

Quarantine Cases – Case Three: The rainy day

“Rain!” “At last!” Detective Sergeant Helga exclaimed. She was standing in the doorway looking back at the pouring water from above. “Luckily the pack and I made it home before the big gush of water started. Now it’s time for lunch and after that for a long nap.” The Detective Sergeant was excited. After lunch she crawled into her basket and rolled herself up. “Wonderful!” she sighed and fell asleep.

Later that same day she opened her eyes and looked out the window. “Oh no! Still no dry weather. A good reason to close my eyes again.” No sooner said, than done. Detective Sergeant Helga was entering dreamland, when a common voice contacted her. “Oh no, not yet!” she thought.

“Detective Sergeant Helga!” It was Detective Cat Inspector Barnaby. “How could I have expected a quiet day,” the Detective Sergeant thought to herself. “Yes, sir! So what’s today?” she tried to say in her friendliest voice. “Mrs. Burma and Mrs. Persian are ill. They have been to the river eating a strange herb or leaves. You must find it and perpetuate the evidence so that the doctor can treat them.”

“But sir, it’s raining cats and dogs!” “No excuses! We are police force and police force always has to help the animals in need! On your paws!” “On my way, sir,” the Detective Sergeant said and got out of her basket. While she was getting ready for the search she thought: “When I’m grown up I’m going to be a Detective Chief Inspector myself. Then I get myself a Detective Sergeant who is a cat and then I sent him outside in the pouring rain. That will be fun!” She couldn’t help herself snickering a little bit.

“Ugh! It’s even wetter than I expected. Better be quick.” DS Helga made her way to the river and inspected its banks. “Nothing unusual here. But I have to continue the search. Mrs. Burma, Mrs. Persian as well as DCI Barnaby count on me.” After having checked every inch of the river banks and its surroundings she sighed: “I can’t find any unusual herbs or leaves. It doesn’t help. I have to get down into the river. It’s so muddy in there. My pack won’t be happy with me.” She plucked up her courage and carefully got into the river. “Whoa! It’s even colder than expected. Hopefully I don’t catch a cold!”

Detective Sergeant Helga snooped the river when she noticed a strange smell. “That must be it! Smells odd. Yuck!” Carefully she took a little sample of the herbs in her mouth and cautiously carried it to the river bank. “This will help the doctors to help Mrs. Persian and Mrs. Burma,” she thought.



After she had secured the evidence, DS Helga thought about where to carry it to when a really loud and really near growl thunder sounded. She got such a great fright that she fell into the river. She climbed out of it, looking like a lump of dirt. “Oh no!” She immediately heard her DCI’s voice in her mind: “Accidents at work are part of the job.” “That is easy



to say. As a cat he has his own washing system always with him. And due to quarantine he can't get out of the house to get that dirty," she thought. Immediately the thought about becoming a DCI with her own DS came back to Detective Sergeant Helga's mind. But it was replaced by another thought. She looked at herself. "Oh oh. My pack won't like that." She shook herself but not a lot of dirt fell off. "I knew this day would be a bad one when I saw the rain this morning," she thought. Absorbed in her thoughts another very loud and near growl of thunder took place.

Again DS Helga got frightened. But suddenly she opened her eyes and saw her home! She looked down at herself and saw her basket under her. "Boy, oh boy! What a nightmare!" So there are no ill Mrs. Burma and Mrs. Persian, no case and especially no DS Helga looking like she had participated in a mud fight having to explain this to her pack. Maybe this day is becoming good at last," she thought, closed her eyes and once again rolled up in her basket. Not long after a very fine and silent snoring could be heard.