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Introduction

This doc will cover up his feats from the book series. I only have read the 1st book so this doc is solely gonna be based on the 1st book of the franchise "Darkly Dreaming Dexter".

Dexter in Dark Planning

Due to the trauma built from that incident he had been possessed by a demon called dark passenger which gives its host an uncontrollable urge to kill. So later on he went down the path of a serial killer. He figures the same might have happened to Dexter. "They thought you were young enough to recover. I was just a bit over the age limit. But we both suffered a classic Traumatic Event. All the literature agrees. It made me what I am—and I had a thought that it might do the same for you." Brian hones his craft throughout the years more and more and at last he finally decides to enter in dexter life in their 30s. Showing an incredible amount of patients. His main goal was to impress Dexter as much as possible with his killings, form a bond with Dexter and then finally meet with Dexter which is even more

surprising for Dexter not because he is his brother but what brian makes him think about the case. [Cognitive Discipline, Learning Capability, Adaptability, Planning, Intuition]

Present for little Brother

He starts killing Hookers in the tamiami section. This is where Deborah is working as an undercover hooker. This ultimately leads to Deb trying to get help from Dexter's unusual ability to understand crime scenes. Brian killed 3 hookers in tamiami which made him a serial killer yet it didn't pique dexter interest so he killed 2 more hookers in Broward this was not to get attention from Dexter but Deb. Since Deb was working as an undercover hooker herself she could connect the dots and figures that those 2 killed was by the same killer while the miami metro police just chose to consider it to be a different case cause obviously you don't want to create a panic among the people that there is a serial killer that have killed 5 people in the span of 5 months and they still don't have a single clue to who are doing these killings. Deb, seeing all of this unfold, wanted to catch the killer more than anyone so she contacted Dexter to help her with the case with his unusual ability to understand a crime scene. And to get Dexter interested in this time he completely drains the blood of victims, chops her into pieces with near surgical precision and wraps each part of the body in different trash bags like a Christmas present and then dumps it into a dumpster for it to be found out. As a way to say to Dexter, "Here is a neat present for you". Dexter is a Neat monster and he has never seen or thought of a kill like this so now Dexter is on board with finding out who is behind the kill. He also put focus on the victim's disjointed leg by making it look more dead. The piece in the ankle, foot nearly looped off with a butterfly tattoo remaining. To make sure Dexter views it as a friendly present from him. [EQ, SQ, Indirect Manipulation, Planning, Strategy]

Police Force Misdirection

He also killed more hookers in a Motel which immediately caught the attention of the media. Putting pressure on the police department. For the crime scene they'd found no traces of anything at the motel. There were so many tire tracks in the parking lot that none were distinct. No prints or traces in the Dumpster, on the bags, or on the body parts. Everything USDA inspection is clean. The only clue they had was from the previous crime scene where the leg that was only cut into 2 pieces which Detective LaGuerta theorised that Somebody had interrupted the killer, surprised him, startled him so he did not finish the cut. He panicked when he was seen. And she directed all her effort at finding that non-existing witness. Due to the unusual case of the murders police didn't know what to do so they couldn't connect the fact that the body was neatly cleaned, wrapped like a present and was

carefully put into a dumpster If he was truly interrupted when he was chopping the body he shouldn't have time to do all that. So much of police work is routine, fitting details into patterns. And if the pattern was brand new, the investigation could seem like three blind men examining an elephant with a microscope. Due to Dexter not being on that routine he was able to get the message of brian and understand that. [Misdirection, SQ]

Recollection Of The Memories

He kills another hooker this time

"Same guy, same pattern?" "Same," he said. He flipped the plastic away with his pen. "Bone dry, again," he said. "No blood at all." The words made me feel slightly light-headed. I leaned in for a look. Once again the body parts were amazingly clean and dry. They had a near blue tinge to them and seemed preserved in their small perfect moment of time. Wonderful. "A small difference in the cuts this time," Angel said. "In four places." He pointed. "Very rough here, almost emotional. Then here, not so much. Here and here, in between. Huh?" "Very nice," I said. "And then lookit this," he said. He nudged aside the bloodless chunk on top with a pencil. Underneath another piece gleamed white. The flesh had been flayed off very carefully, lengthwise, to reveal a clean bone. "Why he would do like that?" Angel asked softly. I breathed. "He's experimenting," I said. "Trying to find the right way." And I stared at the neat, dry section until I became aware that Angel had been looking at me for a very long moment. "Like a kid playing with his food," is how I described it to Rita when I returned to the car. **Which starts triggering Dexter blocked memory of the shipping container Incident. Since this kill had an emotional weight to it as if the killer is alone is trying desperately to impress him to get his attention looking at others kills too, it is performed like an experiment to get his attention. On top of it this time brian had frozen the victim in cold body to symbolise this even more plus it helped with butchering of the victim since it slowed down the blood making the kill process even more Neat and Clean which impressed Dexter even more as he kinda just butchers people Normally with blood spewing out of the body all over the place, Nasty stuff. This leads to Dexter figuring that he is using an ice truck to pull off this kill. It's mobile enough for him to get around, Cold to freeze the body, Narrow to have a feelings in the kill (Reference to Narrowness of the shipping container too) Due to Dexter subconsciously started recalling his memories like a deja-vu due to all of the events he started dreaming about being with brian. Brian has gotten into his head. Brian had shown Dexter how free of a killer he is with not code/rules so Dexter dark passenger obviously liking it started showing dexter dream about him floating symbolising freedom and him teaming up with brian symbolising Dexter desire to have connection with someone like him to who he doesn't need to hide his true self.** I WOKE UP COVERED WITH SWEAT, NOT SURE WHERE I was, and absolutely certain that another murder was about to happen. Somewhere not so far away he

