



Dominique's Story

Victory Day

Montreal, Quebec, a time not long ago

“Good morning, Montreal. It's 5:45 in the AM and you're listening to the Morning Crew on Q92 FM. News ahead, but right now the latest from Avril Lavigne. Here's Girlfriend, on Q92, Montreal's home of rock!” The radio blared loudly for about a minute, then a hand reached out, savagely smashing down the snooze button. The silence that followed was only disturbed by the rustling of bed sheets and a soft groaning of protest as the slumbering figure began to rise. Albeit, slowly and with a great deal of reluctance. A hand reached out toward the night stand table, lazily turning on the lamp. A small cry of protest and shock echoed in the small room as the reading lamp seemed much brighter than it usually was. A sleepy hand reached up, scratching through the long hair on her head,

and slowly she searched the floor with her feet, finally finding her slippers.

As she sat on the edge of the bed, contemplating laying back down, the internal struggle that occurs early every morning, she let out a protesting groan as she heard her mother's voice.

“Dominique,” came the much more awake sound of her mother's call. “Come on, honey. You have to be at work at eight. Your papa will drive you.”

“Ngh!” was the only response Dom made as she remained on the edge of her bed, unmoving, not feeling the need to muster the willpower needed to merely move.

“Come on, Dominique,” came her mother's voice with a much more firm tone. “I don't hear you movin' around.”

“I'm movin', I'm movin',” she called back as she stomped her feet on the floor. She stopped as her alarm went off again, the lyrics of Girlfriend blaring their explicit material *'Don't pretend I think you know I'm damn precious, And Hell Yeah I'm the motherfucking princess'*. She stared at the alarm clock for a moment

before slamming her hand down on it. “Tink I 'ate Avril Lavigne now,” she muttered to herself. With a great deal of effort, she rose to her feet and stumbled over to the terry cloth bathrobe that rested on her desk chair. This early in the morning, everything would be done slowly.

“Morning, Dominique,” a voice said behind her. Dom nearly jumped out of her skin, not expecting to hear her father. Her eyes were wide as she turned to look at him with a mix of shock and some anger. All he could do was chuckle. “Sorry, 'bout that, Dom. I thought you could use the pick me up.”

“Ain't dat what coffee is for?” she asked with a huff and moved over to her small pile of clothes. Gingerly, she pulled out what looked like a pair of red and white leotards and separated them carefully, adding a pair of red gloves to the mix. “Dese gonna need washin’,” she remarked as she tried to hold her breath. “Adda chase some little t'ief t'rough de sewers las' night. Not fun.”

Her father studied her a moment, finally moving to her side as he reached up to her face, tilting her head up just a bit. Dom protested a bit, but let her father take a

closer look at the nice, new shiner that she received. “That's a pretty good one,” he commented as he shook his head. “This guy give you a tough time, eh?”

“E decide to jump in de sewer,” she said in a matter of fact tone. “I'm not kiddin', you know. I jump in after 'im wit'out tinkin', an' 'e blindside me wit' 'is fist. Fortunately, 'e got a terrible left 'ook.” Her father shook his head and dropped his hand as he sighed. Dom could tell what he was thinking just by his body language. “I roughed 'im up pretty good, bu' not 'nough ta 'ospitalize 'im.”

“You just be careful, Dominique,” was all her father said. That was all he said to her. He couldn't very well tell her he disproved of her gallivanting around in a red and white costume, calling herself Canadiens and hauling in criminals. He'd be playing a double standard, because he did the same thing when he was Dom's age.

The small conversation was interrupted quickly as Dom's mother burst into the room. “Come on, come on, Dominique. You have to eat breakfast an' get dress into your uniform. You've only been working at dat Tim

Hortons for a month, if you late dey gonna fire you,” she said as she rushed through Dom's room picking up scattered clothes. When she reached the familiar red and white uniform she stopped, as she sniffed carefully. She furrowed her brow and looked over at her daughter. “What did you do, run through a pig barn las' night?”

“Sewer, actually, mama,” Dom replied using her matter of fact tone. “It were a sewer.”

Her mother shook her head and stuffed the uniform haphazardly into the laundry duffel, then looked to Dom for a moment. Again, she conducted a sniff test, and again she furrowed her brow. “Shower. Now. Come on, Dominique. You smell worse den a pig. Go.” With a gentle shove from her mother, Dom trudged off to the bathroom. Within a few minutes the sound of water streaming from the shower head could be heard.

Monika Turgeon carried the full laundry duffel downstairs as her husband, Jean Pierre followed close behind. “I respect her want to do dis, JP, really I do,” she said with a mild huff. “But is dangerous. I worry so much about her.”

“I do too,” he replied with a shrug. “But you know how she is. Very strong willed and determined.”

“I call dat pig headed, sometime,” she said with a smirk as she dropped the duffel down a chute before looking to her husband yet again. “She get dat from you, you know.”

“Maybe so,” he replied with a smile. “But she get a lot of things from you too.” He stepped closer to his wife and rested a comforting hand on her shoulder. “You don't have to get so worked up about this, Monika.”

“I'm not work up, JP,” she replied defensively.

“Yes you are,” he said with a chuckle. “You always call me JP when you are worked up.” With the revelation, he backed up quickly, laughing lightheartedly as he recognized the look in his wife's eyes.

Seven hours earlier

“I swear,” Canadiens shouted as she ran after the thug. “You make me late for my shift at Tim Hortons tomorrow mornin', den I come to jail an' kick you ass again, mon ami!” She'd been running full tilt for six

blocks as she chased the perp. Police suspected this was the man responsible for a rash of late night snatch and grabs. Thanks to some friends on the force, Canadiens became a part of the sting operation to draw him out. Sting may be a rather strong term, as it was conducted mostly by two Montreal Metro Police officers and Canadiens. No official channels sanctioned the actions, but they also didn't condemn them either. Her boots splashed through the puddles from the fresh evening rain as she tried to keep pace with the thug. "Wish I could run a bit faster," she muttered to herself.

The suspect was desperate, running blindly, hoping that his erratic movements would mean eventually losing his pursuer. He expected the cops, but he didn't expect the red and white clad figure of Canadiens. A lot of his buddies talked about her, that she'd be a push over. His buddies were wrong. Desperately, he looked around the streets for some kind of escape.

Then he saw it.

An open man hole, probably left open by a forgetful city crew. He had to move quickly, Canadiens

was right on his heels. Without thinking he dived in, grabbing onto the ladder to slow his decent. It was dark, but good enough for him. He could try and blindside her if she followed.

She didn't disappoint.

Canadiens landed with a splash in the muck and mire of the sewers, cursing mildly in Quebecois as she realized the soup she had landed in. “Tabarnack, merde,” came the last curse from her lips. She stood still, allowing her eyes to adjust to the darkness, but she felt something slam into her face. Canadiens stumbled a moment, but caught herself from taking a tumble into the stench. She blinked her eyes and caught sight of the assailant as he wound up for another blow, one which she caught with ease. Canadiens and her assailant stood staring at each other a moment before the red and white clad vigilante finally spoke.

“You know,” she said slowly as she checked her face for blood. “I do myself a disservice when I say dis, but, you really 'it worse 'en a girl, you know, mon ami?” To punctuate the statement she slammed a closed fist right

square into the assailant's face, reached over his shoulders and grabbed the back of his jacket. She pulled it up, over his head and drove her knee into his face. The assailant was spun around viciously, he became disoriented, which allowed Canadiens' arm to wrap around his neck from behind. "So glad my Uncle Danielle is a pro wrestler," she said as her arms moved into a sleeper hold around the assailant. "E taught me dis move an' you de lucky guy for me to practise on, non."

He struggled for a bit, but eventually slipped into unconsciousness. With little effort, Canadiens flipped the thug over her shoulder. Her size was deceiving. She could lift a lot more than she let on, and move a lot faster than most would think she was capable of. Her only problem was climbing the ladder out of the stench.

It took a few minutes, with the thug slung over her back, but she managed. There to greet her were the two Metro Police officers. They helped her drag the thug up, cuffed him and tossed him into the back of the cruiser. As the thug was put away, Canadiens took a breather on the sidewalk.

“Everything alright, Dom?” Kowalsky asked as he slammed the door closed on the cruiser, his Anglo background betraying him. A good officer, though. Both officers knew who Canadiens was, as she herself admitted it to them.

“Oh, you know,” she replied in a strained voice as she leaned back, letting her muscles relax after the workout. “Runnin' ten blocks, gettin' 'it, an' dat after jumpin' into de sewers.”

Frechette chuckled lightly as she joined her partner. “At least you got 'im, eh. We may 'ave somet'in' for you tomorrow to 'elp wit', if you willin', eh.” Canadiens looked up to Officer Frechette, the look in her eyes enough to allow the officer to continue. “Dat serial rapist, we got a bead on 'is pattern. We tink we know where 'e gonna 'it next. An' wha' time.”

“What time you need me?” Canadiens asked without stating one way or the other if she'd help. She'd heard about this guy on the news. Often she'd have heated discussions with her parents about tracking him down. And each time, her mother would forbid it. And now, the

police were asking for help.

“Seven thirty,” Kowalsky replied. “Meet us in back of Metro.”

