

## Fowl Play

Splash, Splash, Splash! Through the shallow <sup>river</sup> the criminal ran, with ace detective Robert Duckson hot on his trail. Six months of hard work and hundreds of interviews with witnesses had come ~~through~~ <sup>down</sup> to this goose chase. The dense marsh should have favored the perp, but they were on Roberts home turf, so the advantage was in his favor. Ever so quickly, the detective was gaining ground, and not much ground stood between the two. The criminal with his last thoughts of freedom, thought back to the day oh so long ago, that led to this moment.

April 20<sup>th</sup> had started like any other day in Weber, Ft. The sun was shining bright, a cool breeze was blowing off the Atlantic Ocean, and Mallard Park was a bustling area. The sound and smells of old ladies and their grandchildren rang through the park. Food was also an abundance as everybody was getting their fill. Unfortunately in today's society, when a good thing is going, somebody has to spoil. Detective Duckson was outside on the lawn spending quality time with his kids when the phone rang. A bad egg had spoiled a nice day. Without remorse, the detective was on the way to the station. He burst through the stations thin doors with a stare that could make any man cry. This case really hit him hard, he has two young ones of his own. The officers that had <sup>been</sup> investigating it took the detective into the briefing room, and got to work.

On that perfect day, a known criminal that went by the name "Flying V" had visited Mallard Park. Witnesses reported a shady old goose hanging around by the ~~bank~~ <sup>pond</sup>, close to where a young family was enjoying their day. Within the next 10 minutes that family had disappeared. Not much info besides that had been told to the arriving officers. All of ~~them~~ <sup>of his brothers</sup> including Flying V had vanished. Detective Duckson gazed into the eyes' in bewilderment ~~and~~ and shock. In one fowl swoop he was enroute to the park. Every moment wasted was a moment the Flying V could be escaping. Or worse, harming his captives. Mallard Park was deserted when Duckson arrived. News of the incident traveled fast, it seems. The pond where the incident had happened was blocked by tall weeds, a perfect ambush position for predators. The detective sifted through the dense vegetation when a small card appeared, no larger than a business card.



~~Detective~~ Detective D snatched the card up and took a look. "Flying V Inc. I find em, you buy em!" A cold look washed over Duckson's face. Could the worst really happen soon? Or already happened. The only place in town that would do something like that was on Pier 42. In a flash, he was off. The seagulls squawked as they circled the pier, hungry for scraps. "Crowded airspace" the detective said as he made his way down to the run down, wooded building. This building had a solid steel door and worn out windows at the top. Without wanting his cover blown, he found a spot to sit out of plain sight. Hours passed and the sun began to set over the land. Duckson was startled by the sound of a steel door clanging open. He peered over and saw cages being hauled in, filled with ducks. Then he spotted the mastermind behind it all. Flying V. Detective Duckson cracked his radio on and reported the situation to the nearby officers. With his backup in sight, the grizzled detective leaped out of his cover and bolted towards the lone mastermind. Flying V turned around after hearing the rustling that had been made by the detective. The two locked eyes and the chase was on.

Detective Duckson ordered Flying V to halt! Flying V was having none of that and slipped down the dark alleyway. The detective had lost sight of the criminal until a loud splash was heard below the dock. Duckson peered over and saw Flying V swimming away towards the <sup>nearly river</sup> ~~water~~. Without hesitation, the detective jumped in and continued the chase. Now lets fast forward to where we left off after the intro.

Flying V had a terrible and frightened face on. Detective D made his move. He smothered the perp with both wings and latched on. Flying V snapped at him with his bill but the duck detective's grasp was too strong. The criminal finally gave in. Detective Duckson had his ~~own~~ fowl. Luckily his fellow deputy ducks located the missing ducklings and family members. This was the largest duck market on the east coast, shut down by none other than, Detective Duckson.