

A cook,  
a cleaning lady,  
a gardener or  
a butler?

A scary story

Author: Anna Sauer

Teacher: Isabelle

Trautvetter

Helper: Lilly Wisner,

Runkia

Friedrich

## TABLE OF CONTENT

The podcast: Crime time show	2
The complete story: A cook, a cleaning lady, a gardener or a butler?	4
Photos of our project	14

[The podcast](#)

## CRIME TIME SHOW

### INTRO / INTERVIEW

- Rukia: Hello, here's Rukia Friedrich. Welcome to our CRIME TIME SHOW. Our guest today is the young author Anna Sauer. With only 12 years she wrote a book and today she'll tell us something about it: "A cook, a cleaning lady, a gardener or a butler".
- Anna: Hey, guys. I'm very thankful to be here.
- Rukia: We're happy too that you're with us. Can you tell us something about the origin of the book, please?
- Anna: Yes, of course. It was an English project in class 6. We had to write a scary story and I wrote a thriller.
- Rukia: Oh, that's exciting. What is the book about?
- Anna: It is a classic crime story. It is about an old man who is murdered and two policemen have to solve the crime.
- Rukia: May I ask why he is murdered?
- Anna: The murder has something to do with his past. If you want to find out more about it, you must read the book.
- Rukia: Yes, I definitely read it. And today, we have the chance to listen to an excerpt of your book. Enjoy listening!

### THE EXCERPT

On the next morning the policeman Henry Sherperd took his car to go to work.

He was called by a colleague because George Grunt was found dead next to his house.

Maybe he had been murdered.

Henry arrived at the house. A few colleagues were already there and the forensic doctors had already looked at the dead body of George Grunt.

"He was murdered," a pathologist said. "Probably stabbed with a knife."

"Oh, no! Have you found the knife with which he was murdered?" Henry asked.

"No," Charlotte said. She was a good friend of Henry and they had to solve the crime together.

"Do we have main suspects?" Henry asked.

"We begin with the cook August Miller, by the way, he called us. Frank Brice, that's the gardener, the cleaning lady Maggy Colman and Rupert Svensson, the butler," Charlotte answered.

“Okay, do you know the addresses?” Henry asked.

“August Miller is here, we should start with him.”

“Okay.”

August stood next the house and was very nervous.

“So, Mr. Miller, I’m Henry Sherperd and that is Charlotte Montgomery. When did you find Mr. Grunt?”

“It was at 8 o’clock. I went to work and then I saw the dead body. I called the police immediately.”

“Do you know where Mr. Grunt had been yesterday in the evening?” Charlotte asked.

“Yes, every Friday he goes – went – with Frank Brice to the ‘Little Pig’. I was there, too, with a few friends. We celebrated the jubilee of the inn and the whole village was there.”

“Oh, that’s interesting. Did you see anything?” Henry asked.

“I think, no. I was at the bar and they were in a corner. But at 11:15 pm, I think, Mr. Grunt left the inn and a few moments later Frank followed him.”

“Okay. And when did you leave the inn?”

## OUTRO

Anna: Thank you for listening to this part of my book. If you want to know what happens in the end, you can read the whole book. I hope you like it."

Rukia: Okay, this was the CRIME TIME SHOW for today. See you next time.

## The complete story

### A COOK, A CLEANING LADY, A GARDENER OR A BUTLER?

In the little village Pigford, there was an old big house. It was very far away of the village. In the house there lived an old, rich and grumpy man. George Grunt lived alone because his wife had died 25 years ago. A cook called August Miller, a cleaning lady called Maggy Colman, a gardener called Frank Brice and a butler called Rupert Svensson worked for him.



The story began on a rainy November Friday morning. George sat in his armchair in the living room. Then, there was a knock at the door.

“Yes?”

“I am Frank.”

“Oh Frank! Come in!”



Frank and George were old friends because Frank had worked for George for 37 years. Every Friday they went in the ‘Little Pig’ and drank beer. That was the only happy part of George’s life.

“The garden is okay, I have nothing to do. Is it okay when I go home?” Frank asked.

“Yes, of course. You are not the youngest and a free day is good for you.”

“Okay, thanks! See you later in the ‘Little Pig’.” Frank left the living room.



On the stairs Frank met Maggy. She cleaned the windows and looked a little bit scared. Maggy was always a little bit afraid of George and Frank. She didn’t know why, maybe because the two were so grumpy and unfriendly. But it was a good job as a cleaning lady.

Frank did not say “Bye!” or anything else. He thought that he mustn’t be friendly to a cleaning lady. Of course, Maggy was not friendly either. To George she was friendly, finally it was her boss.

