kids without one of the moms?"←

—Smalley was seated in the back of the Starbucks. From his vantage point he could monitor traffic in and out of both doors.

The door facing the Preston Center parking garage open and a very tall woman in her late forties entered the store. She stepped to her right, out of the doorway and started to scan the room looking for someone.

Smalley stood up and waved.

She saw him, smiled and returned the wave then walked toward him.

Smalley smiled and waited. When she was close he stepped away from the table and offered her his right hand to shake. "Hi, I'm Rob Little."

She was tall, well over six feet. As she took his hand she smiled self-consciously and said, "I'm Janice Kent. I'm not very little."

Smalley laughed. "No, I'm just not very tall. It's nice to finally meet you in person. I'm glad you could make it, Janice. It's okay if I call you Janice isn't it?" he asked releasing her hand and pulling out the chair opposite where he had sat.

"Of course, Rob, Janice is fine. It's not like we've never talked before." She smiled as she sat down. "After all our emails you had better call me Janice," she laughed and smiled, studying Smalley's face.

Twin Killing

Smalley grinned and sat back down overlooking the store.

“Emails are great but, meeting in real life is a lot better,” he said. “It's a Starbucks, do you want something to drink?”

“Of course I do,” Janice laughed. “I'd like a triple grande skinny vanilla latte.”

“You don't come here often, do you?” Smalley joked.

“Not more than once a day,” Janice joked.

“I'm a straight shot espresso guy,” Smalley stated. “Nothing fancy. Now don't you run away,” he teased as he stood up. “You have to stay and at least drink the whole cup of coffee.”

Janice smiled and said, “Well then, make that a Venti.”

“You got it,” Smalley answered. “I'll be right back.”

Smalley made his way to the counter and waited impatiently. He glanced back at the table and saw Janice watching him. He gave her a smile. Finally he gave his order to the barista then moved over to wait for the drinks. Janice was still watching. On his way back to the table with the drinks, she still watched, smiling as he got closer.

“”You're starting to make me nervous,” he said setting the cups down on the table.

“Why is that?” Janice asked as she wrapped her hands around the hot cup.

Twin Killing

“You just kept staring at me,” Smalley answered as he took his seat. “You're not some serial killer are you?” he asked with a laugh.

“Nooo,” Janice laughed. “Those are almost always men.” Then a bit more seriously she added, “You can tell a lot by a man's walk and his posture.”

Smalley sat up straighter and Janice laughed.

“What did you learn from my walk?” he asked.

Janice took a sip of her coffee then answered, “You're proud, forceful, confident, and lithe.”

“I like the lithe part,” Smalley grinned. “You don't hear that word often. And all the others ring true to my ear. You got all that from my going after coffee?”

Janice nodded and sipped more coffee. Setting her cup down she said, “And when I have a chance I'll read the bumps on your head and tell you more.”

“You do that too?” Smalley asked with a start.

“Nooo,” Janice smiled. “I'm just joking about that part. But it sounds funny doesn't it?”

“Sounds funny,” Smalley answered running his right hand through his hair. “As long as you're not adding any bumps to what's already there.”

They both laughed and then quietly sipped on their coffees.

“Finally Smalley asked, “How is your sister today?”

Twin Killing

Janice set her cup down and said, “She's doing okay. She was watching some TV, doing some reading.”

Smalley nodded his head, “I've looked up PMA on the internet but didn't really understand what they were talking about.”

Janice smiled her appreciation and answered, “That's not surprising. It's pretty rare and there's still a lot of debate in the medical community about what it really is.”

Smalley sat quietly.

“The easiest way to describe it is as ALS but PMA is confined to the lower motor neurons and ALS affects both the upper and lower neurons.”

Janice stopped and then said, “I'm sorry Rob, I really hate describing it over and over to everyone.” Her eyes started to fill with water.

“I'm sorry,” Smalley said and reached across the table with his right hand and took her hand. “I didn't mean to upset you.”

Janice took hold of his hand and squeezed. “That's okay. It's just all happened so fast. Jackie getting this PMA stuff and having to move in with Mom. And then Mom passing and now Jackie is living with me and I'm taking care of her. You know I've got my own problems. I never expected to be caring for someone at this age.” The tears were running down her face.

Twin Killing

Smalley moved his left hand over and held her hand between his. “You don’t have to take responsibility for everything Janice.”—

→“Did you ever see *The Cadillac Man* with Robin Williams?” Smalley asked.

“Yeah, why?” Mitchell answered.

“There’s that scene where Tim Robbins says, ‘You got a lot of girls. It’s easy for you?’ and Robin Williams answers, ‘It ain’t easy. It’s never easy.’” Smalley smiled and then repeated, “It ain’t easy. It’s never easy.”

“What’s that got to do with anything?” Mitchell asked. “How does that explain only four mothers?”

“Well Detective,” Smalley smiled, “in my mind, everything is reconciled. Sometimes it ain’t easy. It often seems like life is only about sex, raising the kids and death.”

“It looks like you kind of skipped the first two and moved right on with the third,” Mitchell answered.

“Touché, Detective. Touché,” Smalley grinned.←

Twin Killing

Chapter 9

→There was a soft knock on the viewing room door. Escobar turned away from the window and stepped over to answer. There was a uniformed officer standing there with a note in his hand.

“The Captain told me to give this to you, Detective. It's for Special Agent Scott. I guess he has his phone turned off.” The officer handed a folded sheet of paper to Escobar but his gaze was on the window inside.

“Anything else, Officer?” Escobar asked.

“Is that guy really a serial killer?” the officer asked in a reverential tone.

“No,” Escobar answered. “He's just a big talker. Now why don't you go gawk somewhere else for a while,” Escobar said shutting the door in the officer's face.

“Jesus Christ,” he mumbled walking back to the window. “Special Agent, this is from my Captain,” he said handing the note over to Scott. “Apparently your phone is off.”

Scott's feet were set wide and his stomach thrust forward as he took the note from Escobar.

Twin Killing

“It is off. I don't like any interruptions during interrogations.”

“Good policy,” Escobar replied sarcastically.

Reading the note, Scott did not notice Escobar's tone.

“Got him!” Scott exclaimed shaking the note at Escobar.

“The San Francisco office was able to pull DNA from some of the Oakland evidence and matched it to the feet we found. And they found four separate fingerprint matches to Smalley in the evidence file from the murder scene!”

“And that that's not even the half of it,” Scott gloated. “We've got subscriptions to the *Chronicle* registered to locations near the Bremerton and LA addresses. We're working on the names right now.

We're having those case files pulled and checked for Smalley's prints. Then we'll have us a bonafided serial killer!” Scott was beside himself himself with happiness.

“That's great Special Agent,” Escobar interjected, “as long as everyone knows we caught him in Dallas.”

“You can have the local collar, Detective,” Scott grinned. “I'm the FBI agent of record and that's all that counts.”

Scott moved to the door. “I'm going to tell Mitchell.”

Twin Killing

“Shouldn't you wait for some confirmation on those other three cases?” Escobar asked quickly, stopping Scott. “If you jump the gun here you might give Smalley some information he wasn't aware of. If he's not involved it could muddle everything.”

Scott stared angrily at Escobar.

“I'm just trying to help,” Escobar offered.

“Yeah, right,” Scott replied. “Well, I can still tell Mitchell about the DNA and fingerprint matches from the Oakland murders. That won't muddle anything. And it might shake up Robbie D.” Scott opened the door and stepped out into the hall.

“It'll take more than that to shake up Smalley,” Escobar said quietly to himself. “You just want some face time.”

The interrogation room door knob rattled slightly just before the door opened and Scott stepped into the room.

Smalley was looking questioningly up at Scott. Mitchell was half turned around in his chair to see who was entering.

“We got the DNA back on the feet,” Scott stated to Mitchell and Smalley. “It matches up with the Oakland murder victims.”

Mitchell turned back around to look at Smalley.

Smalley shifted his eyes to Mitchell's face for a second then back to Scott.

Twin Killing

“And we got four separate fingerprint matches to you at the scene, Robbie D. What do you say to that?” Scott intoned.

Unemotionally, with a shrug of his shoulders Smalley said to Scott, “I killed 'em. I didn't realize you were in doubt?” Smalley looked over at Mitchell.

“I never doubted it,” Mitchell stated. Then he turned back around to look at Scott briefly and then settled back into his chair, looking at Smalley.

Scott was at a loss for words. After a couple of seconds he blustered up and said, “I just wanted you to know we confirmed your involvement.”

“Right,” Smalley answered. “Got it Special Agent.”

Scott looked at Smalley, then at the back of Mitchell's head. He finally turned and left the room closing the door loudly behind him.

“What name did you use in Oakland?” Mitchell asked.

Smalley looked at Mitchell and smiled. “I've used lots of names, lots of places. I'll get to that.”

Mitchell lifted his chin slightly, stretching his neck before responding. “Where did you go after Utah?”←

—The phone was ringing. Smalley opened his eyes. The room was dark and cool. He could hear it raining outside. He rolled over and lifted up the receiver.

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“Hello...Yes. This is Bob Littlemore...Sure, I can sub today.”

Smalley sat up and swung his legs out of the bed.

“I can be there by eight...Mrs. Johnson's class?...Yes, I've covered for her before...Right, I'll check in with you when I get there...Thanks. See you in a little bit.”

Smalley hung up the phone.

« O praise the LORD, all ye nations: praise him, all ye people.

For his merciful kindness is great toward us: and the truth of the LORD endureth for ever. Praise ye the LORD.

Smalley stood up and stretched and then headed to the bathroom.

The cold rain was still falling as Smalley drove off the Seattle-Bremerton ferry and headed west on Burwell Street past the Naval Shipyard towards Oyster Bay. The elementary school was not far from there.

As his Camaro pulled up outside the school a bus unloaded yellow raincoated students. More students walked along Dora Avenue. A few mothers dropped off their children at the curb. Smalley pulled into the parking lot and slowed looking for a spot while keeping an eye on the children. Smalley parked and reached for his satchel and umbrella.

To the receptionist he said, “Yes, ma'am. I know where Mrs. Johnson's room is. I've subbed for her

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before. I hope she' not too sick... Glad to hear that. Let me get on down there before they riot,” Smalley joked.

By first recess the third graders were quiet and busy. They were not use to a man's touch, too many female teachers. Smalley sat at the desk with Mrs. Johnston's notes in front of him looking over the class. There were no twins in the class. But there was a set of twin boys in one of the other third grade classes.

With the rain the classes were split up for recess. The second and third grades were in the gym and the younger kids were in the auditorium. In the gym the teachers were standing and talking. One young woman with a Marlow Thomas hair do was standing particularly close to Smalley on his left>

“Bob, why don't you talk to Mrs. Owens about a full time position?” she said above the noise of the playing kids.

Smalley was watching the kids intently. He smiled as he turned to answer the question.

“Judy, I've got a full time position,” he laughed. “It just happens to be part time at four schools. And if I don't feel like getting out of bed in the morning I just tell whoever called that I'm subbing somewhere else. It works great and gives me plenty of free time. YOU should try it.”

