

# **The Sinner's Eye**

## **Record 1: Introductions**

They said the case was unique, like nothing I had ever seen before but those words did not do justice to the madness I would discover. To those who uncover these records my name is Henry Dominic and what I am about to tell you is a recounting of one of the strangest cases I've ever worked in all my years as a detective but for you to fully understand the situation I need to start from the beginning. In an attempt to remain professional I will try to refrain from cursing but I'm not sure how successful I will be. You see I've been a private detective for about ten years now, started when I was in my twenties and I have seen a lot of weird shi—uh, stuff, from cheating spouses with strange fetishes, nomadic people living underground, and some strange things involving rich people's dogs which I'm not going to get into here but hey if the client was paying then I was working. About five years back I started making a name for myself as the detective that could find anyone or anything and as word traveled out I got a call from a police department in New York City asking for help with a rather frustrating case involving a serial bank robber who they had been chasing for months but could never catch. Long story short I was able to find out how he was robbing banks and evading police (it was a tunneling system he was using by the way) which subsequently lead to his capture and conviction. They were so pleased with my work they asked me to stay on with them as a private consultant. I was in need of a change of scenery anyway and it seemed like a good way to make a difference so I agreed, as long as I could take on my own private cases on occasion. They agreed and so I packed up my small office in my small town and moved up to the big city where I setup shop in an office provided by the department, thus beginning my partnership with the local NYPD.

I started off consulting on petty theft cases, which lasted for a few months until I “graduated” to more violent crimes like assault, battery, rape, and finally homicide. I did this for a number of years, helping the police put away a lot of bad people, solving case after case after case until the local populace started to call my office instead of the police when a crime was committed. Sufficed to say the cops weren't too happy with me taking the lead on so many cases when I wasn't actually a police officer, which lead to hostilities between me and the department ultimately causing me to terminate my partnership with the local authorities and move my things to an abandoned building downtown that I had turned into my new office, after months of painstaking hard work fixing up the place that is. It had been a year since I left but I was still on good terms with the captain of the local department, John Allan, and on tough cases that he could not crack he would hire me to help, though secretly of course as not to get flak from his men. John was a tall man with dark hair and a strong build but despite his stature and status he always was a kind man who tried to make everyone happy, I never really saw the point of it but that's just who

he was. This brings me to the case at hand to which this whole record is dedicated, the case that haunts my nightmares to this very day.

It was a cold February morning in the heart of winter, it had just snowed the day before so the ground was coated in a layer of white powder that lifted in the air when the wind blew. I was filling out paperwork in my office when I got the call, it was John and he had a case for me. Telling me that he would explain more in person he gave me the address and told me to meet him ASAP. I immediately locked up the office and began my drive to the scene. About 15 minutes later I arrive at the now abandoned crime scene, right on the edge of Bleker Street, the one with one k not two, and park my car, greeted by John who directs me to the body. I looked down to see a woman lying on the ground with her hands folded across her chest, the only clothing on her now lifeless body being the pairing of a bra and skimpy underwear. She looked so young, no older than 21. My heart ached for her as I looked at the snow coating her black hair and exposed skin, making her look ghostly white. I turned to John and asked him the girl's name to which he responded "Alice Martin", then he urged me to look at her eyes. As I get closer to her face I see that her eyes are strangely colored, sclera, aka the white part of her eye, was instead a vibrant blue, her irises gold, and her pupil sharp like a cat's. At first I thought these were some kind of strange contacts but soon came to realize that her eyes were removed and replaced with what I was seeing. Now don't get me wrong, I'm not the squeamish sort, I mean I've seen many dead bodies while I was working with the police on a regular basis but this unnerved me. To add to the mystery aside from the woman's eyes and lack of clothes she looked untouched, I could see no clear sign of trauma on her body, I see now why John called me. Ready to get to the bottom of this I take pictures of the body and crime scene for my notes and tell John to send me copies of his files on this case. He agrees and I get back in my car, heading back to my office with the image of that woman's eyes fresh on my mind.