

THE FRENZY WAY

**TERROR
IN THE NIGHT!**

Author of the Bram
Stoker Award-Nominated
Johnny Gruesome

GREGORY LAMBERSON





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ACCOLADES FOR *THE FRENZY WAY*

“*The Frenzy Way* is an awesome blend of police procedural and bloody werewolf action. It’s easily Lamberson’s best novel—and I loved his first two!”

—Jeff Strand, Bram Stoker Award nominated author of *Pressure* and *Dweller* (December 2009)

“A werewolf serial killer whodunit with real teeth, *The Frenzy Way* is a razor-sharp read from beginning to end. Lamberson’s tale is a police procedural, werewolf historical, good old-fashioned monster movie mash up, a winning mix to be sure, but what really makes the narrative shine are its deft characterizations. Even the tiniest bit players seem alive, vital, a crucial part of the puzzle, making this wild-in-the-streets werewolf hunt all the more tense. Highly recommended.”

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(December 2009)

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—Gabrielle S. Faust, author of *Eternal Vigilance* (December 2009)

DEDICATION

Dedicated, with love, to Tamar

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Alone in the wilderness I roam

With much hardships in the wilderness I roam

A wolf said this to me.

—Sitting Bull

“Never before in all history were so many large wild animals slain in so short a time.”

—Theodore Roosevelt

John Stalk awoke with a sudden jerk, his fingers clawing empty air for the M-4 assault rifle he hadn't held in six months. In that same instant, he expected to see clouds of mortar erupting from the grimy walls of sun-bleached buildings, machine gunfire strafing dusty streets, and figures in bulky uniforms scattering among panicked civilians. Instead he saw pale blue moonlight seeping through the windows and glinting off knotty pine walls. Kindling burned in the stone fireplace across the main room.

Not in Fallujah, he thought, the thick comforter falling away as he sat up on the futon. He'd been in his father's cabin. As a boy, he had come here with Chief Dan to hunt and fish. Now, after being stateside for half a year, the dreams of Fallujah persisted with unyielding clarity, the dead men from his unit calling to him with silent mouths. Jameson. Pillman. Raeckel. The list went on.

The sweat on his forehead cooled. What had awakened him? He wondered if he would ever be able to sleep through common background noise again. The forest surrounding the cabin had always been serene. If he couldn't relax here ...

Then he heard it: a long, high-pitched wail descending from the mountaintop, piercing the night with its stark loneliness. The howling rose and fell in a melody, the pitiful singing filling him with inexplicable sadness. For reasons he did not comprehend, he felt instant kinship with the beast crying in the night.

A wolf, he thought, his heartbeat quickening. Then he dismissed the notion. Wolves had not been reintroduced to New York as they had been in other states. Oh, a gray wolf could conceivably have wandered down from Canada, but that would have caused quite a stir at the border. *Must be a coyote.*

Climbing out of bed, he dragged the comforter after him. Clad in long johns and thick socks, he padded across the rugs on the wood floor to the nearest window. Falling snow flickered in the moonlight like fireflies, obscuring the tree line at the property's edge. The massive silhouette of the mountain towered over him, blotting out the slush gray sky.

The howling resumed, rolling over the treetops. He rubbed his arms beneath the comforter. Standing transfixed for several minutes, he tried to pinpoint the creature's location on the mountain. The lonely song echoed around the terrain, seeming to come from several directions at once. He shivered. Withdrawing from the window, he added fresh kindling to the smoldering fire, then laid down on the futon and closed his eyes. He fell asleep to the sound of the animal's melancholy voice.

That's no coyote, he thought.



Gunfire awoke him: sharp reports that split the night asunder. Fixing his eyes on the

crossbeams in the cathedral ceiling, Stalk thought he had been dreaming of combat again. But a shrill yelping followed the third and final shot, followed by silence. His body turned rigid.

The wolf!

Flinging back the comforter, he ran to the window and stared through the falling snow. He waited there for several minutes, hearing nothing, then returned to bed. Someone had killed the wolf, but who? He supposed the animal had disturbed the occupant of one of the cabins that peppered this side of the mountain. That was easier to imagine than some hunter tracking a creature by moonlight.

But aren't wolves a protected species?

Out here in the Adirondacks, in the middle of the night, who could enforce such laws? Lying down once more, he folded his arms behind his head and closed his eyes.



Stalk didn't know how long he had been asleep when the scratching sounds woke him. Propping himself on his elbows, he scanned the cabin's dark interior, trimmed with orange light from the fireplace. Outside, the snow had stopped falling, leaving a black void beyond the cabin windows. The clawing sounds continued, and Stalk's gaze moved through the darkness to the door. Was that a husky moan he heard on the other side?