“Awww, not in de front?” Canadiens said with a smile.

“Eh, Dom. You know Inspector Manchester's t'oughts about you,” Frechette reminded her. It was true, the top investigator with Metro would rather see Canadiens behind bars than on the streets. Such is the life of a costumed vigilante. She'd have to get used to it. At least she could ask what her father would do, as he had to endure the same. Canadiens merely nodded and rose to her feet with some help from Kowalsky. “You need a ride 'ome?” Frechette offered, more to be polite than anything.

“Naw, it's okay,” Canadiens replied with a shrug. “I got my bike not far from 'ere. I jus' ride it back.” The two officers nodded and waved as she began to move off down the street. As she walked, she thought what the officers must be thinking when she mentioned her bike. They probably thought it was some hot street machine that she'd use to race to crime scenes.

Flag on my Backpack

Tim Holtorf

Let them think that, they didn't have to know a thing about her scooter.

Farewell to Nova Scotia

The present

The car pulled into the parking lot of the Tim Hortons and idled as the occupants said their good days. Eventually, Dominique opened the door and threw her ragged backpack over her shoulder. Inside she kept things like her diary, laptop, pens, pencils and various pieces of scrap paper, just in case she was working shift with her friends and band mates. That way they could brainstorm lyrics and music styles when the coffee crowd was at a lull. Seven forty five in the morning, however, would prove that it wouldn't be a slow start to the day.

Dom limped into the building, giving a wave to the Tim's regulars that stayed for a coffee, doughnut and their morning Gazette. As luck should have it, she had shift with three of her favourite people. Michelle Villeneuve, a racy chick that read Gothic literature, collecting anything

and everything from Neil Gaiman's comic writing days of Sandman and Death. Especially Death. Dom still didn't know how the blond bombshell did it, though, never dying her hair black, but managing to pull off a scary goth look. Even at work. Then there was Yves Manderville, the Montreal rapper, as he so affectionately called himself. A well built, dark skinned hunk that most of the teen crowd that came in and swooned over. Good thing for them they didn't know the things Dom did. And then there was Yves' sister, Jacqueline. When one is first introduced to her, she would always come across as quiet, pleasant and polite. It wasn't until the four toured the clubs that new acquaintances would find out just how hardcore she was.

“Salut, Dom,” Michelle called out with a smile. “You early dis mornin'.”

“Right on time, I t'ink,” she replied with a smile, then looked at the clock. “Kay, maybe ten minute early. Anyt'ing excitin' 'appen yet today?”

“Hey, Dom. It a Thursday mornin',” Yves called out. “Not'ing excitin' happen 'round here.” He smiled a wide smile that flashed a large row of pearly whites as he

motioned over to one of the usual coffee row members. “Bu' maybe you wanna know dat Mr. Beauchamp finally got his jackpot.” Yves turned to the older gentleman, switching to French as he knew the older man didn't speak very good English. “N'est pas ce droit, Monsieur Beauchamp.”

The older man smiled and raised his coffee cup up as he greeted Dom. “J'ai gagné deux mille cinq cents dans le ticket d'égratignure de Jours Fortuné,” he announced in his grizzled voice that betrayed a life that was hard, but full-filling. He grinned as Dom clapped for his good fortune.

“Congratulations, Monsieur Beauchamp,” she said quickly as she stowed her backpack under the counter. After giving Mr. Beauchamp a refill of his coffee, she began her usual routine. Fifteen minutes into her shift, Michelle slid beside her band mate and touched a finger to the side of Dom's face. Dom winced a bit even with as light a touch as it was.

“Out late las' night?” Michelle smirked.

“Course she were out late las' night,” Yves said as

he leaned against the counter beside the two women. The morning coffee crowd had started to slow down, affording the workers some time to relax in their morning work routines. "It were in de paper dis mornin'." Yves removed his cap as he straightened his dreadlocks, making sure they weren't getting unruly under the rather ordinary looking headpiece.

Dom sighed as she rinsed out a cloth in one of the sinks. "Not'ing major, you know. Jus' some t'ief is all." Dom could talk freely about her dual life as Canadiens with her friends. They'd known about her nocturnal habits one year after she took up her father's mantle. "Sides, de guy, 'e 'ad a crappy punch." Dom tried to laugh it off, but the concerned look in her friends eyes told volumes. She sighed and slouched her shoulders a bit. "Look, I'm bein' careful out dere, no worries."

"Hey, I always worry," Yves said with genuine concern. Michelle nodded, echoing Yves' worries. But the young man smiled his patented smile and continued. "B'sides, if you wreck you fingers, who gonna play lead guitar at our gig tonight, eh?" The groans could be heard,

as all three women knew that Yves was kidding, but serious in a way. Michelle tossed a dish rag in his face and began to berate him as a slew of Quebecois ran forth from her lips.

Just another typical day for the coffee crowd with their rock and roll servers.

The four continued work throughout the day, laughing as they went about their routine. Each would comment on some news item or some personal achievement. Dom mentioned her sister, Chloe was returning from Paris. The mention of Dom's younger sister brought about some other conversations, more relating to the band they all were a part of.

“You ask her if she want to come to one o' our gigs sometime?” Yves asked Dom with a grin. Something that he'd asked on many other occasions. Something which always received the same answer.

“No, she's not willin' ta join us on stage,” Dom replied as she refilled the coffee carafes. “She'll jam wit' us an' even do backup on cello an' flute if we do an album,

but she don't wanna go to shows at all.”

“She don't even wanna 'ave 'er name on de album,” Michelle said with a huff. “It almos' like she embarrassed to be seen wit' us.”

“I t'ink it more dat she don't wanna 'ave distraction from 'er modellin' career,” Dom replied as she took out a jay cloth to whip down the counter. “It 'er decision, I'm not gonna force 'er to do it.” She sighed as she finished cleaning and took note of the time. Jacqueline came out from the back and poured herself a cup of coffee, and smiled at Dom. “Almost set your watch to when you go on coffee break.”

“At leas' I get my work done,” she replied with a grin. Jacqueline sipped her coffee as she looked around the eatery. “Who's dat?” she asked as she motioned toward a young red haired man, writing away in a note pad. He wasn't one of the regulars, and stood out with his ear piercings and leather biker jacket; a jacket with the words 'Rebel Yell' embroidered into the back. But even with those differences, they were not the oddest things about him. That would have been the slightly tattered, green and

black plaid kilt that he wore.

“Him? He been 'ere since you were on break dis mornin'?” Michelle replied as she looked over toward the red haired stranger. Never once had he taken off the dark sun glasses he wore as he drank coffee and wrote in his notebook.

The four shared quick glances toward the young man as they talked in hushed tones. Finally, it was Michelle that asked the question they'd all been thinking. “So, you t'ink he like a real Scot? You know, like dey say 'bout Scotsmen an' kilts.”

“What? You mean sheep?” Yves asked with a joking grin.

“No!” Michelle quickly retorted as she swatted Yves' shoulder. Yves winced but chuckled as he rubbed the spot where Michelle gave him a swat. “You know. If dey wear anyt'ing under 'em?”

“You can ask 'im if you want,” Jacqueline replied with a chuckle. “I'm seriously not interested in findin' out.”

“I wanna know what 'e's writin',” Dom added as

she watched the young man's pen move with great vigour across the pages of the notebook. "I mean, he look intense 'bout it. Maybe he writin' a book." She looked to the others who mulled over the suggestion for a moment or two. Dom merely shrugged as she took out a chocolate milk from a cooler and walked out into the seating area. Spying was out of the question, so she did the only other thing she wished to do. She sat down at the table right across from the young man. "So, my friends an' me been watchin' you all mornin', an' mos' o' de afternoon. Wha' you writin'?" She looked to the young man, then to the notepaper.

"Uh," the young man began, a little surprised that someone would so boldly approach him. "Well, I've been workin' on some sheet music an' some lyrics. Ye know, takin' ol' Maritime songs an' makin' 'em a bit more, oh, ye know, punk rock." The young man tilted his glasses up and studied Dom, who was smiling as he spoke. The Irish accent was definitely clear in this one.

"Oh sweet! Dat's very cool," Dom replied with some excitement as she took a few of the pages with a

bold hand. She read them aloud as she looked over each of the notes. “Farewell to Nova Scotia. Barrett's Privateers. You know, dis one's gonna be 'ard, 'cause it were written accappella an' you need choral sets for some o' de verses.”

The young man blinked as he stared at Dom. He wasn't expecting someone from a coffee shop to know musically theory. “That's... pretty good, lass. Ye know 'lot 'bout this kinda thing?”

“I'm in a rock band,” she replied with a grin as she set down the sheet music, then turned to her three friends, all watching the exchange behind the counter. “All o' us.” The three came out from behind the counter rather sheepishly. Michelle was the boldest of the three as she sat down quickly. “Dis is Michelle, she our drummer. Jacqueline, our bassist. Yves is vocals an' guitar an' piano. An' I'm Dom, lead guitar.”

“I'm Able,” the young man replied with a grin. “Able McIntyre. Been in Montreal fer a few months. Came in from Halifax.” He looked to the four with a slight smirk before looking to Dom again. “Just answerin'

the obvious question, luv. Ye know, 'bout the Irish accent.”

