

The Mystery of Deadly Daisies

Steven Vagovics

Copyright © 2014 Steven Vagovics
All rights reserved.

Table of Contents

[Chapter One](#)

[Chapter Two](#)

[Chapter Three](#)

[Chapter Four](#)

[Chapter Five](#)

[Chapter Six](#)

[Chapter Seven](#)

[Chapter Eight](#)

[Chapter Nine](#)

[Chapter Ten](#)

[Characters Characteristics](#)

Chapter One

Honolulu, Hawaii

4 March 1947

The night was falling down to a late midnight hour. Two friends, Frank and Daniel, were just leaving the local bar called Lopez Hills. With a high level of alcohol in their veins, they were walking around and talking.

DANIEL: Are you going straight home, Frank, or are you going to visit Marge first?

FRANK: I will probably go and see Marge first. I do not think she will be happy to see me like this, though.

DANIEL: Tell her that I still do not know anything about the jewels.

FRANK: Gee, I told you a thousand times already, they belong to her and not to you!

DANIEL: They belong to me! She just took them from me!

FRANK: Give her a break! She's your sister, man! The testament gave her the same rights to your mother's possessions as it did to you!

DANIEL: That doesn't mean she can just take them from me! I worked hard for that jewelry. I'll even sue her, if necessary!

Frank got a burst of anger when he heard these words.

FRANK: You didn't do anything for them! Please, just leave me alone. I don't want to argue with you now!

DANIEL: You just say that because she's your girlfriend! You would agree with me if it wasn't so!

FRANK: That's not true!

DANIEL: You bet it is! In addition, you can't even admit that you're interested about their value, too!

Suddenly, Frank didn't know what Daniel was talking about. That was because only Daniel knew about the true value of the jewels of his mother.

DANIEL: You're just a hypocrite, you know that, Frank?

FRANK: That's enough! Get out of my sight!

Daniel left and Frank was heading to his car. As he was pulling out his car keys, a mysterious man appeared in the darkness, dressed in a brown suit. From the distance, he was speaking to Frank.

MAN: Do you really want to continue playing games?"

Frank looked around.

MAN: Yes, I'm talking to you, Frank Lombardo.

Frank got scared stiff and with a fear in his voice, he answered the question.

FRANK: Please, sir! I don't know about anything! How do you know my name?

The man continued.

MAN: I know a lot about you! That's why you have to pay!

Frank, being drunk, only saw a silhouette of a man walking fast towards him. When he saw a knife in his hands, he began to shout from his entire lungs.

FRANK: No, please don't do it, I beg you!

The man stabbed Frank three times in his stomach. As his body was lying on the ground, entirely soaked in blood, the man put a piece of daisy next to his head. Afterwards, he quickly ran away. Frank's dead body stayed lying there.

Chapter Two

The Police Station

4 March 1947

It was a busy day at the Police Department of Honolulu.

Lieutenant Phil More had just heard about the murder nearby the Lopez Hills Bar. He immediately called two detectives into his office.

One of them was Herbie Fox. Lieutenant More knew that he was perfect for this case. Herbie was a sixty-year-old man who had forty years of investigative experience. He loved his job, although he didn't make it show on the outside. Herbie was a stronger man with his hair going grey and with a scar on his cheek. He was usually rude to people, which might have been because of his age and cynicism, which may seem typical for people like him.

The second detective was Albert Fringe, who was a middle-aged man who had just been promoted to a higher department. Even though he had a lot of medical problems, he believed in himself and tried to be the best detective he could possibly be. His body was fit, his hair was ginger and he had freckles on his face, which possessed somewhat of a pale characteristics.

The lieutenant spoke with them.

LIEUTENANT: Greetings, fellas. I have some bad news for you.

The lieutenant had not even finished his sentence and Herbie asked a question with sarcasm in his voice already.

HERBIE: Is it about some murder again?

The lieutenant smiled and answered.

LIEUTENANT: You just can't let me have the joy of telling you, can you?

Herbie smiled with a charming look on his face. Nevertheless, Albert joined the conversation with a serious manner.

ALBERT: What's the matter, lieutenant?

LIEUTENANT: We got a report that there was a murder near the Lopez Hills Bar. Officer Shelby found a dead body on a parking lot nearby. You should go there and investigate the crime scene.

Suddenly, Herbie got angry.

HERBIE: Do you want to send both of us there? I don't even know this man. I prefer to work alone, as you might surely know.

Albert got upset and the lieutenant stated with anger.

LIEUTENANT: For crying out loud, don't be so cold, Fox! The man standing by your side is one of the best young detectives we have here! I'm sure you'll get along just fine.

Herbie answered with a calmer tone of his voice.

HERBIE: With all due respect, lieutenant: if you saw such a load of dead bodies as I have in your life, you would be glad to have my kind of personality.

Afterwards, Herbie looked at Albert and apologized for making a scene.

HERBIE: I'm sorry, mister... What's your name?

ALBERT: Albert Fringe. Pleased to meet you, mister Fox. I'm your admirer and I really respect what you do. You're my idol.

Herbie laughed and replied.

HERBIE: I advise you to go and work in that new restaurant, which got opened a few days ago. You can buy a beef for as low as one cent there!

Albert started laughing from the bottom of his heart and the situation in the office started to look witty. Even the lieutenant started to laugh. After a little while, the conversation continued.

LIEUTENANT: It didn't even take a minute and you two are good friends already! Are you happy now, mister Fox?

HERBIE: Oh yes, lieutenant. Obviously, this fella has a good sense of humor.

LIEUTENANT: All right then, Fox, you should now go and start investigating. Time is precious, you know.

Herbie and Albert left the building and got into a car. Albert was the driver. During the commute, they had a conversation. Herbie started.

HERBIE: I need to tell you something about myself, mister Fringe. Something about my personality.

ALBERT: I'm listening, mister Fox.

HERBIE: I have a few personal conditions during the investigations, which you should respect.

ALBERT: Which ones, for instance?

HERBIE: To start off, I'm an introvert. I keep a lot of my thought processes purely to myself. You should know that, mister Fringe.

ALBERT: Of course, mister Fox. After all, I'm not that different from you.

Herbie looked at Albert with a surprise in his eyes.

HERBIE: Believe me, mister Fringe. We are two completely different people. I'll bet my life that this is so!

After a moment of silence, Herbie continued.

HERBIE: What motivated you to detective work, mister Fringe? Were you expecting to bring some excitement into your life?"

ALBERT: I wouldn't say so, mister Fox. I was always interested in being a detective so, I decided to go for it after I graduated from the high school in Connecticut; I wanted to fulfill my dreams.

HERBIE: Your dreams? About what? Looking at the dead bodies and interrogating psychopaths?

ALBERT: I don't know what lead me here. It was just a feeling I had, which I couldn't hide.

HERBIE: Just look at that! Only a few minutes of knowing you and I know about one of your life dreams already. At least you got it fulfilled. I only hope that you won't have to face disappointment in your life.

ALBERT: Did you face it?

HERBIE: I can't really tell, mister Fringe. Have you ever seen a dead body?

ALBERT: No.

HERBIE: Well, prepare for a moment of truth then. You'll finally see what it is to be a detective. As soon as that moment appears, you'll understand what I'm talking about.

Albert remained calm.

Chapter Three

The Crime Scene

4 March 1947

After a few minutes, Albert and Herbie arrived at the Lopez Hills Bar. Journalists and police officers had surrounded the area. Albert and Herbie came close to the police line.

OFFICER BLAKE: Detectives?

Asked one of the police officers who stood near the line. Herbie showed him his badge. The police officer looked at it and said.

OFFICER BLAKE: Oh, I see. We've been expecting you, mister Fox! You can cross the line.

Herbie said jokingly.

HERBIE: I wonder why you haven't recognized me, officer Blake.

Officer Blake got a little upset. Then, Herbie and Albert crossed the line. When they made a few steps, there was the dead body of Frank Lombardo lying next to them, with an analytic, Dean Marston, who was bent down and observing it. He was an old man with dyed brown hair, round glasses, wearing a white braid. He had rough wrinkles on his face and a fit figure. Even though he had a tough job, he was always calm by nature. He suffered from a mild level of lisp. Albert got scared stiff and nervous when he saw the body. Herbie grabbed his shoulder and whispered into his ears.

HERBIE: This is how it feels like to be a detective. Welcome to my world! Keep in mind; the worst things in your life are still yet to come, my friend.

Afterwards, Herbie started talking with Dean.

HERBIE: What have you got so far, mister Marston?

DEAN: Hello, mister Fox. The victim has quite a lot of wounds. Three of them are in the area of his stomach. It's apparent that a knife stabbed him. He simply fell down to the ground and bled out. The daisy placed next to the body is artificial.

HERBIE: Does he have wounds anywhere else on his body?

DEAN: There are some red spots on his neck. What that means is: it's possible that the victim has been strangled before being stabbed to death. I'll need to analyze the whole body in my laboratory for more detailed assumptions. It also looks like the victim has been under the influence of alcohol.

HERBIE: Thank you, mister Marston.

Dean stood up and observed the crime scene a little further. Herbie bent down to the body and started looking for some clues. He looked into the pockets of a coat, which Frank wore that night. He could feel some papers in them, so he pulled them out of there. The first one was a card of a man called Malfred Ash with his telephone number and an address written on it. Herbie immediately took a note of both, the telephone number and the address, into his notebook. The next paper in Frank's coat pockets was a letter from a caretaker, which informed Frank about a late mortgage payment. Herbie took a note of the caretaker's name: Charlie Crown. Besides the papers, there were three bonbons, apartment keys, and a wallet in his pockets. The wallet had a total of thirty dollars in it. Herbie stood up and observed the crime scene with Albert walking by his side. Albert asked.

ALBERT: Have you found out anything?

HERBIE: Not really. There are not a lot of clues here. The most interesting thing may be the car key inserted in his car.

ALBERT: Why do you think so? It only has Frank's fingerprints and maybe fingerprints of some of his relatives. I don't see anything special about them.

HERBIE: Don't be so narrow-minded, mister Fringe! They might help us in some situations, maybe tell us something more.

ALBERT: I'm not so sure about that but, so be it, mister Fox.

Herbie put a white glove on his hand and took the car keys. Afterwards, he carefully placed them in a small plastic bag. Later, Herbie decided to visit the Lopez Hills Bar. There was an obese man with short black hair behind the bar counter. Herbie and Albert came close to him and Herbie started talking.

HERBIE: Detective Herbie Fox, I would like to ask you a few questions.

The barkeeper replied with more of a rude manner.

BARKEEPER: All right, go on. What do you want?

Herbie sat on a barstool. Albert was just standing and watching. Herbie started talking.

HERBIE: We are investigating a murder, which happened near your bar. Could you describe me precisely what happened last night? Does the name Frank Lombard ring any bell to you?

BARKEEPER: Lombardo? Yes, I know that guy. He's one of my regulars. What about him?

HERBIE: I'm unfortunate to say this... He was murdered yesterday. Did he have problems with alcohol?

BARKEEPER: Gee! What a cruel world! It depends. Sometimes he came and drank one glass of vodka; sometimes he came and nearly poisoned himself with almost everything liquid we had here. I don't think he actually had drinking problems, though. He wasn't drinking alcohol each and every time he came here, you know.

HERBIE: That sounds interesting. Was he alone or did he have a company?

BARKEEPER: He was here with a friend. I think his name was Daniel Greg. They were arguing a lot, though. At one point, they nearly got into a fistfight and at the other one; they were drinking Martini with laughter together.

Herbie took a note of this information. He started thinking.

HERBIE: Do you know what might have been the cause of their argument?

BARKEEPER: I was hearing things about some woman called Marge, but I also heard something about diamonds.

HERBIE: What diamonds?

BARKEEPER: I don't know. My memory is kind of shaky about that.

HERBIE: Try to remember! It can help the investigation by a mile in some situation.

BARKEEPER: I can recall some argument about who shall possess them. I can't remember anything more right now. Maybe it was only a drunk talk.

Herbie continued taking notes. Albert started asking questions, too.

ALBERT: Can you tell us when did they leave?

BARKEEPER: It could be about three o'clock in the morning.

ALBERT: Did you hear any noise?

BARKEEPER: No, I didn't hear anything.

Albert got suspicious.

ALBERT: How come? It happened not even a mile away from your bar!

The barkeeper got nervous and started looking to sides. He stated with anger.

BARKEEPER: All right, I did. I heard shouting and then a strange weeping noise.

ALBERT: Why did you not do anything?

BARKEEPER: I'm just an ordinary barkeeper! I hear shouting men every night, for crying out loud!

Herbie started to ask questions again.

HERBIE: Why didn't you call the police?"

BARKEEPER: I didn't find it necessary.

Herbie stood up from his chair and let his temper show out.

HERBIE: Go and take a look outside! There's a dead man who didn't deserve to die! You might have helped him to his grave with your ignorance!

BARKEEPER: Stop shouting at me! Otherwise, I'll make a complaint about you two assholes!

HERBIE: You must have such a fugitive mind, mister barkeeper.

The barkeeper raised his voice furiously.

BARKEEPER: That's enough! Get the hell out of my bar and leave me alone!

Herbie replied with sarcasm.

HERBIE: It was a pleasure being here, mister barkeeper. I hope I'll be able to come here again sometime.

The barkeeper shouted.

BARKEEPER: Screw you, chump!

Even though it looked like Herbie and Albert were about to leave the bar, the argument between Herbie and the barkeeper continued for several minutes. It came to the point when Albert simply couldn't take it anymore and he pulled a pack of cigarettes out of his pocket. Afterwards, he announced.

ALBERT: I'm going to have a cigarette outside, if you don't mind.

Albert went outside and lit up his cigarette. When he finished smoking, he wanted to throw the stub into a trash bin as he didn't want to simply throw it on the ground. He found one at the backside of the bar. When he reached the trash bin, he noticed something sharp beneath the garbage. He gently grabbed and picked out an object. It was wrapped in a black bag. While he was softly unwrapping the object in his hands, he got terrified. He could see drops of blood. When he unwrapped the object completely, it was obvious. It was a bloody knife! He wrapped the knife back into the black bag with terror and ran to Herbie. The argument was still going on when he entered the bar. Albert shouted.

ALBERT: Mister Fox, I found something very questionable outside! I want to show it to you in private, though.

Herbie replied with a light smile.

HERBIE: What is it? A golden coin or what?

Albert remained nervous and replied seriously.

ALBERT: No, it's something serious! I really need you to see it.

HERBIE: All right then. I'll just say goodbye to my friend here.

Herbie smiled at the barkeeper who had a very angry look on his face.

HERBIE: Goodbye, my friend. I hope we can have a chat sometime soon again.

Herbie stated to the barkeeper. As they both came to the entrance, he added.

HERBIE: Mister barkeeper, before I leave, I would like to give you a riddle.

The barkeeper hesitated but agreed. Herbie continued.

HERBIE: A drink spilling out makes one person annoying and desperate at the same time. Who is that person?

The barkeeper thought about it for a while but remained silent. After a while, Herbie stated.

HERBIE: It's a beloved barkeeper, my friend!

The barkeeper got surprised and Albert laughed. Herbie and Albert left the bar. As they were going to the car, Albert said.

ALBERT: I wouldn't say that you have such a good sense of humor, mister Fox!

Herbie replied with confidence.

HERBIE: Extraordinary problems require extraordinary solutions, mister Fringe! What do you want to show me?

Albert showed the knife to Herbie.

ALBERT: I found this at the backside of the bar. Take a look at it.

Herbie got surprised and stated with joy.

HERBIE: Well, well, well! This must be the knife that killed the victim. This is outstanding! You have found a major clue! I'm starting to be glad that they assigned you to me. I wouldn't find this one myself!

Albert smiled.

ALBERT: It was nothing, mister Fox. I've noticed it by a pure coincidence when I wanted to throw a cigarette stub to the trash bin.

HERBIE: We need to deliver this object to the analysis!

Chapter Four

The Police Station

4 March 1947

Herbie and Albert arrived at the police station. Herbie had the wrapped knife in his hands and he spoke to the doorkeeper.

HERBIE: Good afternoon, Mike. I'm looking for mister Marston. Is he in his laboratory?

DOORKEEPER: He has just finished the analysis of the dead body a few minutes ago. He should be in the canteen right now. You'll probably have to wait a while.

HERBIE: Thank you, Mike.

Herbie and Albert sat down and waited. Herbie started a new conversation.

HERBIE: What do you think about the detective work so far, mister Fringe?

ALBERT: Actually, I don't have a certain opinion yet. What I can say is that some things almost made me throw up.

HERBIE: That's understandable, mister Fringe.

ALBERT: Can I ask you about your beginnings?

Herbie smiled and replied.

HERBIE: I can recall them quite precisely. I was twenty years old and I was just finishing the police academy. My mother was a police officer. I had a job almost immediately after my graduation.

Albert nodded his head and Herbie continued.

HERBIE: I remember my first serious case. It was a murder of a clockmaker. When I solved it, the lieutenant took a fancy of me. When there was an opportunity, he always gave me awards for being the best detective. Thinking about it, it all might have happened because of my poor mother.

Herbie started to look around, stuck in his thoughts. After a little while, Dean Marston appeared. Herbie stopped him and spoke with him.

HERBIE: Mister Marston, are you available right now? We have an important clue that needs to be analyzed.

DEAN: Of course. What clue?

HERBIE: Let's go.

They all walked into the Dean Marston's laboratory and closed the door. Herbie started to gently unwrap the knife from the black bag. A few seconds later, the knife got revealed and Marston took an astonishing glance at it. Herbie stated.

HERBIE: This one.

Marston observed it for a little moment and stated.

DEAN: Interesting. Where did you find it?

HERBIE: Mister Fringe found it in a trash bin.

DEAN: Have you touched the unwrapped parts with your hands?

Albert replied.

ALBERT: No, I haven't. I've strictly touched the black bag only.

Dean claimed with a slight relief.

DEAN: That's great! I can identify the fingerprints without inspecting yours first. Supposing the killer wasn't wearing gloves, of course. I can conduct that he had more courage than intelligence. Murdering someone with a knife and throwing it into the nearest trash bin isn't something that you can get away with, you see.

Herbie started thinking out loud.

HERBIE: I guess that this case might be already solved. The murderer's fingerprints are on the knife. We'll arrest him and there we go!

Dean stated.

DEAN: Not so fast, mister Fox! I don't think he wasn't wearing gloves. Also, there might be fingerprints of more people on that knife.

Herbie argued.

HERBIE: I'm not concluding anything. I don't rely on fingerprints, anyway. I'm creating my own opinions mainly by the interrogations. Fingerprints always help, though. It depends on how successful your analysis will be. Anyway, I've heard that you have finished the analysis of the dead body. What have you got?

Marston came to the white awning. He grabbed his analysis documents. After a little while, he started explaining.

DEAN: I have some rather interesting results. My guess that the victim was under the influence of alcohol was confirmed. There were also particles of nicotine in his body. There are bruises on

his chest and several other ones throughout his entire body. Some of those look like they were caused by glass. Probably a bar incident, I might say.

Herbie asked curiously.

HERBIE: Could you describe those bruises in more detail?

DEAN: Quite apparent and deep. You see it looks like someone beat him up, which only adds to my theory of a bar incident. There are also some signs of a black eye. Talking about it, could you please give me that knife? This won't be pretty, though.

As Herbie was giving the knife to Dean, he asked Albert.

HERBIE: Will you be able to handle this, mister Fringe?

Albert replied calmly.

ALBERT: I hope so. I have already seen the body.

Herbie nodded his head softly and stated.

HERBIE: All right, you have been warned then. You can continue, mister Marston.

Dean revealed the body slowly. Albert got terrified and almost threw up again. Herbie remained calm and the sight in front of him didn't cause anything to him. Dean placed the knife on the victim's stomach and concluded.

DEAN: It's obvious. The wound is matching the shape of this knife! I'm almost certain that the blood is the victims. We have our answer. Right here is the murder weapon! I don't think we need analysis anymore, as you might see now.

Herbie replied.

HERBIE: Thank you, mister Marston. If you find out anything new, call and leave a message for Lieutenant More. He'll forward it to me during the next call to the police station.

DEAN: Of course, mister Fox. My services are here for you.

HERBIE: Have a nice day, mister Marston.

DEAN: Have a nice day, too, mister Fox.

Herbie and Albert left the laboratory room. During their walking through the police station, Lieutenant More stopped them.

LIEUTENANT: Mister Fox, we have a witness here!

Herbie replied with a surprise.

HERBIE: Which room?

LIEUTENANT: Interrogation Room two.

HERBIE: Thank you, Lieutenant More. Let's go, mister Fringe!

They entered the room and Albert closed the door. There was an old lady sitting at the table. She had a very calm and quiet voice. Herbie sat down in front of her and started the interrogation. Albert stood by his side and after he had been given an order, he transcribed the whole conversation.

HERBIE: Detective Fox, so what can you tell us about this case, missis...?

ANGIE: Angie, Angie Rothford. I am the neighbor of Frank Lombardo.

Herbie seemed to be joyous about this fact.

HERBIE: I'm very glad that you came here. You can begin your testimony now.

Missis Rothford started explaining.

ANGIE: The incident happened at around three o'clock in the morning. I woke up to the strange noises outside and I looked outside the window. I saw my neighbor, Frank Lombardo.

HERBIE: Can you describe the person's appearance that was with him?

ANGIE: My memory is not in such a good shape, mister. I wonder how I even recognized the face of Lombardo. I remember that they were walking past the street and they were arguing about some diamonds. Unfortunately, that's all my memory can come up with.

HERBIE: All right, missis Rothford. Can you tell me something more about Frank Lombardo?

ANGIE: I didn't know him well. He sometimes came to visit me and he even helped me with groceries, time after time. Anyway, I noticed that he had problems with the caretaker. He didn't have a lot of money and he often had difficulties with paying the mortgage, you know.

HERBIE: We've acknowledged some of these things already. Can you tell us something more, missis Rothford?

ANGIE: I wish I could, but I'm afraid I can't. I'll probably disappoint you with that. I just wanted to tell you what I know. I thought it might help you a little.

Herbie stood up.

HERBIE: Thank you, missis Rothford. You're a prime example of how each citizen of Honolulu should act.

ANGIE: Kind words, Detective. Goodbye.

HERBIE: Goodbye.

Herbie and Albert left the room and headed outside the building towards the car. Soon afterwards, missis Rothford left, too. When Herbie and Albert entered the car, Albert asked.

ALBERT: What now, mister Fox?

HERBIE: I think we're about to visit our victim's company. Oh, I need to get his address. Wait here, mister Fringe.

Thank You for previewing this eBook

You can read the full version of this eBook in different formats:

- HTML (Free /Available to everyone)
- PDF / TXT (Available to V.I.P. members. Free Standard members can access up to 5 PDF/TXT eBooks per month each month)
- Epub & Mobipocket (Exclusive to V.I.P. members)

To download this full book, simply select the format you desire below

