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The Alibi  
or Toy Story Five

by Gill Hilton

When the toys woke up to find Mr Potato Head horribly murdered, Woody took charge.

“Ok,” he announced, “no-one leaves this room. I’m going to question each of you. Etch-a-sketch, you take notes.”

Woody remembered three things from sheriff training school. One: murderers always have a motive; two: they always leave at least one clue; and three, most importantly: no innocent toy ever has an alibi.

Woody spent the day interrogating the toys. He kept reminding himself: innocent toys don't have alibis. So whoever *was* guilty *would* have an alibi. But *everyone* did, so what next?

As Woody tried to sleep that night, the ghost of Mr Potato Head appeared.

“I’ll cut to the quick,” it said, and told Woody who the murderer was.

“But he’s got the best alibi,” said Woody, “he was in bed with Mrs Potato Head. Oh god! I shouldn’t have said that.”

“Look, I know he’s been having an affair with Mrs P,” said Mr Potato Head, “but at the moment of my death, I can assure you that he was not copulating with my wife, he was murdering me. Think about it, Woody: of all the toys, *he* has the best motive for wanting me dead, so he can carry on shagging her without me in the way.”

Woody was beginning to doubt his methods of investigation.

“Have you even found any clues, Woody?”

Woody shook his head.

“Are you some kind of moron? Haven't you found the murder weapon? One high-velocity laser potato-masher? He's probably hidden it in the secret chamber that everyone thinks no-one knows about.”

Woody put his hand to his badge.

“And what about the sticker saying 'Made in China' clutched in my dead fist?” continued Mr P.

Woody looked flummoxed.

“Oh, sweet Jesus!” said Mr P, “and to think I went to all that effort in my death throws to pull the sticker off the sole of my killer's boot, to leave as an idiot-proof clue.”

“How is that a clue?” said Woody.

“For fuck's sake, Woody! We're all made in Taiwan except him!”

“Oh,” said Woody, hanging his head.

He was trying to come to terms with the fact that the killer was his friend Buzz Lightyear. And that he was made in China. When he went to find Buzz and accuse him of Mr Potato Head's murder he didn't get the response he had expected.

“What do you mean, you're Buzz's twin?” he said.

“I'm Buzz Two. Buzz One and I cover for each other. It gives us the freedom to do bad things and still be superheroes.”

Woody's head was reeling. At that moment a door opened behind him, a secret door that Woody had never noticed before. Buzz One emerged, with Mrs Potato Head. Mrs P knew that at the very least, Buzz One would be exiled from the playroom.

She ran her eyes over the manly torso of Buzz Two. Maybe he could take her *To Infinity and Beyond*, she thought, with a twinkle in her eye.