

**EYES OF
COLD CASE
KILLERS**

Charles Toftoy

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Eyes of Cold Case Killers

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Dedication

This book is dedicated to all cold case detectives. I admire the cold case detective more than anyone in the world. These detectives try to learn the truth by thinking outside the box. It is the resourcefulness, imagination, and dedication of these detectives that solve previously unsolved homicides. They never give up on a case. Just think of this ... after many years a cold case team solves a homicide. What relief it gives the victims' families and all of us. Nothing can be more self-satisfying than solving a cold case because it brings accountability to murderers who thought they got away with the crime.

— *Toftoy, 2011*

In Memoriam

The storyline involves coordination between the Alexandria, Arlington, Fairfax, and City of Falls Church Police Departments in order to solve complex cold cases. This book is written in memory of the police officers in the City of Alexandria and two Virginia counties who lost their lives in the line of duty. No lives were lost in the line of duty in the City of Falls Church.

Alexandria Police Department:

Constable Elijah Chenault
Watchman Gerrard Arnold
Officer Julian F. Arnold
Officer George W. Crump
Officer Walker W. Campbell
Sergeant Elton B. Hummer
Sergeant Charles R. McClary
Private Whitfield W. Lipscombe
Private August Perault Pierce
Corporal Clarence J. McClary
Private Robert B. Harris
Private Robert G. Padgett
Deputy Inspector James W. Baber
Private Eugene Yoakum
Detective Conrad L. Birney
Corporal Charles W. Hill
Officer Andrew M. Chelchowski

Arlington County Police Department:

Special Police Officer Louis Shaw
Detective Russell Clinton Pettie
Officer Arthur Chorovich
Officer Israel P. Gonzales
Officer George Pomraning, Jr.
Officer John Buckle

Fairfax County Police Department:

Police Officer Karen Jean Bassford

Captain Tommy F. Bernal

Detective Vickey Anne Owen Armel

Master Police Officer Michael E. Garbarino

Second Lieutenant Francis Joseph (Frank) Stecco

Heroes, Inc.

The author will donate a portion of the profits on this book to Heroes, Inc.

Heroes, Inc. is dedicated to aid families of law enforcement officers and fire fighters who have died in the line of duty in the Washington, DC, metropolitan area.

This organization provides a full paid scholarship to every child left behind by the fallen police officers and fire fighters. Regardless of major, choice of college, or type of degree, every cent is paid for by Heroes, Inc., including room, board, books, and lab fees.

I encourage my readers to visit Heroes, Inc. at <http://www.heroesinc.org/>.

THRILLER



INSPIRED BY TRUE EVENTS

The Sequel

The novel you are about to read is a sequel to Dr. Toftoy's first novel, *It's In The Eyes*, published in August 2009. It is rated at four and a half stars (out of five) and has won two national awards.

The storyline for his first novel is as follows:

It's spring in Washington, DC — a beautiful time of year in the nation's capital, yet its citizens are uneasy. Their heightened restlessness is reminiscent of the recent 9/11, sniper, and anthrax scares. But this time the enemy is a psychopathic killer responsible for the deaths of four local university co-eds — raping and murdering them using rituals practiced by the Thuggees, killers for the Goddess Kali, who were responsible for the deaths of more than two million travelers in India in the 17th and 18th centuries.

It's up to Lars Neilsen, a college professor and part-time sleuth, and his highly-skilled Alpha Team to find out who is committing these atrocious murders. But Lars and his team are in for a few nasty surprises along the way ...

The sequel continues with the same main characters, members of the Alpha Team, who are tasked with the mission of solving cold cases.

During the journey of this psychological thriller, the reader will learn about cold case strategies and best practices, forensics advanced technology, DNA analysis, investigative processes, traits of serial killers, modus operandi and signature, impacts on victims' families, and other areas of interest.

The lead in ...

“Vengeance is the driving force that motivates a person to avenge a dreadful wrong.”

— *Toftoy, 2011*

“On wrongs, swift vengeance waits.”

— *Alexander Pope*

“Revenge is an act of passion; vengeance of justice. Injuries are revenged; crimes are avenged.”

— *Samuel Johnson*

Lars Neilsen, our sleuth, is obsessed with vengeance toward all cold case killers. He feels deeply for the victims and their families. You’ll see what I mean as you read on (and, hopefully, you will read on ... LOL).

Lars agrees with the police in the matter of bringing cold case killers to justice. Except justice for Lars is to “kill the killers.” As a ranger, he learned this motto well — “Kill, or be killed.” He applied this many times in close combat in Vietnam. So Lars’ Alpha Team embarks on a new challenge ... solving cold cases, the toughest cases of all. Some cold case killers are nasty, like the Zodiac. But Taurus is worse. You’ll see ... just turn the page and hang on.

