

## The Hunt For A Serial Killer

By Talitha Gholston

“Detective Reynolds do you have a second?” our captain asks.

“Coming,” my partner headed into the captain's office.

My phone rings as I am going over the photos and letter he left us. He left it at this last scene, and it's addressed to me. “Hello.”

“Isn't she beautiful.”

Looking at the phone I say, “She's not a part of it.”

“It doesn't matter. Catch me if you can.” Silence follows.

My heart speeds, my breath hitches, and tears fill my eyes as I rush to my sisters. After searching the house, I call my partner. “Get to my sister's house. Bring the CSI team with you.”

I hang up the phone and called mama. “I have bad news. It's about Sabrina.”

“What happened.”

“She was kidnapped.”

“How did you let this happen?”

“How is this my fault?”

“You were supposed to protect her. He should have taken you.” Tears fill my eyes. She always made it known she didn't love me. Sad thing is it wasn't my fault my dad didn't stay.

“I need you to be strong.”

“Being strong is hard when there is no hope. Get my daughter back.” Silence follows. My partner and a few squad cars pull up. The CSI team sweeps for anything to help find my sister. A few hours later everyone heads back to the station.

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It's been one week since my sister was taken. We found three more girls. My captain called the FBI in for help. We are in the conference room. We found fingerprints at my sisters which helped get the unsub's name.

“We got something,” my partner says from across the table as I pace back and forth looking at the scattered photos. The women are looking at me as my stomach churns. They tell a story that I have to find the ending too. They beg me to stop him from killing anyone else.

One of the agents had a map in front of him drawing circles and lines. “I have something too,” one of the agents said. “He is in this area.” He points to a small area.

One of the agents picks up his phone and walks out to make a call. “We have an address,” he says when he walks back in. Our teams suit up and we head to the address. We park in front of this big house. We all put bullet proof vest on. We move towards the house quickly and quietly. The door gets opened and we move through the house clearing it.

I move towards the last door in the house that looks like it is the basement door. I look at my partner and he nods his head. I open the door and he taps my shoulder before we walk down the steps.

The cold and stale air hits my face, and I see him standing with a knife to my sister's throat. “You don't want to do that. You kept her alive all this time. Why?”

“She's a substitute. Not my type.”

“What is your type?” I'm trying to keep him talking so he doesn't hurt her. Tears flow down her cheeks. I know by that look in her eyes that those eyes have seen a lot in the week she was gone.

“You. I proved they were weak.”

“How were they weak?” I kept his attention on me.

“They sold their bodies for money.” His grip tightens. Light blood tickles down her neck.

“Me for her.” I have to get her away from him.

“Tell him to leave.” He nods towards my partner.

“Only if he can take my sister with him.” I sat my gun on the ground.

He nods his head as he moves the knife. She moves to my partner.

“It’s okay partner you can go.” My partner takes my sister and leaves me alone with the unsub.

“Why kill them?”

“My mother was a whore. When her customers got done with her, she let them have me. She was weak. I picked girls that looked like her until you. You were on the television. Smart, beautiful, and strong. You are everything that she wasn’t. I knew I had to kill you.”

“You don’t have to do this.”

“Yes I do.” He launches at me with a knife.

My heart races as I move just in time for him to miss. It grazes my side. It stings. I swing my elbow around knocking the knife out of his hand. It tumbles to the ground ringing loudly in my ears. He swings his left fist and I’m quicker than him. I connect my right knee with his stomach.

“Aughhh!” He swings his left fist around and I barely escape contact.

I do a round house kick with my right leg, and he falls. Jumping up he runs at me tackling me to the ground.

“Aughhh!” Agonizing pain as my back hits the ground. He gets up and goes after his knife at the same time I roll to my gun. Pointing the gun, I put two in his chest. Bile rises in my throat.

Commotion happens as I’m lead out of the house. After our hospital visit we go to our mothers house. I knew that my sister would never be the same. We never asked what she went through, but I can see the pain and agony in her eyes.