Judy smiled and fluttered her eyelashes. “I'm afraid they wouldn't call, then what would I do?”

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Bending close to Judy's ear so no one else would hear he said, "Sleep in. Sleeping in can be pretty nice sometimes."

Judy turned and looked up into Smalley's eyes and blushed. "That does sounds nice," she said quietly.

"You need to try it sometime," Smalley answered and moved his left hand deftly to make contact with Judy's right hand. She didn't move a muscle.

Smalley suddenly straightened up and pointed across the gym, "Are those boys in your class Judy?"

"Which ones," Judy asked a little bewildered with the quick change.

"They look like twins," Smalley answered.

"That's Frank and Robert Marquer. What are they doing?" Judy asked standing up on her tip toes to get a better look.

"It looks like they're in a tussle. I'll go break it up," Smalley said and started off through the kids.

"Thanks, Bob," Judy answered smiling, watching Smalley walk away.

During his afternoon break Smalley found the Seattle area phone book in the teachers' lounge and looked up the name Marquer. There was only one listing in Bremerton, a Mr. and Mrs. James Marquer on the 4200 block of Kelly Road.

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The bell rang for the end of school. The kids hooped and hollered as they rushed out of the room. Smalley grabbed his satchel and umbrella and cleared out of the room with the last of the kids. He heard Judy calling his name as he hurried down the hallway but he kept moving.

The rain had stopped and the sun was peeking through the clouds near the horizon when Smalley stepped outside. The air was fresh and clear despite the idling buses at the curb loading up with kids. Smalley hurried to his car.

“I need to hurry out of here before Judy catches me. Kelly Road intersects Marine north of here. Shouldn't take long.”

Smalley reached Marine Drive and drove north until he found Kelly Road. He turned right onto Kelly and drove slowly until he hit the 4200 block. He parked two houses above the Marquer address and waited. The bus wasn't too far behind.

Below him at the intersection the bus stopped and disgorged a dozen or more kids. In his rear view mirror Smalley watched a pair of blond haired boys walking together up the hill towards him. They were tussling with each other and oblivious to the rest of the world.

Smalley watched them turn into the yard at the Marquer house. The door wasn't locked and they trooped inside wrestling with each other.

Twin Killing

Smalley started up the car and headed back to Seattle.—

→Smalley looked at Mitchell, smiled and answered, “Well, Detective, if you followed my lead about the *Chronicle* then you know I went to Seattle. I used the name Bob Littlemore up there.”

Scott scrambled to get his phone out of his pocket stabbed at the on button. “Hurry up damn it,” Scott mumbled.

Escobar watched Scott's impatience with some amusement.

As soon as the phone was up and running Scott was dialing. There was no greeting when his call was answered. All Scott said was, “Get me anything and everything you can on a Bob Littlemore in Seattle during 1976.”←

Twin Killing

Chapter 10

→“Quid pro quo, Clarice. Quid pro quo,” Smalley said grinning at Mitchell.

“What the hell does that mean?” Mitchell demanded. “What the hell are you talking about?”

“I'm sorry Detective,” Smalley answered seriously. “I didn't mean anything. I was just misquoting Anthony Hopkins from a movie. I was just trying to be funny. I'm sorry I wasn't.”

“I'm not here for fun and games with you,” Mitchell snapped. “I'm here to find the killer of a mother and two children in Oakland. I think we've sufficiently tired you to that with your fingerprints at the scene and your knowledge of the buried body parts. Escobar in there, watching your sorry ass, has your confession for killing the sisters here in Dallas. And the FBI has enough manpower to connect you to three other crime scenes even if you were never close to them.”

Mitchell grinned at Smalley. “I don't care about your story. I'm good here. You're the guy. I can go home happy.” Mitchell dropped the grin and added. “If you want me to hear your story then it's time you

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started answering my questions instead of my chasing you around. 'Quid pro quo. Yes or no?'"

Smalley stared stone faced across the table at Mitchell. Then he grinned. "Your turn detective."

Escobar whooped inside the observation room. Scott stared at him like he was a crazy man.

"What's wrong with you Escobar?" he demanded.

"That old man just spun the table on Smalley," Escobar laughed. "He's leading and Smalley is following. That's the first time I've seen Smalley not running things around here."

Scott looked at Escobar then looked back inside the interrogation room.

Mitchell lean forward slightly and said, "Scott said that your MO changed after the first murders. I didn't ask him how. But I am asking you. What changed? And why?"

Smalley sat up very straight. The cuffs made a little noise as he moved. He looked evenly at Mitchell and answered, "You know you live and learn. You think you have everything all figured out then something pops up, spins you around and you're back at the drawing board.

The first killings were messy, as you well know. I hadn't expected that." Smalley smiled thinly. "They weren't as dead as I thought they were when I went to remove things. It was a mess. I couldn't

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stand that again so I bought a pistol. Nothing like making sure.”←

—Smalley was sitting at the breakfast table, dressed for work, drinking coffee when the phone rang. He looked in the direction of the phone and counted the rings.

“Eight rings. I was taught that you should let it ring twelve times. That's just a minute.”

He stood up from the table, picked up the coffee cup and carried it the couple of steps to the kitchen where he rinsed it out and set it in the sink.

Smalley checked the time on his wrist watch, took a deep breath, exhaled and headed to the front door turning off lights as he walked through the house. He was leaving ninety minutes earlier than usual.

The streets were wet but it was not raining. The Camaro's headlights glittered across the road as he drove. Traffic was light but got heavier as he neared the ferry landing. A ferry was unloading as Smalley stopped. He checked his watch.

On the ferry, out in the Puget Sound, Smalley rolled his window down and took a deep breath.

Off the ferry, most of the cars headed to the base. Smalley headed to Kelly Road.

He drove slowly down the street trying to locate the Marquer house and where he had parked before. The road seemed narrower. The trees looked taller and the hedges wilder. The sky was lightening up in

Twin Killing

the east. The widely spaced street lights were still on. The wet trees pulled all the light into themselves.

Smalley passed Fleenor Drive and saw the house. There were lights on in the front room.

«I can't pull into the driveway. I need to find somewhere to turn around so I can get back up the hill. Driving up and down the street like an idiot.»

Smalley turned off the headlights and slowed the car to an idling crawl, looking for a place to turn. Then he saw the For Sale sign. The house was dark. He eased into the driveway and using the parking brake stopped behind the sign. If anyone had been looking they would not have seen him stop. Smalley turned off the car engine.

«This is closer than I wanted to be. And I'll have to watch out the rear window. Beggars can't be choosers.

Unto thee lift I up mine eyes, O thou that dwellest in the heavens.

Behold, as the eyes of servants look unto the hand of their masters, and as the eyes of a maiden unto the hand of her mistress; so our eyes wait upon the LORD our God, until that he have mercy upon us.

Have mercy upon us, O LORD, have mercy upon us: for we are exceedingly filled with contempt.

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Our soul is exceedingly filled with the scorning of those that are at ease, and with the contempt of the proud.»

Smalley slid down in the seat. He adjusted the rear view mirror and watched the Marquer house.

The sun was up but obscured by heavy clouds. The street lights were off. There was car traffic on the street. People heading off to work. Smalley was slumped low in the car. His head was not visible to the street. The rear view mirror held the Marquer house.

«This is crazy. I'm in plain sight. The whole world can see the car. I can't believe no one has notice me hiding here and called the cops. It's stupid. What was I thinking?»

From up the street a horn sounded a short, stifled honk. The front door of the Marquer house was thrown open and one of the twins burst outside. The second one was right behind the first, shouting his lungs out for the first one to wait up.

A woman in a belted, blue house robe and blue slippers followed them out of the house. She was blond, as blond as the boys. Her long hair was pulled back in a ponytail. “Frank, wait up for your brother,” she called after the boys. “The bus'll wait for you. It always does.”

The Marquer mom moved out of the field of vision of the rear view mirror.

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«What is she doing? What does she look like? I can adjust the mirror. It'll just take a second. She won't see it... Don't do that. Take a deep breath. Be patient. It'll all be okay. Be calm.»

She walked to the street to look after the boys as they sprinted up the hill to the bus.

Smalley stared at the mirror and the open door of the Marquer house. He moved around on the car seat to change his view. He only saw the open door. Then the Marquer mom was back in view walking to the door. The belted robe gave a sense of figure to the woman.

«Good hips. Good shoulders. Nice proportions. Her hair looks nice and thick.»

The Marquer mom stepped across the threshold and closed the door.

Smalley was closed out. He looked at his watch. It was 7:20.

«I need to get out of here. Find a better place to watch from... I haven't seen the dad yet. Where he's at?»

Occasionally the sun broke through the clouds. The car interior got warm. Smalley checked his watch.

«7:48. I need to get out of here. I need to use the restroom. I should have brought a Coke bottle. I will next time... Let's do this.»

Smalley sat up and rubbed his eyes then ran his fingers through his hair approximating the actions

Twin Killing

of someone just waking up. He looked around quickly. There was no one in sight. Just a quiet street early in the morning. He rolled the window down and took a deep breath.

«Great. Super.»

He started up the engine, backed out of the driveway and turned back up Kelly Road.

«Let's see if we can find a better place to park.»

The Camaro barely moved as Smalley idled the engine.

«Bushes and trees. Trees and bushes. Overgrown driveways and no alleys. What do they do with their trash? I need to check on that. That might be helpful.»

A car horn honked loudly. It startled Smalley.

«What? What? Cops?»

Smalley looked up at the rear view mirror. It was still pointed down at the sharp angle he had used to watch the Marquer house. He fumbled with the mirror and gave the car some gas. It picked up speed. He got the mirror righted and looked behind him.

«My god, it's her! She's seen me!»

The Marquer mom was behind Smalley in a big, white, Buick Wildcat. Her hair was still pulled back. She was still wearing blue.

The Camaro picked up speed, so did the big Wildcat. The Marquer mom stayed right behind Smalley.

Twin Killing

«God, she's seen me! She's probably getting my license plate number. I should have taken that thing off. No, then the cops would stop me. I haven't done anything. Let her call the police. I haven't done anything wrong. It's not illegal to sleep in a car.»

Smalley accelerated and the Marquer mom fell back a few yards.

«Maybe she is just going some place. Maybe she isn't following me.»

The Kelly Road – Marine Drive intersect was coming up. There was a stop sign. Smalley had to turn left or right. He looked at the reflected car and driver in the mirror.

«Which way is she going?»

Smalley didn't touch his turn signal. He slowed. He stared at the car in the mirror. Her blinker flicked on.

«Finally! She's turning left, toward town.»

Smalley snapped on his signal and turned right onto Marine. He watched as the Wildcat turned left onto Marine and headed south.

«Maybe she is headed to the police. I need to know what's going on. I'll follow her. I need to see what's going on.»

Smalley slowed and made a U-turn and headed south on Marine. He caught up with the Marquer mom. She didn't seem to be in any hurry.

«Maybe she is just running errands. Don't push it. Back off a little bit and follow.»

Twin Killing

The Marquer mom turned onto Kitsap. There was more traffic. Smalley got a couple cars between them. He did not follow far. The Marquer mom pulled into a grocery store parking lot. Smalley pulled into the lot after her and found a parking spot on the opposite side of the lot. He watched her walk to the sliding glass doors. She was in tight blue jeans, rolled up long sleeve work shirt knotted at her waist and sandals. Her ponytail swung back and forth as she walked through the opened doors.

«Praise ye the LORD. Sing unto the LORD a new song, and his praise in the congregation of saints.

Let Israel rejoice in him that made him: let the children of Zion be joyful in their King.

Let them praise his name in the dance: let them sing praises unto him with the timbrel and harp.

For the LORD taketh pleasure in his people: he will beautify the meek with salvation.

Let the saints be joyful in glory: let them sing aloud upon their beds.

Let the high praises of God be in their mouth, and a two edged sword in their hand;

To execute vengeance upon the heathen, and punishments upon the people;

To bind their kings with chains, and their nobles with fetters of iron;

To execute upon them the judgment written: this honour have all his saints. Praise ye the LORD.»

Twin Killing

Smalley looked at his watch and waited. Two minutes later he exited his car and followed after her.—

Twin Killing

Chapter 11

→“What kind of pistol?” Mitchell asked.

Smalley moved his eyes back up to Mitchell's face.

He said, “I stopped at a pawn shop in Seattle. I was never much of a gun guy so I bought a name I knew. It was a Smith and Wesson, Model 18-4, in 22 caliber.”

Smalley smiled, “Turns out it was a very, sweet pistol. Never had a complaint with it.”

Mitchell nodded slightly, “They're good pistols. Where is it now?”

Smalley looked away for a second, then back and answered, “I've always lived close to the water. Sometimes, like here, it's just a lake but still yet there's always been water close by.”

“What lake did you toss it in?” Mitchell asked.

“Since I wouldn't be needing it any more,” Smalley paused, “along with other things, it's in Ray Hubbard,” Smalley replied. “And now you probably want to know exactly where?” he asked.

Mitchell did not speak. He just looked at Smalley.

Twin Killing

“I was crossing the Bush Turnpike Bridge,” Smalley offered.

Mitchell looked toward the long mirror on the wall before looking back at Smalley.

Scott fumbled to get his phone turned on. Escobar was already talking with his boss.

“Is that what you did with all the heads, toss them in the water?” Mitchell asked.←

—The sliding doors closed behind Smalley. The store was air conditioned and was cold. There were carts on the right. Smalley selected one and pushed it on into the store.

The vegetables were along the front wall to his right. He could see the the meat counter at the back.

«I don't see her. Where's the milk at? She has to go there. I'll circle around the outside isles and find her.»

Smalley turned to his right and walked slowly along the vegetable bins. His eyes watched to his left, looking down the isles as he crossed them.

«Ah, there she is. Heading this way.»

Smalley turned left down the bread isle.

«She's taller than I thought. The boys look like here. She's cute.»

The Marquer mom stopped in the middle of the isle looking at the bread. There was a small hand bag in the cart's seat. She held onto the cart handle with her left hand.

Twin Killing

Smalley ran his cart into hers. There was a loud bash and the Marquer mom jumped in fright.

“I am so sorry Ma'am!” Smalley said excitedly. “I wasn't watching where I was going. Are you OK?”

The tall blond with porcelain skin flushed in fright, her body tensed up. Her right hand had flown up to her throat at the impact and her left was following right along.

“I'm...fine, I'm fine,” she stammered. “I didn't see you. Where did you come from?” Her blue eyes looked into Smalley's as she spoke.

“I was just up at the head of the isle. I'm sorry. I wasn't watching where I was going. I didn't mean to scare you.” Smalley stopped talking and stared at the Marquer mom. Then he said, “You're Frank and Robert Marquer's mother aren't you?”

The Marquer mom gave Smalley a questioning look. “Yes, I am Helen Marquer. How do you know the boys?”

Smalley smiled. “I'm Bob Littlemore. I teach at the school. I've seen you up there with them up.”

The Marquer mom had her hands on the shopping cart handle ready to bolt. “I don't remember seeing you before,” she said.

“Well, I teach the fourth grade and obviously I don't make the same impression as you do,” Smalley laughed nervously.

«She's going to run. She's going to run.»

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The Marquer mom relaxed. The tenseness dropped away. She smiled, understanding the situation..

“I guess crashing into me is one way to introduce yourself. You might have tried talking.”

“I didn't think of that,” Smalley answered. “Crashing right in seemed like a good idea.”

The Marquer mom laughed and held up her left hand. “I am very married,” she smiled pointing at the gold band on her finger.

«What does that mean, “very married?” Sounds like a line she uses often.»

Smalley raised both his hands and held them where she could see them. “I'm not,” he smiled. “And I don't believe in letting a beautiful woman walk away without asking if she would care for a cup of coffee.”

The Marquer mom nodded down at the groceries in her basket. “I have shopping to do.”

“Buying groceries will be more fun after a cup of coffee,” Smalley answered in a teasing voice.

She looked at Smalley and asked seriously, “Why aren't you teaching today?”

Smalley scrunched up his shoulders, dipped his head slightly and said, “Playing hooky.”

The Marquer mom laughed. “Okay. I can use a cup of coffee.”

«Yes.»

Twin Killing

The small diner was nearly empty, paused between breakfast and lunch rushes. Smalley and the Marquer mom sat opposite each other in the back corner booth, away from the front windows.

The Marquer mom laughed, “The boys don't ever bring home any school stories that funny.”

Smalley smiled as he said, “They just don't know what is funny yet.”

She shook her head still laughing. “Yes, they are still just little boys.” She wiped the dampness away from her eyes with the back of her right hand.

“Do you want some more coffee Helen?”

Smalley asked.

“I don't know, Bob” she laughed. “What time is it?”

Smalley looked at his watch. “It's a little after ten,” he answered.

The Marquer mom winced slightly. “Bob, I have got to get the shopping done.”

«Here we go.»

“Afraid Mr. Marquer will get angry?”

The Marquer mom waved here hand indifferently as she reached out for her coffee cup.

“He's out of town,” she stated. She looked Smalley in the eyes and added, “He's always out of town.” She picked up her cup.

«Here it comes.»

“I'm sorry,” Smalley responded. “What's he do?”

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The Marquer mom sipped a little coffee then lowered her cup. “He's a Navy pilot. He's in Kodiak or some place for the next six months,” she answered nonchalantly.

“Then what's the hurry?” Smalley asked.

She set her cup on the table, “Bob, I would love to sit here and drink coffee all all day, but I have things I have to get done. The boys will be home before we know it.”

Smalley reached out and took the Marquer mom's hand and squeezed lightly. She returned the pressure.

“I would like to see you again,” Smalley said.

“I would like to see you again too,” the Marquer mom said and squeezed Smalley's hand a little tighter. “Maybe we can have coffee again soon?” she offered and then she smiled. “Maybe you can try my coffee next time,” she said teasingly.

«Got it.»

“I would love that,” Smalley grinned and reached out to take her hands in both of his.

The Marquer mom pulled her hand and wagged her right index finger at Smalley. “I didn't say right now,” she laughed. “Let me have your phone number. I'll call you,” she said with a wink.

“I'll only give you my number if you promise to call it,” Smalley retorted laughing back.

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“I promise I'll call tomorrow,” she answered. Suddenly she looked worried. “Are you working tomorrow?”

“Not now,” Smalley answered.

“Good,” the Marquer mom smiled. “Let me get a pen and pencil,” she stated as she reached for her purse.—

→“The water has always been convenient,” Smalley answered.

“What about the ones in Oakland? Mitchell asked. “Why didn't you toss them in the water?”

“Detective, you asked about heads, not feet,” Smalley smiled. “And since we're sharing, what kind of gun did you carry? You look like a .45 guy to me.”←

—Bennett was taking a shower. On a base in the middle of no where, on top of a flattened hill top, surrounded by woods and VC; Bennett was taking a shower in the wide open from a 55 gallon drum hoisted up on a rickety platform.

“Bennett, you have the whitest ass I have ever seen,” the ever helmeted Mitchell shouted as he walked by.

Bennett shook his ass in Mitchell's direction.

“Mitch, if you'd take a shower I'd let you do more than look,” Bennett said and he shook his ass at Mitchell some more.

“You're always bragging about being able to smell gooks a mile away,” Mitchell replied, “ when

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you're done here they'll smell your Aqua Velva ass all they way to Hanoi.”

Bennett gave Mitchell the finger.

“Yea, fuck you too Bennett,” Mitchell laughed. “If your ass wasn't so cute I'd put a cap up it,”

Mitchel shouted and gripped the .45 on his hip.

Bennett waved his finger at Mitchell again..

The first mortar shell landed at Bennett's feet. It's blast fragmented him in a thousand directions.

Mitchell dropped to the deck as the mortal shells began to rain down all across the base.

«Jesus, Fucking Christ!»

“The motherfuckers are through the wire,” Mitchell heard shouted above the blasts. Small arms fire filled the gaps between.

«God, Fucking Damn! Move you ass Mitchell! Move it!»

Mitchell got to his feet and in a crouching run with one hand holding the helmet on his head he raced to the nearest reinforced sleeping position, his holstered, cocked and locked .45 . banging against his right hip. The air was filled with red tracer sighting in the withering assault. Mitchell reached the steel covered sleeping position. He dove to the ground and combat crawled his way inside. He was the only occupant of the gear strewn culvert.

«God damn it! God fucking damn it.»

The assaulting fire plastered the culvert. Out going mortals thumped and incoming mortars

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blasted. Men roared at each other in a common, intelligible voice.

«I can't stay here.»

Mitchell pulled the .45 from its holster and lowered the safety. He crawled to the far end of the shelter.

«Here we go.»

Mitchell scrambled out the end and took off in his compacted running fashion to the perimeter to add his voice.—

→“The M1911A1 is a good weapon,” Mitchell responded. “It'll give you all the confidence you'll every need.”

Smalley looked and listened intently.

“I've carried several department issued sidearms,” Mitchell continued, “but I keep a Browning Hi-Powered at the house.”

Smalley grinned, “The wives must have loved that.”

“They liked it better than the Thompson under the bed,” Mitchell answered unsmiling.

Escobar laughed.

“What's so funny?” Scott asked.

“Just these two,” Escobar answered. “Just these two.”

Escobar turned away from the viewing window and looked at Scott. “My boss texted a little bit ago that he has someone looking at the traffic videos from the bridge. When we find Smalley dumping

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the evidence you'll have to get your people involved. That'll probably be Rockwall jurisdiction. Anything on the Littlemore name yet?" Escobar asked. "Mitchell might be able to use it."

"I'll check," Scott answered and reached into his coat to fish out his phone.

Escobar turned back to the interrogation room.←

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Chapter 12

→“Did you ever kill anyone?” Smalley asked conversationally.

Mitchell looked at him.

«What a fuck head.»

“I carried a M60 in Viet Nam.”

“Ah,” Smalley said with understanding. “I was really asking about during your police career.”

Scott scrolled through documents on his phone. “We need to get Mitchell out of there. I want him to see this stuff from Bremerton.”

Escobar looked over at Scott. “I’ll go in and get him. I’ll tell him it’s break time, that we need to let Smalley get up and move around a little bit. I think Smalley will go for that.”

“Whatever, just get his ass out of there,” Scott ordered. “He needs to see this stuff.”

“Got it,” Escobar acknowledged and shook his head slightly, which Scott did not notice as he continued to read from his phone.

«Give ear to my prayer, O God; and hide not thyself from my supplication.

Attend unto me, and hear me: I mourn in my complaint, and make a noise;

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Because of the voice of the enemy, because of the oppression of the wicked: for they cast iniquity upon me, and in wrath they hate me.

My heart is sore pained within me: and the terrors of death are fallen upon me.

Fearfulness and trembling are come upon me, and horror hath overwhelmed me.

And I said, Oh that I had wings like a dove! for then would I fly away, and be at rest.

Lo, then would I wander far off, and remain in the wilderness. Selah.

I would hasten my escape from the windy storm and tempest.

Destroy, O Lord, and divide their tongues: for I have seen violence and strife in the city.

Day and night they go about it upon the walls thereof: mischief also and sorrow are in the midst of it.

Wickedness is in the midst thereof: deceit and guile depart not from her streets.

For it was not an enemy that reproached me; then I could have borne it: neither was it he that hated me that did magnify himself against me; then I would have hid myself from him:

But it was thou, a man mine equal, my guide, and mine acquaintance.

We took sweet counsel together, and walked unto the house of God in company.

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Let death seize upon them, and let them go down quick into hell: for wickedness is in their dwellings, and among them.

As for me, I will call upon God; and the LORD shall save me.

Evening, and morning, and at noon, will I pray, and cry aloud: and he shall hear my voice.

He hath delivered my soul in peace from the battle that was against me: for there were many with me.

God shall hear, and afflict them, even he that abideth of old. Selah. Because they have no changes, therefore they fear not God.

He hath put forth his hands against such as be at peace with him: he hath broken his covenant.

The words of his mouth were smoother than butter, but war was in his heart: his words were softer than oil, yet were they drawn swords.

Cast thy burden upon the LORD, and he shall sustain thee: he shall never suffer the righteous to be moved.

But thou, O God, shalt bring them down into the pit of destruction: bloody and deceitful men shall not live out half their days; but I will trust in thee.»

Mitchell was looking at Smalley. “I..” he started to answer when he was interrupted by a knock on the door. He stopped and turned around in his chair to look at the door.

Smalley's eyes moved to the door.

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Both men watched and waited.

No one came in.

Finally Mitchell spoke up, "Yes? What is it?"

The door opened a quarter way and Escobar leaned in.

"Sorry to interrupt you but we need to give Smalley a break."

"I don't need a break," Smalley stated.

"Didn't say you needed one," Escobar replied. "I said that we needed to give you one. Don't want you bursting your bladder or something." He looked at Mitchell and said, "It wouldn't hurt you either Mr. Mitchell."

Mitchell shrugged his shoulders and turned back around to face Smalley.

Smalley moved his eyes from Escobar to Mitchell.

"I never killed anyone during my time on the police force. Never even had to fire my weapon," Mitchell said.

Smalley raised his eyebrows and tilted his head slightly to the left.

Mitchell pushed back from the table and stood up. "I'll be back shortly," he said to Smalley. Then he turned and headed to the door.

Escobar pushed the door open wide for Mitchell and said to Smalley, "There'll be someone in here in a minute to get you Smalley." Then both Mitchell and Escobar were gone and the door closed behind

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them. Smalley turned his head toward the mirrored window, tilted his head to the left again and raised his eyebrows questioningly.

Out in the hall Mitchell asked, "What's up Escobar?"

"Scott's got some stuff on Bob Littlemore. He wants you to see it ASAP."

"Have you seen it?" Mitchell asked.

"Too important for me to see it," Escobar chuckled. "The man wants you to see it." He turned and headed to the other side of the mirror.

"Great," Mitchell replied and followed Escobar.

Escobar stopped outside the observation room door and pulled out his phone. He made a three digit call. "Get someone to take Smalley for a walk and a piss. We'll need him back inside in fifteen minutes." Then he opened the door and motioned Mitchell inside. He followed behind and shut the door.

The officer was already in the room with Smalley, moving him out for his break. Smalley looked over at the mirror and winked his left eye

Scott was watching Smalley. "He's a cool one isn't he?"

Neither Mitchell or Escobar commented.

They watched the office lead Smalley out of the room before anyone spoke again.

Mitchell asked, "What have you got?"

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Scott turned around and said eagerly, “We have his ass again. That's what we've got.” Then he added, “Escobar, I've forwarded the files to your phone. Mitchell your phone won't take the files. Do you want me to get you hard copy?”

“Scott, I'm here for one reason, to close my case in Oakland. You have enough evidence to do that. Other than that, California can't do capital punishments right now. Texas can and does. You have his confession on the murders here. I don't know if Washington state does executions. So there is that. It doesn't really matter. Smalley won't get out of Texas. Other than that I don't care. We're just closing some files in other places.”

Scott got all bowed up. “That's all you care about. Your case. You don't care about closure for the families of these other victims. What about them?”

“Give me a break Special Agent Scott,” Mitchell said quietly. “You care about a big collar. The bigger the better and a promotion for yourself. I've been in this business for a long fucking time and I've seen this movie before.” Mitchell paused and watched Scott sputter before he added, “I need to piss. What did you get from Washington?”

Scott finally found his tongue. “It's parochial cops like you that make it impossible to work with local forces. Maybe Escobar will talk to you. For

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myself, you can go to hell.” Scott brushed past Mitchell and Escobar and exited the room.

“He keep his cool pretty good there,” Escobar stated.

“Yeah, he'll go places, if his blood pressure doesn't kill him first,” Mitchell responded.

“Maybe you should take it easy on him,” Escobar suggested. “He is paying for the hotel.”

Mitchell grinned at that. “Right. Fuck him. He's a prick. What have we got?”

“Let me get you a print out.”

“Escobar, we parochial cops can't read,” Mitchell laughed. “Just give me the highlights.”

“Right,” Escobar grinned. “I've not seen this stuff so if you want, there's a restroom at the end of the hall. Go take your leak while I skim through it.”

“Will do Detective,” Mitchell replied. “I don't have prostrate problems yet, so I should be right back.”

Escobar grinned at Mitchell and watched him leave the room then he started flipping through the files Scott have sent him.

Escobar was leaning against the wall waiting patiently when Mitchell came back.

“I thought you said you didn't have prostate trouble,” he said as Mitchell walked up.

“I've got a big bladder from years of police coffee,” Mitchell replied. “Are you paying me by the hour?”

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“I don't believe we are paying you at all,” Escobar laughed.

“Then you are getting your money's worth, aren't you?” Mitchell smiled. “Speaking of 'money's worth,' where's Scott? When is he coming back?”

Escobar stood away from the wall. “I think he is still pissed off.”

“He'll get over it,” Mitchell assured.

“I'm sure he will. I'm sure he's used to it,” Escobar said. “He texted me. Wants me to let him know when you and Smalley are back in the room so he can come and watch the show.”

“See, he's fine. What have we got from Bremerton?” Mitchell asked.

Escobar motioned towards the interrogation room. “Let's go set down and and talk.” He moved over to the door and opened it for Mitchell.

“Thank you,” Mitchell said as he passed inside.

“You are most welcome,” Escobar answered following right behind and pulling the door to.

Mitchell took the same chair he had used earlier.

“I guess I get the part of the interrogatee?” Escobar said sliding into Smalley's seat.

Mitchell motioned at the camera in the upper corner. “Is that thing still running?”

“Nah,” Escobar answered. “I shut it off after Smalley left the room. Who would want to record you?” he laughed.

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“F'in'BI,” Mitchell stated. “I have never trusted them. And I won't start now.”

“If you haven't done anything wrong then you have nothing to worry about, right?” Escobar asked sarcastically.

“Right,” Mitchell answered. “Exactly. So what do we have. Just make it the 'Littlemore in Bremerton for Dummies' version.”

Escobar grinned and shook his head then started, “This Bob Littlemore just appeared one day in Seattle. He filed resumes with all the area school systems looking for substitute teaching positions. I've got a copy of his resume here and it says he has a bachelor's degree in history from UC Berkley. Of course Berkley has never heard of him.”

Escobar looked up at Mitchell and said, “Littlemore has a Social Security card that was issued in California but no money was deposited under that number until Seattle.”

“And what about Smalley's SS number?” Mitchell.

“Robert David Smalley doesn't appear to have a Social Security number,” Escobar replied. “I mean there are Robert David Smalleys in the Social Security database but our guy isn't one of them.”

“Okay,” Mitchell nodded. “How does he tie in with the murders up there?”

“He subbed at the elementary school there in Bremerton which a pair of twin boys attended.

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Frank and Robert Marquer, if I am pronouncing that correctly. The boys were found dead along with their mother, Helen; heads, hands and feet missing.”

Mitchell listened to Escobar with a clinched jaw and unblinking eyes.

“The Bremerton and Seattle police forces checked out everyone who went into and out of the elementary school. When they checked on Littlemore he was gone. His apartment in Seattle was left intact. His car was out in the parking lot. Their notes on the case suggests that he didn't even leave with a bag. He just disappeared into thin air.”

“How old were the boys?” Mitchell asked.

“Ah, they were nine years old. Third graders,” Escobar answered.

“And the mother?”

Escobar scrolled across his phone a little. “She was thirty-two. A stay at home mom.”

“What about the dad?”

“Navy pilot. He was stationed in Alaska at the time,” Escobar replied. “He didn't know anything.”

“Smalley got older and so did his family, his victims,” Mitchell corrected himself.

“How come this wasn't connected to my case?”

“You know every police force was still very localized back in '76,” Escobar explained. “When did you first hear of Ted Bundy? When they arrested him, right?”

Mitchell nodded.

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“And he was just up the road from you too. And what, he killed twenty or thirty women in the seventies?” Escobar asked.

“Right,” Mitchell nodded. “And our son of a bitch only filled fifteen, sporadically chopping them up three at a time over forty years. He kept a low profile didn't he. What a fuckin' world,” Mitchell said through clenched teeth.

“It is that,” Escobar agreed. He sat his phone down on the the table.

“Is that it?” Mitchell asked. “That's all we've got?”

“The FBI is working with both the Bremerton and Seattle forces, checking the evidence they collected. They have copies of Smalley's prints now. We have to wait and see if they have any matches.”

«Great. Super.»

“Well then, let's get the son of a bitch in here,” Mitchell swore and banged his fist on the table.

“OK,” Escobar rejoined. “Wait here and I'll get it going again.” As he stood up from the table he pulled out his phone and dialed. He talked as he moved to the door.

“Hey, can you get Smalley back in here pronto?...Yea, we're ready to go again...OK...Great. Thanks.”

Escobar stopped at the door and faced Mitchell, “Couple of minutes and he'll be in here. I'm going to

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go next door and call Scott. Ask him to bring some popcorn,” Escobar smiled.

