

This story is about a young girl. She had a happy life when something happened. I'll let you discover her story.

Maria

THRILLER

I lived in a large house, which was on the side of a mountain with my father. It was surrounded by a large garden with trees that could reach six meters high. We were all very happy. We had under our orders three servants. A nurse for me, Maria, a driver to drive us around and a gardener. Everyone was happy. However, I was often sad; indeed, I had lost my mother to eight years and since then, six years had passed and I always take antidepressants. When I felt weepy, I ran and hid in a hole which was in an old pine tree. Then, I came home without being seen, but most of the time the gardener complained about my escapades claiming that I was destroying the garden. We didn't hear really get on well.

One evening, then the entire household was sleeping... I heard a loud noise coming from the house next door. Curious, I walked there. It was dark and rain was hitting the window with hard. A flash passed and I saw at the foot of the bed, which was at the center of the chamber, my father's body, which was lying on the ground with blood that stained his clothes. He was bleeding from the head and his breath was short. The storm came and suddenly I felt a hand close over my shoulder. It was strong and large. It one of terrified me and then I gave in to panic. I ran for dear life and kicked in my secret shelters that even the gardener did not know. Despite the heavy rain, wind, lightning and the sounds of the forest, the only thing that I heard were the beating of my heart which rang up to my temples. Once curled in the pine tree, I put my hands over my ears, and calming down, I fell asleep. I was awakened by the sirens of car that had arrived. It was probably the servants who had sounded the alert after the discovery of my father's murder. I discreetly left my hiding place and walked to the house where the police had already left guards at the main entrances. They were all wearing black uniforms with a cap of the same color with their badges above their visors. I asked one of them to lead me to the inspector who headed the case He answered me:

-who are you, miss?

-I'm Maria Collins, I with nerve. Maria Collins..., he repeated it a thoughtfully, the daughter of the man who was killed, impossible! The domestics said "she was kidnapped"

-It wasn't a nightmare, it was not possible! I felt my legs weakening and fell on my knees.

-Sorry girl but I would like you to return home. Otherwise your parents will worry about you.

-But I'm telling you! I'm the girl who has disappeared!

-The young girl! I'm asking you to stop bothering me so get away, please.

-How! But go for the servants. They will prove that I am right, asked them. In this case I get the pattern. You do not have any interest on lying and don't make us waste our time; he said me through the door and closed it behind him.

Moments later the Inspector arrived. He glared at me, asked me a lot of questions and then he asked the three servants come to identify me.

He told the police that I was indeed the missing child. Curious, out of it I read different evidence. The first was from the nurse, she had it that she had gone to wake up my father so he get ready but had discovered the body and screamed. The driver and gardener heard the cry of her, than they woke up. After this scream they dressed with hurriedly and ran in the

corridors to find out what had happened. They discovered the maid on the knees, she was pointing at the corpse of mister whose bloodied face was like a zombie. On mine, they wrote emotional shock and hallucination due to the tablets. The anger towards these incompetent police officers increased. They had not believed this put me in a mad rage. I thought to myself that I wouldn't trust any of them. But I want to know the murderer of my father and discover the owner of this cold hand and close. I knew that the servants had not said everything because they were suspicious of the men in uniform, like me. So, I decided that I get my own investigation. I did the interviews in the same order as those of the police.

The nurse confessed to me that that night she wasn't alone in her room but that he had to leave before dawn because any relationship other than not professional in this house was likely to dismiss the persons concerned. The carrier unveiled to me that he had not slept last night but that he had not left his room. The gardener looked at me askance and told me that curiosity was a nasty flaw. This sentence me said a lot: I understood that it had a double meaning. Maybe it was him who had killed my father or maybe that was the way he was reacting to be in annoyance. However, I decided to wary of everyone and especially him. I was hesitating to reveal everything to the lieutenant but I finally didn't do. I found him incompetent. In addition, as soon as a man in uniform came beside me, I felt a dark look boring at on me. It scared me because this sensation that ran through me, he was long buried deep hatred, which my father's death had revived. All of this used me enormously, so I took my stamps. A police officer started me as he caught my hand until I can put my glass to my mouth. He yelled at me, asking me what I was doing. I replied « I drink arsenic ». It the look struck me, I put on my Angel smile. My nurse and the driver attended the scene and explained to the policeman that I'd needed then since the death of my mother for not to be depressed. These words seemed to reassure him. Suddenly, another police car arrived. There were two men inside. The largest one wore a beige coat and his chestnut colored hair highlighted her beautiful green eyes that sparkled of intelligence. It was the Chief Inspector; he was younger than the Inspector and seemed to be twenty. The man who stood beside him was older; he no longer had a lot of hair on his head. He was small and had a paunchy belly. He was the assistant director.

Their arrival brought all the police officers who guarded you, even this stupid Inspector. The big man got out of the car and walked over to it to retrieve the evidence. He took them, observed them, and handed them back. Then he turned to me and beckoned me to approach. I walked. We went back into the house, he told me to get a chair and sat down on the other side of me. He also glared at me and questioned me on what had happened. I related him my adventures and the different secret I had discovered throughout my research. Those eyes sparkled, showing my information interested him. He decided that I would be a spy for the police. Then, it was proposed different assumptions:

- The first that the nurse told the truth and that the driver had lied. Indeed, according to the information found could be assumed that these two had an affair. Which gave them a good motive, a murder *in order to preserve their relationship?*

- The gardener had no apparent reason to kill the master he had a solid alibi.

Later, under the weight of suspicion and dark looks I was getting that reminded me of the man who took care of the garden, I imparted to my "crew" my doubts. The gardener proved to be innocent even if indeed he would have liked to kill my father. Witness the interrogation; I can repeat his statement with exacts word:

-« It is true, that the desire to murder Mr Collins had often crossed my mind.

-How it crossed his mind? said the Inspector

. -It is it the sheer reality, he killed an innocent believing he had an adventure with me and drugged his daughter who had watched the scene so that she would forget this moment. It was six years ago. That evening, I had planned to kill him. I slipped into the room, a candle older

in my hand. Surprised, I quit. The body of Mr was already lying on the floor in full agony. He made a small noise. A few seconds later, the door opened, I thought at first it was the assassin returning to complete his work. But it was in fact mademoiselle. I put my hand on her shoulder to comfort her, however the shock of the discovery made her flee.

-Why didn't have say it earlier!

-You would not rely on me, even now.

-Indeed I admit it.

- But what I say is the truth. I haven't killed him »

This is a piece of the answers made by the gardener. So who was the murderer of my father, the nurse/driver couple, I don't think so: the motive is too flimsy and I would have surely had heard the noise of the fight, but from whom?

Previous testimony kept ragging at me. Six years ago my mother died in an accident. She was driving the car because my father had dismissed valet parking. The cause of this accident was the absence of brake fluid in the car while she was negotiating a turn near a ravine and a pine forest. Since, then I'm raising antidepressants that can be described as drugs. It is impossible; this man didn't talk about it! Outlet of doubt I accrued in my room, took the instructions of these tablets and read. The side effects were, « memory loss », « violent behavior » and last but not least « fit of madness, forgetfulness ». I couldn't believe it, my father had hoped that the murder of my mother would be rest in silence by drugging me. But his hope had turned against him. I took the piece of paper and burned it so the police wouldn't know. So my life continued. Now, I am a lawyer and I struggle against drugs and drugs with severe side effects. I married the Chief Inspector when I was twenty years. The murder of my father was filed without further action because apart from the body there were apparently no other clues. The only person who knows the real story... Me.

Ines Duflos