At 1 o’clock, it knocked at the living room door again.

“Yes?” George asked.

“Mr. Svensson, Sir,” the butler Rupert Svensson answered.

“The lunch is ready for you, Sir.”

“Thank you, I’m coming,” George said and he stood up from his armchair and went to the dining room. George sat down in the chair and then Mr. Svensson served him the meal.



Rupert Svensson was a young man and he had ancestors from Sweden. His father had already been the butler of George Grunt. But this year in summer Mr. Svensson Senior died. He died in this house. It was a tragic death because he fell down the stairs. “An accident,” said the village, George and the

police. But Rupert knew that his father and George had had trouble the evening before. It was a fierce conflict about money and when it was about money, George was never friendly. Rupert was convinced that it was not only an accident. He worked for George, but not for money, he worked for him to find out more about George's relationship to his father and the so-called "accident". Of course, Rupert didn't like George, but he was a good actor and George thought that everything was normal.



The cook, August Miller, was a normal man. He had two children and loved to play with Lego with them. He was friendly to George and George was friendly to him because August cooked very, very well.

"Oh what's that? That is so delicious!" George said.

"I don't know, Sir," Rupert said "I could ask Mr. Miller if you wish, Sir."

"Oh yes, please," George answered.

"Yes, Sir," Rupert left the dining room and went into the kitchen.

It knocked at the door.

"Yes?"

"Miss Colman, Sir."

"Come in!" George said grumpily.

"Hello, Mr. Grunt. Can I clean the living room while you are eating here?"

"Yes, but hurry up!" George said unfriendly.

"Yes, Sir, of course, I hurry up." Maggy turned around and rolled her eyes in an annoyed way.

At the door, she met Rupert. She said "Hello", but he ignored her. Only August Miller was nice to her, she was sometimes the babysitter for his children and they were good friends.

"It is an Asian stew, Sir," Rupert said.

"Ah, I thought that," George answered and ate more.

In the evening George went to the "Little Pig". That day was a special day for the inn. It was the 30th jubilee. He went inside. The whole village was there. He saw Frank at a table in the corner.

"Today we must celebrate that!" Frank shouted. He had to shout because it was so loud in the inn.

"Yes!" George answered.

After a few hours, a few beers and two sherries they were very drunk.



"Do you remember? Hicks, sorry," Frank mumbled.

"What should I remember?" George asked.

“Your wife, Sophie!” Frank was smiling.

“What is with her? She died 25 years ago.” George was now serious, he missed Sophie.

“Oh, a wonderful woman,” Frank still smiled.

“What do you mean?!?” George asked angrily. Frank didn’t notice that he was smiling.

“What do you mean?!?!?” George shouted.

“In the 80’s...,” Frank mumbled.

“What was in the 80’s with Sophie?!?” George asked.

Frank froze. “We had an affair,” he said quietly.

“You had what?!?!?” George was very angry and shocked. His best friend and his wife... He has planned to give all his money to Frank when he died, it was in his testament. But now?

“You... You...!!!” George was so angry. “I don’t give my money to you when I die! Tomorrow, I go to my lawyer and make a new testament!”

Frank didn’t smile anymore. George stood up and left the “Little Pig” angrily.

While George and Frank had been in the “Little Pig”, August went home, but Maggy and Rupert were still in the house. Maggy cleaned the dining room and Rupert waited for Maggy to leave the house. Friday was his “detective day” because George was not in the house. But Maggy was so slow with cleaning that day! He had to try it. He went up the stairs quietly and stood in the corridor. There was a door. He went in, it was the bedroom of George! Nobody came in in this room except George. Why?

Rupert looked around. He saw a bed, a table, a wardrobe, lamps, clocks, model trains, carpets, a couch and pictures with landscapes. Over the bed was a picture with George and his wife Sophie, they were happy. But he could see nothing about his own dad. He looked under the bed, the wardrobe, but nothing! Under a picture (a river with trees) he finally found a flap with a keyhole.

“Yes!” Rupert whispered and fetched a pin out of his bag. A few minutes later, the flap was open.

“That was easy,” Rupert whispered. He looked in a mini room. It was a safe. He saw money and jewellery and other expensive things everywhere. But behind a bracelet there was a shirt. It was blue and white. Rupert took it. Under the shirt was a knife with a bit of blood! He shuddered. On the collar of the shirt was a coffee stain. Exactly here his father had always a coffee stain! And that was his father’s favourite shirt! Why did George have a shirt of his father and a knife with blood in his safe??? Did George just pretend “the accident”? Anyway, he had the favourite shirt of his father and a knife with blood. Did George murder his father?