Something's out there, he thought, heart palpitating. *Trying to get inside.*

Without hesitation, he leapt from the futon and lifted the Winchester rifle from the hand-carved wooden rack on the wall. He crossed the room in three generous strides. Twisting the locks, he threw open the heavy door, stepped back, and aimed the rifle at the rectangle of darkness as frigid air swept inside, chilling him like wine. Shifting the barrel downward, he gaped at what he saw.

Moonlight rippled across smooth flesh. Dark hair splayed over the snow. The woman lay facedown on the ground, her left arm, folded beneath her breasts, supporting her torso while her right hand reached out toward Stalk. Her right leg extended straight behind her, while her left leg was bent, its knee touching her elbow. Her nude body quivered in the cold.

Lowering the rifle, Stalk blinked in astonishment. The air stinging his nostrils told him he was not dreaming.

Blood streamed from a bullet hole in her left hip, and her shadowed features twisted with pain. "Help ... me ..."

As he stepped outside, feet pressing snow, Stalk's mind raced. Something awful had transpired on the mountainside: the woman had been shot in the burst of gunfire he had heard earlier. She must have fled the scene in a state of blind panic, thinking of nothing but survival. In his mind, he replayed the yelping he had heard; she must have owned a dog. Bending over, he scooped her up in his arms, his right hand still clutching the Winchester. He didn't care if he got her blood on his long underwear, because whoever had shot her probably lurked nearby.

Domestic dispute? His mind still worked like a cop's.

The woman wrapped her arms around his neck and bowed her head against his chest, barely conscious. Carrying her inside the cabin, he kicked the door shut with one heel, leaned his rifle against the fireplace, and draped her over the futon. A moan escaped her chapped lips, and she turned her head, hair covering half her face. Stalk pulled the comforter around her. First he'd warm her; then he'd dress her wound. Returning to the door with his socks soaking wet, he bolted the locks. In the kitchenette, he removed disinfectant and gauze from a cupboard; his father kept the cabin stocked with emergency supplies in case of a hunting accident or some other life-threatening mishap.

Setting the medical supplies on the bedside table, he brushed the woman's hair out of her face. She had closed her eyes, snow melting in her long lashes. Her cheeks curved down to full lips, vaguely ethnic. She scrunched her features in deep concentration, sweat forming on her brow. In the warm golden firelight, Stalk thought her the most beautiful woman he had ever seen.

He pulled back one flap of the comforter, exposing her naked body, then bunched up the other end of the cover to hide the strip of black hair between her legs. After he used the first flap to wipe the blood from the curve of her hip, he pressed a wet cloth against the wound. Removing the cloth, he frowned. He stepped to one side, allowing the firelight to shine directly on her hip.

Impossible.

The wound had vanished. He was certain he had seen a bullet hole when he first set eyes on her, and he had seen countless bullet wounds in Iraq. The woman's flesh was unmarked. He studied her face. Her features now appeared relaxed, and her body had stopped quivering. She lost consciousness.

Stalk stepped back from the futon. What in God's name had just happened?

A sudden howling outside interrupted his thought process.

The wolf?

Fear inched up his spine. A wolf, yes, but not the same one he had heard earlier. The creature's voice sounded deep and commanding. Menacing, even.

Moving to the window, Stalk froze. Outside, in plain view, an immense black shape streaked with gray sat on its haunches in the snow, staring straight at him. Tilting its head back, it howled again, calling out to an invisible audience.

Another howl answered it. And then another. And another after that. Soon an entire chorus sang at the cabin.

Heart pounding, Stalk ran to another window. He glimpsed a similar shape, as black as midnight, against the stark white snow. This one stood on all four legs, pacing in a circle. With the hair on the nape of his neck standing on end, Stalk rushed to the kitchenette. Through the window there he spied another wolf, this one standing as still as an ice sculpture. Like the first two, it stared at him. He ran into the bedroom, which his family never used in the winter because it didn't receive enough heat. Through the last window, he squinted at the darkness outside, where the moonlight failed to reach. Two dark shadows separated from the blackness.

Jesus! Stalk sprinted back into the main room and seized the Winchester from the fireplace. Staring at the unconscious woman on the futon, he pulled back the bolt. Then his body jerked as the window closest to the futon exploded in a shower of glass and the first wolf landed on the floor, its eyes blazing with fury and its lips pulled back to reveal fangs jutting out from its gums.

