

CHAPTER 1.

My name is Richard Boden, I am a 14-year-old autistic detective and others see me as strange or awkward. I Want to be a professional detective, and I am determined to prove it to the world. I have already solved more than 14 cases in my school, and I'm always ready to take on a new detective case. I know that if I keep working hard, I will eventually be recognized as the world's best detective, which I already am, they just don't know it yet.

Growing up, I realized I had a passion for exploring the world, especially hiking in the mountains, and found joy in the moments where I'm by myself with no one bothering me, and I love the beauty of the natural world, like the jungle, the forests, and especially the mountains, because I don't understand how it is possible that these many rocks go together and form a mountain. I'm introverted, and I'm only able to be comfortable with Gerard. He is the smartest monkey I know, and he's always here for me, and helps me to solve cases. Without him, I wouldn't be the man I am today. He makes me forget about the bad things that happen at school and he keeps me busy.

If I'm deeply invested in something, I'll often focus on it, forgetting about the other things. I'm also incredibly curious and have the habit of asking a lot of questions. I'm often shy and awkward around people I don't know well. I don't always understand how people can have that many friends, because it took me 3 years to define Gerard as a real friend, so if I wanted to be like the popular kids in my school it would take me at least a hundred years to have as many friends as them, I don't think we have the same definition of what a friend really is. And I sometimes find it hard to make meaningful connections with others which might be because I'm introverted and autistic.

CHAPTER 2

Today, I saw in the news the disappearance of a local businessman named Andrew Tate, which is something very bad, and I had the feeling that I had to be the one finding the killer or the kidnapper, it is something I've never done before. The biggest case I've worked on was the disappearance of my mathematics teacher's car and it ended up being her husband who took it. But a case is a case, whether it is a man or a car, it shouldn't be that hard to solve it. As an autistic investigator, my goal will be to show that people that have autism are not dumb, or stupid, but that they are a real luck for humanity.

I know how to recognize a person that lies or hides something, which helps me to uncover the truth and get to the bottom of things. I'm not afraid to talk to witnesses, ask questions, and I can remember every small detail I saw, even if I saw it for just a second . Whatever, I'm knowledgeable of the tools and technology used by the government and the other detectives, but there is none of these new technologies that's better than me and I'm gonna prove it with this case. With my dedication, and analytical skills, I'm confident that I'm gonna get to the bottom of this weird story.

CHAPTER 3

First of all I had to talk to the man's family, so I did some research on my brand new iPad that I got for Christmas this year, and after 45 minutes and 35 seconds I finally found the address of the man's family. So I decided to slowly walk the 13,756 meters from my house to his. It wouldn't be difficult thanks to my passion for hiking. The sun was high in the sky, I could feel the heat of the sun on my skin, but it was nothing compared to the determination I felt inside of me.

As I walked, I noticed the little details of the journey - the difference of the trees, the colors of the flowers, the rustle of the grass under my feet. Taking the bus would have been faster, but it was too noisy and uncomfortable and there were too many weird people. I was determined to take this journey alone, savoring every step and breathing in the fresh spring air. It was a journey that I needed to take if I wanted to solve this case, and I was ready.

When I arrived, I nervously adjusted my glasses as I stepped through the threshold of the man's family's home. The family was sitting in the living room, their eyes were following every movement I was making.

"Hello," I said, "my name is Richard Boden, and I'm here to ask you some questions about the disappearance of the local businessman that I would assume is your son, I appreciate your time and cooperation."

I could feel that the family was uncomfortable.

"Let's start shall we?," I said. "Do any of you have any knowledge or suspicions about Mr. Tate's disappearance?"

The family exchanged some uncomfortable look, but didn't answer.

"Okay," I said. "Let's move on. I understand the pain that your family is going through but if you want the pain to stop, you'll have to give me more details"

Again, the family exchanged glances, but this time, the old woman spoke up.

"First of all he is my husband", she said with her big eyes. "And this is his brother" pointing the man next to her.

"That's okay," I said. "Let's take things one step at a time, Where were you at the time that Richard Boden disappeared?"

Then the brother said " You're a kid, why do we have to answer your questions? He looked very angry, and he was acting suspicious.

"I'm just a detective, trying to do my job" I said and I was scared.

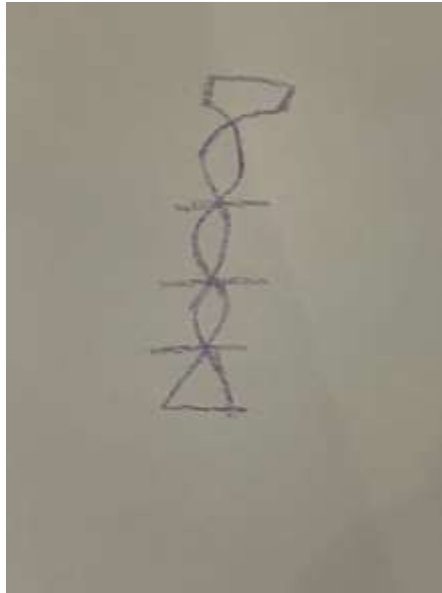
The brother then started to yell at me and told me to leave their property, so I left and tried to memorize every small detail I saw. I felt like the brother was hiding something.