“Dat was gonna be one o' my questions, oui,” Michelle nodded. “But what you do? You know, for a livin'? I doubt you get paid for writin' music an' drinkin' coffee all day.”

Able chuckled as he set his sun glasses on the table. “No, I work at a music store a few blocks from here. Deals in a lotta indie an' punk rock bands.”

“Maybe you 'ear o' us, den,” Yves piped up as he stood between Michelle and Dom. “We play a few clubs an' release a coupla indie albums. Blanc Noir.”

“Blanc Noir? Yeah, I heard o' you guys,” Able replied with an impressed nod. “Got the first album ye put t'gether. All the covers ya did. So, why exactly ye all workin' in a doughnut shop?”

“We don' make a whole lotta money when we do a gig,” Jacqueline said with a shrug as she sat down at the remaining chair. “An' while we got good reviews for our albums, dey haven't sold gold or anyt'ing.”

“Hey, we're playin' tonight,” Yves suggested. “You

wanna come down an' check it out.”

“Sure, I'd love ta. Where's the gig?” Able replied with a smile, more than willing it was obvious, to attend some musical event.

“Oh, oh!” Michelle piped up quickly. “Me me! I get to give him tickets.” The others shared a laugh as Michelle quickly produced a wrinkled ticket from her pocket. “We playin' at Le Loft t'night. Ten o'clock sharp. Be dere, an' after we all can 'ang out.”

“True righ'! Definitely make it fer this. Thanks, luv,” Able replied with a grin as he carefully put the ticket into his jacket pocket.

“We better get back to work,” Jacqueline suggested. “Don't t'ink we need Mr. Helmann comin' out from 'is office an' yell like 'e did last week.” The four slowly made their way back to their stations behind the counter, each giving one finally 'see you later' to Able.

Behind the counter, Michelle leaned close to Dom as she whispered with a grin. “He's kinda cute.”

“I'll arm wrestle you for 'im,” Dom replied with a grin. Michelle playfully put up her hands into fists and

lightly punched Dom.

“Ow come neither o' you two try to arm wrestle for me?” Yves spoke up and grinned. Both Michelle and Dom rolled their eyes and chuckled lightly as they gave Yves playful swats. Just another ordinary day at the coffee shop.

You're A Strange Animal

Dom slipped into the garage and closed the door quietly as she made her way over to her scooter. It was earlier than she normally would go out on a patrol, but considering the previous nights request, she didn't think too much about the time. She stopped pushing the scooter out of the garage to stifle a yawn, her body and mind demanding that she get some sleep. Can't do that, she thought to herself. Need to get this done. She continued pushing the scooter once again, stopping for only one reason.

“Where do you think you're going, Dom?” her father said as he stepped in front of her, arms crossed over his chest as he waited for an answer. Dom was a bit taken aback. For his size, he moved rather quietly. Then again, she was a bit tired. Have to get a coffee before meeting the officers. Dom coughed as she cleared her throat, letting the silence sink in as she tried to formulate an

answer. Her father reached behind him, taking out the day's issue of the Gazette, the headline very bold. Rapist at number 14.

“Um... jus' goin' for a patrol,” she replied with slight hesitation as her eyes glanced over the headline. “You know, see if de police need a 'and wit' anytin'.”

“Mhmm,” her father said somewhat skeptically. “An' the fact that a few of the police officers at City have been talkin' about you showing up to help with this... only a rumour?”

Dominique groaned and shrugged her shoulders just a bit. She couldn't lie to her father about something like this. “Frechette an' Kowalsky ask if I could 'elp las' nigh' after takin' out dat t'ief.” She looked to her father, who's face remained unchanged, her words only confirming what he had heard. “De story 'bout dat is on page t'ree,” she added, trying to move the subject away from the current events to the previous night's events.

“Dom, this monster is worse then any two bit hood you've taken down,” her father reminded her quickly. “He's considered extremely dangerous an' very, very

tricky.”

“Papa, 'e no worse den when you wen' after FLQ terrorists,” she responded quickly. “You were doin' dat when you was my age. An' it's no diffrent now, eh. Frechette an' Kowalsky like what I do ta help dem, an' I feel like I'm gettin' sometin' accomplish beside workin' at a coffee shop an' writin' lyrics for songs.”

Her father slouched a bit and sighed. Deep down he knew she was right, and the only reason why he protested this particular assignment was because she was his daughter. Even though he knew she was more than capable of taking care of herself, there would always be that part of him that wanted to protect her from the monsters of the world. Jean Pierre's face softened as he studied his daughter for a moment. “You have your cellphone?” he asked in a calmer, and quieter voice.

“Oui, I 'ave my cell.”

“Call if you need help, alright.”

“Papa!” Dom protested then calmed down just a bit. “Sorry, maybe jus' a bit tired. I'll be careful, I promise. 'Sides, Uncle Danielle been showin' me a few t'ings.”

Jean Pierre rolled his eyes and snorted a laugh as he stepped to the side. “I’m sure his experience with professional wrestling gonna help in this.” He sighed slightly as he shook his head. “Just be careful. Don’t want you in the hospital when your sister comes back from Paris.”

“I know, I know,” Dom whined slightly, remembering that Chloe was only five days away from returning to Montreal. “Besides, you never know,” she replied with a shrug. “A pile driver on de concrete never gonna be a bad t’ing for a guy like dat.” She smiled as she looked up to her father. He stepped to the side and pushed the button to raise the garage door. Dom slipped into the seat of her scooter and started it up, racing out the door as she gave one last wave to her father. “Je serai prudent, le papa. Je promets,” she called out as the scooter hit the pavement.

Jean Pierre Turgeon shook his head as he watched her drive off. With a sigh, he muttered quietly to himself. “Other parents have hockey, or soccer, or dance lessons to worry 'bout.”

The scooter came to a stop near a tall fence. It was 6:45 p.m. Canadiens had forty five minutes before meeting Frechette and Kowalsky, and she desperately needed a caffeine pick-me-up. Now the question was to go into the place where she works dressed like this, or go through the drive through. Maybe it would be slow inside. She pushed the scooter forward just a bit to take a look. Only one customer, and she recognized him. Just some loser stoner who is more of a danger to losing more braincells than anything else. Probably writing away in his notepad as usual. Canadiens furrowed her brow as she thought that, besides the weed, that wasn't much different than her. Although she doubted he dressed up in a two tone costume and took down crooks at night. One person worked the front till, one person in the back. This was good. She revved the scooter and it jumped forward, creeping to a parking spot in front of the coffee shop. She checked her pockets quickly to make sure she had brought along her wallet. As she opened it, she breathed a sigh of relief. She still had that crisp, new five dollar bill.

As she dismounted the scooter, she heard a small bout of laughter behind her. Slowly she turned, sighing deeply as if she were caught in the most embarrassing of situations. Of all the people she would meet up with, it had to be her band mates. All three of them leaned up against Yves Dodge Charger and watched Canadiens. “Oh boy,” she muttered to herself. “Dis is kinda embarrassin', you know.”

“Hey, dat outfit is tight, Dom,” Yves said with a sly grin. “I never seen you in it before.” The three pushed off the car and walked over to Canadiens. “Dat show off you curves pretty good.”

Canadiens rolled her eyes and spoke in a whisper. “Yves, don' say my name. I don' need word spreadin' 'round, you know. Papa, 'e never went 'round tellin' everybody dat 'e were Canadiens when 'e did dis.” Yves chuckled as he held up his hands defensively.

“Nice boots,” Michelle grinned as she looked over the red boots that folded over at the top. “Dey actually look kinda comfy. What dat suit made o'? Look pretty sturdy for a set o' leotards.”

“Papa said it tri weave kevlar wit' nylon mix for flexibility,” Canadiens said with a shrug. “It actually kinda warm, you know. Like wearin' t'ree sets o' long underwear. Good for nights dat get cold. Kinda like t'night.”

“So what you doin' 'ere,” Jacqueline asked quietly. “You jonesin' for a donut?”

“Coffee,” Canadiens replied quickly. “Di'n't get much sleep las' night, so I need de caffeine for t'night. I jus' workin' up de courage ta go inside, you know.”

“You beat up crooks each night an' you scare to go inside an' buy a coffee,” Jacqueline noted with a small chuckle.

“It kinda ... I don' know. Embarrassin', you know,” she replied sheepishly.

“I get you one,” Jacqueline stated as she swatted Canadiens' shoulder playfully and walked toward the store entrance. “Jus' two sugar, right?” she called back asking what she wanted for her coffee. Canadiens nodded quickly as she leaned carefully against her scooter, then looked to her other friends. She could tell her friends

were worried, even through the mask of smiles they wore. Canadiens had told them the police wanted her assistance, but none of the specifics. Even with the air of uncertainty, they tried to make small talk. Eventually, Jacqueline returned with a steaming cup of coffee. “You know, don't you find it a lil weird dat you buy coffee from de place you work at?”

“Yeah, jus' a bit, you know,” Canadiens replied with a chuckle as she wrapped her hands around the warm cup. “Listen, it gonna be okay t'night. I'll make de gig, I promise. 'Kay?” The others nodded slowly, and tried to offer as much support as they could. Worry was still evident in their eyes. But Canadiens finished her coffee as they talked about what happened to them in the past few hours, and what they were hoping for at the gig. Eventually, it was time to go. Canadiens had to meet up with the police and time was of the essence.

