

The Diamond Solitaire

*by
Snoopy*

It is a pretty strange story, and parts of it don't fit. A large diamond solitaire had been stolen from the jewelery store on Main Street. According to the manager, a guy came into the store and walked up to the clerk and asked her to show him some diamonds. He seemed to take an interest in a large diamond solitaire necklace and apparently asked her to put it on so he could see it on someone. Then, according to the story, he had the clerk walk over to the front window so he could see it in natural light and the next thing you know he grabs her and drags her out the front door and into the back seat of a car parked just in front of the building. He throws her in, slams the door, and drives off before anyone can catch their breath.

Ok, so we got a kidnapping as well as a diamond theft. That doesn't usually come together, the clerk doesn't have any money and neither does her family, but we wait for the ransom demand.

It comes in a letter:

Your clerk is in my bedroom chained naked to the bedpost. You can have the diamond back or the clerk back, but not both. I will give either of them back to you if you promise not to make any effort to find me or the other one.

Believe it or not, that caused controversy. The manager wanted the diamond back, but the clerks family, naturally, wanted the clerk back. And even the manager felt guilty about asking for the diamond. He said he was worried about the insurance. According to the policy, he had to make every effort to recover the lost property before filing a claim for it, and if the insurance company found out that he had a flat offer to return the diamond, they might refuse the claim. The diamond is worth several thousand dollars. He is pretty vague about the value of the clerk.

Reluctantly, however, we asked for the clerk to be returned, and promised that the thief could keep the diamond.

Instead of the clerk, we got a second note:

I would be happy to return the clerk to you, but she won't give me the diamond. She says that she deserves something for being kidnapped and that besides, it looks good on her. I can't give it to you until she gives it to me, and she won't. She is still chained naked to the bedpost and still wearing the diamond necklace and I guess I keep both until the clerk gives me back the diamond.

Now we are really looking for this creep. Nothing is turning up, however.

The third note arrives:

Please decide quickly, the clerk insisted on a new hair style to go with her new condition in life. When I told her no, she cried. It cost 75 bucks. If I had that kind of money to blow on a hairdo, I wouldn't be stealing diamonds. Please reply soonest.

The next day, another note:

Now she wants an entire new wardrobe! I ask her what a naked woman chained to the bedpost can possibly do with a new wardrobe. She said that I just didn't understand, and that if I didn't buy her a new wardrobe she was going to call the Hostage Abuse Hotline, and I was afraid she was going to cry again. Please think of something. I am in real trouble here!

And the last note:

I give up. Come and get her. I'm going down to the police station to turn myself in. You will find her in the bedroom, chained to the bedpost. She is the naked one with the diamond solitaire necklace around her neck and the real expensive hairdo and \$1500 worth of clothes scattered all over the room. My credit card is over limit, I can't pay the mortgage, and jail has to be better than this.

And sure enough, there she was.

—END—