

Story

Sprawled across the birch floor, lay an elegant woman. Her silky blonde hair, woven with red. Her hazel eyes, wide open. Just like she had seen a ghost. Her white, soft, smooth face, overridden with streaks of brown. Her lips. Smeared with pink lipstick, running down her chin. Her long, slim neck held an opal and diamond necklace. Contrasting with the red, all around it. Her white dress, stained by the wine that she had dropped. However, this was not the only thing that had stained her dress. At her navel, was a 9-inch blade. Blood gushing out of the wound like a river. Her room was deathly quiet. The only noise was the wind whistling an eerie melody. Only one soul has seen this sight. That soul is now destroyed. This was the sight that greeted Mr. Tanner, a private investigator. Using his words: 'The best private investigator the world has ever seen.'

Mr. Tanner was sat in his living room. His phone buzzed, it was a text from his secretary. Mr. Tanner opened it up and gasped. Not many things faze Mr. Tanner, however the picture of the woman was a horrific sight. The following text was an address, presumably to the family of the victim. Mr. Tanner stood up and walked across his thick, blue rug toward his computer. Sitting down, he typed in the address, and found it led to a mansion in the middle of nowhere. 'The perfect place for a murder to take place'. He thought. Tanner's phone buzzed again; more pictures of the scene were being shown this time. He scanned the pictures for a few minutes, however this looked like the perfect murder. Nothing left behind, no footprints, no sign of a struggle. But there was no picture of the woman herself. Contemplating in his brain if he should take this case or not. His phone buzzed for the third time. This time with a number. 6 figures. A big amount. Tanner was used to getting rewards, but not this much. Tanner followed up the text with 'K going 2 scene.' Tanner put the address in onto his phone. A one hour trip. Standing up, Tanner went and collected his belongings he would need for the trip. His Armani coat, white surgical gloves, a pistol and his car keys to his Bentley.

He walked to his car. A beautiful model. A large Bentley convertible. Tanner loved this car more than he loved himself. It was his grandfather's. A sort of sentiment. He go inside and admired its beauty. He closed his eyes and dreamed about all the things he used to do with his grandpa, the he drove off. He fiddled around with the radio until he found the perfect song. A slow radio jazz. To accompany him while he drove off into the night. His life was peaceful. 'If only I had woman to enjoy it with me' he thought. After a few minutes the scenery started to change. From a suburban setting, with large concrete buildings covering the gaze of the moon, changed to trees overhanging from the sides, the moon creating intricate patterns onto the ground. Tanner breathed in the fresh air, his nostrils filled up with the fresh smell of pine and oak wood. 'What a night.' Thought Tanner. Finally, Tanner reached the mansion and was greeted with a sullen looking black man. Tanner made a face. He did not like black people, he thought that they were disgusting sinners who deserved to be treated like animals. This was the thoughts of many white people like him. Tanner wondered why he was near such an elegant house.

Tanner ignored this and went in. Maybe he would bring this up with the owner of this house. ‘Well they have enough problems as it is.’ Tanner walked into the house and was greeted by a beautiful sight. A large chandelier was hanging from a ceiling with scenes painted from the bible. Strewn across the walls were gold streakers. The walls had orate gold and silver patterns etched in it and the house had a double staircase with dark spruce banisters. The carpet was a thick and had a louchious gold and black colour scheme to match the house. On either side of him were two diamond encrusted vases with blood red roses. Tanner had never seen such a beautiful house. But such a deathly ambiance. There was no one around. His voice echoed around the house as he cleared his throat. No response. Tanner started to walk across the thick, heavy carpet. His shoes made no noise. Tanner was starting to feel uneasy about this. But the 6-figure price tag kept him going. Tanner carried on across the carpet until he reached the door. He pulled the silver doorknob and went in. He was greeted to a group of white people. They smiled at him through their sullen looks.

They gave Tanner a greeting and told him to follow them upstairs. He was led out of the room and walked up the colossal double staircase and took a left. Tanner was met with a long corridor with doors on each side. Like a hotel. Loud jazz music as being played behind some doors. Tanner found it very odd. However, he ignored it and carried down the corridor. At the end of the corridor was another flight of stairs. However, this one was not carpeted or made to look like anything else in the house. This was just a bare wooden flight of stairs. The woman looked behind to check if he was still following. He gave a nod and followed her up the stairs. The stairs creaked with the weight of two adults. Tanner looked up and saw that it led straight to a door. No hallway. The woman opened the door and went in. Tanner followed. Sprawled across the birch floor, lay an elegant woman. Her silky blonde hair, woven with red. Her hazel eyes, wide open. Just like she had seen a ghost. Her white, soft, smooth face, overridden with streaks of brown. Her lips. Smeared with pink lipstick, running down her chin. Her long, slim neck held an opal and diamond necklace. Contrasting with the red, all around it. Her white dress, stained by the wine that she had dropped. However, this was not the only thing that had stained her dress. At her navel, was a 9- inch blade. Blood gushing out of the wound like a river. Her room was deathly quiet. The only noise was the wind whistling an eerie melody. Tanner did not know what to do. He just stood there frozen. Never had he seen such a more horrifying sight. Her blood had travelled across the floor and ended near his feet. Tanner shuddered. He was contemplating taking this case or not. Even this amount of money could not make him want to take this. He then turned towards the woman and saw that she was silently sobbing, facing away from the body. It was a sorry sight. Tanner went over to her and put an arm around her. She beckoned him closer and whispered into her ear. ‘Whatever you do. Please just fin the person who did this.’ I will give any amount of money. Just please. It’s my daughter.’ She then left the room.