

Detective Nimble and the Falcon Fugitive



On most days, the Falcon's journey from London to Bath delighted its passengers with sweeping views of the countryside: fields of golden wheat, picturesque villages nestled in wooded valleys and tempting glimpses of distant hills. On the day of Detective Nimble's exciting pursuit of the Falcon Fugitive, however, fog clung tightly to the tracks, enveloping the train in a blanket of white. Even its immense speed couldn't help shake off the dense cloud.

Inside a cramped Standard Class compartment, Detective Nimble, an investigator at Clue-Crackers Detective Agency, fiddled with his magnifying glass and stroked his curled moustache. Rain intermittently spattered the window, running off at diagonals. Nimble's leather briefcase was worn at the edges and the buckle had snapped two weeks previously, much to his annoyance. For now, he was improvising a clasp with a metal paperclip and a piece of garden twine.



Nimble leant back, but the padded bench seat was too narrow, the back too firm, and the armrest was stuck in the down position, penning him in against the bare window. Groaning, he stood to move to the opposite bench and his head collided painfully with the luggage rack above. Rubbing his injury, Nimble sighed heavily and moaned as he recalled how badly things had gone — he wasn't even supposed to be on the train. He had intended to apprehend the criminal he was tracking on the platform, but the station was heaving and he'd lost her in the crowds. It was only at the last minute that he'd spotted her boarding a train to Bath leaving at ten past eleven, and hastily followed.

Still, he'd been a detective for long enough to trust his instincts — he knew she was likely to be somewhere in the train's First Class section, if her usual luxurious tastes were anything to go by. He inched open his compartment door and squinted through the narrow gap. At the far end of the corridor, a guard stood at the entrance to First Class. Grinding his teeth in frustration, Nimble flicked through his case notebook, glancing over sketches and pages of scrawled handwriting. For months he'd pursued the felon, peering over the top of newspapers, listening at doorways, identifying potential henchmen. Finally, someone had betrayed her. Nimble had discovered that she planned to meet an accomplice at eleven on

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