

Date: Wednesday 1st April

Title: Detective fiction - final assessment

Behind the modern mahogany desk, sat Detective Inspector D'eath. After flipping the page of her new favourite crime novel, she let out a sigh of boredom. No crime meant that there was nothing for her to solve. Marking where she got to in the dusty book, she decided to take a walk around the small office. Chestnut hair swinging behind her, she paced back and forth, her black boots clicking on the hardwood floor. Her lips were drawn in a thin, taught line as she came to a stop against one of the walls. Azure, inquisitive eyes surveyed the new, unfamiliar space around her. In one quick movement, she brought out a notebook and a pen from her bag. Eyebrows furrowed, she started to make notes of the little things in her new office. When she was near the end of her first page, the cream-coloured door swung open. The read-headed receptionist appeared, standing rigidly in the doorway.

"There's been a murder at number 13 Parks Lane," the receptionist stated. "They wish for you to come and investigate."

A thin smile adorned the detective's lips.

"I'll be there soon."

DI D'eath grabbed her coat, wrapped it around herself and left for the crime scene.

Confidently, the detective strutted into the crime scene only to be met with a horrible smell. Pinching the bridge of her nose, she made her way towards the potent stench. When she reached the bin, she found it filled with grey, chunky vomit. Detective D'eath straightened herself up again and continued to walk around the room. Pulling on white gloves, she crouched next to the victim. Everyone in this town knew who she was: the famous actress, Alice Jackson, who came from here. This town's only legacy. She couldn't be older than 30 by the soft look of her face. Cautiously, the detective ran her thumb along the victim's lips. They were blue, almost a clear sign that she was poisoned. Next to the body, was a little slip of paper. DI D'eath took it between her gloved fingers. In one swift movement, she took off her gold-rimmed glasses and cleaned them so she could read it properly. 'Cheryl', it read. She'd have to ask her suspects about that later. Silently, she tucked it into her pocket and began to look for more clues. On the victim's desk, sat a box of mint chocolates. Not many were eaten and they looked like they hadn't been opened too long ago.

"I want these bagged," she said to the forensics workers, whilst pointing to the chocolates and taking the slip of paper from her pocket. "And the chocolates need to be tested for poison."

A small cough came from the corner of the room. Hunched over in the shadows, a trembling man stood. As he stepped into the light, Angelica turned to get a better look at him. His cropped and sunny blonde hair was a contrast against his deathly pale skin. Fumbling with his fingers, the man looked down, not daring to look at the terrifying scene surrounding him. He shuffled around a bit, his pure black sunglasses concealing his emotionless eyes. Although he should be scared of the scene around him, his eyes didn't look that way and he knew that that would be suspicious to any detective.

Cautiously, the detective strode towards the man, taking in everything about him. She noticed the scar running across his cheek and his expensive-looking clothes. Stopping in front of him, she tapped the man on the shoulder.

"Excuse me, I'm DI D'eath," she began, her tone cautious, "here to investigate the murder." "Oh... um, I'm Brandon Jenkins. I found... I found Alice," he said, almost choking on the words.

Angelica took out the notebook she had been using earlier, flipped to a new page and started taking notes.

“And what is your relationship with Miss Jackson?” she inquired.

Brandon mumbled, “She is - she was my girlfriend.”

“When was the last time you saw her?”

“About 10 last night. Look, is this really necessary? I’d rather not think about what happened.”

“I’m afraid that it is necessary, sir, since you were the last person to see her alive and I will need to take a statement from you.”

Sighing, Brandon slumped against the wall in defeat.

“So, do you know anything about the chocolates that were over there?” DI D’eath asked.

“No,” he said, his voice agitated. “I’m sure she said something about them last night, but they’re probably just from a fan or something.”

Detective D’eath took notice of how his nervous manner had suddenly stopped.

“And what about the name Cheryl, does that ring any bells?”

Momentary alarm crossed his face.

“No, I’m afraid that it doesn’t and I really must be going now. Good day, detective.”

With that, he was gone.