

Death rules people's lives. The Jimmy Jones' case proved that to Detective Erin Harmen

On the night that Jimmy Jones' was murdered a deep, dark fog shrouded the city in confusion. The kind of dense fog that covers the grime, hopelessness, and despair of this city. The kind of fog that makes it hard for one to find his way home. The kind of fog that hides the evil that would kill someone like Jimmy Jones.

With the fog engulfing the outside world, Detective Erin Harmen shut off the computer on her desk before rubbing her eyes trying to force the sleep out of them. She glanced around the squad room. The room's dim lighting did nothing to help Harmen fight off her exhaustion. Small dark pine desks crowded the squad room, neatly ordered but looking shabby and old. Squeaky green rotating chairs were all slid back in place resting for their occupants to return early the next morning. Mostly everyone had gone home or out to the bar except for Chet across the way. Her balding, big boned former partner glanced up at her and nodded. Harmen returned the favor before shifting her attention back down at her desk. A lone picture of a young boy with bright blue eyes and blond hair smiled back at her looking like he was almost giggling at her. It made Harmen want to cry right at that moment.

"Got any plans to celebrate St. Paddy's?" Chet asked suddenly.

Harmen looked up at him and shook her head. "No," she replied. "You?"

"A couple of the guys were going to Potluck's. You interested?"