from pathlib import Path

# Define the short mystery story

story\_text\_4 = """

Title: The Last Cup of Tea

By: Allen Rehkemper & AI

The storm rolled in just after sunset, cloaking the small English manor in shadows and thunder. Five guests had arrived for dinner at Windmere House, each of them invited by a mysterious letter signed only, “A Friend.”

By 8:00 p.m., the lights flickered. At 8:15, they found the host—Professor Albert Hensley—dead in the parlor, slumped in his armchair, a half-finished cup of tea on the table beside him.

The doors were locked. The phone line was dead. And the killer, as everyone realized, was still in the house.

Inspector Marian Griggs, who had also received an invitation and coincidentally retired just last week, took charge. “No one leaves until we figure this out,” she said, straightening her scarf.

The guests:

- \*\*Mrs. Lavinia Blackwood\*\*, a novelist with ink-stained fingers and a habit of watching people just a little too closely.

- \*\*Dr. Remy Glade\*\*, a chemist with shaky hands and a sharp tongue.

- \*\*Mr. Felix North\*\*, a charming gambler who never seemed quite broke.

- \*\*Miss Clara Finch\*\*, a shy schoolteacher with a secret.

- \*\*Chef Benoît\*\*, a French culinary expert who claimed to have met the professor in Paris.

They all denied knowing Hensley well. But someone had brewed that tea. Someone had poisoned it.

Griggs asked questions, observed movements, and noted details.

Mrs. Blackwood spoke of inspiration and character motives, but stumbled when asked if she’d visited the house before.

Dr. Glade fumbled when asked to identify the tea blend. “Something herbal?” he guessed. But Griggs noticed the distinct scent of \*\*oleander\*\*, a poison he would surely recognize.

Mr. North flirted with Clara, deflecting suspicion, but a loose page in his coat pocket held \*\*a betting slip\*\* signed by Hensley. A debt?

Chef Benoît was missing at the time the tea was poured. “I was in the cellar,” he said. “Looking for...wine.”

Griggs paced the drawing room. Then she spotted it: a set of six cups on the sideboard. One was missing. The cup on the table wasn’t part of the set—it was a plain white mug.

Clara gasped. “That’s my mug! I brought it with me from the kitchen—it’s how I keep my anxiety tea separate!”

Griggs snapped her fingers.

Only Clara had a reason to use a different cup. But that cup—the one meant for her—was the poisoned one. Which meant...

She wasn’t the killer.

“She was the target,” Griggs said. “Someone swapped the cups.”

They all turned to \*\*Dr. Glade\*\*, who had insisted on “helping” with the tea.

“You owed her father a great deal, didn’t you?” Griggs said. “A ruined career... and Clara was about to reveal the truth. So you meant to silence her.”

Dr. Glade’s face went pale. “I... I made a mistake.”

“Yes,” Griggs replied. “A deadly one.”

The storm continued to rage, but the mystery had passed.

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Sometimes, the cup you choose reveals more than just your taste.

"""

# Save to .txt file

story\_path\_4 = Path("/mnt/data/The\_Last\_Cup\_of\_Tea.txt")

story\_path\_4.write\_text(story\_text\_4.strip())

story\_path\_4