CHAPTER 4

After interviewing the man's family and friends, and getting all the information that I needed to know, I wasn't able to close the case at all. I started to get the impression that they were all hiding something, although I couldn't tell exactly what it was. I then headed to his office that was only 2,395 meters away and began to look around for clues and evidence. When I arrived at the office, I was really lucky that I knew the policeman checking who came inside the office. He was a really close friend of my parents and used to come every Thursday night to watch the football game with my dad drinking beer, a lot of beer, way too much beer. After a long negotiation he finally let me go in. The office was in a mess, with furniture knocked over and papers everywhere, even on the lights of the office. I carefully examined the area, looking for anything out of place or relevant to the case. In the corner of the room, I noticed a broken vase that had been recently knocked over, its pieces scattered across the floor. I took this as a potential clue and began to photograph it.

As I continued my investigation, I noticed a suspicious-looking file cabinet in the corner of the room. It was locked, but I managed to pick it open with ease. When I opened the drawer, I was shocked to find a large amount of cash and numerous documents related to the case. I took the documents and carefully scanned them, looking for anything that could lead to further clues and evidence and found this tiny paper, and did everything to fight my urge to take some of this money to get a chocolate bar that I had been been craving all day, but I had to be professional and honest. But inside that drawer, there was a tiny piece of paper with an address, a time, and a weird purple symbol on it that was ripped in the middle. The address was « 33, street of oakland, merryweather », the time was « 11.25pm », and it was around this time that the business man was last seen in public, so this paper was the first clue that I found.

Then I opened the map of the city that I always keep in my left pocket and it was just 3 blocks away. I kept that information and continued my investigation. I next visited the man's home to see if I could uncover any additional evidence with the help of my dad's friend, the policeman. The house was huge, it was approximately 6.5 times bigger than my house, with a beautiful garden full of pink and purple flowers . As I explored through the living room and bedrooms, I noticed a paper with written on it with the words « *don't forget the bread* » on the desk of the man with that same weird symbol but this time we could see the entirety of the symbol. It looked like this:



It couldn't be a coincidence so I knew I was onto something so I took a photo of the envelope and decided to do some research about this weird symbol in more detail at a later time. After finishing my investigation at the man's home, I headed over to my house that was 4,432 meters away, to meet with Gerard, who was also working on the case from his cage.

We discussed the evidence I had collected and tried to find what this weird symbol was. Gerard agreed that my findings were promising and agreed to follow up on them. With his help, I was confident that I would be able to uncover the truth and bring the man's kidnapper, or possibly his murderer to justice. In order to be successful, I worked for a short while and then got some quality sleep.

I may appear to be strange to others when I say I can communicate with Gerard, but I am able to understand Gerard's facial expression, and translate it into words. People may think that I'm crazy, but I'm not; I'm the only one who can comprehend him. This my drawing of Gerard:



CHAPTER 5

After an incredible sleep, I went back into my research on the purple symbol I had found. After 3 hours 34 minutes and 12 seconds of digging, I went on a website of a company called Mini Notebook. It seemed like the logo I had found at the man's home and in the drawer was the exact same one. So I took a break to clear my head and went to the kitchen to make a bowl of cereal. Suddenly, a flashback hit me. When I went to interview the family, the brother had a notebook with this logo in his shirt pocket. And I realized : the small paper in the drawer, the paper on the desk saying « *don't forget the bread* » - which meant that it was someone close to him that wrote this and now the brother that has the same Notebook with the same logo ; It couldn't all be a coincidence.

Suddenly, everything became clear. Andrew Tate's brother had something to do with his disappearance. I did not know what happened to Andrew Tate, and I did not want to know if he was still alive or if he was dead. I took a deep breath as I realized that I might have uncovered the truth., I contacted the police and reported what I had uncovered.

CHAPTER 6

Today, it's been 5 days since I gave all the clues I discovered to the police. I was on my way back from school to my house and I had a good feeling. It felt like good news was waiting for me, so I started to walk faster and faster. When I arrived, my dad told me that there was someone waiting for me on the phone, and it was a policeman. He told me that further investigation revealed that the address and time I had found in the drawer were for a meeting between the businessman and his brother. It was clear that the brother had planned the kidnapping ahead of time and had intended to lure his brother to the location at the specified time so he could crucially murder him.

The evidence was now incontrovertible and the police would be able to make an arrest soon. My investigation had been a success and I felt a great sense of satisfaction for having uncovered the truth and helping to bring the perpetrator to justice. I was filled with pride as I looked back on the case. I had put my detective capabilities to good use and solved a mystery that had once seemed unsolvable. In the end, justice had been served and I was able to do something truly meaningful. This investigation made me realize that I was made to be a detective, and that it was just the beginning of my career.