

Sing Sweet Song

By Kari562

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Mystery, A story I wrote for english...just wanted to know what you think.

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Sing Sweet Song

Wondering out of the office, the thoughts of what just happened flooded my mind. This night, this case, was very...odd. It was difficult and confusing. I think that you might understand better if I start from the beginning.

It was a dark and windy night, much like everything beginning of a good mystery story, and was just sitting in my chair, leaning back. I softly hummed "Home For The Holidays" as I skimmed over my past work. My humming cut through the salience like a knife through butter.

You see I am Mark Twan. Private eye. Through my twenty odd years here, I have come across many cases, most of which were the same. But no, not this one. Anyway, back to the story.

Here I was, in the office, a five-story building. I was at the top. It was old and rusty from all of the works it has been through. Creaky, cranky, snappy, tappy, every sound was made when you took just one step. No wonder everyone left earlier.

With my hat draped partly over my face, my dark grey coat falling off of me like a waterfall, it was the perfect mystery story. Well, only we were missing the—

"Sir please help me!" Okay, I guess we *weren't* missing anything. I gave a soft nod then looked up. A girl, naturally, with a black veil draped over her face. She was wearing black. Black everything. I raised a brow then she removed the veil, placing it over her hat. She had bright blue eyes, wonderfully bright blue eyes. Her cheeks were tear stained, like she was just crying. But she had no mascara stains and her eyes weren't blood shot. I blinked then decided it wasn't an important matter.

"Sir, oh please, sir. I fear that my life is in danger!" She pleaded, running up to the side of my desk. I shook my head.

"Calm down. Firstly, what's your name, miss?" I asked, pointing over to a chair.

"Nicole Goodrich, The daughter of J. J. Magnus Multiple, the oil magnet. Also the wife of Mr. Goodrich, the major of this down." Nicole answered as she sat down at the chair I pointed to.

"Oh. Why do you believe that your life is in danger?" I calmly asked, looking over her.

"They killed my husband and now they want to kill me, too!" She screamed, jumping up, looking around as if the killer was in this very room.

"Your husband is dead?" I asked, bewildered. Wouldn't the news of the major's death already be in the papers? Unless, that is, if he was just killed...

She nodded then reached into her bag, which I just noticed. It was farley large...an easy way to hide things. She pulled out a broken record piece and handed it to me. I blinked at her, then the record piece, then at her again.

"It was his, my husband's. I believe this is what they killed him with." She stated as she lowered her eyes some then raised them again.

I nodded and looked it over. I looked back at Nicole then my eyes went wide.

I knew who the murderer was!

I smirked at her softly then shook my head. "Well, you shouldn't just believe." I stated then smiled at her when she gasped.

"W-what do you mean?!" She asked, her eyes wide with fear.

"I mean," I began, "that you shouldn't just believe that the record was the thing that killed your husband, I mean, sense you did kill him."

Then it was silent. She stared at me with such a face of horror; of shock it was kind of surprising. Finally, she smiled and laughed softly. "How did you find out?"

I smiled yet again, and then chuckled. "Well, I wasn't really sure, but you just proved me right."

She fumed. "What!" She yelled. "You tricked me!"

"Yes...It might seem that way." I shook my head. "But, you just really fell into your own trap."

She smiled softly and nodded. "What is to become of me, sir?"

"I don't know, yet. But maybe, you should get rid of the gun you have in your bag." Yet again, she gasped.

"H-how..." She murmured, staring at me.

"Easy. You're reaching into your bag. Plus, the bloodstain on your right sleeve can only be made if you shot someone. And, no one can die of getting hit over the head with a record. Maybe knocked out, but that's it." I explained, standing up, finally, from my chair.

"W-what..." She began before she narrowed her eyes, a soft sound coming from her that almost sounded like, well, a growl. "Well...you are the only one who knows," she paused, reaching into her bag, grabbing her gun. She pointed at me and smirked, "and now, no one will ever know what happened to my poor husband, or to you, Mark."

I grinned softly and shook my head again. "Yet again, you are wrong. Cameras, my dear girl."

She gasped and was about to shoot, when the door rushed open. Police stood in the doorway, holding their guns aimed at Nicole. She gasped and dropped her gun, holding up her hands. "I hate you!" She screamed as she was rushed out of my room, leaving me to my peace.

There you go. The story of Sing Sweet Song, the murder of a husband by his own wife. I walked out of the office, hoping to get home just with enough time to watch a new anime show that was coming out today. Who knows, mysteries are always out there.