The Case of the missing Emerald Jewels.

People often ask me what my hardest case was. And I can think no other as a detective than the case of the missing jewels. It was a Friday morning when I had received the call of the Emerald Jewels. It was quite a strange case indeed. I couldn’t believe what I was hearing. The facts were scattered and motives left in the air. It truly was the most bizarre thing I have ever seen. I went quietly into my office when I saw the most peculiar man waiting. He started to speak in a monotone voice “So I’m assuming that you are detective Malik?” His voice showed slight hints of irritation and annoyance. Naturally I was inclined to reply “Yes and who might you be sir” I had never seen him before. “My name is Syed…Yousef Syed.” Now that I knew his name I had remembered who he was.” Ah yes you contacted me about the jewels case…and you are his butler?” “Yes” he replied “Mr.Baetz passed away just a few days ago.” This was disquieting news. But we had to go over it to solve this case. “And what is the problem?”People passed away often. “You see- he started “He wanted to be buried in his favorite emerald earrings and was trying them on when he was…found dead. But they were fake… and on his body was a stab wound. “So murder and theft who are the suspects in mind” I asked. He replied hesitantly “Anna The chef, Hamza the gardener, Aashik The secretary, Hamza nisar the idiot, and…me the butler.” I asked Yousef to leave and began working on the facts.

The first person that I visited was none other than Anna the chef. The hours of his murder were 7am-12pm and all of them could be responsible. “So Anna” I started I used my own technique in which I don’t let them know I’m interrogating them. ”What do you do for a living?” She was obviously scared “Well I’m a chef for the Brie Manor and I cook for all the residents and guests.” I was taken aback only one chef could do all that. “Do you work by yourself” She was more comfortable now and replied quickly “Yes she said I do all the restocking, cooking, cleaning, and anything that happens in the kitchen.” I left Anna alone for a while she was oblivious to my interrogation. In my time I had casually scoped the kitchen for any sort of murder weapon and saw many long glass shards capable of stabbing.

I went to Hamza the gardener who was taking it much better than everyone else. “Where were you yesterday” I asked him casually and quickly added “because I wanted some fresh tomatoes”. He calmly replied that he was sitting at home as it was his day off. According to him no one was near the garden which was right in front of the back door. He could have easily snuck in. He had the opportunity and motive as he complained on how he was paid so little. After he left I searched the area and found three possible murder weapons a small gardening shovel which looked like it had been sharpened and decreased in size. He could have easily pocketed it. And two surprisingly sharp knives he claims were for pulling out and cutting parts of different plants. I knew this was not the traditional way as these were high quality and a weed whacker would have been cheaper and faster.

Next I took some time to visit Mr.Nisar he was watching TV while playing soccer in the living room. They had all complained about Mr.Baetze’s annoying freeloading son who had just failed grade 10m for the second year in the row. Yet he was gaining $329 million from Mr.Baetze’s will and had much reason to kill him as his father would control him as long as he lived. He had a smirk on his face as he did not realize the tense situation in the house. He simply said he was at his friend’s house sleeping over and his alibi had checked out. As a teenager I checked his room inch for inch and he had nothing capable of the severe stab wound found on Mr.Baetze’s dead body. I later found from the butler that Nisar was an avid fan of jousting and in the basement kept many lances and swords capable of murder.

Aashik was next he was easy to find. Sitting quietly in the library he had an aura surrounding him. I went and casually sat down next to him. .He had beady eyes, glasses, and wild hair.. I started the interrogation anyway” So what do you do for a living Aashik?” Now he started to perk up “I’m a scientist and engineer”. He obviously wanted to talk about this. So what have you been working on in science? He looked around and came close “I have made a machine that can produce year’s worth of air pressure and water pressure within just a few minutes”. Despite everything this was very impressive. “So what do you mean engineer” I asked him. “Well you can call me an elemental engineer. I use different elements (mostly metals) and build whatever the company tells me to”. “And what company are you signed to” I asked. He replied “I usually work with a coin manufacturer.”

I had left Aashik alone he had no murder weapons and no motive and moved on to the most obvious of people. The butler. They often say the butler did it but that could have been the case as I entered his study. “Where were you yesterday? “I asked him as kindly as I could. I looked around and spotted two things of note a large wall displaying hundreds of pairs of earrings and one sword hanging in the wall. This case was just split wide open. But why would he (the culprit) leave all this out here in the open…unless it’s a trap I thought. He went on to explain “ I went out to buy some new earring for my collection came back and found master dead and contacted you right away.” I checked this information up with the residents and it was false. I returned shortly afterwards. “What do you do for a living?” I asked he replied as slowly as he could “I collect rare earrings and sell them in my shop.” I quickly fired another question “How much for emerald earrings the kind your master wore”!? He slipped out an answer “98000” and regret filled his face. I had what I needed to know.

I was on my way to the morgue to check Mr.Baetze’s body. This was getting interesting. I slowly looked over the body and in the wound. There were small pieces of glass, the delicate incisions only stainless steel could make and what seemed to be a large opening in his organ (whichever mushed up one it was.)Behind his ears were faint green colors on his skin and a terrified look on his face. I had what I needed to know. I knew who had done this murder. I leapt downstairs into the basement and surely enough there were many lances and swords. There was on the ground one small penny that I picked up for good luck. I called everyone to the main room and they all stated their cases. I knew exactly who had done this. After listening to everything what I already knew was confirmed. “The killer is…

WHO IS THE KILLER AND HOW DID THEY DO IT?

Answer to murder

Aashik used copper from his coin companies. As they stopped making pennies he took the metal copper forged it into earrings and used his pressure machine to give them a natural green look. He then snuck around the house during the hours no one was there such as Anna in the morning, Hamza in the night, nisar at his friend’s house, and the butler at his store. When he scoped their rooms before the murder he left a clue in Mr.Baetze’s stomach that led individually to each person but him. It was a brilliant plan to use everyone else’s items to murder him and they would get blamed. The stabbing weapon had to be Nisar’s lance at it would open him up and do the most damage as there was only one stab wound. He then put in some glass to frame Anna, told the butler the price of the earrings to frame him, and even used Hamza’s gardening knife. It was a brilliant plan…his only mistake was returning to the basement and dropping the fatal blow…his lucky penny. He worked with a coin manufacturer and used penny copper to imitate earrings as he stole the real ones. But he left the all too precious copper coin at the scene of the crime itself.