

ON THE LAST FRIDAY IN AUGUST, with sharp sunshine starting to lose out to ugly gray clouds, Detective Irwin Silverman of the 43rd Precinct kneels at a gravesite in St. Raymond's Cemetery in the Bronx. The headstone belongs to Jessica Guzman, a 10-year-old who was not even related to Silverman; in fact, by the time he first heard her name, she was already dead.

But over time, Jessica came to seem like his own blood. Silverman was one member of an extensive police task force that worked to put away the man whom authorities have called the first serial killer to strike New York City since Son of Sam.

Jessica's parents and four brothers are at St. Raymond's, too, along with the relatives and friends of two other murder victims. They have been waiting for today, when misery has given way to redemption, however slight. Earlier this afternoon, 31-year-old Alejandro "Alex" Henriquez was found guilty of killing Jessica as well as 14-year-old Shamira Bello and 21-year-old Lisa Ann Rodriguez. Henriquez won't be eligible for parole until 70 years into the next century.

Silverman is hardly out of place among the victims' families. During the investigation, he attended every Mass, every vigil, every demonstration—in part to seek out new evidence but also to let the families know that there are still New York City policemen who care only about protecting and serving. A 60-year-old man with silvery hair, a trim mustache, and a deep tan, Silverman fancies himself a detective of the old school, like the dog who doesn't even *think* about letting go of a bone until he has gotten to the marrow.

This was an investigation in which Silverman and his partner put in hundreds of hours of their own time, talking to every junkie, 5-year-old, or bodega owner who had ever heard of Alex Henriquez. Silverman, a 36-year veteran, likes to say that he has given the same devotion to every case he has ever worked. But right now, kneeling at the grave, even he might admit that this 10-year-old somehow demanded more.

"No matter how long I'm a cop, I can't believe what people do to one another," he says later, after enough clouds have gathered to produce a thunderstorm. "It's very slow work, what detectives do, but it's very important work: You're trying to do the avenging for somebody who isn't around to do the avenging for themselves."

JESSICA GUZMAN DISAPPEARED ON OCTOBER 10, 1990, after a summer in which children suddenly seemed expendable, losing their lives to stray bullets with alarming regularity. But for Jessica, the entire city seemed to stop and cringe. Perhaps it was the photograph that the newspapers ran, of a beautiful girl with shining brown eyes in her First Communion veil, her cheek tilted toward a white bouquet.

She was last seen late on a Wednesday

afternoon outside a grocery store on Castle Hill Avenue, a commercial strip running through her East Bronx neighborhood. She was wearing a white Tasmanian Devil T-shirt, blue jeans, and blue sneakers. Because Jessica lived in nearby Castle Hill Houses, the missing-persons call went out to the Housing Police as well as the 43rd Precinct.

Housing Detective Augustine Papay, a bullish, 42-year-old Hungarian, caught the case at 11:45 p.m. on October 10. He and his squad met with Jessica's distraught parents. Milagros Guzman, an accountant, and Wilfredo, a variety-store manager, said that Jessica was tough and smart, that she would never have gone off with a stranger unless it was against her will. The police began knocking on doors and searched every rooftop and Dumpster in the neighborhood.

At about 2 a.m., they finally located the two little girls Jessica had been playing with the afternoon before. But they could say only that they saw Jessica go home at about 5:30.

In the coming days, the police conducted around-the-clock searches, hoping that the girl had simply run away. Jessica's family and others led massive civilian searches. Each night, the TV news carried teary, haunting candlelight vigils as the community prayed in unison.

Meanwhile, a strange partnership had formed as Papay was joined in the search by Irwin Silverman.

A tireless and meticulous detective, Papay was also a blustery one, with something in his background that could make any potential partner wary: a two-year stint in the Internal Affairs Division, where policemen go after their own.

