

The Curse of the Calcutta Diamond

"Ladies and gentlemen, please put your hands together and give a warm welcome to the most magnificent diamond you have ever seen in your life, the world famous Calcutta Diamond."

From the day it was found in 1934, bad luck had followed the diamond wherever it went. Mrs Masood, who had first spotted the diamond in a river while washing her clothes, had been eaten by a crocodile. Mr Gates, the American who had bought the diamond from her, had walked under a yellow New York cab. And its last owner, Mrs Peacock, had fallen off her horse and broken her neck. It was because of this that the diamond was now up for sale.

The people clapped and cheered. The roar of the crowd could be heard outside. They took photographs and the flashes of light made the diamond sparkle even more.

Rachael Langley was by far the best private detective around and she knew something was wrong. Pushing to the front of the crowd she tried to reach the diamond before it was too late. She picked up her radio:

'Matthew, don't allow anyone to get too close'.

The young and the old, the tall and the short, all pushed forward, trying hard to get a closer look. Children weaved in and out of legs like tiny bugs crawling through a thick forest.

Suddenly the lights went out and Rachael Langley, alongside everyone else in the museum, was thrown into darkness. A woman screamed and a man began yelling at people to stop pushing. Then, just as quickly as they had gone out, the lights came back on again.

Everybody stopped and stared – silence! The red velvet cushion which the diamond had only just been sitting on was now empty. The diamond had vanished!

