

Detective Spencer

A short story by Bogi Beykov

Tetra-sensomelic. This was Detective Spencer's condition, the way he liked to describe it typically - with as few words as possible and coining neologisms when necessary. He was technically tetra-amelic *and* tetra-sensomelic at the same time since he was both born without any limbs but also lacking four out of the five senses. He was blind as a bat, deaf as a deaf bat and he couldn't smell or sense touch at all. He could only taste things with his tongue. So, you see now (and he couldn't), Detective Spencer is no ordinary man and as you will shortly discover, he deserves his story to be shared with the world.

Much to his family's chagrin, all the wealth and fame they accumulated over the centuries, couldn't prevent them from nature's own challenging provocation. I remember the Detective explaining it to me himself a few weeks after I joined the force five years ago.

"They were just fucking too much, George."

George is my name, by the way. I hope he was talking to me at that point because there were a few other Georges in the room and considering Detective Spencer couldn't see or hear, one could never be entirely sure who he was addressing whenever he spoke. That's why we all remained quiet just in case. We wanted to show sensitivity to his senseless condition.

"They were fucking their own cousins, George! The way all Illuminati do. They hoped to achieve world domination but all they managed to do after dozens of incestual generations was to come up with me. Mom and Dad were so proud of their accomplishment, they couldn't wait to drop me off at the closest Shaolin Monastery to get rid of me!"

Maybe it was those early years of rigid martial arts training. Or maybe it was the time he spent, exploring Australia's wilderness as a teenager, while hiding inside a kangaroo' pouch. Allegedly he once sneaked into a Soviet submarine abandoned at the bottom of the Baikal Lake in Russia and after that - pretended to be the bust of William Pitt for a few months so he could attend a philosophy course at Harvard. Whatever it was, Detective Spencer was the best goddamn thing that happened to the NYPD since the end of the Triassic Period.

The guy managed to solve some of the most challenging mysteries, we've ever had. Like the notorious case of the Invisible Sperm Killer. A degenerate who made headlines by getting away with murder, leaving absolutely nothing behind him, except his own seed. Detective Spencer must have been rolled on his wheelchair into hundreds of crime scenes during that case. Poor guy. I was told he was rolling left and right on the floor diligently licking all surface areas, he could reach, with his dexterous, God-given, crime-solving tongue. Tons of still fresh sperm, pools of blood and other types of liquid evidence must have gone through his mouth until he was finally able to create a completely comprehensive profile for us. His superior taste allowed him to indicate the exact diet the killer had - typical North Bronxite cuisine with Polish routes. At that point, it was merely child's play for us to locate the perv within a five-inch radius. And by God, not only did we

find him, but we caught him red-handed midway through his re-hydration routine in preparation for his next murder planned for Friday afternoon.

Detective Spencer was also able to solve The Ant Farm Farmer Rapist mystery, The Notorious Resurfacing Hawaiian Surfer Strangler case, stuck with the force for over two decades, and the Rubik's Sphere which, in all honesty, is way harder than the Cube.

Perhaps I should make a brief pause before I go any further and explain how it was actually possible for a man with no limbs and all but one senses missing, to not only function in society but be a prolific detective (and also a passionate alternative synth-trance composer in his spare time). If you were to consider Detective Spencer as a computer and at this stage, quite frankly, why wouldn't you, you could take into account all the input and output devices he had available to him. Yes, he could only taste things but that proved to be a good enough input method for interacting with the world around. While speaking, and eloquently, I might add, was his output.

"Everything has a taste, George. Even you. Here... let me..."

He would then gently lick my hand to demonstrate and explain further.

"Your pulse is slightly elevated. Perhaps you are not completely comfortable with me licking your hand. Or maybe it's because, discerning from the flavor, you are coming back from a long session in the bathroom where you sat on an advanced model of a Japanese toilet."

Right there! He did it again. He blew my mind. And he was absolutely right, as usual.

"When one sense is lacking, as you know, the other senses develop more to compensate what's missing. George, believe me, or not, I once helped a captain navigate his ship to safety on a stormy day just by sticking my tongue out. Now, you might say, 'But Spencer, any experienced sailor with more senses than you could have helped!' While that is true. And also, pretty mean. I wasn't actually on that ship when this happened!"

