

The Tell Tale Heart from the Eyes of the Policemen

It was a pretty slow day at the station. Tom, Jerry, and I were sitting in our chairs drinking coffee when we received the call from the neighbor of the old man. She said she had heard a scream from next door and wondered if we'd go and check it out. Tom, Jerry, and I finished up our coffee and hopped into our police buggy and rode off to the old man's house.

When we arrived at the house we knocked on the door and a young man opened the door. We told him that his neighbor had heard screaming in the middle of the night and wanted to make sure everything was alright. He told us that the scream was him having a dream.

He invited us inside. He said we could search his house, and he seemed very happy to have us there. He invited us into every room and was very conversational as we searched for anything suspicious. After we had searched most of his house and only one room was left he invited us into it. It was the old man's room. He told us the old man was away and out of the country. We searched through the room and in every door and closet and didn't find anything. After we had thoroughly searched every room of the house and every nook and cranny of the old man's room he asked us to sit down.

He started chatting with us about the old man, and every thing imaginable. He was a very conversational person. After a while he started talking louder and louder. He

covered his ears and talked even louder. He stood up and smashed his chair on the ground and began pacing back and forth and talking still louder. We could tell something was agitating him, but we just kept on talking to him and answering his questions. We laughed and he didn't.

Finally after about ten minutes of him pacing back and forth and yelling as loud as he could he finally screamed aloud that he *had* killed the old man. He pointed at the floor boards under his chair and told us to look for ourselves. We looked under the boards and found arms, legs, a head, and all other body parts of the old man carefully placed under the floor boards. It was a very gross sight to see. It appeared that after he killed the old man he cut him to pieces and placed him in the floor boards. There was hardly any blood anywhere because he had done a very good job of not letting any spill onto the floor. I could barely believe what I saw. I quickly got up and my other two police officers grabbed him around the arm and they led him down town while I finished investigating the scene.