THE TALE OF THREE BROTHERS

First the murdered – he was 6’3 inch , whitish completion , green eyes , jet black hair, handsome face and heir to a rich fortune .

Then comes the murderer we’ll get to him later

Like any other murder, it was the dead of winter, Robert our victim walks into the room only to be followed by a deadly blow on his head and with that he falls dead

After 2 mornings of the first murder George rushes into the office and yell at my mate Alex. George and I weren’t the best of friends our meetings often ended with a curt nod. George yells at Alex “so new guy, we have got a care for you today. I know that you and your step brothers never get along and I’m sorry about him being ruthlessly murdered. But I think you are the best man for the case, as we don’t have much clues, I think you’ll be the best to figure out any nook and corner in the house through which the criminal escaped. You’ll witness through at the moment, he is too shaken to speak but you’ll get through him eventually.

Alex looks startled by the sudden development. He stares blankly but stonily asks George “who is the witness “George looks down as he replies “its Roberts brother – Thomas, he says he dint see much but he’s much too terrified to recall all the features. I personally think he’s lying. He knows who it is , he just doesn’t want to spit out the name he refuses to co-operate , let alone come to the station and accept the witness protection programme “ you’ll have to go pick him up if you wish to speak with him “

Alex accepted the proposal and walks out of the agency to get the case file. What followed a hour and a half was Alex phone saying that he count spot Thomas anywhere. With the investigation that followed, we found Thomas dead outside the outskirts of the town.

Further enquiries were put into these two cases but nothing could be figured out everyone was left perplexed The murders was far too clever, he dint leave any clues behind. These two murders were just too clean to be true. Alex was very quiet on a certain Thursday we all wondered what happened to him. The effect of both his step- brother murders had left him quite behind life on certain. It was the last most of us saw of him.

The following Friday, George beckoned me to his office first to report the death or rather murder; the word is just too common now a days. Ad second to hand over the case to me . This time the announcement of who took over the case was much too secretive. George believed that Ales publicized account over him taking over the case is what led to his unfortunate death. Its official I ross chandler am officially the secret eye for looking into what popularly came to be known as ‘ the tale of Three Innocent brothers ‘.

Slowly as I completely comprehended what George said to me It suddenly hit me like a block of cement. I turn my head as I meekly asked George “does this mean we have to . . . . . .u know work . . . erm . .Together? “Plump old George had his cheeks tickled with flashing fury ‘ of course you lazy lump. I know very well that we can’t get along, but we might a well as set all issues aside and give the utmost attention to the problem at hand. I stood with ma mouth struck open not because he called me a lazy lump (much to my resentment) but because this was the most he’d ever talk to me

We got together and revised whatever little resources we had when the door crashed itself open and comes in a man dressed in business like clothes , with a toothy grin on his face as he proclaimed his entry with a very dramatic pause.

George and I stare ahead and the man says “ lets crack that case shall we ?? “

Ladies and gentleman introducing James Pettigrew the man who completed our investigating trio. He was send personally from the headquarters and he was here to stay.

What followed his introduction was us accepting that we are still on a square ne, or little group was quite a circus.

George the old obese, serious, crime-stopping detective dangerous, with his exhausted eyes and nose that was ready to flare up at the slight provocation.

James- the lunatic who was ever so lost in everything we said and took little extra time in absorbing the full meaning behind everything what we said in the short was everyone’s favorite fool.

And then of course (ahem) me ross chandler – the tall , lanky , quite observer type of an office.

A few days followed the offices after dear Alex’s death and a few more days passed as we sat staring at each other in awe. I couldn’t take it anymore – never has a murder goy passed me. I cried in frustration as I said “that is it, but I can’t believe that murderer just got by like that “

James sat as calm as a cucumber – something tells me that he’s enjoying this case -he tells “If Alex was still alive id believe that he killed his brother “

“step – brothers “ I corrected quietly as George I asked “ what makes You think that clever fellow “ James answered “ well considering the fact that he would be next in line to get the eye of the ocean “

George interrupted “ the eye of what ??/”

“ well if you just let me finish what I was saying”

this is when I step in and add some extra points “the eye of the ocean was a valuable gem that Sir roggerman discovered on an expedition between the African tribes in the west of the continent . he found the tribals too foolish to understand the value of what he considered thorough beauty – he passed it on to his daughter who passed it on to her oldest son oldest Roggerson who had no children, he was closest to his brother Thomas who got it later on and then came Alex “as I stopped talking I was startled by a sudden silence.

