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1986

Why did the kid pick New York this time? I kept asking myself that as the cab snaked through the Manhattan streets towards the hotel my travel agent booked me into.

The name's Jack Dare. In my midwestern hometown, I'm a licensed private investigator. In the late nineteen-sixties and the seventies, I sort of specialized in finding runaway kids. Largely the ones that decided they wanted to be hippies because they knew more about the world than their parents. Of course, they didn't. Plus, lots of times,