

The Bloody Knife



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Promptly, he brought the knife down onto his victim's chest. Closer, closer, closer before long the knife had rammed into the sufferer's chest. He screamed out in pain, his dark scarlet blood streaming down his stomach. His cry slowly fading until there was no sound coming out of his mouth. His eyelids flickered until they had finally closed. He lay there motionless, he lay there *dead*.

"Detective Oats please, Office 13." A broad man stood up in a black suit and walked directly to a room labelled '13'. He knocked before opening the door and walking in. "Ah, Detective Oats, I've got a case for you." explained Mr Smith, sitting behind his desk. "You have to investigate a murder of a 16 year old boy."

"Do you have any clues for me?" questioned Detective Oats.

"No, you'll have to start off with very little clues, oh except for this." Mr Smith announced, while handing Detective Oats all the details about Sam Neil, the victim.

"Oh, well in that case I'll get going!" Detective Oats said cheerfully.

"Yes, I suppose you should. Good luck." Mr Smith said, with a serious look on his face. Detective Oats walked out of the office closing the door quietly. He sighed; this was going to be tough especially as he had no particular details. Where would he start first? Of course, Stanton Road, where the *whole scene* took place.

Frantically, he looked around the room. He could see the detective outside, interrogating people. He closed the blinds and turned to a table. On the table was a blood stained cloth, upon it were several weapons. A kitchen knife covered in dry blood; a pistol looking relatively new, and a dagger with blood splattered all over. He picked the corners of the cloth up and folded them over the weapons, making sure they weren't visible. Then he yanked open a cupboard and placed them on the top shelf. He sighed and wiped his forehead just as the doorbell rang.

Detective Oats waited outside the colossal house. A few moments later the big, black door opened and there stood a man. The man was tall, thin and looked as if he hadn't shaved for a few weeks. *His eyes were bloodshot and he hunched over as he was standing.*

"What ya want?" he asked rudely whilst avoiding eye contact.

"Well I was wondering if I could come in, I'm investigating a murder." Detective Oats replied looking *slightly nervous* as to how he would react. The man smirked.

"Let you in, you're a stranger, mate. I don't think so." he snorted.

"Uh, you *will* let me in. Because I *am* a detective and I've *got* to do my job. So if you excuse me." The detective barged past the tall man and walked into the house. The man groaned and rubbed his forehead. Detective Oats gave the man a suspicious look and continued to walk down the dark, dusty corridor.

"So what ya gonna do, eh?" the man urged.

"Well I'm gonna interrogate you, search your house and if I see anything suspicious, you're going to court." Detective Oats said, grinning. The man wiped his forehead again, he looked nervous.

"What first?" he asked.

"I'm gonna have a look around your house." Detective Oats explained. The man wiped some beads of sweat from his forehead. *Oh no.* Detective Oats walked into the living room and wandered around, taking a peek in each cupboard. Then he stopped and stared. There was a piece of cloth hanging down *drenched* in blood. Inside the cloth were some weapons.

"Well that was quick," He muttered under his breath "that was very quick!"

"What? What was quick? What is it?" the man panicked, knowing fully well what was happening.

"You know what. *You're* under arrest, for murder," the detective laughed "who knows if you murdered Sam Neil, all I know is that you have presumably murdered somebody. *You're* going to court."

It was after court and the man was guilty. The police officers pushed him into the cell and locked him up. He stood there, hands on the bars staring at the white wall in front of him. He regretted what he did...