

J. L. DELOZIER

The
PHOTO
THIEF

Memories Never Die.

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To the Greatest Generation.

May we never forget.





Excess of grief for the dead is madness.

—Xenophon, 400 BC



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C H A P T E R

1

November, 2nd
1st Journal Entry

A single black-and-white photo can damage a man's mind if the image is powerful enough. A thousand can shred it beyond repair. That's what happened to Pap, I suppose—why he simply stopped locking the photo room as if it no longer mattered. The damage to him was done. Mine was about to begin.

I didn't know that, of course, on that day six years ago when I first entered the photo room. Didn't know the images held the power to ruin me too, if I failed to answer the questions they posed—mysteries from years before I was born, pictures of grisly crimes still unsolved despite today's modern methods of investigation. I needed—still need—to quiet their voices. But the questions they ask are difficult. I promised one I'd tell her story. I did. So far, no one's believed me. That's why I'm telling you.

I was more child than teen then—twelve, sheltered by wealth and religion and just beginning to rebel against my pap's strict Catholic

dogma. The photo room's dangling padlock triggered an exhilarating surge of defiance. Heart pounding, I removed the skeleton key and crept inside with no idea what I might find. I honestly didn't care. Just knowing I wasn't supposed to be there was adventure enough. Even speaking of the photo room was a punishable offense in my house back then. I never saw anyone but Pap enter or leave. That's one of the reasons the first voice frightened me so.

"I killed a man, and I'm not sorry. Everyone has to eat." Delicate yet defiant, the female voice held a hint of sly amusement, as if its owner knew my reaction in advance. I later learned her name was Ruth.

Her voice echoed from nowhere and everywhere—from within the plaster walls, the floorboards, the ceiling. A chorus of others chimed in, clamoring inside my head. Their jumbled words swelled in intensity, pounding at my skull as if trying to crack it open and set themselves free. The brass chandelier flickered and dimmed; a faint odor like that of a candlewick violently snuffed into smoke stung my nose.

I stumbled toward the door I'd closed quietly behind me, only to awaken on the room's parquet floor sometime later, lying in a puddle of lukewarm urine with no memory of how I'd gotten there. My stiff, cold muscles implied hours had passed. Golden rays from the setting sun streamed through the lead-glass windows, highlighting the fine layer of dust swirling in the air. Dozens of eyes stared blankly at me from the crinkly black-and-white photos taped to the wall. Whole families, most of them dressed in their Sunday best, bore witness to my fear and shame.

The voices were gone. The padlock was set—on the inside. I gawked at it, my confused state not allowing me to wrap my brain around what had transpired and why or how someone would lock me into the photo room, alone.

My pap pounded outside the door until the padlock swayed. I blinked, struggling to clear my foggy mind and focus on something

THE PHOTO THIEF

other than my wet undies and the heavy object resting in my right palm. He repeated my name, his gruff voice growing frantic and hoarse. Even when he bellowed my scarcely used given name, I lay frozen in place—confused but calm, caged but not captive. For I knew something my pap didn't. In my right hand, I held the key.



C H A P T E R

2

Detective Dan Brennan paced the pavement outside the Free Library of Philadelphia. Vibrations from a passing city bus triggered the building's revolving door to slowly spin as if pushed by a ghostly patron. Sunlight bounced off its shiny glass surface, rendering him temporarily blind. A dark cloud extinguished the glare.

He stepped toward the door, turned away, and then spun around again, nearly dropping the stack of picture books cradled in his arms. *Get yourself together, man. Just get it done.* He took a deep breath and hurtled through the door, lurching to a halt in front of the main circulation desk.

The librarian looked up from her computer. Her ready smile froze; her eyes flashed with recognition. The smile slowly disappeared. Brennan's frenzy fizzled into an awkward silence. He dropped the colorful pile onto the desk and backed away. The librarian stood and swept the books off the desk, tossing them into the return bin as if the mere sight

of their childish covers was painful. “You didn’t have to bring them back. Not so soon anyway. I—I know how difficult this must be—”

“They were overdue. Besides, she would’ve wanted me to, so some other kid can enjoy them. You know how much she loved it here. Best little library in the city.” He glanced over her shoulder at the far corner, where a cozy alcove had been turned into a fantasyland for children, complete with beanbag chairs, painted unicorns, and grinning winged dragons. He had a photograph of Elle in her purple dress, the one with the polka dots she’d deemed “fa-boo-us,” standing there in front of a life-sized elf, if there was such a thing.

He cleared his suddenly thick throat. “I imagine I won’t be back for a while. Thanks for—for everything.” He spun on his heel, sensing too late the petite figure passing behind his back. They collided, and a flurry of papers floated to the floor. He cursed aloud. The librarian’s eyebrows shot skyward.

“Sorry.” Brennan cursed again, silently this time, and reflexively reached to steady the shoulders of a young woman he’d seen there before. She scowled and shirked away. Her scowl vanished at his despondent expression. She looked around the room as if searching for someone. The lump reappeared in his throat, and he crouched to gather the scattered copies of vintage newspaper articles and their photos. His eyes narrowed as he examined the morbid images. Her research had drawn his attention before.

Months earlier, when chemo had cost his little girl her hair, this same young woman had been sitting at a corner table, its surface buried under mounds of similar papers. His bald daughter, entranced by the woman’s long red hair, had dashed from his lap and, stretched to the max on tiny tippy-toes, fingered the woman’s auburn locks. Elle and the woman had exchanged smiles before he’d led his daughter away with a mumbled apology for the intrusion.

He’d noticed the young woman several times since, but that was the only time he’d seen her smile. After observing the nature of her

study, he understood why. The content never varied. A gruesome murder conveyed in the stark black-and-white print of a 1930s *Philadelphia Inquirer*. A cautionary tale of a life gone wrong. An investigation closed too soon due to the lingering Depression, and after that, a looming world war. Heavy stuff for someone who appeared to be in her late teens.

A subtle “ahem” interrupted his reflection. The young woman reached for the papers. “May I have those back, please?”

“Oh. Sure.” Brennan thrust the stack into her outstretched hands. He studied her solemn expression, curious about her macabre research despite his grief, despite being on the clock, despite everything including himself. A retired colleague once told him the difference between a good detective and a great detective was the energy to question everything.

Once that energy waned, it was time to turn in your badge.

The last six months of dealing with his daughter’s illness had sapped his energy. Summer and autumn had disappeared in a rerun of hospital visits. Everyday activities, even getting out of bed in the morning, felt like a slog through dense fog. The days were getting darker and colder. Or maybe it was just him.

His marriage was technically the first victim, cancer’s collateral damage. His work had suffered as well, and he knew it. A few times, he’d thought about transferring to a desk job. He’d even considered retiring early—really early, especially after he’d overheard a conversation about his “soft” emotions between two long-term colleagues in the break room.

After Elle died, their wives brought him meat loaf, chicken casseroles. He thought they understood. Police work could be brutal sometimes, and no one was immune to the rough patches.

The young woman, with her armful of vintage papers, sparked his curiosity back to life. He’d dealt with a lot of young adults during his career and thought of them as clueless at best and surly at worst. Then

again, in his line of work, he didn't usually deal with the salt-of-the-earth types either. But this girl oozed of finishing school and Main Line money, from her formal, polite mannerisms to the tips of her retro Mary Janes. She should be sipping lattes at a Starbucks on an Ivy League campus somewhere, not researching grisly murders at the local community library, even if it was in the best part of town.

On impulse, he stuck out his hand. "Detective Dan Brennan, Philly PD."

She hesitated and took a step back. He sensed her sizing him up much the same way the local hoods did when he approached their corners. He didn't blame her.

He must've passed the sleaze test, because she shifted the stack of papers to the crook of her left arm and shook his hand.

"Cassie."

"Cassie . . .?"

"Just Cassie." The scowl returned. She brushed by him to check out her items at the circulation desk.

He loitered until she finished and walked with her to the revolving door. "I couldn't help but notice on a couple of occasions that your research seems a little . . . dark for someone your age."

She shrugged. "School project."

"You can do better than that."

"Excuse me?"

"Your lie." He smiled to lessen the sting. "I'm a detective. Worked homicide for most of my career. I notice things for a living, which means I'm also an expert at detecting bullshit. You've been coming here at least once a week on varying days but during school hours and for a period longer than a standard school semester. You take notes in a leather-bound journal which looks like it cost more than my gun. Whatever research you're doing, it's not for school. It's personal."

"Exactly. *Personal* means it's none of your business, just like your daughter's cancer was none of mine."

Brennan winced. He'd heard the word *cancer* a thousand times over the last year, but it still hit him like a punch in the gut every damned time.

She bit her lip. "Sorry. That was rude. Please excuse me." She ducked between the glass panels and pushed the revolving door into motion. "I should get home. It's supposed to rain."

He caught up with her on the sidewalk. "Elle. My daughter's name was Elle. She thought you were a princess and the library was your castle. She loved your hair and hoped . . ." He coughed. ". . . And hoped hers would grow out red and curly like yours."

Cassie flushed and averted her eyes. "Your daughter's hair was black."

"I know." His lips curved into a sad smile. "And straight as a soldier's spine. She was young enough to believe you could wish things true."

They stood in silence until a crack of thunder made them jump. The sunshine vanished behind a veil of black clouds.

"Whaddaya know? A thunderstorm in November." Brennan frowned. "You'll have to run to beat the rain. You want me to hail you a cab or call an Uber or somethin'?" His phone jangled, and he glanced at the number. When he looked up, Cassie had rounded the corner and quickly vanished from sight. "I guess not."

The first drops of rain fell, and he ducked under the library's eaves to answer the call. "Brennan." He rolled his eyes at the curt voice on the other end. "I'm about ten blocks away. Text me the exact address. I'll be there in a few."

When gifting a shitty assignment, his boss liked to call him herself. All his assignments had been shitty lately. His old partner, Tom, retired early spring, and Elle had gotten sick shortly thereafter. Her treatments were copious and lengthy, and he'd missed a lot of work. The captain hadn't bothered to assign him a new partner yet, and he hadn't bothered to ask. It was low on his priority list.

The raindrops became a torrent. He turned up his collar and dashed to his car. His phone burred the address. He wiped the rain off its screen and whistled. Locust and Third marked the border between Society Hill and Old City, two of Philly's swankiest neighborhoods. Maybe this assignment wouldn't be so bad after all. He could go for a simple Jag-jacking right about now—ease himself back into the workflow before handling something grittier. Grit usually meant blood. Blood meant death. He'd had enough of that to last for a long while.

He sped west past Washington Square and floored it. The short trip took forever, thanks to the oil-and-rain-slick streets and the sudden proliferation of taxis as harried tourists scurried to escape the downpour. He cursed with each sudden stop, his language growing more colorful block after congested block. He'd tried to quit swearing once, back when Elle was learning to speak. No reason to worry about that now. His vision blurred, and he cranked the wipers to high.

When he reached Third, he eased the car to the curb and lowered his rain-streaked window. The neighborhood was old—old enough that the cobblestone roads and alleys bore weathered tracks for horse-drawn trolleys. Most were too narrow for two-way traffic and many remained pedestrian only. Franklin streetlamps, rewired for electricity, lined the curbs and guarded the historic, three-story row houses that ran the length of several city blocks.

The real estate in this part of town cost more than he would earn in a lifetime—hell, in three lifetimes. He grimaced. Old families with old money made for the worst cases. Way too many secrets and a reluctance to share. Way too much to lose. Family legacies to preserve. The layers of bullshit never ended.

The house in question sat on an elite corner lot that intersected with one of the pedestrian-only alleys. The strobing red lights from a pair of police cruisers indicated the street was cordoned off ahead. He sighed and fumbled under his seat for an umbrella. He was hoofing it from here.

He approached and flashed his badge. The junior officer performing crowd control nodded, sending a stream of water flowing off his hat. “Everyone else is inside.”

Brennan grinned. “Of course they are. Everyone except you. Who’d you piss off?”

“No one. At least, I don’t think so. I’m new on the force. Paying my dues.”

“Let me guess—your partner fed you that line.”

The officer nodded again. Brennan shook his head and climbed the wide stone steps leading to the front door. Above it, a stained-glass transom glowed in shades of green and gold, lit from within by the brass chandelier hanging in the foyer. Security cameras mounted underneath the steep eaves swept in perfectly synchronized arcs. The tiny red light underneath each lens suggested they were functioning normally.

He gave a perfunctory knock, walked in, and stopped underneath the enormous chandelier to gape. It was as if he’d stepped back in time. To his right, a seven-foot-tall grandfather clock ticked the time as it had for the past hundred years. Through the mahogany pocket doors to his left, empty leather chairs faced a fireplace flanked by built-in shelves overflowing with books. The hush, broken only by the ticking of the clock, felt heavy, as if the windows, protected by thick iron bars as was typical for the neighborhood, refused to permit the slightest breeze or whisper to enter. Three generations of eyes glared at him from the oil paintings lining the papered wall of the foyer. The hairs on his arms stood on end. He was alone.

A burst of chatter from a police radio echoed down the elaborately carved grand staircase, shattering the spell. He exhaled and strode forward, breaking into an awkward jig as his wet soles slipped on the marble tile. The sturdy bottom newel kept him from hitting the ground. He grabbed the banister for support and placed his free hand on his gun. Even the house was out to get him. He hated this case already.

He tilted his head and stared up three steep stories. Thirteen steps took him to the first ninety-degree landing. He rounded the corner and stopped. Long, slender fingers dangled over the second-floor landing.

Another step and the contorted body of a woman came into view. She lay faceup in a pool of congealed blood—so much blood, it had streamed onto the tread below. A pair of CSIs circled her, snapping pictures like the paparazzi.

Brennan placed his foot on the next step. It creaked, announcing his presence. The younger of the two investigators crouched by the woman's head and focused his lens on the victim's battered skull. He paused his grisly duties long enough to cock his thumb toward the third flight of stairs.

"Yo, Dan. It's been a while. I was hoping you'd get this case. Senior officer's up there interviewing the only witness. Officer Cortez, I think. Watch your step—they might be a little slick, as you can tell." His thick glasses slid down the bridge of his nose, and he pushed them in place with a shrug of his shoulder. "Welcome back, by the way. I missed our daily swim break."

"Me too, Jim. Thanks. It's good to be back." *Liar, liar, pants on fire.* Elle's childish chant echoed in his ears. Brennan climbed the remaining stairs. Pressing his back against the banister, he awkwardly skirted along the edge of the crowded landing. "What's the story?"

He studied the woman's delicate features. Midforties, he guessed, with green eyes and auburn hair. She was lovely even in death, if you could ignore the god-awful mess.

"Dunno yet. Pretty obvious she fell down the stairs backward." Jim lowered the camera and snapped on a pair of nitrile gloves. With delicate precision, he rotated her slim neck to display the extent of the damage. Gray matter and bits of bone had oozed into her hair, matting it into bloody clumps. "The question is whether she had help. She doesn't look much older than you, and people your age don't typically reverse swan dive down the stairs. We'll know more after the medical

examiner assesses for occult injuries unrelated to the fall. X-rays, toxicology—she’ll get the full deal. Her family will demand it, I’m sure.”

His lips twitched into a humorless grin. “Unless they did it, of course. Then they’ll want a quick and quiet burial.”

“Of course.” Brennan sighed.

Jim twisted the woman’s head again, and a pair of gold chains slid across her neck. The first bore a petite cross. The second held a heart-shaped claddagh locket. Brennan’s stomach clenched. He’d given a similar locket—albeit smaller and likely less expensive—to his ex when Elle was born.

The camera flashed, and the gold locket sparkled in the sudden burst of light. Brennan looked away. “She looks familiar. But I guess they all do after a certain point.”

“This one should.” His pictures complete, Jim stood and stretched his back. “She and her husband grace the society section of the city paper at least once a month—a charity ball here, a major donation there. Her granddaddy owns it. I’m sure that helps.” He grinned. “Leland Dolan. You may have heard of him once or twice.”

“Jesus, is he still alive? I know he had a stroke a while back. I assumed he’d died. He must be, what, ninety by now? At least.” Brennan glanced up the last flight of stairs.

Leland Dolan was a local legend. In the 1930s, he’d worked for the *Philadelphia Inquirer* as an amateur photographer and teenaged photo thief, tasked with breaking into the homes of murder victims and stealing family photographs to run alongside articles about the sensational and often grotesque crimes. The penny-per-photo salary wasn’t much, but it kept him from starving until the war cured the Depression and sent him to the Battle of Okinawa.

Sergeant Dolan’s breaking-and-entering skills served him well. First, he escaped from a notorious Japanese POW camp. Then, after regaining his strength, he broke back in, launching a daring, covert rescue operation that freed a dozen fellow Marines.

He returned to Philly a hero.

A media darling, Dolan used his contacts to land a job as a reporter for the *Inquirer's* chief rival, where he earned a reputation as a hard-nosed hustler who refused to take no for an answer. Eventually, with grit and savvy investments, he bought the paper and much, much more. His empire was built on hard work and the American Dream.

Brennan straightened his damp tie. "I shook his hand once at a Veterans Day ceremony back when I was still in blue. We had a brief conversation. You know what he told me?"

"Can't venture a guess."

"He told me the next time we met I'd better have polished my shoes."

Jim smirked at the worn black leather on his colleague's feet. "I wouldn't worry about it. He's old and probably senile by now."

"Who said I was worried? There's nothing wrong with my shoes. They're just getting broken in. Besides, he has more important things to worry about than my footwear. Like a dead woman on his stairs." Brennan hopped over the corpse and plodded up the final flight to the third floor.

The grandfather clock in the foyer tolled the hour. Its resonance filled the stairwell with a mournful dirge, the notes keeping pace with Brennan and his slow ascent to the third floor. The air grew steadily warmer and more humid; beads of sweat dampened his forehead. He swiped them away with the back of his hand. Jim was right—he needed to get back to his daily swim in the precinct's pool. His health had suffered along with Elle's.

He paused at the top to catch his breath. A long hallway, darkened by cherry paneling and dressed in a threadbare carpet, ran the length of the third floor. The heavy doors at each end were closed. One was padlocked. But the door straight ahead was ajar. Brennan peered over its threshold and was punished by the smell of stale urine and old flesh.

He nudged the wooden door the rest of the way open with his foot. It creaked on its hinges, a cry of solidarity, perhaps, with the room's elderly occupant.

Officer Cortez looked up from her notepad and nodded. "Detective Brennan. We were just finishing up."

She crouched next to an unshaven man hunched in a damask-covered chair. A side table held a stack of newspapers and an old-fashioned radio. A wheeled walker rested in front. She raised her voice. "Mr. Dolan, this is Detective Dan Brennan. We're going to step out so I can brief him on what you've shared with me thus far. He may need to ask you a few more questions. Is that okay?"

The old man straightened to stare at Brennan's face. His eyes narrowed, and he allowed his gaze to drift to Brennan's feet as he sagged into his former position. "Do whatever you need to do."

The bastard remembered him. Of course he did. Leland Dolan's eyes had lost their sparkle, thanks to discs of milky-white film—not cataracts, but *arcus senilis*, a sign of extreme age, a coroner friend once told him. But behind those cloudy green eyes, the veteran's shrewd mind had not diminished. Self-made men, particularly one with the steely determination to refuse "help" from Philly's Irish mob, never forgot anything: favors cast, debts owed, even shoes unpolished. That kind of ferocious instinct didn't dull with age. Still, it'd been twenty stinkin' years. Cut a guy a break, already.

The senior officer motioned for Brennan to follow her into the hall. She flipped her notebook to the first page.

"The victim is Erin Dolan McConnell, age forty-four, Mr. Dolan's granddaughter. Every morning around nine, she helps him shave and dress and walks him to the elevator to go downstairs for breakfast. A private-duty nurse takes over Mr. Dolan's care after lunch."

"Elevator?" Brennan peered down the dimly lit hallway.

"The paneled door at the end is an elevator in disguise." She sighed as Brennan walked the length of the hall to see for himself. He slid his

hands over the door's surface. It rattled, the metallic sound muted by the heavy wood veneer. His fingers probed the wall to its right until he found a seam. With a tap of his gloved finger, the burlled panel slid open to reveal a single button.

"Guess it only goes down." He punched it, and the cherry doors separated.

Released from its façade, the cage of wrought-iron bars shuddered and lurched, its intricate decorative scrolls parting with a clang to reveal a service elevator large enough to hold a grand piano and then some. Brennan poked his head inside. The thick bars tapered to a gilded domed ceiling; the wide-plank floor was waxed to a high sheen. "I think this thing's bigger than my bathroom. It's definitely cleaner."

Cortez shook her head. "Satisfied? I could've saved you the time. We already processed it."

"Find anything?"

"Nothing worthwhile." She glanced at her notes. "As I was saying, Erin was late this morning. By ten, Mr. Dolan was starving and, from the sounds of it, irritable. He was about to call Erin on her cell when he heard a scream, followed by a terrible crash. He found her lying at the bottom of the steps and called nine-one-one. When we arrived, he was sitting on the step next to her holding her hand. He'd slid down the stairs on his butt to reach her."

"Why didn't he take the elevator?"

The officer scowled. "How would I know? Maybe he couldn't walk the length of the hall fast enough with his walker. Maybe he panicked."

"The man broke *into* a POW camp. He doesn't seem the type to panic."

"That was a million years ago, and he wasn't trying to save his granddaughter back then. People react differently when it's their family, their blood, at stake." She snapped her notebook shut. "Ask him yourself. I'm done here anyway. I'll start my preliminary report and email it to you once I get back to the station."

Brennan nodded, his mind already abuzz with questions. A surge of anticipation, more powerful than any caffeinated beverage, honed his focus. He'd forgotten how good it felt to work an interesting case. And any case featuring the renowned Leland Dolan was automatically interesting. A tap on Dolan's door yielded no response. Brennan pushed it open and lingered at the threshold, waiting for Dolan to acknowledge his presence. The old man, lips pursed and breathing heavily, had moved from the armchair to the seat of his walker, which was now positioned in the middle of the room. He'd been working his way toward the door.

Brennan shut it behind him. "I would recommend you stay here until . . . until the investigators finish clearing the scene. If you need something, I'd be happy to get it for you."

Silence.

He cleared his throat and spoke louder. "I want you to know how sorry I am for your loss."

"Is that so?" Dolan's speech held a slight slur, a remnant of his prior stroke. His milky eyes met Brennan's, and his thin lips curled as if he'd planned to add something snide but thought better of it. His gruff voice trembled. "Thank you." He looked down, hiding his face.

"Is there someone you'd like me to call to come sit with you?" Brennan strained to recall everything he knew about the Dolan family tree. He remembered the old man's wife had died of breast cancer shortly after the Veterans Day shoe-polishing incident. Her funeral had been the social event of the season. But as far as children . . .

"God only granted me one son. The Vietcong took him away." Dolan answered the detective's unspoken question. "He had one daughter. She's lying downstairs."

