

CREATIVE EXPRESSIONS PRESENTS

ROBERT RILEY

SHADOW INVESTIGATOR

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#5. Red Means Go! - 1/2

Statistically, when there are many accidents occurring on the one road junction, there is naturally a cause for concern. Traffic control management step in and increase pre-warning signs, to heighten driver senses. When a great number of those accidents involve red light runners, the police step in; maybe have an observational post sitting by at peak times and late at night to catch the number of red light runners who don't end up in a pile-up. This was their way of clamping down on traffic violations. Cameras were installed, and it seemed that for all those cars that ended up running the lights and crashing, something was visible in the passenger seat, sometimes it appeared as a light anomaly, sometimes as a blurred or dark smudge.

A dark shadow entity you say? I wished it weren't true.

With traffic control and the police baffled as to why drivers who were spotted with unrecognizable passengers, would ultimately end up being found alone in the car post accident. They turned to somebody to find out, and through their contacts, eventually these fatal cases led to me. This was all below board. Nobody wanted me to say what it was I did. I was simply a third party advisor. They had to make up a term on my name badge. Took them all of 10 minutes to figure out what I could be in order to fit in legitimately.

Police officials didn't want anything to do with me directly, which was perfectly fine. Traffic control however were more open as they were internally fascinated by the camera imagery and the fact I had drawn to their attention a link to the fatalities by means of the unknown passenger. They were still skeptical, but curious at least to let me work. Maybe they were waiting for me to trip. I kept things to myself until I felt certain.

Now, these cases were all the same: The drivers ran the lights without thought to applying the brakes, running straight into traffic as if they'd truly believed to have gone on a green light. The hotspot junction was on a b-road in-between two towns. The accidents always occurred on the southbound road. It seemed drivers heading north rarely broke the red light rule and were therefore taken out of the equation.

The assistants in Traffic control informed me that speed cameras captured the anomaly in the passenger seat for the duration of the variable speed trap that ended

with the red-light and speed camera. They spilled a lot of traffic lingo and I nodded in all the right places. I asked for the camera captures for the camera that was step behind that variable speed cam, and after a few hours, they came back with stills. Sure enough, we saw detailed drivers, and blurred fuzzy figures sitting beside them – the same type of figure in every shot, in slightly different stages of transparency.

The previous speed traps several villages before the suspect junction didn't capture those red light runners. It seemed they were abiding to the law right up until this particular junction. I could only assume that the entity was picked at a spot in-between the first speed trap and the start of the second where their pictures were snapped.

I decided to walk the road from the accident, heading north along that route, working backwards so to speak. My first thought was how a shadow figure could actually be picked up. This meant that the car would have stopped, and the entity would attach itself on either the car or the person. Likely, it was the person to I surmised that there was a scheduled stop which allowed for all victim drivers, long enough for them to stop completely and get out for a moment. To my surprise, about a hundred meter behind the start of the variable speed trap, there was a Roadside shop and liquor "off license" store.

Bingo, I thought, and as I headed towards the small side shop, I was immediately felt drawn to energy of deep and dark malevolence. I entered the shop and made an attempt to ignore what I was seeing, to the point where I could simply go in, act like any other customer, walk around, get a sense of the place, and that which was living inside. I noticed the man behind the counter. He was a big fellow with white dark hair, but with distinct white patches. He didn't look at me, even though the bell on the door indicated I had come inside. He was busy reading his newspaper, keeping himself to himself. I understood his ignorance, as I said good afternoon; I scanned the shop, stopping short of the chair that sat behind the front door. It was a strange place for a chair to be placed. It served no purpose, in the living world.

I however, could see differently. I noticed the form, the statue and posture of a man even though as I eyeballed back across directly towards the chair, I could barely see him. He was transparent, eerily reflective of the wall and window behind.

I did my best to focus on the shop produce. I felt the dark entity's tone and mood. It was one of desperation. This entity was hooked on two things... things that people bought, and I could sense him as he made gestures towards the beer. There was a powerful sense of suggestion in the air of the shop. The beer fridge seemed full, but as I never drank the stuff, it felt very strange reaching for a pack of 6, Blue Rockville beers. I tried hard to convince myself and the others in the shop that this was exactly what I came in to get. I thought snacks would go well with the beer. I was wondering if this was really the right way of going about this, but I felt confident that this entity was the culprit. It was then that I felt the burning need to look behind at the counter. The keeper still didn't look up from his paper, eyeing up every article he could in aid of his distraction from whatever feeling the entity had over him. I had to keep on playing ball. I couldn't give my game away, and nor was I in a position right now to

talk to the shop keeper about what he had sitting on the chair by the front door of his shop.

Smokes... I wanted smokes, but no ordinary smokes I ever recognized. Bridge red, filtered. Those were the ones. I hadn't seen a pack of these in years, being that I enjoy a cigar or two from the same company; I never really saw this type of packet being sold anywhere else. I asked the keeper for a pack of 20. He corrected me saying they still make them with 16 only, as they always had. He placed the pack on my 6 pack of beer I'd placed onto the counter. It was then I decided to ask the question.

"Do you happen to know why I don't see this brand of cigarettes everywhere else?"

"They're rare." The shopkeeper said, coming to life, "only make them for casinos and higher end supermarkets; imported from America and too expensive for the common Joe - only getting 16 for the same price you can get 30 Croblers filtered. That's what I smoke."

I decided to play with the idea of stirring up the other room occupant who seemed quiet and content, sitting on his chair, waiting for me to take my goods away as he had intended me to do. Just to see how adamant he was about my purchases, I decided to ask to look at the pack of Croblers, filtered. Sure enough, I felt the entity on the chair rise up and start to move over. I heard the suggestion coming at me light a wave of curiosity for the, Bridge Red filtered variety. I lingered on the Croblers, trying hard not to let the thought and the negative energy override me too quickly. I needed to see how far he would go, and I could tell that this suggestion was on a level that could force anyone to do almost anything, just as long as there was reason.

I went back to the Bridge Red, and paid for my purchase. I waited to see if the dark entity would follow me. He was with me all the way from the front door, to the side of the road. As I got into the driver seat, he was already sitting there in the passenger seat.

The ghost was more visible to me now. He had blue workers trousers on, a light blue shirt and a pocket that gaped as though a packet of cigarettes were meant to sit there, and had been ever since the shirt was acquired. I didn't see his face. I couldn't study him that much. The suggestion to drive south was strong however, and I tried my hardest to keep my awareness of self, and pushed away any control. It was then that I knew I'd cracked the case. This malevolent spirit was pushing drivers to their deaths, but for what purpose? I wasn't about to get into this without back-up.

I turned the car and ventured north, much to the aggravation of the spirit who left the car almost immediately. The feeling of freedom and self determination came back to me, and I caught my breath. I was exhausted already from just being near the man. He'd drawn such strength, harvesting on the souls of others, and I knew why he did it. This was a repeat of his own death, and for that I needed to get into some

research, find out who this man used to be, how he died and what he dabbled in while he was alive.

I also had to go and visit a friend. Somebody who would help cast away this dangerous, although lost spirit who was done messing with the world of the living. He was a reaper of lives, and I knew the only way to get rid of him was to go all the way, even if it meant facing my own death right in the eye in order to get the job done.

To be continued...

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