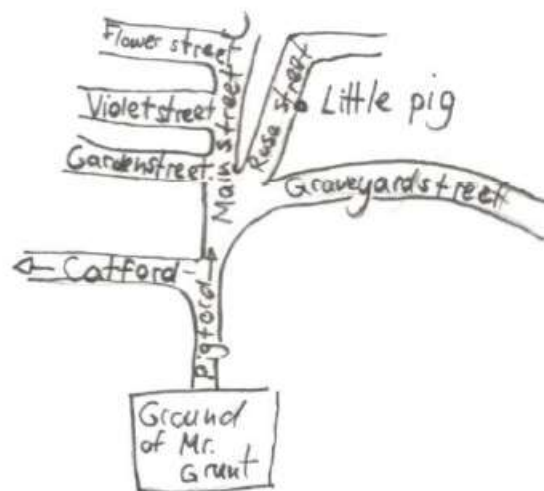
He heard the front door on the ground floor.

“Maggy has left the house or George is back,” Rupert thought. “I must leave the room!”

He put everything back at its place, closed the safe and put the picture over it. Then he left the room quietly.



If you had been flying over the house and its surroundings in this moment, you could have seen that Maggy turned left into the Garden Street and George just walked out of the "Little Pig".



On the next morning the policeman Henry Sherperd took his car to go to work.

He was called by a colleague because George Grunt was found dead next to his house. Maybe he had been murdered.

Henry arrived at the house. A few colleagues were already there and the forensic doctors had already looked at the dead body of George Grunt.

"He was murdered," a pathologist said. "Probably stabbed with a knife."

"Oh, no! Have you found the knife with which he was murdered?" Henry asked.



"No," Charlotte said. She was a good friend of Henry and they had to solve the crime together.

"Do we have main suspects?" Henry asked.

"We begin with the cook August Miller, by the way, he called us. Frank Brice, that's the gardener, the cleaning lady Maggy Colman and Rupert Svensson, the butler," Charlotte answered.

"Okay, do you know the addresses?" Henry asked.

"August Miller is here, we should start with him."

"Okay."

August stood next the house and was very nervous.

"So, Mr. Miller, I'm Henry Sherperd and that is Charlotte Montgomery. When did you find Mr. Grunt?"

"It was at 8 o'clock. I went to work and then I saw the dead body. I called the police immediately."

"Do you know where Mr. Grunt had been yesterday in the evening?" Charlotte asked.





“Yes, every Friday he goes – went – with Frank Brice to the “Little Pig”. I was there, too, with a few friends. We celebrated the jubilee of the inn and the whole village was there.”

“Oh, that’s interesting. Did you see anything?” Henry asked.

“I think, no. I was at the bar and they were in a corner. But at 11:15 pm, I think, Mr. Grunt left the inn and a few moments later Frank followed him.”

“Okay. And when did you leave the inn?”

“I think, about an hour later and then I went home with my best friend and neighbour Oliver Harper.”

“And what can you tell us about your relationship to Mr. Grunt?”

“It was normal. He was a little bit grumpy, but he likes – liked – my meals.”

“Okay, thanks, Mr. Miller,” Charlotte said.

Charlotte and Henry went to the car while a few colleagues were going into the house and into the garden.

“And now, let’s go to the Garden Street to Maggy Colman,” Charlotte said.

“She is the cleaning lady, isn’t she?” Henry asked.

“Yes, she is.”

At the Garden Street number 8 Henry and Charlotte left the car. They rang at the front door. A woman opened the door.

“Here is the police. I am Charlotte Montgomery and that is Henry Sherperd. Are you Maggy Colman?”

“Hello, yes, I am Maggy Colman. I heard of Mr. Grunt. Come in, please.” They sat down at the table.

“Why do you know that Mr. Grunt has died?” Henry asked.

“August called me. We are good friends.”

“When did you see Mr. Grunt the last time?”

“I think when he went to the “Little Pig”. That was at 8 o’clock. I was still in the house until 11:10 pm and cleaned the dining room and a few windows.”

“Were you alone in the house?” Henry asked.

“August left the house a few moments later after Mr. Grunt and Mr. Brice had a free day. Mr. Svensson was still there, but I don’t know what he did. He is a little bit distanced and he never says ‘Hello’ or ‘Bye’.”

“Okay. How can you describe your relationship to Mr. Grunt?”

“It’s normal. He was sometimes a little bit unfriendly to me. I think that he thinks that he must not be friendly to a cleaning lady... But it was not so bad. Mr. Brice is unfriendly, too. And Mr. Svensson ignores me.”

“Why do you think Mr. Svensson ignores you?” Henry asked.

