

THE SONS OF JUDE



# **The Sons of Jude**

**Brandt Dodson**

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Wilkinson House, Jordan Hill Road, Oxford OX2 8DR, England

Tel: +44 (0)1865 302750 Fax: +44 (0)1865 302757

Email: [monarch@lionhudson.com](mailto:monarch@lionhudson.com)

[www.lionhudson.com](http://www.lionhudson.com)

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St. Jude

Patron saint of the Chicago Police Department

But his sons did not follow his ways. They  
turned aside after dishonest gain and accepted  
bribes and perverted justice.

**1 Samuel 8:3**

For Karla





## CHAPTER 1

*Chicago Police Department*

*District 28 Headquarters*

**M**onday, 11:00 a.m. Detective Frank Campello stood in the doorway of the 28th district's second-floor squad room. It was his first day back since the shooting, and everything looked the same. Gun-metal-gray desks stood nose to nose, the walls were still covered in nauseating beige, and the sound of hushed conversations filled the room, punctuated only by the occasional ring of a phone or the squeak of a chair. Everything was the same – except for Rand's riderless desk.

Campello passed his late partner's work station and slid out of his black leather jacket, draping it over the back of the chair. A swarthy man of stocky build with close-cropped black hair and deeply set brown eyes, Campello preferred casual clothing to the department's more generally accepted business attire. On this day, he wore a black long-sleeved shirt that clung to his muscular frame, brown slacks and cordovan loafers. A Sig-Sauer nine-millimeter pistol rode on his right hip.

Taking his CPD mug to the coffee maker at the rear of the room, he met Detective Angelo Silvio.

"Welcome back, Frank." Silvio was stirring non-dairy creamer into his coffee. "I'm sorry about Rand. He was a good cop." He tossed the stir stick into the receptacle and lifted the cup to his lips, pausing to blow before drinking.

"Thanks, Angie." Campello filled his mug and returned the carafe to its nook. "Hard to believe he's gone."

Silvio sat on the edge of the table that held the coffee maker. “Things like this are always hard to believe. How can a man like that, so full of life, be here one day and gone the next?” He shook his head. “It doesn’t make sense, Frank.”

“I’m sorry about Rand,” said Shelly Tertwiller as she approached. “I know you two were close.” Tertwiller, a recent transferee to the 28th, was a detective with just two years less time on the department than Campello’s twenty. Her coffee-colored eyes studied him from beneath a furrowed brow. “You OK?”

“I’m OK.”

“I know everyone says this, but if there’s anything you need...”

“I appreciate it.”

“For what it’s worth, the buzz around here says you’ll come out fine on the other thing.” She was referring to his hearing before the IPRA, the all-civilian review board that replaced the previous Office of Professional Standards. Campello’s killing of the suspect who killed Adams had automatically guaranteed him a review by the board. All police-action shootings, regardless of their merit, went before the IPRA.

“I’ve already been exonerated, Shelly,” Campello said.

“Last week, wasn’t it?” Silvio asked. “Where’ve you been, Tertwiller?”

She gave her partner a hard look. “Who’s talking to you, dummy?” She patted Campello’s hand. “That’s good to hear, Frank. We’re all here for you. You don’t stand alone.”

“I know.”

“We’re family. When one of us goes down, we all go down. It’s always been that way and it always will be.” She held out her fist and he bumped it with his. “By the way, how’s your dad doing?”

“As good as can be expected. He’s more forgetful, but he seems to like Marimar and they treat him well.”

“You see him?”

“I do. Going this evening, in fact.”

She smiled. “Good. Again, let me know if you need anything.”

“I will. Thank you.”

“I mean it,” she said, turning toward him even as she was walking away. “You need help with your case load... paperwork... whatever. Bill and I have your back.”

Bill was her husband and a detective with the 31st.

“Got it. Thanks, Shelly.”

“Well,” Silvio said, “got to get to work.” He held his hand out to Campello, who shook it. “We’re going to Jeep’s tonight. You’re coming, right?”

“Absolutely.”

Silvio smiled and slapped him on the back. “Excellent. Five o’clock. First round’s on you.”

Campello grinned and reluctantly went to his desk to begin his first day without Rand; his first day without his partner and friend.

He dropped himself into his chair and undid his tie. His desk, like the others in the room, was nose to nose with his partner’s, an arrangement that facilitated communication. Across the great divide, Campello could see Rand, sitting with his feet up and a smirk on his face. *Hey, buddy, how 'bout them Cubs, huh?*

Campello reached across the desk-tops and took Rand’s mug in hand. The Cubs emblem was nearly worn off and the white ceramic cup was chipped and stained from years of coffee abuse.

He rolled the cup in his hands before putting it in the left-hand drawer of his desk along with his pistol.

Campello stabbed the computer power button with his forefinger, brooding on old memories until the machine booted up and the CPD emblem emblazoned on the screen. Then he opened a window to Adams’ case load; it was significant – weighty, even – and there was little doubt the district commander would re-assign some of them. But Campello wanted to review them so he could have a say in which ones stayed with him and which went elsewhere. The list represented a lot of effort and team work – and he didn’t relish the idea of losing control after all the time they had put into them.