was searching for his next victim, sliding through the city like a shark around the reef. I was so certain I could almost hear the purr of the duct tape. He was out there, feeding his Dark Passenger, and it was talking to mine. And in my sleep I had been riding with him, a phantom remora in his great slow circles. I was back in my dream, floating like a knife blade above the lights of Biscayne Boulevard, flying cold and sharp and homing in on my target and— I opened my eyes again. The water was just water. **Again those desires and symbolisms are related to his past which is also subconsciously blocked by Dexter mind to protect itself from the trauma which is why he is stressing a lot since Brian is trying to break that lock so there is constant battle going in dexter head without dexter even knowing about it. Which just makes him think he is going crazy. Finding himself sleeping-walking on certain nights.** This new killer had simply triggered the final headlong fall into complete craziness? How could I hope to measure the relative sanity of somebody like me? The images had looked and felt so real. But they couldn't be; I had been right here in my bed. Yet I had almost been able to smell the tang of salt water, exhaust, and cheap perfume floating over Biscayne Boulevard. Completely real—and wasn't that one of the signs of insanity, that the delusions were indistinguishable from reality? I had no answers, and no way to find any.

[EQ, Planning, Strategy]

Ice Truck Flying Head

This time brian follows in that ice truck Dexter for Dexter to see the truck and think he is going to hunt and feel his Dark passenger and have Dexter follow him. Dexter sees the truck, feels the dark passenger and starts following the truck. Brian kept his pace. He was 3 traffic lights away from Dexter teasing Dexter like they are playing catch me if you can. Dexter ultimately finds the truck. He was in full hunting mode, and I was merely tagging along behind like an unwanted little brother. And why was I tagging along? Did I just want to prove to myself that it was him, the him, that he was out here prowling and I was not crazy? And if I was not crazy—how had I known? What was going on in my brain? Perhaps crazy would be a happier solution after all. The speed limit on this stretch of Biscayne Boulevard was thirty-five. In Miami that means if you go under fifty they will run you off the road. I pushed up to sixty-five, moving through the sparse traffic, desperate now to close the distance. The lights of the truck winked out as he went around a curve—or had he turned? I moved up to seventy-five and roared past the turn for the 79th Street Causeway, around the bend by the Publix Market, and into the straightaway, searching frantically for the truck. And saw it. There—ahead of me—**Brian knowing Dexter will catch up, he was waiting to have the truck U turn and as Dexter arrives he just passes by Dexter. Dexter also takes a U turn brian knowing it brian turns the truck back light one and off like he is winking at Dexter teasing him even more.** My foot

crashed down on the gas pedal and I charged ahead. He was on the up-slope of the bridge now, picking up speed, keeping the distance steady between us. Which meant he must know, must realize somebody was following. I pushed my car a little harder; I got closer, little by little, a few lengths closer. And then he was gone, over the hump at the top of the bridge and down the far side, heading much too fast into North Bay Village.