But Silverman had little to worry about from an IAD man: The worst he had ever been charged with was overzealousness. Silverman grew up in the Bronx, graduated from DeWitt Clinton High School, and made detective after three and a half years on the job. He earned a nickname, Silky, and became known as a cop who could convince a murder suspect that confessing and going to jail was the next best thing to hitting the lottery.

In 1974, Silverman helped start the Senior Citizens Robbery Unit. He spent the next fifteen years apprehending criminals who robbed, raped, and murdered the elderly, but continued to give safety lectures in what seemed like every senior-citizens complex in the Bronx. Silverman

made a career out of helping the helpless. Now, in 1990, Jessica Guzman was about as helpless as they come.

Silverman and Papay were teamed up on October 12, which was also the day that Alex Henriquez was first brought to the 43rd Precinct for questioning. Papay's men had recanvassed the neighborhood and met Henriquez at the Homer Avenue house of his girlfriend, Vivian Williams. Williams's daughter Christina was one of the two children with Jessica the afternoon she disappeared. Henriquez was married but also spent a lot of time with Williams; her children even called him their stepfather. He told the police that Jessica, Christina, and another little girl had briefly played in his car up on Castle Hill Avenue the afternoon of October 10, but that he had driven Christina and the other girl back to his girlfriend's house, while Jessica went home. His story seemed plausible, and he was perfectly cooperative, but Papay decided it



HENRIQUEZ WITH LAWYER MEL SACHS AT HIS SENTENCING.

wouldn't hurt to take him in for questioning.

By the time Papay got Henriquez to the precinct, a background check had been done: Not only had Henriquez been charged with scalding a 3-year-old boy—his wife's son from an earlier marriage—but he had been questioned the previous summer about the murder of two teenagers, one of whom was his niece. Further checking by the police would reveal that in 1988, the body of 14-year-old Shamira Bello, who had dated Henriquez's nephew, was found half naked near the police firing range at Rodman's Neck. And just four months before Jessica Guzman's disappearance, a 21-year-old named Lisa Ann Rodriguez had vanished. Like Bello, she turned up dead in a wooded area off a Bronx highway, also near a police facility. Henriquez



JESSICA GUZMAN AT HER FIRST COMMUNION.

was thought to have briefly dated Rodriguez.

"That's when we thought, Oh, God, this poor kid Jessica is gonna turn up dead under some trees," one detective remembers thinking.

But at the 43rd Precinct, Henriquez accounted for his actions after Jessica was last seen: He said he had stayed at his girlfriend's house on Homer Avenue until about 9 P.M., when he left to spend the night with his wife, Andrea Rosario, who had taken her own apartment recently.

Henriquez said he was upset by Jessica's disappearance and would gladly prove that he wasn't involved. A man's man, with a healthy swagger, Henriquez seemed to enjoy being around the cops and the stationhouse. He said he ran a livery-cab business and agreed to let Silverman and Papay take a look at the car he had been driving the day Jessica disappeared.

He watched with interest as the detectives led a bloodhound over the burgundy Lincoln Continental. But the dog found no trace of Jessica. Which seemed odd, as Henriquez had already acknowledged that she, along with the two other girls, had been playing in the car.

Still, Silverman and Papay stuck with Henriquez, hoping he might lead them to

Jessica. And he was always glad to jump into their unmarked car and take them wherever they wanted: to his apartment, to the places he used to live, to the homes of current and former girlfriends. Silverman and Papay both felt in their bones that the man in the back of their car was involved with Jessica's disappearance. But if so, he was one of the coolest liars they had ever run across.

Henriquez was with the detectives on October 17, seven days after Jessica had vanished, when a call came over their car radio: A body had been found one and a half miles up the Bronx River Parkway. Silverman would remember thinking it strange that Henriquez—who so clearly got a thrill out of police work—didn't want to come along for the ride.