PART ONE
FEEDING GROUND

THE VILLAGE

A crackling sound came over the car radio, followed by the female dispatcher's voice: "Five-Charlie, what's your status? Over."

Brandt glanced at Penrose, behind the wheel of the moving vehicle. Halfway through a busy midnight-to-eight tour, they wanted nothing more than a hot meal.

Eyes drooping, Penrose shook his head and blew air from his cheeks. As the radio car cruised Christopher Street, city lights arced across his dark features.

Brandt eased her hand radio from its resting spot on the seat between her legs. "This is Five-Charlie," she said, studying the West Village hipsters that prowled the sidewalks. "We're available. Over."

"We have a possible 10-34 on Bedford Street." A 10-34 identified a violent assault in progress, and their sector included Bedford.

"Ten-four. Over." Brandt set the hand radio down again. "Must be a full moon tonight." Grunting, Penrose activated the siren.

“The Original People worshipped Sun, who loved a Crow woman. When an evil Crow man raped Sun’s wife, she committed suicide. Angered, Sun banished the Crow people from the land and threatened to kill them. White Wolf took pity on the Crow people and secretly provided them with food. When Sun learned of his servant’s disobedience, he forgave the Crow people and made Wolf an outcast instead.”

—*Native American Religion*, Terrence Glenzer



The cell phone’s piercing ring caused Tony Mace to stir in the darkness. Rolling over, he blinked at the digital alarm clock as he clicked on the bedside lamp: 4:40 AM, almost an hour before he had planned to rise. Beside him, Cheryl pulled a pillow over her head. Mace picked up his phone and squinted at its display, which flashed Night Watch Command. The detective bureaus closed their doors at 1:00 AM, when Night Watch responded to their calls. He pressed the phone against his ear. “This is Mace.”

“Sorry to wake you, Captain,” a female voice said. “This is Sergeant Evans with Night Watch Command. One of your detectives, Willy Diega, is requesting to speak to you from the crime scene.”

Rubbing sleep from his eyes, Mace set his mind to military time. The detective bureaus closed shop at 0100 and reopened for business at 0800, four hours from now. The only time Night Watch summoned on-call detectives during that period was in an extreme situation requiring immediate attention. He and his lieutenant, Ken Landry, took turns being on call to supervise their detectives in such situations, and Mace was up at bat. “Put him through please.”

“Yes, sir.” A click, followed by a beep. “I have Captain Mace on the line, Detective Diega.”

“Thank you,” said Willy Diega, detective first grade.

“You’re welcome.” Another click as Evans hung up.

“Go ahead, Willy.”

“Captain, we’ve got a real bag of shit in the Oh-Six. The biggest bag of shit I’ve ever seen.”

The Sixth Precinct, Mace thought. “Who’s the primary?”

“Patty.”

Mace understood the concern in Willy’s voice. His partner, Detective third grade Patty Lane, had proven herself to be a sharp-eyed Murder Police, but she had not yet headed a major investigation. “Okay, I’ll be there in half an hour.”

“Bring your accessories. This is unlike anything I’ve ever seen before. The first office

puke.”

Shutting the phone off, Mace clambered out of bed. In the shower’s hot spray, he soaped and rinsed his muscular arms. Because he stood only five-seven, he had compensated for his lack of stature by working out on a regular basis for most of his adult life, and at thirty-nine he was in better condition than most men half his age. Returning to the bedroom, he saw that Cheryl had gotten up, and he felt guilty for waking her. He dressed in a tailored black suit and combed his short dark hair.

Cheryl stood waiting for him in the kitchen with a cup of espresso, her pink robe belted at the waist and her curly dark hair crushed on one side. They had been married for four years and she had adjusted well to being a cop’s wife.

“Thanks,” Mace said, taking the sterling cup from her. “You didn’t have to get up.” He blew on the espresso and sipped it, jolting his sleepy nerves.

“I only get to enjoy caffeine vicariously through you now,” Cheryl said. They had confirmed her pregnancy just two weeks earlier. “What’s the 911?”

“Professional curiosity?” He suppressed a smile. Cheryl worked as an associate producer for an afternoon TV talk show. “I don’t know yet. Something in the Village.” He swallowed the espresso and set the cup in the sink.

“Don’t forget we have dinner plans.”

“I won’t.” Sliding his hands around her still-narrow waist, he kissed her lips. Then he moved the palm of his right hand to her belly. “Make sure you eat a lot today.”

“Yes, coach.”

