

Love Kills

‘Hello, 911, what's your emergency?’

‘Help!... Help!... there is a cor... cor... corpse laying on the office floor! Blood is running out of the body!’ A man shouted tensely.

‘Alright, stay calm! Please tell me your position.’

‘Daisy Building on Privet Drive.’

‘Can you please describe the victim?’

‘Around 40 to 45 years old, 5’8”’, not very muscular and he has brown hair.’

‘Are you safe now?’

‘Yes, please come quickly!’

‘Ok, help is on the way.’

‘Nee-naw nee-naw’ A blue-and-red light was flashing while a loud and high-pitched noise was ringing from the siren. Three police cars were approaching the office. Getting off the police cars, twelve detectives taped off the office swiftly. And the head commanded the detectives, ‘Attention please! Split into two groups, one looking for any fingerprints, footprints and evidence; and one investigating the cause of death.’ ‘Copy!’ All the detectives answered.

Ron was one of the detectives and it was his first day becoming an official detective. He kept reminding himself that he must find out the truth and be responsible for his obligation - to curb all the crime from happening. He didn’t want to witness the evidence slip through his fingers therefore he scanned through everywhere he could reach - underneath the tables, behind the pantry’s cupboard and even the tiniest gaps between the ceilings. Without disappointment, he found a blurry fingerprint on a piece of white wall, just a few inches next to the men’s room and he sprinkled a little bit of fine powder on it and gently swiped off the excess powder with a soft brush in order to lift the fingerprint.

After matching the fingerprint in the database, the result clearly revealed that ‘Harry Snape’ was the man who the police officers were seeking. Snape was taken by a number of officers to the Privet District’s police station for investigation.

In the investigation room, Harry was sitting straight by the long rectangular table with a computer and keyboard. He kept rubbing his hands and shaking his legs. ‘Click... click...click...click...’ Detective Ron walked from the aisle to the room with a yellow case file in his hand. He sat down slowly, turned on the computer and was ready to interrogate the suspect.

‘Did you murder a man on 31/5?’

Harry nodded.

‘Why did you kill the man?’ Ron was quite shocked at his forthrightness.

‘He... he is my wife’s boss... and he repeatedly picks on my wife.’

‘Not only does he pass the buck to my wife, but also harasses her!’ Harry screamed furiously.

‘So, you killed him?’ Ron roared.

‘I am sick of it, and I cannot tolerate it anymore!’

‘In your words, you didn’t hide the things you did from me, and I believe you understand you will be put behind bars after conviction, don’t you?’ Ron remarked.

‘Do you know what my wife is suffering from? She has undergone insomnia, depression, she always cries with no reason and loses her app... appetite...’ he started sobbing and he couldn’t speak anything else...

Detective Ron halted the interrogation, he just typed all the information in the computer. He went out of the room; his colleagues congratulated him that he caught his first criminal but there was not a single sign of thrill on his face. Not because he hadn’t completed all the questioning, it's because he kept contradicting himself. He resented why he sympathized with the murderer knowing the adversities he had been confronting...

‘What would you give up for your beloved one?’ Ron pondered.