George asks me seriously who got it after Alex?”

I pondered over it and before I could answer James boomerang bark into the the conversation “no one knows “he smiled gingerly “ I think Alex still has the gem with him “- George yelp “ Alex is dead – He can’t carry it on his grave the government would interfere “

James retorted “ I think this case would be much easier if we could all blame Alex and go home now wouldn’t it ??”

I laugh, George stares and that discussion stopped there until a certain Monday when George took a sick leave. James asked me, a little sorrow shaded in his eyes “ you miss your mate don’t you ? – I mean Alex!” “I can pretty much guess his funeral wasn’t a happy one” I was muffled by his last question since when are funerals happy? but then again , this is Jams were talking about – who knows what happens in his little world . I replied “any way none of us were even invited not even me. It all happened quickly, one day he was there the next day he wasn’t, he was very guarded when he was alive and very secretive – he kept to himself.

The following day George walks in with a coffee mug resting on his right hand and doughnuts on the other James scoffs “going on a diet are we George ? “ George looks at me like he’s the filthiest thing on earth but says nothing. He then turns to me and says “ any improvements on what at hand ?” then I think my blank and lost face had answered his questions and this triggered what came to be known as the great eruption, George flung his doughnut at James and I ducked before hid coffee reached me

He told us to get out of his office, solve the case and then return to work – humph “so much for working together “

While James makes a face at the slammed door, I battle with myself and so far the pessimist in me is winning

“I should never have taken this case “

“The killer is probably a graduate from Havard “

“I’m an idiot “

“I am hopeless and to sum it up . I should never have taken this case “

I’m going for a walk . . . . a long walk . I drive past a few famous cities and reach a severe town a little different from ours. I park my car by a pleasant garden and decide to walk by it . I quietly sit on a bench as carefully observe my serene surroundings. Everything around me seemed normal but my detective eyes would never eyes. As I try to observe what happens around me, I see a funny looking man walk past in a black trench. His eyes looked familiar and a brim hat that shadowed half of his face. Though I still couldn’t get over his eyes, it looked reminiscent to be true. But I had a sudden urge to follow him. God only knows what put me there. He walks with a slight limp by the railing and there I was, shadowing his every move .he walks into a public restroom and I reached behind a cubical and I looked at him as he stared at his reflection in the mirror. Just as I was about to think how mad he was, he reached out for his neck. He lifts piece of his skin – wait, what was that? It’s a latex mask. He swipes it off his face. Someone I thought had gone forever had suddenly appeared in front of me. It was Alex. I dint know what to do. I couldn’t call anyone without attracting attention; I couldn’t run away without being shot at. Clearly my options were limited so I confronted him. Call me foolish or rather an idiot but I hoped what did at that time seemed right. Called out to him “Alex ‘Alex looked right at me with a shocked grimace. “ I guess I owe you an explanation . . . “said he. He started with his story, I wanted the eye of the ocean for myself. But Robert denied violently. Then it was simple , I pushed him out of my way , and ended him right there .Thomas witnessed his death so I decided to end him also .He rather was a jolly fellow but nothing more could be done .It’s disappointing from then on everyone started suspecting me in fact they already had so I maintained a low profile . I silently faked my death and created a secret identity. Doesn’t take much trouble being a detective at all. Alex was surprisingly composed. He acted like he couldn’t care any less. And there was standing unable to do anything .I mustered up some courage and said something murmured more like –“ you won’t get away with this !” he cracks a smile and said” And what exactly are you going to do about it ??”I turned away walking toward the door .he pulls out his gun “I wasn’t planning to let you off the hook so easily “I was rather expecting this, I knew he was coming to this but I sighed helplessly and said nothing. I merely looked by awaiting death and held my breath. I accepted my fate and shut my eyes tightly. Alex reaches for the trigger and the next moment I heard a BANG!!At first I thought it was all over but as I opened my eyes I saw Alex was shot in the leg by George. He walks up to Alex and cuffs him. The scene wrapped up quickly from there and he arrested him. I turned to George, “how did you track me? “George replied “to sum it up, I felt kind of bad about what I said, I wanted to come to you personally apologize, I followed you up here. Though I picked a safer hideout and alerted the others. I guess you can pick up easily from there on. Alex wasn’t a careful criminal as he appeared “I thought about how James insanely absurd theory was right all along. I cracked a smile, and walked away silently hoping to come across another mystery some day

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