

# Moonlight

Von abgemeldet

## 2. Kapitel

When I woke up the next day Romeo seemed to be very nervous. He had no problems with my old cats, Pancake and Hitchcock, even if they were wondering why he was here.

It was 9.00 a.m., I was drinking a cup of coffee, thinking about my book, when Romeo ran to the front door, back into kitchen, than to the door again.

"What's the matter?" I asked. "Do you want to go outside?"

I opened the door, but he did not move. He just stood there and looked into my face. This moment I noticed that I never heard Romeo making any noise, although I knew him since he had lived at Mrs. Jones.

Exactly one hour later the doorbell rang. It was the police inspector who had allowed me to keep Romeo for the next time. I tried to remember his name, but then I noticed that he has not told me.

"Hey", he said. "My name is Steven Baker, CID (Anm. Der Autorin: "Criminal Investigation Department, zu deutsch Kripo"). I have some questions for you."

"Please come in." I did not want to say this, I did not like him since the first moment I saw him. But now it was too late and he was a police man.

"Thanks...", he came in, looked round and sat down, without asking me on the kitchen table. "Nice house, but isn't it too big for one person?"

"It's okay", I answered and sat down, too without asking him if he wanted a cup of coffee. "I've got a nice cleaning lady who helps me with the house."

"So you can be sure that someone will find you if you die."

"I promise that I won't die in the next time. I am absolutly healthy, thank you."

He grinned. "Here we have our problem. Mrs. Jones was absolutly healthy, too. We couldn't find anything that could hae killed her."

"And now you're searching for anyone, aren't you?"

"We don't know. We didn't find any sign that she was murdered, we found just nothing. It's as if she just fell over and was dead. And now it get's interesting.

15 years ago Marcus Jones died, he was just 14 and nobody could find any reason for his dead. 12 years ago Richard Jones died and three guesses how. ... Right, no idea."

I could remember the deaths of Mrs. Jones' son and husband and I could remember that the police and many famous doctors searched for a reason for two years.

"But...", I said ...

"Mrs. O'Connor, what did you do Saturday evenig between 18.00 and 22.00 p.m.?"

"I was sitting in my study and thinking about a new book. Alone with my two cats. No witnesses at all."

"No witnesses?" he grinned. "Okay, when did you see Mrs. Jones the last time?"

"Saturday evening, I was just feeding my cats. It was maybe 6.00 p.m.. And yes, I could be the murderer. But before you find the murderer you should find the cause of her death."

He laughed. "You're right. But anyhow, did you see anyone? Saturday between 6.00 and 10.00 p.m.?"

"I saw Mrs. Jones and my cats. And if you don't have more questions you may go, I have to work."

"If you want me to leave I'll go but I have one more question: Am I right when I think you live here alone?"

"I live with my cats."

"Okay. And because of your neighbours ugly cat. You can keep it. She has no heirs at all and nobody could find a testament."