— *The Author*



PART 1

TURNING 'COLD CASES' INTO 'HOT CASES'

CHAPTER ONE



Wednesday, 2:00 p.m.

Dear Lars,

By the time you read this letter I'll be dead. Three days ago, I asked myself a question: 'What am I living for?' I couldn't answer that question. I wonder how many people can't answer that question either.

My life has been full of stifling problems, most insurmountable.

There's my husband, son, daughter, and if you count him — my father.

John was a scumbag, scumbag, scumbag! I've been sick inside for years, knowing he was having sex with Candance right under my nose. And, being involved in a porno business! My son, Paul, was no good — lazy, a druggie, 'the world sucks' sort of kid. Worthless, never tried. Candance — the love of my life. So proud of her. Varsity starter on George Washington's basketball team, excellent in academics. We loved each other.

My father — another scumbag. He abused my mother and I — raped us. Then one day, in Rio, he was gone. Scumbag. By the way I'm getting drunk on Courvosier cognac right now. So pardon the handwriting and poor grammar. You have to be drunk to commit suicide.

CHARLES TOFTOY

Now that I think about it, John had the eyes of a killer — dark and cold, which left me numb. He was an arrogant egoist — typical lawyer.

I always lived with an attitude of the ‘glass is half full.’ Now the ‘glass is half empty’ and has been for two years. I believe that we should make everything count, but instead I realize that we are born to die. Each minute we are closer to death. What an attitude. I’m drunk. At least I won’t die like those in Jonestown — cyanide in Kool-Aid. Cyanide in cognac is a better way to go. My choice.

I’m so glad Tiger called John a cocksucker before you had to shoot him. I love that Tiger — one of his favorite words: cocksucker. But, I love all of the Alpha Team. They have been so nice to me. My proudest moment was when I earned my graduate degree at the University of Virginia. That was more of a thrill to me than winning the Miss Brazil contest.

I would never burden you with personal matters. I changed my legal will so the Hawthornes get nothing. They’re all assholes. John’s brother, Frank, is a huge asshole. Another fucking lawyer. Cocksucker — right Tiger? I’m drunk, Lars. Please make sure that no Hawthornes or relatives come to my funeral. My attorney is Judd Thomas — a good guy.

You explained a lot to me about Goddess Kali. I hope she is right — that we are reincarnated as our soul is continuous. I’ll see you on the other side. (I hope there is an other side.)

Love,
Belissa

P.S. The funeral home in Philadelphia wanted to arrange funeral services for my father. I said just burn his ass, and I’ll take care of the urn with his ashes. I drove to the Loudoun County Landfill in Ashburn, Virginia, and dumped his ashes in the trash. Remember — you took me to a Redskins practice in Ashburn and I remembered the landfill. You’ll like my final words to my father. They went like this. ‘Most people say: Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust. But dear father I say to you, garbage to garbage, garbage to garbage, garbage to garbage.’ I threw the urn in after the ashes, turned on my heels and never looked back.

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Lars was pooped. Long day already even though it was only three o'clock. But he had taught two classes at George Washington University and had run a few errands for Doris. This was her teaching day at Quantico.

The FBI was lucky to have her teach twice a week to 'would be' FBI agents. After all, Doris Wagner — soon to be Doris Wagner Neilsen — was the FBI's best profiler of all time.

Lars was relaxing on his back with Sasha in her usual spot — curled up on his mid-section. She was snoring and farting, probably dreaming of the male Yorkie they met on a walk earlier today. The Yorkie's name was Corky, but he should have been called Boner.

Lars was reading *The Three Cups of Tea*. He remembered these lines:

"Have you ever been to a rural village in northern Pakistan?"

"What's your point?"

"Well, right now it's harvest time. Most families need their kids to help them in the fields so they pull them out of school for awhile. And in winter, especially if it's really cold, they might close their schools for a few months because they can't afford to heat them."

Then the book fell out of his hands and hit the floor. Sasha jumped into the air about three inches, gave Lars a dirty look, did about four circles, then laid back down in his lap with a sigh. Lars cupped his hands behind his head and looked around the house.

CHAPTER TWO



Lars resumed reading. Sasha watched him with one eye open. She was skeptical of Lars being able to stay awake. She didn't want another jolt from the book hitting the floor. It was like ... *I'll give him one more chance, then I'm out of here.*

Five minutes later Sasha got another jolt, but this time it was Lars' cell phone.

