

A Mystery Story

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‘What a warm and sunny day!’ said Nathan McManners while he was on his way to Miss Anna Carter’s house.

‘You’re finally here, detective! Come in and I’ll show you what’s going on.’ They stepped in and Nathan saw broken pieces of a vase on the table and the floor.

‘What’s going on?’

‘An expensive vase of mine was broken but no one was in the house just now and the milk on the table that I was drinking before I went out, is half gone.’

Nathan walked around in the house and found the window was half open and some mud was found on the edge of the window.

‘It looks like a footprint of an animal. Is that a cat or a dog?’ Nathan thought.

‘Anna said no one was in the house. The window should be closed but now it is half open.

‘Do you know why the window was opened?’

‘No, I don’t know. The window was almost closed before I found the vase broken. I really don’t know why it’s half open now.’

Nathan called for the CSI group to examine the footprints on the table, the floor, on the edge of the window and also the fingerprints found on the vase.

‘The footprints on the table belong to cats and the ones on the vase belong to Vincy Brown, a friend of our victims,’ one of the detectives of the CSI group reported.

‘Miss Vincy Brown, can you tell me where you were when the accident happened?’ Nathan asked.

‘I was at home, alone.’

‘Can you explain why your fingerprints were found on the broken

vase?’

‘I was having dinner with Anna at that time. I’m interested in it so I picked it up to have a closer look.’

The police told him a piece of good news after he had questioned the suspect, Vincy Brown. The good news was the footprints belonged to the cat that was owned by Mrs. White, an old woman who lived next door to Miss Carter and its name was Kitty. And the DNA in the milk matched Kitty’s, too.

‘Miss Carter, the mystery’s solved,’ Nathan announced. ‘Kitty, Mrs. White’s cat, clawed her way into your house through the almost closed window that you had closed before you went out. That explains why the window was half open. I think she smelled the milk and wanted to drink it. When she was walking to the glass of milk, she hit the vase and the vase fell down. Do you see, Miss Carter?’

‘What did Miss Carter do after she knew the truth?’ asked Joey, Nathan’s friend and a detective.

‘Miss Carter forgave Kitty and the carelessness of Mrs. White but Mrs. White had to pay some money as compensation for the expensive vase. She even treated us to milk and cookies.’

‘Well, you have had your tea. I’d better eat the cheese cake,’ said Joey and she walked away.

‘No, no, no, no, no, give it to me, please... Joey...,’ Nathan begged.