The four said their good byes, but as Michelle, Yves and Jacqueline watched their friend raced off into the night, the worry only grew.

Canadiens stood in the shadows near the rear parking lot of the station house. Officers Frechette and Kowalsky said they would meet her at 7:30 sharp. It was 7:28 by the time she pulled up into the lot. She ditched the scooter in a small alcove, making certain it was well hidden, and waited for her rendezvous with the two officers. As Canadiens stood in the shadows, the screeching tires of a cruiser could be heard as it came out from the underground parkade. It stopped quickly and Frechette hopped out to open the rear passenger door for the young woman.

“De operation is simple,” Frechette explained as Kowalsky drove casually down the street. “Our job is to make a presence known. As long as dere is some sort of police visible, den we can prevent an attack.”

“We've narrowed it down to one location near McGill University,” Kowalsky added. “The attacks have been centred around Bishop Mountain Hall. There's a few areas there at night that a person can skulk around in and not be noticed. We've got the help of campus security, but we'll need someone mobile.”

“Dat's where you come in, Canadiens,” Frechette stated to the young woman. “Security will give you access to de rooftops aroun' de buildings. You bring some eye-wear to scout?” she asked quickly, receiving a nod from Canadiens who took her small binoculars from her inside jacket pocket. “Tres bein. Scout out what you can see. If you have to, intervene. But only if you have to.”

“We may have invited you into this little sting,” Kowalsky reminded her. “But you are still a private citizen. If you were to get hurt, or if for some reason the attacker were to find out your identity, then we all could be in a heap of trouble. Just slow the guy down if you can.” Canadiens nodded the affirmative as the car was brought to a slow stop. “This is it. There's security detail in the side building, he'll let you up. Good luck, Dom.”

She nodded and flashed a smile as she hopped out of the car. Frechette held the door open and gave an encouraging pat on her shoulder as Canadiens trotted toward an open door in the side of the building. A lone security guard let her up into the building and led her to the stairs that would take her to the roof. Once there, she

had a decent vantage point of the entire Bishop Mountain Hall. The hall itself was a series of residences, so Canadiens could see the regular students walking past the security guards, and the police that had been positioned. This could take a while. It wasn't like an attacker would make his mark once the shift had started. Some of these officers had been here all day.

Other things she worried about; what if the attacker was a student who lived in the residence? It was a possibility. She had read where a lot of times criminals took up some positions in authority, just to be closer to the police to hear what they might have to watch out for. The same could be said here. The attacker's fourteen previous targets had all been female, university students. What was also assumed, though not necessarily correct, the attacker was male. Each victim had described the attacker as someone who covered themselves head to toe, disguising themselves. There was no sexual contact, but the police did not release that information. It was hoped that withholding that piece and having media describe the attacks being done by a serial rapist, that other would be

rapists would suddenly go into hiding. Or curtail their wants and desires completely. But the victims would go on to say that they felt overpowered, as though the attacker wanted them to be subordinate.

Canadiens kept all of this information in mind as she crept along the rooftops of the residences. Watching carefully for anything that would appear out of place. Every now and then she would radio into Frechette and Kowalsky and signal them to something that didn't appear right. The officers in turn would contact security, who would then be in the area within minutes. Each time it turned out to be nothing. And each time, Canadiens looked to the skyline and watched as the sun crept lower and lower on the building dotted horizon.

From rooftop to rooftop she would travel, watching the area carefully. And each movement she saw something. But each time, it was nothing. “Canadiens,” her comm announced as Frechette's voice could be heard. “Don' tink nothin' gonna 'appen t'night. Meet us at de rendezvous point an' we can take you 'ome.”

Canadiens nodded as she replied to the

announcement. “Yeah, been 'ere for two hours now. Nothin' gonna 'appen t'night, don' tink.”

“We'll try again tomorrow,” Kowalsky's voice rang out. “Same time?”

“Oui,” Canadiens replied. “I meet you in de same place tomorrow.” She ended the communication and looked back to the ground level. It wasn't a failure, she reminded herself. By being here, it forced the attacker to change slightly. And that meant someone was saved.

I Like To Rock

Yves Manderville grabbed the last of the gear and handed it to one of the bouncers at Le Loft. They usually played at this club in Montreal, because it was one of few that didn't just cater to house and hip hop. Here at Le Loft they could play their music and have that dream of being rock stars. How long that would last was another question. Yves was enrolled in his studies at McGill, taking political science. Jacqueline had her track, Michelle was just looking into what design schools were available. And Dom had her own gig as well.

Yves was ready to shut the door to the old Volkswagen van when a flash of red and white ripped past him into the darkness of the vehicle. He stumbled a bit and managed to reorient his surroundings, finally peering into the darkness. Inside, he could see a person squirming into a pair of jeans, as a pair of red, folded boots rested next to the figure. "Dom?" he whispered as he leaned

against the door frame of the van. “Was wonderin' when you get 'ere?”

“Stake out jus' ended 'bout fifteen minutes 'go,” she replied as she quickly tied up her canvass high tops and pulled on a shirt over her uniform. “Not'in' 'appen out dere t'night. It were kinda borin'.”

“An' here I t'ought you'd wanna get into police services,” Yves said with a wide grin. “Good t'ing you dropped you guitar off at my place. Don' t'ink we have time ta run back an' get it.”

“T'inkin' ahead,” Dom stated as she hopped out of the van. She checked to make certain she'd removed the mask and stowed it away. Once satisfied, she grabbed her jacket and shut the doors to the van, and followed Yves into the club. Michelle and Jacqueline were already preparing themselves for the night's gig as Dom went to her guitar and began tuning. She smiled and gave each a nod, and waited for the inevitable questions to come from each young woman. Again, just as she did with Yves, she reassured them that she had a boring night, nothing happened. And it was time to get down to the business of

the evening.

“We gonna start off with a few covers dat we practise?” Michelle asked Yves as he got his own guitar ready.

“Yeah,” came Yves reply. “We were pretty good wit' No Regrets, so we should start wit' dat one, lead into some o' de Hip, an' maybe some Guess Who. Den we can try out a couple o' songs we wrote inbetween.”

“Dat'd be sweet,” Dom said with a smile. “Be nice ta see de reaction from de crowd.”

“An' wha' if it bad?” Michelle asked with a teasing smile. Dom merely shrugged and smiled back. Crowds could be fickle, but you wouldn't know until you gave them your all.

“Alright guys,” one of the stage hands called out as the band went through some quick rehearsals and last minute preparations. “Five minutes. Got a packed house tonight. Word got around from your first gig here. You all ready?” Yves took a deep breath and gave a nod of the affirmative. “Alright guys,” the stage hand said with a smile and a thumbs up. “Give 'em hell.”

“Yo, all you people in the house,” the DJ's voice came over the speakers loud and proud. “We had 'em here a couple weeks ago, an' they were so good, we brought 'em back again. They fresh an' new, but they can rock the house. Put ya hands t'gether for Montreal's very own Blanc Noir!”

The crowd was responsive to everything the band did. Blanc Noir had become very popular on the local scale, playing well known cover tunes and mixing it up with their own music. The crowd at La Loft had grown used to being the early guinea pigs for new pieces from this band that had been together for almost ten years, since they were in high school together.

Each member gave it their all, and even showcased their talents, as each got a chance to wow the crowd with a solo effort. Dom's heavy fifteen minute guitar solo that would have made Eddie Van Halen give a nod of appreciation. Michelle showed she could be a long lost relative of Neil Peart's as she went into a full five minute drum solo. Jacqueline did her best to mimic the styling of

Geddy Lee's bass work. And Yves showed just how good he was on the piano with a solo rendition of The Piano Man.

Taking it all in was Able. He'd been musically talented, but this performance blew him away. For him it was like a wild ride that he never wanted to see stop. During the entire performance, he found he kept sneaking a peak over at Dom. Her guitar work was more than impressive, especially when women aren't usually known for their talent as a guitarist of such calibre. Sure, there have been talented women such as Joni Mitchell, Liona Boyd and others, but known that knew how to thrash like Dom.

As the crowd cheered their last song, Able gravitated toward the area near the stage, some place where he could ask about getting back stage. Of course, the stage manager was more like a bouncer, with a facial expression to match. A giant of a man who looked more like the roadie for a death metal band than someone who actually worked at a trendy night club. Still, Able decided to turn on the charm.

“Hey mate,” he said with a grin as he approached the stage manager. “I got an invite ta see the band back stage after their performance.”

The stage manager lifted a bushy eyebrow and studied Able carefully. “Ya know, mon ami,” he replied in a gravely voice as his arms stayed crossed over his barrel of a chest. “I have been working in this club for many years. And I can't count the time people have tried to get past me to see a band. Each time I go back and ask if the band know some kid, and each time they try to sneak past me.” The stage manager bent down to stare Able right in the eye, unfolding his arms to do so. Able swallowed hard as he stared wide eyed back at him. “Now, you gonna promise me that you not gonna do that?”