"Wait, what? How did you manage then?" This is what I would have said. Unfortunately, since the Detective wouldn't be able to hear me, I had to use the Braille typewriter that I carried around with me ever since I was assigned to be his partner. I quickly typed my response on a blank piece of paper and gently shoved it into his mouth. He licked through it with his tongue and responded in a second.

"I was on the porch outside of my house, George. Sitting where I was left. Just admiring the view with my tongue out and minding my own business. However, I quickly noticed the weather was going to be catastrophic and since I knew a friend of mine sailed off that morning, I just made the necessary calls."

I was always surprised by the fact that for such a sensitive apparatus, measuring precisely barometric pressure, tsunami probability and Jupiter's moon phases, among other things, the

detective's tongue really looked completely normal. Besides the fact that, upon closer inspection, you could always see a few blond hairs on it. Those were, as far as I can tell, the hairs of his pet cat that he loved dearly and would always jokingly mention. He must have been licking that pussy every day. Despite being the hard-boiled cop that he was, evidently, he had the most delicate and proportionally large heart.

The detective was also married. I wouldn't have known until he invited me to dinner once and I had the pleasure to meet the lady myself. A very attractive and polite woman with large biceps, developed, I presume, by the necessity to lift her husband on a daily basis along with their seven completely healthy but lazy children. The rumors must have been right then. He must have had full control over his penis too. Perhaps even what Jackson once said was true. He mentioned that after a gym session, he walked in on Detective Spencer brushing his teeth energetically while holding his non-electric toothbrush with nothing else but his muscular and flexible member! I have no reason to doubt Jackson because he was one of the best lieutenants on the force but more importantly, because he was an African American. I remember listening to his story with awe. Apparently, not much unlike an experienced car mechanic lifts a car to change a tire, using a jack, Detective Spencer was able to pump blood into his penis at will and use it to lift his body up into a vertical position in no time. He could also close a window or turn the stove off and serve some hot tea. You must agree with me – that's some next level talent! Now that I think of it, his wife actually looked quite tired when I met her. I am not very proud of what I did after that, but I must have spent hours at a time observing the detective's crotch and taking mental notes. I hope he had no way of finding out that I did.

This is however only one side of the story. Because despite his penile agility, a great hero like Detective Spencer couldn't have risen entirely on his own. A greater challenge was needed. A real villain to go after. And if anyone of you who don't live in a cave, have watched the news or scrolled through social media in the last year, you would surely have heard of the threat that we all faced but no one saw coming. I can't recall how many times I was approached after those events to describe my take on things and I was always reluctant. Mostly because I take no credit for the solution here. But out of respect and on behalf of my dear partner, I finally sat down to write these words.

Let me back it up a little first to give you the full picture. It all started with one single step. The step that Mr. Wilfred Berg took on the unfortunate day he decided to walk out of the window of his office of CEO of Fortune 500's *Wipify*. The revolutionary unicorn tech giant that redefined the way we think of digitalizing toilet paper by maximizing the gamification element and limiting our impact on the environment. They haven't paid me to advertise them, by the way. I was a real fan and early adopter until the unexpected suicide of Wilfred Berg even more unexpectedly drove *Wipify*'s shares to the ground and the company ended up bankrupt within a month. This happened in March last year.

I remember the headlines the next day. 'Rich Scandinavian tech wizard fails to fly', 'Downtown Manhattan: Falling bodies alert.', '98 Micro doses of LSD found in a pool of C-level blood on pavement.' That scum of the earth - the New York journalists, had a field day. I hated

them all. Yeah, I know, Manhattan is a big concrete jungle. So, it shouldn't be too surprising to see a monkey fall from a concrete tree every once in a while. But we had to do our job nevertheless and spinning the public opinion in an unfavorable way, helped no one.

"Commissioner, we'd like to be assigned to the Wilfred Berg case, please," the detective spoke. He insisted I carry him to Commissioner Gruber's office first thing in the morning.

