Chapter 1

Thunder struck on a dark and stormy night while everyone was inside their nice and cozy homes. One of those people was sitting by his warm fire reading a fascinating book, but then came a loud noise at the door like someone was trying as fast as they could to get into his home. He looked around the room. He was in a big room; it was so big you could get 20 cannons fitting in the room. He put down his book he was reading and approached the door slowly but calmly. When he reached for the door there was another knock “This person is impatient.” thought the man, “He must want to see me badly. If it’s one of those door to door to door ticket sellers for the play this weekend I shall call the coastguard to drag him away!” He opened the door slowly, ready to call the coastguard. He opened it to a younger man, about in his 20s. He wore a dark black Yankees cap with an Alex Rodriguez signature on it. He also wore a Boston Red Sox coat. The man thought, “Multi fan”. Chuckling in his thoughts, “He can’t choose between a bitter rivalry
that’s lasted over 100 years”. The younger man hastily said, “Mr. Elkwood you may want to see this!” there was a look in his eyes that said it was important “Mr. Elkwood, please listen!” Mr. Elkwood said cautiously, “Let’s see it then, but why it is so important to see me, the chief of police?” The young man seemed to hesitate “No time just come and look and you’ll see. Sorry that it’s a bit dirty and crushed. It’s just out here in the car.” Mr. Elkwood scratched his facial hair, a mustache and a goatee. He did this when he was thinking. Often when reading puzzling books he would give his mustache a scratch. He put his fine leather jacket on over his night clothes and his chief of police hat on his dark brown hair. He followed the young baseball fan to an old style car with tinted windows. He knew someone else was in the passenger seat. The younger man led him to the trunk of the vehicle which was very rusty and looked like it had not been oiled for months, he slowly opened the trunk. It made a creaking sound that hurt the chief’s ears. Then he saw it, a pastel drawing with perfect precision. A masterpiece he would say. It was amazing, even the parts that the car had run over
were still good. “Where did you find this?” Mr. Elkwood said with an interested tone “Where?”

The drawing was of a man with a striped tie and black hair. His arms were scrunched against two other arms like if he was being pulled away. In the back ground was a truck and printed on the side there was a company name Tyson. “What could that mean?” he thought, “What does this drawing mean?” Then he felt a sting in the back of his head, more like a pain. He turned around to see the younger man holding a large object he could not make it out. Things were going blurry before he passed out he thought, “Why would that young man knock me out?” His fingers tingled and he dropped the sketch as he fell into the trunk. The last thing he heard before he passed out was the man in the passenger seat getting out of the car.
Chapter 2

James Abdul woke up startled. He had to wait in bed for a couple of seconds to catch his breath. He had just had another one of his nightmares. James had nightmares that reoccurred every night. The nightmares are always about him walking into a museum and there is no one there. In his dream he walks into the art gallery and there is a man standing there. When he goes to touch the man, the man vanishes. That is when he always wakes up.

James got out of bed, put on his slippers and walked to the kitchen barely noticing the mess in his apartment. There were boxes everywhere filled with random objects. His objects. James was moving to San Francisco in two days. Boston. That is where he lived at the moment. He looked at the clock it said 5:30. The two days could not come fast enough! He poured himself a coffee and began to look at his files. He might as well work if he can’t sleep. The first few files were
regular suspects. Then he came to a file and the man in the file looked familiar. He searched his brain for how he knew this man. James dropped his coffee mug in shock. The photo was of the man in his dream.
Chapter 3

Adrian Elkwood woke up with a sore neck. He was dizzy and had forgotten where he was. He looked around it was dark. He felt around. Paper. That’s when he remembered the trunk. He must still be inside the trunk with the sketch. Adrian heard voices in the front of the car. He strained his ears to hear what they were saying. He noticed a small hole leading to the back seat. Adrian moved closer to the hole and he could just make out the two figures. The passenger caught his attention because his left arm had a tattoo that said Tyson—the same name from the drawing. He could hear them now. The passenger was saying, “How much do you think we can get for him?” The driver shrugged his shoulders and said, “Just follow the orders. Stop asking questions.” The passenger interrupted with “But, why do you think the boss wants the drawing?” The driver viciously said, “No buts! We are here!”
Chapter 4

Two days later James was looking carefully at the photo on the plane. He noticed that in the background there was a sign that said San Francisco. Just then, James heard a loud bang. He slipped the photo into his jacket and went to investigate. It seemed like one of the passengers had smuggled a bomb on board. James saw in flashing lights the word “Evacuate”. Parachutes fell from the ceiling and the hatch door opened. Passengers started jumping. James put on a parachute, but before he could jump he was tackled from behind. They wrestled for a while on the floor of the plane while the man screamed “Give it to me!” James did not know what he wanted but hit him back anyways. James scrambled to his feet but the attacker was right behind him. The attacker swung a fist at James but James ducked and landed another hard blow on the large man. The attacker fell back three seats and that was just enough time for James to jump. They were flying
fairly close to the ground now and James could see corn fields. He pulled his parachute cord but it was stuck. He grabbed a pin and clawed at the cord. He had to get it open he was falling too fast. Click. The parachute opened. James was relieved, but not for long because then he hit the ground. Thud!
Chapter 5

Adrian could feel that the car had stopped. The kidnappers were coming to open the trunk. Then he heard a loud screech that hurt his ears it was the trunk opening (again). His eyes hurt from the sunlight. The next thing he saw he did not want to see again in a thousand years. It was the young man who had attacked him. Behind him there was an army of people all wearing Yankee hats and Boston coats. He looked up. He was at a warehouse. Staring at him in big bold letters was the word TYSON. They grabbed him and dragged him inside. Adrian noticed the warehouse was full of rooms that looked like cells. He was tied to a chair and thrown into one of the cells. The cell was musty and the walls were solid and rusty. He couldn’t see anything but he was positive that there were other people in the building in the other cells he had seen. He wondered why TYSON was kidnapping so many people. It couldn’t just be for ransom. And what did the sketch have to
do with all this? All of a sudden he remembered what he had been reading the other night when he had been interrupted. It was a rare book he had purchased at a flea market. The book was about rare sketches by famous artists. It came to him now. In the book there was a copy of the same sketch that the young man had shown him.
James was surprised how much corn hurts when you hit it at a fast speed. In fact, he couldn’t move his left arm. James lay groaning on the ground when he heard an alarming rustle nearby. It wasn’t so much the rustle that bothered him, but the yelling that came with it. The large man had landed nearby and was screaming “James Abdul. Give it to me. You will not leave here with that photo!” Then James remembered. He reached his hand into his pocket. It was still there. James used all the strength he had left to get up. Then he ran for his life. It was hard to know which way to go. The corn was like a maze or an ocean. You could not see what was in front of you or where it ended. He looked up in the sky. He could see the plane. The pilots were working hard to land the plane. He could see the sweat on their faces. The plane was smoking then the back engine burst into flames. He looked where the plane was headed maybe there was a road in that
direction James decided. So he headed that way. Suddenly someone burst out of the corn right in front of James. To his relief it was not the large man who had been chasing him but a little girl. She asked him "Where did you come from? Did you come from the sky? Are you an alien?" The girl could not have been more than five. She was startled by the screams of the large man coming closer. She took James’ hand and said, "Come with me. I’ll show you my path out of the corn."

James followed the little girl amazed at how she could get out of the corn. After just a few minutes they arrived at an old farmhouse. James entered with the little girl. The first thing James saw was the phone he grabbed it to call the police and fire department.
Chapter 7

It was midday, by then there was a squad of policemen searching the cornfield for the bomber. The pilots had been rushed to the hospital and the other passengers had been rounded up. All in all there were just a few injuries from the crash. James’ dislocated shoulder was among the injuries. The local police chief came up to James. James showed him his police badge. He explained that the man seemed to be chasing him for his photo. He pulled out the photo and showed it to the chief. The chief understood right away. “That face is all over the news. They think he may have kidnapped the chief of police of San Francisco.” James looked at the police officer anxiously and asked “Where are we?” The Police chief replied, “Just a few miles from Des Moines” James did a double take “Iowa?”
Chapter 8

By the time James got to San Francisco there had been a ransom letter, and his shoulder was popped back in. When he finally arrived at his new job the place was in chaos. No chief of police meant nobody seemed to be in charge of the investigation. James felt like he needed to step in. Since he had jumped out of a plane and he had key evidence nobody argued. They gave him everything they had on the case. Suddenly he was drowning in paperwork. A photo fell out of the pile. When he picked it up it was a photo of the crime scene where the police chief was kidnapped. There were tire marks but more importantly James noticed something in the background. It was a Yankees hat. James blew up the photo to look more carefully at the hat. He noticed the Alex Rodriguez signature and a company logo. The logo meant that the hat was purchased at “Signatures”, a store that sells hats signed by players. The hats are very expensive. James
wondered if they would have a record of who purchased them.

