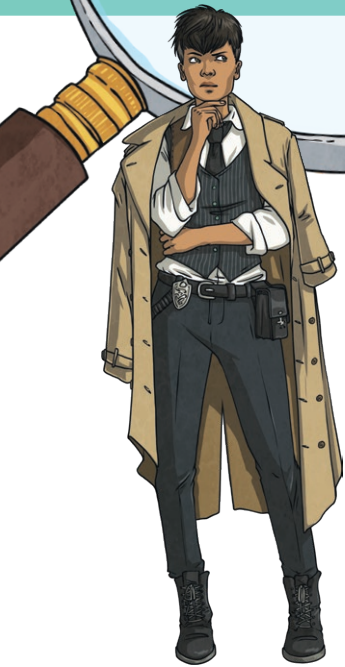


Whodunnit?

The Stolen Christmas Presents



Detective Dunnit walked quickly up the path and pulled up their hood against the pouring rain. The neat plants that used to line the driveway were now a mess of mud and leaves. Dunnit sighed – it hadn't stopped raining for two weeks now.

At the end of the driveway was a beautiful manor house which had been decorated with lights for Christmas. As soon as Dunnit reached the entrance, Ms Plum, the owner, came rushing out. "Oh, Detective! Thank you so much for coming at such short notice. I just didn't know who else to call!"

"No need to panic, Ms Plum," calmed Dunnit. "You've called the right person. I'll have the present thief caught in no time. How many people did you say were in the house this morning?"

"There were four of us," Ms Plum replied. "As soon as I discovered that our Christmas presents were missing, I gathered everyone together and called you."

Dunnit and Ms Plum entered the front room and looked at the brightly-coloured Christmas tree. Dunnit checked that the windows were shut and noticed that the carpet was wet in places. "It's the rain," explained Ms Plum. "Henry has been dragging his wet boots around the house for weeks. He must have been in here this morning." Seeing no obvious signs of a break in, Dunnit decided that it must have been one of the four people already in the house. "All of the presents were under the tree this morning," explained Ms Plum. "When I came in after my breakfast, they were gone." She pointed to the base of the tree and cried, "Christmas is ruined!"



"If it's okay with you, Ms Plum, I'd like to speak to the people who were in the house at the time of the theft. Send them in one at a time and I'll do my best to save Christmas."

The first person to enter was the doorman, Derick, whose job it was to welcome visitors into the home. "I'm afraid I didn't see anything," he explained. "I had only just arrived when I heard Ms Plum cry out. I went straight to her and she told me that all of the presents had gone."

“Did you see anyone acting suspiciously?” asked Durnit.

“Like I said, I had only just arrived. If I were to guess though, I’d say it was her son, Henry. He’s always up to no good that one. I bet he thinks that this is all some sort of game.”



The second person to be interviewed was the gardener, Rose. She wore green overalls and had traces of mud under her fingernails. “I’m afraid I can’t offer any useful information,” she explained. “I’ve been outside watering the borders all morning. People think that plants only need to be watered in the summer but they need caring for in the winter too.”

“That must keep you busy,” replied Durnit. “Are you sure that you didn’t see anyone this morning?”

“No one I’m afraid, which means that nobody came in or out of the house. The person who stole the presents must still be here.”

The last person to be questioned was Ms Plum’s ten-year-old son, Henry. “I can’t tell you where I was this morning,” he blurted out. “I was making a Christmas gift for my mother and I don’t want you to ruin the surprise. Also, why would I want to steal my own presents? That’s just silly.”

Durnit called Ms Plum back in. “Good news,” they told her. “One of those stories just doesn’t match up. I think I know who took your Christmas presents.”



Who does Durnit suspect and why?

Whodunnit?

The Stolen Christmas Presents



Detective Dunit quickly walked up the gravelled path, desperate to shelter from the rain. The planted borders that lined the driveway were now a sodden mess; no doubt, they were another victim of the recent downpours. Dunit sighed – it had been raining non-stop for two weeks now.

The home at the end of the driveway was spectacular: a Georgian manor house which was currently decorated with thousands of glittering lights. As soon as Dunit reached the entrance, a flustered Ms Plum came rushing out. “Oh, Detective! Thank you so much for coming at such short notice. I just didn’t know who else to call!”

“Now, now, Ms Plum,” calmed Dunit, “there’s no need for such a panic. I’ll catch the culprit soon enough. How many people did you say were in the house this morning?”

“Including myself, there were four of us,” Ms Plum replied. “As soon as I discovered that the presents were missing, I gathered everyone into the dining room and called you; they’re waiting there now.”

The pair entered the front room which contained an enormous and brightly-decorated Christmas tree. Dunit looked around and noted that all of the windows were firmly shut. Seeing no obvious signs of a break in, they concluded that it must have been someone who was inside the house at the time. “All of the presents were under the tree this morning,” explained Ms Plum. “When I came in after my breakfast, they were gone.” Her hand shook as she pointed to the base of the tree and cried, “Christmas is ruined!”

“Now, Ms Plum, let’s not get ahead of ourselves. I’d like to speak to the people who were in the house at the time of the theft. If you send them in one at a time, I’m sure that we can get to the bottom of this.”

The first person to enter was the doorman; a portly gentleman with a kind face whose job it was to greet visitors. “I’m afraid I didn’t see anythin’,” he explained. “I had only just arrived when I heard Ms Plum callin’ out. Of course, I went straight to her and she told me that all of the presents had gone.”

“Did you see anyone acting suspiciously?” asked Dunit.



“Nah, like I said, I had only just arrived. If I were to guess though, I’d say that it was her son, Henry. He’s always up to no good. He probably thinks that this is all some sort of game.”