"Wilfred Berg case? Son, there is no case. The guy jumped off to his death." The Commissioner looked tired as usual. He must have sacrificed another night worth of sleep for sucking the Governor's dick in an attempt to prove that the NYPD works most efficiently when it doesn't work at all. "He even left a suicide note and made a series of investments in the last few days. Are we missing something?" Even Gruber loved the detective so he couldn't help his irritated curiosity and was eager to hear what my partner had to say.

"I believe Wilfred Berg might have been manipulated into killing himself perhaps psychically or by a careful adjustment of the chemical balance of his gastrointestinal microbiota. The report states he had an unfinished box of Chinese on his desk. Commissioner, Berg was Swedish. It is a well-known fact among all Europeans, that Sweden is the most racist country in Scandinavia. There is no way he would have ordered Chinese as his *last* meal, considering he was planning his suicide for days. It doesn't add up. Therefore, I would like to obtain permission to examine his body in the morgue."

"Spencer, you are my best detective. I can't afford to waste such a valuable resource on this. I need you to finish your work on the Collarbone Brooklyn Killer Clown Mystery. That's an order!" Then turning over to me, he added, "Type that down, George. Then go get me a fucking donut before you leave."

Needless to say, Detective Spencer was not happy with this development of events. He nervously spat out a few cat hairs, wet his lips with his tongue and thus exhausted most of the options his body gave him to express frustration.

"The Collarbone Clown from Brooklyn hasn't killed in six months, has he?"

"Correct, George. I submitted multiple reports with my theory. I believe he used his own collarbone to kill so he is either dead now or somewhere in Asia doing clown shows to collect money and get a collarbone replacement surgery. You know Asia is not exactly in our jurisdiction. Tell you what. I have to do some paperwork in the office so why don't you go get some lunch and we'll get back to this later."

I knew something was up, don't get me wrong. But in the Police hierarchy is everything. The Detective was my superior, so I had to listen. I later noticed he had lost his appetite. No wonder if you take into account the fact that when I was away, he managed to sneak into the morgue, bribe the diener and thoroughly lick poor Mr. Berg's body. He left no hole and pimple unattended. Having ended his life in such unfortunate circumstances, Mr. Berg wound up having much more

surface area for the detective to examine. He knew he shouldn't have, and he was ashamed of his direct disobedience, but this only confirmed my partner's suspicions.

"I went to the morgue, George. We need to attend Mr. Berg's funeral."

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Mr. Berg had two funerals. One official in Manhattan for all of his fancy friends and business associates and, of course, a secret pagan ceremony arranged by his tribe back in Sweden. We attended the first one. Detective Spencer was unusually quiet. His wife dressed him up in a black suit but considering he had no arms or legs, he looked more like a mummy of a cat in a black shoe bag. If it wasn't for the occasional penis jerk, he used to adjust his stump on the pew, one might think he was asleep. He never mentioned what the autopsy helped him discover either or why it was so important for us to attend the funeral.

After it all ended and the detective spat his mouthful of soil on the empty coffin, they used to fool the attendees into believing Berg's scrambled remains will stay in the States, I strapped my partner to the toddler car seat and we drove off to one of our favorite Irish pubs in Brooklyn. It was there and after three bourbons that the detective finally spoke.

"There will be more of these. I saw a pattern."

"A pattern?" I quickly typed into my typewriter.

"That's what I said, George. You should save some paper. I saw a pattern, then a few more patterns and also some multidimensional entities with harmful intentions. That's when I realized what had happened. You see, I had stuck my tongue deep into Mr. Berg's intestines to inspect the Chinese and as I was about to spit out, as I always do, the powerful mind-altering drugs that the food was laced with, kicked in. The thick protective film, I'm always applying over my tongue, didn't work this time. I knew I had to act quickly but I had some difficulty sticking fingers down my throat to force myself to purge, considering I have no fingers. There was no alternative, George. I had one option left. I had to choke on Berg's morgue-refrigerated cock."

Everything in the pub froze and listened, even the cockroaches. A few good men started crying.

"Damn. Thank God that cock didn't break during the fall!" I typed after a moment.

"It was half erect when I wrapped my lips around it and shoved it down my throat. He must have gotten a last-minute micro-erection from the adrenaline rush on his way down to meet the pavement." The detective was traumatically specific for another five minutes or so describing the various techniques he used and certain aspects of the cock. His talent had turned into a curse. "Then after I puked all over his ripped-out guts, I passed out on top of him and proceeded with

tripping intensely for at least forty more minutes. I suddenly felt an insatiable desire rise within me. The desire to kill myself which I had to psychically battle.”

