

# Some Kind of Justice

*Linda B.*

## *Chapter One*

Hutch glanced at the clock on the wall for what felt like the hundredth time in the last fifteen minutes. Shaking his head and sighing, Hutch couldn't help hoping his notoriously late partner would walk through the door before their captain returned from his early morning briefing with the commissioner. Starsky had been late twice this week already, and Hutch didn't want to be anywhere near his partner when their captain discovered he was late again. Taking a sip of coffee, he looked up to see Captain Dobey standing at the squadroom door talking with a patrolman, Dobey's bulk effectively blocking the doorway and Starsky's entrance.

As the door was pushed open, Hutch grabbed one of the case files on his desk, trying to look busy. Sensing Dobey's approach, Hutch hurriedly began scribbling notes on the report.

"Your partner's late again, Hutchinson." Dobey's deep voice startled Hutch, even though he'd braced for it.

Without looking up, Hutch busily continued working. "He'll be here any sec, Cap'n."

"I told both of you yesterday that we had an eight o'clock meeting." Dobey, looking at his watch, continued impatiently, "It's eight-fifteen and he's late."

"He had to make a stop on the way..."

"He stops on his own time."

Grinning, Starsky nonchalantly sat on the desk, resting his left foot on the seat of his chair. He'd entered the room with his finger to his lips to ensure Hutch's silence, and then sat down unobserved by his captain. "Mornin', Cap'n."

"You're late again, Starsky!" Dobey barked, turning to glare at his curly-haired detective.

"I picked up something for you, Cap'n," Starsky offered in explanation, winking at his partner.

Looking at the bag Starsky had laid on the desk, Dobey's eyes widened suspiciously. "For me?"

"Yeah. I heard you lost five pounds, so I stopped to pick you up something to celebrate."

"What's that?"

“Some doughnuts.” Opening the bag and reaching inside, the glint in Starsky’s eyes belied his innocence. “I picked up your favorite—chocolate covered.”

“And yours,” Hutch mumbled, shaking his head at his partner warningly. “What?”

As Dobe’s attention shifted toward him, Hutch smiled innocently, avoiding his partner’s laughing eyes. “Nothin’, Cap’n. Aren’t you late for a meeting?”

Dobe straightened up, remembering his original purpose. “Both of you, my office. Now!”

Heading toward his office, Dobe turned back just as he neared the door. Taking the chocolate covered doughnut Starsky still extended toward him, he continued through the open doorway, adding, “It’s a good thing Lieutenant Jackson called to say he couldn’t get here until eight-thirty.” Neither detective saw the self-satisfied smirk on his face.

Standing up, Starsky followed Hutch toward Dobe’s office. As he reached the doorway, the brunet snapped his fingers and turned back. Grabbing the brown bag off the desk, Starsky reached in and pulled out a doughnut, biting into it as he pulled the door shut behind him with his foot.



Hearing a knock at the door, Dobe called out, “Come on in, Jackson.”

Hutch shifted in his chair, and Starsky tossed the crumpled-up bag into the trash. After looking around sheepishly, he wiped the chocolate still remaining on his fingers onto his well-worn pant leg, before turning toward the opening door. A tall, blond-haired detective about forty-five years old entered the office. Nodding in recognition, he extended his hand to shake Dobe’s. “Morning, Captain Dobe. I’m sorry I had to call and delay the meeting.”

“Not a problem, Jackson.” Dobe turned and glared at his two seated detectives. “Seems you weren’t the only one who had to make a stop this morning.”

Jackson nodded and smiled, acknowledging the two seated detectives. “Starsky. Hutchinson. Nice to see you again.” Walking up to them, Jackson placed one hand on Hutch’s shoulder, indicating he should stay seated, while shaking Hutch’s hand with his other. As Starsky half rose from his seat and leaned in front of Hutch, Jackson reached across to greet him. “Long time no see, Starsky. You keepin’ out of trouble? Or is your partner here responsible for that?”

“Always, Jackson. Always.” Starsky grinned warmly.

“So you men know each other?” Dobby asked, surprised.

Hutch nodded. “Yeah, Captain, we meet a few years back when Starsky and I helped out Robbery when they were short-handed. If I remember right, Edith had dragged you back East for a family wedding.”

Grimacing at the memory, Dobby indicated for Jackson to sit down. “What can we do for you, Bob?”

“Well, to be honest, I need your help again. We’ve been snowed under with a heavy load of robberies. They’ve been happening all over town: jewelry stores, warehouses, and the last couple nights some liquor stores have been hit.”

“You think they’re related?” Hutch asked.

“Didn’t think so, but after last night I’m not so sure.”

“What made you change your mind?”

“Some gut level feelings. A few similarities between the liquor store robberies led me to believe that they’re being done by the same people, but we’re working on linking the jewelry heists and the warehouses. We’re still cross-checking some fingerprints lifted at all the crime scenes.”

“What kind of help are you looking for?” asked Starsky, curious. “Anybody been murdered?”

“Until today, no. A security guard was injured at one of the jewelry stores and he’s recovering at home, but a night watchman at one of the warehouses wasn’t so lucky. He was shot twice and, unfortunately, died this morning. That’s why I was late. I stopped at the hospital on my way here,” Jackson added somberly.

