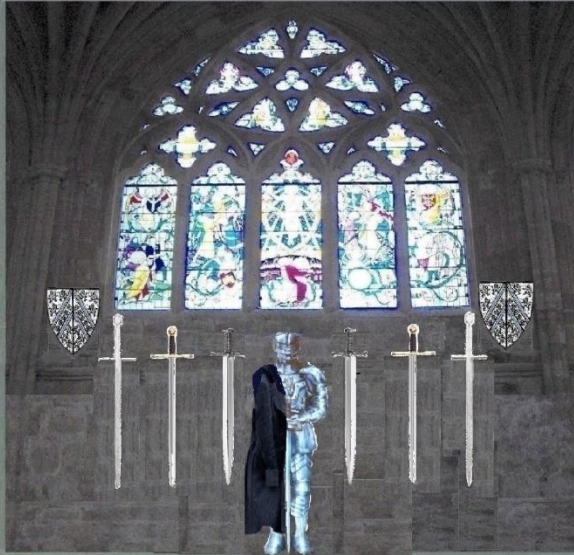


# DETECTIVE LIAM NILES

*The Diarium of Lady Tauna Drake*



*Bonita Highley*

Detective Liam Niles

The Diarium of Lady Tauna Drake

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# DETECTIVE LIAM NILES

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*Detective Liam Niles is today's gallant knight. A man of legendary chivalry who solves clues of mystery. Valiantly fights for justice and protects the fortress of the Chivalry Chapel's descendants' nobility.*

He was like no other man  
He stood tall and gallant  
His sword by his side  
No one ever dared challenge him  
I have never loved any man like him  
My father calls him,  
The Great Master Detective  
His name is Detective Liam Niles.....

~Lady Tauna Drake, Heir to The Chivalry Chapel







# An Englishman's Ring

From the parchment documents in the year 1586. In Pacific Northwest, Oregon read:

Inside a medieval castle, a stout looking man in shining armor held onto his helmet, as a priest in his draped cassock barely dragged onto the stone floor, accompanies him. Sir Knight John Drake kneels in front of a cross-inlaid, stain glass window, his sword by his side, on his left hand, middle finger, he wears a draco coat of arms signet ring, while he prays to god for his safe journey home back to England. A ray of light that shone upon his face from the window as he gazed at a depiction of Jesus Christ, a sudden prophetic bright flash of a young woman with blushed face and wind-blown chestnut colored hair imaged into his daydream as he murmurs the name-‘Tauna.’ The split second image abruptly ended.

Sir Knight John Drake, making the sign of the cross onto his chest, he peered at the priest with expressional instruction as he pulled off his ring, handing it to the priest. “I must leave the ring behind, so to find it when I return to take over nobility of this castle.”

The Priest admonished. “But Sir Drake, it must be hidden for now, for your enemies are about to come.”

Sir Knight Drake, instructed. “You must hide the ring. It is the key to my family’s fortune.” He stands to prepare for what

might be his final fight, as the sound of his enemies' stomping comes near.

A bright light shines through the big stain glass window of ancient times as if in a window of time blur.



The refocused resumed bright light shined once again into the room of the year 2022, of the ceremony of Pastor Connor Drake, of the castle-turned- Chivalry Chapel.

Pastor Connor Drake, dressed in a nice suit, with an American-English accent “There will be a Jubilee banquet to mark the anniversary of Chivalry Chapel today at noon. We ask all to dress in medieval apparel. See you all at noon.”

The congregation walk into the fellowship hall.

Pastor Connor Drake signals a man from the pew with neatly combed, shoulder length blonde hair wearing dark jeans, boots, navy-blue shirt with a long trench coat to stand next to him,

Detective Liam Niles enters, respectfully treads over the tutor styled carpet casually, then stands his six feet tall to greet the pastor in gallant stance.

Tauna Drake swiftly comes in from the hallway, stands next to her father, exhales her breath at attention to him. Her auburn hair matched her shirt with blue jeans and shoe boots.

Pastor Drake, a sense of annoyance to her. “Tauna, once again, you are late.”

Tauna gives him a glancing, tolerated look. “Yes Father, I am well aware of that.” She declared in her American accent.