“Can I get some?” Mitchell asked with a wry grin.

“With all that breakfast you had you don't need it,” Escobar joked.

Mitchell sat up straighter. “Hey, I have ex-wives who still won't joke about my weight,” he stated.

“Good thing I'm not an ex-wife then,” Escobar tossed out over his shoulder as he left the room and closed the door.

“Don't forget to turn on the video,” Mitchell shouted after him.

“Ass hole,” he swore softly and checked his watch.

«Sweat heart, I wish I was home. I wish we were there together. Have a good day at work.»

There was a rattle of the door knob and the door opened. Smalley shuffled into the room and took his place at the table. The delivering officer closed the door on the two men.

“How many Social Security numbers do you have?” Mitchell asked.

Smalley grinned a little sheepishly, “Why do you ask? Do you need one?”

“Up in Bremerton Bob Littlemore had a...”

Smalley interrupted by rattling off Littlemore's SS number.

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“Yea, I guess that's it,” Mitchell said. “I have trouble remembering my own number much less someone's else's.”

“I doubt that Detective,” Smalley said. “I find you're approach most interesting.”

Mitchell tapped on the table four times as he said, “I don't give a fuck what you think Smalley.”

Smalley did not not respond and the smile left his face.

“How many Social Security numbers do you have?” Mitchell repeated.

“Lot's,” Smalley answered. “Back in the day it was easy to get one. Most of the time I wasn't even asked to show some ID. Just walk in and fill out the form. I got my first one when I was sixteen. I never got one for my real name. Didn't figure I would be retiring in the traditional sense,” said. “Is that better Detective?”

“Did you know Helen Marquer and her twin sons, Frank and Robert?” Mitchell asked.

“Of course I knew them Detective, Smalley answered. “I killed them back in 1976.”←

—The phone rang. Smalley jumped. He had been jumping for three days now whenever the phone rang. He had told four separate elementaries he had a stomach virus. If he did not get back to work they would stop calling.

«Be her. Be her. If it's not I'll drive out there and ask her what the hell is going on. Does she think

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this is some kind of a game or something? I gave her my number 'cause I thought I could trust her.»

Smalley stood up from the table and walked slowing to the phone. He reached it on the fourth ring.

He lifted the transceiver from the cradle and answered, “Hello, this is Bob.”

A woman's voice spoke nervously, “Bob, ah, hi. This is Helen, Helen Marquer. We met the other day at the grocery store.”

«About time.»

“Hi, Helen,” Smalley answered lightly. “I haven't forgotten you,” and he laughed slightly. “I've just been worried you wouldn't call. I'm so glad you did.”

The Marquer mom laughed nervously but spoke up, “Well I wanted to call the very next day, but I thought that was a little too fresh.”

Smalley laughed, “I understand. It's not easy to make a call is it? We guys go through it all the time. But I am really glad you decided to call. How have you been.”

“Well,” the Marquer mom answered, “I thought I might tell you that over a cup of coffee. If you have time?”

«Oh, I have the time.»

“Sure, where do you want to meet?” Smalley asked.

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The Marquer mom paused for a second, “Why don't you come over to my house? I've got some French Roast and I make a pretty good cup of coffee. No Folgers here.”

“That sounds great Helen,” Smalley answered excitedly. “Where do you live?”

The Marquer mom gave him her address.

“If I hit the ferries right I can be there in a half hour. Is that all right?” Smalley asked.

“That'll be great Bob,” the Marquer mom answered happily. “See you in a little bit.”

“OK, Helen. Bye,” Smalley replied and hung up.

«I need to get the bag. Check everything. Double check the gun. Whoa, whoa there dummy. Slow down. You don't need to do any of that. Just go over there and drink some coffee. Make her happy. No hurry. No mistakes.»

It was dark and drizzling rain as Smalley headed to Bremerton. He only used the wipers occasionally. At the ferry the fog was heavy. He turned on the headlights. A perfect day for not being seen.

Smalley saw the for sale sign across from the Marquer house. He slowed down and pulled into Marquer driveway and parked.

«Be cool. No mistakes. Follow her lead. Whatever she wants. You have to get back in here when the boys are home. Keep your eyes open for easy ways in.»

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He turned off the motor suspending the wipers' animation and shut off the headlights. The street was quiet. The rain gave the house a vacant look. Smalley saw some movement at a window.

«Here we go.»

He opened the car door and scrambled out. The rain seemed heavier standing in it. He slammed the car door. It seemed loud, though the rain deaden the noise. He hurried up to the door and knocked.

The door was opened immediately. The Marquer mom smiled. “Hi Bob.”

She had her hair pulled back and was wearing the blue robe. The robe was loosely gathered at the waist, not over lapped and presented Smalley ample flesh to look at.

Before Smalley could reply the Marquer mom reached out and grabbed his arm. “Get in here before you get soaked,” she laughed and pulled him across the threshold.—

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Chapter 13

→”Do you want to know how I did it?” Smalley asked.

“Not really,” Mitchell answered. “I figure I know,” he said looking Smalley in the eye. “You took your brand new, at least brand new to you, 22 caliber Smith and Wesson, Model 18-4, and shot Helen Marquer in the head. And then you did the same to Frank and Robert.”

Scott was standing up close to the glass staring at Mitchell and Smalley. “What the hell is Mitchell doing?” Scott asked turning to his left to look at Escobar.

Escobar smiled. “Mitchell just ruined the story for our buddy there. Took all the fun in the telling away from him.”

“What good does that do?” Scott demanded. “We need his confession.”

“You already have it. He just said he did it,” Escobar stated. “You just need your people up there to find some prints or some DNA. Mitchell's just trying to keep Smalley off balance, and talking. Not letting him gloat and make up shit.

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Mitchell continued, “Then you cut off their heads, feet and hands. Did you toss 'em in the Puget Sound? Did you keep some feet? Maybe hands this time?”

Smalley's face was red. He stared at Mitchell for a few seconds. “I believe you said you knew.”

«Judge me, O God, and plead my cause against an ungodly nation: O deliver me from the deceitful and unjust man.

For thou art the God of my strength: why dost thou cast me off? why go I mourning because of the oppression of the enemy?

O send out thy light and thy truth: let them lead me; let them bring me unto thy holy hill, and to thy tabernacles.

Then will I go unto the altar of God, unto God my exceeding joy: yea, upon the harp will I praise thee, O God my God.

Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? hope in God: for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God.»←

—Smalley opened his eyes. The bedroom was softly lit by the sunlight filtering through the tall trees outside. The drapes were tied back and the windows open. Fresh air filled the space. Smalley took a deep breath.

«Third time is the charm.»

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The Marquer mom was asleep next to him. Her hair was down and loose across her face. She breathed softly, her chest barely moving the sheet they lay under. Her warm body along his length made lying together in the bed comfortable.

«Need to get up and get busy. The boys will be here soon.»

Smalley slid carefully away from the Marquer mom, watching her face for any change. At the edge of the bed he raised the sheet slightly and eased himself quickly off the bed. He lowered the edge of the sheet softly to the bed allowing as little cool air as possible to creep underneath. He looked around for his clothes. There was a tangled pile at the foot of the bed. He stepped quietly over and scooped up the entire bundle. Sorting through them he walked quickly to the bathroom and shut himself in. He pulled his pants and shirt from the wad and dropped the rest to the floor. He slipped into the pants and shirt then quietly left the bathroom and headed for the front door.

The driveway was cool and rough to his feet as he hurried to the car.

«I've parked here too much. The neighbors will probably be able to describe the car. I've been quick in and out so maybe they've missed seeing me. Maybe. I'll ditch the car in Seattle on my way out.»

Smalley went to the passenger's side and opened the door. He stooped inside and when he stood back

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up he held a small valise. He closed the car door and hurried back to the house.

“Bob? Bob? Where are you?” the Marquer mom called

“I’m right here, Helen,” Smalley called back as he locked the door. “I just had to run out to the car for something,” he added as he crossed the distance to the bedroom.

The Marquer mom was sitting up in the bed on the left hand side with the sheet pulled up under her chin. Her hair was tousled about her face. She had a soft warm glow to her skin and smiled when she saw Smalley re-entered the bedroom.

“I was afraid you had left,” she said a little self-consciously. “And didn’t say good bye.”

“Helen, you just think I’m a cad, don’t you?” Smalley asked as he walked over to the bed.

“No, of course not,” the Marquer mom said. “It’s just almost time for the boys to be home. What’s in the bag?” she asked impishly. “Something for me?”

Smalley sat down on the side of the bed beside her. He sat the valise down beside the bed on the floor. “Yes, something for you.”

The Marquer mom’s eyes twinkled as she asked. “What is it?”

Smalley stared at the Marquer mom.

“What is it Bob?” she asked nervously.”

“You’re very lovely, Helen,” Smalley answered. The Marquer mom smiled.

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Smalley bent down and reached into the valise with his right hand. His searching hand found the pistol's grip and he extracted the weapon. He raised up and brought the pistol up into view. The Marquer mom' face took on a quizzical look.

He brought the pistol up, extended his arm and placed the muzzle against the Marquer mom's forehead. Her eyes were bright blue. Her mouth a funny "O" shape.

The pistol grip felt cool in Smalley's hand. The trigger was smooth and slippery. He squeezed the trigger, watched the hammer raise, watched the hammer fall.

The explosion was louder than Smalley expected. He flinched but watched the blood spatter fly towards him. He saw pieces of the back of the Marquer mom's head flying away towards the wall. He watched her body drop to the bed. Her eyes did not twinkle but her mouth still had the funny "O" shape.

«There. That wasn't too bad. A little messy. I wonder if anyone heard that. Need to go check.»

Smalley stood up from the bed and walked stiffly to the living room with the pistol at his side. He peeked out the front window.

«Nope. No one stirring. Not even a mouse.»

He checked his watch.

«Need to get busy. The boys will be here soon. I'll wait on Helen until the boys are ready. I don't

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think I have the time and I don't want them walking in and being upset. That would be terrible. I'll just move her into the kitchen.»

Smalley walked back into the bedroom and appraised the scene. The Marquer mom with a small hole in her forehead lying on a bloody pillow with some blood splatter forward across the sheet and a sizable mass of blood and brains on the wall behind.

«Well, all in all, not as messy as last time. That was a mess. I need to look for the bullet. Wasn't expecting that. See if it is in the wall.»

Smalley pulled the sheet up and wiped the blood off the pistol and his hand. He returned the pistol to the valise.

He pulled the sheet off of the Marquer mom with out looking at her and walked around the foot of the bed to the blood splattered wall. He got down on a knee and began wiping the wall.

«There it is. I'll get my knife and dig it out. No, don't do that. It'll dull the edge of the knife. I need to keep it sharp...Just leave the lead in the wall. The police'll be able to tell what happened even if you get the lead....What if this gun has a history? Maybe its been used before. Guns in pawn shops aren't clean... I'll get a knife from the kitchen.»

Smalley checked his watch as he walked into the kitchen.

«Need to hurry. The boys will be home soon.»

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He opened counter drawers until he found steak knives. He took one and went back to the bedroom.