It was a heavily patrolled area. If he went too fast he would be seen and pulled over. And then— I was up the bridge and onto the hump now and below me— Nothing. Empty road. I slowed, looking in all directions from the vantage point at the top of the bridge. A car moved toward me—not the truck, just a Mercury Marquis with one smashed fender. I started down the far side of the bridge. At the bottom of the bridge North Bay Village split off the causeway into two residential areas. Behind a gas station on the left a row of condos and apartments made a slow circle. To the right were houses; small but expensive. Nothing moved on either side. There were no lights showing, no sign of anything, neither traffic nor life. Slowly I moved through the village. Empty. He was gone. On an island with only one through street, he had lost me. But how? I circled back, pulled off onto the shoulder of the road and closed my eyes. I don't know why; perhaps I hoped I might see something again. But I didn't. Just darkness, and little bright lights dancing on the inside of my eyelids. I was tired. I felt stupid. Yes, me; ditzy Dexter, trying to be Boy Wonder, using my great psychic powers to track down the evil genius. Pursuing him in my supercharged crimefighting vehicle. And in all likelihood he was simply a stoked-up delivery boy playing macho head games with the only other driver on the road that night. A Miami thing that happened every day to every driver in our fair city. Chase me, you can't catch me. Then the uplifted finger, the waved gun, ho-hum and back to work. Just a refrigerated truck, nothing more, now speeding away across Miami Beach with the heavy metal station ripping from the radio speaker. And not my killer, not some mysterious bond pulling me out of bed and across the city in the dead of night. Because that was just too silly for words, and far too silly for level-headed empty-hearted Dexter. I let my head drop onto the steering wheel. How wonderful to have such an authentic human experience. Now I knew what it was like to feel like a total idiot. I could hear the bell on the drawbridge in the near distance, clanging its warning that the bridge was about to go up. Ding ding ding. The alarm bell on my expired intellect. I yawned. Time to go home, go back to bed. Behind me an engine started. I glanced back. From behind the gas station at the foot of the bridge he came out fast in a tight circle. He passed me fishtailing and still accelerating and through the blur of motion in the driver's window a shape spun at me, wild and hard. I ducked. Something thumped into the side of my car, leaving behind it the sound of an expensive dent. I waited for a moment, just to be safe. Then I raised my head and looked. The truck was speeding away, crashing the wooden barrier at the drawbridge and powering through, leaping across the bridge as it started to raise up, and making it easily to the other side as the bridge keeper leaned out and yelled. Then the

truck was gone, down the far side of the bridge and back into Miami, far away on the other side of the widening gap as the bridge went up.Gone, hopelessly gone, gone as if he had never been. And I would never know if it had been my killer or just another normal Miami jerk. I got out of my car to look at the dent. It was a big one. I looked around to see what he had thrown. It had rolled ten or fifteen feet away and wobbled out into the middle of the street. Even from this distance there was no mistaking it, but just to make sure I was absolutely without any doubt, the headlights from an oncoming car lit it up. The car swerved and smashed into a hedge and over the sound of its now-constant horn I could hear the driver screaming. I walked over to the thing to be sure. Yes indeed. That's what it was. A woman's head. I bent to look. It was a very clean cut, very nice work. There was almost no blood around the lip of the wound. “Thank God,” I said, and I realized I was smiling—and why not? Wasn't it nice? I wasn't crazy after all.

[Planning, Strategy, Foresight, EQ]

Mirror Reflection Self

Brian then kills another person immediately in a hockey rink after the Drive chase. I stopped at the railing to look through the glass. There it was, only ten feet away. It looked so perfect in the cold purity of the newly Zambonied hockey rink. Any jeweler will tell you that finding the right setting is vitally important, and this— It was stunning. Absolutely perfect. Even from the railing I could tell. He had taken the time, he had done it right, in spite of what must have seemed like a very close call on the causeway only minutes before. Or had he known somehow that I meant him no harm? **This time Brian packed the rearview mirror of the ice truck along with the victim's body. It didn't make sense for Dexter on why he would choose this place; it's wide, open. But brian had his own reasons to misdirect the police to have them arrest a fake decoy one of the workers of the stadium. He went way too close with Dexter in the drive chase which might have led him to leave some clues. Understanding the pressure that is put on by the media and the higher ups in miami metro station the police will arrest the guy even with the lack of evidence. On top of it he stops his actions for a while making sure the police got the right guy.**

HIS NAME WAS DARYLL EARL MCHALE AND HE WAS what we liked to call a two-time loser. Twelve of his last twenty years had been spent as a guest of the State of Florida. Dear Sergeant Doakes had managed to dig his name out of the arena's personnel files. In a computer cross-check for employees with a record of violence or felony convictions, McHale's name had popped up twice. Daryll Earl was a drunk and a wife beater. Apparently he occasionally knocked over filling stations, too, just for the entertainment value. He could be relied on to hold down a minimum wage job for a month or two. But then some fine

Friday night he'd throw back a few six-packs and start to believe he was the Wrath of God. So he'd drive around until he found a gas station that just pissed him off. He'd charge in waving a weapon, take the money, and drive away. Then he'd use his massive $80 or $90 haul to buy a few more six-packs until he felt so good he just had to beat up on somebody. Daryll Earl was not a large man: five six and scrawny. So to play it safe, the somebody he beat on usually turned out to be his wife. Things being what they were, he'd actually gotten away with it a couple of times. But one night he went a little too far with his wife and put her into traction for a month. She pressed charges, and since Daryll Earl already had a record, he'd done some serious time. He still drank, but he'd apparently been frightened enough at Raiford to straighten out just a bit. He'd gotten a job as a janitor at the arena and actually held on to it. As far as we could tell, he hadn't beaten up his wife for ages. And more, Our Boy had even had a few moments of fame when the Panthers made their run at the Stanley Cup. Part of his job had been to run out and clean up when the fans threw objects on the ice. That Stanley Cup year, this had been a major job, since every time the Panthers scored the fans threw three or four thousand plastic rats onto the rink. Daryll Earl had to schlep out and pick them all up, boring work, no doubt. And so, encouraged by a few snorts of very cheap vodka one night, he'd picked up one of the plastic rats and done a little "Rat Dance." The crowd ate it up and yelled for more. They began to call for it when Daryll Earl skidded out onto the ice. Daryll Earl did the dance for the rest of the season. Plastic rats were forbidden nowadays. Even if they had been required by federal statute, nobody would have been throwing them. The Panthers hadn't scored a goal since the days when Miami had an honest mayor, sometime in the last century. But McHale still showed up at the games hoping for one last on-camera two-step. A perfect Victim.

