It was a cold, windy night, and Detective Johnsen was out to find his thief. Just one week ago, the robberies had began. Every night, at exactly 12:02, alarms would be sounding from security systems being set off and the police being called. About three years before, there had been a similar case that was set on Detective Johnsen's desk, but, after a long, grueling year, the case was abandoned. There had been a cease to the robberies, and no suspects had ever been proven guilty. The crime levels had dropped, and the town seemed as happy and lively as ever, until now.

It was a usual night when the robberies had began. At nine, all the shops closed up and people went to bed. But, everything was not as usual, because, that night, the first of the outbreaks of heists began. The phone rang at 12:02, waking Johnsen from his bed.

A jeweler was up, watching the news, when his alarms all began to sound. By the time he got down to his business, all of his diamonds, rubies, and pearls were gone, with no robber in sight.

His alarm system was programmed to call the police when it is set off, however, it seemed as if it had been tampered with. Johnsen seemed quite puzzled by the occurrence. He searched the entire scene, looking for any clues, but, the only sign of someone robbing the place was the absence of jewels and the abundance of broken glass shattered all over the floor. He hunted for any clue that, maybe, just maybe, it could have been the same person from three years ago, on a goal to complete his unfinished business, to bankrupt the town.

"Johnsen, I think I found something" yelled one of the new men of the workforce, Joe.

"What?" asked Detective Johnsen, convinced that it was nothing.

"You should probably come and see for yourself."

"Fine, I'll be right over." Detective Johnsen walked over to the where the fireplace lay, where Sergeant Joe Colter was standing. "What did you find?"
“It appears to be an old nickel, I don’t know why it’s in the ashes though. It’s probably nothing, just looked odd.”

Johnsen picked up the nickel and examined it. “Nothing unusual about it, just your average old nickel from 1965.” Then he just stood there in horror, dropping the nickel upon the floor.

“What’s wrong!?!?” yelled Joe, concerned about his new boss.

“Nine, nineteen, nineteen sixty-five?” asked Johnsen in terror.

“Yeah, what’s special about that?” asked Joe, confused about why Johnsen was so scared.

“It’s The Scarleton.” Johnsen said solemnly.

“Who’s the Scarleton?” Joe asked.

“That’s impossible, he disappeared over two years ago.” said chief of police, Harry Bugel.

“Who disappeared?!?” asked Joe, very confused.

“He was, is, a thief. He was guilty of more than 20 heists three years ago, now 21.”

began Detective Johnsen.

“But, how could it possibly be him, and why now?” inquired Bugel.

“I don’t know, but who else could it be?”

The day continued, with no reasoning to the robbery in site. After about two hours at the scene, they had went back to the detective agency. Johnsen currently pulling up the old files on the Scarleton, connecting all of the possible similarities. However, there was just one thing that just didn’t seem to fit in. Every detail was perfect, directly resembling the Scarletons old moves, except one. Three years ago, all of the jewelers and bankers were robed in a certain manner,
but never had the Scarleton ever left broken glass, he had always broken into safes in a careful
manner, not shattering everything in his way.

Now Johnsen was starting to question if this was really the old Scarleton, back to finish
off the town, or if his mind was just playing tricks with him, trying to connect any possible link,
even where there weren't any.

"It's time to move on." he told himself. "There is no reason in being paranoid."

"What did you say?" asked Joe as he was walking by.

"That it's time to bring in a suspect."

"Who?" asked Joe, curious how anyone could be proven guilty this early on in the
investigation.

"Come on, get your coat, you can come along for this one." Johnsen told Joe.

They got in the car and began to drive down to Fifth street, where Mary Rose lived.

When they pulled up to the house, she was outside, getting the mail.

"Good morning sirs, how may I help you?" Mary asked.

"We would like to question you on the occurrences of the robbery last night." Johnsen
answered.

"Well, ok, but I don't know how much of help I can be."

"I only have one question for you. May I see your change purse?" the Detective asked.

Confused, Mary hands over her change purse, surprised when all the Detective does is
look through a few coins, then hand it back.

"That is all, thank you for your time." said Johnsen as he walked away, content with his
current findings.
As the day progressed, Johnson and Joe went to more and more houses asking the same, simple, but confusing question. The Detective would look at the wallets, some for longer than others, and hand them back.

It was finally about nine when they ended their masquerade for the night. Joe was more confused than ever like an English speaker in Spain, not understanding Johnsen's reasonings. But, there was reasoning to it.

Johnsen waited and waited, and at exactly 12:02, the phone rang. The city bank had been robbed. Johnsen went down to the bank to investigate. When he arrived, Joe was waiting for him, and Bugel was getting out of his car.

"It's just like yesterday sir, 12:02, shattered glass, the nickel from 1965." explained Joe.

"Yeah, exactly the same." said Johnsen. "But still, the broken glass. It was as if a copycat robber had imitated the Scarleton, but missed one detail."

All three of the men walked into the bank looking for clues. Just as Joe had said, the details were exactly the same as the night before. Little investigating was needed, due to the fact that there was little evidence remaining. Then suddenly, an idea went through Detective Johnsen's mind.

"Joe, where were you before here?" Jonsen asked.

"Well, I was in the neighborhood, visiting my mom, that's why I was the first one here." answered Joe.

"How did you get here so fast"?

"Like I said, I was in the neighborhood."

"I don't doubt that, but I don't believe you were at your moms' house." inquired Johnsen

"What are you trying to get at here?"
“Yesterday you were the only one who did not have your wallet checked. Would you please hand it over?”

“Fine, that’s fine with me, I have nothing to hide.” Joe said as he handed over his wallet. Johnsen opened it up. “Just as I thought.” he said, as the contents of the wallet were dumped inside of his hand. “Five nickels.”

“What’s so weird about that?” asked Joe in a strange tone.

“From 1965!” Johnsen proclaimed. “I have a feeling that the reason you knew so much about this case is because you are the Scarleton. That is why you were the first one on the scene.”

“That’s impossible, I lived in California three years ago.”

“Yes, yes, but there was one thing you did wrong.” explained the detective. “The old Scarleton never left broken glass. Bugel, check his car, you will find the stolen goods.”

“You can’t, I know my rights, the fourth amendment states that the right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated.”

“I’ve already taken care of that, I have a warrant.” Johnsen said triumphantly.

When the car was checked, the stolen money and jewels were found, and Joe Colter was taken to prison. Although the original Scarleton was still never found, Johnsen was happy, and discovered that there was more to life than hunting after the Scarleton, and moved on.