

*The Daring Cases of Swaney Lakeland,
Professional Detective.*

Case 1 Part 1: The Mystery of the Missing Nuts

It was a peaceful day at the office of Montreat City's only private eye. Swaney Lakeland was just about to enjoy a nice cup of brutally attacking any passerby tea, his favorite flavor, when his swan-phone rings.

HONK HONK HONK HONK HONK HONK HONK Swaney gets up from his desk and picks up the phone with feathery quickness.

"Swaney Lake here."

"Lake, thank goodness you've picked up, we've been tearing out our feathers for days on this case," the one at the other side responds.

"Police chairman Duckington?"

"Yes, Lake. You're the only guy who can do this."

"Sorry. You know I'm not a tool of the man anymore. I'm a free bird."

"Lake, I know we've had a history, and normally I wouldn't trust you and your loose-cannon-way of handling cases, but there's no one else who can solve this mystery. You're the best. We both know that. That's why I called you. Listen, the force has been up in its beak with this stuff for a week now, and we can't get through it without help. I think . . . I think the stealings might be tied to . . . your old partner."

"Impossible . . . Flap Goosland?"

"Yes, Lake. No evidence, except the scent of goose."

"I'm on the case. What's the situation?"

"Excellent. Madame Patricia Acorn's prize nuts have been stolen three nights ago, and there's not a speck of evidence to go on. You need to get over there tonight and see what you can find. If it really is Goosland, then you know what to look for. You learned everything he had to teach you."

"Yeah, got it. See ya," Swaney says right before he puts down the phone. He pauses a moment, simply resting his hand on the phone. It's been years since he's seen ol' Flap, not since he ran off to become a master thief. A foul tear runs down Swaney's face, remembering his old past with his dear partner in the force, and then steels himself for the case ahead.

Swaney grabs his signature raincoat off the rack, dawns it, and heads outside. He takes flight towards the Squirelforde estates with winged speed.

TO BE CONTINUED....