Smalley looked at the the Marquer mom as he re-entered the bedroom.

«Good, the pillow is soaking up the mess.»

He walked to the wall, crouched down and began digging at the bullet hole.

«There it is. No sweat.»

He raked the lead out of the hole and into the palm of his left hand. He stood up and put the lead into his pants pocket. Then he turned around to face the bed.

Smalley stepped over to the bed and lifted the corner of the mattress. He pulled the fitted sheet loose.

«A mattress cover, even better.»

He pulled the mattress cover loose , dropped the mattress corner and moved to the foot of the bed where he repeated the process on both bottom corners.

The Marquer mom lay close to the last corner. Smalley stared down at her. She had not moved. He raised the mattress corner just enough to get the sheet and mattress cover off then stepped back.

«Just roll her over to the middle of the bed and wrap the bed clothes over her. Not a big deal.»

Smalley stepped close to the bed and grasped the edge of the mattress cover. He lifted until the sheet stopped at the edge of the Marquer mom. He

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tightened his grip and lifted in one long motion which rolled the body over onto its front. The pillow stayed stuck to the back of the head. He tossed the edge of the mattress cover over the body. He walked around to the other side and tossed the other edge over that.

«O clap your hands, all ye people; shout unto God with the voice of triumph.

For the LORD most high is terrible; he is a great King over all the earth.

He shall subdue the people under us, and the nations under our feet.

He shall choose our inheritance for us, the excellency of Jacob whom he loved. Selah.

God is gone up with a shout, the LORD with the sound of a trumpet.

Sing praises to God, sing praises: sing praises unto our King, sing praises.

For God is the King of all the earth: sing ye praises with understanding.

God reigneth over the heathen: God sitteth upon the throne of his holiness.

The princes of the people are gathered together, even the people of the God of Abraham: for the shields of the earth belong unto God: he is greatly exalted.»

Smalley went to the foot of the bed, grasped the ends of the mattress cover and dragged the body off the bed.—

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Chapter 14

→“All the TV shows say you people like to keep souvenirs,” Mitchell stated.

Smalley shifted his hands and the cuffs made a slight noise. “You believe everything you see on TV?” he asked.

“Sure. Don't you,” Mitchell responded and leaned back into his chair.

“Only if it's on PBS,” Smalley answered. “Are you a Fox News fan, Detective?”

“I stopped watching the news back during the Nicaragua crap in the eighties,” Mitchell answered. “One of the Colonels on our side popped a cap in one of our journalist's head and the journalist's film crew caught every bit of it on tape. I guess it was tape back then,” Mitchell shrugged. “They showed that on all the network news shows. The producers for the crew probably made a lot of money off of it. I doubt that the reporter did, I stopped watching the news after that. Murders I could get at work.” Mitchell leaned forward, “And now I can get them for retirement.”

“You seem to be enjoying it Detective,” Smalley offered.

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“You think?” Mitchell asked. “I have a nice recliner at home, cable TV and a frig full of beer. You think I'm enjoying this?”

“Yes, I do Detective,” Smalley answered.

“What the fuck did you do with the Marquers?” Mitchell demanded. ←

—The front door was flung open. It banged hard against the wall. Robert Marquer was home.

“Hey, that ain't fair,” Frank Marquer shouted as he raced into the living room right behind his brother. “You pushed me. I was at the door first.”

Smalley stepped out of the kitchen into the living room. “It doesn't matter who's first Frank. You're both home now.”

The boys froze in their tracks and stared at Smalley.

“Come on now boys,” Smalley smiled. “I'm Mr. Littlemore from the school. You've seen me there, right?”

“Sure,” Robert answered. “Where's Mom?” he asked.

«Got you.»

Smalley continued to smile. “She's taking a nap. She was pretty tired so she asked me to get you boys some ice cream. You want some ice cream?”

“Sure,” the boys answered in unison.

“Great. Then you sit down there on the couch and watch some TV while I get it for you, OK?”

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“Mom makes us do our home work before we can watch TV,” Robert stated.

“Yea, home work first,” Frank repeated.

Smalley laughed softly. “Well, she is resting right now and what she doesn't know won't hurt us. Will it?” he asked with a wink.

“Nope.”

“Nope.”

“Frank, will you please close and lock the door?” Smalley asked. “You never can tell who or what is outside. Could be an ice cream burglar.”

Both Frank and Robert Marquer laughed.

“I'll get that ice cream,” Smalley said.

Frank went to close the door. Robert headed to the TV.

In the kitchen Smalley stepped around the Marquer mom's body and retrieved his pistol from the valise there on the floor.

«In the LORD put I my trust: How say ye to my soul, Flee as a bird to your mountain?

For, lo, the wicked bend their bow, they make ready their arrow upon the string, that they may privily shoot at the upright in heart.

If the foundations be destroyed, what can the righteous do?

The LORD is in his holy temple, the LORD's throne is in heaven: his eyes behold, his eyelids try, the children of men.

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The LORD trieth the righteous: but the wicked and him that loveth violence his soul hateth.

Upon the wicked he shall rain snares, fire and brimstone, and an horrible tempest: this shall be the portion of their cup.

For the righteous LORD loveth righteousness; his countenance doth behold the upright.»

Smalley stood up. He held the pistol close to his right thigh as he stepped over the Marquer mom and headed back to the living room.

Frank and Robert sat on the couch watching the TV, their backs to the kitchen. The sound on the TV was turned up way too loud. They didn't hear Smalley walk across the living room floor.

«Looks like Gilligan is judging the beauty contest. The monkey wins.»

Smalley was behind the boys. The pistol felt more comfortable in his hand this time. He raised the gun, aimed point blank and shot Frank in the back of the head. The recoil and blood splatter was no surprise this time.

Robert reacted to the sound and the blood, turned his head toward his brother.

Smalley followed Robert's movements as Frank's body fell forward and across Robert's legs. Robert looked down at his brother. Smalley stepped in close and shot Robert behind the left ear. Robert fell onto the couch.

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«There, that wasn't bad at all. The TV noise covered everything. I need to keep an ear open for the neighbors or police in case someone heard something. Need to get moving. Check the walls for slugs. Get the boys back in the kitchen with their mom. Lot's to do.»

It was dark outside. The TV in the Marquer's living room, the only light in the house, provided enough light for Smalley to work. The sound had been turned down but he could hear it in the kitchen. Jim Rockford's answering machine clicked on.

«It's getting late. I need to get out of here. Not sure what time the last ferry runs.»

Smalley lifted the bundled sheets and set them down on the shower curtain laid out on the dry area of the kitchen floor. He gathered up the four corners of the curtain and tied them, then hoisted the package onto his shoulder and moved carefully past the wet areas on the kitchen floor into the living room.

«Wish I hadn't put those iron skillet in there. It's almost too heavy. Won't have to worry about it sinking though.»

At the front door Smalley set the package down. He moved over to the TV and twisted a knob until it clicked and the TV went off. It held a blue glow for a few seconds and Smalley waited, letting his eyes adjust to the dark.

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He pulled his car keys out of his left pants pocket and walked to the front door. He unlocked it and opened it slowly. The street was dark and quiet. Blue lights were on the houses near by. He lifted the package and headed to the car with the trunk key ready in his left hand.

Smalley set the package down in the trunk and closed the trunk lid quietly.

«Done. Get the valise and let's go.»

With the valise on the passengers' side floorboard Smalley started up the car and eased out onto the street using his backup lights. He was several hundred yards up the hill from the Marquer house before he turned on the headlights. He stopped at the intersection with Marine Dr., then turned right.

«There's got to some place close to the water this way.»

Smalley drove north. Marine Dr. was encased in trees and wild underbrush. It rushed up to the edge of the street. A house here and a driveway there magnified the wildness. The car's headlights searched out ahead. More of the same.

«You can smell it. The ocean is right over there. There has to be a break.»

Smalley checked his watch.

«I have to catch that last ferry. I don't want to set here in Bremerton all night with this stuff in the

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trunk. I'd better turn around. Play it safe. No mistakes.»

Smalley stopped and made a Y-turn. He headed to the ferry dock.

The posted ferry schedule showed there were two more trips to Seattle. Smalley was the first in line. He cut off the engine and waited for the next to last ferry with a slow gathering queue filling in behind him.

The ferry bumped the dock. The dock crew tied her off. The chain dropped and the cars started disembarking.

Smalley started up his car engine. Others behind him in the queue ground their starters. The last car pulled off and Smalley was motioned on board. He eased the car up on board and across the lowered chain. He idled the car forward to the outward facing end. A crewman motioned him to cut the engine. The car was a foot from the retaining chain. The queued cars crawled on board and filled in the deck around Smalley.

«So much for tossing the package from the ferry. That would be crazy.»

Smalley cut the car engine and set the parking brake. Around him others stepped out of their cars to enjoy the trip's fresh air. Smalley left his windows up and leaned his head back against the car seat and rested.

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The car engine was running when the chained dropped to the deck. Smalley put the car in gear and drove off the ferry.

«Let's see if I can find a quiet spot.»

→There was a pier north of the ferry landing that was quiet,” Smalley answered. “I set them in the Sound from that pier. I didn't keep any souvenirs, Detective.”←

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Chapter 15

→Scott reached into his pocket and pulled out his phone. As he waited for it start up he told Escobar, “And that makes three.”

Escobar acknowledged the comment with a lift of his chin. Scott turned away dialing a number.

“Get the Seattle office checking every pier north of the Bremerton ferry landing,” Scott barked into his phone. “Make sure they only check the piers that were there in '76!”

Escobar shook his head. He looked back into the interrogation room at Smalley and Mitchell.

“You set them in the Sound,” Mitchell repeated. “That was damn nice of you.”

“They were good people, Detective,” Smalley responded. “They deserved respect.”

“The folks in Oakland weren't good people?” Mitchell asked.

“What was your first marriage like?” Smalley answered.

Mitchell stared across the table at Smalley.

«Quid pro quo.»←

— “Hey, Jar Head.!” a female voice shouted.

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Mitchell looked around. The green space in front of the Berkley admin building was bizarre, surreal, stranger than the streets of Saigon. Students clustered around in all manner of dress and undress, shaved and unshaved, bathed and unbathed.

«Everyone would be dead if someone tossed a grenade.»

He did not see anyone he knew.

“Gyrine,” the voice called out.

Mitchell saw her this time. She was a little shorter than average height, long red hair, serape, jeans and bare feet stand twenty yards away near the steps. A couple of hippie guys in dirty jeans and fatigue jackets flanked her.

She waved at Mitchell. The serape shifted position on her shoulders.

«Damn, I don't think she has anything on under that. And that thing flattens out what she does have.»

She waved again.

Mitchell pointed at his chest, “Me?”

“Yes you, Leatherneck,” she laughed back.

«OK.»

Mitchell crossed the crowded grass.

He stopped in front of the trio.

«She looks young. Maybe not even old enough for college. But good tits though.»

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“Do we know each other?” Mitchell asked the girl. She had a sprinkling of freckles across her face.

“Oh, hell no, Marine,” the girl answered and grinned.

