

# Mystery at the Mansion

A large, ornate Victorian mansion with multiple stories, a prominent balcony, and several chimneys. The building is illuminated from below, creating a dramatic effect against the dark night sky. A large, full moon is visible in the upper left, and a large, billowing cloud is on the right. The sky is filled with stars.

Written by  
**Marjorie Lam**

Editions Abisai

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From the same author:

Mystery at the Mansion, September 2017

The Lost Father, January 2018

Quest of the Missing Pearl, xxxx 2018

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## PROLOGUE

It was midnight. A guard was sleeping on the stairs of the third floor of a mansion. That was not a simple mansion; it was a manor or more, a castle, an expensive and luxury one. The guard was drunk. The main door of the castle opened. A man crept inside the hall. His shadow was longing the walls up to the stairs. He tiptoed the stairs one after the other. Silently. Quietly. When he reached the guard, he stopped. He was scared. He waited. He counted... 1... 2... 3... The guard wasn't moving. He slowly and carefully stepped over him and reached the third floor. He looked on his left-hand side of the corridor, then on his right-hand side. *"It's over there..."* he thought. After few steps, he opened a door. A loud noise was heard. Creeeek... He took a look behind him. Nobody was coming. He turned his sight inside the room. Someone was sleeping under the blanket. He pushed a little bit more the door. He went directly to a locker in the huge room. It was locked with a big lock. He took from his pocket a long cutter. In a strong movement, he cut the lock. Tuck! He opened it carefully. Bang! Something felt on the floor. The man looked at it. It was a big bag. At the same time, a boy, who was sleeping on the bed, woke up suddenly.

"Who's there?" he said.

The man looked at him. *"It's just the boy..."*. He took out his knife and approached him.

"Who's there?" asked the boy again.

The man didn't answer but with a big strike, killed him. He then turned around, took the bag and escaped.

# CHAPTER I

The next morning, a man called the police.

"Please, I have something to tell... a murder happened in my house."

"Hold on", said the receptionist, "I call an inspector right away."

One hour later, an inspector was ringing at a door of a big mansion. While waiting, he took a quick look at the house. *"A big house, surely a big clean to do every week!"* he thought. A servant opened the door.

"Inspector Peter, said the man. May I see mister Silverlight please?"

The servant stepped back to let the inspector coming in.

"Please, wait a moment."

Few seconds later, a tall man, white skin, long mustache and wearing a t-shirt, appeared in the hall.

"Inspector...?"

"Inspector Peter", the policeman replied.

"Call me Billy if you don't mind", said Mister Silverlight.

Peter nodded.

"I still do not understand why this happened..." continued Billy. "You must help me."

"I was told a murder happened... but to begin, tell me anything you know. At least, this will be a start!" said Peter.

"My son has been killed last night... and I don't know anything else."

*"A kid... This doesn't make any sense..."* Thought Peter. After few seconds, he asked:

"Any witness?"

"Not as far as I know..." replied Billy.

"Who was here last night?"

"As usual, servants, guards, helpers... the usual staff", said Billy, confused by the death of his son.

"So how this could happen then?" asked the inspector.

"Surely someone from the inside took part of this", thought Peter.

"May I see where this happened?"

"Yes... Tom's room is upstairs."

The two men went up and then, in the corridor. Billy was going to open Tom's room.

"No! Don't touch it!" said Peter.

Peter took his handkerchief, put it on the handle and turn it. The room was big. On the left-hand side, the bed was covered with blood. Tom's body was still lying like when he was killed. Peter took a look on the right-hand side. He noticed a big lock cut on the floor, in front of a locker. The door was wide opened. He came closer and looked at the carpet. He noticed some mud. He took a closer look. "These are two footprints", he thought.

"Was there anything special in this clocker?"

"Yes", replied Billy. "There was one million dollars".

Peter nodded again. "Here is the reason why Tom had been killed". A guard came in the room.

"You called me Sir?"

"Inspector, here is Tom's bodyguard.

"Thanks Mister Silverlight. Please let us alone," said Peter.

Once Billy left, Peter looked at Tom's body. The bodyguard wasn't feeling well. Peter noticed the smell of the guard.

"Wine?" asked Peter. Surely you had a great time yesterday rather than taking care of this little boy?" asked Peter, pointing at the dead body, lying on the bed.

The guard didn't answer, but Peter knew he was right. Then he went down.

"I want to see everyone who was here yesterday, in this house!" he asked to Billy. They all soon joined the inspector in the living room.

"You know what happened", he told to the servants and employees. "What is horrible in this bloody murder is a boy has been killed for money". Have you noticed anything suspect, special, unusual these recent days? How this could have happened?"

At the news, Tom's helper put her hand in front of her mouth, "Oh my God", she thought.

Peter kept walking in the living room, taking a look at each of them.

"Please, if you know anything about this murder, confirm me," the inspector said. "Anyone knows?"

Nobody raised their hand. Everyone was silent and quiet.

"Nobody... Really? "Peter asked. "Then, start from now, I will inspect your room and have a close interrogation to each of you... Considering that you are all suspects! Mr Billy, may I have a word with you?"

