

Things they Carried

Detective Jason Cooper's attention was fully centred upon the motionless figure which lay on the ground, with vacant eyes staring upwards. It was that of a man in his mid-forties, clean shaven and broad shouldered with thick curling hair.

Beside him was a brown coloured leather briefcase that lay open. Jason bent down a bit closer to look through its contents. There was an old laptop, a headache ointment, a couple of files, a stack of sticky notes, a contact lens case and solution, an expensive lighter, a few business cards and some pens, all neatly arranged.

Just like the bags of the earlier victims which were also left lying open with its contents impeccably arranged.

There seemed to be no other connection, none whatsoever between the earlier three victims except for the fact that all were in their forties, worked in corporate, carried a briefcase with a laptop and some files, and were killed as they were leaving office in the parking lot by a single head shot from a 42- calibre pistol.

Jason was pretty sure that this would be no exception. The *corporate killer* as the media called him covered his tracks pretty well.

It was as if the bastard was playing with him, challenging him to connect random people just by the things they carried and right now Jason was falling terribly short.

A few miles away, Casey Martin shut down his laptop and packed his bag, done for the day, little knowing that in a few days he would be the *corporate killer's* last random killing to hide the original intended target.