

The missing report

Detective Cat Inspector Barnaby woke up and tried to figure out what day it was. Since the beginning of quarantine he had been losing track of things. The days seemed to be more or less the same. So what else could he do but have a good breakfast and then.... well second



breakfast.

But while he was eating his tuna snack, he knew what was wrong. At once he phoned Detective Sergeant Helga. "Where is the report?" he yelled into the phone. "Report? Sir, which report do you mean?" "Come on, Sergeant, the report on the Mr Squeek case. The dead toy mouse!" "But Sir, I sent you the report at least a week ago, I swear to dog! I would have brought it to you on my own, but you know, quarantine..."

Barnaby was puzzled. Helga was always reliable and could be trusted. So where was the report? The postman came every day at around 4 pm and pushed the letters under the front door. The letterbox had been broken for some time and his people hadn't had time to get it fixed.

"And that is when Baxter must have had his paws in the pie!" Barnaby knew he was right, but how could he prove it? Baxter, this little rogue who had killed his beloved mouse, Mr Squeek. "And of course now he wants to prevent us from proving his guilt", Barnaby told Helga whom he had phoned again. "Sir, I am sure you are right, but you must find real, solid proof. Otherwise we will never get him."

Again, Barnaby knew that Helga was right. But what could he do? He didn't know why, but his people liked Baxter a lot and wouldn't believe that he did anything wrong.

So again Barnaby started to search the house for evidence.



This time he was even more careful and patient so that Baxter wouldn't notice that he was about to be found guilty. He even pretended to make friends with his worst enemy. Not successfully, anyway.

But Barnaby's moment of truth came. One day he was roaming the house as inconspicuously as possible when he saw what he had been waiting for. The report! His opponent had obviously tried to destroy it but Barnaby had come just in time.



But just then his people made the most important sound of the day, the wonderful sound of a tin being opened, and he could smell the delicious smell of his favourite tuna food. For a moment Barnaby hesitated and thought of the report, but then he said to himself, 'First things first! The report will still be there after dinner and then I can catch the little thief with fresh power'. So he gulped his food and the bowl was empty in no time.

'And now I'll get you, you filthy killer! That is the end of you bullying me!'

He rushed back to the place where he had seen Baxter with the report, but what was that? No report! Just an innocent looking Baxter lying in his basket. Barnaby couldn't believe he had been framed again.



He didn't want to but he had to phone Helga. "Sir, I don't know what to say. What a disaster! Perhaps you shouldn't have eaten....." "Helga, don't go on. I know it was my mistake. But this is Baxter's last respite. Next time I must get him, no matter what the cost. And by the way, Helga, I need a new report. And I need it now..."