

## The Perfect Crime

Night fell over the Harris residence. Someone stirred, silent moves around the house. Faster, faster. The being is coming now. Another joins it. Together they advanced. Quickly a black bag goes over the sleeping mans head. A small thin needle puts him to sleep. They leave no marks. They travel quickly. They have planned this. They leave the docks on a motor yacht and soon are out to sea.

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As I stepped into the room the smooth strong smell of cigar smoke filled my nostrils. Clarkes latest obsession seemed to be clocks; as the y littered the room around the rooms and allover the walls. Tick, Tock, Tick, Tock. It was an uncomfortable sound. Mr. Clarke sat in a large wing back chair. He was middle aged; grey stubble grows from his face to form a small neat moustache. His jacket look crumpled, he had obviously slept in it again. Thinking as usual completely overcome by his work, he often worked all night. A black coffee sat on his desk and he was smoking the source of the earlier smell. He informed me that there was a new case. I had heard it a day earlier; someone had killed the CEO of "NAP" an architecture company in Plymouth. No evidence has been found so far.

He described the case in much more extreme detail but he said in such a fast and complicated way that I did not get much more from it than I took in from the radio report that I heard on Monday. There was not much more to know though, they had hardly left a trace.

We stepped out in to the foggy morning air heading for Waterloo. The streets where busy. Monday rush hour. In the station it even busier, almost impossible to move, Clarke had never liked too many people. They made him stressed. Dispute his distress we climbed onboard the train, "Welcome to this south west train service, this train..." On the train we met up with a police officer. He told us the same story again, they left almost no trace what so ever, they where trained. It was planned. I had heard all this twice already today. There was one advance on the story; they had left a helmet, and a pocket from a bulletproof jacket. This was key.

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Out at sea the spray licked the decks, where along way out now. The moon shines on the water. The land as disappeared out of site now. Still the engines rumble. They're stopping now. They're slowing down. Tom Harris has a heavy piece of iron on each foot. The last that's seen of him is an scraping the deck as he's pushed off without a struggle and shrinks to the great depths of the sea.

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“Forensics” was pinned up on the door. We went in and immediately saw a dead man. Not a dead man though they had no chance of finding our man apparently he was nowhere to be found they had been searching ever since the night it happened. In fact we weren't even here for forensics we were here for a man. Dr. Ballwood. Another amazing detective.

Once back at his office he told us what else he had found out. “In fact.” He said in a rather well spoken and stingy way. What he said was that the bulletproof jacket and pocket were a framing. He had evidence that the man was murdered out to sea, taken there by a yacht. Mrs. Harris' yacht.