Pastor Drake stood. “Oh, Preacher’s kids, Don’t you love them. Daughter, meet Master Detective, Liam Niles. I asked him to come and investigate and find the signet ring of our lineage of Sir Knight John Drake.”

Tauna takes a glance at the detective, then, halts with courteousness. "Pleased to meet you sir, I mean, Detective Niles."

Liam Niles gives back a curious stare. "The pleasure is mine, and please, just Liam." He said in a gentle British-Englishman's accent.

Pastor Drake, Tauna, Liam, all stood and looked up to observe the old stain glass window.

Pastor Drake explained. "According to the chapel's documents, this chapel was the castle. The stain glass window tells a symbolic story of the castle in the year 1586. The old fable goes that Sir Knight Drake had a priest hide his coat of arms signet ring, the ring is the family's fortune. The only clue we found is this symbol of a dragon which is also depicted on the fireplace in the fellowship hall."

Bren Drake stood at the door in her long dark skirt, white shirt, then enters the room. "I remember reading the fable from the old manuscript documents to her when she was young." With pride.

Pastor Drake, "Bren, my wife. Thanks for your insight. A woman like Mother Mary."

Liam took note. "Documents? And where are these old documents?"

Tauna looked at him. "In the great hall's closet."

Liam looked at her fascinated. "May I see them please?"

Dayn McConel, standing eager next to them, with an American accent. "We're finally going to end this mystery."

Pastor Drake taking note. "This is Dayn, my assistant pastor, he will take over Chivalry Chapel soon. Dayn, let's let the detective do his investigation while we attend the others to prepare for the event. And I shall see you two at noon."

Dayn apprehensively walked away with the Pastor.

Tauna led the way, showing him into the great hall room.

Liam proceeded to walk toward the great hall along side her. "Is Dayn always like that?"

Tauna looked at him. "Dayn? He's eager like all of us to end the mystery. And I must get used to it as I will be his wife soon." She guided him.

Liam Niles raised his brow. "Will you. Dear oh dear, Miss Drake. Prepare to walk into my world in detection. Are you ready?"

Tauna glanced at him once. "Me. Seriously?"

Liam Niles boldly walked. "Yes indeed."

Tauna walked intrigued. "Well. This could be fun."

Liam follows her directly into the room, laying his hand on top of the big round table in the middle of the room waiting for her to place the documents.

Tauna, taking out the documents from the closet, she placed the old papers across the table.

Liam Niles, with his keen deduction, taking a good view, he pointed his finger at the facts. "Here it is. The year, fifteen, eighty-six." Tracing his finger to another paper document, he

once again showed her the information about the stain glass window. "Right. The ancient drawing of the stain glass window, but does not show the symbolic signet ring. But there is one depicted on the stain glass window." He looks up at the surrounds of the room. "The priest was wise for not noting it, keeping it from the enemy." He admired her. "Right. Tauna, let's start inspecting this castle-turned chapel. Beginning at the fireplace." He fixed his sight onto the dragon mosaic symbol, embedded in the middle of the mantel. Directly going to the mantel, Tauna following him, he inspected it closely, taking his fingers to feel around. "The documents state that in the chapel....." His hand suddenly stopped as he felt a shifting brick, stopped to give a surprised look at her, a surprised look on their faces as they looked at each other, then as he pulled the brick out, he placed his hand inside the hollow area, but to find a skeleton key as he took it out to show her. "Now Miss Drake. Where is the hidden door?"

Tauna, taking the key from his fingers for a closer look. "As I vaguely remember, It is the key to the old arched doorway of the rarely used entrance that hasn't been used since the days of Sir Drake and his priest."

Liam, with slight dimpled smirk. "And where does this doorway lead to?"

Tauna looked at him in intrigued interest. "To an old passageway outside."

Liam, held his hand out to her in invite. "Right. Let's give it a go. Shall we?"

Tauna escorted him toward the ancient arch door.

Liam inquired. "Tauna, What's your age?"

Tauna assertive. "Old enough to know better. And you?"

Liam smirked. "Older than you love."

Liam and Tauna looked at each with curious spark.

Tauna inquired. "The coat of arms symbol on your trench coat's buttons. You're not just An Englishman. And you come from a long line of swordsmen."

Liam briefly stopped for a moment to look at her intrigued. "You are quite observant. Now, how would you know that? I didn't tell you."