"Yup."

"Cory here."

"Hi, Chief."

"Bad news, Lars."

"What does that mean? I don't remember getting a traffic ticket."

"Belissa Hawthorne is dead."

"What?" Lars' throat tightened up. Stomach cramped.

"Sorry to bring you the news. I know that ..."

"I'll call you back." Lars hung up, went to the bathroom, and threw up the tuna salad sandwich that he had at the GW Deli earlier that afternoon.

Tears flowed. After composing himself, Lars called Cory back.

"Sorry, Cory. The news just blindsided me."

"Understand. Looks like a suicide, but we're treating it as a homicide until the M.E. gives us a heads-up."

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“What makes you think it’s a suicide?”

“Appears to be poison mixed with cognac, but we have to wait for lab results. The maid found her in the kitchen with her head resting on her arms. It was like she was resting her head on the kitchen table taking a nap, Lars. No forced entry. No signs of any struggle. Seems like she was alone.”

“Anything else?”

“Yeah. She evidently wrote a letter, sealed it in an envelope addressed to you.”

“Me?”

“Yes. I’ll need you to come over and open it. We decided, out of respect for the two of you, to let you open it. Yet, we’ll need to keep the contents in the envelope as evidence.”

“Understand. When do you want me there?”

“Yesterday.”

“OK, I’m on the way. Can I bring Sasha?”

“Sure. I’ll tell the security guards. I’ll meet you in the lobby ... see you soon, Lars.”

“Yeah, soon.”

On the way, Lars called Tiger and Brenda. They both took the news hard. Didn’t call Doris because he knew that she was in class.



“Hi, Sasha. How ya doin’ little girl?” Sasha licked Cory’s face. They had a hard time making it to the elevator because everyone was going ape shit about Sasha.

“You ought to see us at the shopping mall. Can’t move more than ten feet without people drooling over Sasha.”

“She’s a doll, Lars.” Cory felt that at a traumatic time like this, Sasha would be a comfort to his brother-in-law. Cory had no idea what was inside the envelope.

After taking the elevator to the seventh floor, Lars and Cory bumped into two homicide detectives that had worked the Hawthorne and Crawford cases. They were munching on jelly doughnuts.

“Hi, guys.”

“Hey there, Dr. Neilsen! Good to see ya.”

CHARLES TOFTOY

They entered the Chief's office. It gave Lars a warm feeling to see the sign on the door — Police Chief Cory M. Swink.

“Here's the letter. Want me to disappear for a little bit?”

“No, stay.”

Lars opened the envelope and read the letter. He felt as if he was going to lose it right there in Cory's office. But Sasha snuggled up to his chin, which helped his rocket-soaring emotions to calm.

“Here. Read it, Cory. A tough letter.”

After reading it, Cory said, “I know this must be rough on you. I'll have to keep this letter, but I can burn a copy for you.”

“No. That's OK.”

“You sure?”

Lars was having a hard time keeping his marbles together. Finally, he said, “On second thought, go ahead and make me a copy. I want the Alpha Team to read it. Then I'll destroy it.”

“No problem.”

On the way out, Marcia, Cory's secretary, let Sasha walk on her desk.

“I love this little baby.” She kissed Sasha and needless to say, Sasha returned the favor.

“Don't stay away so long, Dr. Neilsen. We miss you.”

“Well, Marcia, I don't want to get in the Chief's way.”

Cory thought this was an inappropriate time to spring an idea on Lars.

We've got some time. Later.

CHAPTER THREE



“Is this Frank Hawthorne?” Lars had uncovered Hawthorne’s telephone number from Cory.

“Who’s this?”

“Lars Neilsen in Arlington, Virginia.”

“I know all about you. Why the fuck are you calling me?”

“Do you know about Belissa?”

“Sure do. That bitch checked out of the net because she was feeling so guilty.”

“Guilty? Guilty about what?”

“Fucking up my brother’s head, causing John to go off the edge. When this kind of shit occurs, Dr. Neilsen, it’s always the wife to blame.”

“You know, everyone is right about you.” Lars tried to keep calm. He’s had to deal with plenty of people like Frank.

“What do *they* say, whoever *they* is?”

“They say you’re an asshole like your brother, John. One big asshole.”

“Frankly, my dear, I don’t give a shit.” He paused. No response from Lars. *Remember that line from Gone With The Wind?*

Lars wanted to say that, “Gable said damn. Not shit.” Enough sparing with this piece of crap. “Let me get to the point.”

CHARLES TOFTOY

“Yeah, what the fuck is the point of you calling me in Chicago?”

