

A Swimmingly Turnabout

Story: A Swimmingly Turnabout

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Summary: There's been a crime at Damon's Sports Center! The police suspect a lifeguard, but not everyone agrees with their conclusion.

***Chapter 1*: A Swimmngly Turnabout**

The water was rushing in the swimming pool of Damon's Sports Center. Kids were swimming and having fun and jumping off the diving board. But, in moments, the blue was replaced by a sickening red for there was now a corpse in the swimming pool.

How did it happen?

There are many men for the job, but only one is needed.

The police came and arrested the lifeguard.

"You're meant t' guard lives, and clearly ya didn't do that, eh," said Inspector Gregson.

The lifeguard cried at this false charge, but then, a man in green bravely walked in.

"Enough," he told the police. "You are no longer needed."

"An' just who do ye think you are?" said Gregson.

"My name is not important. What is important is that you are arresting an innocent man!"

"Well, that's wot the police do, eh," said Gregson.

"Explain yourself, Inspector Gregson! I will counter your argument... in style."

REBUTTAL: TOBIAS GREGSON

"The poor fellow met his maker in that there swimming pool. This lad was meant t' be overseeing that pool, see? If he were doin' that, he woulda seen the murder. That means he musta been the one who done it."

"Curses," said the man in green. "It appears I do not have enough evidence to counter this. But I shall find it."

The man performed an autopsy on the body and found out that the body was submerged in water after death.

"OBJECTION!" shouted the man. "Inspector Gregson... the man was not in the swimming pool when he died!"

"Bollocks," said Gregson. "Where else could he have been then?"

The man stretched his finger out and pointed to the diving board. That is the only place someone could have committed a murder without being seen by the lifeguard.

Gregson climbed the ladder and found Damon Gant hiding up there.

"Wa ha ho ho..." Gant laughed nervously. "...Oh, you got me. Well done, Johnny-o."

After the solving of the murder

"I suppose it was you who solved this murder, my boy," said Gregson. "I don't suppose you could let me know your name now?"

"My name is not important," said the man.

"That is an odd name indeed," said Gregson.

The man in green sighed and turned, but looked over his shoulder back at the English policeman.

"You may call me John Phoenix. Let us hope we never meet again you bumbling buffoon."

But they shall. Their fates are intertwined.