

Date: 1st April 2020

Title: Detective fiction-Final assessment

Xariif Xariifnimo sat rigidly, maintaining her posture in the floral patterned armchair. While she knitted a huge pair of blue socks, soft jazz music played in the background from an old 80's radio that occasionally crackled and popped. Peace. It was a practice that she had gotten used to, after many, many years of it. Just her, her knitting and- An obnoxiously loud ringing filled the otherwise peaceful room from a cream telephone that rattled as it made a cacophony of noise. Xariif slowly got up and stretched, then briskly walked over to the hardened oak side table and picked up the receiver.

"Hello?" she questioned as she impatiently tapped her manicured fingers on the wood.

"Good morning, Ms Xariifnimo. I presume you know why I'm calling?" said a clipped male voice at the other end of the line.

"I do not, I'm afraid. Who is this?"

"Do not worry yourself over that. There has been a murder, we suspect, and a disappearance, or kidnapping. We need you to come to London as quickly as possible, to Mr Remus Shvietz's skyscraper."

"Right away." Xariif replied, but they had already hung up. She opened the compartment under her chair and gathered her bag with all of the things in there. As she shoved the last thing in her bag, a magnifying glass, she put on her powder-blue necktie and walked out of her bungalow. When she saw the couple opposite, she appropriately hobbled over to her car, pretended to fumble with her keys and drove away.

Walking through the humongous double doors of the glass-covered building, she showed no sign of stopping to the guards who had let her bustle through with no hassle. She suspected they had been forewarned of her arrival. Her facial expressions were set as she proceeded to take the spotless lift up to the top floor- the boardroom- as she had been instructed to by the all-too-willing security guards who seemed to want her up there as soon as possible. Opening the glass door to the scene of whatever had happened, she very soon had an answer. The boardroom was in a mess. One of the chairs had been ripped open, another tipped over. She walked over slowly to where the ripped chair was and knelt down beside it. She deftly pulled open the stuffing, and as she examined the chair with precision, a neon green bottle fell out and landed on Xariif's lap. As she picked it up, she subtly put it into her leather satchel and swiftly stood up.

Half running, half walking towards the exit, there was a lady who seemed to be entirely dressed in red. Fluidly walking after her, Xariif put a vice-like grip on the lady's rose-coloured shoulder just as the lady put her scarlet nails on the doorknob. The vermilion woman turned sharply around and their eyes met. She would have been quite a beautiful woman, but she had marred that image herself long ago. Behind her square metal-framed glasses that made the soft curve of her face much sharper, harder, her eyes were slate grey and too heavily mascaraed.

"Who are yo- oh, bonjour madame Xariifnimo. I heard zat you were coming to Remus's, ah, humble ovvice." She pronounced her words in an accent that sounded like french, but underneath there was a kind of ancient metallic scraping, making her voice sound harsher. Now Xariif recognised her. Arielle Ruse, leader of her own million-euro company, famous for her sharp tongue and leading business.

“Good morning, Miss Ruse. It’s a pleasure. I was wondering if you could spare a minute of your time for me?”

“Oui, of course! I vill always ‘ave time for the revolutionary step-mother of Kerry Ling!”

“Thank you, Miss Ruse. I was just wondering if you knew what happened here and why you were leaving so soon?”

“Oh, yes, i-I vas leaving for a meeting with my colleagues, about this terrible incident.”

“Right. Do you know what happened?”

“Non, non, I ‘ave no idea! Remus called me up here for... Tea! Oui, he wanted some tea, so i delivered it to him, but vhen i came up, he vas not ‘ere!”

Xariif looked around, she couldn’t see a cup of hot drink anywhere.

“Where, might I ask, is the tea?”

Arielle looked panicked, and was about to respond when Xariif cut her off.

“I will be back again soon, I shall let you go to your meeting now.”

“Meetin- ah yes! Merci!” As she walked away, Arielle whispered to herself. “‘ave you found the snake venom yet?” she chuckled to herself and melted into the crowd.