



FIRST PRIZE WINNER 2022: CATEGORY 8-13 YEARS: ELSA ROGERS

Dew and Dawn dice with death

Dew

As I stepped onto that boat, I looked at Dawn and her expression mirrored mine. Marching up the ramp and onto the boat, both our bodies were tense. We walked into our cabin, placed our bags on the bed and looked at each other.

‘Dew?’ she said, quietly.

‘Yes?’ I replied, starting to grin.

‘We’re actually here! In Egypt!’

‘I know!’

We started to jump around, which we continued doing for a solid 36 seconds (I timed it), until a man dressed in an expensive, pinstriped suit rapped on the ebony door.

‘Please refrain from breaking the ceiling. You’re disturbing my Aunt Beryl.’

A grey-haired lady, jewellery twinkling, smiled at them from behind his back. ‘Leave them Luke, they’re just having fun!’

He promptly turned on his heel, grabbed his aunt’s arm, and continued down the corridor.

‘You could be a bit more cheerful, dear,’ said Beryl. ‘I have just told you you’re the heir to my fortune.’

As soon as they were out of earshot, I whispered to Dawn, ‘What ceiling? We’re at the bottom of a boat!?’ We laughed all over again.

Dawn

As we unpacked, Dew and I were chatting away, you know, how twins do, when we heard our names being called from above.

‘Detective Dawn! Detective Dew!’

Detective? We shared a look of surprise. I knew we were thinking the same thing; we’re on holiday! Why would someone want us now?

I rolled my eyes. ‘Well, we should probably go see what this person wants.’

‘Come quick!’ yelled the voice again.

‘Honestly! Is there no freedom?’ uttered Dew. (Slightly overly-dramatically.)

Dew and I are Underage Detectives- yes, that is a thing- and we’re good. Really good. Dew would say the best in the world, but I wouldn’t go that far. Maybe the best in Egypt. Anyway, we rushed up the stairs and ran towards the sound of the ladies’ voice.

‘Help! Sir Floofington has fallen over the edge!’

I mean really? Sir Floofington? And that’s coming from someone called Dawn.

Nevertheless, me and Dew ran to the edge of the boat and peered into the water.

Dew

‘All I can see is a small dog,’ said Dawn

‘OH NO!’ I said. ‘Has Sir Floofington gone under?’

‘That small dog is Sir Floofington!’ said a stocky woman with blond hair, who was wringing a dog lead in her hands. ‘Oh please, save him!’

Me and Dawn shared a look of confusion, but I jogged down the ramp to the docks. I could hear Dawn saying, ‘Sir Floofington was lucky the boat hadn’t left yet.’ As I fished the bedraggled pomeranian out, a piercing scream came from the other side of the ship, “Ceades Legend.”

I thrust the dog back at the woman and Dawn and I ran towards the scream, you know, how any detective would. Weaving in and out of corridors, I looked back and in the distance I swear I saw the Lady - name unknown- grinning like a madman. Sorry, madwoman.

When we got to the starboard side of the ship, we stopped for a second, surrounded by plastic chairs, to take in our surroundings. A gaggle of people were standing on deck, gathered around the grey-haired lady from earlier, who appeared to be asleep. Or...

Dawn

Dead. That was the first thought that came to mind when we saw her. I immediately noticed two things.

- 1) A bit of pinstriped fabric in her hand
- 2) A deadly, fields horned viper slithering away. (Ok, you got me, I'm a snake geek!)

Judging by the marks on her neck, the old lady, Beryl Hussain, had been bitten. At her age, she would have died almost instantly. I looked at Dew. She looked at me. We looked at everybody's legs. Ok, I know that sounds weird, but you'll see. We nodded at each other.

'Everybody! STOP!'

Wow. Even I was surprised at Dew's voice.

'Now,' she continued. 'For those of you who didn't know, me and my twin,' I stepped forward, 'are world class junior detectives. Yes, that is a thing. Through the powers of deductive reasoning, intelligence, and the lack of effort put into this murder...'

At the word murder, the crowd gasped.

'We know who the killer is!'

Everyone froze. I'm glad Dew was breaking the news, not m-

'Dawn, will you do the honours?'

Oh. Well. Thanks, Dew.

Dew

I let Dawn do the honours because I am a wonderful twin. Apparently Dawn disagrees. She stepped forward, glaring at me. Oops.

‘First of all,’ Dawn said. ‘Everyone stand on a chair!’

Everyone did so.

‘Do not panic, but there is a deadly snake on the loose. The one that killed Ms Hussain.’

The guests started screaming.

‘I SAID DON’T PANIC! Now, I will reveal the murderer’s motive. Beryl was rich, look at her jewellery. The killer was greedy. When they found out they were in Beryl’s will, they formed a cunning plan. This person, before they boarded, captured a deadly snake.’ I gestured to Beryl’s hand. ‘From the fabric they left behind, we were able to deduct they are wearing...’ I pointed to Luke Hussain. ‘Pinstripe. Trousers. With a rip in.’

Everybody turned to Luke Hussain, who was trying to draw a pistol from the pocket of his torn trousers.

‘Luke Hussain killed his aunt!’

‘This is outrageous! I shall have you reported!’

‘Ha!’ I said, grinning. ‘You realise you can’t report people from jail, right, Mr Hussain?!’

‘Well, if I’m going down, so is she!’ He pointed to Sir Floofington’s owner. ‘She threw her dog in to distract you two!’

‘Nooooo! You fool!’ she screamed at him.

With that, four large police officers stormed the deck and grabbed them.

Dawn

'Hey, sis, I'll tell you something cool. This boat is called 'Ceades Legend.' That means Death in some old language! 'K, now you.'

I laughed as the boat set sail.

'I'll tell you something cool back, Dew. We're going to England!'

The End