Starsky sought Hutch’s eyes. “So what do you want from us?”

Jackson shifted his gaze between the two detectives before turning to face Dobby. “Captain Dobby, I’d like to specifically ask for Detectives Starsky and Hutchinson’s assistance on these cases. Their reputation for getting the job done quickly and efficiently is well known. In fact, the last time they helped us out, we successfully cracked the case in just a few days. I think with their help we’ll be able to do the same again, that we can do it before someone else gets killed.”

“Look, Lieutenant Jackson. I can appreciate your need and your desire to solve these cases, but my men are swamped with cases of their own. They have a couple trials coming up and three high-profile murders they’re working on already. I can give you—”

Jackson shook his head, a distant look in his eyes. “No, Captain, you don’t understand. I have to find these men as soon as possible.”

“It’s personal, isn’t it?” Hutch asked, shifting forward in his chair.

Lieutenant Jackson studied Hutch for a moment, then slowly walked to the window, staring at the sun’s rays dancing off the buildings. “Yeah, it’s personal. The night watchman that died this morning...he was retired. A retired officer who was trying to earn a few extra bucks, trying to stretch his policeman’s pension.”

Starsky looked at his partner, both sensing there was more, and then studied the back of the man standing at the window. “Jackson, this retired policeman, what was his name?”

“Name?” As though confused for a moment, Bob Jackson turned and stared at the three men watching him. “His name? Harold Jackson. My father.”



After agreeing to release Starsky and Hutchinson to help with the investigations, DobeY dismissed his men and met privately with Bob Jackson. About thirty minutes later, DobeY entered the squadroom.

“How’s Lieutenant Jackson doing, Cap’n?” Starsky asked, looking up from the report he’d been studying.

“He’ll be fine, Starsky. I talked him into taking a couple personal days to help his mother and see to the funeral, but I’m not sure he won’t be back sooner. He’s bound and determined to find whoever did this as quickly as possible.”

“Can you blame him?”

“Can’t say that I do.” DobeY paused a moment. “I told him you two would join his team in a couple of days, right after the Samuelson trial.”

“I think we should start immediately,” Hutch suggested.

“There’s work to finish around here on that trial first. The commissioner expects a conviction and so do I. The newer cases, well...I’ll reassign those.”

“Cap’n, shouldn’t Jackson excuse himself from heading—?”

“No,” Starsky interrupted. “Bob needs to find whoever killed his father, and taking him off the case isn’t gonna stop him from lookin’.”

“You’re right,” DobeY agreed. “For now, I won’t say anything to his superiors. If it jeopardizes his men, or either of you, I’ll get him yanked immediately.” DobeY started

for his office but stopped to add, “He’ll be in his office for a few minutes, if you want to stop by for the case files. I told him you’d want to review them.”

“Sure, Cap. We’re on our way.” Starsky stood and headed toward the door, Hutch close on his heels.

“And, Starsky?”

“Yeah, Cap?”

“I didn’t forget.”

“Forget what?”

“That’s three times so far this month, and it’s only half over. It happens again and you’re on report. Understood?”

Opening the door, Starsky winked at Hutch and turned to salute.



Knocking hesitantly on Jackson’s office door, Hutch opened it slowly. He’d heard a voice inside, but wasn’t sure if it was directed at him. Sticking his head around the door, he saw Jackson standing next to his desk talking on the phone, waving them in. Hutch, followed closely by Starsky, walked into the room.

“Thanks, I’ll be back in a couple days. Until then, you can get hold of Sergeant Erickson. He’ll be in charge in my absence.” Hanging up the phone, Bob Jackson turned to greet them. “Glad Dobey agreed to let you guys help out Robbery. Hope you don’t mind?”

Hutch smiled. “Of course not, Bob. We’re happy to help out any way we can. Dobey said you’d have the case files for us.”

“I’ve asked my clerk to gather them together. Should be ready in a couple of minutes.”

“We have an appointment with the DA on the Samuelson trial. We can always stop back after that.”

“Fine.” Jackson aimlessly shifted through the papers on his desk, as though searching for something.

“Go home, Bob.”

“I will, but—”

“No but’s, Lieutenant. We can’t solve anything immediately.” Hutch placed his hand on Jackson's forearm. “We’ll get whoever did this. I promise you.”

Jackson looked at the two detectives, as he obviously struggled with his need to be with his family and his desire to be on the streets finding his father's murderer. Seeing Starsky nod in agreement, he sighed and agreed. "Okay, I'll get outta here. My family is waiting for me at the funeral home."

"Good. We'll see you in a few days." Hutch intentionally guided Jackson toward the door.

Starsky watched Hutch and Jackson as they spoke briefly at the doorway. He was still staring at the door when his partner quietly approached him. "What's up, Starsk? Lost in thought?"

"Think we'll be like that someday?"

"Like what? Like Jackson? He's a good cop, respected..."

"No." Starsky's gaze sought out Hutch's. "Like Jackson's dad. To survive twenty-five years or more as a cop and end up dying 'cause you're workin' as a night watchman tryin' to make ends meet?"

Before he could formulate a response, Jackson's blonde clerk walked in and, to Hutch's relief, distracted his partner. *Who knows, Starsk? Some days I just hope we live long enough to find out.*



***End of Chapter One***