

GOVICIDE:
Comply

By Edward Dentzel

Copyright 2010 Edward Dentzel

Amazon Edition

Character quotes from: *The Road to Serfdom* by Friedrich von Hayek, copyright 1944 (renewed 1972), 1994 by The University of Chicago, and *Two Treatises of Government* by John Locke, published 1689

Amazon Edition, License Notes

This ebook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This ebook may not be resold or given away to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each recipient. If you're reading this book and did not purchase it, or it was not purchased for your use only, then please return to Amazon.com and purchase your own copy. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

“People have no rights when the One World Government is never wrong.”

Hamilton shouted the cryptic sentence as the two Prison Guards escorted him through the Homicide office. At the utterance, the tall guards tugged harder even though Hamilton had paraded with them step by step. Clutching the murderer by his triceps, they dragged him across the tiles. His soles clicked over each edge, audible since every detective had stopped what they were doing to observe. It was not every day that a lowly Homicide Department had such an iconic figure under its roof.

The three turned the corner and vanished from view. Yet, the onlooking detectives' demeanors did not change. As if reliving the preceding thirty seconds, they continued to stand like the statues inside the Memorials in the District. Then, one by one, with the quiet continuing, their heads turned to one of their own, a detective who knew Hamilton a lot better than they: Gambling City Homicide Detective Michael Locke, Hamilton's captor.

The 32-year old detective, sitting on the corner of his desk, had watched the procession and his colleagues from thirty feet away across the maze of cubicles. As they focused on him, Locke tried to ignore it, his attention still on the words Hamilton uttered. The male's voice was deeper than he expected given Hamilton's average build and height, him sounding like one of those OWG opera basses. Just another surprise to go along with all the others Locke encountered trying to catch Hamilton.

A few more seconds and Locke's colleagues started to clap. He smiled and held up his hand for them to stop.

“No, no, please.”

This outburst of appreciation surprised and did not surprise Locke. On one hand, these detectives were strangers to him, and this was his first day back in the home office in two years. While he traveled all over the world tracking Hamilton, there had been turnover in Gambling City's office. His former partners were gone but no one knew where. So, to get such attention from strangers was unexpected.

On the other hand, Hamilton had struck at the heart of the OWG by murdering those who provided the Masses with everything. Locke supposed this was the instigation for each clap. They were not thanking Locke for a job well done. They clapped because they knew Hamilton, for sure, would never interrupt their Goods and Services deliveries from the OWG.

Locke could not blame them. He felt the same way. Caring about doing good Homicide work came second. Protecting the supply of Goods and Services always came first. And if those two priorities intersected? Even better. In Homicide, though, that combination never happened.

Until Hamilton.

He glanced at the killer's file to distract himself and think through the facts of the case. Murderers were nothing new in the One World Government. A few of them even

killed more than one subject. Some of them even got up to five years in Gambling City's prison.

But, Hamilton was like none of those. What he had done was much more than simple homicide. It was govicide, the ultimate OWG crime: the killing of Government. Specifically, the murder of fourteen Govicide Agents, males and females whose task it was to make sure the Masses received everything they needed to be good subjects.

When the clapping died down, out of the corner of his eye Locke noticed the others break into cliques, inhaling and exhaling about the evil now encased in their jail. This would definitely be the topic of conversation with their girlcomrades and boycomrades tonight, and for days to come.

However, Locke remained apart, the recorder in his mind replaying Hamilton's words. He would have to remember them for his interrogation scheduled to begin in a few minutes. A lack of sleep hampered his efforts. He had not slept in over twenty-four hours.

"Rights?" The words so soft his ears did not hear them. "What are rights? What about lefts? What about--?"

A slap on Locke's left shoulder broke him out of his momentary spell, causing him to almost fall off his perch.

"Locke, you are back!"

He righted himself to see Gambling City Homicide Captain Bradley Gates.

"I still got it," Gates laughed and bobbed his head, his double chin shaking this way and that. "Twenty years older and seventy pounds heavier than any of my detectives and I can still creep up on you."

The laughing made the Captain wheeze. A lung problem probably. If Gates did not watch himself, he might end up on the OWG Medical Director's list for termination. A lung problem lifted a subject to the top of it. The OWG never wasted Goods and Services on old, sick subjects.