“So, this is what happened to him? He was poisoned with a drug that made him commit suicide? But why?” I didn’t mind asking him to elaborate on my theories since at this point even the bartenders had left.

“He was only the tool, George. Whoever did this was actually targeting me. He knew well that I would dig deep into Berg’s exposed bowels and perform a careful entrail analysis and colon examination using my tongue.”

“I’m sorry, Detective. But why did we have to attend the funeral? Did you expect the murderer to risk showing up?”

“I sucked the man’s dick, George. The least I could do is attend his funeral.”

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The detective was right again. The mysterious Scandinavian CEO suicides in New York continued. By June we had five more. Terror was spreading rampantly among hipsters. Bicycle sales skyrocketed as many of them decided to migrate to Canada in the most environmentally friendly way. The tech startup scene was shaken to the core, destabilizing even more the already disrupted industry. Suicide posts were trending on Instagram. Many sexually miscellaneous liberal teenagers formed live chains around skyscrapers, arguing that less geniuses would die if only we took down all buildings taller than two stories.

After the death of Johan Boer, the CEO of *Pikea* – the groundbreaking company behind the first electronic tooth pick on the market – who was also unfortunate enough to have his office in the lower Ionosphere, we got officially assigned to the case. Again, Chinese food was on the crime scene. Ordered directly from China but this time, to complicate things further, from a different province, rendering it untraceable.

Detective Spencer was present on all of the autopsies. He abstained from sticking his tongue directly into the bodies but ordered detailed chemical analysis and comparisons to be performed nevertheless and studied them meticulously.

Weeks went by with not much progress made. I felt my partner’s frustration rising. One evening his wife called me and told me, he refused to impregnate her for the eight time, and she blamed it on work-related stress. I felt it inappropriate to personally offer my help with solving her problem but promised to speak to him.

“Trust me, she’s had enough,” he explained. “Her vagina is so loose now, we have to keep the windows in the bedroom closed at all times because of the draught.”

And so, we kept working the case under more and more police scrutiny and public pressure until one day Detective Spencer announced, “I quit. Someone stick a pen in my mouth so I can sign whatever is necessary.”

We were all shocked. If he had a mic to drop, it would have broken the floor. Was this case really too much even for him? Who else was going to solve it now? No one could do anything to change his mind.

After that I thought about quitting too. Or asking to be reassigned. Or taking a sick leave of some sort. But I felt responsible and, honestly, pissed off. I just lost my partner and I had to catch the son of a bitch who pushed him to leave, the way he pushed all of his victims out of their windows.

Then something strange happened. There were no more suicides. Was that the plan from the beginning? To get rid of the best detective in town? If that was the case, then evil had finally prevailed.

I lost all hope. I tried reaching out to the Detective, but he was nowhere to be found. His wife hadn't seen him either. Where did he go? Where *could* he go in his limited capacity to move? I had a feeling, he wasn't in trouble, but why disappear completely?

A few weeks later early in the morning my phone rang. No caller ID. I knew it was him. I jumped out of bed with such zeal, as if I had passed out next to Kevin Spacey. By the time the empty bottle of Jack from my bedside table hit the ground, I was on the phone and dressing up already.

“Take a deep breath and relax, I'm fine.”

I laughed in elation. He couldn't hear me of course but his power of deduction was as accurate as always. He was back!

“I will be brief because your phone might be tapped. Meet me at the corner of 93rd and Lexington in an hour. There is a flower store. I will be planted between the bushes. Pretend to be looking for fruits, then pick me up.” I was writing this down as fast as I could. “Oh, and can you do me a favor? Call my wife and tell her that I will put life in her empty belly again and I miss her. Now hang up for me because I don't want to pull out my penis in public.”

###

I loaded my gun and cut myself twice shaving. I even put my white shirt on, I was so excited to be back in action. I almost broke into my car and was ready to run over ten junkies if I had to, just to make it on time.

