

## Under The Disguise

2C GROUP 1: JOYCE LAI (10) ANGEL LO (15) ELLA LUI (16) YOYO WUT (21)

In the early morning in London, two men were in the sitting room of a red brick house. Shawn was doing his experiments as usual while Hamish was reading news online on his iPad.

“Shawn, you’ve got an email,” said Hamish while taking a sip of his coffee, with his flat nose touching the cup. He opened the email and showed it to Shawn.

Detective Shawn,

Three cases of murder using the same method have happened in this week. We need your help. Please do something about them.

The murderer left a note on the last victim’s body. Here’s the note:  
TEEMIOC:ESDTPMTEIRIETVINR J.S.

The Scotland Yard

“I think he meant the case about the three senators’ death. They were all shot, but all victims were well protected when they died,” Hamish said seriously. “I think I know them.”

Shawn raised his eyebrow.

“They are the ones that decided to ignore the dead soldiers in the war and to promulgate awards to those who were injured,” he droned.

Shawn knew that Hamish was thinking about the dreadful experiences he had in the war. “It must be hard to be an army doctor,” Shawn thought.

“We are going to my brother’s house,” Shawn drove him back from his unpleasant memory.

“Why?”

“The note is a code which means ‘TO DETECTIVE: PRIME MINISTER’. My brother’s in jeopardy. It’s obvious, Hamish!”

They took a cab to the 10 Downing Street. Prime Minister Gatiss met them in the conference room.

“Shawn, it’s been a long time since we have seen each other,” Prime Minister Gatiss gave Shawn a hug. Hamish gawked.

“We’re here to protect you, Mr. Prime Minister,” Hamish determined to interrupt the brothers from catching up.

They explained everything to Gatiss. “We are staying here for a couple of days,” said Shawn.

Day after day, they stayed in the house and tried to predict the date when J.S. would take action. They had not got any clues about it though Shawn claimed that it wouldn’t be hard if any clues soon up.

The sun was set. Shawn has found out some information of J.S. from a hidden website. “Hamish! Check this out. J.S. means Jimmy Scott,” exclaimed Shawn.

“What? You mean the unknown mysterious man who has hacked in the G6 several times?” Hamish’s voice came out from the washroom.

“Exactly,” he replied. “What are you doing in the washroom for so long?”

“Just washing up,” Hamish showed up his military-standard straight hair and his muscular arms. He secretly hid a pistol in his black leather jacket in case he met any danger. He walked out of the washroom towards Shawn.

“I’m going out to get some fresh air,” he said apologetically. “We have been stuck inside this house for too long. I am starting to feel unwell.”

Shawn nodded. “Come back soon,” he took a glance at Hamish’s drowsy eyes and said quietly.

Hamish went down the stairs to the brown wooden door. He plodded outside. The city was swallowed by darkness. Clouds covered the moon. The street could only be seen by the pale streetlight.

Inside 10 Downing Street, Gatiss had just finished his work. Two brothers were sitting on the polo sofa.

“We seldom chat like this, not even met each other since we’ve got our jobs,” Gatiss sighed.

“I’ve lots of cases, bro.”

“Me too.”

They looked at each other, chuckling at all the times they have missed.

“Ah, is it the first time you two have a warm conversation?” a stranger walked in the sitting room. He stared at Shawn. “How come a sociopath gets good relationship with his brother!” he said with an eccentric voice.

“Jimmy Scott, why are you killing people?” Shawn asked.

“How clever you are!” the stranger grinned with crooked smile, then it faded. “My fellows died in the war but their family got no compensation! They suffer from psychological harm and become poor. They cannot live a normal life because of those senators!”

Jimmy glowered at Gatiss. “It’s all your fault!” he roared and took out a gun and pointed it at Gatiss’s head.

Shawn pushed Jimmy’s arm when he fired the gun. Gatiss’s left leg was shot. He fell on the ground and groaned. However, the groaning he made was covered by the pouring rain. Shawn grabbed his gun when Jimmy was distracted. Jimmy punched him in the face. They started fighting.

Shawn knew if Hamish was here, he would have an upper hand. Jimmy hit him in his arm when he was thinking about Hamish. The pistol got throw to the corner of the room.

Shawn was positive that he would lose the fight soon, and his brother would be killed right after that. “I would not allow anyone to harm the people dearest to me,” he told himself.

Shawn caught Jimmy and threw him out of the window, but Jimmy grabbed him. They fell down together and Shawn landed right on Jimmy fortunately.

The heavy rain hit their faces hard. Shawn’s short, amber blonde, curly hair was wet. He stood up and loped to Jimmy’s side. His handsome face went pallid. His eyes were fixed on Jimmy’s with his mouth slightly opened. He wished it was only an illusion.

Jimmy stayed still. The cruel rain had washed away his disguise.

Shawn couldn’t believe his eyes.

“Hamish?”

“Hamish!”

Shawn called his name but it is too late.