Catherine Cameron

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Mosley Rd

As Agent Charles Wolfe and Agent Darren Banks arrived at the house of the victim, they noticed that the family had already held a press conference. “Looks like they got started before us,” pointed out agent Banks. “Good morning agents. I’m Detective Daniel Grant.” A middle age man walked up to Banks and Wolfe. The two shook his hand and looked up at the missing boy’s house. “Mind showing us around?” asked Banks, taking off his sunglasses. “Of course, follow me,” replied Grant. “This is where Josh was taken,” began Grant as he walked them to the front yard. “Whoever took Josh grabbed him in plain sight. That’s not very common in most child abductions.” pointed out Wolfe. “This is what Josh looks like.” Banks and Wolfe examined the picture of the boy. In the picture, Josh looked as happy as a 7 year old could. He had blonde hair and green eyes with a smile plastered on his face. “I’m going to talk with his mom. I’m a friend of the family.” announced Grant, handing the agents a picture of the boy. “I know we don’t want to accept it, but this is the third kidnapping in a month and I am pretty sure that Josh doesn’t have much time left. 99% of all children taken are killed in the first 24 hours,” commented Banks. “Then we have 24 hours to save him.” stated Wolfe as they hopped back into the SUV.

Meanwhile, back at the precinct, Agents Jane Katt, Leah Boyer, and Calum Garrison worked on trying to find the connection between all of the victims. “Can I see a picture of Josh please?” asked Garrison, as he stood over a clear board with lots of writing. “Sure, why?” questioned Boyer. “The last two victims were both seven years old, and had blonde hair with green eyes. I don’t think that’s a coincidence.” told Garrison, not taking his eyes off the board. “So, you think that the kids resemble someone in this person’s life?” asked Katt, handing Garrison the file. “That’s exactly what I think,” he answered, pinning the picture of Josh on the bulletin board next to him. “How were the boys killed again?” he asked. “Um, lethal injection,” replied Boyer. The three took a look at the victims, all blonde haired and green eyed. Katt noticed something else. “Whoever this is has a female partner. If you look close, when the boys were found they had bruises covering their bodies, but their hair was nicely trimmed and they were wearing new, clean clothes. Typically women are always the ones to do something like this. I’ll go talk to the family. Keep doing what you're doing,” called Katt, throwing her jacket over her shoulder.

 Once she arrived at the house, she was shocked to see that people were still huddled outside the house. She mumbled “pardon me” and “excuse me” a few times before she reached to door. When she walked in the house she watched a couple hug the mother then leave, both looking sadly at the agent. “Michael Parrish,” the father said as he shook Katts hand. “Hi. Agent Jane Katt. May I ask you a few questions?” Michael looked over at his wife who had her head in her hands. “I guess so,” he replied, looking back at Katt sadly. Katt smiled as a way of saying thank you and sat down. “Thank you for letting me come speak to you. I can’t stress enough how precious time is right now. Any abduction from the home is rare, so we can narrow down our suspects a great deal.” The parents just nodded and looked at their oldest son, Derek, who showed no emotion. “Since most abductions happen when a child is alone or away from the group, this tells us that whoever did this has great social skills, is very emotionally stable and has a job where everyone trusts him,” Katt started, “he wouldn’t look out of place and you most likely wouldn’t be alarmed if yours or anyone else’s child was talking to him. He may be wearing a uniform like a mailman or delivery man,” she continued, “Have you noticed anyone hanging around the neighbourhood more than they should and talking to children?”

“No, I- I don’t know,” stuttered Mrs. Parrish. “Do you need to take a break?” Katt asked, sympathetically. “I think I’m gonna go lie down.” She looked at her husband and left. “I’m sorry,” Mr.Parrish whispered, not making eye contact. “Don’t be.” Katt gave him a smile. “Derek, you and Josh walk to and from school everyday. Has a stranger tried to talk to you?” Katt inquired. “No not really. I mean, the bus driver talks to us a lot, but he’s not a stranger,” while Katt listened to his answer, she took out a notepad and started writing. “What does the bus driver say to you two?” Asked Katt, trying to get as much information as she can. “He usually asks us if we are going home and if mom and dad are there,” immediately Katts head shot up. She thought that the bus driver could be a possible suspect. “Dad, can I go play now,” requested Derek. “Stay in the family room,” his father told him. “He doesn’t know what’s going on,” choked out Mr. Parrish. “It’s better if he doesn’t,” reassured Katt. “Thank you for letting me come here. We will call you if we find anything.” She added and shook the man's hand.