Crossing the apartment, Mace took an olive green trench coat from the closet. He usually woke up at 0530 to jog in Carl Schurz Park before reporting for duty and considered the run an important part of his day. Skipping the routine fouled his mood.

“Make the city safe for expectant mothers,” Cheryl said.

“I’ll try.” He unlocked the door and stepped into the carpeted hallway, the overhead fluorescent lights humming in the morning quiet. He waited for Cheryl to lock the door behind him, then descended three flights of stairs to the lobby, little more than a wide corridor lined with brass mailboxes.

Outside, he raised his eyes to the black sky. The mid-September days alternated hot and cool, and the humidity had dropped from the previous afternoon. He walked half a block to the underground parking garage where he kept his blue Chevy Impala, courtesy of the department, and got into the vehicle. With the NYPD parking permit visible on the dashboard, he started the engine and exited the garage. Passing his building, he steered the car across York Avenue, then East End Avenue, and finally onto the FDR Drive, which he took at a fast clip. The early morning traffic consisted mostly of taxis transporting baby-sitters and partygoers, and pink streaks appeared in the sky behind the high-rises of Roosevelt Island, across the East River to his left.

He exited the FDR at Houston and sped across town to the West Side, where deliverymen unloaded bundles of fresh newspapers from their trucks. Only donut shops, all-night diners, and hookers continued to serve their customers. Red and blue glare splashed the windshield.

as the car turned onto Bedford, a curved side street tucked off Christopher. Three radio cars, an unmarked Cavalier, and an EMS ambulance occupied spaces before a tree-lined brick building with white trim. Mace checked his watch: almost 0530.

Parking alongside the ambulance, he climbed out of the Impala and glanced at the building across the street. Half a dozen apartment dwellers in bedclothes stood gossiping on the stoops, and twice as many silhouettes hovered like ghosts within lit windows. Mace removed his gold shield from his belt and clipped it onto his coat even though most uniforms who worked below Fifty-ninth Street knew him on sight.

The grim-faced PO stationed at the front door nodded to him. "Good morning, Captain."

The word still sounded new to him because he had been promoted to the head of Manhattan Homicide South only five weeks ago. "Which apartment?"

"It's 3-C."

Entering the wide vestibule, Mace glanced at the tenants' directory on the wall. The tab next to 3-C identified *Glenzer, T* as the apartment's occupant. A second PO opened one of the two interior doors, and Mace slipped inside the carpeted lobby. Nodding to the uniform, he boarded the elevator and jabbed the third-floor button. As the elevator rose, he reached into his coat pocket and removed a pair of latex gloves, which he pulled on. This was the first homicide site he had been called to since his promotion from lieutenant, and Willy had warned him to bring his accessories. Entering the third-floor hallway, he passed the backs of a paunchy man in pajamas and a tall woman with graying hair who wore a bathrobe. They whispered to a shorter woman who stood framed within her doorway as they glanced at the far end of the hall.

The super, his wife, and the nosey next-door neighbor, Mace concluded. He had seen people like them at scores of crime scenes. They grew silent when he passed them, then resumed their excited gossiping.

A female PO, the recorder, stood guarding the open doorway at the end of the hall, not far from a foul-smelling puddle on the carpet. Willy had said that the first officer on the scene had vomited, and now that mess belonged to the crime scene. Short and stocky, the policewoman held a clipboard in one hand and a pen in the other. She recorded Mace's name and rank as he ducked beneath the yellow crime scene tape that crisscrossed the doorway like a spiderweb. Finding himself in a narrow hallway with little light, he turned right and entered the apartment proper.

Books had been pulled from the living room's floor-to-ceiling bookcases, and the sofa's seat cushions had been torn apart, their stuffing scattered around the room. A wooden desk lay tipped over on one side, an oversized electric typewriter upside down on the floor before it.

Scores of books had been torn apart and piled high in the middle of the room, along with shredded maps and reams of loose pages scrawled with handwritten notes. Leaning over them, Mace frowned. The scene resembled a book burning except that the volumes had been smeared with urine and excrement rather than gasoline. He covered his mouth and nose with his left hand, warding off the odors rising from the mess, then reached into his coat pocket for his own charcoal filter mask, which he positioned over his face.

A flash came from the bedroom, and he followed it to its source. Patty Lane photographed

something beyond his field of vision in the room. Willy stood beside her, sketching the bedroom's layout. Both partners wore filter masks.