“Sure, mate,” Able said in a small voice, though he did try to make himself look bigger to intimidate back. It didn't work very well, as the giant of a stage hand rose again to his full height, grunting a laugh and moving back stage. Five minutes past as Able stood and waited, smiling and nodding to passing patrons.

The man returned with a much softer look on his

face, although still with some stoney expressions. “Yves say you are fine, mon ami,” he announced as he held open a door for Able. “C'mon, you can go.”

“Thanks, mate,” Able replied quickly as he walked with purpose through the door. Backstage there were a few people milling about as they carried equipment and put them away. Some were carrying a packed up drum kit out to a Volkswagen van through a door in a back alley. He continued walking, asking someone where the band was, and was directed to a small sitting area. Sure enough, the four band mates were relaxing on some couches as they talked and laughed.

Michelle looked up from a laptop and smiled as she saw Able, nudging Dom in the arm. Both happily waved him over, which Able completely obliged. He took a seat on one of the couches and looked about for a moment with a smile on his face. “Man, this is somethin',” he said with a grin. “You guys rocked up there t'night.”

“We were 'avin' fun, you know,” Yves said as he handed Able a Ginger Ale. Able graciously took it and held it in both hands as he sat back in the softness of the

couch. “T’night were pretty good 'cause we had a full house. An' we feed off de energy when it packed.”

Able nodded in understanding as he took a drink, then motioned to Michelle and the laptop. “So, what're ya doin' with that?”

Michelle kept her nose in her laptop as she answered Able's question. “I got a photographer friend who take pictures o' our gigs, an' I upload dem to de band's Flickr page, an' she shoot some footage o' one or two songs. I'm just uploadin' dat to our Youtube profile.”

“You guys have a Youtube page?” Able asked with an impressed nod. “I'll have to check that out sometime.”

“You know, dat might be a good idea,” Jacqueline piped up. “Considerin' we were talkin' just b'fore you came up. You write lyrics an' music, do you play instruments?”

“Well, piano, guitar, some with the pipes,” he said with a nod and motioned as though playing bagpipes. “Ya know, bagpipes. Plus the recorder. Stuff like that.” He looked to the four as they all grinned, the kind of grin as though suspicions had been confirmed and at the same

time were plotting and scheming. “What?”

“How would you like ta join the band?” Yves asked with a smile as he nudged Able's shoulder. “Could use a fifth, an' we could branch out an' experiment.”

Able blinked once, then looked to each band member in kind. They all shared the same smile. He looked back to Yves. “Yer serious?” Yves only nodded in reply. “True right!” Able replied with a grin. “That'd be awesome, mate.”

“Den it settled,” Dom said as she clapped her approval. “Tomorrow night we start practise, an' get ready for our next gig on de twenty first.”

“Lemme tweet dat,” Michelle said as she moved to her laptop once again. “Good t'ing I don' 'ave to put dat on Facebook, got Twitter an' Facebook status both connected.”

“Michelle,” Dom said with a teasing smile as she wrapped an arm around Michelle's shoulders. “Our little social maven.”

All Along You Knew

Dom rolled over in her bed as her alarm went off. A day off, a glorious day off from work. She turned off the alarm and slowly crawled out of bed, not giving her body time to lay back down and succumb to more sleep. Even though it was a day off, she still had a busy day ahead of her. Music practise, it was pay day as well, check in with Frechette and Kowalsky in the afternoon. And there was the talk she needed to have with her parents about this sting operation. While the two officers told her secrecy was of the utmost importance, she felt she still had to inform at least her parents. Besides, she felt she owed it to her father after the small chit chat the previous night. They never had a chance later to talk about it.

She'd have to do it this morning.

She trudged downstairs and smiled as she saw her parents finishing their breakfast. Her father looked up and smiled as she sat down in front of the plate of bacon,

sausage, eggs and hash browns. She thanked her mother as she poured a glass of orange juice and looked over to her father as he displayed the entertainment section, opened up to the club scene. “You guys got a decent review, Dom,” he said as he set the paper down beside her.

Dom stopped eating and slowly picked up the paper, reading the comments and laughing from time to time. “Yves gonna like dis, for sure,” she said with a chuckle. “It nice we're gettin' decent reviews.”

“I thought you guys just wanted somet'ing to do for a hobby,” her father said with a smirk.

“Eh, it's fun, you know,” Dom replied as she shovelled some hash browns into her mouth. “You know, keep us outta trouble. An' we get out from time ta time.”

“Speakin' o' trouble, Dominique,” her mother stated flatly. Dom could tell the tone meant a serious discussion was about to begin. “Where you go las' night?”

Dom stopped eating and looked between her father and mother for a moment, then wished she could shrink behind the newspaper and just eat her breakfast. No such luck, however, as she always knew exactly what her

mother was speaking of. And she always knew that her mother never let anything go that was as serious as what Dom did last night. Especially since she was considered a costumed vigilante.

“Jus'... you know,” she said with a shrug as she tried to find the words. As Canadiens, Dom could stop bank robbers, thwart kidnappers and haul in muggers. But her greatest weakness was her mom. “... 'elped out de police a bit. Tryin' ta find dat attacker. De one in de papers.” Her mother just looked at Dom, as though the look in her eyes said everything. “Wha', de officers I workin' wit' tell me ta jus' scout, no' get involve directly, you know. I'm no' out 'untin' dis guy or nut'in'.”

“So, de police are sanctionin' you, Dominique?”

“Well,” Dom replied slowly as she cut up her bacon. “Jus' Frechette an' Kowalsky. De 'ead inspector, dey say dat 'e no' exactly a fan o' costume vigilantes an' stuff.” She took another drink from her juice glass hoping that the short description was enough. The look from her mother answered that question quickly. “Frechette ask me!”

“Dominique,” her mother began, her voice trying it's best to hold back an angry tone. “Dis man is very dangerous. You 'ave to be careful, dis isn't some game you are playin', you know. It very important dat you realize dis.”

“Mama!” she exclaimed defensively, then looked to her father. “Di'n't you do anytin like dis?”

“Oui,” Jean Pierre answered with a calm nod. “Bu' den, FLQ terrorist a little diff'rent den rapists...”

“Now 'old on,” Dom interrupted quickly. “Frechette say dat dis guy ain't actually a rapist. Police jus' feed dat to media in a way to prevent odders from 'appenin'. She say if dey feed dat information den chance o' a copy cat is decrease. Especially when dey say dat patrols increase. De attacks jus' 'round Bishop Mountain 'All.” She looked between her mother and father for a moment, hoping this new information would sink in.

Her mother set down her fork and cleared her throat, a signal she was about to speak. Usually, it wasn't something that Dom wanted to hear. “I don' need to tell you that doing this will not make me pleased,

Dominique,” she began in a quiet tone. “But I also know dat you are extremely stubborn, so no matter what we say, I think you gonna do what you want. Sayin' dat, I know you can protect you'self. I seen you on TV a few times... an' God know my heart jump into my throat when I saw it... but I know you can protect you'self. We can't tell you not to go an' do dis. It would be double standard. Just be careful.”

There was a solemn silence as Dom took in her mother's words. Finally, she nodded and offered a small smile of thanks. “At least I not gonna do more 'n what de police ask o' me, you know,” she reassured her mother. “Hey, you never know, maybe dis be a perfect opportunity to enrol in police protective services or somet'ing.”

Monika rolled her eyes and sighed as she shook her head. “You jus' concentrate on you music for now, an' I'll be happy with dat, oui.”

Able McIntyre unlocked the door to the music store as he always did since starting his job at AJ's CD Bargain Bin. It took him only a couple of days to get the routine

down pat, and found it easy after all. Every weekday at 10:30 he'd open, getting to work by ten in the morning and having the store ready to go by the time it was ready to unlock for the day. Of course, everyday he opened, there was always the same crowd that would gather.

The preppy girl that always chewed, what Able assumed, the same piece of gum. The emos, the ones who'd hang around the store and often ask exactly the same question. There was the geeky looking guy who'd always come in and trade his old CD's for new ones. Able assumed he had a file sharing server and was just ripping CD tracks. The kid had been in every single day that Able had worked here, and he assumed the kid showed up well before that. There was the guys that Able and his co-worker Claude dubbed the creepers, guys who hung around the store just to watch the goth chicks come in. Usually there was a new creeper that would drift into the store.

As always, Claude showed up exactly when he was supposed to, 10:30, no earlier, no later. Claude could get away with it in a way, his older brother, Etienne owned the

shop. And as always, Claude would ask the same questions.

“Cafe?” he'd ask in French. He did it at first just to bug Able, but once you do something over and over and over again, it no longer becomes teasing.

“In the back, where it always is, mate,” Able replied as he moved a box full of CD's from behind the counter. He began organizing CD's into the wracks as Claude fixed himself a coffee.

“You own a pair o' pants at all?” Claude said as he returned to the front, coffee in hand. He smirked as he looked over Able's usually green plaid kilt.

Able scoffed and pointed to Claude's ripped jeans. “D'you, mate?” Ripped would be a compliment, as Claude's jeans had holes in them big enough to put a fist through them with ease.

“Touche, mon ami,” Claude said with a laugh as he started up the till and turned on the computer. “Where were you yesterday? T'ought you were gonna be comin' over to Henri's for dat jam session. Claire was dere, askin' 'bout you.”

