

MARCIN BRZOSTOWSKI

THE MYSTERY OF SGT. ADELA WHITE



Marcin Brzostowski

THE MYSTERY OF
SGT. ADELA WHITE

© Copyright by
Marcin Brzostowski & e-bookowo
Cover designed by Michał Olejarski
Translated by Nina Wagner

ISBN 978-83-7859-580-9

Publisher: Wydawnictwo internetowe e-bookowo
www.e-bookowo.pl
Contact: wydawnictwo@e-bookowo.pl

Wszelkie prawa zastrzeżone.
Kopiowanie, rozpowszechnianie części lub całości
bez zgody wydawcy zabronione
Wydanie I 2015

Luigi looked at Franco Fog painfully and, making sure the alarm clock was about to ring in a moment, he jumped onto the table beside his friend's bed. To get some exercise, he stretched his back in the shape of letter 'F', finished an appropriate swearword in his thoughts, and started counting seconds before the inevitable. He was convinced that when six o'clock strikes, sergeant Udder will run into the bedroom and start drilling the barely alive Franco Fog, who was downgraded to the rank of constable a week before. There was an Argus assigned to Franco Fog, personified by the most straight-laced investigator, whose main duty was controlling the inspector 24 hours a day. Those who knew sergeant Udder sympathised with the inspector as they realised there was not and there probably would never be another jack-in-office like the sergeant. Franco Fog was aware that he would have to pay for his transgression, therefore he endured all the inconveniences, glad he was not fired. If it was only about the fact that he had been celebrating with his friends in the police headquarters, plying himself with litres of alcohol and trying to play with every female police officer he had come across, probably nothing would have happened. However, as a joke, Franco and his friends started general Barrel's private tank and rammed quite a few police cars; they also drove into the police headquarters, which resulted in a train of unpleasant consequences which appeared at lightning speed. Yet, the nail in his coffin which sealed his downfall was certain seemingly trifling fact. During the crazy tank ride, the inspector destroyed the police commander's

wife's beloved bed of roses. Once the dust on the police headquarters yard settled and it was officially stated the flowerbeds have ceased to exist, it became obvious to everyone that this time general Barrel would not overlook his subordinates' pranks and the ringleader of this mess would have to pay for the general's wife's tears. That is why Franco Fog, accompanied by his sobering up comrades, said goodbye to his rank and put his career into hands of his devastated commander who, against his will, was forced to explain to his wife what had happened to the flowers.

Luigi was getting more and more nervous with every second and could not stop staring at the alarm clock. To secure at least some sleep for his friend, he bristled his hair, made a menacing expression and said between his teeth:

"Hey, clock, stop or you'll see."

"Sorry?" The clock sighed heavily without even blinking his eye.

"Stop!"

"What's your problem, tomcat?"

"Watch your mouth, you gnome!"

"Kiss my ass, ginger head. I'll ring anyway!"

The dig at the fur colour made Luigi furious so he snorted at the clock face and started getting ready for a frontal attack. A moment later, he took out his claws and said somewhat nonchalantly:

"It's your last chance to come to your senses."

"What?" The clock burst out with laughter but still, he did not even blink his eye.

"If you wake my friend up, you're going to have a bad time."

"Don't make me laugh, my hairy friend", the clock kept

on laughing. “You think you’re the first who tries to stop the time, don’t you?”

“I guess not”, the ginger Persian suddenly scratched behind his ear.

“Of course not! There were guys better than you who tried to stop the most powerful clocks. And do you know what they achieved?”

“What?” Luigi kept his cool.

“A piece of shit, my dear kitty-eater!”

Uttering those words, the clock ruthlessly finished the unequal discussion. He bounced and finally released the concealed pressure. When his small and big hand formed a perfect straight line, all his mechanisms revived, giving the world a sign it was six o’clock. At the same time, the clock shook, spat condescendingly at the bedside table and started screaming at the top of his interior. His activity would raise even the most disobedient dead from their grave, so Luigi was not surprised when a moment later at the bedroom door he saw sergeant Udder, who was shouting:

“Wake up, constable! Wake up!”

Sleepy Franco Fog opened his eyes, silenced the clock once and for all, and said to Luigi:

“What day is today, my friend?”

“Friday.”

“So tomorrow’s day off, right?”

“Yes, Franco. We’ll finally get enough sleep!”

“If this Nazi”, he looked at the Argus, “will let us.”

“Easy, Franco. Sooner or later he will have to get some sleep, too.”