Daryll confesses the crime laGuerta forces upon him in confusion. At the press conference LaGuerta played that part beautifully. She made it sound like the memory of his small fame had driven Daryll Earl over the edge into murder. And of course with his drunkenness and his record of violence toward women, he was the perfect suspect for this series of stupid and brutal murders. But Miami's hookers could rest easy; the killing was over. Driven by the overwhelming pressure of an intense and merciless investigation, Daryll Earl had confessed. Case closed. Back to work, girls. This answers why he put the body there but what about the mirror you may ask. In the book Brian looks exactly as Dexter so this was like him saying "Look at yourself" as an attempt to remind Dexter that he has a brother that just looks like him and he is the one who has been doing these killings. **[Planning, SQ, Tactics, Misdirection, Manipulation]**

Barbie Doll Present

Brian then breaks into Dexter's home without a single sign of vandalism. The door was not broken, the windows were not jimmied, and I couldn't see any signs of vandalism, **and then attaches a Barbie doll head in the refrigerator door with the body inside the refrigerator.** I opened the freezer door. Inside, lying carefully on top of the ice basket, was Barbie's body. The legs and arms had been pulled off, and the body had been pulled apart at the waist. The pieces were stacked neatly, wrapped, and tied with a pink ribbon. And stuck into one tiny Barbie hand was a small accessory, a Barbie vanity mirror. After a long moment I closed the freezer door. I wanted to lie down and press my cheek against the cool linoleum. Instead I reached out with my little finger and flipped Barbie's head. It went thack thack against the door. I flipped it again. Thack thack. Whee. I had a new hobby. **Basically a toy for Dexter to play with since he has been in a lot of stress due to all of the things Brian is doing. A symbol to Dexter that this is all just a fun game so no need to stress about it and he would like to play with him.** Aside from the obvious fact that the doll reflected the body of his last kill, why tell me about it? And was this more sinister than some other, gooier message—or less? Was it, "I'm watching and I'll get you"? Or was he saying, "Hi! Wanna play?" And I did. Of course I did. **|EQ|**

Catch Up With Me

He mostly just observes the event taken in this time where police wrongfully arrests the wrong guy and Dexter kills Jaworski so Everything was deliberate, carefully measured for aesthetic impact, explored for artistic necessity. We were at a construction site because it was necessary. He was making his statement as I had told Deborah he would. You got the wrong guy, he was saying. You locked up a cretin because you are all cretins. You are too stupid to see it unless I rub your noses in it; so here goes. But more than that, more than his message to the police and the public, he was talking to me; taunting me, teasing me by quoting a passage from my own hurried work. He had brought the bodies to a construction site because I had taken Jaworski at a construction site. He was playing catch with me, showing all of us just how good he was and telling one of us—me—that he was watching. I know what you did, and I can do it, too. Better. As I stepped off the landing and onto the main area of the floor, I saw Angel-no-relation squatting in the center of the floor, unmoving. His elbows were planted on his knees, his hands cupped his face, and he was just staring. I stopped and looked at him, startled. It was one of the most remarkable things I had ever seen, a Miami homicide technician swatted into immobility by what he had found at a crime scene. And what he had found was even more interesting. It was a scene out of some dark melodrama, a vaudeville for vampires. Just as there had been at the site where I had taken Jaworski, there was a stack of shrink-wrapped drywall. It had been pushed over against a wall and was now flooded with

light from the construction lights and a few more the investigating team had set up. On top of the drywall, raised up like an altar, was a black portable workbench. It had been neatly centered so the light hit it just right—or rather, so the light illuminated just right the thing that sat on top of the workbench. It was, of course, a woman's head. Its mouth held the rearview mirror from some car or truck, which stretched the face into an almost comical look of surprise. Above it and to the left was a second head. The body of a Barbie doll had been placed under its chin so it looked like a huge head with a tiny body. On the right side was the third head. It had been neatly mounted on a piece of drywall, the ears carefully tacked on with what must be drywall screws. There was no mess of blood puddling around the exhibit. All three heads were bloodless. A mirror, a Barbie, and drywall.

- Three kills. Bone dry. Hello, Dexter.

