

Natalya Bender

## The Duck That Got Away

This story begins at 12:01 pm. In all my 32 years as a lawyer, this was the most remarkable case by far. The criminal defense attorney was one of the best. The defendant was a well-known and cunning villain. I, Jetamon Justabon, however, had the plan to bring justice to my client, Willie Worrywart McQuack. He was gnawing on his nails, as worried as a pig in a tree. The heart-wrenching loss of his family heirloom five years ago caused him to experience insomnia, restlessness, and his love for food perished.

Willie was driving home from work when the truck in front of him suddenly stopped, and Willie's SUV collided with the back of it, causing its doors to swing wide open. Nothing could have prepared him for what he saw next. There were hundreds of duck-related items; rubber, living, wooden and china ducks. What caught his eye, however, was a shining, glistening duck. It was Willie's Great grandfather's diamond duck! He would recognize it anywhere. When the truck driver stepped out, Willie recognized him as the infamous Fred Curt, notorious for his obsession with ducks. Over the past twenty years, he had stolen ducks of all kinds from people across the globe.

"WILL YOU JUST STOP FRETTING!?" Evan Eisenhower hollered at Fred Curt as he was pacing back and forth. "That judge I bribed WILL take our case!" Little did they know, however, that particular judge ended up sick with Toxypox Fever just a few hours before the hearing.

"Mr.Curt, tell us what happened," Eisenhower said. "Weel, Mista. I was comin' round a bend when a car

came crashin' into my truck and my duckies. I try to..." "YOUR ducks!?" Willie exclaimed.

Bang!Bang!Bang!The wooden mallet came crashing down to signify silence in the courtroom. "I now call Mr. Willie Worrywart McQuack to the stand." "How do we know that this diamond duck belongs to you, Mr. McQuack?" I cued. Willie extracted the diamond duck from the evidence bag. He pressed down on its beak and said, 'Quack' The hidden hinges on the bottom popped open, and a piece of paper fell out."This is how I know. In the words of my Great grandfather", as he read the piece of paper. 'This duck is here-by gifted to my son, William Wallace McQuack, and any descendants after him. Jonathan Kingsley McQuack".

Willie's hunger for justice was satiated. He watched Fred Curt wail as he was dragged off stage and sent to prison for 21,900 days. Willie got his precious diamond duck back, and the living ducks were released back into the wild. Willie returned to his happy self, regained his love for fine cuisine and restful sleep was restored. Fred was gifted a book in his lonely cell titled "The Duck That Got Away" by Willie Worrywart McQuack.