

Alafair
Extra Credit

DEATH AT A ROLLER DISCO

I've seen so many killings come and go, but this is the most confusing. My name's Bernice Blonstead and I'm a detective. Let me tell you about this baffling murder.

It was a slow night at Roller Areana. Not very many people there. The reason for this was probably because there was rain, thunder, and lightning outside. The air smelled like the damp earth outside and the popcorn somebody had just burnt. The only sounds were the quiet music; the hard raindrops falling on the roof above; and the loud, continuous sound of thunder. Colored lights shimmered all over the rink. All of the sudden the lights went out and the music dragged, slowly and eerily, to a stop. It was very dark. There was no light except for the small, old candles that were there in case of emergencies. Jerry, the manager, turned on the battery operated radio. The electricity had gone out on the southeast part of town. Jerry slowly approached the door which led outside. A hard, cold wind came in and the candles went out. Darron, who repairs rollerskates, went into the storage room to look for matches. He couldn't see a thing without any light. Suddenly, there was a loud thump. It was alright, Darron had tripped over a skate.

After about twenty minutes Darron had not returned and Eddie, the floorguard, found a flashlight and went to look for him. Suddenly there was a gun shot and a loud, fading scream, and the lights went back on.

Jerry went back towards the storage room. Eddie was dead, on the ground. He'd been shot. Blood was spread around a small portion of the skating floor, where he had fallen.

That's when Jerry called me. They told me they hadn't looked closely yet so they're not sure how bad it was. They called an ambulance that showed up right before I did. I looked at the body and told everyone there was no need for an ambulance. Eddie was already dead as a roach in a bug spray convention.

When the ambulance left and the skating rink was cleared except for the suspects I looked at the body closer. Eddie had been shot in the stomach. There was so much commotion, I didn't say where he had been shot. All of the suspects were employees of Roller Arena. There were only three suspects. There was Jerry; Darron; and Laura Alberts, who worked at the concession stand. I decided on how to question them.

"Jerry, how was Eddie on the job? Was he a good floorguard?" I asked the manager.

"He wasn't helping little kids as much as he should. I was thinking about firing him but when I brought it up the other employees said they'd quit if I did," Jerry said.

"Well, how did you settle this problem?" I asked him.

"I didn't. It's hard to find good workers like mine. Business has been getting slow lately. I have a feeling Eddie has something to do with this," Jerry answered.

Well, I figured I talked enough to Jerry. I began to question Darron.

"Darron, were you and Eddie friends?" I asked.

"Well, I guess so, but recently we had a fight about our job."

"What exactly was the argument about?" I asked.

"Well, we used to have three floorguards and two people to fix skates, Eddie and me. One of the floorguards quit and Jerry hired Eddie as floorguard and his salary was raised to \$4.20 an hour, plus he gets to skate free. I only get paid \$3.10. I do a lot more work than he does," Darron explained getting angry with every word he spoke.

"Laura, how well did you know Eddie and was he your friend?" I asked listening very carefully.

"Well, I didn't know him that much but I guess we were pretty good friends."

"Did you ever get into a fight with Eddie?" I asked unsatisfied with her answer to the last question.

"Well, a matter of fact, just last week we had a little argument about schoolwork. You see, I'm his geometry tutor and he's been going out on Tuesdays, the day we work together. But, Bernice, I wouldn't kill him," Laura answered worriedly.

I sat down and looked at the three of them trying to find something against one of them.

"Darron, will you come and talk to me privately?" I asked. Darron got up hesitantly.

In the storage room I asked Darron exactly why Jerry wanted to fire Eddie. Darron told me, "I thought he was doing a pretty good job, I guess but he could have done better." He stopped to think for a while. "Jerry already told you why he wanted him fired but it seemed all Jerry thought about was how to get rid of his bad habits, that is Eddie's bad habits."

Then I asked him, very openly, what kind of skater Laura was. He said, "Awful, she falls constantly."

As we walked into the room where the suspects were I said smartly, "Jerry, you're under arrest."

Jerry was stunned. "What's your proof? I would never shoot Eddie! I can't shoot a gun very well. I could never hit his stomach in one shot!"

I said, "You just gave me the proof. Laura wouldn't and couldn't kill him while on skates. She was on skates at the time and she couldn't stand up long enough to aim and shoot at Eddie. So it was either you or Darron. You just said, 'I could never hit his stomach in one shot.' How did you know Eddie was shot **in** the stomach?"

After being caught Jerry admitted he killed Eddie so business would rise again.

Well, the police cam and Jerry's in custody. So I figured I might as well skate.

"Darron, I don't skate very well! HEEELLLLPPPP!!!!!" I yelled.

"COMINGG" he screamed back.