

# The Case of the Stole Purse

Logan arrived at the scene of a purse snatching. He already knew the victim was Nana and she had caught the suspect and had him cuffed to a street sign.

When he pulled over to the side of the road and stepped out of his car, he was in awe at the sight. Nana had captured a man built like a lumberjack.

Nana began rapidly explaining the situation before he could get to her. With the traffic noise, he only understood two words. Neither could be repeated in polite company.

"Tell me again what happened?" Logan asked when he stopped next to her.

"I was eating my morning breakfast croissant at the Chubby Hubby Bakery on Michigan Ave. You know the place? It's famous for its lemon cupcakes."

When Logan nodded, she continued. "This guy snatched my purse and ran out the door. I raced after him, but I'm wearing pinchy shoes so I wasn't able to give a good chase. After hailing a taxi, I spotted him up ahead and told the taxi to floor it. I lost him once, but then caught him and cuffed him to the sign to be prosecuted to the full extent of the law."

"Where's the purse now?" Logan asked.

Nana shook her head. "I don't know. By the time I caught up to him, he didn't have it."

Logan looked over at the man who was tugging on the cuffs. Nana must have walloped him good because a black eye was already blooming, and his arm was scraped. It added to his disheveled appearance. His hair hadn't seen a brush for days, there was dirt on his pants, a stain on his shirt, and there was yellow crust on the corner of his mouth. "Sir, did you steal the purse?"

"I swear on my mama's grave, I didn't. I wasn't even on Michigan Ave today."

"Liar!" Nana said. "I saw you with my own two eyes."

"You got no proof, lady!"

Logan already had the proof he needed and placed the man under arrest.

But what was his proof?