

Daisy Hamilton was a private detective. She was thirty years old and had been a detective for the past two years. Every morning she went to her office to wait for phone calls or open the door to clients needing her services. Daisy wasn't very well known yet but occasionally people telephoned her from the advertisement she had put in the local newspaper.


One morning at about eleven o'clock someone knocked on her office door. It was a fat lady who wore a fur around her neck. "Hello, can I help you?" Daisy asked the lady. "Please come and sit down." "Oh yes indeed! I need your help desperately. Lorna, my little one, has disappeared. I don't know what to do."

Daisy offered the fat lady a cup of instant coffee and awaited the details. The fat lady sat down heavily and put her large red leather handbag on Daisy's desk. "Please tell me everything - Mrs. ...?" Mrs. Edwina Humphries is my name. I am afraid they will ask me for money - I'm afraid Lorna has been kidnapped!"

"That's terrible, Mrs. Humphries. Does Mr. Humphries, too, think Lorna has been kidnapped?" "My husband is not interested if Lorna has been kidnapped or not!" "Really, Mrs. Humphries? But is your husband Lorna's real father?" "I don't know what you mean. We bought Lorna together," replied Mrs. Humphries.

"You bought .....Mrs. Humphries, that's illegal, you know." "No it isn't, not in India!" "You bought Lorna in India?" Yes indeed! And she always keeps me great company, you know." "Mrs. Humphries opened her huge leather bag to pull out a handkerchief. With horror Daisy saw a wiggling creature come out of that bag. "Mrs. Humphries - move that away immediately!" screamed Daisy.

"What? Oh Lorna - I've found you at last!" said Mrs. Humphries. "You hid in my bag - you naughty girl!" "Mrs. Humphries. This is Lorna?" Yes, our Bengali swamp snake. Oh thank you my dear. No, I don't think I need your services any longer!" As Daisy shut the door after Mrs. Humphries, she made a mental note to write in the advertisement: no animals, no snakes.

  
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