



WALL OF FRAMES

It was the summer of 1935 in London, where automobiles roar their great rowdy engines and the Big Ben tower rang its timely bell. Today may be a wonderful day for London's inhabitants, especially for the people earning high wages for their hard-work or the nominees that were appreciated with medals of honor for their rightful deeds. Most of them will describe those moments as 'the best day of their lives' or even just 'Wonderful'. For me, I have one word to describe this day: 'Exasperating'. Exasperating to see

the thousand frames that contain the newspaper headlines of past cases: ‘Museum Jewel Found: Torsway as Hero’, ‘Torsway Stops Middleton Bank Robbery’, ‘Old Detective Torsway Did It Again!’, and all the other obnoxious phrases a newspaper reporter could think of to praise the name of my chief inspector.

Every day, I have to sit on my desk as assistant detective while my eyes fall on the endless row of framed newspapers on the wall in front of me. It was such a sore to see these words that only described the greatest achievements of my chief detective, when it was me who should truly be praised for my work. I glared up at the frames in front of me, trying to keep my rage in check by clenching my jaws. Old Torsway was sitting on the desk in front of me, beneath the nasty row of newspaper titles, when he looked up from his morning newspaper to see my scarlet face.

“Is everything all right?” he asked.

