

THE CASE OF THE 1789 PAPER

‘Wake up Crick’ shouted Jim closing himself to the bed of Crick.

‘Again on a Sunday you are forcing me to demagnetize my head from the compressible pillow.

What a disgusting fellow you are? Can’t you let me sleep a few more hours...’ and was interrupted by Jim.

‘Hours!’ Jim shouted as if a whole herd of huge boulders have landed themselves on his vertebral column. Crick rushed to one end of the bed and covered himself with the bed sheet.

‘This is complete insanity. It might have been a good thing to hear minutes, but hours. Oh! My god’ replied Jim justifying his terrible shout.

‘All right. I am leaving at your orders but my inner will is resisting my move off the bed’ sadly Crick said and wore his slippers and went to the wash basin.

The newspaper seller came at the correct time and distributed the newspaper to different houses that were occupying various places along the road of the lane. Jim went to the door and collected the newspaper and pushed his back on the sofa. He held the newspaper in his both hands and put his one leg over the other and started reading in a mute voice.

‘I can’t hear a word Jim’ Crick said carefully while shaving.

‘What did you intended that I would shout these headlines to the neighbors. Ah! That is a good idea, from tomorrow there should be community paper reading’ mocked Jim over Crick.

‘Can’t you directly say that you don’t want to read it to me? If one would ask you for mango then you would say that god has given you two disjoint legs and what do you think I would bring mangoes from the market and sell it here instead of saying that I can’t go’ and Jim felt ashamed of himself.

Crick washed his face and as he was going to take the newspaper from Jim, the bell rang and killed all the plan of Crick. On the door was John with a simple piece of wrinkled paper of whole a small segment was visible to naked eye and other portion was crumbled in the fist of John.

‘Paying visit early morning, what happened?’ asked Jim.

‘Nothing, just my neighbor, Mr. Wason gave me a small paper on which something is written which I think is not up to the mark to give a detailed account of the note’ saying this he produced it in front of the two people sitting on the sofa.

‘I think we should first listen from you what had happened in the early morning between you and Mr. Wason’ Crick said in a serious manner and Jim brought forward his note and pen keeping aside the newspaper on the dining table lying near the wash-basin.

‘So this is what happened in front of my door at about 7 AM in the morning-

Mr. Wason: Good morning, John.

John: Good morning. What happened, you are looking a bit weary and worried?

Mr. Wason: I am fed up decoding what has been carved in this paper from yesterday. I am a bit worried because in the same writing I have received another paper along with newspaper. I have heard that you are working with Crick.

John: Then what, will you give me sweets to eat me now?

Mr. Wason: Can you just refer this note to Crick?

John: Yeah, but let me see the note.

Then he produced the note before me and I also tried a lot at the expense of sweat from my body but all the activity in my brain was in vain. Thus seeing no other chances I straightly headed towards your house' said John and took a sip into his throat.

'What you said, along with newspaper it came thus there might be the chances of involvement of that man? Has Mr. Wason asked the newspaper about the note?' with this question Jim understood that the question has begun.

'Oh! I forgot to tell you both that further he said that he had asked the newspaper seller but he didn't know neither about the note nor about who might have given it inside paper. The newspaper seller had further added that he was also not stopped by anyone on the way to Mr. Wason' saying this John gazed upon the face of Crick.

'What is written on the paper, is it scribbled or carefully and maintaining a good handwriting has been written?' again Crick enquired.

‘It is I think carefully written and both the handwriting of the note match with each other but it has no sense’ replied John.

‘But everything arises from no sense to complete sense’ said Crick and flattened that paper.

It was written as below in the first note-

‘Dying hopes cut away. Winkie slaps slowly. Adamant Winkie keeps ropes knotted.’

(1789)

‘Can you notice Jim 1789 is bold and what had happened in 1789, I mean of great importance?’ asked Crick.

‘Who will not answer this question – “French Revolution” and only that’ replied Jim.

‘The paper is also shabbily presented as if it has been torn from somewhere. Can you just present the second note, John?’ said Crick in a low voice.

‘Oh sure’ and John put forth the second note which exactly was written with same patience and same style.

‘Other sorrows implanted some fragile tricks commemorating swayed fighters aside.’

(1789)

‘What the heck both the shabbily represented, cynosure notes are lying the front of my eyes’ said Crick in a rude voice.

‘Crick, both the notes have one thing in common, that is 1789. In that year there was storming of Bastille, beginning of the French Revolution and that was an unforgettable year down in the memory lane of French. So anything related to the French Revolution?’ Jim asked with a tinge of diffidence in the core of heart.

‘What do you think- 1789 means French Revolution only and nothing else?’ asked Crick.

‘I was just asking’ replied Jim and suddenly was overpowered by John ‘I have an idea.’

‘What is that- can you please explain it?’ censured Jim.

‘Can we just role play the notes believing them as scripts?’ asked John.

‘You mean a drama type-’ said Jim raising his eyebrows, one up and another down.