Gates was an obedient subject, though. He would accept his fate without a fuss.

"Yes, Captain, you sure do," the detective answered.

"Come here, I have not seen you in forever." Without hesitation, Gates wrapped Locke in a hug strong enough to pop a large stuffed animal. The detective's thin shirt was no defense against Gates' belt buckle digging into Locke's stomach. By the luck of the OWG, the embrace lasted just a second.

"Good to see you, too." Locke meant it, but his body tensed at the hug. He was not the touching type except where his girlcomrade, Jade, was concerned. Unless, of course, a suspect got out of hand. Then the fists came out.

Gates stepped back. "Look at you. You are missing a few hairs I see. But other than that you look the same as you did when you took off to catch Hamilton. How long has it been?"

"Two years. Actually over that." Locke glanced at Hamilton's file. The thickness of it tired his right wrist as he tried to keep all 1000 pages from falling out.

"Where has the time gone?"

"Chasing Hamilton. That's where." Saying it, reality set in—two years, fourteen Govicide Agents dead, one killer. Hamilton. A spree unprecedented in the OWG. His left hand fluttered at the thought. His right hand tried but the file's weight kept it steady.

“Yeah . . .” Gates’ voice trailed off. He leaned against a vacant desk six feet from Locke, folding his arms. “I tried keeping tabs on you through some backdoor channels but it was tough. I wouldn’t find out until several days later you were in Dale City, Cornville, Snow City, and all the others.”

“I wish I could have flown around like the Govicide Agents on the case. Boats, trains, and buses get a little old when you’re going all over the World.” Locke looked away, shutting his mouth like a solved case. His wishes were un-mandated.

Would Gates tell the OWG he said it? Probably not. If so, Locke would deny it.

“But by doing all that you showed the Govicide Director and the Exalted Ruler how much you care about the OWG and it giving everything to everyone.”

“Yeah, I know.” Locke’s wrist tired. He placed the OWG Manual-sized file on the desk.

“Besides, you are going to get to interrogate him. So, you must have done something correctly. And this Hamilton case meant something unlike all the murders of the Masses we have to investigate here. All we are doing here is making sure the victims’ families stay in line, correct? But, you were doing something to protect the OWG.” Gates pointed at Locke with enough force that it could have pierced a ribcage.

“It’s just that--“

“What?” Gates rose from his leaning position.

“The Govicide Agents and I trailed this male for two years and look at the information we have on him.” Locke ripped through a few pages to the front of the manila folder. “OWG ID: unknown. Place of Birth: unknown. Age: unknown. OWG birth certificate: not found. The only reason we call him Hamilton is because he gave that name to a passerby after he killed his second Agent. It’s like this subject doesn’t exist.”

Gates did not answer right away. Instead, the rotund Captain leaned back even more against the desk. He looked off to Locke’s right, like something caught his eye.

“He got lucky.” Their eyes met but then Gates’ shifted off to the right.

“I suppose.” Doubt revealed itself in the back of Locke’s mind. It played peek-a-boo with his long-held beliefs and then disappeared like it had never been there at all. “Fourteen dead Agents dead for no reason. Well, except for the first murder occurring on the fiftieth anniversary of the One World Government. That couldn’t have been a coincidence.”

Gates pressed his bulbous lips together and nodded, “probably not.”

“Who would do that? Govicide makes sure the OWG provides everything. And this male is killing the subjects who make it happen? I don’t get it.” Locke picked up Hamilton’s file and then dropped it on the desk. A couple of detectives at nearby workstations spun in Locke’s direction at the thud.

“Hey, Locke.” Gates moved to the detective’s side, putting his arm around Locke’s thin shoulders. “I am just a Homicide Captain, so what do I know? Subjects murder subjects. We investigate because the OWG tells us to. It keeps the Masses happy. But we all know murders are good for the OWG. Fewer subjects, more stuff for everyone else. In reality, we are working against the OWG when we investigate murders. But since subjects cannot control their emotions we have to investigate to keep them under control. All that matters is the OWG.” Gates hesitated for a second and tilted his head toward Locke. “Just be happy the Govicide Director is giving you a chance to talk to Hamilton.”