"There has to be someone you'd like me to call."

"Her husband, Ryan, is a hotshot surgeon at Jefferson Hospital. But I'm sure he already knows." Dolan's voice hardened, triggering Brennan's radar.

“Why’s that?”

“Because your officer sent someone to the hospital to tell him.”

The old man raised his face. His stare—as cold and unblinking as those in the family portraits—gave Brennan a chill. “You can tell a lot about a man from simple things like the way he stands, the roughness of his hands, the words he chooses—even the shoes on his feet.” His eyes drifted south. “I can assess a man’s character in thirty seconds flat. You believe that?”

“Yes, sir, I do.”

“It’s a survival skill. Helps in the boardroom too. Just like recognizing faces. I never forget one, even if I want to.” Dolan leaned forward. “I remember you.”

Brennan shifted on his feet. His worn soles squeaked.

The old man’s lips twitched in a faint smile. “You come from humble stock, Detective Brennan. Nothing to be ashamed of. I did too. You earned your promotion the old-fashioned way, through hard work. I can respect that. You’re good people, as we used to say. A little softhearted for my liking, though.”

“Thank you, sir.” This conversation had veered way off course. Brennan attempted a redirect. “Do you have any theories as to what happened here today?”

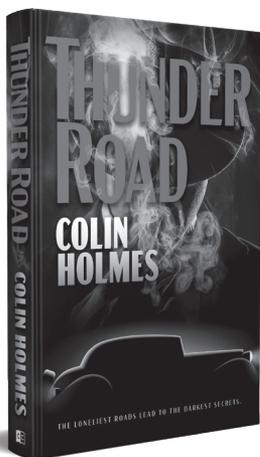
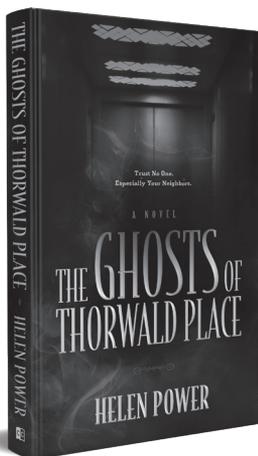
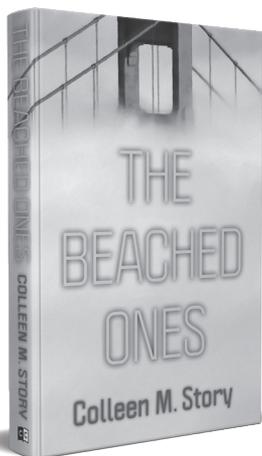
“I don’t need any goddamned theories. I know what happened to my Erin.”

“What?”

“Her husband. The bastard killed her.”

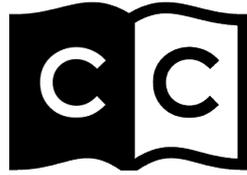
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PHOTOS NEVER LIE.

Still grieving his toddler's death, Philadelphia P.D. Detective Dan Brennan is assigned to investigate a socialite's fatal fall down her mansion's staircase. The victim's daughter alleges her mother was murdered. Her evidence? The dead on the vintage photographs displayed on the mansion's walls have told her so. The epileptic young woman claims she can talk to the dead. Compelled to listen to the reclusive teen's pleas, Brennan sets out to look into her mother's death and stumbles upon a disturbing commonality as he reopens a quartet of cold cases. Entangled in the wealthy family's long history of madness and murder, Brennan faces a choice: label the death an accident and save his career, or commit professional suicide for the chance to hear his daughter's voice once again.

*"A riveting thriller with a spine-tingling edge. From the dedicated detective struggling to return after a terrible personal tragedy to a troubled young woman with a macabre collection of vintage crime scene photos, *The Photo Thief* expertly mixes current murders with past horrors for an adrenaline-packed ride that will leave you gasping till the very end."*

—Lisa Gardner, #1 New York Times bestselling thriller author


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