‘No not drama, but a type of s-s-skit’ fumbled John.

‘What is the difference between the two?’ enquired Jim.

‘Spelling difference that should be definitely noted’ and all the three went into a laugh.

‘Now Crick both the paper contain 1789, is there a possibility from a book these have been torn?’ asked John.

‘Which books have you read in your lifetime contains 1789 pages? I am doubtful about it. If they have been torn there should have been some kind of different material, not this simple paper. And topics from same page, how that is possible? There should be two different books,

otherwise that would never be possible' Crick replied and then resumed after taking a deep breath into his respiratory tract.

'This paper can only be torn from newspaper as this is printed, but a newspaper can never ever consist of 1789 pages, thus it is ruled out from mind. Thus I had assumed it from the start that somebody with a desire has printed this paper. But the way it has been shaped averts our dedicated attention that it has been torn. This shape to the paper has been desired and surely not torn' Crick finished the sentence and gazed again into the paper as if in a span of few moments that paper would be hunted by Crick himself!

'So what should we assume of this paper?' asked Jim.

'It has been given to Mr. Wason with an intention' said John.

At this moment Crick raised his eyebrows and then smiled a bit at John and Jim making them mad. Both of them looked at each other and shared a common question that if Crick has done with the case. Both of them suddenly asked Crick 'Have you solved the whole matter?'

'Call Mr. Robert' and Crick went to his slumber.

Jim and John did the work as they were asked to do so and within half an hour, Mr. Robert reached Crick's house, excited and energetic to catch another fellow.

'This time who to catch is he John?' asked Mr. Robert as he placed his left leg inside the house. Crick woke up from sleep and gazed at the robust figure which was laying quite a large shadow, and was concealing the ultimate source of energy.

‘Come inside; don’t just stand beneath the sun. I have to instruct quite a lot of things’ and Crick made a seat comfortable for Mr. Robert.

Mr. Robert as an obedient fellow came inside and sat beside Crick with energy to receive the instructions from Crick. He kept his cap over the table and ordered his fellow cops to stand outside the house.

‘So what is the case and what steps should I carry out?’ asked Mr. Robert becoming restless.

‘So these two papers have been brought to my notice by John and-‘

‘John is, is he working for you?’ asked the cop.

‘Yeah, some sort of. But these papers came to the notice of John, from Mr.Wason. And to be clear this fellow is the neighbor of John. But what a talented fellow he is, I have no words to describe him. First of all, all your cops should surround this house as if they are not here except a few standing in front of the house. Second, after the arrival of this Mr.Wason, I would definitely indulge him in answering a few questions which I already know about him from John. If he would hesitate to answer a few questions, which he must do to be guaranteed, you would show your gun, filled. That is because he might have a gun with bullets.’

‘When I would say that I would ask him last three questions that should be caution for you to be ready. I would make him agree to answer the last question ‘yes’ and then you would throw the gun towards me slowly intentionally giving the gun to him.’

‘Are you insane, you are going to give the gun to a person you really and exactly do not know about’ asked Mr. Robert, with Jim and John occupying their seats as mute spectators looking at the proceedings.

‘Wait Robert, I have to specify another thing that he must sit between you two, understood!’ asked Crick.

‘So that we can be killed as early as possible, nice idea’ said Jim with a bit of arrogance in his tone.

‘No he must rise up from his place and come to some other place, otherwise Robert, you should be ready to get hold of his neck and snatch away the gun and that is sure that he must leave his place and come to the centre of this hall to carry out any action’ said Crick.

‘But why these things would happen and what is mentioned in those two paper?’ asked Robert again.

‘Silent and do what I am saying, after that everything I would make clarified and dear Robert keep the recorder open’ said Crick and asked John to call upon Mr. Wason immediately to my house.

Again a few moments lapsed and Mr. Wason was seen knocking the door of Crick’s house.

‘May I come in?’ asked Mr. Wason.

‘Yeah, please seat there’ and asked Mr. Wason to seat between Jim and John.

‘Nice to see you John here. Has Crick solved those two papers?’ asked Mr. Wason to John.

‘He has solved that otherwise why he should have called you here?’ said John.

‘So can I ask you a few questions, Mr. Wason?’ asked Crick.

‘Yes’

‘So where do you work?’ the first question posed by Crick.

‘In hotel, assistant manager’ said Mr. Wason bringing a smile upon his pale face.

‘So how did you receive this paper?’

‘Inside the newspaper’ replied Mr. Wason.

‘Who had given these to you, any enemy?’

‘Sir I can’t say perfectly and moreover I have no enemies surrounding me.’

‘Now let’s come to the point, the last three questions, first, who has ordered you to kill me?’
asked Crick in a rapid voice.

All the persons gazing on the happenings were just shocked including Mr. Wason. Jim was just not able to close his mouth and John it is better not to describe the same again. This also allowed the cop, Mr. Robert to ready himself.

‘What?’

‘Who has ordered you to kill me?’ asked Crick making his speed slow.

‘Sir what are you asking? Why should I kill you, Crick?’ asked Mr. Wason with a few sweat drops arising into a new life.

‘Second question, in which gang are you involved?’

‘Again what foolish things, you are asking? I would leave this place if you would ask such question again.

‘Now, Mr. Robert, if he says ‘yes’ this time you would throw your gun to me but slowly because I have catching problem. So the third and last question, do you work in any gang of robbers?’ asked Crick making himself a bit comfortable as the consequences were well known by him.

‘Yes’ stammered Mr. Wason.

‘Now throw me the gun, Robert’ said Crick.

Before Crick got hold of the gun, Mr. Wason got it and soon Robert tried to catch him but Mr. Wason slipped away from his clutches and pointed the gun towards Crick.

‘Now how would you survive, Crick?’ and Mr. Wason pointed the gun towards Crick and all the three except Crick closed their eyes.

A loud sound of shooting the gun was audible and slowly the three who had closed eyes opened their eyes and saw Crick was lying on the sofa and Mr. Wason was not visible.

‘Crick, are you alive?’ asked Jim softly in the ears of Crick.

‘If I would die then who would try to make Guinness record in sleeping?’ asked Crick and rose up from the sofa and asked Jim, ‘Now you understood why had I asked you to number the floor?’

‘What do you mean?’ asked Jim.

Crick pressed the second switch of a remote which was present in his hand and the floor’s part numbered two went down as if it was a flap.

‘The numbers represent the switch which would make that part of floor go down and Mr. Robert for your convenience, Mr. Wason is under second part of floor. The back door is closed and I hope there was only one bullet in the gun’ enquired Crick.

‘Yeah, but what all happened here?’ asked Robert.

‘When he tried to shoot me, I just pressed the second switch and he was gone down and bullet, it struck something else instead of me. Now he does works with a gang of robbers that is your duty to know which one and record it. They were planning a robbery at some place and they thought it would be better to erase me before erasing items.’

‘Now how they would erase me? They thought that by writing some codes which would be given to someone that would reach to me. So Mr. Wason gave the notes making it as cumbersome it is possible to John as John was working with me. Now no one knows that John is working with me except a few that is we three but he knew which means that he was trailing either me or John.’

‘Now it took quite a lot of moments to decode the message and he thought that tomorrow that is 25 of this month to kill me as I would call him the next day as mentioned in the notes, but I called him today and he thought it was correct to kill me today itself.’

‘Now if I would not have been able to decode the message then I might have been killed really, because the message is everything, to be true.’

‘Now why didn’t he kill you at the first sight?’ asked John.

‘He didn’t killed me in the first sight because he knew from outside there were cops and after entering he saw you are holding a gun in your right hand’ replied Crick.

‘Now can you please specify what was written in those papers?’ asked Jim.

‘Yeah.

Dying hopes cut away. Winkie slaps slowly. Adamant Winkie keeps ropes knotted.

(1789)

This was the first one. Now collect the second letters of each and every word and then segregate them at proper intervals and it would be clear that it is written that YOU WILL DIE ON. But what is there after the word on that is the date or time? Add 1,7,8,9 and it would account for 25 that is tomorrow’s date and thus it is specified clearly that it is written,

YOU WILL DIE ON 25.’

‘Now coming to the second one-

Other sorrows implanted some fragile tricks commemorating swayed fighters aside.

(1789)

Here again to verify if the method was correct or not, then it results in TOMORROW IS.

But again what is after the word 'is'? Again add the numbers and the whole would result in, TOMORROW IS 25.'

'Now this has been given to Mr. Wason and then why should I be attacked that thought didn't came to me and then when John said 'It has been given to Mr. Wason with an intention' I thought about the word intention and realized this would be the gist of the whole matter. So that was why I was smiling at you both when you asked me the question if I had solved or not.'

'Another case is gone and another person to jail' said Mr. Robert and with his fellow cops he captured Mr. Wason and was gone from Crick's house.

John took permissions to return back to his house and went away.

'So what this would be named in my account as THE CASE OF THREE QUESTIONS, I presume' said Jim.

'No, in my opinion you should note down to which group he belonged and that might be useful and it should THE CASE OF THE 1789 PAPER.'

After a certain interval of time, Crick suddenly got hold of Jim from his wrist and asked in a serious tone 'You know why I took John with me?'

‘Nah’ gasped Jim with a sudden fear and thought in his mind, ‘from where this topic did arise?’

‘At least, I don’t want anybody to compare me with Mr. Holmes. If we are three, then definitely, there would be no such Professor Moriarty against me. He was two and hence had Professor Moriarty as his eternal enemy. We became three after the previous case and thus I felt happier after solving the previous case of cannibals’ sighed Crick with a sense of happiness and contentment.

‘Well, you are becoming jealous or superstitious, I am unable to identify. But definitely, I am becoming frightened’ said Jim making the atmosphere light.

‘Superstitious’ said Crick and slowly walked out of sight of Jim leaving him puzzled.