The second person to be interviewed was the gardener, Rose. She wore green overalls and smelt faintly of damp dirt. “I’m afraid I can’t give you any more information,” she explained. “I’ve been outside watering the borders all morning. People think that plants only need caring for in the summer months but they’re wrong. We gardeners care for them all year round.”

“I don’t doubt it,” replied Durnit. “Are you sure that you didn’t see anyone this morning?”

“No one I’m afraid. Like I said, I was out on the driveway all morning. I can tell you that nobody came in or out though which means that whoever stole the presents must have already been inside the house.”

The last person to be questioned was Ms Plum’s ten-year-old son, Henry. The boy was small for his age and began chewing nervously on his lip at the sight of Durnit. “I can’t tell you where I was this morning,” he blurted out. “I was making a Christmas gift for my mother and I don’t want you to ruin the surprise. Also, why would I want to steal my own presents? That doesn’t make any sense. I hope that you do find them though; the one with the green bow looked really exciting.”

As the boy left the room, Durnit called Ms Plum back in. “Good news,” they stated. “One of these alibis just doesn’t match up. I think I know who took your Christmas presents.”

Who does Durnit suspect and why?



Whodunnit?

The Stolen Christmas Presents



Detective Dunit walked up the gravelled path; the icy rain was beating down on them. The once-pristine borders that lined the driveway were now a sodden mess; no doubt, they were another victim of the recent downpours. Dunit sighed – it had been raining non-stop for two weeks now and, if the papers were to be believed, there would be no letup for a while.

The residence at the end of the driveway was something quite spectacular: a Georgian manor house which was currently adorned with thousands of glittering lights. No sooner had Dunit reached the entrance when a flustered Ms Plum came rushing out. “Oh, Detective! Thank you so much for coming at such short notice. I just didn’t know who else to call!”

“Now, now, Ms Plum,” calmed Dunit, “there’s no need for such a panic. I’ll catch the culprit soon enough. I must say though – I’m surprised that it’s you meeting me at the door this morning. Has your doorman been offered leave for the festive season?” Ms Plum gave a small smile and gestured Dunit through the door. “No, he doesn’t leave until tomorrow,” she explained. “When I discovered that the presents were missing, I immediately gathered everyone who was in the house into the dining room and called you; they’re waiting there now.”

The pair entered the front room which contained an enormous, embellished Christmas tree. Dunit looked around and noted that all of the windows were sealed. Seeing no signs of a break in, they concluded that it must have been an inside job. “The presents were all under the tree this morning,” explained Ms Plum, her voice rising as she spoke. “When I came in after breakfast, they were gone.” Her hand shook as she gestured to the empty space around the tree and cried, “Christmas is ruined!”

“Well, Ms Plum, before we truly determine the fate of Christmas, I’d like to speak to the people who were in the house at the time of the theft. If you send them in one at a time, I’m sure that we can get to the bottom of this.”

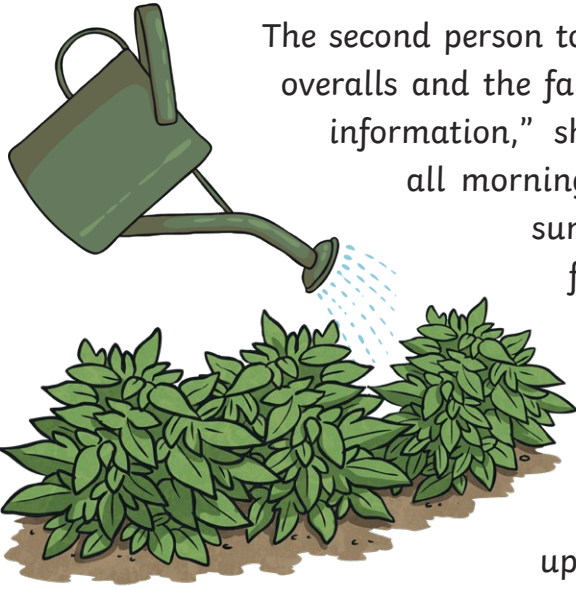
The first person to enter was the doorman; a portly gentleman with a kind face. “I’m afraid I didn’t see anythin’,” he explained. “I had only just arrived and was hangin’ up my coat when I heard Ms Plum wailin’. Of course, I went straight to her to see what



the matter was and she told me that all of the presents had gone.”

“Did you see anyone acting suspiciously?” enquired Dunit.

“Nah, like I said, I had only just arrived. If I were to put money on it though, I’d say that it was her son, Henry. He’s always up to mischief that one. Prob’ly thinks that you comin’ over here is some sort of game.”



The second person to be interviewed was the gardener, Rose. She wore green overalls and the faint scent of damp dirt. “I’m afraid I can’t give you any information,” she explained. “I’ve been outside watering the borders all morning. People think that plants only need caring for in the summer months but they’re wrong. Take the winter jasmine, for example: it blooms in January.”

“Fascinating,” replied Dunit. “Are you sure that you didn’t see anyone this morning?”

“No one I’m afraid, sorry. Like I said, I was out on the driveway all morning. I can tell you that nobody came up or down though which means that whoever stole the presents must still have them hidden inside the house.”

The last person to be questioned was Ms Plum’s ten-year-old son, Henry. The boy was small for his age yet carried himself with an air of defiance. Nonetheless, he shrunk at the sight of Dunit and began chewing on his lip. “I can’t tell you where I was this morning,” he blurted out. “I was making a Christmas gift for my mother and I don’t want you to ruin the surprise. Also, why would I want to steal my own presents? That’s just foolish. I hope that you do find them though; the one with the green bow looked really exciting.”

As the boy left the room, Dunit called Ms Plum back in. “Good news,” they stated. “One of these alibis just doesn’t match up. I think I know who took your Christmas presents.”



Who does Dunit suspect and why?