



FOUR

When I entered the study room fifteen minutes later, I saw that everybody had been waiting for me. There were six of them in total: George, Cliff, Adam Alexander, Wilma Watson, Tasha Turner, and Walter Watson. They were all looking curious and tense.

“Ah, there you are,” Cliff greeted after I slammed the door behind me shut. “We’ve been expecting you.”

I stood firmly in front of the six people who had their whole attention at me. Tasha was again fidgeting with her finger clumsily.

“Good evening,” I addressed everybody. “It’s nice of you all to come.”

Wilma snorted. “Skip the introduction, will you? You’re wasting my time.

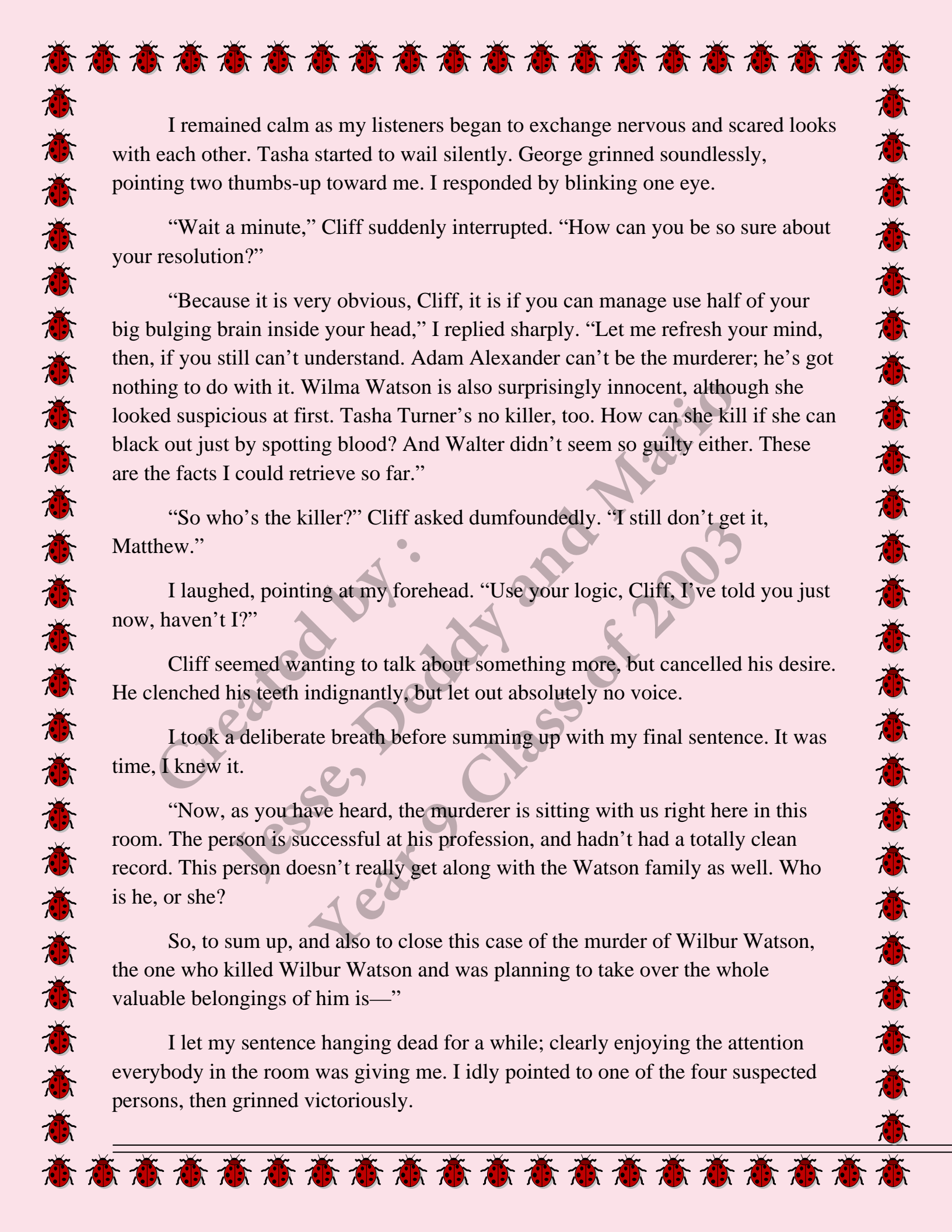
“Yes, Mrs. Watson, I will,” I smiled confidently before starting to explain.

“As we all know, we are here right now to hear me analyzing this murder of Wilbur Watson from my point of view. We had known that the late Wilbur had left a dying message that read ‘79-74’. George and I, however, had worked out the concealed meaning behind the four numbers.”

There was a fuss raising from the four suspected persons as I paused, and I could hear George’s deep-pleased sigh. I cleared my throat, then proceeded with my summary.

“The murderer is very close indeed with the victim, although they don’t get along very well. He attempted to kill the victim, however, because of deep hatred and evil greed of money.

Based on the result I acquired from ‘79-74’, the only evidence of the murder, I can certainly conclude that the murderer is currently sitting here with us right now.”



I remained calm as my listeners began to exchange nervous and scared looks with each other. Tasha started to wail silently. George grinned soundlessly, pointing two thumbs-up toward me. I responded by blinking one eye.

