

TEXT 3

Detective Palmer woke up to a day like any other. It was a cold autumn morning. He slept terribly tonight, as it was full moon, and Palmer was often sleepwalking. He crawled out of bed and made himself some coffee. But before he could drink it, the telephone started ringing, making an unbearable sound. Detective got up and asked, still evidently very sleepy: „Who is this?!“

A muted voice echoed from the telephone: „Come as fast as you can, the king's daughter has been murdered.“

Palmer didn't wait another second. He quickly got changed, grabbed his bag, and soon after entered the palace. As he was approaching the princess's bedroom, he almost crashed into a sobbing butler. Palmer introduced himself to the king and queen, and made sure he showed his condolences. Seconds after, he got into examining the place.

But there wasn't a lot to examine. The only thing he found was an open window, and the fact that the princess was killed with an axe that was not there anymore.

Hermaid was the last one to be seen with the princess, so he went to confront her.

„My condolences, madam....“ Palmer started carefully, „ I have to ask you some questions regarding princess Angelica's death.“ The maid slowly looked up with her teary eyes: “Well... of course. What do you want to know?” Palmer sat up next to her, “When did you last see princess Angleica?” She replied: “Yesterday at around 9 p.m. I was helping her get ready for bed.” The detective wrote it down. “And did you see or hear anything suspicious last night?” Tearing up again, she said: “I did. I heard the princess scream, she woke me up in the middle of the night. But she always slept badly, and it wasn't unusual for her to scream, so I didn't think much of it. It was only when I found her this morning...!!!” she broke up in tears, so Palmer decided to leave her to it. He wasn't exactly empathetic.

When detective got back home, he made himself some green tea, because it helped him focus. Then he sat at his armchair and thought for a bit.

Of course the main suspect would be the maid – she had the key, and didn't even bother to go after the princess last night. But her sadness seemed really genuine.

Palmer thought about the case for the whole day, but found nothing. He even went back to the palace, to check if he didn't miss anything.

When he got back home, the detective went to light up the fireplace. There, he dug up something among the pieces of wood. Something, that definitely shouldn't be there.

His blood-covered axe.

Palmer read about many things people done while sleepwalking, but he never thought about something like this. Still, there was the murder weapon, laying in front of him, and he was somehow sure that it was him who killed the princess.

There was not a single doubt in him, when he proceeded to tell the king the maid killed his daughter. He didn't even flinch when she looked at him desperately, as police took her away. He just turned around, and went back home. But there was still one thing on his mind:

Why did he kill her?