Mace's first impression was that someone had painted the room red. Then the horrible truth seeped into his consciousness. Dark blood glistened on the bed, and viscera spotted the walls. Partially devoured organs and unrecognizable appendages radiated across the floor. Chunks of wet flesh clung to a wooden bureau and the baseboards. Ropy intestines lay uncoiled near a spinal column, still attached to skeletal hips, near the foot of the bed, slick with crimson. Even the ceiling had been spattered, with dull red light shining through the centered fixture. The victim had not just been murdered. He had been torn to pieces.

Bile crawled up the back of Mace's throat. As he composed himself, his rank requiring him to set an example for his subordinates, he attempted to mentally reassemble the gruesome shapes on the floor into a human figure. The task proved impossible.

Something is missing, he thought as he battled the nausea enveloping him. It was impossible to concentrate, and for a moment he feared he would pass out. The only window in the room had been smashed open, jagged pieces of broken glass fanning the floor below it. A breeze blew the curtains inward, then sucked them snapping out like towels on a clothesline. A single word formed in Mace's mind: *rage*.

Willy registered his presence. The thirty-six-year-old man's shaved head sparkled with sweat. "Welcome to our hell, Captain."

Patty took another photo, then faced Mace. Thirty years old, she stood an inch taller than him, her dark red ponytail hanging over the back of her charcoal-colored jacket. "You're up early." She glanced sideways at Willy, who offered a guilty shrug in response.

"The burden of responsibility," Mace said, scanning the crimson-slicked floor.

"Paramedics declared the time of death 0430." Patty spoke in a no-nonsense tone.

Mace pulled on a pair of disposable blue shoe covers. "Mind if I take a look?"

Willy stepped over to the doorway. "Be my guest."

Mace traded places with him. The room felt even more oppressive inside, and he felt a tingling sensation as the blood rushed from his head. Blood, red and dripping, everywhere. Flies buzzed the carnage in ghoulish anticipation. *Something's missing*, he thought. Now he had a clear view of the wall Patty had been photographing, and a tremor ran through his body. Dripping red letters a foot and a half high spelled out a single bloody word that ran from one end of the wall to the other: *skinwalker*.

"Helter Skelter," Patty said as if reading Mace's mind.

The gory scene screamed cult activity or satanic ritual. Conjuring images of drug-crazed lunatics carving up T. Glenzer in an orgy of violence, he surveyed the room. "Where's the head?"

"That's the million-dollar question," Willy said.

Mace nodded at the wall. "Those letters are six inches wide—the same width as a man's neck."

"Jesus, you're right." Excitement rose in Willy's voice. "They used the head like a crayon."

“But what does *skinwalker* mean?”

“A stripper or a transvestite?”

“This condo belongs to Terry Glenzer,” Patty said. “He is, or was, a history professor at NYU.” She picked up a plastic evidence bag with a brown leather square inside it. “We found this wallet on the floor next to the bedside table.” She passed the wallet to Mace, who examined it through the plastic.

Sticky blood covered one side of the wallet. Opening it through the plastic, Mace studied the gaunt features of an elderly man in a postage stamp-sized photo on a New York State non-driver ID. Gray hair swept back from the man’s widow’s peak. The text identified him as Terry Glenzer, Terrence above the Bedford address and a birth date. Glenzer had been sixty-two. Turning the wallet sideways, Mace parted its leather flaps. Almost one hundred dollars in cash remained, making robbery an unlikely motive.

“He doesn’t look like a stripper or a transvestite to me,” Patty said.

Taking out his cell phone, Mace pressed autodial. After the third ring, a tired voice on the other end said, “Lieutenant Landry.”

“Ken, it’s Tony. Sorry to bother you, but we’ve got a real shit storm in the Oh-Six. Lane and Diega took the call.”

“That’s okay, Boss. What do you need?”

“I need you to do a search for me. You got a pen?”

“I do now.”

“Look up the word *skinwalker* and call me back.”

“Skinwalker?”

“That’s right.”

“Give me five minutes.”

Mace pocketed his phone.

“The perps probably took the head as a souvenir,” Patty said. “We found a jawbone under the bed. The bottom teeth are intact, so we should be able to make a dental comparison if we can locate his records. Good thing he didn’t wear dentures.” She pointed at several small, sausagelike shapes on the floor near Willy. “We also have these fingers for prints.”

Mace’s body tingled. Standing there, he felt overwhelmed by the notion that his team had caught a case that could destroy careers as easily as it could make them, and he regretted being a departmental middleman.