"I don't know," Miss Colman shrugged her shoulders. "He was hired recently, maybe a few months ago. His father had been Mr. Grunt's butler for decades. But he had an accident. I think he fell down the stairs in the house of Mr. Grunt this summer. He was immediately dead." She looked sad.

"Okay, thank you Miss Colman, goodbye."

Henry and Charlotte went to the car. In the car Charlotte said, "It's interesting what she told us about Mr. Svensson. What does a butler do without his boss? And the death of Svensson's father is a mystery, too," she mentioned thoughtfully.

"Yes, that's strange. But I think Mr. Miller and Miss Colman are no suspects," Henry said.

"Yeah, that's right. Now, we go to Mr. Svensson, am I right?" Charlotte asked.

"Yes, definitely. Where does he live?" Henry asked.

"The internet says he lives in School Street, in the neighbouring village Catford," Charlotte said.

"Ah yes, the internet."

A few minutes later they were there. They rang at the door and a woman opened the door. She was maybe 50 years old and she looked surprised. Then she said. "Oh, hello. What can I do for you?"

"Hello, here is the police. Is Mr. Svensson at home?" Henry asked.

"My son Rupert? What did he do?" she replied.

"Your son is the butler of Mr. Grunt and therefore a main suspect," Charlotte explained.

Mrs. Svensson asked, "What has happened with Mr. Grunt?"

"He was murdered," Charlotte answered. "Is your son at home now?"

"Ah yes, ehm, wait a moment..." she turned around and went upstairs. Charlotte said quietly, "She is nervous..."



"Yes, I also think so," Henry said. He looked around in the corridor. At the wall there was a black-white portrait of a man.

"Who's that?" Henry asked.

"I don't know, maybe Mr. Svensson Senior," Charlotte shrugged her shoulders. In this moment Mrs. Svensson came back. Behind her was a young man. He was not nervous, he seemed calm.

"Mr. Svensson?" Henry asked

"Yes, is there a problem with Mr. Grunt?" he asked.

"Can we come in? Here it is a little bit cold," Charlotte explained.

"Yes, sure," answered Mrs. Svensson, she turned around and went in the kitchen. The policemen and Mr. Svensson followed her. They sat down at the table. Mr. Svensson asked, "What has happened with Mr. Grunt???"

"He was murdered," Henry stated.



"Oh. When? Where? That's tragic!" Mr. Svensson said.

"Next to his house, probably yesterday in the night," Charlotte said. "And now we have a few questions. What did you do in the house of Mr. Grunt yesterday evening?"

"Why do you know that I was there? From Miss Colman? I was there because, ehm, I must blow out the candles and, ehm, there was a problem with the washing machine and I must repair it." Apparently, he was a little bit nervous.

"As a butler, you have to repair a washing machine?" Henry asked sceptically.

"Yes."

"And when did you leave the house yesterday?"

"Probably at 11:20 pm," Mr. Svensson answered. Henry looked to Charlotte, the time of the crime was probably between 11:20 pm and 11:30 pm.

"Okay, why are you Mr. Grunt's butler now? Your father had been Mr. Grunt's butler for decades, right?" Charlotte asked.

"Why is this important?"

"Sorry, we ask the questions!" Henry said strictly.

"Okay, okay! Yes, I replaced my father."

"Was his death really an accident? Do you want to take revenge?" Charlotte asked.

"I don't know if it really was an accident," Mr. Svensson said honestly.

"Do you think that wasn't an accident?" Henry asked again. Mr. Svensson only shrugged his shoulders.

"Okay, we are not coming to a result, here. How can you describe your relationship to Mr. Grunt?" Henry asked annoyed.

"It was normal. He is a little bit grumpy and sometimes unfriendly and strict, but you get used to it." He shrugged his shoulders again.

"Okay, thanks Mr. Svensson." The two policemen left the house and went to the car. In the car Charlotte said, "So, at 8:00 pm Mr. Grunt left the house. At 11:10 pm Miss Colman left the house, at 11:15 pm Mr. Grunt left the inn and Mr. Brice left the inn a few moments later. Probably, Mr. Grunt went home directly. From the inn to his house you need 10 minutes. That means that Mr. Grunt was at home at 11:25 pm. And Mr. Svensson said that he went home at 11:20 pm. Mr. Svensson could have left the house without meeting Mr. Grunt. But if he lies and the time he mentions is not correct, then it could be that he killed him." Charlotte was excited.

"I'm convinced that Mr. Svensson thinks that the accident of his father was not an accident. It could be that Mr. Svensson thinks that Mr. Grunt had something to do with the accident. Then he would have a reason to kill Mr. Grunt," Henry thought loudly.

