

# Bourne toWrite...

creative writing  
workshops

## Partners in Crime

by Pauline Walden

Things started to go missing within a couple of week's of D'Arcy's long awaited arrival.

Of course, there could be no connection.

What was most important was the bond that he and Libby formed almost immediately. Although he was smaller and younger they played together in the house, took their toys into the garden and even slept in the same bed.

But the disappearances continued, ever more perplexing; such odd things for anyone to take. We hadn't noticed any vagrants in the area and in any case I kept my doors locked - with the exception of the back door into the garden, but no-one could get round the side of the house with its high brick wall and dense shrubberies.

It was several weeks later that the mystery was solved.

I was halfway up the stairs when I noticed D'Arcy and Libby light footing it along the hallway. D'Arcy was nudging Libby towards the dining room where afternoon tea was laid. When they got to the table one final nudge catapulted Libby who reached up and toppled a pile of smoked salmon sandwiches.

By the time I'd reached the bottom of the stairs most of the sandwiches had been devoured.

The naughty pair gazed up at me with wide, innocent eyes.

How could I be angry?

I knelt beside them, one hand on D'Arcy's long, silky coat, the other on Libby's soft, woolly curls. They licked my face and breathed their fishy breath.

'You naughty pups', I said, rather more indulgently than intended and with little or no conviction.