

## **Episode 5**

### ***SNEAK PEEK***

#### **VIII**

**The next day, I remained true to my word as I dialed up Matthews' dispatch.**

**"Hello?" he said after about four beeps.**

**"Frank, how are you? Fine I hope."**

**"Yeah, yeah, I'm alright. What's up?"**

**"Nothing much, I'm just a little on edge about this case right now, that's all."**

**"Well, don't worry about it kid. Sometimes you tend to stress yourself out when dealing with work and stuff," said Matthews as he stated the obvious.**

**“Ummm, Frank?” I said as I prepared to tell him that Gordon had asked me about him sustaining focus.**

**“Yeah kid?” he responded in a dull kind of voice.**

**“Never mind. See you on Monday.”**

**“Monday, it is,” replied Frank.**

**“Yeah, Monday,” I said in finality.**

**“Monday,” said Frank before finally hanging up.**

## **IX**

**“What a cuckoo,” said Matthews as he rose up from his couch and exited out the door.**

**As Matthews got into his car and drove down the street, he heard the sound of thunder cackling from a distance.**

**The winds were strong and the clouds were a dark gray. Moreover, the more Matthews drove; he noticed that at any moment, Brooklyn would be instantaneously drenched with rain. As he continued to drive, he watched people without umbrellas immediately run for shelter. It wasn't until Matthews had reached his destination on Beverley Road when the rain finally began to pour down as if they were oversized tear drops.**

**Before getting out of his car, Matthews pulled a ski mask over his head which fittingly accompanied his umbrella. He then popped open his trunk and extracted from it, a miniscule baseball bat in which he placed within his inner coat pocket. And after several movements of battling harsh raging winds, he finally made his way into the housing complex that he had been eyeing for about a week.**

**MERCY FOR MURDER: The more Matthews climbed the dark staircases of the building, the more he did**

**his absolute best to remain as silent as he possibly could. Upon reaching the seventh floor, he checked his watch to see that it was approximately 10:19pm. He knew that the person he was searching for lived in one of the floor's apartments. After two weeks of threats and the promising to murder innocent people's families, Matthews had gotten word that Jake Fisher lived on the seventh floor of the Beverley housing complex.**

**When Matthews reached apartment 709, he knocked upon the door with a hard fist several times before leaning to the side of its entrance.**

**“What are these trick-or-treaters doing out so late?” asked Jake Fisher from within the apartment as he muted the sound to his television set.**

**As he heard Jake approaching the door, Matthews quickly slipped on dark leather gloves that covered his thick and long hands. He also had placed his left hand within his trench coat as he waited patiently. It would only be a few seconds later when the door**

**had finally unlocked and a creak had sounded to signify it becoming ajar...**