“You just off the boat?” she asked.

“What boat?” Mitchell asked.

“Maybe it was a turnip wagon,” the girl laughed.

The two guys flanking her both grinned.

«Fuckin' bitch.»

“Yes, I'm just back from overseas,” Mitchell answered. “Why?”

“I thought so, you haven't even had time for your hair to grow out.”

“I like it short,” Mitchell answered.

The girl laughed. “These two have short hair,” she said motioning to her guys. “You have no hair.”

Mitchell took a deep breath expanding his chest and answered, “I like it short.”

“That's okay man,” the girl quickly responded. “It looks good on you. I was just messing with you. Wondering where your head was. My name is Brenda.” She held out a hand for Mitchell to shake. There was nothing under the serape but Brenda.

“Mitchell,” Mitchell said. He took her hand.

«Small. Warm. Smooth. Nice.»

“Nice to meet you Mitchell. You been back long?” Brenda asked still holding Mitchell's hand.

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“Couple of weeks,” Mitchell answered. He held on to Brenda's hand.

“GI Bill?” Brenda asked.

“You ask a lot of questions,” Mitchell said. He still held Brenda's hand.

Brenda looked up Mitchell and smiled. “I like to know who I'm going to fuck.”

«Jesus Christ.»

Mitchell looked at the guys flanking Brenda.

“Don't worry about the boys Mitchell. They're just sniffing around,” Brenda explained. “They'll still be sniffing around tomorrow.” She dropped Mitchell's hand, stepped in close beside him and looped her arm around his waist.

«Damn. Feels good.»

The guys looked back at Mitchell and then drifted away.

“See,” Brenda said. “A girl gets a lot of sniffers. You got anything to smoke?”

“I, I don't have any cigarettes,” Mitchell answered.

Brenda laughed. “You are so cute. I meant pot, dope, weed?”

“No, no. I don't have anything like that.”

“You do smoke don't you Mitchell?”

“Sure, I smoke,” Mitchell replied. “But I just got back in the states you know.”

“Sure Honey,” Brenda smoothed. “I'll tell you what, let's cross the bay. We can get something in

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Frisco. We'll get some shit that'll blow your mind.”—

→”It didn't last very long,” Mitchell answered. We were both real young. It was a mistake.”

Smalley sat back and adjusted his hands in his lap as well as he could. “Young love is a rough teacher, isn't it?” Smalley stated. “I apologize if I am repeating myself Detective but, I wouldn't want to be young again. It was too difficult the first time. Don't you agree?”

Mitchell looked at Smalley.

«Yes I do.»

Then he looked at his watch. “It's lunch time. I'm hungry.” He looked over at the mirror. “You guys hungry?”

Mitchell stood up slowly. “I'll tell you what's rough Smalley, that chair. Now that is rough. We'll get back to the family in Oakland after lunch. How about that?”

Smalley looked up at Mitchell. “Sounds good to me, Detective. Enjoy your lunch.”

«Fuck you, Smalley.»

“Thanks, I will,” Mitchell answered. “You enjoy your's too. And the view, if there is one.”

“No view, Detective,” Smalley answered. “But the food's pretty good,” he smiled.”

“Super.” Mitchell responded. He walked to the door, opened it and left the room.

Smalley turned to the mirror and said, “Great.”

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Mitchell was waiting in the hall when Escobar and Scott Stepped out of the observation room.

“Some more Mexican food, big guy?” Scott asked.

Mitchell rubbed his forehead and shook his head no. He yawned. “I’m tired. I’m re-tired. I’m not in shape for this shit.”

Scott grinned. “Hell, you are doing great in there.”

Escobar looked at Mitchell.

“You just need a cup of coffee or something,” Scott asserted.

“Well, maybe,” Mitchell responded.

“You okay Mitchell?” Escobar asked.

“Yea, I’m okay. Just tired,” Mitchell answered. “I’d really like to go back to my room and lay down. I didn’t get a nap yesterday.”

“You’re letting that guy get to you are you?” Scott demanded.

«Ass hole.»

“No, Special Agent. That guy is not getting to me. I’m just twenty-five years older than you. And I’m tired.”

Escobar jumped in, “I’ll get someone to run you over to the hotel while I get the Special Agent here fed.”

Mitchell smiled. “Thanks, I appreciate it.”

“That’s alright Mitchel,” said Escobar, “But you are going to miss some damn good enchiladas.”

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“And a discussion of the new info we have,” Scott stated.

Escobar rolled his eyes.

Mitchell shook his head. “Sorry about that. But I need to lay down.”

Escobar headed Scott down the hall and motioned Mitchell to follow. “Let me find someone to drive you over there.”

“Sargent Ruiz will get drive you over to the hotel,” Escobar told Mitchell. They and Sargent Ruiz stood in front of the 5th floor elevators. “And when you're ready give him a call and he'll pick you up and bring you back over here. Okay?”

Yes, Mother,” Mitchell answered.

“Fuck you Mitchell,” Escobar grinned. “Ruiz, make sure you have the Lt. Detective's number. And make sure he has yours. Okay?”

“Got cha, sir,” Ruiz answered. “I don't think this is either the Lt. Detective's or my first rodeo. Right, sir?” Ruiz asked Mitchell.

“It might be my first Texas rodeo, Sargent,” Mitchell answered with a grin.. How would that compare to Camp Pendleton?”

“Where, sir?” Sargent Ruiz asked.

“Texans,” Mitchell swore softly.

Escobar grinned.

“Call me when you're up.” The elevator doors opened. Mitchell and Ruiz stepped inside.

Escobar held the doors open with his right.

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“Sargent, make sure he has your number.”

“Yes, sir,” Ruiz answered.

“Okay then,” Escobar looked at Mitchell, “I guess, have a good nap.”

Mitchell nodded and answered, “Will do, sir.”

“Right, whatever.” Escobar moved his hand and the elevator doors closed.

«Wish I was taking a nap instead of lunching with the F'in'BI. »

Escobar headed back to his office.

Special Agent Scott was on the phone. He looked up as Escobar sat down and continued talking, “Sure, get some box lunches sent in. Pastrami for me. Hey, wait a minute.” He moved the phone down to his shoulder to cover the microphone.

“What kind of sandwich do you want?” he Escobar.

“Sandwiches?”

“Yeah, I thought since Mitchell was bugging out on us it would be a good time to have a sit down with some of my staff. Catch up on everything we have going on. Be good for you,” Scott added with a wink. “It's always good to know people. Especially the good guys.”

Escobar looked down at his watch then asked, “Do we have time? It'll take a while to get across town.”

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“Chopper is on the way” Scott grinned. “What kind of sandwich you want?”

«Chopper is on the way.»

“Chicken Club, I guess,” Escobar answered.

Scott moved the phone back up to his mouth.

“Detective Escobar will be with me. Get him a Chicken Club. Make sure there are plenty of cokes, water and coffee. Okay?..Great. Be there shortly.”

Scott killed the call and slipped the phone into his jacket pocket and said, “Let's get up on the roof.”

Escobar looked at Scott.

“You have a chopper pad on the roof don't you?” Scott asked.

«Hell if I know.»←

Twin Killing

Chapter 16

→Mitchell closed the door, and engaged the deadbolt. He turned and looked around the room. House keeping had been in and erased the evidence of his earlier occupation.

«Seen one, seen them all. Some are bigger. Some are cleaner. They are not home.»

He loosened his tie and unbuttoned his shirt collar. He took off his coat and hung it on the back of a chair. Then he checked his watch.

«It's a little early still.»

Mitchell sat down on the bed. He bent over and untied his shoes. He slipped them off with some effort.

«Damn swollen feet. Damn swollen ass after sitting in that chair all morning. She better not mess with my recliner.»

Mitchell turned and grabbed two pillows. He stacked them at the head of the bed, hit them a couple of times and laid down on his back. He stared at the ceiling.

«Letting that asshole get to me? Maybe bother me. He needs someone who can relate. That's why he wants to talk to me. Young guys weren't any

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place yet when Kennedy was killed. Never practiced a nuclear bomb drill. They think David McCallum is someone called “Ducky.” Smalley is smart. I wonder where the son of bitch went to college?»

Mitchell closed his eyes.

Scott opened the door to the conference room for Escobar. The conference room was spacey with east facing windows. It had a good view of Bachman Lake. A couple of scullers were out in the heat working out for their lunch.

The heavy wooden conference table was covered in laptops, tablets, phones and sandwich wrappings. There were six matching chairs around it and another two pushed against the far left wall. Four of the chairs at the table were occupied. The three men and one woman looked up from their sandwiches when the door opened. The sideboard on the right wall had boxed lunches and drinks on it.

Escobar stepped into the room closely followed by Scott.

“Everyone, this is Detective Luis Escobar, Dallas Homicide,” Scott stated.

«Looks like the UN, a middle aged African-American male, an early thirties Latino female, an older Asian man and an Anglo kid. Probably the tech guy. Looks like Smalley was right on about Scott and the FBI.»

Twin Killing

“Escobar,” Scott directed, “left to right is Robert Jones, Lupe Solis, Mike Ng, and Jim “Don;t call me Jimmy” Jones. No relation to Robert.” Scott laughed and those seated at the table smiled.

“Nice to meet you all,” Escobar smiled and waved his right hand slightly. The four seated mumbled greetings around their sandwiches. None of them stood up to shake hands.

Scott moved over to the side board. “There had better still be pastrami and chicken clubs over here or Escobar will run you all in as “persons of interest.” Won’t you Escobar?”

“You had better believe it Special Agent,” Escobar answered as he stepped over to the sideboard. The people seated grinned at the banter.

Scott picked up a lunch, “Here you go Escobar,” and he handed the box off to Escobar like it was a football. “And don’t ever bet on football with Robert. He was a running back at Oklahoma State and he always wins his bets. Some kind of insider shit.”

Scott turned around and looked at Lupe Solis, “Pardon my French, Lupe.”

“Didn’t hear any French, Dale,” she replied with a grin and a deep Jersey accent.

“Lupe is our tech person. Makes sure everyone, everywhere is connected and up to speed.” Lupe gave a smile.

Twin Killing

Scott turned back to the the sideboard and found his lunch and gathered up a can of cola.

“Sit down, Escobar,” Scott ordered as he took the seat next to Jim Jones. “Robert won't bite.”

Escobar sat down and opened his box.

«A soggy sandwich and a bag of chips. I should have gone for a nap.»

“Robert handles state and local communications. So he's dealing with your boss and Mitchell's former bosses as well as state agencies like the Texas Rangers.”

Robert nodded slightly to Escobar.

“Mike there is my number two.” Ng nodded to Escobar. “He is also our inner service coordinator. Handles all communications with our sister services like the NSA, CIA and our various FBI offices,” Scott explained. “Got to keep everyone in the loop these days.”

Scott continued, “Jim here works with the profiling division. Even though we have a confession from Smalley on the Dallas part of the murders Jim'll be keeping an eye on things to make sure they fit in and make sense.”

Scott took a big bite of his sandwich and talked as he chewed. “That's everyone on the top level of our little food chain.”