“I got an invite ta go ta La Loft, watch Blanc Noir,” Able replied. “Got ta hang out with the band.”

“Where did you score dat?” Claude asked with an impressed, yet jealous look on his face.

“Went for a coffee an' doughnut at a Tim's,” Able explained as he finished loading up the CD wracks. “Found out the entire band works at that Tim's. We got ta talkin', Michelle give me a ticket.”

“Michelle Villeneuve?” Claude announced with some amazement in his voice. “Oh man, she's hot. So, what you do? What you talk 'bout?”

Able grinned as he returned to the counter and hopped up to take a seat. “They asked if I wanna jam with 'em some time.” He looked to Claude with a smile and chuckled as his co-worker nearly tripped over himself with disbelief.

“Jam wit' dem?” Claude let out a heavy sigh as though he'd been told he won the lottery. “Dude, you gotta see if Michelle is seein' anyone. Really, man. Do it.”

“Mate, I'm not gonna be yer wing man fer a band,”

Able replied as he shook his head. “But, I will see if I can get ya tickets fer the next show.” Claude became speechless as he blinked twice, then stared wide eyed at Able. He finally broke his silence with a shout of joy, nearly dropping his coffee. “Yer welcome, mate.”

Things began to flow into routine as the first few customers entered. The emos first, followed by a couple of preps. Right on time, like clockwork, the geeky kid came in to trade a bunch of his CD's. Claude and Able exchanged looks as the first of what they recognized as a creeper came in. They'd give the guy twenty minutes, then ask if he was going to buy anything. Fifteen minutes from noon, Claude saw a familiar face.

“Here come Claire,” he said as he passed Able and gave him a nudge. Able turned as the door bell rang out announcing another customer had entered. He smiled as he saw the young woman, her pink hair not the only unique thing about her.

“Hey! Able!” she called out as she spotted the young man. “Where were you yesterday?”

“He got invited ta La Loft las' night,” Claude

quickly announced as he moved around a few boxes of CD's.

Claire looked to Able with a perked eyebrow. Able only smiled as he looked between Claude and Claire. "I got tickets from one o' the band members o' Blanc Noir. Went an' saw 'em last night." Claire gave Able a similar look that Claude had given him earlier, but she still remained silent. "They asked me ta jam with 'em," he went onto explain.

"Blanc Noir?" she finally gasped out. "You gonna be playin' with Blanc Noir? You gonna jam with Yves Manderville?" she exclaimed as she began to swoon. "Yves is so dreamy."

"If dat de case, Claire, we got some 'dreamy' new CD's in your favourite punk rock section," Claude announced with a laugh. Claire grinned in reply and moved over to the section she knew all too well. Able moved over to Claude and leaned against the counter by the till. "She's really clingy, mon ami. Are you sure you wanna ask 'er out?"

"I'm startin' ta see what ye've been warnin' me 'bout

fer the past coupla weeks, mate,” Able said with a nod. “An’ Yves would break her in two. Lad works out, that’s no doubt.” Claude nodded but narrowed his eyes as something caught his attention. He tapped Able’s shoulder and motioned to the creeper. The man in the grey long coat was sifting through CD’s, but every now and then he’d look up in Claire’s direction.

Able looked to Claude as he furrowed his brow. “Yer not thinkin’,” Able said as Claude only nodded in reply, not needing to hear the full question. “Give it a few minutes.” Able said with a cautious tinge in his voice.

Both he and Claude shifted back to their usual candour as Claire returned with four CD’s in her hands. “Let’s see what you got ‘ere, Claire,” Claude said as he studied the CD’s meticulously. “Good choices,” he said with an impressed nod. “This should keep you going for a while. An’ total is 24 dollars an’ 75 cents.” He took a twenty and a ten with a smile from Claire and rang her purchase through, giving her change back as Able wrapped them up in a plastic bag.

Claire grinned, making sure to wink at Able, waving

as she began to walk out of the store. Both Claude and Able turned their attention to the man in the grey coat. He took a look around the store, and quietly slipped out of the front door behind Claire.

“You thinkin' what I'm thinkin', mon ami,” Claude said with a slight grimace.

“You call the cops,” Able said as he grabbed his jacket. “I'll follow 'em an' give ya a call where they go.”

Dom exited the bank as she counted a few of her bills, then placed them carefully into her wallet. Her wallet went neatly into the inside jacket pocket of her leather jacket. Bills, payed. Next stop was to gather material from McGill's music department, classes were going to be starting soon and she needed to be ready. Fortunately it would be a short walk from the bank, and it was a warm day. She pulled her backpack up on her shoulder and began her walk.

There was a few people milling about for this Monday morning. She felt in a good mood and hummed lightly to herself as she walked. No need for the iPod

today. Along the way, she'd greet passersby with a cheery good morning, and receive a smile in reply. It felt good to make people's day a little brighter, even with something as simple as a smile.

As she rounded a corner, she nearly slammed into another pedestrian. A girl in pink hair, studiously looking over the cover of a CD. Dom reached out and caught her before they completely ran into each other. There was a chuckle and an exchange of apologies before each went on their way. As Dom watched the girl for a moment, she began to continue on her way, and was nearly run over.

The man in the grey coat shot a glare at her, and kept moving at a rushed pace. Again, Dom watched, but this time with concern. She saw the pink haired girl, then the man again. He would slow down a bit, take his time around a newsstand, then take off again in the same direction as the pink haired girl. It didn't take complex math to figure things out, especially with the previous night's sting still fresh in her mind..

“Merde,” she muttered as she took out her cell phone. She hit her speed dial for Frechette's home number

and waited until she heard the officer's voice announce 'morning'. "Officer, it's me. Dom," she said, then added in a whisper. "Canadiens." She hoped Frechette's attention would focus quickly with the announcement. She did work late shift with Kowalsky, so noon would still be early for her.

"Dom? What is it? You don't usually phone me at home?" There was obvious panic in Frechette's voice.

"I think I saw him," she said in a quiet voice. "The guy you been tryin' ta find. The one doin' the attacks. He's followin' a girl right now."

"Can you keep up?" Frechette asked quickly. "Where are you?"

"A block west o' McGill University," Dom said as she began walking in the direction of the man and the young girl.

"I'll call Kowalsky an' phone it into dispatch," Frechette said as Dom could hear rustling in the background. "Keep me posted, Dom." Dom rang off and pocketed her cell phone. It would be a lot easier to shadow these two from the rooftops. And the only way

she could actually do that was in her uniform. Fortunately, that was in her backpack. She dodged down an alleyway quickly, making sure the man and girl weren't too far ahead.

Less than half a block back, a young man in a green plaid kilt stopped in his tracks. “Was that Dom?”

Free Man in Paris

Jean Pierre looked at his watch as he stood in the main terminal of Pierre Elliot Trudeau International Airport. He was early for the arrival from Paris, France, but he wanted to make sure he had a lot of time, and he didn't want his youngest daughter to worry. Fortunately, his office gave him the time to pick up Chloe, as Monika had a gallery engagement that she could not get out of. It had been eight months since Chloe went back to France for her high school education and classes for a hopeful modelling career. But, this year there was a small amount of controversy. Chloe was asked not to return because of an incident. No proof had been established, but there was enough finger pointing in Chloe's direction that the administrators of the school deemed it necessary to ask Jean Pierre and Monika not to send Chloe back to Paris.

All of it was due to a well guarded secret, even more well guarded than Dominique's activities as Canadiens.

Chloe had a gift, albeit a gift that sometimes got her into trouble. She could channel natural electrical patterns through herself. There were many days Jean Pierre could recall where Dominique and Chloe would get into a shock war. Chloe would lightly rub her feet on the floor and touch her sister's shoulder, which would send a good electrical current through Dominique. Who would of course, retaliate. Such an action was suspected in the controversy in Paris, though no one could prove it. Jean Pierre knew, however, and he also knew that Chloe did not purposefully wish to harm anyone. It was her aspect of fun.

His thoughts returned to the present as he spotted a well dressed, young woman walking through the terminal. Chloe was the complete opposite of Dominique. Where Dominique was happy with her tattered jeans and a clean tee-shirt, Chloe needed well pressed, name brand clothes. Dominique had a rat's nest for hair at times, while Chloe wouldn't go down to breakfast without brushing hers.

Jean Pierre smiled as Chloe saw him. She waved as he walked over to her, giving her a big hug. "Ah it's been

so long, Chloe,” he said with a grin.

“Oui, papa,” Chloe replied with a smile as she returned the hug.

“The flight was alright?” he asked as he lead her through the terminal.

“It was alright. I had a window seat, so I could see when we were coming into Montreal,” she said in a rather forced accent.

Jean Pierre shook his head and chuckled. Chloe was still trying to make herself sound Parisian. “You know, you don't have to talk like dat, hmm.”

“I know,” Chloe replied with a small sigh. “But I always got teased when I'd speak. Zhey would laugh and say 'stupid Quebecois'. So, I try an' talk like dem sometime.”

“You know why they would say dat?” Jean Pierre asked as they stopped to gather Chloe's luggage. Chloe shook her head as she waited for the answer. “Because they are jealous.” Chloe rolled her eyes as Jean Pierre chuckled lightly. “Come on. We'll join your mother for lunch. She has a gallery premiere today.”