At 5:10 in the afternoon, Silverman and Papay arrived at the scene, a few hundred feet south of Motorcycle One, a stationhouse for New York motorcycle cops. When they saw a white Tasmanian Devil shirt under a grove of trees, they felt their guts sink. "We were beat before we ever got started," Silverman said when he saw the advanced state of decomposition. It turned out that Jessica had been strangled and probably dumped the night she disappeared—just like Shamira Bello and, in all likelihood, Lisa Ann Rodriguez. The efforts of Silverman, Papay, and hundreds of others had been in vain.

Papay and Silverman would now investigate Jessica's murder, but without their third partner: Henriquez had grown angry that his name was all over the news as a "common denominator" in a batch of unsolved murders. Suddenly, he found it very hard to lease his cars.

But by being so cooperative before Jessica was found, Henriquez had given Silverman and Papay plenty to work with. In the coming months, they would come to the conclusion that this livery-cab driver—as he was described in the press—had not, in fact, actually picked up a fare in years. Instead, he would prove to be a masterful con man, a classic sociopath, and a stone-cold serial killer.

BY NOW, THE POLICE HAD formed a ten-member task force that sometimes swelled to as many as twenty. One pair of detectives was assigned to each murder Henriquez had been linked to, with Papay and Silverman sticking primarily to the Guzman case. That meant the detectives needed to learn everything they could about not only Jessica but Alex Henriquez.

"The whole hunt kept us going, whether we got paid for it or not," says Papay. "It was in our blood—to find the *truth*, whatever it was. And the truth was Alex. You know how a compass needle keeps pointing north even when you turn it to the south? Everywhere we went, everybody we talked to—it all kept pointing to Alex."

Henriquez grew up in the Hunts Point section of the Bronx, the youngest of seven siblings and stepsiblings. His father was a barber, and his mother worked in Manhattan's jewelry district as a polisher. The police suspected that Henriquez had been sexually abused into his teens; his mother, upset over a variety of family problems, moved back to her native Puerto Rico.

Although he dropped out of high school, Henriquez had a sharp mind and knew how to charm and manipulate people. While calm on the surface, he was no stranger to violence.

The task force learned that a niece of Henriquez's broke down a few years ago while she and her family discussed her upcoming wedding. She couldn't wear a white dress, she cried, because she wasn't a virgin: She said that, beginning when she was 9 years old, her teenaged uncle Alex had repeatedly raped her, often threatening her with a knife.

There was far more trouble to come. Henriquez would be arrested for sodomizing a girlfriend's 5-year-old daughter in New Jersey in 1983. In December 1988, he held Andrea Rosario's 3-year-old son underwater in a scalding bath. He beat Rosario, as well.

Still, Henriquez never had trouble attracting women. His face was blocky but handsome; he had thick, dark hair and an aura of intensity and extreme confidence. He wore expensive suits and jewelry, and was a prolific—if poor—lover, according to dozens of women Silverman and Papay talked to.

Because Henriquez was such a good liar and manipulator—"a magician and a genius in certain respects," says Papay—he always got his way. He claimed that he'd graduated from college and that he was a New York police detective or a DEA agent, carrying a .38 and a badge that was either real or a nearly perfect replica. It didn't hurt that he leased a silver Mercedes 420 SEL.

As much as Henriquez wanted sex, he wanted money just as badly. And he pooled all his lies, all his talents, to carry out whatever scams he could, from check

Modus Operandi

Jessica Guzman was strangled and, most likely, dumped the very night she disappeared. "We were beat before we ever got started," Silverman said.

forgery to classic, dupe-the-sucker cons that might net him as much as \$15,000.

Even Henriquez's livery-cab business was a con. He persuaded women—girlfriends and casual acquaintances alike—to lend him a credit card or even have a card issued in his name. He then rented cars, as many as fifteen at a time, and leased them to drivers at roughly double what he paid, promising to split the profits with his investor.

But Henriquez rarely seemed to have the cash to pay off the women, and when their credit-card bills came due, he would string them along, threaten them, or simply disappear.

