

## A detective short story

It was a Friday afternoon. The sun was shining. Birds were singing. Florent was eating in his house. Hardly had he finished eating when he heard someone shout. He left his house and checked his neighbour's door. He saw that the door was broken. He came in and saw the body of his best friend lying on the floor. When he turned back, he briefly saw someone rushing out of the house. He started to run after him but couldn't unfortunately catch him. But he had managed to observe him and could describe him pretty well. That's why Florent decided to go to the police to report the murder. The next day, the police started investigating. They had found a clue which disturbed Florent.

The clue was a glove, and he knew that this glove belonged to his brother Mark. He decided to talk to Mark. When he arrived in front of the door of his brother's house, he noted that the door was half open. Then, he saw his brother run with a knife in his hand and a big bag on his back. Florent realized his brother was the killer. He decided to tell the police. After two days, he heard his brother had been killed by a policeman.

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