“Will Dom be at lunch?” Chloe asked with some curiosity.

“Oh, she had some things to take care of today,” Jean Pierre replied with a small shrug. “It's her day off from work, so she might not show up until supper tonight. But she's keeping herself out of trouble.”

The backpack was stashed on a rooftop and Dominique sprinted across the rooftops, keeping a sharp eye on the street below. They hadn't gotten too far ahead, she could still see the girl in the pink hair. But they were heading toward a park, one with small trees and carefully trimmed hedges, and would block Dominique's view if she tried to use her swing line. “Merde,” she muttered as she dropped to the street below. She'd have to follow close on foot, hopefully catch the man in the grey coat trying to do something.

She sprinted into the bushes, watching as the two walked the paths of the park. The pink haired girl was heading through a shadowed area of the park, the man in the grey coat was closing in on her. It was broad daylight,

but not many were in the park itself. Dominique ducked behind a few of the trees as she followed closely, keeping her eyes on the pair. In her jacket pocket, she felt her cell phone vibrate, a minor distraction, but one that did not force her to lose the two she followed.

“Allo,” she said with a whisper into the cell as she followed along through the trees.

“Dom,” replied the voice on the other end. It was Frechette. “What’s the status?”

“You know dat park jus' near de education building on McGill campus?” she asked in a whisper. She heard Frechette acknowledge positively. “Dey went t'rough dere, goin' into the heavy treed paths.”

“Stick wit' them. If he makes an advance, break it up an' try to get him to run north. We're settin' up a trap there,” Frechette explained quickly.

“Alright,” Dom replied quickly. “Gotta go. He gettin' closer.” She rang off and slipped the cell phone into her pocket as she moved faster through the trees. She watched as the pink haired girl stopped on the path. She was looking over one of the CD's again, but this time she

was taking out a portable disc player. Dom hadn't seen one of those in forever, but she knew some people still carried them. The man drew closer and closer.

Dom hissed under her breath as she came within ten yards of the pair. The man reached out as Dom came up behind them. He grabbed the pink haired girl and pulled her back with a rough hand. She screamed, dropping her bag of CD's and the disc player. Dom didn't see the man's face, but she didn't care. He'd made his move now she was going to make hers.

Able followed closely as the two went down the side walk, a nagging voice in his head kept asking where Dom had gone. He was sure he had seen her duck into an alleyway, but had lost sight of her. Little matter, he had to follow Claire and make sure she was alright. At one point, he heard a comment of excitement as one person on the street pointed to the roof top. He took a quick peek, then a double take as he saw the red and white uniform of Canadiens. He'd read about Montreal's costumed vigilante, but had never seen her up close.

“Is that Dom's jacket?” he whispered to himself as he kept following Claire and her stalker. He pushed the thought aside as he saw Canadiens drop to the street and sprint into the bushes of a park. Able waited for the light to change and sprinted as quickly as he could across the street.

He cursed himself as he lost sight of the two, looking around frantically for some sign. Without any clue, he began to walk along the path, hoping to see something. He heard a scream, and snapped his attention toward the direction, breaking into a run.

The man glared at Dom as she took a swing at him with her fist. He ducked and moved to get away. Dom matched his move, trying to herd him in the direction Frechette told her about. Several times he tried to get around Dom, but finally gave up and ran in the direction that Dom was hoping he would. She glanced back to the girl, and said in a firm voice. “Wait 'ere!”

She ran quickly after the man, who was moving fast through the trees and bushes. Dom would be able to keep

up, she could run when she needed to. As long as something unexpected didn't happen.

She hit the ground hard as she felt something slam into her. Quickly, she forced herself to focus, turning her attention to what hit her. Her eyes widened as she saw the familiar kilt and well worn leather jacket. "Able!" she cried out with surprise as she quickly got to her feet. "Stay wit' her. I gotta go." She dashed off through the bushes quickly, hoping that the minor interruption wouldn't cost her.

Able got to his feet and watched Canadiens sprint off after the attacker, then turned to Claire. He went over to her and helped her pick up her CD's and disc player. "Ye alright, lass?"

"I'm... I'm okay," she stammered out as she shakily put her things away into the plastic bag. "You know her?"

"Um..." Able began as he thought how best to answer. "Kinda. Sorta. Maybe." He sighed slightly as he helped Claire to her feet. "Not really all that well, let's say that, luv."

"You followed me?" Claire said as she clung to

Able's arm.

“Well,” he began with a shrug and a small smile. “Me an' Claude saw the guy leave right after ye, got a little worried, so I followed while Claude called the cops.”

“Oh Able,” Claire said with a soft smile as she hugged him tightly. “My hero!”

“That's ... good, lass,” he replied with a sigh and patted Claire's shoulder lightly, albeit with some surprise to her reaction. “C'mon. Let's get outta this place an' see if we cannu find the police.”

Sweet Surrender

The man scrambled through the park, running into trees, bushes and knocking over unsuspecting pedestrians. Always, only a few steps behind, the young woman in the red and white uniform; Canadiens. His desperation for escape was a costly one, as he kept his focus on his pursuer and not what was in front of him. He didn't hear the police until he'd almost run into them. He stopped, searching for an escape, a costly decision at best. Part of him expected the upcoming tackle.

Dom rushed him, slamming her shoulder into the small of his back as he shifted from side to side, looking around desperately. Suddenly his concentration turned from escape to fight. Dom had trapped him like an animal, and like any animal cornered, when scared and desperate they usually turn on the one who trapped them. Unlike an animal, this man had to be captured. He'd already attacked several women on the McGill campus,

this latest attempt showed his desperation.

Canadiens didn't care if there was some mental imbalance in the man, didn't care if he needed counselling, she only knew that he had to be stopped. She would do whatever was in her power to hold him fast so he wouldn't hurt anyone every again. Besides, she had backup. The police broke through the bushes, surrounding the man as Dom held him firm to the ground. He continued to struggle, but slowly stopped as the officers closed a circle around him.

“Alright, Canadiens,” one of the officers announced. “We've got him.”

Dom let go, didn't give him one shot to the head that she so desperately wanted to. She just let them take him away, even though a slow rage built up inside of her. She didn't know the details of each attack this man may have committed, all she knew was she prevented a girl from becoming a negative statistic. She looked around the park for a moment as police hauled the man away. A few officers stayed behind to calm and reassure everyone, including Frechette and Kowalsky. Dom notice Able, with

the young girl hanging right behind him. Both of them would have to give a statement at some point.

She walked over to them, noting the look in Able's eyes. There was a mix of awe and respect, with a tinge of anger that sat in the back somewhere. She could only assume that it was meant for the man who had unsuccessfully tried to hurt his friend. The girl with the pink hair stood close behind Able, peeking out from time to time to watch the goings on.

“You two are gonna 'ave to give a statement, you know,” Dom announced as she approached them. The girl in the pink hair shrank back a bit. “It's okay. See dat officer dere?” she said as she pointed to a female officer, Jocette Frechette. The girl nodded slowly. “Dat is Officer Frechette. You should go talk to her, an' she an' her partner can get you home. Okay?”

The girl hesitated a bit, then began to walk toward Frechette. She stopped a moment, then looked back to Canadiens. “My name's Claire.” Dom nodded as she forced a small smile. The rush from the fast take down and the anger that had built up in her was still there, so it

was a bit of an effort to try to convey a friendly face. Claire tried to smile in return before she slowly walked over to Frechette.

“You gonna 'ave to talk to de police as well, you know,” Dom said to Able as she watched Claire. She turned to look to the young man, and took note of the small smirk on his face. “What? What you smilin' for?”

“Ye called me by me name, luv,” Able said as he inched a bit close and spoke in a low voice. Dom sighed and closed her eyes as she realized what was coming. She felt like an idiot. “Plus I saw ye a few blocks back, lookin' after these two as they went down the street. Ye musta ducked outta sight 'cause I never saw ye again after that. Well, never saw ye 'til someone pointed ye out on a rooftop.”

Dom relaxed a little bit, but felt that she needed to bring up her defences. She didn't mean to be so sloppy. The knowledge of her dual life could be a burden to Able. But on the other hand, she'd mentioned it to her band mates, and Able was going to be a part of that life so he deserved to know. “I was gonna say somet'ing, you know.

At practise t'night. But was gonna work up to it. Yves, Jacqueline an' Michelle all know.”

“They know? Ye mean, they're cool with it?” Able asked with some curiosity. Dom only nodded in reply. “Anybody else?”

“Frechette,” she said as she pointed out the officer talking to Claire. “An' Kowalsky. My parents. An' my sister, Chloe.”

“Wait! Ye've got a sister?”

“Oui, she's comin' 'ome from Paris...” Dom stopped abruptly as she began to remember all the day's events that she had planned. One of which was to get a gift for her sister, a welcome home present. “Merde! I almost forgot! I gotta pick up dat gift, I need to get my books from de campus book store, need to get my backpack!”

“Easy, Dom. Easy,” Able replied with a reassuring chuckle. “I'll give me boss, Etienne a call an' ask fer the afternoon off. I've been pullin' some overtime at work so he should mind. Plus, with this adventure, I'll need time to calm down.”