“To tell you that no Hawthornes or their relatives will be permitted to attend Belissa’s funeral.”

“Who are you to tell us what we can and can’t do? I, or some of us from Chicago, may come out of respect for John. Anyway I need to get laid away from home. DC’s a good pussy city.”

“I thought you were married with three kids.”

“I am, but don’t we all need some fresh stuff now and then?”

“Here’s why you can’t come. My old Special Forces buddies are going to watchdog the funeral service — the church. They’ll have your picture. You’ll be tossed out on your ass by them. If that’s not enough, Frank, I have my trusty .45, and I’ll blow your head off right in front of everybody.”

For a quick second, Lars thought that he shouldn’t mention the porno business, but reconsidered, “Furthermore, we know you’re in the porno ring with John and that uncle in Orlando, who’s serving seven years for being involved in an internet pornography business. The FBI is tightening the lasso on you, Frank. One day you’ll be behind bars, cocksucker.” Lars slammed the phone down so hard that the casing split in half.

“That was to make a point, Sasha!”

CHAPTER FOUR



“Where is it?” groaned Tiger, recovering from a hangover.
“On North Randolph Street, near ...”

“I know it,” Tiger interrupted. “Two blocks off Lee Highway, yeah?”

“Yup. See you there,” said Lars.

The church had a large white cross in the middle of the roof. A red brick structure with white trimming. Inside the church was a beautiful altar all in white with four huge stained glass windows. Candles were flickering on both sides of the aisles. Each team member lit a candle for Belissa.

The seating was in a semi-circle.

The funeral was conducted without a hitch. Belissa’s aunt was present along with her friends, a Brazilian Embassy contingent and Holland & Knight colleagues. Of course, the Alpha Team was present. Lars carried his .45 just in case. The church she attended, St. Agnes Catholic Church, was three-quarters full. Father Hurley conducted the Mass.

Once outside the church, the team decided to go to Starbucks in the Lee Heights strip mall nearby.

“See ya there,” said Tiger.

“Me, too,” added Brenda.

CHARLES TOFTOY

Lars and Doris started for the BMW. Just as they were about to get into the car, the Brazilian ambassador caught up with them.

“I want to thank you, Dr. Neilsen, for offering to escort Mrs. Hawthorne’s body to Rio. There will be a military contingent with you.”

His eyes welled up. “Excuse me. I’m sorry, but as Miss Brazil she ended up in third place in the Miss Universe contest. That made us very proud of her. Also, as our country’s representative, she traveled all over Brazil and South America to help distressed children. Her burial will be an honorable one.”

Lars shook hands, wiping away the lone tear that slid down his right cheek. “It’s an honor, Mr. Ambassador.”

“Boa tarde, sir.”

“Boa tarde, Dr. Neilsen.”

Doris was crying when Lars got into the car. To buck her up, Lars offered, “Brenda and Tiger are going to meet us at Starbucks.”

As he turned left off North Randolph on to Lee Highway, Doris mumbled, “Didn’t you mean to turn right?”

“No. This is the Starbucks at the Lee Heights strip mall.”

“Tiger, where’s Brenda?” quizzed Lars.

“She got away from me, man. Ducked into the Lemon Twist.”

“Hey, I’m going there, too,” snapped Doris. “Elegant stuff and a cool staff working there.”

Lars looked at Tiger, “What do you do with these women? Can’t live with ‘em ... and can’t live without ‘em?”

Tiger grinned, “We’re stuck in the middle, Doc. In the middle.”

After the Starbucks interlude, the Alpha Team trekked to Belissa’s aunt’s house in Fairfax. Lars wasn’t in the house longer than a minute before the aunt pulled him into an empty room.

Lorraine whispered, “The Hawthornes have always blamed Belissa for everything. For John, Paul, and even her father’s actions. I’ve met all of them. What a gruesome lot!” Immediately, Lars knew that he liked this aunt ... a straight shooter. But he was feeling even worse for Belissa, realizing she had this extra burden to carry on her shoulders.

“I agree,” Lars nodded.

“Do you mind if I tell you what I think of Frank?”

“Go ahead,” said Lars, muffling a burp.

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“Oh! That he’s the king of all assholes?”

He knew that he really liked this woman. “Yup. An asshole.”

“Let’s get a drink, shall we?” asked Lorraine.

“I’ve never turned down a drink. I do want to tell you that you arranged a nice funeral service. Very respectable. I’m honored to be here along with Doris, Brenda, and Tiger.”

By the time they returned to the living room, Tiger was already getting a little pie-eyed. Lars caught him looking at the cleavage of one of the Brazilian ambassador’s young daughters.

