

Dr Black's Murder

Stars blanketed the night sky, as the reverberation of gravel beneath the tyres announced the first visitors to the Black mansion. The moon showed the manor in all its grandeur; impressive lawns circled the perimeter, grand turrets held up the canopy which covered the entrance and each of the windows gleamed.

Tonight was the night - Mr Black always threw the best parties and this was going to be no exception.

The midnight-black jaguar arrived at the bottom of the grand steps. Professor Plum and I exited the car - I liked to be on time to make the most of the champagne and Doctor Black's exquisite art gallery.

Mrs White was stood on the top step holding a tray of reception drinks; I always adored that women.

"Oooo good evening Lady Peacock, how nice it is to see you!" she cooed as I entered. "Please come in."

I continued up the steps one arm interlinked with Professor Plum as he helped me up, took a glass and entered. Grand, ornate chandeliers hung from the ceiling, lighting the setting for this evening's festivities. Crystal decorations were scattered over the tables which were laden with the finest of China. If anyone knew how to throw a lavish party, it was Mr Black.

Professor Plum and I made our way to the ballroom. Expensive art work adorned the halls and I could just marvel at their value, champagne in hand all evening. I barely noticed the other guests arriving: Colonel Mustard and Reverend Green.

"Professor Plum," Colonel Mustard acknowledged with a sharp nod of the head - that was all he acknowledged. Grumpy, arrogant man!

Reverend Green smiled in my direction but soon the two of them ushered off like mice and sat round the oak table. They looked unusually suspicious: cowering in the corner chatting away. Occasional glances in my direction, made me question what they were talking about.

"Please excuse me whilst I use the restroom," I told Professor Plum - a lady needed to always look her best.

Confidently, I walked past the gossiping pair towards the bathroom. I turned into the Eastern corridor; candle light lit the way as I strutted down the plush, ruby-red carpet, riches oozed from every wall. Reaching the bottom of the grand staircase, Miss Stephanie Scarlett arrived. I forced a smile: for Doctor Black's sake. For some reason, he liked this particular form of money grabbing scum.

"What ya looking at?" she viciously spat in my direction.

I sighed shaking my head at her rude, un lady-like demeanour, and not wanting to get drawn into her usual drama continued towards the bathroom.

What happened next was a blur.

I was just about to leave the bathroom when chaos ensued.

A shriek pierced through every inch of my body. It could only have come from one person - Mrs White. I hurried towards the door and as I turned the corner a flash green and the distinct smell of piped tobacco filled the air. At the time, I didn't see its relevance and continued to where the noise had come from. Rushing around the corner, it was there I saw her. Mrs White cowered on the floor over his body. She shook back and forth crying hysterically into a tissue. Between helpless sobs, she called out into the openness.

"What's happened?" I cried as she drew herself back from the blood drenched body of Mr Black - a single stab wound to his heart.