

Murder by a  
*Cupcake*



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Murder by a Cupcake

*Laura's Sweet Creations*

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## Murder by a Cupcake: Story Sample

I thought today was going to be a new beginning for me. Opening a food truck, and making my mark in the food industry, but instead of frosting cupcakes inside my renovated food truck that my uncle spent four months repairing, Detective Blackwood is bringing me in for questioning.

“Laura Sprinkles, you are being charged for attempted murder on Mayor Johnson. You have the right to an attorney. Anything you say can and will be used against you in a court of law,” says Detective Blackwood.

I’m sitting in the back of the police car staring out the window. Looking at the bright blue sky, wondering if I made the right decision.

“I don’t know why I’m in these handcuffs; I didn’t commit a crime!”

As we pull up to the police station, I see a short woman with black hair in a police uniform. She opens the door and escorts me into the investigation room. I’m sitting in a dark, cold room waiting for Detective Blackwood to explain why I’m being charged with attempted murder. My hands handcuffed to a metal bar that lays across a cheap, beat-up wooden table.

Detective Blackwood turns the chair around and plops down.

He may look handsome with dreamy blue eyes, but I'm not admitting to something I didn't do.

"Laura, where were you at three o'clock this afternoon?"

"Well, Detective, I was working." My online bakery got so popular that I decided to expand my business. Today was the first time I opened my food truck Laura's Sweet Creations to the public.

"Why are you asking?"

"We found your fingerprints at the scene of the crime," says Detective Blackwood.

"Wait a minute, Detective Blackwood! I did visit New York City Hall this afternoon."

"Please explain, Ms. Sprinkles."

"Yes, Detective, I was there delivering two dozen red velvet cupcakes for a meeting. The mayor's assistant called me this morning."

"He was found dead holding a red velvet cupcake in his right hand and frosting around his mouth," says Detective Blackwood.

"I didn't poison the mayor if that is what you are getting at? I moved to New York City for a new beginning and to start my cupcake business."

"Can anyone support your claim?"

"Yes! Yes! My sister Lily. You can call her at the food truck."

Detective Blackwood takes the handcuffs off and hands me a pen and notepad. I write down my sister's cell phone number. Detective Blackwood leaves the room and I patiently wait for him to come back.

Who would want to kill Mayor Johnson? Did they put some type of poison in my cupcakes? My mind is racing with thoughts, trying to figure out who would blame me for killing



Mayor Johnson?

*Around eight this morning;* I woke up and made myself a caramel Frappuccino and a bagel breakfast sandwich. After I ate, I called my friend Megan at New York Cake to order kitchen equipment and pastry boxes, and then I went to the market to buy ingredients. While at the market, I saw a gentleman wearing a black hoodie, and I felt like he was watching me whenever I turned down an aisle; maybe this information is relevant.

I knock on the door where they were holding me, trying to gain Detective Blackwood's attention.

"Do you need to tell me something, Ms. Sprinkles?"

"Yes, I just remember, I saw a tall gentleman at the market this morning."

"Can you give me more of a description, Ms. Sprinkles?"

"He had dirty blonde hair, wearing jeans and a black hoodie. I would say about one hundred and fifty pounds and a little over five in and half feet tall."

"Can you tell me anything else about him?"

"He was on the phone, and all I heard was 'I found her,' and I felt like he was following me."

"I will look into this," says Detective Blackwood.

I watched Detective Blackwood walk away and speak to another detective. Maybe they will ask the owner of the market for their security footage and find the dirty blonde hair guy that way. Hopefully, they can find some evidence that will get me out of this dark and cold holding room. Time goes by slowly, and I feel like I did something wrong, but I didn't do anything wrong. It's probably the atmosphere of this place that makes me feel this way.

To pastime, I think about where else I went today. My sister parked the food truck and started to prep, while I parked my

car in the parking garage across the street from NYC Hall. I was carrying about four bags over to my food truck, but I dropped one of my bags. A woman with dirty blonde hair and wearing a pink pea coat stopped and help me gather my things.

“What if that woman helped me on purpose?” I thought to myself. What if that woman and the guy from the market are working together? What if they are responsible for murdering the mayor?

As soon as Detective Blackwood took a step into the room. I told him what else happened to me earlier today.

“We will get a warrant to look at the city’s street security tapes near your food truck?”

“How much longer do I have to stay here?” I asked.

“I will get back to you,” says Detective Blackwood in a stern tone.

I tap my fingers on the table, thinking about how hungry I’m. Someone’s coming, I hear footsteps. A young policewoman enters the room. She doesn’t say two words or even looks at me. She just places a cup of water and a granola bar on the beat-up wooden table, and leaves.

“Thank you!” I shouted. I hate just sitting here, handcuffed to this stupid metal bar. Staring at these four dark gray walls with one light hanging above this table. I feel like I want to punch something or scream.

End of Sample