

The Strange Truth

by Zoe Carroll

I've heard some people say that it isn't healthy, me visiting Doris and Des, but they're lonely and I think my visits cheer them up. I'm young and friendly and I make them laugh. I can see why people are suspicious of my motives, but I think they may be a bit envious of our friendship. I visit Doris and Des most days, I only live around the corner from them, and they've usually got some cake or some other little treat for me. I spend a few minutes entertaining them and then I leave again, I never want to outstay my welcome.

I went to call on them this morning and they weren't in the kitchen where I normally meet them. They often leave the door open for me though and today was no exception. I crept in quietly, I'd never been inside the ground floor flat before, I usually wait for them outside, in their garden. I wandered through the kitchen and I could hear the television sound coming from a room off of the long corridor that led through the flat, so I assumed that Doris and Des must be in there. I saw the bedroom door was slightly open and then I don't know what came over me. I carefully crept along the corridor, past the open door where Doris and Des were and snuck into the bedroom. I didn't intend to steal anything but the temptation when I saw the leather bag hanging on the back of the chair was too much.

I slipped it off the chair and carefully backed out of the room, retracing my steps back along the corridor, moving silently so as not to be heard. I was keen that Doris and Des shouldn't know that this was me and know that I had betrayed their trust.

Once safely out of the back door I ran as fast as I could to the woods behind their block of flats where I left the bag, with all of its contents inside. I left it where I didn't think anyone would find it, I didn't want to be caught with it. I would come back for it later and see what treasures it contained. For now, I was off to get something to eat.

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"Well, with no witnesses and no suspects there's not very much we can do. I think we'll have to close the case and put this burglary down to an opportunist who just happened to see the door open"

The two officers had done a search around the block of flats where the burglary of a handbag had been reported. They were on their way back to update the victim when Rob Young, the constable who had been sent with his sergeant to investigate, decided to check the stretch of woods that ran parallel to the road behind the flats.

"Eh up, what's this?" Rob brushed aside some leaves and picked up a brown leather bag, holding it up for his colleague to see. "That matches the description eh?"

"Wow, what a stroke of luck, still no sign of who took it though"

"I don't know many burglars who would leave tooth marks like that on the strap do you?" Rob Young held up the handbag's shoulder strap which had several tooth marks around a wet patch on one side of it.

"Well I never, I've heard of cat burglars, but I think we may have our very first fox burglar on the loose, you couldn't make this stuff up"

"Ha, no, the truth always makes a better story eh"

"I think Doris and Des mightn't be so welcoming of the local wildlife in future - I hope they don't want to press charges"

"Ah yes, but wouldn't it be fun to see a fox in court?"