THE DETECTIVES' PARTNERSHIP was working well. For those who felt Papay came on too strong, Silverman was more than happy to talk silky and sweet until the witness remembered something valuable about Henriquez or the victims. Silverman spent spare hours with Sara DeBoissiere, his fiancée, poring over his interview notes, trying to get a handle on Henriquez's tangled past.

"They used to laugh at me," says Silverman. "Well, not laugh, but the bosses—they wanted hard facts. In a circumstantial case, you don't get hard facts, so you gotta go into the guy's psyche. If you don't know him, where do you start? All you've got is a body."

Henriquez's web-of-lies life was starting to fray. The two detectives learned that before Andrea Rosario, Henriquez had been married to a woman named Nancy, who worked at the World Yacht Club in Manhattan. Papay discovered that in 1987, the club had been held up by two gunmen for \$20,000. Interestingly, Nancy was the only employee who wasn't tied up, nor would she submit to a polygraph test. Later, she was seen wearing a fur coat, and Henriquez bought a new motorcycle. It turned out that with Nancy's help, Henriquez and an accomplice named Luis Peña had done the World Yacht robbery.

On December 4, 1990, Peña was at the 43rd Precinct stationhouse, in the process of confessing. Suddenly, Henriquez showed up—on a separate matter, he said.

Never one to pass up an opportunity, Silverman struck up a conversation with Henriquez in a quiet office away from the squad room. Already he knew enough of Henriquez's past and had caught him in enough lies to be convinced he was the

killer, but without eyewitnesses or direct evidence, even a partial confession would be priceless.

"If you killed these kids," Silverman remembers telling him, "if this in fact happened, there has got to be a reason for it. And I'm willing to extend my hand to you, Alex. When you're sick, people want to help you. But when you're the Devil, people just want to bury you. Because who would do this? Does a normal person do what you did?"

Suddenly, there was a knock at the door. Henriquez was being put in a lineup for the robbery—immediately. Even though he had been under surveillance these past two months, police officials wanted to lock him up right away on the robbery charge. Silverman cursed the timing.

"I know if I had more time with Alex, there would have been a confession," says Silverman. "I may sound cocky, but *the man would have talked*. Yes, he would. Not having the opportunity is very frustrating—it was like the Devil whisked him away."

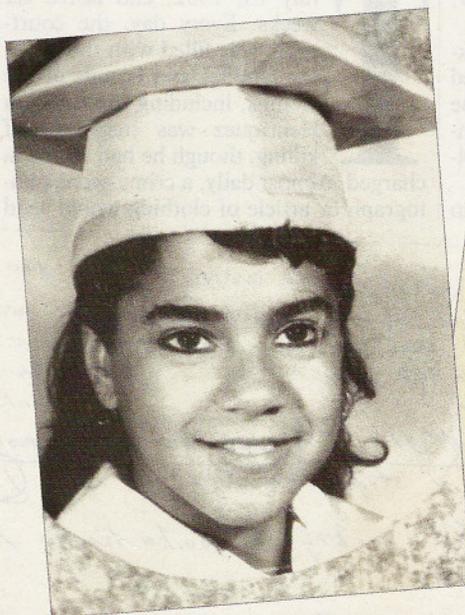
In return for concurrent sentences that totaled five to ten years, Henriquez pled guilty to both the World Yacht robbery and scalding the 3-year-old boy. But there wasn't yet enough evidence for murder indictments, even though Silverman and Papay by now knew that Henriquez was a textbook example of a sociopathic serial killer.

ROBERT RESSLER, WHO HELPED develop the FBI's vaunted Behavioral Science Unit, explains that sociopaths lie—as they do other things—for the thrill of it. "They *choose* not to tell the truth," he says. "Even when they don't have to lie, they do. Risk becomes adventurous to them, and the longer they go on, the more they think they can't be caught."