Everyone went back to the servants' room. Billy took a step toward the inspector.

"There is something I was wondering," Peter asked. "Yes inspector?" "Why Tom had so much money in his locker?" Billy hesitated and finally admitted: "I put this money in his locker because nobody would think to go to Tom's room to steal that money rather than keeping it in my own room."

"Who do you think I should begin with... Who you think is the main suspect?" asked Peter.

"I really don't know, inspector. You are free to go anywhere you want in the mansion. I will ask the staff to be available at any time to help you", Billy said.

"I didn't expect less than that," replied the inspector.

## CHAPTER II

The next day, Peter met Sarah, Tom's helper. He took a look in her room. The room was very small. "You must know something, do you? Yesterday, you covered your mouth and said "Oh my God", Peter said.

"No, I don't know anything. I just knew when you told it to all of us. Maybe you should ask the outside guard. He surely had seen something or someone creeping inside the mansion," Sarah said.

Peter nodded his head and went to the outside guard room. He looked at him, and said,

"Hi! May I ask you some questions?"

"Yes, sure... Please enter."

The inspector entered the room and took a quick look. The room was small, as small as the helper's.

"Did you see anyone entering the mansion last night?"

"Nobody came in at all Sir."

"Tell me, do you know very well the staff working here?"

"Yes because I work here since Mr. Silverlight owns this house."

"Thank you... I do not have more questions."

Peter smiled and left.

*'There must be something happening here... I must stop the murderer before it is too late!'* Peter thought. He went to his bedroom in the mansion that Billy lent to him. He laid down and thought deeply about the case. He fell asleep.

The next day, Peter rushed down to the mansion's dining hall. He saw Billy.

"Any good news to report, Peter?" Billy asked while taking a bite of his croissant.

"There is some", said Peter while sitting at the table. "But... can we talk privately, not in front of the servants of your mansion," he said before gobbling a spoon of Corn Flakes.

"Okay. Meet me in my room after the breakfast," Billy said.

After breakfast, Peter went to the third floor. Billy's room was there.

When Peter arrived at Billy's room, he was amazed by all the jewels, gold, and silver which were laying everywhere. He took a quick look at the lockers. They were very well kept and they were not damaged at all.

"Inspector Peter, please take a seat in the gold armchair," Billy said. He was in his armchair, expensively decorated. He was drinking his coffee. "Do you want a tea or coffee?"

Peter walked toward the gold armchair and looked at it. It was made with silk. He looked at Billy, and said, "A coffee, thanks."

Billy turned toward the servant, waiting at the door. "A coffee for the inspector, please." The servant quickly walked to the kitchen and took a cup of hot coffee for Peter.

Peter smiled to the servant, and looked back to Billy, taking a sip of the coffee.

"Sarah, get out of this room and lock it," Billy said, waving his hand.

The servant quickly said, "Yes, sir." She locked the door and went to the dark corridor.

"Billy, I think, your son has been killed by accident. It was not what the murderer wanted," Peter said.

"Still, there is a murderer running out there! So, is this really useful?" Billy asked.

Billy, I think someone wanted to rob the money. But probably your son woke exactly up at that moment and saw, or worse, recognized the robber. That was a really bad coincidence.

"How can you be so sure?"

"Well, the way the blankets were put, the blood, the mud traces on the floor and the money. Also, his bodyguard seems to be drunk all the time.

"So..." replied Billy. It doesn't bring back my son! Where is this guy?"

"Billy, the murderer will not be discovered this fast, I am really sorry. Please wait. The police officers will help. I have to go for now but don't worry," Peter said, drinking the last sip of his cup. He put it on the table and added: "Thank you for your coffee. It was delicious indeed!" And, he walked back to his room.

## CHAPTER III

Peter knocked on the door of the guard in charge of the inside of the mansion.

The guard said: "I'm here, open the door!"

Peter entered. He took a quick look inside the small room. On the coffee table, in the middle of the living room, many empty wine bottles were standing. He reported his sight to the guard. "Um... Did you see anyone on that day?" Peter asked. The guard didn't answer. "Did you?" repeated Peter.

"No," the guard whispered.

His face was very red. Peter knew something was going on. He was hiding something.

"Really? Is it true?" Peter asked, staring at the guard.

"Yes, sir... definitely," the guard replied.

"Um... Fine, then. I leave you. Maybe I'll ask you some other questions later," Peter said.

He kept going his investigation at the gardener's room. The door was already opened and the gardener was on his way out.

"Sir, good morning! How is going the investigation?"

"Still in process", replied Peter.

"Of course! Then, is there anything you want to know about me?" The gardener said.

"Yes, indeed! I want to ask you an important question. Did you see anyone on that night? Don't lie to me, remember well," Peter said.

"No, sorry... In fact, it is not a question of remembering, I was just deeply sleeping here," he explained.

"Fine... Fine..." Peter said, leaving the gardener.

*The gardener is lying! The guard was lying! Everyone is lying in this house!* Peter thought.

