



BOARD OF STUDIES
NEW SOUTH WALES

*Sometimes the best weapon is charm."

said ~~Angel~~ Angel flicking her long brown hair over her shoulder. Cameron sighed as he watched his finest detective glide gracefully out of his office and scowled as his constables watched her leave.

"Sometimes you have too much charm." he whispered to himself as he leaned back in his leather chair. He worried about Angel, she always got the crim, but not without putting herself in danger first.

The sun beat down on Angel's face as she walked through the streets of Bondi. Every now and then she caught a glimpse of herself in the shop window and saw how everyone who passed her towered above. Angel knew she was short, but it never bothered her, if fact, she believed it worked in her advantage. Her lack of height and

Question 1: Genre - Crime Fiction.



extremely petite build served to disguise her deadly strength and lightning speed. She decided that she approved with her appearance on that particular day, and now she was off to catch a killer.

Bruno Abraham was a suspected terrorist who ^{was} believed to be the person responsible for the assassination of the Prime Minister. She had been tailing ^{him} for a few days and yesterday arranged a meeting. ~~She~~ The day before, Angel had 'accidentally' (on purpose) run up the back of Abraham's van and they exchanged details. "Oopp's I'm sorry" she had cried loudly. "That's the second time this week, I guess I'll get your phone number then." she added seductively.

"Sure, um, how about coffee tomorrow, we can sort this out then."

"Easy," Angel thought as she remembered their encounter, he seemed so eager and



Chumsy she thought to her self.

"Hi, how are you?" Angel said as she sat down next to Abraham.

They had decided to meet at Starbucks and Abraham was looking like an excited teenager on his first date. The two stumbled through conversation and Angel repeatedly flicked her hair and crossed her arms exposing a deep line of cleavage. After about half an hour, the 'criminal' excused himself from the table and disappeared behind a door labelled 'men'. Quickly Angel unzipped his backpack and stole a ~~an~~ ~~envelope~~ blank sealed envelope and a blue ~~en~~ computer disk. She then set her phone up so it would ring her in 3 minutes. Abraham returned, and the pointless conversation and cleavage ritual went on till the phone rang.

"Hello." Angel answered rather stupidly.



"Oh ok, sure, I can come in today, I'll be there asap." she said to the dial tone.

After lying to her 'date', Angel walked herself back to the office and shared her findings with her boss. In the envelope was a phone number. Angel dialed the number.

"Hello licensed Handguns" came the husky reply on the other end of the line. Angel wrote down the address of the shop and planned to visit them later. Now, the disk. She inserted it in the computer and to her dismay, a password blocked her way to vital clues.

"Well" her boss had said. "better find the password."

That afternoon, Angel made a phone call, to Abraham.

"Hi baby" she lied

"I'm sorry about before, having to leave

so soon, I really want to see you,
What are you doing tonight?"

Done. Angel would go over there tonight
and force the password out of him,
not using physical force, using her charm.

~~##~~ "Hello there baby," said Angel in
a childish voice as Abraham opened
the door. Suddenly he looked so young,
so innocent, so naive.

"An act" she warned herself.

As Abraham was pushed backwards by
an advancing Angel, beads of sweat
appeared on his ~~forehead~~ forehead and
he began to swallow hard. Angel pulled
the computer disk from her blouse and
awaited a violent reaction.

"password" she said as she flung
her blouse on the floor.

"It's just a disk with uni-stuff on it"
he stutered as he stared at her lacey
real bra. "Why would you want to see

that?" He fell backwards onto the bed and Angel pressed on.^{FE}

"If you give me the password, I'll give you what you want." she said seductively.

"button" he said in a high pitched, pre-teen voice and he~~s~~ grabbed her towards him. As she pulled away she ~~he~~ heard a peircing sound and watched blood explode from the excited man's head. Glass from the adjacent window flew across the floor like deadly beads of water and Abraham's breathing stopped short. Angel looked down at her exposed chest and watched blood trickle down her tummy like a small country stream. He was dead. Diving to the floor, Angel grabbed her blouse, the disk and ran to the front door. Someone had been watching the whole time, poor Abraham. Suddenly Angel realised



that the geeky man she had met at Starbucks probably had nothing to do with the assassination of the Prime Minister someone had set him up. That someone was now hunting her down.