

# THE DETECTIVE CHURCH MOUSE

"Come on", I muttered to William, my small white church mouse. We were detectives that saved Flamstead from criminals. The church's secret hideout slid open and we slipped inside. I sat down on the sofa helping myself to a banana from the cupboard and making myself comfy, William plopped himself next to me on the couch. "All the clues have led to Flamstead manor," I said.

As the morning sun rose outside my window, me and William set off on my bike towards the eerie manor house. The fresh morning breeze gently ruffled my dark brown hair. As the massive building approached, I told my mouse, who was snuggled up in my rucksack, that I had seen the inhabitant of the manor, Katherine Ferrers, going out with her husband Thomas Fanshawe, which meant we could investigate without being seen. The sound of my voice echoed creepily around the entrance hall, "Let's head upstairs," stuttered William nervously. On the third floor I saw a door slightly ajar, "follow me," I told him.

We cautiously stepped inside the dark room, I noticed that it was Katherine's bedroom because of the four poster bed in the corner, It was full of paintings and antiques so I could tell she was rich. After about twenty minutes of searching for clues William said "maybe we should look in another room", in his little squeaky voice. "Shall we check under the bed first?" I suggested. "Okay," replied my friend. After we shoved the heavy bed aside William spotted a latch on the wooden floorboards, "it's a trapdoor", I exclaimed. The hinges creaked violently as we lifted the door up and peered down, using my torch we carefully lowered ourselves down the unsteady ladder into a dim corridor. It seemed to go on forever until eventually, we found ourselves standing by a steel archway. Anxiously, we stepped inside.

We found ourselves in a circular room deep under the biggest building in Flamstead. My heart was beating extremely fast as I scanned the almost pitch black room, "it smells musty in here," uttered William. Noticing a small cupboard at the back of the room I slowly walked towards it, William scurried across the floor alongside me, his little paws were beginning to weaken so I picked him up and put him in my warm pocket. When we came to the cupboard and opened it a bundle of highwayman clothing tumbled out. "Remember a few weeks ago in the paper, there was a story about a woman dressed in highwayman clothes, nicknamed the Wicked Woman, robbing people on Watling Street?" remarked William. I replied "Katherine Ferrers must be the Wicked Woman!". "I am indeed" snarled a voice from behind us. My heart skipped a beat, from inside my pocket I heard a muffled "run". And so I did. Luckily, there was an opening on the other side of the room. We ran into it and along a passageway as if our lives depended on it. I heard footsteps running behind us. An angry voice screamed, "come back here!" so I ran even faster. I found the path sloping up and suddenly I was in the churchyard in the middle of the night. It was freezing. I let William out of my pocket and told him to alert the village constable. I knew I had to distract Katherine. So, as she emerged from the passageway, I ran inside the church, she drew a knife from her sock and started slashing at me, I used a hymn book to defend myself. I Battled with her for ages, a

few times choir boys helped me. From the corner of my eye, I spotted William scuttling towards me with his thumbs up. Katherine drew her sword over her head and was about to kill me but the vicar came up behind her and bashed her on the head with a candelabra. Just then the constable walked in and took the Wicked Woman away and we were heroes.

By Kasper Le Bas