Law and Order

10-31-11

The Mark Gelfius

Period four

Santa’s Slaughter

It was a snowy evening on November 24th. At 6:37, Santa Claus was chillin’ in the workshop, sippin’ on some cocoa, when suddenly a scream rang out! Santa and his lovely wife, Jane, ran outside. It was then, that they discovered the body. La-a Granckkchmnaoperlaanabi had been brutally murdered. Jane screamed and began to sob uncontrollably. Santa tried to comfort her. After detective Joe John arrived and inspected the area, the body was buried.

Three days later, Joe John was still inspecting the clues he gathered. He had noticed some footprints around the scene that had thick treads on them. La-a arm had been cut with what appeared to be a modern sword. He grabbed his flares and sent Genghis Kahn a smoke signal.

When Genghis arrived, he seemed like a normal guy. He was just a pillager. He was just trying to feed his family. Until the questioning began.

“Mr. Kahn,” Joe John began, “where were you at the time of the crime?”

“Well,” He began in a heavy Mongolian accent, “I was in Asia. I happened to be pillaging Japan.”

“Is that so?” Joe John asked, “Then how would you explain the fact that your boot treads match the ones found at the crime scene?”

Genghis Khan said, “My boots were stolen two weeks ago. I just received them yesterday.”

“Then what about the modern sword slash on her arm?” Joe John asked.

“ I don’t have a modern sword.” He replied, “I use an axe to slaughter my victims.”

Joe John wrote something down then showed Mr. Khan to the door.

­­­­­­­­­­­­­­­­­­­ The next day, Larry Granckkchmnaoperlaanabi came in as scheduled.

“Tell me about yourself, Larry.” Joe John said.

“Well,” Larry began, “I’m the custodian at Lil’ Tikes Elementary School.”

“And what is your relation to Mrs. Granckkchmnaoperlaanabi?”

“I am her ex-husband.” He replied.

“Any children?’ Mr. John asked.

“Yes. His name is Jonathan. He was also La-a’s child. Until the…incident.” He began to sob. Joe John offered him a tissue.

“How can a man who cares this much for his wife be the killer?” Joe John thought. “Thank you for your time, Mr. Granckkchmnaoperlaanabi.” He led him to the door.

­­­­­­­­­­­­­­­­­­­­­­­­ The next day, he visited the Granckkchmnaoperlaanabi home. In the home he found a crib. Inside it was little baby Jonathon Granckkchmnaoperlaanabi. He looked suspicious.

“Mind if I ask him a few questions?” Joe John said nonchalantly.

“I don’t mind.” Larry Granckkchmnaoperlaanabi said from the kitchen, “Hey! Where are my pickles!”

Joe John plucked him out of the crib and sat him on his lap. “What’s your favorite colour?”

“Plue.” Jonathan said.

“Favorite food?” Joe John asked.

“Bickles.”

“Pickles?”

“Yeah. Bickles.”

“Have you ever contemplated murder, Jonathan?”

His face turned red. “Noo.”

“Jonathan. Don’t you lie to me.’

“NO.”

“Okay. You’re of the hook for now. But just you wait. I know you’re the murderer! I KNOW IT!!!” Suddenly police bashed open the bedroom door and dragged Joe John, who was screaming his head off, to the police car.

Two days later, Joe John was sitting in his cell. He understood that his behaviour in the Granckkchmnaoperlaanabi home was completely inappropriate. He understood what was going on. He knew who the murderer was. But, he had been tried and found guilty of attempted robbery and attempted kidnapping. The murderer is still out there, but do you know who he is?

The End?

SOLUTION

Jonathan Granckkchmnaoperlaanabi is the murderer. It is evident by the fact that the pickles were missing and pickles were Jonathan Granckkchmnaoperlaanabi’s favorite food.