

Mystery Case:

Luis Account

I was in the middle of an important meeting when I first heard murmurs coming from the break room. Curious and somewhat concerned, I excused myself and stepped out, only to be met by a scene of mild chaos. Joe was animatedly discussing the anomaly of the candy jar, and amidst this low-level commotion, I noticed something particularly odd about Bob. He moved quickly, almost as if trying to avoid attention, and at one point I distinctly observed him discreetly wiping his hand on his sleeve—a gesture that struck me as unusually deliberate given the circumstances.

As the day unfolded, I pieced together snippets of conversation and subtle behaviors. While everyone seemed baffled by the candy's disappearance, Bob's alibi didn't add up. When I inquired casually about his whereabouts at the crucial moment, his responses were evasive, and his tone was defensive. It wasn't a case of misplaced sweets—it was something that pointed, in small but telling ways, to an act that was hidden behind a veneer of normalcy. My instincts nudged me to keep an eye on him, as the puzzle of that missing candy grew ever more intriguing.

Photo:

