

# THE CASE OF HIM

‘The annual fair has been inaugurated. Yesterday more than two hundred people attended the fair. A lot of varieties of items have infatuated the minds of all the people. The shopkeepers on enquiring have...’ and suddenly John was interrupted by a large bang on the door.

Both Crick and Jim have also diverted their attention from listening the newspaper from the voice of John. That was unusual of a person to arrive quite early in that holiday morning but someone had arrived. Jim at that time ducked behind the sofa to collect a pen which had fallen.

‘I will kill him’ said a person. He was a robust one, with a brown shade in the blackish hairs and some white proportion was also visible. He was wearing spectacles and that is for some myopic or hypermetropic or presbyopic vision or for any other defect of vision. That was that and moreover he had a polished shoe covering his feet and was of brown shade. But he was covered extensively. That much was possible from the first impression. As abruptly he had came that way he also disappeared from the place.

‘But why? And who is that him?’ Crick shouted from behind to the fast running fellow.

‘You are asking Crick?’ said the fellow and increased his pace.

‘These things always demolish my plans’ sighed Crick.

‘By the way, what was your plan?’ asked Jim.

‘To dive into a deep slumber’ replied Crick in a jolly way.

‘Now what?’ asked John.

‘John, you have to do a work for me. You just have to follow that fellow – whoever was that and upon his reaching in his house you have to send the address and you will find my acquaintance’ said Crick and Jim followed him. John departed his own way.

‘I have to send the details of the fellow to the cops especially to Mr. Robert. Then I would wait for the message from John and I hope he will do the work with perfectness’ and after completing

his work Crick went to his room and waited for a few hours before receiving the message from a boy.

On the other hand, the trail of the unknown fellow had been started by John.

I followed the fellow from the close angle. The fellow first without any angry face walked along the road. I also followed him. After some moments he reached the cab stand.

I thought at first that why he didn't went to railway station rather arrived at the cab stand and later dismissed the thought by thinking the place where he resides should be near and so and hence he depended upon the cab than train.

'How much will you take for Fressbrough?' asked that fellow standing beside a cab. The driver was in an unconscious state and hence was a bit lazy in answering the question of the fellow. I was not able to hear the amount stated as a large horn sound came behind him. I got aside and saw the fellow creeping into that cab; at least I was hopeful to hear the name of the place – Fressbrough.

But before giving the message to you both I followed the trail of the fellow which I think was a wise decision on my part after realizing the consequences. The cab didn't go straight as I followed the cab perching on another observed the motion. Rather than going straight it turned the whole way round but had covered a small distance if it would have gone straightway.

I was bit confused but still followed it. After about the passage of one hour the cab came to the place Fressbrough as per that fellow. But not a single shop was there neither a house only a few dogs lurking in the streets with a few people.

I was amazed at such a situation but still trailed the fellow. The fellow then slowly travelled rather walked and sometimes ran and at last reached a place called F-C-ST. I looked at the letters and it struck me that it would be Fressbrough Cab Stand as a number of cabs were resting in it.

'So the fellow would take another cab to some other place' I murmured to myself.

The fellow then negotiated on some topics with a cab and then went into another one but I didn't leave behind. I restarted his trail and followed him. This time I also didn't knew the place where

he was going and asked his cab just to follow the yellow colored cab which was striding rapidly on the dusty path. The road was quite rocky but was motorable.

After a few moments passed, my eyes were filled with a deep perplexion as for which cab was I following? All the cabs were yellow in colour and moreover the whole place had converted from a scenic beauty allied with lush green temperate type vegetation to honking vehicles tearing your tympanum along with dismantling your otoliths. Everywhere there were high skyscrapers inhabited by people and malls where a lot have been observed doing shopping.

But where the cab had gone? It was just like a wild goose chase.

Luckily I had remembered the cab number and so I started gazing the cab numbers. Slowly a fear trapped my mind and what if I have missed the whole matter of case and been unfaithful to someone who had rescued me from being behind the bars?

I didn't lose hope there. I asked the driver to stop the cab. I came out of it. Then looked all the around in the city. I thought for a second and god knows what struck to my mind that I asked the cab driver to start the engine again. I ordered him to go straight.

I was wandering aimlessly. Then I lost all my threads from the game of chase and was completely dispirited. I saw a shop from which I could send a wire to both of you. I came out of the cab and fixed my look upon the shop and started climbing the steps.

'Hello. Is anybody here?'

'Yeah, how can I help you?' a man of around thirty rose up his head.

'I hope you were searching for something?'

'Nah. Just for a pencil that had fallen down' replied that person.

'Okay Bob, could I send a wire from your shop?' I asked.

'How could you know my name?' asked Bob.

'Just guessing' I replied and followed a laugh.

'You do good guesses. Yes you can use it for your work' and he pointed to the machine.

I was turning back towards the machine when my eyes caught the glance of the cab from a far way to the busy middle of the city.

‘It’s 5445. You are extremely lucky for me also’ and I thanked Bob while I saw a perfect blank in his face. My sudden departure from his shop came as a bolt from the blue for Bob!

I came down the stairs and stopped the cab and seeing this driver which I had hired became displeased. He came out of his seat and pounced upon me-

‘What is the meaning if this?’

I turned a blind eye to his words and asked the second cab driver-

‘Where is he?’

‘Where is who?’

‘The person whom you carried from Fressbrough’

‘Where the hell in the whole world is this place? I have never heard of it?’

‘Okay from F-C-ST’

‘Oh! That is Fredrick Cab Stand after the name of a great cab driver in that countryside’

‘Okay where is he?’

‘Yeah I don’t really remember’ replied the driver.

‘I understand’ and took my hands into my right pocket and started a clinking sound.

A smile spread across his face.

‘Yeah I can also understand and moreover he gave me money not to utter the place name but I trust your soul, sir, I dropped him at the place called Slack town’ said the driver.

‘Okay thanks and that was only two keys in my pocket. One of my locker and another of my house!’ and I resigned from his notice and asked my driver to take me to Slack town.

‘But sir there is no such place’ replied my driver who had been relieved to see that I rejected that cab.

‘That is what known as ‘tit for tat’ and the driver came out to see my expression but was shocked to see that I was still smiling.

‘That is Medley I know’

‘But how come you know his destination?’

‘And I was able to know his name- Mr. Carpoz Cuilers’

‘Please tell me how you know this otherwise I would be killed by him If he comes know about it. I would be obliged to depend on some of your sentences if in future I would be interrogated by him’ begged the driver.

‘Okay Mr. Beck, the receipts which you keep with you should not be in front of the vehicle hanging in a thread exposing these things to people’ I replied.

‘Sir, how come you know my name also?’ asked Mr. Beck.

‘That is a stupid question. Your name is on the badge in the right sleeve which is a compulsion for you all’ and I talked a few more moments with him before going back to Medley.

That’s all Crick and I would dearly receive you near the address of Mr. Carpoz Cuilers - at Fifth house, Fourth lane, Stand side area, Near the Medley Station. The house is white in colour and some great cracks are visible from outer side the station. He has been inside his home since my arrival in his area.

Crick stopped reading all the fact and became ready for his journey to Medley.

‘Come on my boy, Jim. We have to reach Medley wasting a few moments in this case’ said Crick.

Jim readily followed him. They took a cab to the station and on the way Crick was a bit like a silent monk repeating a sentence – ‘Bill I will never forgive you for this’.

We reached the station and as we caught the train to Medley another sentence oozed out of the mouth of Crick – ‘John is at the wrong residence’.

‘But how come can you be sure?’ asked Jim looking a bit astonished.

‘Cause I know the culprit himself’ said Crick.

‘How is it possible? Has the thief sent you a wire like- I am this and I am waiting you at this place and for goodness sake come and catch me?’ and both Jim and Crick got a sensation of laugh.

‘No. I thought you had also recognized him’ said Crick.

‘No’.

‘Then wait till the case closes’ said Crick and gazed out of the window.

Some few moments lapsed and both Crick and Jim were able to see a familiar face.

‘Hey Crick! Here!’ shouted John.

‘Was it expensive to take my name?’ asked Jim.

‘No, I first saw Crick’ replied John.

‘Now where is that place?’ asked Crick though he was sure that it was the wrong place.

‘Come with me’ and both the travelers followed John.

When all the three reached the Fifth house in Fourth lane, Crick without taking a look at the place went ahead.

‘Crick this is the place!’ said John.

‘Have you seen him going inside?’ asked Crick.

‘Nah’ replied John negatively.

‘Then how can you be sure about that?’ again Crick asked.

‘I know the name of the culprit’ replied John.

‘And I know the culprit himself. How would you bet that?’

‘But the name and place of the culprit was in the bill of the cab driver. And moreover if you knew that I was wrong then why you came here? And why you had send me here?’ asked John.

‘First the driver only asks the name, not the place and the culprit has given the wrong name that’s for sure and secondly I know where the culprit lives that is in Medley, but I didn’t know where in Medley. So I had asked you to follow him. But I think the culprit had known that you were in his trail. And if you have more queries then keep it till the case ends and help me in finding his house’ replied Crick and sounded a bit cocky.

‘Okey doke. You win but how can you be sure that he lives in this area only in this city?’ asked John and a sign of question also appeared in Jim’s face.

‘Because the culprit is not much genial to mingle with a lot of people’ replied Crick and all the three separated to search different lanes while Crick searched for house he asked other two to get a telephone directory of the area.

Luckily Crick got the house and went to meet the others as he saw that there was a lock on the door. Crick then walked out from that place to meet others without making a hint that he had got the house.

‘Search for H’ asked Crick and after that Crick realized the danger that was mounting on Mr. Harrison because only his name was there with ‘H’.

‘We have to reach Mr. Harrison’s house as soon as possible’.

‘But why?’ asked Jim.

‘It is not HIM rather it is Harrison in Medley. I had decided that it was someone in Medley after realizing the culprit, but who, that was beyond my thought’ replied Crick and they rushed to Mr. Harrison’s house.

Jim was going to ring the bell, but Crick warned him that it might just blow up his house because from now on they have to be careful.

‘Mr. Harrison, can you unlock the door’ and a cheerful, energetic man came out of house.

‘Crick, what are you doing here?’

‘I have to warn you against one of the danger on you, Mr. Harrison’ said Crick.

‘You can call me Harrison. I am your friend during the college time. And who is with you?’

Whoa! It is Jim! How are you?’

‘Happy and fine’ and after a few moments of cheerful greeting between the guests and the owner of the house the three started their search for possible dangers in the house.

They went to each and every room and the remaining one was the bedroom. All of them went into the bedroom and then Crick said ‘Oh my god! This is horrible’.

He then asked Jim to go to fourth house in third lane near Stand Side Area and bring the resident here by talking or by any way because the culprit has not seen you in any way.

‘Had you already found out the place?’ asked Jim.

‘Yeah I was searching for it, earlier.’ replied Crick.

Crick then said that there is a fine wire from your switch board directly to the electric pole which supplies electricity to this locality and if you touch the switchboard then you are going to receive a terrific shock. Slowly and carefully Crick cut the wire into number of pieces.

After this Jim departed from the place and was astonished to know who the culprit was!

‘Bill!’ exclaimed Jim.

‘After so many days? How are you and what are you now in, I mean your profession?’ asked Bill with a lot of excitement.

Jim was just about to open up his background when the words of Crick rang in his head and rather Jim showed his expertise in diverting the matters.

‘Yeah, I am fine and what job are you doing?’ asked Jim and cast an appraising look on Bill.



‘I am an accountant in Central Bank of Medley. By the way what are you doing here?’

‘Presently strolling around the lush green fields, would you join me?’ requested Jim.

‘Yeah. Today is a holiday and this evening breeze is inviting me to do so’ replied Bill.

‘Who are the important persons in your bank?’ asked Jim distracting Bill from the path towards the house of Mr. Harrison.

‘Yeah the manager is extremely strict fellow named Mr. Garribble and we refer him as Mr. Garribble, The Terrible (a laugh follows). Then there is another fellow called Mr. Carpoz Cuilers who works as my assistant and lives a few blocks away from my house. The head of our department is Mr. Harrison who I think you might be knowing, one of the old friend of yours and Crick, always argued with Crick on small matters, you remember, huh?’

‘Yes, Harrison, a bit fat fellow, short looking but you remember the day when he scored highest and me second and Crick third and you fourth?’ asked Jim.

‘How can I forget that day? He just became so elated that in the next test, he became fifth!’ said Bill ‘and those days we four were struggling quite a lot for full marks in second year but surprisingly Catherine came first with just one mark less than full! But then what happened to her nobody knows and she started to stagger a bit in subsequent years though she always tried to outsmart you and Crick.’

‘Yeah, those were days of great hardship but still I enjoyed those days’ said Jim with a sign of elation and satisfaction thinking Bill was such a loquacious fellow.

‘But now a days I am under a bit of worry’ sighed Bill ‘I am not paid the amount I should be paid.’

‘But why?’ enquired Jim.

‘I don’t know perfectly’ and Bill closed his eyes as if he was suppressing a lot of ulterior anger.

‘Okay I think this is the house of Mr. Harrison’ stated Jim at the top of his voice so as to call Crick and from inside the door opened with Crick showing his face.

‘Bill, nice to meet you, we are making a get together party now. Can you join us?’ asked Crick politely and Bill responded affirmatively.

On the top of the house Bill’s jaws dropped seeing Harrison.

‘Please be seated’ said Mr. Harrison.

‘Yeah thanks, but you all here and who is this fellow?’ queried Bill.

‘He is with me and working on you’ said Crick.

‘What on me?’

‘Yeah, you said that you would kill him’ said Crick and the folded hands of Bill which was above his waist fell down to his lap.

‘So now any more queries?’ asked Crick.

‘I know that Bill wanted to kill Harrison with the thin wire because –‘and Jim was interrupted by Crick ‘Harrison always switched on his light in evening and the wire was joined yesterday in night.’

‘I was going to say that because he was not paid-‘again Jim was interrupted by Crick ‘and that is because Mr. Garribble has not given enough money to Harrison but the manager had said that he would give enough amount in the next month.’

‘You always surpass everyone, but how can you say that the wire was joined yesterday and moreover in night?’ asked Jim.

‘Because yesterday while switching on the lights he (pointing to Harrison) was not hurt and the wire was wet. It was because it had rained from the morning till 10 AM and thank god Harrison had switched off the mains supply. Also in the morning Bill was in our town. So the work was done in night only and moreover in each time he had visited his house some part of work was being completed’ said Crick.

‘How could you observe such a thin wire which was not visible to me or any other?’ asked Harrison.

‘Oh! I have said Jim that sometimes observation is better than experience. A butterfly was sitting in air, and that is possible if a wire is present’ replied Crick.

‘But how could you recognize Bill?’ asked Jim.

‘Yeah that was the question I was waiting for. First the voice and those shrunken eyes over which the spectacles was placed painted a faint image of Bill in my mind. Second the scar on his both cheeks assured me that he was Bill’ ended Crick on a proud note.

‘Hey guys, I am not dumb and I have a question, that why should he invite you to the case before killing?’ asked John after remaining silent for a fair span of time.

‘He just wanted to feel more proud that he was able to kill a fellow in the presence of an amateur detective who has luckily solved a few cases. And if I am not mistaken Mr. Robert is also near us.’

Later after completing the details and other works all the three went back to their house and Jim asked his usual question of the name.

‘THE CASE OF HIM’ would do the work!’ and Crick went to wash his face.