

Quarantine Cases – Case Three: The Hostage

“What wonderful day!” Detective Sergeant Helga had opened her eyes and was looking from her basket through a window directly at the magnificent blue sky. After some intensive and long yawns she got up and stretched her limbs. “Maybe my pack has already made breakfast for me? Oh no. It seems I’m the only one already up yet.” With some soft barks she got her pack to get up too and to get her breakfast. The Detective Sergeant put her dog’s snout deep into the bowl and ate as fast as she could. “Maybe I’ll get some more, when they see that it’s already empty,” she hoped. But unfortunately her master remained firm and gave her only a little treat as a desert.

After breakfast Detective Sergeant Helga lay down again as there was nothing special happening. When she was dozing off her boss, Detective Cat Inspector Barnaby contacted her. “Detective Sergeant! What are you doing today?” “Eat, sleep, walk, repeat,” she answered. “That can’t be!” the DCI exclaimed. “Even though it’s quarantine, we are part of the police force, and police force can’t spend the day eating and sleeping. On your paws! Find a case for us!” Detective Sergeant Helga was not really happy, because she really enjoyed being at home with her pack, who were at home a lot these days.



After she had told her pack that she would like to go for a walk, master decided that it was his turn to go. They walked through the fields, when a good old friend of the Detective Sergeant came running towards her. “Detective Sergeant! It’s so good to see you here!” Mr. Russel barked. “What can I do for you?” “Do you remember my best friend Mr. Greyhound? This evil Mr. Crossbreed has taken him hostage!” “That’s a case for the police force,” thought Detective Sergeant Helga and followed him to the very big field.

When the two dogs arrived the DS directly wanted to intervene, but then she remembered the words of DCI Barnaby. “Sometimes it is better to keep in the background and have a look first.” That was something he kept saying to her all the time. Although she was more the direct type, she stopped herself, sat down on the edge of the field and observed the scene. Mr. Crossbreed and Mr. Greyhound were running through the field. But hey, Mr. Greyhound chased Mr. Crossbreed. That didn’t look like a hostage situation.



Detective Sergeant Helga turned to Mr. Russel. “Are you sure that Mr. Greyhound is the hostage of Mr. Crossbreed?” “Yes, I am. It must be like that. Normally the only one Mr. Greyhound plays with is me!” he said with a little tone of defiance in his voice. “Might be a misunderstanding,” the Detective Sergeant thought but she knew that one should never jump to conclusions. She used her voice to stop the two playing dogs. “Hey! You two on the field, stop playing and come over to me. The police has some questions for you.” Both dogs stopped playing and came over to Mr. Russel and her.

“What can we do for you Detective Sergeant?” Mr. Greyhound asked. “Mr. Russel here has contacted me because he has seen a case of hostage here. “Hot dogs? I wouldn’t mind to eat some,” Mr. Crossbreed answered. “No!” Detective Sergeant Helga barked. She had forgotten that Mr.

Crossbreed was a little older and starting to get deaf. "Hostage," she barked in a louder voice. "Hostage?" Mr. Crossbreed stood still, turning the left part of his head a little bit down while thinking. The he looked at Mr. Russel. "You thought that I have stolen your friend?" Mr. Russel nodded in agreement. "Oh no buddy! I just invited him to meet me today to play with each other. You know, I love games of catch. And as a greyhound Mr. Greyhound is so fast and is able to follow my sidesteps, it's so much fun!" " And I just needed a distraction from our games buddy," said Mr. Greyhound. Mr. Crossbreed added: " I'm sorry if you thought I keep your friend away from you." "Thank you for your honesty," Mr. Russel said and wanted to turn around to leave the field.

"You know what? You two join us. It'll be so much fun to turn this game into a game of four", Mr. Greyhound said. "Good idea!" barked Mr. Crossbreed and Mr. Russel with one voice. The three started running towards the middle of the field. Detective Sergeant Helga took a while to think. Normally her boss, Detective Cat Inspector Barnaby wouldn't appreciate her to play with animals related to a case. But then she remembered the famous saying "What happens in Vegas, stays in Vegas." Why shouldn't it be true for a normal field? "Anyway. It's quarantine and DCI Barnaby is not allowed out of the house. So how should he find out?" she thought. "Wait for me!" she barked and ran towards the others.