“According to the super, Glenzer lived alone and never brought home guests,” Patty said. “He liked to travel, sometimes months at a time, and kept to himself. His downstairs neighbor”—she consulted her notepad—“Irene Hoffman heard the window smashing at 0400 hours, followed by a lot of thumping around, and called 911. She didn’t hear any screaming. The super unlocked the door for the first officer nine minutes later.”

Careful to keep his feet planted, Mace turned and studied the smashed window. Wind rustled the leaves of a thick-limbed tree beyond the fire escape.

“There’s no sign of forced entry through the front door,” Patty said. “The perps climbed

that tree to the fire escape and smashed the window from outside, then left the same way. It's hard to tell if any property's missing, and with this mess on the floor, we can't toss the place or even take measurements until Crime Scene Unit shows up. The coroner's going to have a hell of a time removing these parts."

From the doorway Willy said, "All the king's horses and all the king's men ..."

Mace knew Patty assumed there was more than one perpetrator because of the extensive damage to the victim's body. It was a logical assumption; he could not imagine a single person committing such atrocities over even an extended period of time, let alone in nine minutes. But he saw one problem.

"Look at those prints on the fire escape. There are only four of them, which means there could have been only two perps."

"Two people did all this?" Willy shook his head in disbelief. "Look at that." He pointed to the curved, bloody bones on the floor. "They pulled his ribs apart."

Like a human wishbone, Mace thought.

"The vic was still in bed when the attack started." Patty motioned to a severed arm near the fingers, cocked at the elbow and devoid of skin. "The other arm is on the floor on the other side of the bed. The assailants ripped them off, and the victim rolled off the bed, probably in shock."

Mace focused on a half-open closet door. Some of the clothes had fallen from their hangers onto the floor.

"The head could be in there," Patty said. "But we still have to wait on CSU."

Mace nodded. "Let me show you something in the living room."

Patty furrowed her eyebrows.

"I'll wait here," Willy said in a deadpan voice.



Mace retraced his steps out of the bedroom, and he and Patty peeled off their shoe covers and bagged them. He led her to the pile of books on the living room floor. "How do you feel?"

"I'm good," Patty said in a heavy Queens accent.

"This case isn't just a bag of shit. It's more like a planetary collision."

She crossed her arms. "I can handle it."

"The bosses are going to be on my back to reassign this."

"Because I'm a woman?"

"Because you're green."

"I haven't been the primary on a major case, but I have the second-highest clearance rate on the squad right now."

"I know that. I'll back you up for as long as it will do any good."

"I appreciate that." Her tone lacked conviction.

Gesturing at the pile on the floor, he lowered his voice. "What do you see here?"

Patty tightened one side of her mouth, making it clear she did not appreciate being tested like a rookie. "Besides books that have been soiled every way imaginable?"

Mace nodded.

"Handwritten notes. Maps. Travel logs." She paused. "Research?"

"Sure looks like it." Crouching low, he pushed a pair of ruptured volumes aside, revealing a nearly intact cover. "Something *Mythology* by Terrence Glenzer. He wrote these books, or at least some of them."

"Whoever killed Glenzer—assuming that mess in there *is* Glenzer—took the time to shit all over his work. That's some review."

"It would be nice if we knew what he was working on." His cell phone rang and he opened it. "Mace."

"I got your info," Landry said. "Weird shit."

"Shoot."

"It's 'skinwalker,' one word or 'skin-walker,' hyphenated. Navajo for *Yee Naaldloosh* which translates into 'with it, he goes on all fours.' An Indian witch who adopts the shape of an animal."

That certainly limits our possible suspects. "Good work, Ken. But I want more on this, a full report. And I need you to open the store early today. I'm staying here for a while."

"No problem. Just let me grab a shower and I'll head right over."

"You also need to do a search on Terrence Glenzer, a history professor at NYU. See what books he's written."

Landry repeated Glenzer's name. "Is he our vic?"

"Looks that way." Mace shut down his phone.

An electronic squawk came over Patty's hand radio. "CSU is here," a male officer announced. "Over."

Patty raised the radio to her mouth. "Copy that." Looking into Mace's eyes she added, "No press comes up here. Over."

"Copy that."

Patty signed off and said to Mace, "We'll canvass the building as soon as Crime Scene sets up. We should get most of the tenants before they leave for work. After that I'd like to go to the dean's office at NYU and see what I can dig up on our vic."

"Mind if I help with the canvass?"

"We can use all the help we can get," Patty said in a tone that suggested she preferred not to have any help.

"This is going to be one for the books, and we won't be able to contain it for long."

As Patty nodded, loud footsteps filled the hall behind them.

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