There was absolutely no question about it. The Barbie body was clearly a reference to the one in my freezer. The mirror was from the head left on the causeway, and the drywall referred to Jaworski. Either someone was so far inside my head they might as well be me, or they actually were me. It was beautiful—in a terrible sort of way, of course. But still, the arrangement was perfect, compelling, beautifully bloodless. It showed great wit and a wonderful sense of composition. Somebody had gone to a lot of trouble to make this into a real work of art. Somebody with style, talent, and a morbid sense of playfulness. In my whole life I had only known of one such somebody. Could that somebody possibly be darkly dreaming Dexter? **A question arises with this kill: where are the other body parts? This is only the heads of the victims.** Their bodies: I glanced around. There was no sign of them, no telltale stack of carefully wrapped packages. There was only the pyramid of heads. “Okay. Where do we look?” It was a fair question, which naturally put me at a disadvantage. I had no idea where to look. Would the limbs be left in the killing room? I didn't think so—it seemed messy to me, and if he wanted to use that same room again, it would be impossible with that kind of nasty clutter lying around. All right, then I would assume that the rest of the meat had gone somewhere else. But where? Or perhaps, it slowly dawned on me, the real question should be: Why? The display of the heads was for a reason. What would be the reason for putting the rest of the bodies somewhere else? Simple concealment? No—nothing was simple with this man, and concealment was evidently not a virtue he prized too highly. Especially right now, when he was showing off a bit. That being the case, where would he leave a stack of leftovers?

The hockey rink was all wrong, completely and obviously wrong. It had been an experiment, something different, but I knew he wouldn't repeat it. I started to explain this to Deb, that the only reason he would ever repeat the rink would be— I stopped dead, my mouth hanging open. Of course, I thought. Naturally. “Now who's making a fish face, huh? What is it, Dex?” For a moment I didn't say anything. I was far too busy trying to catch my whirling thoughts. The only

reason he would repeat the hockey rink was to show us we had the wrong guy locked up. **Knowing Dexter would figure this and would go back to the hockey rink to investigate, he had the victims other body parts inside a closet door of Steban.** She snorted at me and headed back out. I stayed in the middle of the rink, feeling the cool radiate up off the ice, and thinking my happy thoughts. Or, more precisely, not quite my happy thoughts. Because as Deb turned to go out I heard a small voice from somewhere over my shoulder; a cool and dry chuckle, a familiar feather touch just under the threshold of hearing. And as dear Deborah departed, I stood motionless there on the ice, closed my eyes and listened to what my ancient friend had to say. It was not much—just a sub-whisper, a hint of unvocal, but I listened. I heard him chuckle and mutter soft and terrible things in one ear, while the other ear let me know that Deborah had told Steban to come in and turn on the lights. Which moments later he did, as the small off-voice whisper rose in a sudden crescendo of rattling jolly humor and good-natured horror. What is it? I asked politely. My only answer was a surge of hungry amusement. I had no idea what it meant. But I was not greatly surprised when the screaming started. Steban was really terrible at screaming. It was a hoarse, strangled grunting that sounded more like he was being violently sick than anything else. The man brought no sense of music to the job. I opened my eyes. It was impossible to concentrate under these circumstances, and anyway there was nothing more to hear. The whispering had stopped when the screaming began. After all, the screams said it all, didn't they? And so I opened my eyes just in time to see Steban catapult out of the little closet at the far end of the arena and vault onto the rink. He went clattering across the ice, slipping and sliding and moaning hoarsely in Spanish and finally hurling headlong into the boards. He scrabbled up and skittered toward the door, grunting with horror. A small splotch of blood smeared the ice where he had fallen. Deborah came quickly through the door, her gun drawn, and Steban clawed past her, stumbling out into the light of day. “What is it?” Deborah said, holding her weapon ready. I tilted my head, hearing one last echo of the final dry chuckle, and now, with the grunting horror still ringing in my ears, I understood. “I believe Steban has found something,” I said.

During that time Deborah stood off to one side for the most part, working very hard at controlling her impatience but not terribly hard at hiding it. Captain Matthews arrived with Detective LaGuerta in tow. They shook hands with their Broward County counterparts, Captain Moon and Detective McClellan. There was a lot of barely polite sparring, which boiled down to this: Matthews was reasonably certain that the discovery of six arms and six legs in Broward was part of his department's investigation of three heads lacking the same pieces in Miami-Dade. He stated, in terms that were far too friendly and simple, that it seemed a bit farfetched to think that he would find three heads without bodies, and then three totally different bodies without heads would turn up here. Moon and McClellan, with equal logic, pointed out that people found heads in Miami all the time, but in Broward it was a little more

unusual, and so maybe they took it a bit more seriously, and anyway there was no way to know for sure they were connected until some preliminary work had been done, which clearly ought to be done by them, since it was in their jurisdiction. Of course they would cheerfully pass on the results. And of course that was unacceptable to Matthews. He explained carefully that the Broward people didn't know what to look for and might miss something or destroy a piece of key evidence. Not, of course, through incompetence or stupidity; Matthews was quite sure the Broward people were perfectly competent, considering. This was naturally not taken in a cheerful spirit of cooperation by Moon, who observed with a little bit of feeling that this seemed to imply that his department was full of second-rate morons. By this point Captain Matthews was mad enough to reply much too politely, oh, no, not second-rate at all. I'm sure it would have ended in a fistfight if the gentleman from the Florida Department of Law Enforcement had not arrived to referee.