Tauna wryly observed. "Father made sure I read about it growing up. I'm fascinated in the subject." She stood mesmerized at him.

Liam observing her back in return. "Daddy's little girl, I suppose."

Tauna showed her charisma. "Something like that."

Liam admired her. "You are an intelligent woman. Shall we continue with our adventure?"

They proceeded to unlock the door, as the door open with a creaking sound, then enter outside, the cool breeze blew gently through their hair.

Tauna pointed her finger into the distance. "There's a river that father used to have baptisms in. It's over there."

Liam admired the view. "There's a legend that was told from the medieval times, according to the fable, possibly if a knight died, they placed his sword into the water as a symbolism ....or they put the sword into the river to hide it from the enemy, or they lost it through battle."

Tauna, gazed in fascination at him. "Is all your investigations like this, your king Arthur like knowledge? Tell me, what's it like in your quests as detective?"

Liam, his gentleman views on her given back. "As detective? Alright little girl. Let me tell you about my adventurous tales, Miss Tauna Drake of the castle Chivalry Chapel." Taking his revered hand, he invited her to sit with him on a nearby bench overlooking the shimmering river.

The hour went by filled with ambiance of curiosity between them. With each discussion of his stories of detection, her eyes intriguingly followed his, his notice of her attention to him, mesmerized his view into hers-one lingering stare between them, she exhaled quickly, looked down in shyness, then up again to his dimpled smile at her. She gave her mutual grin to him as he takes her hand in honor, kissing upon it, his mesmerized gaze upon her, her unmistakable bond to him .

Liam, with his strong hold upon her. "Now Miss Drake. Ready for the banquet?" He stood tall and strong, extended his inviting hand out to her.

Tauna, with a nod of agreement, lay her hand into his hand, as they began their way back to the old arch door.

Liam, with a final closing, takes the key, locks the ancient door, placing the key inside his trench coat's pocket.

Liam showed his respects. "Right. I suppose that is it for now."

Liam and Tauna gave each other the look of interest as they leave to their rooms.

Dayn reached out, takes her wrist, pulling her into a corner. "Too many hours with that man. Really Tauna, did you have to go as far as to making me jealous, may I remind of your father's promised sacrament to each other?"

Tauna with indented brows. "You know as well as I, that Liam, ....Detective Niles and I are conducting business together."

Dayn, with brute lips. "Oh come on Tauna, I can see right through you, you're falling for him aren't you?"

Tauna took note. "Dayn, I know you mean well, you and I, we have known each other for years, and yes, my father's agreement in my nuptials with you and beneficiary of the chapel with me, I have honored his request. In my younger years at one time, I had laid curious eyes on you, when long before I knew what love was, or, though I thought. There is nothing wrong to say, that I have a deep interest in Detective Niles' work, I'm very much intrigued by how he engages.....shares his interests back towards me, as his temporary assistant. Besides, I don't see your ring on my finger yet, now, kindly I must get ready for the event." She began to walk off.

Dayn tightens her wrist, looks straight at her. "Make sure, it is just that. Temporary."

Tauna tugs hard, pulling away from him and continues onward to her room.

Liam, just around the corner listening intently, then walks on to his room.



At the banquet.....

Pastor Drake, dressed in a king's attire, walks down the hall to welcome his guests.

Liam, dressed in a white peasant shirt, jabot, black jean pants tucked inside his long boots. He walks up to the pastor "Good evening King Drake."

Pastor Drake addressed him. "Liam. Is everyone ready? Where is that daughter of mine?"

Tauna, dressed beautifully adorned in a gold belt, maiden gown, her hair fixed elegant, her face, beautified rose blushed. "Right here father."

Liam Looked at her in even more interest. "You look lovely." He took her hand, kissed upon it.

Tauna gave him her lingered consented look of 'thanks'. Quickly saw his top button unbuttoned. "Here, let me help you with that." She takes her fingers to push the button through the button hole, pulls back.

Liam checks his button with his finger. "Thank you, Miss Tauna." His eyes locked with hers.

Tauna smiles at him.

Dayn, looking very intently at them.

Pastor Connor, focused. "I also will have monks from the monastery as guests to a sacred sacramental of faithful fellowship goodwill. Keep in mind, they will come with their rituals."

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