Suddenly he was out the door.
Chapter 9

Adrian was looking around his cell when he noticed three holes on each side. He tried talking through them to see if there was anyone on the other side. There was no answer. Adrian started to get restless. He was angry. Why had they knocked him out and thrown him into a car. Why was he here? It had to do with the sketches but he couldn’t understand what he had to do with it. Adrian scratched his mustache but still no answers were coming to him. Then he started screaming. He was so angry that he wanted to let it out. He was exploding. He tried to break down the door. He yelled as loud as he could. Suddenly green gas started pouring out of the holes. Adrian stopped screaming. He felt nauseous and drowsy all at the same time. He fought to stay up but his eyes got too heavy for him to manage and he collapsed on the floor of his cell.
Chapter 10

James went to “Signatures” to question the cashier. When he showed the cashier the photo she recognized the cap. She said, “I recognize that cap. We sold a whole lot of Yankee caps in the last month but this one was the only one that was signed by Alex Rodriguez. Let me get the order form for you.” When James saw the form he saw that the name on it was Bryan Tyson. He couldn’t believe his eyes when he saw an address. He thanked the cashier and headed back to the police station to pull up Bryan Tyson’s profile.

Bryan Tyson had been in trouble before. He had been a thug for his uncle who owned TYSON industries. Mainly he roughed up people who owed his uncle money. His address was unknown. James looked at the receipt for the hat and thought, “Let’s see if you really live at 15 Chemical Road!”
James arrived at 15 Chemical Road and found a house that looked abandoned. When he got to the door it was open; not locked. James went in. It looked totally abandoned, but then he heard footsteps upstairs. James went upstairs. The second floor was totally different it was modern and had pictures of Whitney Houston hung all over. There was no one there. James searched the house for clues. After an hour he had found nothing. James was about to leave when he noticed that the closet didn’t seem deep enough. He moved the clothes away and saw a locked door. There was a room in between the two bedrooms. That was where the footsteps had come from. James knocked on the door waiting for a response. At first he heard nothing. Then he heard a knock back.
Chapter 11

James picked the lock with his police tools. Behind the door James found a man with reddish hair and glasses with duct tape over his mouth. He looked exhausted and scared. James carefully removed the duct tape. The first words he said was “Tyson”. After James got him some water the man started to speak. “I have been locked away here for some time. The Tyson family has been using me to pass codes to China so they can have secret information. In return Tyson has become wealthy. Tyson is a ruthless leader using his companies to ship the secrets disguised as paintings. Recently one shipment of my paintings was lost. To my surprise people really liked my paintings and purchased them online from the person who found the shipment. Tyson was angry because he did not want anyone to know about my artwork. He has been working to recover the paintings because each one has a state secret on them written in special glow in the dark ink.”
James was still confused. Holding up the photo he had been almost killed for “Why are they after this then?” The red haired man said, “I sent that photo to the police as a warning. Shut the door and you will see my message.” When James shut the door it was pitch black except for the glow of the writing on the back of the photo. It said: This is TYSON. He is a traitor kidnapping and harming all in his path.

James opened the door again and took another good look at the photo to see what Tyson looked like. He was the man in his dreams, the man who followed him, and the man who seems to disappear whenever he was close. “Do you know where he is? “ James asked. The artist broke into a grin “As a matter of a fact I do.”
Chapter 12

Adrian awoke to the sight of a very large man over top of him. It was Tyson and he was shouting “He’s awake.” And then he spoke to Adrian, “Who else knows about your book?” Adrian asked, “What book? I’m very well read you know. If you wanted to borrow The Lord of The Rings all you had to do was ask!” The man seemed to explode, “Not The Lord of the Rings the book on the rare drawings. The drawings like this.” He held up the sketch that Adrian had last saw just before being thrown into a trunk.

“I don’t know anything about those drawings. If you ask me they are not very good. What is all the fuss about?” Tyson answered, “He’s no use, tie him up and throw him in the river! In fact tie them all up and throw them all in to the river!” His men moved quickly moving all the prisoners into the center of the warehouse tying them all up. Just as
they were ready to leave the men were interrupted by sirens. An army of police officers surrounded the building and James led the way inside. James scanned the crowd for Tyson, the man in the photo and spotted him running out the back door. James ran after him. Tyson was almost out of the building so James jumped and grabbed on to Tyson’s legs, pulling him to the ground. Suddenly James was wrestling on the ground with a large man (again). Tyson tried to suffocate James by holding his neck but James overpowered him with a mighty uppercut to the jaw. Blood poured out of Tyson’s face. Tyson fell down but still was ready for a fight. James had to climb on Tyson’s back to put the hand cuffs on him. This time the man in the photo didn’t disappear.

James went over to untie the captives. He noticed Adrian. He went over to introduce himself. “Good evening chief. Are you a little bit tied up? Do all your new detectives get this type of welcome?” Adrian replied, “No you just got lucky!” The men laughed and returned to the police station together.
Chapter 13

Six months later James was tidying up his desk before his well-earned vacation to Barbados. Since joining the squad he had solved 15 cases including the one that saved the chief. Under his desk he found the old sketch from the case. He wanted to try something out. He turned the lights off and turned the sketch upside down. A green light shone off the sketch. James looked surprised and then said thoughtfully, “I guess that vacation will have to wait”