“Wait a minute,” Cliff suddenly interrupted. “How can you be so sure about your resolution?”

“Because it is very obvious, Cliff, it is if you can manage use half of your big bulging brain inside your head,” I replied sharply. “Let me refresh your mind, then, if you still can’t understand. Adam Alexander can’t be the murderer; he’s got nothing to do with it. Wilma Watson is also surprisingly innocent, although she looked suspicious at first. Tasha Turner’s no killer, too. How can she kill if she can black out just by spotting blood? And Walter didn’t seem so guilty either. These are the facts I could retrieve so far.”

“So who’s the killer?” Cliff asked dumfoundedly. “I still don’t get it, Matthew.”

I laughed, pointing at my forehead. “Use your logic, Cliff, I’ve told you just now, haven’t I?”

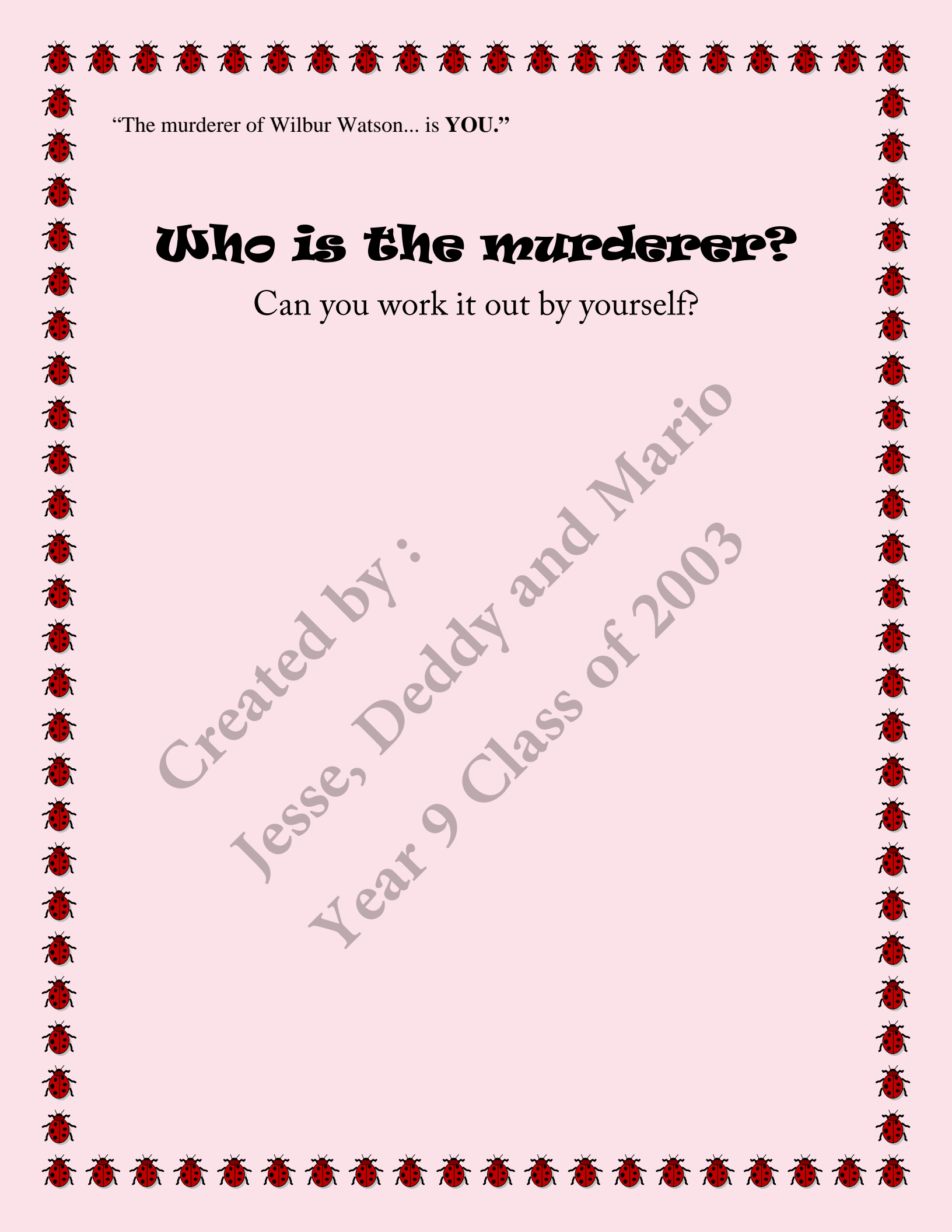
Cliff seemed wanting to talk about something more, but cancelled his desire. He clenched his teeth indignantly, but let out absolutely no voice.

I took a deliberate breath before summing up with my final sentence. It was time, I knew it.

“Now, as you have heard, the murderer is sitting with us right here in this room. The person is successful at his profession, and hadn’t had a totally clean record. This person doesn’t really get along with the Watson family as well. Who is he, or she?”

So, to sum up, and also to close this case of the murder of Wilbur Watson, the one who killed Wilbur Watson and was planning to take over the whole valuable belongings of him is—”

I let my sentence hanging dead for a while; clearly enjoying the attention everybody in the room was giving me. I idly pointed to one of the four suspected persons, then grinned victoriously.



“The murderer of Wilbur Watson... is YOU.”

Who is the murderer?

Can you work it out by yourself?

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