

Long Vowel E “Somebody Should Make This a Documentary or a Screenplay”

The chief of police was in grief. There was a thief. Well, that was his belief. Immediately, the chief had anxiety. Really, I'm sorry to say somebody, perhaps an enemy or someone friendly, was directly making him crazy! The person should identify him or herself.

Could the thief be a monkey, a donkey or a turkey? Maybe a hockey player with a jersey covered with bees and honey. Not even his attorney, who makes large amounts of money, has the keys to solve this mystery.

Whoever is stealing from the chief should at least speak to him. No need to scream, just lean over and give a simple reason.

It's that easy!

I guarantee you, if the chief of police doesn't find out in a week, he will grind his teeth in his sleep. He must keep up with the investigation and seek out the thief.

The chief of police went to a sink to take a drink. He seemed to be on the brink of insanity, and then a mystery person turned up the music (The Kinks). The chief thinks music after 1980s stinks. He likes Pink Floyd.

In a blink of an eye, the chief realized who was really the thief. The clue was from love letters written with an ink pen.

The thief was his future wife! She has a sweet personality, yet is guilty of stealing his heart.

At first, they had one baby. Eventually they had many babies. The lady and the lucky chief of police had a giant family.