In his 1992 book *Whoever Fights Monsters*, Ressler divides serial killers into two categories: disorganized and organized. The organized killer chooses his victims and sets up crimes carefully, often using a ruse or con, and allows for a cooling-down period between killings. He is mobile, removing bodies from the murder site, and unruffled, often taking the victims' identification. Even if a sexual act is not carried out with the victim, the crimes are usually linked to sexual fantasies. He often employs police paraphernalia and, after a crime, injects himself into the investigation and follows the case in the media.

The description fits Henriquez perfectly, as does another of Ressler's conclusions about organized offenders: "As good con artists, with excellent verbal skills, they are often able to convince women to have sex with them."

But Silverman and Papay would hardly be allowed to stand in front of a jury and



SHAMIRA BELLO AND LISA ANN RODRIGUEZ.

"This is not a person who kills because of emotion," the prosecutor told the jury. "This is a person who considers murder, who plans it well."

read from Ressler's book. Evidence alone would convict Alex Henriquez. Fortunately, Henriquez proved to be more helpful to the task force from jail than out on the street.

He repeatedly telephoned Andrea Rosario. By January 1991, Rosario had learned that she and Henriquez had never really been married, since he had not divorced Nancy. But that is hardly what convinced Rosario that Henriquez was a murderer. Detective Papay had asked her to look at the crime-scene photograph of 21-year-old Lisa Ann Rodriguez. In the photo, Rosario saw that the dead woman was wearing a pair of pink sweat pants—that had belonged to *Rosario*.

When Henriquez called on January 22, Rosario confronted him about the pants—while a tape recorder rolled. Henriquez was contentious, saying he knew nothing about the pants, that he had nothing to do with killing Rodriguez or anybody else.

An hour later, he called back with a different story. He said he had let Rodriguez take a shower when she was locked out of her apartment and admitted that he had lent her the pink sweat pants. But that was it, he said. "I've never killed anybody in my life, and I don't think I ever will, Andrea," he said. "I'm not a murderer, I'm not sick, I'm not crazy—I'm just a f---ing liar."

In jail, Henriquez must have started to feel that his lies were no longer holding up—that he couldn't con people the way he used to. He summoned 18-year-old John Anthony Ramirez, a favorite nephew, whom he must have trusted very much.

Ramirez visited Henriquez in the Brooklyn House of Detention. Henriquez asked his nephew to call up the TV stations, the newspapers, and the 43rd Precinct, claiming to be the killer, thereby throwing suspicion off Henriquez.

Ramirez had once been fiercely loyal to his uncle. But he went to the task force with this information, creating a rift in the family, which remained convinced that Henriquez was innocent.

The police asked Ramirez to go back to the jail and tell Henriquez that he needed more details about the killings to convince the TV stations he wasn't a crank caller.

Henriquez fell for it. "He told me [to] tell them that Jessica was found ... with her bra cut open

in the front," Ramirez would later testify in court. "Lisa was found on the other side of the old St. Raymond's Cemetery, with a blue shirt and pink sweat pants, and Shamira had a bloody nose."

On a third visit, Henriquez added further details—including that Jessica's underpants were white with purple flowers—and even gave Ramirez a poorly written script to help him make the calls.

In most murder investigations, certain crime-scene details are withheld from the press and public so that, in an interview, a detective can gauge whether a suspect or witness is lying. In this case, though, with so much media coverage, with so many detectives, with so many bodies, it was hard to say which details had been released.

But not even Papay and Silverman themselves—or any other task-force member—knew of a cut in Jessica's bra, or the pattern of her underwear. Nor did the autopsy report contain this information. Jessica's undergarments, blackened by decompositional fluid, were reexamined. The bra had, indeed, been cleanly sliced across the front; the underpants, when the blackness was washed away, revealed a pattern: white with purple flowers.

On July 2, 1991, Henriquez was indicted in the murders of Jessica Guzman, Lisa Ann Rodriguez, and Shamira Bello.