“How’s the Heineken, Tiger?”

“Good, Doc. Real good. We need to get crocked.”

“Yeah, but not here Tiger. Go easy.”

Lars cornered Cory and walked him into that same empty room.

“Thanks, Cory, for not pursuing an autopsy. I just didn’t want Belissa cut up like a butchered cow.”

“This isn’t the appropriate time for us to discuss a strong need for your team’s assistance. I’ll get with you later,” said Cory.

Lars noticed that Cory’s wrinkles had deepened along his forehead.
I wonder what Cory’s going to unload on us?

CHAPTER FIVE



“Hello. Is this the manager?”
“Yes. Can I help you, sir?”

“What’s your name?”

“Lydia Frankel. We’re real busy so ...”

“Well ... let me tell you ... there are four C4 bombs that I planted in your store. One is in the electronics section, and another is in toys and games. Plus two others. They are timed devices ... to go off in thirty minutes ... or six a.m. to be precise. Those bombs will level your store. Also, the City of Falls Church better beware. See the note under your blotter.” Click.

It’s funny to watch these crazy people crash through the doors at five a.m., and to watch them thirty minutes later pour out of the place in a desperate flight. I’m going to be able to watch this show from a spot near Wilston Plaza, not far from where the snipers shot the woman in the Home Depot parking lot, across Route 50. Talk about cowards ... that’s what those two guys were.

Screwing up Target on Black Friday is my way of celebrating! Yes! Taurus is back! The best serial killer of all time. Never to be caught.

I took in Black Friday at Target last year. That gave me a good idea of what to expect and where to plant the C4s, and how to fake out Target’s manager. It’s pitch dark at three-thirty in the morning, but

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that's when cars start feeding into Target's huge parking lot off Route 50 in Fairfax. At five, the doors open. People have that anxious look in their eyes. Old ladies get pushed around. Old ladies push back. As she fought through the stampede, one elderly lady told a younger woman, "Fuck you, bitch!" Women sit on top of TVs. It's mine, baby! It's mine! Two guys were playing tug-of-war with an expensive toy. People tape their names on items only to find that the name was torn off and somebody took off with the item. Ha! Ha! Stupid. My research last year showed me that the two main sections of high interest are electronics and toys. So those will be my main targets. But, that was last year. Let's get it on for this year.

Just like last year, the lines trail out from each of the two entrance doorways. One to the left, past PetSmart into the parking lot. The other goes to the right, past the pharmacy to the fence line and bends into a parking lot. Must be 350 people. Milling around the people, I heard all kinds of things. "Mommy, we'll never get in there in time. I want that toy!"

"We'll be OK, Louisa. Just stop whining."

"Hey, dude! I see you got on a Crimson Tide shirt. What ya here fer?"

"Hey, man! A big-ass TV and I'll fight for it. Remember Bear Bryant's motto? He ..."

Moving along, I noticed all kinds of people from one-year-olds to over eighty. Long, short, chubby, thin. Hell, they're all here. But they're all unaware of my big surprise. You know that frantic look in their eyes blows my mind. These are dumb people.

Sleeping in the afternoon, rolling in here beginning about three a.m. ... for what? A video game, special toy, TV at super prices! No wonder the USA is screwed up. It starts right here!

The pay telephone booth was in a great location ... near the air pump at the Exxon station on the corner. After making the call, I watched the people screaming and racing for their cars. Some ditched their cars. Others ran toward Arlington Boulevard. One guy got hit by a car. I laughed my ass off. Yes, I'm finally back. I'm back!

The manager probably doesn't even know about C4. But I know everything about it. Used it in Vietnam. Set up 'mechanical ambushes' using claymore mines and trip wires. The Vietcong bee-bopping along

CHARLES TOFTOY

the trail would trip the wire and the claymore, loaded with C4, would blast him and most of the others away. This allowed half of my infantry squad to sleep while the others watched our trout line. After tripping the wire, we would kill the rest of the VC using small arms fire. Very efficient. C4 is cool. I taught classes about explosives at Fort Benning — the infantry school for boys. It works perfectly in my Target scenario. You can mold it into different shapes. The explosive material is ROX-91%, DI-5.3%, which makes it easy to make, and polyisobutylene-2.1%, the binder. Wait a minute ... this is getting too technical. Just say C4 is a plastic explosive. I'm glad I didn't tell Target's manager all of this. It would've been too long of a telephone call. I like things short and sweet. Scaring the hell out of people really gets me off. But killing someone is better. Nothing can replace that erotic feeling. I have to figure out what's next.