 When she arrived back to the precinct, she saw Boyer and Garrison looking through the files of the previous two victims. “Guys, get Edson one the phone, I need to ask her some things,” she demanded. They grabbed the tablet from the other side of the table and called. “Hey guys, what’s up,” Edson asked, taking a bite of your salad. “Edson, I need you to give me the name of the bus drivers who run the route on Larson St.”

“Coming at you in 3..2..1..” Just as Edson ended, 5 names popped up on their screen. “Great thanks, now I need you to narrow it down for me. Do any of them have reported assault, specifically for children under the age of 10?” Asked Katt, looking through the files. Just then, Wolfe and Charles walked through the doors. “Um, 2. David Barkley, brought in for a reported assault on an 8 year old boy and Trevor Cooper, also brought in for assault on a 7 year old boy, but charges were dropped shortly after,” Edson said, her fingers typing quickly. “Can you get me a picture of the boy that Cooper assaulted?” Requested Katt, talking quicker. “Of course I can I’m Callie Edson,” sassed Edson, sending them a picture of the boy. “Neither of the boys have blonde hair and blue eyes,” pointed out Boyer. “Thanks Callie,” said Katt. The screen went black as Callie signed off. Katt sighed, running her hand down her face. “I thought we had him,” she breathed, leaning against the table. “We’ll find him,” Wolfe told her. “We have 18 hours left,” reminded Boyer, “ we will save him.”

 “I wanna go home,” Josh pleaded, looking across the table at the man. “You are home, Kevin,” the man said kneeling down. “I’m not Kevin! My name is Josh!,” he yelled. “Do not raise your voice at me young man! I am your father!” The man barked. Josh surrendered and looked down at his food. “Now eat or else your dinner will get cold.” Josh sat there, staying silent. “I said eat!” Boomed the man, slamming his fifts on the table. Josh jumped and started shoveling the food into his mouth quickly. The man smiled, “Mom should be home any time now, Kevin. Are you ready for bed?” Josh nodded, trying to get on the man's good side. The man took Josh by the hand and put him to bed. Once he turned off the lights he whispered, “Those no good parents don’t deserve you. I’m your family now. Sweet dreams.” With that he closed and locked the door, leaving Josh crying.

 “If the man is targeting specific children, maybe there was someone close to him in his life with blonde hair and green eyes. Maybe a son or brother.” suggested Banks, looking through a mountain of files. “How do we know that whoever took Josh is a man?” asked Boyer. “Since these kids were taken on their front lawns, our suspect is most likely a man. Men are usually the bolder gender when it comes to child abductions. But like Katt said, he could most likely have a female partner. Maybe a wife,” replied Garrison. “We’re ready to give a profile. Boyer, go hold a conference and let the town know that this guy is still out there.” Wolfe directed. “Yes sir,” nodded Boyer as she left the precinct. When Boyer arrived at the town hall, she saw a crowd of people piled up by the doors. She decided it would be better to give the profile outside, where everybody was instead of trying to crowd them inside. She motioned for the tv crew to come out. “Excuse me. I’m Agent Leah Boyer. I’m here to tell you about our suspect. If you would direct your attention to me, I can give you information that would be very helpful,” she yelled over the talking. Everybody stopped and looked at her. “Great. Now I’m sure all of you are aware of the abduction of the three boys this past month. I’m terribly sorry for your losses, but I need you to listen to me. We’re looking for a white male between the ages of 30 and 45. He’s probably a loner and keeps to himself most of the time. We think that he might be posing as a mailman or a delivery man. He is often seen talking to kids when he makes these deliveries, and is very trustworthy. This man has impeccable social skills, is cheerful, but easily angered. We also think that the man who took these kids has a female partner. Maybe a wife. This woman does not take the kids, but cares for them after they are killed. If anyone comes to mind please contact us at 669-221-6252, I repeat contact us at 699-221-6252. Thank you for your time.” she ended and left.

“It’s been an hour and no one has called. We aren’t any closer to catching this guy,” groaned Katt. Just as she said that, one of their phones rang. Katt answered “Agent Jane Katt,” she stated. “Hi, my name is Lila Gibson. I’m calling I saw the press conference on tv and I think I have an idea of who you’re looking for,” Katt held the phone in between her shoulder and ear and grabbed her notepad. “Ma’am, can you tell me this man's name?” Asked Katt. “Dwight Morgan.” The woman said, rather calmly. Katt thanked the woman and called Edson. “What’s up buttercup?” Edson answered the phone. I need you to find someone for me. His name is Dwight Morgan.” Katt could hear Edson typing rapidly. “One Dwight Morgan. He has a wife, Lila Morgan. They had a son, Jason, but he died during a hit and run a few years ago,” informed Edson. “That’s the woman who called me. What’s his job?”

“He’s currently a delivery man. He lives at 62 Mosley Rd,” Edson said, still typing. “Thanks Ed,” quickly said as she hung up the phone. “We found our guy,” Katt exclaimed running into the SUV, the team following.

 “Where are we going?” Asked Banks driving at a high speed. “62 Mosley Rd.” answered Katt looking down at her notes. With the rest of the team in the back, putting on their velcro vest, they got ready for the rescue. Once they arrived at the house, they grabbed their guns from their holsters and went inside. “Dwight Morgan, FBI! Come out and put your hands above your head!” Called Katt, her voice echoing through the house. They could smell something cooking, but as they walked into the kitchen no one was their. They heard music playing and followed. They reached the source of the music and saw it was playing from behind a door. “Dwight! My name is Jane Katt from the FBI, I’m going to need you to leave that boy alone and come upstairs to talk,” she called down the basement stairs as she opened the door. They covered their noses as the smell of rotting meat.They were curious to see why the basement has that scent Katt quickly turned around when she heard a woman's voice. “You can’t take him from us,” the woman whispered, her voice shaking. The woman had Josh held against her, wrapped in a blanket. “Lila,” the woman's head shot up when she heard Katt say he voice. “I know who you are, Lila. I also know who your husband is and what he’s done,” Katt told Lila, her voice calm and steady, trying not to scare Lila. “We already lost Jason. We just wanted a son,” Lila choked out. “Jason wouldn’t have wanted this, Lila. You know that,” Garrison chimed in. “I’m gonna put my gun down and take off my vest,” assured Garrison, doing exactly that. “What are you doing man?” Boomed Banks, raising his gun higher. “Trust me,” whispered Garrison. “Lila, Jason is always going to be your son. We know what happened to him. It wasn’t your fault. It was the man who hit your car. You did everything you could to save him. Don’t blame yourself,” as Garrison was talking Dwight walked up the stairs. Banks lowered his gun and grabbed Dwight. The team suspected that he heard them come in. Banks cuffed Dwight’s hands behind his back and brought him outside. He signaled for some of the police who were there to go see whatever Dwight was doing before he came up. “Lila, I need you to give me Josh. I promise that no one will hurt him,” whispered Garrison, slowly walking towards the woman. She slowly let go of Josh and he ran to Garrison. Katt grabbed Lila’s arms and cuffed them behind her. She brought Lila outside and saw that medics were already there and that Josh would get help quickly She watched as Josh was reunited with his family and smiled to herself.

While they were flying back to Portland, Wolfe said something to Katt. “There were more bodies,” Wolfe said, making her jump. “What? Why didn’t he bury them like the others?” She asked, her eyes wide. “I can’t answer that, but I can tell you that the families now have closure,” He said putting his hand on her shoulder. She gave him a nod and went back to reading her book. Meanwhile, Boyer and Garrison were concentrated an intense game of ‘poker’. “Dang it! I keep forgetting you’re from Vegas,” sighed Boyer, watching Garrison take all of the peanuts she had left. “What do you think will happen to Josh?” Katt spoke up. “Physically, it will take him a while to heal, but mentally, I don’t think that kid will ever be the same,” Banks replied, taking off his headphones. “I’m just glad we got him home safe,” contributed Boyer. “One more thing. Why do you think Lila called? I mean she basically gave herself and her husband up.” Katt asked another question.”The woman wasn’t right in the head. She didn’t know what she was doing.” Banks answered again. Katt set down her book and shut her eyes. She wanted to be able to sleep before the next case. As she tried to sleep, she thought about her job. Yes, it was a difficult job, but she was happy be doing it with the best team she ever worked with.