

Mystery Case:

Joe's Account

I arrived early on that crisp Tuesday morning, with a steaming mug of coffee in hand and the comforting routine of our office break room ahead of me. As I settled in, I couldn't help but notice that something was slightly off. Our beloved candy jar—usually a cheerful, well-stocked container of assorted sweets—had one candy less than usual. I distinctly remember the moment: while I was arranging my papers near the jar, I caught sight of Bob lingering a bit too long near it. His eyes darted around, and his expression held a hint of nervous energy that I hadn't seen before.

I soon learned that this missing candy wasn't just a trivial oversight. The atmosphere shifted ever so subtly as whispers of its disappearance began to circulate. I observed Bob speaking quietly with Luis shortly afterward; their hushed tones and furtive glances only deepened my suspicion. Later in the day, as I recounted the events with my colleagues, I couldn't shake the feeling that Bob's behavior was not mere coincidence. Every small gesture—the twitch of his hand, the quick glance away when our eyes met—seemed to hint at a secret he was desperate to keep hidden.

Photo:

