

## **The mysterious hand**

It had been a long day, clock showed 23:00 and Ben was coming home from his part time job. The street was unpeopled and the whole city was plunged into fog. Although Ben used to walk home this late, he'd a strange feeling that day.

He was about 2 minutes from his house when the dogs started barking furiously and something creaked. Ben stopped, he instinctively clutched harnesses of his backpack and with his heart racing, he began to look around. 'It must be some absurdity' he tranquillized himself. When Ben looked to the left, he saw that the parked car had broken mirror and then by looking to the right, he noticed a small child's hand, adorned by charm bracelet, protruded from the rubbish bin and a crumpled paper bag with traces of red colour, lying next to it. Sweating blood and standing motionless, he had pulled his cell phone out of his pocket with a shaking hand. 'Good evening, my name is Ben Smith and I'd like to report a murder that took place on Addle Street, whereby the assassinated is probably young girl and the murderer had escaped from the scene. I'll be waiting for you here,' he briefly reported the incident. Hidden in the bushes, he had been waiting for the police.

After 20 minutes of endless fear, the armed policemen, also with the dog handler, finally came. The dog started sniffing, he ran towards the rubbish bin and by jumping up, he opened it. And then everyone started smiling. It turned out that the hand protruding from the trash was the hand of a doll and the paper bag was a waste of an uneaten chips with ketchup. Although Ben blushed with shame, he was glad that he had survived, and nothing had happened.