THE TRIAL, IN STATE SUPREME court in the Bronx, began on July 15, 1992, and lasted six weeks. Every day, the courtroom was filled with the grieving families and friends of the victims, including those whom Henriquez was suspected of killing, though he had not been charged. Almost daily, a crime-scene photograph or article of clothing would send

a mother or aunt wailing into the hallway.

Henriquez himself was a changed man. Gone were the swagger, the mustache, the flashy suits—replaced by a short haircut, horn-rimmed eyeglasses, and an utterly emotionless demeanor.

Adding to the drama was Henriquez's lawyer, Mel Sachs. Dressed each day in an old-style three-piece suit, starched white shirt, and bow tie, Sachs would prove a maddening presence for the prosecutor, the gallery, even Judge Daniel Sullivan, who admonished Sachs endlessly. Sachs's objections turned into harangues; his cross-examinations were biting sarcasm, especially with police witnesses.

But Sachs knew what he was doing. Among the prosecution's parade of 39 witnesses, 15 were law-enforcement personnel. In the Bronx, where juries are historically suspicious of the police, Sachs's best defense may have been that Henriquez was framed by the task force.

Still, the case against Henriquez was by no means a lock. The task force had amassed a great deal of evidence, but it was entirely circumstantial: No one in the witness box would ever claim to have seen Henriquez strangle one of the victims or dispose of the body. There were no fingerprints, no blood samples, no murder weapon.

"You will hear about some of the most clever, the most skillful, murderous work," Edward Talty, the prosecutor, told the jury. "And you'll hear that he almost got away with it. This is not just a person who kills because of emotion or because of greed—this is a person who considers murder, who plans it, who plans it well."

There was also the matter of Henriquez's history. Even though Andrea Rosario would testify that Henriquez had beaten her—and once told her that the best

way to kill someone was to come up from behind and strangle him—the jury would never hear of all the physical and sexual abuse perpetrated by Henriquez, on the grounds that it was prejudicial.

What the jury would hear was how Henriquez trafficked in lies and secrets. When first questioned by task-force detectives, he had denied even knowing Lisa Ann Rodriguez or Shamira

I called you to warn you put you didn't
listen I will strike again were when show
But soon my this time you'll believe me
(4) 201-348-3844
New York News
Daily News
and All the other ~~newspapers~~ channels Newpost
I will stop when I reach Big (13)
So far lucky 7 hahaha ha hung up

THE INCRIMINATING NOTE HENRIQUEZ GAVE TO HIS NEPHEW.

Bello. In fact, Henriquez knew both victims well enough to set up meetings with them, apparently making them pledge to keep the rendezvous a secret.

He had also set up a meeting with Jessica Guzman and made her promise to keep it a secret. But, perhaps because she was only 10 years old, she hadn't done that. Every day, Jessica walked a younger girl named Tracy home from school. On October 10, 1990, Jessica was in a terrible hurry with Tracy, saying she had to help the father of a friend who lived on Homer Avenue buy a birthday present. Jessica had told her mother a similar story but said she was helping the *mother* of a friend.

Because of these clues, and because Detectives Silverman and Papay had pieced together Henriquez's carefully choreographed plan, the jury was able to hear in far greater detail than in the other cases how Jessica Guzman disappeared and lost her life.

AMONG JESSICA'S after-school playmates were Christina and Eric Williams, who lived on Homer Avenue with their mother, Vivian, Henriquez's girlfriend. Henriquez liked to tease Jessica and Eric, who was also 10, about getting married someday.

Henriquez told Jessica that Eric's birthday was coming up and that he deserved a special present—maybe a bicycle. But Henriquez needed Jessica to help him hide the present and keep it a secret.

On Wednesday, October 10, Henriquez must have arranged to meet Jessica just after school. At about 2:30 P.M., he was waiting in a burgundy Lincoln Continental a block from St. John Vianney School, on Castle Hill Avenue. But a high-school friend of Henriquez's drove by—twice—and waved at him.