Locke jumped in when Gates took a long, squeaky breath. “But he said it’s not because I earned it. The reason--”

“The reason does not matter. This is the first time the Govicide Department has done anything for Homicide. So, give it your best shot. Who knows what can happen?”

Escaping his grasp, Locke moved to his left. “What does that mean?” Locke’s abdomen trembled like a guitar string. “You don’t mean I might become a Govicide Agent?”

“That is exactly what I am saying,” Gates answered.

“No one ever gets recruited into Govicide. You either pass the test to be a Govicide Agent or you don’t. I failed. You failed. We all failed. None of us in this office has a chance to be in Govicide.”

The Director intimated something Locke wished at one time but forgot due to its impossibility: With the capture of Hamilton, Locke might get promoted to Govicide Agent—the most important work position in the OWG—even though he had failed the Govicide Test when he graduated from OWG high school.

All it took were a few choice words from Gates for the hopes to come tumbling back out.

“Detective Locke, if you perform a good interrogation, you give yourself a chance.” The Captain tapped Locke’s arm. “I have some things to do. But, it is great to have you back no matter what happens.” He spun away then turned back to Locke. “And, hey, if you are still just a Homicide Detective tomorrow, the OWG will continue to provide everything you need.” Gates smiled and meandered his way back into the cluster of cubicles.

He had not realized how close to the surface his irrational feelings of becoming an Agent were. Somehow he had buried them under all those ship and bus trips over the last two years. They got covered up with him eating on the run while the Govicide Agents on the case ate fine food. While he ran from bus stop to bus stop, they drove their automobiles. While he threw up over ship railings due to seasickness, they watched in-flight OWG films about how Govicide would bring all Offenders to the gallows in the District and hang them for all the Masses to see.

All his Govicide aspirations had evaporated into the air of the World.

But, now they were back. And undeniable.

“You have no chance to be a Govicide Agent. You have no chance to be a Govicide Agent.” He said it low enough so the others could not hear, pacing back and forth in front of his desk like a sentry. “You have no chance to be a Govicide Agent . . .”

This had all been so simple. He failed the Govicide test but passed the Homicide one thirteen years ago. Most everyone could pass the Homicide test but hardly anyone took it because few subjects wanted to have a job working, in subtle ways, against the OWG. Still, Locke felt attracted to the chance to solve real-life puzzles, so he took it and passed.

He predicted a life of easiness. One where very few subjects cared if murders got solved or not. If murderers got caught, they got caught. If they did not, no one would care.

Then there was Hamilton.

The killer’s name in his thoughts brought Locke’s attention to the clock on the far side of the office. 8:58am.

Caught up in his talk with Gates and his own thoughts, he almost forgot the interrogation started in two minutes.

Scooping up Hamilton's file and leaving his half-full cup of OWG coffee on his desk, Locke hustled down the hallway. He had been down it many times. At one time, it had been brightly lit, like he heard the corridors of the Govicide Headquarters in the District were. Now, it looked like a Gambling City street at night. Bulbs burned out. Shadows in every corner. Locke squinted to see to the end of it. Just another sign Homicide paled in importance to other Departments.

His footsteps echoed off the bare, cement block walls. The sound alerted the Guards to his arrival. Locke knew them both, Patterson and Knight, but like everyone else in Homicide, he had not seen them in a while.

"Detective Locke, good to have you back," Patterson welcomed, fiddling with his belt like Locke remembered.

"Glad to be back. He give you two any trouble?" Locke inquired.

"Besides those weird sentences? Not really," Knight answered.

"You mean like what he yelled back there?" Locke motioned back toward the office area.

"Yeah," Patterson looked in through the door's small window, "what does that mean, anyway? Rights?"

"And he used the word, people," Knight added, touching his goatee, then stopping in mid-stroke. "That is un-mandated. Oops, I just said it, too."

"He's a mystery," Locke answered. "If you were allowed to see his file, you'd understand. I'll try to figure it out when I talk to him."

"Yeah. But he said a lot more." Knight added.

The trembling, which had subsided, came back in a crescendo. "What did he say?"

"It was not like he just talking off the top of his head. He sounded like he was reciting something," Patterson looked at Knight to back him up.

"Yep. That is what he was doing," Knight chimed in.