"Yes, but why should he think that Mr. Grunt had something to do with the accident of his father?" Charlotte asked.

"I don't know. But I don't think that he repaired the washing machine yesterday."

"Yes, I don't think that, either," Charlotte stated. "Let's talk to Mr. Brice."

Mr. Brice lives in Pigford. A few minutes before they were there, Henry's phone rang.

"Henry Shepherd, police officer. Who's there?"

"Hello, Mr. Shepherd, here is Mr. Firth. Mr Grunt's lawyer, Mr. Streep, has called us and told us that Mr. Grunt will give his house, all things, and all money to Mr. Brice after his death."

"Everything?!" Henry asked.

"Yes, everything," Mr. Firth answered.

"Wow, okay thanks," Henry said surprised and hung up. Then, he explained Mr. Grunt's plan to Charlotte.

"That's interesting. Everything is for his gardener," Charlotte said thoughtfully. Finally, they arrived at Mr. Brice's place. Charlotte rang at the door. A man opened the door.

"Hello, here's the police. I am Miss Montgomery and that is Mr. Shepherd. Are you Mr. Brice?"

"Eh, yes come in!" he turned around and went in in the living room. The policemen sat down on the couch and Mr. Brice sat down in his armchair.

"What happened?" he asked.

"Your boss, Mr. Grunt is murdered," Henry answered.

"Pardon?"

"Yes, he was murdered in his garden yesterday in the evening. We know that you were with him in the 'Little Pig' yesterday. Did you see him there the last time?" Charlotte asked.

"Oh, yes," Mr. Brice said. "We were there every Friday."

"How is your relationship to Mr. Grunt?"

"Good. We are good friends. I have worked for him for 37 years," Mr. Brice said.

"Mr. Grunt's testament says he leaves everything to you after his death. Why? It is unusual to leave everything for his gardener!" Henry said.

"Everything???"

"Yes, everything," Henry explained.

"We are best friends and he has nobody, only me."

"His wife?" Charlotte asked.

"She died 25 years ago," Mr. Brice said and looked sad.

"Ok, thanks for the information," Henry said.

In the car Charlotte said, "He has a reason: The money."

"Yes, that's right. Mr. Brice or Mr. Svensson. Both have a reason to kill Mr. Grunt," Henry said.

And then Charlotte said, "Now let's go to the colleagues, they looked at the dead body."

A few minutes later Henry and Charlotte stood in front of the dead body.



"Probably, it was a garden knife. 3 stitches," the pathologist said.

"A garden knife? We have a main suspect and that's the gardener!" Charlotte said excitedly.

"Yes, a garden knife. We have found it in the roses," said Mr. Firth and showed them a transparent plastic bag. In the bag was a green garden knife with blood.



"Do you have fingerprints?" Henry asked impatiently.

"Yes, here." He showed with the finger at the computer. There was a scan of the fingerprints. "But we don't have a match. There is no one in our system with these fingerprints."

"Okay, then we go to Mr. Brice again," Charlotte said. They returned to the car; Henry followed Charlotte.

"That's a hot trace!" Henry said excitedly.

"Absolutely, that's true," Charlotte answered. A few minutes later they stood again at Mr. Brice's door and rang.

"Oh hello." He was now very nervous.

"Hello Mr. Brice. We are here again. Can we come in?" Charlotte wanted to know.

"Sure."

They sat down at the couch again and then Charlotte made clear, "We need a few fingerprints from you, please."

"Why?" Mr. Brice asked very nervously. He could not sit still.

"Because you are our main suspect," Charlotte explained.

"Why?" Mr. Brice asked again.

"That's not important for you in this moment." Henry said strictly.

"Ehm, wait a moment," Mr. Brice said thoughtfully, stood up and walked in the room back and forth like a tiger. Charlotte and Henry looked at him and then suddenly Mr. Brice ran away. He jumped out of the open window and ran along the street. Charlotte and Henry jumped from the couch and followed him along the street. They ran faster and faster. And Mr. Brice was old, maybe 65 years and he was slower. At the end of the street, Charlotte finally grabbed him.

"You come with us, now," she said.



In the police station Mr. Brice had no choice but to give his fingerprints. And he confessed the crime! He told everything about the conflict in the inn and the affair in the 80's. So he followed Mr. Grunt to his house and there he finally killed him. And the reason? He wanted to prevent Mr. Grunt from taking him out of his testament.

And Mr. Svensson? Although he had thought about killing Mr. Grunt, he hadn't done it. And he really went home at 11:20 pm on this Friday.

**The End**

## PHOTOS OF OUR PROJECT



*The story is created.*



*We record the story in the recording studio.*



*We learn from each other.*