The FDLE is a sort of state-level FBI. They have jurisdiction anywhere in the state at any time, and unlike the feds they are respected by most of the local cops. The officer in question was a man of average height and build with a shaved head and a close-cropped beard. He didn't really seem out of the ordinary to me, but when he stepped between the two much larger police captains they instantly shut up and took a step back. In short order he had things settled down and organized and we got quickly back to being the neat and well-ordered scene of a multiple homicide. **This fight ultimately gives Dexter a chance to sneak in the closet to see the scene for himself.** The man from FDLE had ruled that it was Miami-Dade's investigation unless and until tissue samples proved the body parts here and the heads down there were unrelated. In practical and immediate terms, this meant that Captain Matthews got to have his picture taken first by the mob of reporters already clustering outside. Angel-no-relation arrived and went to work. I was not at all sure what to make of it, and I don't mean the jurisdictional squabbling. No, I was far more concerned with the event itself, which had left me with a great deal to think about—not merely the fact of the killings and the redistribution of the meat, which was piquant enough. But I had of course managed to sneak a peak into Steban's little closet of horrors earlier, before the troops arrived—can you blame me, really? I had only wanted to sample the carnage and try to understand why my dear unknown business associate had chosen to stack the leftovers there; truly, just a quick look-see. The parts were not wrapped carefully this time. Instead, they were laid out on the floor in four groups. And as I looked closer I realized a wonderful thing. One leg had been laid straight along the left-hand side of the closet. It was a pale, bloodless blue-white, and around the ankle there was even a small gold chain with a heart-shaped trinket. Very cute, really, unspoiled by awful bloodstains; truly elegant work. Two dark arms, equally well cut, had been bent at the elbow and placed alongside the leg, with the elbow pointing away. Right next to this the remaining limbs, all bent at the joint, had been arranged in two large circles. It took me a moment. I blinked, and

suddenly it swam into focus and I had to frown very hard to keep myself from giggling out loud like the schoolgirl Deb had accused me of being. Because he had arranged the arms and legs in letters, and the letters spelled out a single small word: BOO. The three torsos were carefully arranged below the BOO in a quarter-circle, making a cute little Halloween smile. What a scamp. **He did this specifically for Dexter to see the message which is why he didn't display those messages in an open area for everyone to see. Understanding how the police would handle the case he made sure to keep the police more confused on who is behind these killings "Are they even connected?". Which created conflict between the police from one jurisdiction to another on how they handle this case. Making the investigation sloppy which helps Dexter to sneak around. Ultimately leading to Dexter getting the message by sneaking into the closet. The closet also being used as a symbol for the shipping container and BOO as in it was a scary incident.**

[Planning, EQ, SQ, Strategy, Thinking, Foresight]

Dexter Is The Killer

By this point Dexter starts ruling in the possibility that he is the one behind these kills. The weird oracle type vision where he predicts the victims death in his dream. Him not getting a proper sleep. His body is in stress after he wakes up. It's as if he is killing those people sleep walk, sleep murder. Making things worse brian appears in the webcam in the office of the hockey rink. He gets himself seen in a webcam. The picture was not clear to see who is in the picture but it was just enough for Dexter to recognise the facial features. It was dark, and the man was still too far away to be certain, but from the few details I could make out, there was something oddly familiar about him; the way he stood frozen in the image on the computer, his weight balanced on both feet, and the overall impression of the profile. Somehow, as vague as it was, it added up to something. And as a very loud wave of sibilant chuckling erupted from deep in the backseat of my brain, it fell on me with the impact of a concert grand piano that, actually, he looked an awful lot like— "Dexter...?" Deborah said, in a sort of hushed and strangled croak. Yes indeed. Just like Dexter. **Deb also sees the picture which obviously creates a banter between them.**

Born Blood Bothers

As a final part of the plan brian finally kidnaps Deb. As Deb has seen the picture this is perfect for Dexter to think that he will kill Deb next in his sleep. I HAD NO DREAMS, NO SENSE OF TRAVELING OUTSIDE my body; I saw no parade of ghostly images or headless, bloodless bodies. No visions of sugarplums danced in my head. There was nothing there, not