When I saw him there between the bushes, I couldn't help myself. I left my professionalism and pride aside and rushed to hug him. He licked me with joy as if this was the first time we met.

I paid the nice lady for the bush and carefully lifted the whole thing with the pot and put it on the front seat next to me.

"You should keep the beard," it was the first time I had seen him unshaven. "It suits you."

I had pulled a few blocks down and we had coffee as I was typing.

"I needed it for disguise at first. But it also proved to be quite useful for attaching ropes with grappling hooks which I used to climb through certain Chinese mountains and defend myself against wild goats."

He promised to explain more on the way but now our mission was to first find a big enough backpack for the Detective to fit in, then make our way to East River.

Then over the next few hours, piece by piece, my partner told me one of the most incredible stories, I have ever heard. He did quit that day but never dropped the case. He had gone off the grid, considering the possibility that the killer had connections on the inside, and allowed his investigation to take him across on an epic journey, reaching much further than I suspected.

Apparently, he had a few old and unused Bitcoins that he bought back in early 2009 and a couple of connections with former KGB Russian oligarchs that owed him a favor or two, so he managed to finance his private investigation all by himself. Long story short - he flew to China and traced back the origin of all of the food, involved in the suicides. There he found out that the drugs that the food contained, were actually produced in Gozo, a small Mediterranean island in the Maltese archipelago, so he flew there next. He spent days interrogating the two chemists behind this. He even resorted to something, he had never done before – torture. Using an ancient Phoenician technique, he tickled their feet with his tongue relentlessly until they finally spilled it out. The whole operation was financed by a terrorist organization from Uganda. The terrorists didn't want to necessarily take the Detective out but just keep the NYPD occupied and our focus away from what was really happening – some mysterious project they had in mind for New York. Unfortunately, when the Detective finally found their secret base in Uganda, they had all already escaped. All he managed to recover was a map of North Brother Island on the East River and a few cryptic artefacts, covered with symbols of unknown origin.

"Oh, and by the way, remember that Collarbone Clown Killer? I found him performing in a circus outside of Hong Kong, just as I suspected. Sadly, this was his last show as I witnessed his death. Since he was missing one collarbone, he had difficulty with his balance so quite naturally he was stamped to death by five elephants."

What a great detective my partner was! He was solving crimes on his way to other crimes. In a *by the way* fashion. The way a jealous girlfriend casually mentions she sucked your best friend's dick during a weekend argument. I will never forget, Jessica.

We bought a large backpack and made our way to a spot, the Detective navigated me towards, on the Upper Eastside Docks. He had a small boat there prepared for emergencies. It was packed full of tools and weapons, cat food cans, a satellite phone and over 100 different keys hanging on the bulkhead. Each of the keys was slightly sprinkled with a unique combination of poignant fruit juices beforehand so that the Detective could easily recognize which one is which and re-sprinkle it after using. I never found out what those keys were for.

"On North Brother Island there is a ruin of the former Riverside Hospital," the Detective interrupted my distracted thoughts. "That's most probably where we will find them. We need to be prepared for anything. Let's go, George."

The island looked completely abandoned, even when we got closer. But I remained alert to any potential danger. The Detective was very cautious too. I've never seen him with his tongue sticking out so far. I circled around just in case and we landed on the north side of the island. Then I placed the Detective in the backpack as he instructed me, and we went off towards the old creepy hospital.

I was rather disappointed. I thought we'd find at least some pregnant junkies fighting crippled hobos over grilled rats. But there was absolutely nothing. No sign of any recent human activity. After hours of searching the same rooms over and over again, I sat down exhausted. It was getting dark and the last thing I wanted was to disappoint my partner. None of us spoke for a while.

And then I saw a tiny ray of light illuminating the wall in front of me. I traced it back and it was coming directly from beneath the floor. I carefully scanned the area and sure enough, discovered a cleverly concealed latch, leading somewhere downstairs.

"Be careful," the Detective whispered from behind. "They must have guards."

I decided to zip up the backpack completely for my partner's protection and began my slow descent with no shortage of fear. To be honest I started questioning the sanity of our plan. Why not report this or call backup? Different sorts of cables, tubes and a variety of pipes were all leading my way deeper and deeper past multiple levels of what seemed like the twisted bowels of a slaughtered mutant or a failed lab experiment. The smell was appropriate.

