

Lesson 5

READ THIS STORY #2, Advanced

The Private Investigator

In the twenty years I've been a Private Investigator, I've become quite immune to female distractions. But the minute I saw the statuesque brunette standing at the roulette table, I knew there would be trouble.

Dressed as she was, in a ruby frock with a plunging neckline, she appeared to be an enchantress, with a neck like a gazelle. Fastened to a delicate chain around her throat was the biggest briolette I had ever seen. I suspected it was a fake.

From my discreet inquiries, I learned that she was a Russian baroness. Her escort was playing the high stakes games, but he wasn't doing very well. I casually wandered through the maze of gamblers to get a closer look. I had seen his face somewhere else. He had the look of a crook. Perhaps it was the rosette in his buttonhole that made him seem suspicious.

Suddenly, there was a clap of thunder, and the lights went out. I heard a lady scream. I flicked on my cigarette lighter and said, "Ladies and Gentlemen, be calm." The baroness and her escort were nowhere to be seen. All the cash that had been on the roulette table was gone. In its place was the fake diamond briolette with its delicate chain.