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| DAVIDE BODIGOI |
|  Chronicle of a murder |
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| **Liceo Scientifico “Einstein” – Classe 2° ALS**  |
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CHAPTER 1

There was a very dark night.

The wind blew and there weren't people in the street. Usually cheerful and quiet, the way was as dark and desolated as to seem unpopulated.

Mrs. Smith was preparing dinner when she heard the phone.

She answered. There was nobody. “Who was it? I'm not waiting for anyone. I hope that my husband will come soon tonight” Mrs. Smith said. She often spoke alone since she got married and spent his evenings waiting for her husband.

She watched the street across the window of her kitchen: it was raining. “I don’t like the rain. It is sad. I hope that tomorrow the weather will be nice” she thought aloud.

She heard the phone ring again. She went quickly in the living-room and she answered. Yet there was nobody. “If I continue so I cannot make dinner……Today I was busy all afternoon…Now I don’t answer to the phone”.

Then she heard a knock at the door. She thought there was her husband. They were married for four weeks and they were very happy in their new home. She went to open...

CHAPTER 2

Mr. Smith went back home at nine o'clock in the evening.

He called his wife but she didn't answer. He became to look for her.

He went into the kitchen. He saw that the dinner was ready but there wasn't his wife at home.

He called her and he went into the living- room. There, in a pool of blood, he saw the woman on the floor. “Oh, my God …Oh my God….Why? Why?...It’s impossible….”

He was shocked. Someone was in the house and had killed his wife.

He could not speak. He had seen many dead people and he knew he had to react. He plucked up courage and decided to call the police.

When the police arrived half an hour was passed. Mrs. Smith was lying in the living room and her husband, tried and understandably upset, was sitting at the kitchen table. His life was completely changed.

The lieutenant in charge of the case watched the scene of the crime: it was clear that the victim knew his murderess.

She had opened the door from the inside and she had entered his murderess.

The police lieutenant asked Mr. Smith if his wife had any enemies but he said he didn't know. Mr. Smith said that his wife was good to everyone and that no one could hate her so much. The lieutenant asked him if Mrs. Smith worked and the husband said that she was a famous journalist. The lieutenant asked him what the last articles that his wife had written were.

Mr. Smith didn't know anything about his wife's job. But he knew where his wife usually put her notebook. She was so organized. She always put her notes in the same place, the drawer on her desk. Mr. Smith went to the bedroom to take the notebook but it wasn't there. Someone had just taken it! The murderess could have been. What did the notebook hide?

CHAPTER 3

“Where were you this afternoon?” the policemen asked harshly.

“I was in the hospital, I'm a doctor.”

“We will check”.

Mr. Smith was upset. His wife, a tall woman with long blonde hair, had been killed and he could not believe it.

“Have you got a gun in the house?”, the policemen asked mercilessly.

“No,” Mr. Smith answered “we didn't expect to need it. We are quite people and our neighborhood is too exclusive. There are only good persons.”

“This is the problem!” told the policeman. “My experience tells me that it was a robbery gone wrong. Perhaps it is a baby gang. We will hear witnesses if there are.” The policeman was too sure of himself. He was a man of few words. He was 50 years old, high, strong but athletic, with grey short hair. His linear face looked serious and deadpan, too busy to solve problems. He gave orders quietly but with determination. The policeman wasn't wearing the uniform but he was dressing smartly in a gray suit. He was very professional and respectable. “I am very sorry for his wife” he said “but the first hours after the murder are critical to solving the case”, “I understand, you have to do your work. I am available to you” Mr. Smith said resignedly.

Mr. Smith knew that he was now completely alone.

CHAPTER 4

The investigation lasted for many hours and everybody were tired. There were a lot of agents in all the house and also in the garden. Some agents went to the neighbors to answer if they knew something about Mrs. Smith. All people were amazed and sad.

An agent approached with caution to the inspector. “We have some news” he said, “a neighbor saw some boys this morning....They were young boys, maybe four or five. They walked in groups looking around. They seemed to look for something. The neighbor watched them for a long time. They were little robbers in her opinion, the real villains.”

“Who is the neighbor?” asked the inspector.

“She is Mrs. Jour. She can be a witness” said the agent.

“The neighbor would know to recognize them?” asked the inspector, “Certainly” said an agent, “I proceed with the recognition in the central”.

The agent went to the witness and he took her to the police office.

CHAPTER 5

The witness was Mrs. Jour. She was an old woman of about eighty years. She was a very likely woman. She was a little woman with white hair and lively blue eyes. She lived in a little cottage in front of Mr. Smith's.

Mrs. Jour didn't have a husband or children. She didn’t like pets but she had a black cat that she had found on her garden ten years ago. She lived alone with her cat.

Her favourite hobby was painting portraits of her and her cat. She loved very much her self-portraits. There were a lot of them in her house and she was very proud of them. Her favourite portrait was that one with her black cat on her knees. There she was wearing a red dress. She thought that it was a masterpiece. She spoke with her portraits as if they were real persons.