At some point this puzzling maze of claustrophobic and poorly lit tunnels expanded into a large underground cavern. I saw exits of other tunnels leading to this junction, a small bathroom and a vending machine for coffee which seemed to be in working order. I quickly got an espresso and stepped into one of the doors to the right only to be temporarily blinded by the hundreds of candles lit up all around. When my eyes adjusted, I discovered, I had entered some sort of a

temple and was now facing a giant altar with paintings of grotesque monsters on the adjacent walls. These indescribable creatures were depicted together with humans in different scenes of cooperation. Shaking hands, riding bicycles, fishing and having nasty sex among other things. I also noticed more of the symbols that the Detective discovered in Uganda. I sat down to rest for a moment while quietly typing an explanation for my partner. Then I noticed a small booklet on the bench next to me. I put down the typewriter. Was this a Hymnal? I started reading the first chant.

“Glory to thee, Farther Ones
Praise thee, we are your sons!

We wish to summon thee now,
Years past we gave a vow.

The portal shall open soon.
And with thee we will commune!”

“Isn’t it beautiful?” I heard the cocking of a revolver behind my back. A .38-caliber Ruger Service-Six. Not that many left around in the force anymore. I knew this one belonged to commissioner Gruber before I even turned. “You should hear it during mass with the organ and goat blood and all.”

My boss took a few steps forward and sat down next to me without taking the gun off me.

“Spencer, I would expect to see here, but you? I’m impressed, George!”

The typewriter was still on the floor. I gently moved it under the front bench with my leg. It was all me now. If the detective made a sound or moved in the bag, we would both probably end up dead.

“Are you a part of this?” I asked.

“Well, to a certain extend. The Ugandans involved me only when they started building this facility and needed some protection.”

“So, what are you after? What is this Portal for?”

“We are not entirely sure. Suffice to say the Farther Ones contacted them over fifty years ago with instructions.”

He pointed towards one of the paintings depicting one monster drawing a circle in the sand in front of some bewildered people while another one was pointing to the stars.

“So, you are trying to tell me these Farther Ones are aliens from space? Do you really believe any of this?”

“Son, what I believe is the sanctity of the money I’m being paid for this. I will never have to worry about a thing until the end of my life. Do you know how expensive Viagra is these days? And I’m not even going to mention the money I spend on the wife. This is rewarding. Hell, I even learned all of their songs and prayers, and things. And you are coming right on time. The portal was just finished last week. They did a few tests in the last couple of days and tonight is the big opening!”

He pushed me to get up and move. Behind the altar, there was a door leading to an open terrace overlooking a huge hangar-like area. There were people all around gathered on other terraces and on the ground-level, all surrounding a square in the middle. There was the king of Uganda with his family on one of the balconies. I recognized him from the news later and also because of the big sign - ‘King of Uganda’. There were also delegates from secret societies from all over the globe and a couple of guards here and there. The square was surrounded by four obelisk structures and it seemed like all of the cables and pipes that I saw, squirming around, terminated in this epicenter. In the base of each obelisk there was a guy in a white coat clicking some buttons on a laptop, connected to something that looked like a huge DJ controller. One of them gave a sign and then the whole crowd together erupted in a song.

In his excitement, Gruber left his position behind me and stepped to the front of the terrace. He knew there was nothing I could do in my position anyway. Well, almost nothing.

I gently unzipped my backpack from the side and put my left hand in. I had a pistol and a few grenades there, but I wasn’t looking for that. I felt the familiar wetness of Detective Spencer’s tongue and felt immediately reassured. Thank God, he hadn’t suffocated yet. A new wave of strength and composure rushed over me. I knew that he could tell a lot just by licking my palm, but I hadn’t forgotten everything that they taught me in the academy yet. I started tapping my thumb on his tongue and Morse coding a report. We were running out of time.

Suddenly a splash of light and sound silenced the room. In the middle between the four obelisks a small at first but rapidly expanding whirlpool of darkness encircled by blue lightning appeared. The crowd was ecstatic. Gruber almost deafened me with his roar. I’ve been to a rave before, so I instinctively clutched my but cheeks. From where I was standing, I could clearly observe this bizarre doorway as it wasn’t farther than fifteen feet away from the base of the balcony. The portal looked like those satellite images you see of an eye of a cyclone. I was almost hypnotized by this most unnatural spectacle. I even stopped talking to my partner. I swear for a moment I saw something like slimy purple tentacles coming out of it.