even me, nothing but a dark and timeless sleep. And yet when the telephone woke me up I knew that the call was about Deborah, and I knew that she was not coming. My hand was already sweating as I grabbed up the receiver. "Yes," I said. The hunt for dexter to catch dexter begins. But twenty feet away from my trusty vehicle I slammed to a stop as though I had run into an invisible wall. The dome light was on. I had certainly not left it on—it had been daylight when I parked, and I could see that the doors were closed tightly. A casual thief would have left the door ajar to avoid the noise from closing it. I approached slowly, not at all sure what I expected to see or whether I really wanted to see it. From five feet away I could see something in the passenger seat. I circled the car carefully and peered down at it, my nerves tingling, and peeked in. And there it was. Barbie again. I was getting quite a collection. This one was dressed in a little sailor hat and a shirt with a bare midriff, and tight pink hot pants. In one hand she clutched a small suitcase that said CUNARD on the side. I opened the door and picked up the doll. I pulled the little suitcase from Barbie's hand and popped it open. Some small something fell out and rolled onto the floorboard. I picked it up. It looked an awful lot like Deborah's class ring. On the inside of the band was etched D.M., Deborah's initials. **The clothes of Barbie symbolising the shipping yard once again triggering Dexter memories.** I saw no huge neon signs bedecked with flashing arrows and encouraging words to direct me: "This way to the dissection!" But I drove on, approaching American Airlines Arena and, just beyond, MacArthur Causeway. In the quick glimpse I got on the near side of the arena, I could see the superstructure of a cruise ship in Government Cut, not a Cunard Lines ship, or course, but I peered anxiously for some sign. It seemed obvious that I was not actually being directed onto a cruise ship; too crowded, too many snooping officials. But somewhere nearby, somewhere related—which of course had to mean what? No further clues. I looked hard enough at the cruise ship to melt the poop deck, but Deborah did not spring from the hold and dance down the gangway. I looked some more. Beside the ship, cargo cranes reared up into the night sky like abandoned props from Star Wars. A little farther and the stacks of cargo boxes were just barely visible in the dark below the cranes, great untidy heaps of them, scattered across the ground as if a gigantic and very bored child had flung out his toy box full of building blocks. Some of the storage boxes were refrigerated. And then beyond these boxes— Back up just for a moment, dear boy. Who was that whispering to me, muttering what soft words to all-alone darkly driving Dexter? Who sat behind me now; whose dry chuckling filled the backseat? And why? What message was rattling into my brainless, echo-empty head? Storage boxes. Some of them refrigerated. But why the storage boxes? What possible reason could I have to be interested in a pile of cold, tightly enclosed spaces? Oh, yes. Well. Since you put it that way. Could this be the place, the future home of the Dexter's Birthplace Museum? With authentic, lifelike exhibits, including a rare live performance by Dexter's only sister? **As expected from Dexter-Dexter manages to find the location of where deb is with little hit brian had left for him to find him. But of course due to the large amount of it it's quite**

impossible to find the correct container. So as a last clue for Dexter he uses he triggers his dark passenger so Dexter can feel his presence. I closed my eyes. The moment I did, the whispering became a cloud of sound and without knowing why I found myself moving toward a clutter of shipping containers down near the water. I had no conscious notion that these particular containers were any different or better or that this direction was more proper or rewarding. My feet simply jerked into motion and I followed them. It was as if they were tracing some path only the toes could see, or as if some compelling pattern was being sung by the whisperwail of my internal chorus, and my feet translated and dragged me along. As they moved the sound grew inside me, a muted hilarious roar, pulling me faster than my feet, yanking me clumsily down the crooked path between boxes with powerful invisible jerks. And yet at the same time a new voice, small and reasonable, was pushing me backward, telling me I did not want to be here of all places, yammering at me to run, go home, get away from this place, and it made no more sense than any of the other voices. I was pulled forward and pushed back at the same time so powerfully that I could not make my legs work properly and I stumbled and fell flat-faced onto the hard rocky ground. I rose to my knees, mouth dry and heart pounding, and paused to finger a rip in my beautiful Dacron bowling shirt. I pushed my fingertip through the hole and wiggled it at myself. Hello, Dexter, where are you going? Hello, Mr. Finger. I don't know, but I'm almost there. I hear my friends calling. And so I climbed to suddenly unsteady feet and listened. I heard it clearly now, even with my eyes open, and felt it so strongly I could not even walk. I stood for a moment, leaning against one of the containers. A very sobering thought, as if I needed one. Something nameless was born in this place, something that lived in the darkest hidey-hole of the thing that was Dexter, and for the first time that I could remember I was scared. I did not want to be here where horrible things lurked. Yet I had to be here to find Deborah. I was being ripped in half by an invisible tug-of-war. I felt like Sigmund Freud's poster child, and I wanted to go home and go to bed. But the moon roared in the dark sky above me, the water howled along Government Cut, and the mild night breeze shrieked over me like a convention of banshees, forcing my feet forward. And the singing swelled within me like some kind of gigantic mechanical choir, urging me on, reminding me of how to move my feet, pushing me lock-kneed down the rows of boxes. My heart hammered and yammered, my short gasps of breath were much too loud, and for the first time I could remember I felt weak, woozy, and stupid—like a human being, like a very small and helpless human being. I staggered along the strangely familiar path on borrowed feet until I could stagger no more and once again I put an arm out to lean against a box, a box with an air-conditioning compressor attached, pounding away at the back and mixing with the shriek of the night, all thumping in my head so loudly now that I could hardly see. And as I leaned against the box the door swung open. The inside of the box was lit by a pair of battery-powered hurricane lamps. Against the back wall there was a temporary operating table made of packing crates. And held unmoving in place on the table was my dear sister Deborah.