“You being the Special Agent in charge, coordinating the coordinators,” Escobar offered.

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Scott looked at Escobar, "That's right Detective," he stated and took another bite of his sandwich. Everyone was silent as he chewed and swallowed. He picked up his cola and said, "Escobar and I are only here as long as Sleeping Beauty is out of the office. What have we got? Anything?"

Ng spoke up in a west coast accent. "I thought we should hear from Jim first."

Jim set his sandwich down and sat up straighter. "Everyone is pretty excited about this Smalley fellow. He doesn't fit any of the norms. He has been active over a long period of time with minimal victims. The ages of his victims, and who we think are his victims, has changed over the years as he has aged. And even though the sexes of his victims and supposed victims has also varied over the years we feel like he may be killing his own nuclear family. Probably his mother and siblings." Jim Jones smiled broadly, "This guy is really unique, pretty cool stuff."

«Unless he chopped your head off and dropped it in the drink.»

"Jim gets a little caught up in the academics sometimes," Ng said quietly.

"Robert?" Ng asked.

Robert cleared his throat and picked up his tablet from the table. He read, "California Department of Health, Vital Records has one Robert David Smalley born August 15, 1944 in Larkspur, Marin

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County, California to a Doris Louise Smalley and James Elliot Smalley, both deceased in an automobile accident 1954. No record of what became of the boy.”

Everyone was stunned. Scott finally spoke.

“Jesus Christ Robert! You kept that one close to your vest didn't you? What the hell were you waiting for? Ribbons?”

Robert smiled sheepishly, “We got one hit on the name, boss. That's all. And it's from California. California has everything on line.” Robert paused then continued, “Well most everything. We've got people combing California records from 1954 looking for the where abouts of the boy. That doesn't mean it's him,” Robert cautioned. “It's just one hit from one state.”

“Holy shit Robert,” Scott shouted. “That's him. That's him. I know it. I'm not ever playing poker with you again.”

Robert grinned and set his tablet back down on the table and turned to Lupe, “Lupe, you have digital copies of all the originals we've found on their way to you for distribution.”

“Lupe,” Scott jumped in, “make sure Escobar here gets a copy of everything we receive.”

“That's in addition to our formal contact at the DPD, right?” she asked.

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“Right,” Scott assured. “We're not cutting anyone out of the loop here, just trying to dispense the info more expeditiously.”

He turned to Escobar, “Don't mention this to anyone over there, okay? You're bosses might think we're circumventing them, cutting out some of their prerogatives.” Scott grinned, “Which we are. But I want Mitchell getting the straight scoop as soon as it's available. I don't like that old fart but Smalley does and that means we have to work through him. So let's do it smart, okay?”

“Okay. Sounds good to me,” Escobar answered.

«Mitchell doesn't read anything we give anyway. Prefers my highlights.»

“That will speed everything up,” he finished.

“Great,” Scott finalized the plan. “Ng, what do you have?”

Ng set his bottled water down. “Nothing as good as Robert there. But some of it does seem to confirm what he has. The names we know Smalley has used, Rob Little here in Dallas and Bob Littlemore in Bremerton, both have active Social Security numbers associated with them. Both numbers were issued in California.”

“Ha!” Scott shouted. “I told you.”

Ng smiled, “They are only active in a short range of time though. Littlemore in Bremerton makes SS deposits starting in September 1974 until he disappears after the Marquer killings in 1976. We

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have IRS filings and Robert's group has gotten us bank statements, voter registration, and driver license records.”

Ng took a sip of water. Everyone waited.

“Same type thing for the Rob Little name here in Dallas. Except it runs a lot longer. He started making payments into that SS account in May 1994. Again as a teacher. This time junior college. He's made regular payments and although he is past retirement he hasn't opted to retire.”

“He's retired now,” Scott quipped. Everyone at the table chuckled.

Ng resumed, “You look at that, his bank statements, phone bills; again thanks to Robert's group, and this guy looks like a normal working guy.”

“Well, he's not normal, now is he?” Scott asked. “What'd he do between his 'normal' phases? Does he have other banking accounts we're not aware of. How many SS numbers, lives, does this guy have?”

Ng answered, “We've got the Social Security Admin cross checking name permutations based on the three we have. But that's a lot of possibilities. California offices have issued millions of Social Security numbers.”

“What about the banking thing?” Scott repeated.

Lupe Solis picked up the ball. “We're pulling all his IP history, browser history, search history, emails and doing the same to his phone. He

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switched to a smart phone in 2011. Prior to that he was using a 'dumb' cell phone and a land line. Ng has talked to Homeland and the NSA and they are working on getting all Smalley's connections. They're working it just as they do terrorists. Looking to ID all his connections and their connections.”

“They've given it top priority,” Ng stated.

«Jeez. I guess the guy could be part of some extremist group, cult.»

“Super,” Scott encouraged. “Stay after them Ng. Don't let them get lazy on us. No telling what this guy is when he's not 'normal'. 'Cause he sure as hell isn't 'normal' when he's being.”

“Jim,” Scott turned to Jones. “Any of this make sense to you?”

Jim frowned, then answered, “Well, not on the basis of a serial killer. But, as part of an underground sleeper of some sort, yeah, it does. That could put the cause and effect of his drop put years into perspective. It also ties in with his multiple identities.”

Jim looked at Scott, “What didn't make sense for a serial killer fits perfectly for a home grown terrorist.”

“Where are we on the Houston killings?” Scott asked looking around the table. After a few seconds of silence he added, “Don't everyone talk at once.”

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Ng spoke up, "The Social Security Admin is working name permutations based around the Houston area just as they are statewide in California. Houston is a smaller data set and we are looking for either active or previously active accounts as opposed to just assigned numbers. Hopefully we'll hit something soon."

"Sounds like our best bet," Scott stated. "Why were you reticent to talk about it, Ng?"

Ng took a deep breath and exhaled slowly. "Houston gets hit with hurricanes like Alicia and Ike. And when they don't get hit people from along the coast evac to Houston, like with Katrina. The records are all screwed. People coming, going, might have gone; duplicate, triplicate entries. The data bases are just a mess down there boss." Ng shrugged his shoulders.

"Get'em unmessed, Ng," Scott ordered. "You are the man who can do it."

Scott again looked around, "Jim, Lupe, Robert?"

"Boss," Robert spoke up, "We're trying to get access to the Texas State Teachers Association's data base. Looking for Smalley from the school angle. We are not having any luck."

"Why not?" snapped Scott.

"It a union, Boss. They are reluctant.," Robert answered.

"Maybe we can get George W. to call them," Scott suggested.

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“I don't think they like him Boss,” Robert said quietly.

“I was joking, Robert,” Scott replied. “Get on the DOJ's ass and get some god damned judge to get us a warrant, Robert. We need that data base! Get the NSA involved. Ng, help him.”

“Yes, sir,” Ng answered.

Scott looked over to Lupe and said, “Pardon my French, Lupe.”

Scott looked at Jim. “Let's figure out why the more from the West coast to Texas. OK?”

Jim nodded.

Scott continued, “Anything else? Anything I can help with?”

No one spoke. Scott sat up straight and looked around the table. “Okay, people. Let's look at this guy from this new 'homegrown terrorist' perspective. Don't lose sight of the 'serial killer,' but let's make damn sure he's not something more than that. Excuse my French again, Lupe. You didn't know I was bi-lingual, did you?” Scott laughed, Lupe smiled.

Scott turned to Escobar, “And everyone, keep this new line of questioning within this room. Okay?”

Escobar answered, “OK,” as did the others.

“Great,” Scott replied. He picked up his boxed lunch and stirred the contents around. “I don't see a cookie. Anyone get a cookie?”←

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Chapter 17

→«I wouldn't want to be young again either.»

Mitchell opened his eyes.

«Shit. How in the hell am I supposed to sleep? Son of a bitch has everything churning around. I should have brought my blood pressure sleeve. No telling how high it is.»

He looked at his watch.

«My head hurts. I didn't mean to sleep that long. Wonder why they haven't called?... Who cares. Maybe they realized they don't need me. I'll just go back to sleep.»

Mitchell closed his eyes. He rolled onto his left side.

«Sleeping on your left side is suppose to wear your heart out faster. Every time I do it I think about that. Doesn't appear to be true.»

Mitchell grabbed one of the extra pillows and pulled it over his head.

«Least that's darker and quieter. Wonder what my girls are doing. Haven't talked to them in weeks. Must have been Easter. Sally and her girls talk all the time. Why can't I do that? Sally just picks up the phone and calls. She doesn't care who called last.

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She wants to talk to 'em, she calls 'em. Maybe it's a girl thing. Maybe I'm just a stubborn ass hole.»

Mitchell tossed the pillow off his face and rolled onto his back.

«No telling what Robert is up to. Probably just still pissed I wouldn't give him any money. Hell, he's a man. Needs to act like one. Got a wife and kids to take care off. Doesn't need to be hitting me up for money. Internet business my ass. He needs to get a job. I've worked my ass off so he had a good start and look at him. Internet business.»

Mitchell looked at his watch again.

«Fuck it.»

He sat up and swung around to sit on the edge of the bed.

«Let me call Sally. Need to get out of this shitty mood.»

Mitchell reached over to the night stand and pulled the phone over beside him on the bed. He lifted the receiver and punched in the number. The phone rang twice before Sally answered.

“This is Sally Mitchell. How can I help you?”

“Hi, Honey. Tell me how great a day you're having,” Mitchell answered.

“Wayne, is that you? You sound terrible,” Sally answered.

“Good to hear your voice too,” Mitchell growled.

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“Wayne,” Sally interjected. “I mean it. You sound bad. Are you okay? How is your blood pressure?”

“Hell, I don't know,” Mitchell answered. “I left the damn sleeve at home.”

“Honey,” Sally soothed. “It's okay. Have you taken your medicine?”

“Yes.”

“How much coffee have you had today?” Sally asked.

“Not that much,” Mitchell answered.

“And how much is 'not too much'?” Sally asked.

“No more than I have when I'm home,” Mitchell answered.

“Well, it's hot there Honey. Probably the heat and the travel and this man you're talking to messing with you. You don't need the stress. Come home,” Sally ordered.

“I don't need orders Sally,” Mitchell responded. “We've talked about this already.”

“Well then, what did you call me for Mr. Man?” Sally asked.

“I thought I wanted to hear your sweet voice, Ms. Man,” Mitchell replied.

“That's Mrs. Man to you mister,” Sally laughed. “And don't you forget it!” she ordered. “That's right, you don't need orders, do you?” And she laughed again.

“I love you,” Mitchell answered.

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“I love you too Honey. Come home as soon as you can.”

“Will do, Mrs. Man,” Mitchell's voice croaked.

“Honey, lay down. And take some aspirin.”

“Okay.”

“And call me later. No matter what time. Do you hear me Wayne.”

“Yes, Ma'am. Loud and clear. Love you. Bye,” Mitchell answered.

Love you too, Honey. Bye,” Sally said.

Mitchell waited for her to hang up before he set the phone down.

«That didn't help. How I've go her worried, to boot.»

Mitchell lay back down on the bed as ordered.