When suddenly Detective Spencer who must have tasted something alien in the air, screamed from the bag, “Throw me in! Throw me inside the portal, George. Now!”

Aliens are aliens but orders are orders. Before Gruber realized what was happening. And certainly, before anyone else heard a thing in their celebratory delirium, a heavy bag pack flew right into the center of the gateway.

In a split second I punched Gruber straight in the snout and picked up his revolver as he collapsed against the rail of the balcony. I ducked behind him and looked down. At first it seemed like nothing had changed. But then I noticed that the portal was shrinking! The guys with the white coats got back to nervously clicking on their laptops and then in a violent final spasm the ring expanded, swallowed all of the scientists with their equipment and even the obelisks and then disappeared completely leaving nothing behind.

After that I don't remember much. People were in shock. Shrieking and falling off the balconies. I myself started running out as fast as I could to escape the guards who noticed me at last. I pushed a few illuminati priests out of my way and was fully prepared to send some bullets flying if that was necessary. But it wasn't. I somehow managed to make my way out through the same entrance. Got outside to witness a beautiful New York sunrise.

I stood there for a moment to catch my breath. It was the 5th of September, so the early mornings were already chilly. I thought about my partner's boat. I was sure it was just where we left it. As I was looking at the Sun rising, I couldn't help wondering if this was all but a bad dream, I just woke up from. Or maybe it was an acid flashback from my early 20s. I guess I would have to go back in and find out for myself. But not until I called for all the backup the great NYPD had to offer. I picked up my radio and dialed in.

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Almost six months have passed since that day. Uganda has a new president now and I have a new medal awarded by the Mayor. I told you, I was asked multiple times to write my story, but I couldn't do it before because I wasn't done. The case was still open for me. Yes, we managed to arrest all of the terrorists and seized all of their communication with the aliens. It was supposed to be Top Secret of course but nowadays nothing really is. We are currently investigating at least three new tech startups, allegedly using alien technology, that were founded by Scandinavian entrepreneurs. To our knowledge no one else before or since has been contacted by the Farther Ones. All the attempts, we know of, of trying to re-open the portal have miserably failed too. But what I couldn't come to terms with was what happened to Detective Spencer.

Was he still alive? Did he blow himself up with the grenades and thus closed the portal from the other side? Surely even a man with his intelligence and talent wouldn't be able to survive in an alien environment all by himself. I was asking myself these questions every day until two weeks ago, when I received a FedEx package. It came over to my house. I took a few customary precautions and looked inside. There was nothing but a small plastic cup and a letter addressed to me. It was him! I instantly recognized his mouth writing. He must have licked that envelope himself.

It was Detective Spencer, my partner and my hero, who opened and zero-handedly closed this case. So, I believe it to be fitting to let him have the final word. In closing, I present to you his letter.

“Dear George,

I will keep it simple. I saved the world.

Those aliens as you almost accurately described them to me, are actually not that alien at all. You see when you tossed me through that portal, I didn't end up anywhere else but in New York in the far distant future. A time when New Yorkers are more alike clammy troglodytes and taste terribly. Running out of resources and pretty bored, they have devised a time machine to go back in time and have some fun in the 21st century. Of course, by that I mean they were planning to eliminate the human race.

However, after you tossed me into their world, I was able to make a quick deal with them. I will remain in the future and offer them my detective services and in return they will not invade our timeline for a period of 5,000 years. They accepted and so far, our cooperation has been fruitful. The future seems to be very challenging but also extremely rewarding.

Don't ask me how I managed to contact you. It wasn't easy at all. But I only did it to let you know I am fine and have made a good name for myself here. I hope you are well too, George.

Oh, and if you could, please do me a small favor. I have attached a small sealed container. Can you please deliver it to my beautiful wife? It contains my seed for the purposes of insemination. Also please mention that I love her.

Yours truly,
Spencer.”

25.06.2019, Tanzania