

Year 7 English

A detective story by Matthew, 7C

At the London police station, the phone rang. Detective Gordon Hill picked up the phone, after a few moments, walked (in his strange posture) to his car, and sped up the road towards the house of renowned judge Vinnie Rugwood.

As Detective Hill pulled up to the house, he noticed many things about it. Firstly, the house was hidden away in a large valley with mountainous hills around the edge. It stood lonely and isolated from civilization and the only way to get there is on a long, twisting, pothole ridden road over swept by debris, which Hill had used to get there. After reaching the end of the long driveway, he was greeted by a gate made of metal bars that make it look like a sinister smile. The front of the manor was covered with endless knots of ivy, making it almost impossible to see through any of the windows that were still intact. Towers and turrets jut up above the house, looming over you. It seems that the manor has not been used for years, but still the famous Vinnie Rugwood, with all his workers, continued to work there. Round the back, the garden's grass has grown waist height and weeds sprout out everywhere.

Gordon Hill walked up to the door, rang the bell, and waited. No answer. He assumed the house's age had taken its' toll on surrounding objects, such as the doorbell, so he let himself in.

He had walked into the entrance room, so he took a right into, what he deducted as, the dining room where he thought everyone would be.

Inside, the dining room looks like it has been ransacked. Tables, chairs and sideboards lie strewn and smashed on the ground. Fragments of the chandeliers' sharp glass crunched under foot, hidden under the mess. Cobwebs covered most of the walls and ceiling in a silver net. A grand piano, useful for entertainment, also lay in pieces trying to hide the rest of the disorder underneath.

After surveying the mess, he left the room and took a right into the corridor that led to the kitchen.

Inside, all the suspects were huddled around the house's equally dilapidated table. They all looked up at Hill and all noted numerous things about him.

He stood at a fairly average height of 6 foot 2, but his slender frame made him look like he was well above this. On his face, a stern and grimacing smile, matched with his glaring look, gave a sense of unfriendliness and solemnity. His hair was a brown-grey, telling us of his aging. All his clothes were old fashioned, and, on his head, he wore a black bowler hat. He had a strange habit of wearing oversized clothes, the reason for this nobody knew.

They could not, of course, know any of the following. He had lived on his own for years, in a remote and ancient cottage in the countryside. He had very small number of friends, most were either ones he had known from his youth and the others were people he had during his time as a detective. Detective Hill had a unique gait, a flat back, head hung low and long, slow strides. It seems, wherever he goes, that dark clouds follow our Detective all the time, maybe a reflection of him or his obscure past.

First of all, Detective Gordon Hill took aside the cook who he had a suspicion about, since a butcher knife was used for the killing, which could, most likely of all, be obtained in the kitchen. "Where were you when Vinnie Rugwood was murdered?" Detective Gordon Hill had sought to start off strong. "In the kitchen, preparing food." Replied the cook, displaying no emotion or expressions. Detective Gordon Hill thought this queer, since Rugwood had been killed late at night when the party was ending, so there was no need to prepare more food. He did not tell the cook as to not put her on her guard. "And also" Hill pressed on "what do you know about the knife used?" "Well, it certainly wasn't from my kitchen, because we use different

knives and, in general, I rarely chop up meat." Said the cook. The detective looked over at the knives and saw that this was true.

Next, he wanted to quiz Colonel Mustard, even though he thought him not to be a suspect.

Again, Hill asked the same question as last time "Where were you when Vinnie Rugwood was murdered?" The Colonel swiftly replied, "I had gone out for some fresh air and to smoke a cigarette" As confirmation, Mustard took out a pack of cigarettes from his pocket. This one question had satisfied Detective Hill's inquisitive mind, and he decided to take a break to consolidate his findings.