

Mystery Case

Mary's Account

I was in the break room organizing some documents and enjoying the usual morning hum of conversation when I first noticed that the candy jar wasn't quite right. The jar, a small but colorful centerpiece in our daily routine, had lost one of its treats. At first, it seemed like a minor oversight, but as the day went on, I couldn't help but watch the unfolding drama with increasing concern.

What caught my attention most was Bob's behavior. He appeared unusually fixated on the candy jar, almost as if he were waiting for an opportunity to act. I observed him lingering near the jar, his movements hesitant and his demeanor strangely agitated. Later, while catching snippets of conversation between Joe and Luis, I began to see a pattern. Bob's explanations seemed rehearsed and his attempts to divert the discussion were too smooth—almost as if he were trying to erase any link between him and the incident.

The details were small, but they built a narrative in my mind: a narrative in which Bob's nervous actions and deflected glances formed the puzzle pieces of a larger picture. In a place where every day was meticulously orderly, even the smallest anomaly—like a missing candy—could hint at deeper mischief. ask Bob why he is nervous.

Photo:

