

# A Wizard Solved It!

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“Show me the body.”

“Of course,” said Mrs Wilson. She glanced at the butler, who bade the two magicians to follow, leading them into the living room. There, her husband, Greg Wilson, lay on the floor. If not for the reddish-brown bloodstain radiating out from the chef’s knife in his gut, they might have thought he was merely sprawled on the carpet, asleep.

“Poor fellow,” said Anthony, playing with the sapphire ring on his hand. “At least it looks like it was quick.”

Jenn ignored him and knelt next to Greg’s body, pulling the glove off one hand. “Okay, lets see what happened here,” she murmured to herself as she touched the handle of the knife. A set of impressions flashed through her mind: the four of them standing over Greg’s body; Mrs Wilson’s cry of horror upon finding her husband dead; Greg bleeding out – Anthony was right, it looked pretty quick – and the knife being plunged into his gut by . . .

“Him,” said Jenn, looking up at the butler. “It was you.”

The butler gave Jenn a look of puzzlement. “I haven’t a clue what you mean. And that’s a wild accusation to make after one look at Mr Wilson’s—”

“Unfortunately for you,” said Anthony, cutting him off, “the verity ring says otherwise.” He raised the hand with his ring. The gem was no longer deep, sapphire blue but glowing scarlet. “You just told a lie.”

“I did not—” began the butler, causing the gem to glow even brighter. “Why . . . how . . .”

Jenn snapped her fingers, conjuring ropes that pulled themselves tight around the butler, binding his arms to his sides and his ankles together. “Psychometry. One touch of something, and I know where it’s been, what it’s done, who stabbed their boss in the back with it, everything.” She sighed. “Honestly, it makes this almost boringly easy.”