“Calm down?” Dom said as she studied the young man. “You look more calm den me. An' it were yer friend who were attacked.”

“I have incredible inner fortitude,” he responded with a bright smile and then offered his arm to Dom. “Come lass, yer chariot awaits. Well, maybe not chariot. It's a rusted out '76 Toyota Celica.”

Dom chuckled lightly as she took his arm. “Gonna 'ave to work on dat, you know.”

Chloe sat in the living room of her family's home and watched the world go by. Already she was missing Paris. Montreal was so bland in comparison. She had to admit to herself, she did make a mistake, but maybe, just maybe, if she worked hard enough here in Montreal she could get recognition to go back. It might happen. At least she enjoyed spending the afternoon with her parents. While Jean Pierre and Monika did try to instill a hard work ethic in both their daughters, there were times that Jean Pierre would spoil them. They were his, after all, and he felt they deserved to live a full-filling life.

Chloe could smell the aroma coming from the kitchen. Her mother's cooking, the one thing she missed while she was in Paris. She'd never mentioned to her parents that she missed that above all else. Maybe she'd have to start. She was going to have to get used to things in Montreal. Life would be different here.

The first difference she noticed was the vehicle that drove up in front of their home. A real rust bucket, but still retained lines of its once sporty nature. A red headed boy climbed out of the driver's seat, wearing what Chloe would come to expect of one of Dom's friends. Except the kilt was a bit of a shock. However, her suspicions were soon confirmed as Dom climbed out of the passenger side. This did not do anything to halt her confusion, however. Chloe had known Dom for her entire life. Seventeen years. She'd always known one thing about Dom.

Chloe got up from the couch and walked around to the front door, stepping out onto the porch and waiting for Dom to finish talking to her friend. She listened to the small conversation the two had, catching bits and pieces of

it.

“Show up for the practise t'night?” Dom said in a soft voice.

“Wouldn't miss it fer the world, luv,” the young man replied. Soon after, the young man went back to his car and drove off. Not quietly either, Chloe assumed that the rust bucket probably needed a new muffler.

Dom stood for a moment as she watched the car drive off, then turned to her home, content in her thoughts.

“So I am confused,” Chloe finally announced, startling Dom with her sudden announcement. “I always was under zhe impression zhat you liked girls.” Chloe smiled cheerily as she watched Dom and waited for an answer.

Dom caught her breath as she stared at Chloe for a moment. “Didn't know you were dere, sis,” she huffed and shifted her backpack. “As for what you ask, Michelle an' me fooled around a bit, but we realize dat we just friends. An' dat's de way we like it. Beside, what business of anyone's is it who I date?”

“Zhat makes sense coming from you,” Chloe

replied with her forced Parisian accent.

Dom moved onto the steps and looked to Chloe, her expression changing from shock to a much more comforting appearance. “So, how was de flight back?”

“It was alright,” Chloe replied in a small voice as she looked to the ground. “Don’ tell papa or mama, but I cried when I got the news. I kinda screwed up.”

Dom nodded with a smile, noting that Chloe had started to shift her accent back to normal. “I got somet’ing for you. Figure you gonna need dis, so I picked it up for you.” Dom reached into her backpack and pulled out a familiar white box with a light grey Apple logo on it. “I got you an iPhone. It’s got a few apps I downloaded, plus I put some music on it. Added my cellphone, an’ papa’s to your address book.” She handed Chloe the box, who took it carefully with a stunned silence.

Chloe looked to the box, then up to her sister. “T’ank you, Dom.” She smiled and gave Dom a hug.

“Hey, we may fight an’ stuff,” Dom replied as she returned the hug. “But in the end, I’m gonna look out for my sister.” She patted Chloe on the back and pulled back

Flag on my Backpack

Tim Holtorf

just a bit, adding with a grin. “We better get inside b'fore
some o' our neighbours see us bein' all civil.”

Unimportant

The five of them lounged on the couch in the Turgeon rec-room as the television just added to some background noise. None of them realized it was on a news program. Curled up in the big easy chair of the room was Chloe, listening to the conversation. Mostly whenever Yves and Able spoke up. She had a crush on Yves since she was 13, and now with Able frequenting their home, he was just as nice to look at.

They discussed song lyrics and musical notations as every now and then, either Dom would strum a series of chords on her guitar, or Michelle would set a beat, and even Able would produce something on a recorder he had on hand. The only time they stopped their creative session was when Monika came into the rec-room with a fresh supply of beverages. Even Jean Pierre came down to see how they all were doing, and for a moment, the five took a break from their writing as they all shared in a few laughs.

But their attention turned toward the television as a news report came on.

“Vancouver City Police, along with RCMP, continue the search today for a suspected serial killer known only by the name Trinity,” the news anchor announced in his most deadpan voice. “With more in this report, here's Shirley Melville.”

The scene switched to a warehouse along the docks in Vancouver, as police cars surrounded the place. It was obvious this was after the discovery of one of the most recent victims. “Police say they have no further leads in this case, but have disclosed that they believe this latest rash of murders does have a connection with another on going investigation. Lieutenant Christa Rayne with the RCMP Tactical Division says she believes strongly that Trinity is being pursued by the Mannekin.”

The image of a professional looking woman with dark red hair cut into a short bob filled the screen. “In each of the six murders witnesses have informed police that two individuals were seen fighting. We have enough witness evidence that points to one of the combatants

being Trinity, while the other is Mannekin. In three of the cases it was observed that two other individuals gave aid to one of the combatants, which we can safely assume would be Mannekin's associates known as Black Bowman and Moquette.”

“In each of the six cases thus far,” Shirley Melville continued as the scene switched to the reporter speaking into a microphone in front of an investigation scene. “Police have admitted there is no connection between the victims. The public has already made a call to have police move faster in catching the suspect, although no evidence as to his real identity has been forthcoming. Reporting from Richmond, British Columbia, I'm Shirley Melville, CBC News.”

No one spoke a word for a while after the report finished, as they let the words from the reporter sink in. Yves and Michelle both looked to Dom, knowing full well that figures like the Mannekin made her own work in the community difficult as Canadiens. Yves openly sighed as he sat back on the couch. “I'm just glad things like dat do not happen here.”

“Oh, they do, Yves,” Jean Pierre spoke up in a quiet and calm voice. “Not now, but they have in the past. I'm just glad dat monsters like dis Trinity and Mannekin are far, far away from here.”

Eleanor Wollcott delicately pushed her glasses up on her nose as she read the text on her cellphone, waiting for the lift to come to a stop. She had to interrupt her usual duties as personal secretary for Derrick Stewart, the CEO of the multinational bio-genetic conglomerate known as Stewart Industries. Worry grew on her face which usually held very stoic features. Not company business, to be certain. The day to day activities of Derrick Stewart and the business of Stewart Industries went according to clockwork. It was Derrick Stewart's more nocturnal habits that usually worried her. Those she could read between the lines of code that were in the message.

As the doors to the lift opened, she was greeted by two others who were familiar with this routine. Eleanor could read the worry in both of their faces as she began to walk with them. Lewis Morgan, chief of security for

Stewart Industries' Vancouver operations. A former linebacker with the Saskatchewan Roughriders, this New Orleans native was the first to discover Derrick's secret obsession. Darla Drobosky, Derrick's personal body guard, not that he really needed one. What the public didn't know about Darla's past was kept a very close secret. Former assassin with a secret organization called the Sisterhood. Female assassins, hired by the highest bidder, and very, very good at their jobs. For Darla to turn her back on them would have meant death to many, but under the protective umbrella of Stewart Industries, she was afforded safety.

Like Eleanor, Lewis and Darla both knew of Derrick's other interests, but unlike Eleanor, they had a personal stake in the activities as they would often join Derrick. A call from Derrick of such importance usually meant they would have to once again move to the offensive against some threat. Eleanor had her suspicions as to just whom that would be.

The three quietly entered the office of Derrick Stewart, which overlooked the Vancouver harbour,

catching a glimpse of the mountains. Derrik stood gazing out the windows, a cup of coffee in one hand, as Lewis closed and locked the door. “I believe it is safe to say, Mr. Stewart that we all received your text,” Elanor announced in her crisp British accent as she removed her glasses. She was an attractive woman, who lost some of the schoolmarm charm when she removed her spectacles.

“Do we have any operations that need to be inspected in the area?” Derrik announced without awaiting small talk.

“There are two,” Elanor replied as she flipped open a notebook and skimmed the contents. “A printing company that publishes agricultural pamphlets and a manufacturing company that deals with government defence contracts.”

“Good,” Derrik said as he finally turned to face them, setting his coffee cup down on the large oak desk. “Set up an appointment to see each of them over the course of the next week.” He then looked to Darla and Lewis. “Make sure that our equipment is loaded and ready to go. I have received word from a trusted contact

that Trinity has moved his point of interest from Vancouver.” He slid his hands into his pockets as he spoke, and though he sounded like the staunch businessman he always was seen as in the public light, all three knew that something deeper and darker affected him. Like a shadow creeping across his soul. “Get some sleep. We’ll be taking the private jet in the morning, and should land at two o’clock local time in Montreal.”