The edge of Locke's mouth turned up a quarter of an inch. "He's been strange for the last two years. Why should that change now?"

Both guards nodded.

Locke moved to open the door. Patterson stepped in the way.

"Cannot let you go in yet, Detective." Patterson put up his hand.

"What? Why?" Locke looked at the other guard, wondering if this was just a mistake.

"Mandates from Govicide. The prisoner is not to be questioned until their officials are ready." Knight stepped in front of the door.

"But they were the ones who allowed me to do this interrogation in the first place. Now I have to wait for them?"

Under normal circumstances, a detective could overrule a Guard. Not now. Not when the Guards were acting under direct mandate from Govicide. Locke's hands gripped his hips, file tucked against his elbow, and he looked up to the ceiling.

"That is what they said. They will be observing from a remote location. And they are not ready yet."

Locke stepped back and glared at the two of them. He was ready to interview Hamilton, nervousness or not.

“We cannot disobey Govicide,” Knight added.

The detective’s attention drifted away for a moment. To disobey Govicide had its consequences. Working side by side with them for two years chasing Hamilton proved that. Many subjects of the Masses were taken away when they were not forthcoming like the Agents wanted.

“Well, I hope I don’t have to wait all day.” Locke spied his watch. 9am.

“I hear the Director will be watching,” Knight raised a right bushy eyebrow.

The trembling, having been controlled inside of Locke, turned to shaking of his hands, Hamilton’s thick file writhing against his side. He put his limbs behind his back so the Guards would not notice.

His memories of the Director were vivid, still alive inside him.

His introduction to Govicide Director William Stallings occurred about halfway through the Hamilton investigation. Director Stallings had been upset Agents were still being found dead and he wanted answers. He had flown in on a Govicide jet to meet with Locke and others in Peace City on the Third Continent.

In the meeting, the Director had not minced words. His six-foot-five frame loaded with over three hundred pounds added to his intimidating performance. He warned all of them they would be breaking their backs and getting black lung in the coal mines of the WoodWill Mountains if Hamilton was not caught soon. He threatened to send every Agent, and Locke, to the bottom of the World where temperatures went well below zero. And he would make them wear shorts and t-shirts. He scolded the forensic teams, saying they were working against the OWG. He made fun of Locke saying Govicide should have never allowed a mere Homicide Detective to investigate this murder case.

During his tirade, Stallings picked up a table and threw it against a wall. The table exploded into a hundred pieces, a few shards landing close to Locke. Others hit some of the Govicide Agents, but they knew better than to complain. Instead, they all sat in their chairs, knees knocking together.

It was quite a show.

Luckily for everyone involved, not long after that they got their first breaks in the case. Hamilton killed six more Govicide Agents before being caught, but the team was close on Hamilton’s trail.

“Director Stallings, huh?” Locke stuck his lower lip, debating whether he should have accepted the Director’s mandate to interrogate Hamilton.

No, that was illogical. A mandate from Director Stallings could not go un-followed.

Locke backed up and pressed his shoulder blades against the wall opposite the interrogation room. The door had a square window, but he could not see Hamilton inside. He wanted to see Hamilton pacing around, worrying like he worrying. He wanted to see the top of Hamilton’s head pass the window with regular frequency as the killer did intermittent laps in the room. He wanted to know Hamilton’s hands were shaking like his own.

“Is it cold in here?” Locke rubbed his arm.

“No, Detective. Seems pretty warm to me.” Knight looked at Patterson for assurance.

This was not a cold chill. This was anxiety due to the prospect of facing a total mystery under the discerning eye of the Director.

Minutes passed. The guards talked between themselves. Locke ignored them. He cared more about how he would explain his lateness to his girlcomrade. He told Jade he

would be home by eleven that morning. That would not happen now. He thought about going back to the office and calling her, but what if Director Stallings called to say he was ready for the interrogation to begin?

Make the Director wait? Not a chance.

Instead, Locke found if he tensed up the muscles in his forearms he could make the shaking stop. Granted, his shakings inside continued. There was nothing he could do about those. But at least to the Guards he looked fine.

Turning his forearms into two solid logs, he brought them out from behind him. He opened Hamilton's file and looked for anything that might help him once the interrogation started. However, his memory alerted him to a different idea altogether.

What had Hamilton said?

"People have no rights when the One World Government is never wrong," Locke muttered, but not loud enough for the Guards to hear.

What did it mean?

Rights? Locke never heard of them. Right meaning correct? Right meaning the opposite of left? Right as in most subjects were right-handed? He played around with Hamilton's sentence using different definitions of the word but nothing seemed to fit.

Of course, the OWG was never wrong. Every subject of the Masses knew the OWG was always right—there was that word again—because the OWG gave everything to everyone. So, how could subjects be lacking something if the OWG provided everything?

Like a giant, fluffy cloud, the thought process enveloped him. No matter how many different ways he spun the words around he could not crack the code. A headache took hold at the base of Locke's skull.

About the time Locke lost himself in the smog of thoughts, Knight's walkie-talkie crackled to life.

An unfamiliar, female voice emanated from it. "The Govicide Director is ready. The interrogation may begin."

Scraping himself off the wall, Locke took one step toward the door. He had been so lost in his cloudy thoughts he lost track of time. His watch said 9:38am. Over a half hour had gone by while he fixated on Hamilton's statement and he had not even noticed.

Locke crossed the hall, wanting to see Hamilton's head glide by the window at least once.

Nothing.

Before grabbing the handle, he straightened his tie, feeling like he could strangle himself. That would be a first: a subject killing himself after having been given more than he expected from the OWG.

Well, if this was what happened under such circumstances, he hoped the OWG, including Govicide, would not do him any more favors.

CHAPTER 2

As in the hallway, darkness found a home in the interrogation room, collecting in the corners. A solitary light bulb hung seven feet above the dark green concrete floor. The OWG painter chose the same color for the walls. However, in this light, they looked black. A metal table dominated the center making the two chairs on either side look child-sized.

Hamilton sat in one of them.

Dressed in a black Govicide jumpsuit, the serial killer rested like a rock on the far side. The weak rays of the lone bulb stretched to reach him, shadows covering everything from Hamilton's ears back. His face, lacking a tan now, levitated in mid-air like a white mask.

Locke and the Govicide Agents tracked him for over two years. Yet Hamilton looked rested and clean when they found him on a sidewalk in Lake City last week. As one of the Agents put it, *He looks in better shape than we are.*

Now, Hamilton looked much like Locke expected him to look five days ago when caught. Scruffy and unshaven. Greasy, dark blond, short hair looking like it needed washed . . . twice.

But, these changes only accentuated the fact Hamilton was in fine physical condition. Perfect teeth. Perfect skin. No scars.

Locke glanced at the camera watching from the near upper right hand corner of the room, twelve feet above the floor, aimed at Hamilton like a sniper. Locke, still controlling his shivering through brute force, pulled out the empty chair and sat across from Hamilton, right in the male's gaze. The killer showed no reaction to Locke's presence.

"Hello, Hamilton? That's H-A-M-I-L-T-O-N, right?" He opened the monstrous file. "First name or last name?"

Getting out a pen, Locke hoped for an answer.

He did not receive one.

"You should know we checked the System for that name and found none. Nothing even close. Two billion subjects on this World and not one with that name. Why don't you just tell me your real name?"

He put the pen on an empty line in the file. Still no answer came.

The silence continued. Inch by inch, Locke moved the pen away from the paper. Maybe he needed to try something else.

"I'm Homicide Detective Michael Locke. You saw me last week when we caught you. I want to talk to you about our two-year Govicide Agent killing spree." Standing, he picked up the file, held it high, then let gravity bring it back to the table. It bounced twice, banging both times.

Locke blinked. Hamilton did not.

"You killed a lot of good Agents." Locke caught himself. From his location, the Govicide Director would be scrutinizing every word. "Allow me to correct myself. You killed a lot of excellent Govicide Agents. Agents who devoted their lives to making sure

Thank You for previewing this eBook

You can read the full version of this eBook in different formats:

- HTML (Free /Available to everyone)
- PDF / TXT (Available to V.I.P. members. Free Standard members can access up to 5 PDF/TXT eBooks per month each month)
- Epub & Mobipocket (Exclusive to V.I.P. members)

To download this full book, simply select the format you desire below