Nobody could enter into her house but she often watched from the window people that were walking on the street. She had no friends.

When the agent rang she didn't open the door. She didn't want to speak with him.

The agent rang again. When she knew that he would not go away she finally opened.

CHAPTER 6

“Sorry”, said the agent, “could you come with me to the police station. You have to recognize the boys that you saw some days ago.”

The old woman saw the man with suspicion. She didn't want to come but she didn't have another choice.

“Wait, please. I take the coat and my bag” said Mrs. Jour.

When they arrived at the police office the woman had to see a big album with a lot of photos. She spent a lot of time and she didn't recognize someone. It was a loss of time. The agents had a lot of patience and they did a lot of questions at the woman but she didn't answer them accurately. “I don't know....I don't remember...sorry...” said to the agent that tried to help her in the recognition. “Can have a cup of coffee and a little sandwich please? I'm very hungry and tired....” said the old woman.

Detectives also were tired and highly discouraged. It was all useless.

When the agent took her home was almost midnight. There was a very dark night just like that evening when Mrs. Smith was killed.

CHAPTER 7

She had just entered into the house when she started to speak heatedly with her self-portraits. “Sorry, I'm very late. Today I have been very busy. I let you alone for too time. I don't like police and their coffee isn't good....I love you...you are well?.... I can't recognize the boys,... I don't know boys,...and you ? Do you remember something?

... I'm very tired”. She picked up her black cat and began to stroke it.

She sat down to her favourite armchair, she took her favourite portrait and she said “I went back home, I’m very happy to see you. What did you do in this afternoon? … Are you happy? … Are you tired? … I think that we are going to sleep … are you agree?... But first I want to have a cup of tea. Police has not been polite with me. They gave me a lot of questions but I don’t want to answer. We don’t remember too.”

“I love you” said the old woman to his portraits.

CHAPTER 8

It was passed a week after the last meeting between Mr. Smith and the agent when his phone rang. “We have some very important news”, told the agent, “we have found a little piece of red cloth in the hand of your wife. We think it will be a fragment of the shirt of the murderess. But there is a problem; it is a very strange shirt. It is colored with an oil painting. This is our only clue. But anyhow we are closer to the solution of the investigation.”

Mr. Smith was very happy to have some news. He has passed a bad time. He had dealt his wife's funeral and he has met a lot of parents and friends. He hated the family meetings. “Thank you very much”, said Mr. Smith, “but I can't help you”. “Now excuse me, but I’m late for my job. I’m very busy at the hospital”, “I have only another question for you. Can you tell me if your wife knew your neighbor, Mrs.Jour?” the detective asked.

“I think yes, but I haven't ever spoken with my wife of her.”

CHAPTER 9

The day after Mr. Smith went to Mrs.Jour's house. He had never been in her house and she disturbed him a lot. He rang the bell and waited patiently.

Nobody came.

After about ten minutes she came and opened the door. She wore a simple green dress. “Who are you?”, the old woman asked. “I'm Mr. Smith; I live in front of you. Can I enter, please?”, “Yes, would you have a cup of tea? It is a beautiful day and the weather is good”.

Mr. Smith entered into the house and went to the living room. It was a tidy and spacious room. The first thing that he noted was that in that room there were a lot of portraits. In all of them there was the old woman. When Mrs. Jour returned with tea Mr. Smith said “I see a lot of portraits, who have done them?”

“I have done all of them” answered the woman.

Mr. Smith was looking the portraits when he became aware that one of them was damaged. In that portrait the woman was wearing a red dress.

“What happened at this?” he asked indicating the damaged portrait.

“Nothing!” Said the woman.

“Can you tell me something more?” he repeated.

“No! Enough! Go out! We are very tired!” she said.

“Who are “we”? Here there are only you and me.” asked he.

“Enough! Enough! Shut up! You must go out at once!”

CHAPTER 10

Mr. Smith was shocked.

“Why did the woman send away him? Why did she behave that way?”

He started to think a lot ... “the forgetfulness of the old woman with the police, ... the damaged portrait,... What color did the agent tell that the cloth was? Ho, It was red. ... and, wait a minute, in the damaged portrait Mrs. Jour was wearing a red dress ... and the portraits were made with oil colors...” Now everything seemed clearer, he had understood everything.

He ran quickly home and called the police.

Some agent arrived in a few minutes. They listened to Mr. Smith and they went to Mrs.Jour's house. The old woman refused to open the door. So the agents broke through the door. She was quietly sitting on an armchair.

“We know everything! You have killed my wife, you are a murderess! But why?” said Mr. Smith.

“It is the truth.” she answered quietly, “Some time ago Mrs. Smith came to my house. I did want that she entered, but she entered equally. And...And she carelessly broke my loved portrait. She was very careless and she also took him to her house, to repair ... it! it!

In the evening I went to her for get back him but she told that she had to repair it. Then I took her notebook as a hostage, but she didn't change her mind. I was very hungry, I took a big knife and I killed her. She deserved it!

... Would you get back the notebook?”

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