Henriquez must have known he'd been spotted, and went back to Vivian Williams's house on Homer Avenue, a few blocks away. Just before five, Christina Williams, Jessica, and Nyree, another playmate, showed up at the house. Jessica must have wondered why Alex hadn't met her after school.

The three girls announced they were going up to the Associated supermarket on Castle Hill Avenue, just a few hundred yards away. Henriquez waited for the girls to leave, then jumped into his car and beat them to the store.

In the parking lot, Henriquez sent Christina and Nyree inside to buy what they needed. Jessica stayed with him. They were probably alone in the front seat of his car for ten minutes, during which time Henriquez must have told Jessica what to do: When the other girls came back, Jessica was to say that she had to get some keys from her brother, and run toward her apartment building. Then she was to double back and wait for Henriquez.

Jessica apparently did just that while Henriquez drove the two girls back to Homer Avenue. He dropped them off and left immediately.

No one knows what Henriquez wanted from Jessica—perhaps just to drive around with a pretty young girl or, more likely, something entirely different. Henriquez was not seen for the next 75 minutes

THE JURY, ELEVEN MEN AND ONE woman, got the case on the afternoon of Tuesday, August 25. The jury watch was as tense as the trial itself: One day, members of the victims' families had a skirmish with Henriquez's mother, who had returned from Puerto Rico for the trial.

At 2:55 P.M. on Friday, August 28, the jury announced it had reached a verdict. The foreman, Al Frazier, rose. Before the clerk could even complete his instructions for dispensing the verdict on Shamira Bello, Frazier blurted out: "Guilty." Lisa Ann Rodriguez: "Guilty." Jessica Guzman: "Guilty."

One by one, family members exploded, their accumulated grief finally finding an outlet. Alex Henriquez cast his eyes downward after the verdicts were announced,

but remained a portrait of stoniness. As he was led away, Milagros Guzman screamed at him, "Bastard! Bastard! I hope they kill you in there!"

By the time Detective Silverman reached the courthouse, the pandemonium was over. He headed for the elevator and the sixth floor, where the families were gathering before facing the press for what they hoped would be the last time. Suddenly, a shrill shout rang out.

"Are you happy now?" It was Nilda Henriquez, Alex's mother. She and Silverman were alone in the vast hallway.

"Are you happy now?" She jabbed her finger into



THE GUZMAN FAMILY AT JESSICA'S FUNERAL.

or so, and Jessica, of course, would never be seen again. Maybe she started screaming when she realized they weren't going to buy a bicycle.

Henriquez returned to Homer Avenue at about 7:30 and stayed until nine. He then went to spend the night with Andrea Rosario. Rosario remembered that Henriquez went to sleep with her that night and that he was there when she woke up. But she also remembered that he often went out in the middle of the night, as he must have done in the early hours of October 11. For at about one o'clock in the morning, a gambler named Sal Rivera saw Henriquez on the shoulder of the Bronx River Parkway, about 75 feet from where Jessica's body would be found. Rivera stopped, because it looked like car trouble, but Henriquez told him to mind his business. Rivera drove on, thinking no more of the incident until he saw a newspaper story about a murdered 10-year-old girl. And the picture beside the story was of Alex Henriquez.

Silverman's face; he stepped back.

"He could have been saved," Silverman told her. "He needed help."

"Don't you have a family of your own?" she shouted back.

"He needs help up here——" Silverman tapped his temple. "He needs help, and you never gave it to him."

She froze. Silverman stepped into the elevator. One last time, she played the only card she had, and her shout rang off the marble walls as the elevator door closed.

"ARE YOU HAPPY NOW?"

Satisfied, yes; happy, no. There was no joy among the Guzmans or the Rodriguezes or the Bellos, whom Silverman would later accompany to the cemetery. There was even less joy among the other families upstairs, whose children's murders remained unsolved. It was all well and good to pursue a man like Alex Henriquez and help send him to jail. But when Silverman learned to undo the evil that had already been done—perhaps then he would be happy.