



A Murder Story

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One cold silent night, a drunken man was walking unsteadily back home. While stumbling and staggering on the lonely path, he noticed a stalker behind. The drunkard hurled his wine bottle at him and started to run. The stalker soon caught up with him and shot the drunkard in his neck, walked towards him to confirm his death, took all the dead drunkard's valuable things and fled.

The next day, the police arrived at the scene. A special unit called 'The Blacks' was summoned to take the case up. Peter Pat, a most intelligent guy was chief commander; Rocky Prat, a very strong bloke who could easily lift a car up was second in command; PC, a technical guy very good at computers; and the final member, Drake nicknamed Shooter good at shooting and knew everything about weapons.

This squad was the best in town, famed for solving any strange cases and everyone had been awarded the best policeman. Peter pointed at one of the officers and shouted, "Hey you! What's the situation?" He then delegated his team to different work: Rocky and PC to investigate further clues and Shooter to identify the weapon which the suspect had used. "Yes, sir!" the squad replied. One police officer said to Peter, "According to the forensic evidence, the man died yesterday midnight around one to two, shot in the head with all valuables gone." "Thank you," Peter acknowledged. After that he asked PC to try to identify the dead man. "PC and I found some footprints and shards of broken glass. We believe those are the killer's footprints because they appear muddy."

"According to the data on the computer, the victim was Tony Razard, boss of the famous weapon manufacturer 'Tony's Weapon'. This company supplies weapons to the US military," reported PC. "PC, go find me a picture of F81 revolver bullet," Shooter turned to PC and said. "Is this the one?" PC returned soon after and showed Shooter a picture. "Yeah! Thanks, Pete. I think the killer is Roger Proke. Look at this." Shooter went on to explain, pointing at the bullet which killed Tony. "This bullet is priceless because it's no longer available. Only Roger has it coz he's the one who invented it. The bullet is beautifully made," Shooter continued.



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"Wait wait wait!" Peter interrupted. "If this Roger knew that he's the one and only one with it, then why was he still using it?" "That I don't really know, but he must be the one. We'll just grill him when we get him," Shooter answered. "I found his contact number, and I've just tracked him down. He is now at Tony's factory." PC declared. "Good job, PC. Okay, let's move and get him!"

Two hours later, Roger was arrested.

"Did you kill your boss Tony?" Peter snarled at Roger.

Roger kept silent.

"Speak up! " Peter stormed. Roger's lips still unmoved.

Peter stood up and started punching Roger hard. Unable to sustain the persistent bashing and beating, Roger finally broke his silence and cried, "Stop!!....okay.... yes ... I killed him."

"Why?"

"Because the bastard raped my daughter, *that's* why! ... Yes, I killed him with my favourite gun!" Roger seethed through set jaws and clenched fists.

"Don't you know that you're the only one in town in possession of that particular bullet? You just gave yourself away, stupid!"

Having said that, Peter heaved a sigh of relief, walked out of the room and declared, "Case closed!"

Leaving Roger totally vanquished.