

Year 7 English

A Detective Story by Niall, 7C

Empty flower beds flank the curving driveway as it meanders slowly up the steep hill. Up this gravelly path purrs a Porsche Spyder, slowly advancing on the manor. Flashes of lightning provide the only other light along the driveway. Howling winds batter the large, iron padlocked, thick oak doors. The tall towers and spires reach to the sky as if trying to grab the stormy-grey clouds. Ugly stone gargoyles glare at visitors, warning them to turn back. The jet-black walls of the manor glint in the pale, silver moonlight. The grass on the lawn bathes in the moonlight. Dark, empty windows stare listlessly down the hill towards the small, lively village in the steep valley below. A large flock of crows circle around the tallest tower, waiting for their dinner. Thick, grey plumes of smoke rise from the various chimneys, adding to the foreboding atmosphere. Inside the darkened structure, the guests huddled in the ballroom. In the room, a large gleaming piano, newly polished, stands in the corner. Various oak doors lead off to other rooms and corridors in the house. Dark red sofas line the walls. Crimson pillows relax on the sofas. Expensive oil paintings and stuffed animal heads adorn the freshly painted, shiny white walls. A large, wooden grandfather clock stands guard in the corner of the room. Large windows look out onto the silvery grass. A small balcony overlooks the ballroom, perfect for people who would much rather drink and have a conversation than dance. Yellow candles provide the only internal light in the vast area.

The detective entered the room and took off his wide-brimmed hat.

“Get down or ‘e’ll kill us all!” bellowed Colonel Mustard, tackling Miss Scarlett to the floor. “Ruddy African,” he snarled at the detective. Everyone in the room looked at him like he was a madman.

“Detective Griffin at your service,” said the detective in a low voice, tinged with humour at the Colonel’s reaction. “I take it you were in the war against Africans,” he said in a polite tone to Colonel Mustard. After helping Miss Scarlett up off the floor, he asked Mrs White to come with him to the interrogation room, which was actually the balcony overlooking the ballroom. Downstairs, Miss Scarlett whispered to Mr Green, “he is awfully polite, isn’t he? Young, but well mannered. And he even ironed his trousers. Not sure about the trainers though.” Mr Green grunted in reply.

“Name?” asked the detective to Mrs White, the elderly cook.

“Anna White” she replied.

“Occupation?”

“The cook of this manor.”

“How long have you known Mr Rugswood?”

“I have known him for 25 years as I have been his cook for 25 years.”

“Thank you. Where were you at the time of the murder, please?”

“Well, Mr Rugswood had just entered his study when he called me in. He then asked me for a jug of milk for his coffee. I went back to the kitchen and was just coming back to the study when I heard a piercing scream. So, thinking that Mr Rugswood was in danger, I dropped the jug of milk and rushed back to the study. By the time I got there, the murderer had left the room. But,” she said in a hushed tone, “I did see Mr Green enter the ballroom again. He may

have simply been to the bathroom and was coming back, but he has had financial trouble recently, and Mr Rugswood did have a large sum of money.”

“Ok. Well, I will investigate further into Mr Green, but I do think that you are not the murderer. Please tell Mr Green that I will see him now.”

After interrogating Mr Green, the detective called up Colonel Mustard.

“Well then Colonel, I will ask you the same questions as I have asked for the others and then any questions that I believe are also necessary. Ok?”

“I suppose it’ll have to be ok,” came the reply.

“Name please.”

“John Richard Percival Mustard.”

“Long name. Occupation?”

“Retired military genius.”

“Oh really?”

“Yus.”

The detective smirked at this. “What are your hobbies please?”

“I do love a bit a hunting, I do. Oh, and eatin’ whatever ah shoot.”

The detective looked at him in alarm. “How long have you known Mr Rugswood?”

“Ah didn’t know ‘im. Ah only came to see Miss Scarlett, see.”

“Right. Where were you when the murder happened.”

“Ah was sittin’ in the ballroom with Miss Scarlett, eatin’ the delicious canapes. Ah then ‘eard the screaming. Real loud it wus, yes siree. It sounded like somene wus trying to strangle a ‘orse. Anyways, ah ‘eard it an’ ah wus like, what the heck wus that. Ah offered to go ‘ome an’ then come back an’ shoot the varmint as ‘e tried to get away. But there weren’t no one out there. So, ‘e is down there somewhere.” He pointed down into the ballroom.

“Thank you for your time. Please tell Miss Scarlett to come up.”

“Ya don’t need ta. She wus with me the ‘ole time.” Replied Colonel Mustard defensively.

“I will interrogate Miss Scarlett,” said the detective, his voice steely calm.

After interrogating Miss Scarlett and Mrs Peacock, the detective came downstairs. “Where is the study please?” he asked Mrs White.

“Down the corridor and second door on the right.”

“Thank you,” came the polite response.

“What a polite young man,” sighed Mrs Peacock wistfully.

“Not this again,” moaned Colonel Mustard.