

Mrs Mystery

In the humid city of Rio de Janeiro, the city's greatest criminals were debating over their biggest steal. "But Emma you said that I could make disguises and I did so why aren't you putting your one on?" complained the sidekick.

"They look ridiculous, if this is going to be our greatest steal, I'm doing it in style, not in something vile." said the leader of the team. The city was usually at peace in the clammy evenings, some people liked to sunbathe as the sun set, some were just closing their shops and some were just sitting down to enjoy a late lunch, but now that these criminals were squabbling the tranquillity had been broken. The thieves might have been lifelong friends but they sometimes argue like they're enemies.

The next morning, Rio de Janeiro's most well known detective, Francesca Williams, was walking her Labrador-Harley- to a local cafe. When she arrived and sat down, a worker ran over to her, "Oh meu Deus, Mrs Mystery I can't believe that you're here at my cafe. What would you-" but before she could finish, two women came into the shop shouting at one another, "Emma it's not fair you said that we would get ice-cream today and go to the CBF offices tomorrow." said one of them in a neon pink hoodie and neon green skirt.

"Well Elsie the CBF offices aren't open on Sundays so we need to go today. Now come on let's sit down people are staring; I did say that we shouldn't bring attention to ourselves." whispered the other one but loud enough for Francesca to hear. 'Shouldn't bring attention to themselves?' Francesca thought to herself, that was very suspicious. "Hi there, I'm still deciding, but thank you for asking." Francesca said to the worker as she picked up a menu. The worker soon realised and walked away silently. Francesca decided to move to a table closer to the women who were

arguing. But they were whispering now so Francesca couldn't hear anymore. She soon left the shop feeling suspicious of the women who were arguing in hushed voices.

That evening, the thieves were walking in their high heels towards the CBF offices where the most valuable thing in the country was kept. When they arrived, the doors were closed, how would they get in? "Elsie you stand lookout like you always do and I'll climb in through that open window. Don't get too distracted by the ice-cream." Said Emma, the leader of the group. "Okay, I won't." Said Elsie, licking her ice-cream gratefully. Emma used her flexibility to climb in through the window. She walked through the corridor with faded wallpapers and creaky floor boards, then up the stairs with broken banisters, then into the offices on the third floor. And there it was, the world cup trophy in its case. Emma got out her gun and shot the case, but the bullets rebounded off of it and were coming straight towards Emma. She quickly did a cartwheel to dodge the bullets. Instead, Emma took a crowbar out of her bag and prised the wooden frame open."Emma hurry, a security guard is coming up the stairs!"said Elsie on her walky talky. But it was too late, the security guard was in the office staring at her. He suddenly charged at Emma but she was too quick, Emma kicked the security guard, knocking him over and jumped through the open window. Elsie was there in an old truck, Emma landed in it and drove away laughing and arguing over who would hold the trophy.

Later that night, Francesca got a call from the local police station, saying that she needed to get to the CBF offices right away. She soon remembered the women arguing in the cafe she was at earlier in the day. She clipped the lead onto her labrador's collar and began to ride to the offices on her purple motorbike. When she got there her and Harley searched for clues. After an hour or so, Francesca managed to find

fingerprints on the wooden frame of the glass case, where the cup once stood proudly. Franccesca scanned the fingerprints and the copies back to the police station. When she got them back, Franccesca grimaced at the picture on the fingerprint sheet. It was Emma Watson, her greatest enemy. Franccesca was determined to stop Emma before it was too late.

Franccesca, knew exactly where the thieves would be and what they would be doing. So she took Harly and arrived at the thieves hideout. A bar.

Franccesca walked in and as she did she glared at all the thieves in there.

"Mrs Mystery, what brings you here?" asked Emma, grinning.

"I'm here on a mission, someone stole something very valuable, and that someone is you." replied Mrs Mystery. She knew that Emma hadn't told the other thieves in the bar that she had stolen it as they would steal it from her. All the thieves began to stare at Emma as they got closer to her.

Emma quickly leaped into the air over everyone, and once she landed, she ran outside.

Outside, Emma got into her truck where Elsie was waiting for her.

Franccesca jumped onto her motorbike as Harly ran ahead of her, barking loud enough for people on the street to come out of their houses to see what was happening. Franccesca called the police,"Round up everyone,

I'm following Emma Watson. She is heading for the Christ the redeemer statue." Franccesca sped up and stopped in front of Emma and Elsie, they tried to turn around but the police were there all ready. They were trapped!

Emma and Elsie jumped out of the truck and began to run towards the Christ the redeemer statue. Franccesca followed them but all she found was the trophy laying on the ground. And Elsie and Emma were never seen again. Well not in Brazil. Later that evening, Franccesca was watching the news which showed footage of Emma and Elsie in France stealing the Mona Lisa!

Mrs Mystery packed her bags and rode her motorbike with Harly running ahead into the sunset.