

SHPD - The Night Ripper

by Keith Savage

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1 Going Postal

The VTOL's black spinning turbines were as amiable as an ill-tempered volcano. Breacher's relaxed grip tilted the vehicle around the larger skyscrapers with ease, despite their rapid speed.

"WOOOOOO!" hollered his partner Taser. A self confessed adrenalin junkie, she always loved to ride the Rapid Response Vehicle of the OCECU, the Ottawa-Carleton Enhanced Crimes Unit.

Despite himself, he smiled. Taser's enthusiasm was infectious.

"Wouldn't it be nice if this was the job, joyriding? Eh Breach?" she shouted.

"Will you take it easy, and get your game face on!"

"You need to relax my friend!"

The red and blue lights of the police vehicle lit up the sky, and bounced off the glass panels of the upper reaches of downtown Ottawa. As they sped along, faces appeared at windows to witness the raptor charging it's way to the crime scene.

A geyser of flame sliced into the horizon.

Taser reached for the radio.

"Dispatch, this is Raptor, we've caught sight of an explosion, please advise."

There was a brief silence.

"Raptor this is Staff Sergeant Taylor. The perpetrator has destroyed a gas station. I hope you're gonna get here soon, 'cause it's getting damn near impossible to contain this situation, over."

“Taylor, this is Raptor, we’re nearly there, over.”

Taser reached over to the controls.

“Ready?”

“Ready.”

She flipped the switch guard and pressed the overdrive button.

The VTOL lurched as its engines glowed orange and accelerated rapidly. The world around them was a dark blur. Taser was thrown into her seat, while Breacher was remarkably composed despite the near supersonic speed the vehicle traveled.

When the last skyscraper sped out of view, the wide expanse of Mechanicsville loomed ahead, and the smoldering flames shone as a beacon. Breacher tilted the controls, forcing the howling vehicle to dive.

As they approached the scene, the craft slowed rapidly and stopped. It immediately dropped like a stone. Thick with smoke, the turbines carved a hollow through air and came to a safe landing near a flashing bank of OCP police cars.

Taser and Breacher opened the canopy and leapt to the ground.

A large middle aged man who looked more like an aged football player stared at their approach in a way that made Breacher feel like his disappointed son.

“Chief Constable Taylor?” Taser asked.

The burly man nodded.

“Constable Taser, and this is my partner Breacher.”

“Jesus Christ,” Taylor was unable to suppress a laugh and turned, waving for them to follow him.

On the opposite side of the wall of patrol cars stood a wall of flame threatening the city block.

“So what’s the situation?”

“Travis Michaels, 32, was fired from his job three weeks ago. Unable to secure a loan to get through the interim without losing his house, he decided to take his frustration out on the bank. Trashed the place there on Wellington, killing at least three people. We can’t be sure until we can secure the area enough to let fire and ambulance in.”

“Where is he now?” asked Breacher.

“We tried to get him to surrender, but he threw one of our patrol cars into that gas station, and disappeared down Fairmont. We have all sides of the road closed off between here and Duhamel. He’s there somewhere, but we were told to hold position until you arrived.”

“Better stay where you are and keep the lid tight. We’ll go in and find this little shit,” said Taser confidently.

Taylor’s lids hung heavily over an unimpressed gaze.

“What can this guy do?” asked Breacher.

“He looks like he can turn into stone. Who knows. Aren’t you guys the experts?”

“Not every enhanced person is registered. Some pop up randomly,” said Taser.

There was a long silence as Taylor studied their garb.

“Nice outfits,” he finally said.

Breachers’ lips tightened. Even he wasn’t comfortable with the uniform. In keeping with the tradition of Super Heroes, they wore a police uniform of tight leather, complete with a mask that covered their face from forehead to nose. Breacher found it frankly embarrassing.

“We’ll be right back,” said Taser.

As they left the bright lights of the patrol cars, Breacher heard Taylor mutter, “Fucking Super Hero PD.”

“My hero!” called a shrill voice from the ranks of police as they entered the shadows of Fairmont Avenue.

The darkness swallowed them. The navy blue of their uniforms made them invisible on the lonely street. As ordered, the residents of the street had all their lights on, and all occupants in their living rooms so they could be seen. If Travis Michaels tried to add home invasion to his list of crimes, they needed every chance they had to avoid escalation.

Breachers scanned the streets as he strode. Taser sped up, her small form was seemingly weightless.

“Keep in touch,” he said.

Taser nodded and bounded into the air. She leapt a full fifteen feet up, landing on a tree branch, and rebounded off to disappear in the night air.

He envied her athletic prowess, and her powers. Shaking his head, he exhaled his thoughts and focused on the street. Somewhere a man with super powers was lurking. He was confident in his ability to take a beating, but he knew one of these days he would find someone powerful enough to put him in danger.