He scrolled down the list and began by making note of the ones that were set to go to trial. He ran his finger down the screen as he copied the case numbers in a spiral-bound steno’s notebook, silently

mouthed them to himself. His hand stopped halfway down the list at an unfamiliar file number. It matched no known classification, suggesting it was a dummy, something Rand had likely been working off the books, anticipating an upgrade to official status in the future.

Campello made a note of it and then circled it. He would research it later.

“You got a minute, Frank?” He looked up to see Julio Lopez, the district commander.

“I was just going over some of Frank’s cases.”

“You can do that later.” He pointed his chin toward his office. “Come on back.”

Campello slid the notebook in a drawer of his desk and snatched his CPD mug. He paused at the coffee maker to top off the cup.

“Close the door, will you?” the boss said, settling in the chair behind his desk.

Campello pushed it closed and sat across from Lopez. The office was Plexiglas on three sides, floor to ceiling, and both men knew their meeting was being covertly watched by the entire crew.

“You doing OK?”

“Yeah. I’m fine.”

Lopez gave him a non-believing look.

“I’m fine, Julio.”

“You have more time coming, Frank. Take it if you need it.”

He shook his head.

Lopez’s eyes searched him, studied him, before accepting his statement on face value. “OK. I guess you are.”

“Anything new on the shooting?” Campello asked.

“You mean, is there any new information?”

“Yep.”

“No. The IPRA cleared you. Don’t worry about it. You did the only thing you could.”

“I wish I’d fired sooner.”

“Don’t. Rand’s time was up. There was nothing you could’ve done. We all know the risk when we pin on the star.”

“Maybe. But that doesn’t help much.”

“No, I guess not. But it’s true. You’ve got two choices, Frank. You can blame yourself for this, or you can see it for what it is and get on with your life.”

“That’s what I’m trying to do. That’s why I’m back.”

“Let it go. Move on.”

“I have to move on, Julio. The department is my family. I don’t belong anywhere else. There’s no one at home so I’ve got no reason to stay there.” He lifted the mug again, and then paused to grin over the top of it. “God knows I haven’t done so well in the marriage department.”

“Yeah, well, me neither.”

Campello lowered the mug and set it on the edge of the commander’s desk. “Four times for me.”

Lopez winced. “Ouch. OK. You win that one.”

Campello crossed his legs. “You didn’t call me in here to chit-chat.”

“No.” He folded his hands, resting them on the desk.

“What, Julio? Just say it.”

“We’ve got a transfer coming in.”

“Who?”

“It wasn’t my idea. It was arranged before Rand took a hit. But with his passing, I thought you’d be the right guy for—”

“Who?”

Lopez sat back in his chair and ran a hand through his hair. “It’s Polanski.”

The flush of anger was immediate and Campello fought to control himself. “Polanski?”

“The brass wants him transferred. Since his allegations about the other shooting, the one in the 31st, he’s become too hot for them and a danger to himself. The rioting there has escalated and they want him out of the district before he brings them any additional unwanted attention.”

“I don’t blame them.”

“I want him to work with you. At least until I can figure out what to do with him.”

“No.”

The commander crossed his arms, his expression growing mulish. “I need for you to keep an eye on him, Frank.”

“No, Julio.”

The commander nodded toward the squad room. “Those people out there respect you. You’ve got a lot of time and a good record with the department. There isn’t an officer in that room that wouldn’t walk into hell with you. I need someone who commands that kind of respect to keep an eye on Polanski. So far, we don’t have the rioting and unrest going on here that is occurring in the 31st. Your killing of the suspect who gunned down Rand is justified in the mind of the public. But if Polanski stirs up the same concerns here that he did in the 31st, we’ll see the same kind of trouble. The brass doesn’t want that and neither do I. I don’t think you do either.”

“I don’t want to work with him, Julio.”

Lopez sighed. “It isn’t up to you, Frank. For what it’s worth, it’s not up to me either.”

“What do you mean? You’re the commander.” His voice was rising.

“I mean I have bosses too, and they want him here and you’re open right now. I can’t let him work alone. I don’t trust him.”

“You’ve got to be kidding me. You’re replacing *Rand* with Polanski?”

Lopez glanced toward the squad room and then leaned forward in his chair. “I’m not replacing Rand with anyone.” His gaze locked on Campello, his tone quietly emphatic. “Stuff happens. Rand’s gone and I have a new man who happens to be Polanski. So you’re going to work with him, and you’re going to do it now, or you can take more time off and then work with him when you come back.”

“Work with a turncoat? Are you serious?”

Lopez spread his hands.

Campello stared at him in disbelief. “When does this happen?”

Julio slid a note across the desk. “We just got a call. There’s a body at Navy Pier.”

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“What? Now? I haven’t even had time to clear the case load and...”

