

a lazy afternoon

Von alanqi

Kapitel 1: a lazy afternoon

Cain was sitting in his favourite chair in the library of Hargreaves Mansion. It was late afternoon and the weather outside simply seemed to wet and windy to leave the house, even for a short walk. Cain had sprawled his legs over the sides of his armchair reading the weekly chronicle. There seemed to be no new files, no unsolved mysteries, not even a missing cat. London was getting quite boring nowadays, he thought. What is a man to do if there is no crime to investigate? A knock on the door took his interest, it might be a visitor. The so called visitor turned out to be his tea. His butler brought the tablet to the little mahogany table in front of the sofa and served the tea into the single cup he brought.

"Your tea is ready, master Cain", Riff said bowing slightly.

"Thanks Riff", Cain smiled "but I'd rather prefer something stronger."

Riff raised his eyebrows.

"And what might that something be?"

"Don't know maybe an unsolved murder, a great affair in the city, or just a drop of scotch added to my tea."

Riff smiled before bowing slightly.

"As my master wishes" he uttered leaving the room to fetch the scotch his master had proposed to like added to his tea.

It was the right weather to utter a wish like this he thought. The coldness kept creeping into the house however high the fires were burning; the servant part was even colder. Riff sneezed; he had to enter the cellar to get the bottle he was searching, the kitchen supplies were used up too. Not a single drop left due to the lingering coldness and the freezing servants. Riff sighed fetching a candle. He took the silver chandelier next to the kitchen trespass to the dungeons. He didn't like the dark down under but there was no way to spare him the search down yonder. With another sigh he opened the door, took the chandelier with four candles carefully lighted and began climbing downstairs. It was only two flights of steps but the air in this part was unbearable cold, it was too far away from the heating room. It had to be

cold though otherwise the food down there would spoil, and the wine too. Riff sneezed again; maybe he was getting a fever. His sight got a little unclear, but he was used to such things by now and he was never ill, especially not when his master was asking something from him, like a few drops of scotch for his tea.