Brian finally reveals himself to Dexter slowly walking out of the shadows with a lantern on his hand blinding dexter vision, dexter focuses his glaze standing in front of him was himself. A final trigger to Dexter memories. In a shipping container, someone just looks like he is in the shipping container and a murder is about to take place here. Images tugged at my underbrain. Mental pictures—dreams? memories?—very clear visions, whatever they were. And they were here—this room? No; impossible. This box could not have been here very long, and I had certainly never been in it before. But the tightness of the space, the cool air flowing from the thumping compressor, the dim light—everything called out to me in a symphony of homecoming. Of course it had not been this same box—but the pictures were so clear, so similar, so completely almost-right, except for— I blinked; an image fluttered behind my eyes. I closed them. And the inside of a different box jumped back out at me. There were no cartons in this other box. And there were—things over there. Over by... Mommy? I could see her face there, and she was somehow hiding and peeking up over the—things—just her face showing, her unwinking unblinking unmoving face. And I wanted to laugh at first, because Mommy had hidden so well. I could not see the rest of her, just her face. She must have made a hole in the floor. She must be hiding in the hole and peeking up—but why didn't she answer me now that I saw her? Why didn't she even wink? And even when I called her really loud she didn't answer, didn't move, didn't do anything but look at me. And without Mommy, I was alone. But no—not quite alone. I turned my head and the memory turned with me. I was not alone. Someone was with me. Very confusing at first, because it was me—but it was someone else—but it looked like me—but we both looked like me— But what were we doing here in this box? And why wasn't Mommy moving? She should help us. We were sitting here in a deep puddle, of, of—Mommy should move, get us out of this, this— "Blood...?" I whispered. **[Foresight, Planning, EQ]**

Brian Moser Backstory

It's pretty much the same as the tv series where he witnessed his mother get butchered and was locked in a shipping container where the murder took place. "They found us here," he said. "Right here." His hand went to the floor and touched the exact spot where the small other not-me had been sitting in that longago other box. "Two and a half days later. Stuck to the floor in dried blood, an inch deep." His voice here was grating, horrible; he said that awful word, blood, just the way I would have said it, with contemptuous and utter loathing. "According to the police reports, there were several men here, too. Probably three or four. One or more of them may well have been our father. Of course, the chain saw made identification very difficult. But they are fairly sure there was only one woman. Our dear old mother. You were three years old. I was four." He could perfectly remember everything about the incident even 26 years later brian was 4 years old at that time. "I'm just guessing with some of this," he said. "But I had a little time on my hands, and when I was encouraged to

learn a useful trade, I did. I got very good at finding things with the computer. I found the old police files. Mommy dearest hung out with a very naughty crowd. In the import business, just like me. Of course, their product was a little more sensitive." He reached behind him into a carton and pulled out a handful of hats with a springing panther on them. "My things are made in Taiwan. Theirs came from Colombia. My best guess is that Mumsy and her friends tried a little independent project with some product that strictly speaking did not actually belong to her, and her business associates were unhappy with her spirit of independence and decided to discourage her." He put the hats carefully back in the carton and I felt him looking at me, but I could not even turn my head. After a moment he looked away. He also learned about computers, probably hacking. Being skilled enough to get access to the police file about his mother's case. "And you were very hard to find, too. They are so fussy with adoption records in this state. But I did find you, little brother. I did, didn't I?" Once again he patted my hand, a strange gesture I had never seen from anyone in my life. And unlike the tv series version where brian knew from the beginning that Harry adopted Dexter since he was brought along with Dexter, in the book brian didn't know about it meaning he was separated from Dexter from the very beginning of the shipping container incident. And from what mentioned above he probably used his hacking skills too to hack into adoption centers systems to find dexter adoption files to see where he is and who adopted him.

[Learning Capability, Adverse Capacity]
[Adaptability, FSIQ]

The Ending of Book

Unlike the tv show at 1st Brian actually manages to convince Dexter to kill Deb but LaGuerta interferes. Brian moves quickly covering the distance between him and LaGuerta instantly and stabs her. Laguerta shoots brian in return while Dexter free's deb from the kill table dexter still tries to kill deb even crazier laGuerta points her gun towards dexter, dexter didn't care about it at all. At the end brian pins down laguerta having an evil laugh. Remember this man was just shot. Though after some thought dexter refuses to kill dexter deb. Brian escapes the scene alive at the end. **[Adverse Capacity, Manipulation]**