He went to the maid's room.

"Madam, you said you know what happened, and who the murderer was", Peter said. "Is this true?"

"In a way... true!" she said.

"Tell me, who is it then?" Peter asked. "How the murderer looks like?"

"It was too dark, and I could only see his shadow. But what I know, he was very tall... At first, I thought it was the gardener, so I didn't really pay attention... until you said Tom had been killed."

Then, she started to cry.

"I could have saved him but I didn't do anything."

"I see," Peter said, not being able to help her. "Unfortunately, I have to go for now but, I will definitely have other questions. You are the main witness until now."

Peter ran to Billy's room.

"Sorry, sir. I must see you. It's really important!" Peter said, going inside Billy's room, and locking it.

"What's going on, Peter?" handing at him a cup of tea.

"Well," replied Peter after taking a sip of the tea", the guard, the gardener and the maid are lying!"

He took another sip of his hot tea.

"Wow, this is really a good tea."

"Thanks Peter, Billy said. "Are you sure they are lying?"

"Yes, well, I think they are. The maid saw how the murderer is. However, she said she didn't see him at all. But at midnight, I know the lights of the mansion are switched on. So the maid should have seen the murderer's face!"

"I understand. So I think you should bring them to the police officer as soon as possible."

## CHAPTER IV

Peter tried to discover the truth behind the murder.

*"Someone is lying", thought Peter, but who? The cleaner... Sarah? She was feeling really bad when she knew what happened. What about the gardener? There is something strange about him... I don't really trust his words. The bodyguard? He was drunk but... maybe not entirely innocent. Even though I know why, the last question is who?*

Peter called the office.

"I need some police officers here... as soon as possible. They need to follow all the employees from the mansion."

Peter was still thinking. *"It won't prove they are part of the murder... but maybe we can find out about it. They all say the same story but there is something that does 't make sense!"*

## CHAPTER V

Sarah secretly met a man in the street of the city.

"The boy wasn't planned to die. Why did you kill him?"

Those were the last words she said.

Later on, Sarah's body was found dead. Thomas, a policeman, was the first one to be at the crime scene. He took his phone.

"Sorry inspector, something really important to report."

"What is it?" said Peter.

"In Dark Alley, a woman has been killed. I think it is about the murder. May you come to Dark Alley?" the policeman said. His voice was fading.

"Thomas! Are you ok?" Peter asked

"Yes, I am..."

Peter looked for his bicycle. He stepped on it, then, cycled to Dark Alley.

Once there, a big crowd of curious people had invaded the place. Peter made his way. Many people and policemen surrounded a woman's body. The woman was very pale. She had short, chocolate brown hair and bright blue eyes. Peter recognized her.

*"This is Sarah... the cleaner at the mansion!"* Peter thought. He went to the other policeman, called Sam.

"Peter!" said Sam, "we found the body at seven o'clock this morning. Do you know her?"

"The murderer is scared, I think," said Peter.

Peter looked at Sam.

"Yes... I know her, Sam. She is the cleaner at the Mansion. Um... I think... I need to go back to the mansion and write down what happened."

He looked at the crowd.

"Go, everyone!" Peter said. "There is nothing to see! Please have some respect for this poor woman."

He went back on his bicycle, then, pedaled back to the mansion. On the way back, the case became darker.

*"I think the cleaner... Sarah... hum... surely she knew more than what she told me... she knew who was the murderer... This is why she didn't do anything to stop him,"* he thought.

## CHAPTER VI

Peter announced the death of the cleaner to everyone and checked who was feeling scared about the horrible news. They all feel sad but the gardener was shocked. Peter immediately thought "*He knows something... more than what he said.*"

Peter knew the gardener was an important witness. After thinking a while, he didn't find any other clue about this murder. He went to the gardener's room again.

"Sorry gardener, I think you know much more than what you told me", said Peter.

"No, no... no," replied the gardener.

"You know what? I just don't trust you! Tell me the truth or I arrest you for murder!" Peter said, angrily.

The gardener thought a moment, surprised by Peter's reaction and decision. He slowly replied:

"Forgive me Sir, the boy was never planned to be killed."

"Really?" Seems you know a little bit more now... Keep going!"

"The murderer is on a plane now."

"And where is he going then?"

"Well... to New Zealand", admitted the gardener.

But Peter still had some other questions.

"And what about the money?"

"Yeah... He kept it... everything..." he confessed.

"I see", replied Peter, understanding they have been cheated by the murderer as well. He didn't lose any time. He called the officers to arrest the gardener, the bodyguard and he quickly called the airport, requiring the plane not to take off.

## THE END



Marjorie Lam is 8 years old. She really enjoys reading novels and the genre doesn't matter. Her favorite books are the ones from the series "The Land of Stories". When she is not reading, she likes to play with her little sister. She likes to play at the playground, playing badminton and having fun in the swimming pool.

She likes to go to school and meets all her friends. She also plays piano and later, she would like to be a doctor.

"Mystery at the Mansion" is her first novella. She is very proud about this story. She worked very hard and hopes you will enjoy.