But he no longer had Julio’s attention. The commander was staring into the squad room at an immaculately dressed man standing just outside the office door.

## CHAPTER 2

Christy Lee didn't have to be in the newsroom until early afternoon, because she was scheduled to cover the mayor's early morning press conference on the riots of the night before.

The violence began after a police-action shooting in the 31st district when a detective alleged that the involved officers had planted evidence on the suspect. So far, no one had been killed or seriously injured in the melee, but the mayor was concerned the situation could change.

City Hall had no new plans for containing the uprising, however, and Christy saw no reason to report on more of the same. For that matter, she didn't see value in press conferences of any kind. They were organized events that purported to be a dialogue with the press, but which were nothing of the kind. Rather, they were one-sided orchestrations designed to put the host in the best possible light while making it nearly impossible to extract any pertinent information. She much preferred going after stories on her own time and uncovering the facts in her own way. Unlike the coiffed TV anchors of the Windy City, Christy viewed herself as a journalist rather than a celebrity, and her job as a profession rather than a path to stardom. She wasn't out to be noticed. She was out for a scoop. That didn't mean she was ignorant of the power of female persuasion, nor did it mean she was unaware of her appearance or the effect she had on men. She was tall, with shoulder-length black hair that cascaded about her shoulders like spun coal, almond eyes inherited from a Chinese mother, and a figure that inspired a second look. She wasn't above



using her assets to gain access to men in positions of power, but it was her acumen and her tenacity, supported by sound observation and a hard-won knowledge of the human psyche, that had garnered accolades for her reporting.

The press conference had already begun when she pulled her aging Corolla into line at the Starbucks drive-up window. There were several cars ahead of her so she decided to use the time by contacting one of her sources within the CPD.

It was no secret that the cops were in a tizzy because one of their own had agreed to testify in the recent high-profile shooting and the officer's charges had led to the dismissal of several departmental supervisors as well as indictments against officers Caine and Dorchester. The two men were on administrative leave, pending the trial, and they were viewed by many in the department as scapegoats while the officer who was scheduled to testify against them was considered a turncoat.

But that was always the case, wasn't it? As far as she was concerned, Andy Polanski was a hero. For far too long, too many of the city's uniformed thugs had been virtually ignored when enforcing their own brand of justice and it was time for justifiable retribution. But she held no doubt about Polanski's safety in a department that viewed itself as being above the very laws it was charged with enforcing. The few right-thinking people within the CPD's leadership had also seen the potential for trouble and were intervening by transferring Polanski to another district. Although she had written about the need to protect him, she also knew that a tree of shame grew within the department and its branches reached to the highest levels. The Chicago Police Department was fiercely loyal to its own and viewed anyone who turned on them as the enemy. Polanski was fated to a short and unremarkable career in the CPD. It was unlikely he'd be safe anywhere.

She inched closer to the window as she punched the number into her phone. As soon as the voice came on line she said, "It's Christy. You got anything for me?"

"You looking for something in particular?"

“Polanski.”

“He’s yesterday’s news, Christy. Give it up. There’s more to our world than that guy.”

“As long as the riots continue, he’ll be relevant. There’s a story there and I want it.”

The voice sighed. “OK. I may have something, but I’m not sure.”

She dug through her purse for her notebook and pen while balancing the phone between her shoulder and ear. “Shoot.”

“There’s been some talk about Polanski being transferred to the 28th.”

Christy smiled. The 28th was in the loop, making it close to her home and work. “Is this just talk or do you have something concrete?”

There was a moment’s hesitation on the other end. “It’s pretty tight. It looks like he’s going to be working with Frank Campello.”

“Campello? Wasn’t he the detective who killed the suspect last week? When his partner was killed?”

“The same.”

She pulled to the order station. “Hold on.” She placed her order then said into the phone, “That’s not going to go down well. Campello a cop’s cop and he’s going to be working with *Polanski*? There’s going to be a firestorm over that.”

“It ain’t going to be pretty. A lot of the guys at the 28th are pretty upset by Adams’ death. He was well liked. Putting Polanski in the mix is like dropping a match in an Iraqi oil field.”

“Is he going in soon?”

“Maybe today. They’ve been trying to keep it hush-hush because of people like you.” There was irony in his voice. “The theory is that if no one knows where he’s going until he shows up, there will be less time to plan trouble.”

“What do you think?”

“Trouble’s coming either way. The man is going to meet with resistance.”

“Who’s the commander of the 28th?”

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“A guy named Lopez. Julio Lopez. He’s as straight as they come.”

“Just so I understand, you’re telling me that there’s been talk about a transfer and the 28th looks good for it?”

“Yeah. Probably because Rand Adams was killed in a shooting similar to the one that Polanski has involved himself with.” He snorted. “Irony. You’ve got to love it.”

“I prefer to think of it as drama. It makes for good news.”

“Maybe. But I think when this trial is over most of the drama will be over too. It’s all about the cleanup now.”