

Who's the serial killer? By 5D Jonus Mok

'It's the fifth time this week, Detective Anderson,' said officer Conner. 'My God, killing 5 men in one month! What kind of psychopath he is!' Anderson sighed while pulling out a pack of dark chocolate from his pocket. This chocolate was specially made just for him after this infamous detective had helped a chocolate shop owner to solve his chocolate-missing problem.

'Throat slit, both hands chopped off, just like the other 4 poor souls,' said Conner.

'Poor fella, he's just about to get his promotion as a supermarket manager,' Anderson replied.

'Guess he won't be needing that promotion anymore,' said Conner.

'Can you STOP making jokes every time you see an opportunity, Connor?' Anderson exclaimed in disgust.

'No, I can't do it, Detective. It's in my blood!' Connor replied.

Detective Hank Anderson, the infamous, if not the most infamous, detective in New York, went from a newbie who knew nothing but failure to the most case-solving detective in the city by the age of 38. Although his salary improved along with his experience and skills, his temper was as bad as a bull's.

After 5 hours of investigating, the detective went home, almost falling asleep immediately. But instead of lying on the bed and getting the rest he deserved, he went to brew a cup of latte, and sat in front of his desk, which was full of documents, spilled coffee and cups of finished instant-ramen. He sipped the cup of latte and said to himself, 'here we go again, time for my 'favourite' work.'

'Ring! Ring! Ring!' Hank was woken up by the sounds of someone calling. He swam through mountains of empty beer cans and pizza boxes to pull up the curtain. The sun shone on his pale face. He picked up the phone, and a familiar voice went through the phone.

'Detective? It's Connor. Jesus, I've been calling you for 30 minutes! We have a major breakthrough on the murder case. We need everyone here, including you.'

Officer Connor, known as the 'sidekick' of Detective Hank, used to be a chemist, but changed his job to a policeman after the unfortunate death of his 9-year-old daughter. 'Alright, alright. I'm coming. Stop pushing me for God's sake!' yelled Hank.

20 minutes later, Hank arrived at his office, which was right at the centre of New York. You could have a fascinating view of the city at the office. It was a perfect match for the most famous detective in the city.

'So? What do we have here?' asked Hank.

'We found out in the bodies of the five victims that they all consumed a fixed amount of Arsenic,' explained Connor.

'Rat poison,' said Hank, frowning.

'But how? It's nearly impossible for someone to sneak rat poison into the victims' meals.'

'Unless the murderer has a lot of experience of murdering.'

2 weeks later, a family of 3 was found dead in their house. The police found that they were also poisoned by rat poison.

For the past 3 weeks, Hank often woke up on his bed with no memory of the last day. 'Urghh.....I should probably stop drinking too much.'

He was extremely frustrated by the result of the unsolved murders lately. There were already 8 dead victims, but Hank had not yet have a single clue of the cases. He turned over his pocket and found a pack of melted chocolate. He was so annoyed that he didn't even think twice before throwing the chocolate into the trash bin. But as soon as he had prepared to get changed, he heard a knock on the door.

'Good morning, Mr Hank. We're the police. You might be involved in a series of murders, please come with us.' Hank was still so confused when he was being questioned by the police in the police station. 'Tell me, Hank, where were you and what were you doing at 8:00 am 7 days ago?' asked the officer.

'I.....have no idea. I can't recall anything that day,' explained Hank.

'We found traces in every crime scene, and all of those lead to you,' the police officer replied.

After a long questioning, the police left Hank with his lawyer. 'It's impossible! How come I am the murderer? I have no memory of that day,' said Hank.

All of a sudden, something struck his mind. 'My memory loss seemed to happen after I ate my.....' said Hank.

A few hours later, Connor was in the room with Hank.

'Connor, I've figured out everything.....'

'Wait.....What? Well, that's fantastic!' said Connor excitedly.

'Stop pretending, Connor. It was you, wasn't it?'

'I.....don't.....,' Connor stuttered.

'After I found out that my memory loss happened only when I ate my chocolate, I gave some samples of it to my lawyer and had it assayed in a laboratory. It turned out that it had scopolamine, also known as.....' Before Hank could even finish the sentence, Connor completed it. 'Devil's Breath, a perfect drug for controlling people. Only accessible by certain chemists.'

'But why? All these just to kill someone?' said Hank.

'THEY deserve to die, Hank! They're all involved in my sweet little girl's death. But I have no intention to stay in jail, so who's a better murderer than the most famous detective in the world?'

'You won't get away with this, Connor!'

'Sadly, I will. You have no evidence nor the capability to turn me in, so this will be the last time we meet, goodbye, old friend,' said Connor.

Connor left the room, leaving Hank shocked and helpless.