Bad Day for Bobby

'You think he torched the car himself for the insurance money?' asked Senior Sergeant Darren Martin.

'Yes, Sir, I do. But I don't know how we're going to prove it,' replied Police Constable Sam Payne. 'It's all too neat and tidy for my liking.'

They were talking about the theft and burning of businessman Bobby Powell's car. It was a new model Mercedes valued at over $200,000.

'Let's go over his statement again,' suggested the senior officer.

Constable Payne pulled out the filing cabinet drawer and located the statement that Powell had given the day after the supposed theft. He began reading it aloud.

"Monday, January 22nd, 2003 ... Statement given by Robert Gregory Powell ... Yesterday I was going about my business as usual. I typed some letters on my word processor and answered my emails. I work from my office at home. At about 11 o'clock that morning I drove downtown. I went into the post office to buy some stamps. After doing this I climbed into my car again and went to the bank. It was quite busy so I had to park around a corner about two blocks away. When I had just about reached the bank I realised I'd left some papers I needed in the car. I went back and saw that my car was missing. I should have called the police straight away, I know, but I took my wife's car and went looking for the Mercedes.

"I saw some smoke on a deserted road on the outskirts of town—near the city garbage dump. When I drove down there I saw the remains of my car, still smoking." End of statement.

'Say, this bird's got a bit of form with us, hasn't he?' asked Sergeant Martin.

'Yes, Sir,' replied Payne. 'Mostly small time scams. Last year he advertised a sure-fire method of cutting household bills in half.'

'Oh yes, I remember now. People sent him fifty bucks and he mailed them a pair of scissors. We got him on a similar scam a year earlier.'

'Oh? What was that one, Sir?' asked Payne.

'He ran an ad promising to tell the secret used by wealthy people to be come rich,' said the Senior Sergeant.

'And what did they get for their money, Sir?' enquired Payne.

'For the hundred dollars that he charged them, they got a single sheet of writing paper with the word 'CHEAT' written on it in bold letters.'

'Anything connected to insurance money before?' asked the young constable.

'Two things. His wife once, supposedly, had some jewels stolen. Powell's story was on the nose but, in the end, the insurance company had to pay out.

'The other time is now. But he won't get away with it this time. He's going to spend some time in jail, making number plates for other people's expensive cars,' said the Senior Sergeant, closing the drawer of the filling cabinet. 'Come on! Let's go and drag him in here now and charge him. The story he told in his statement has to be a lie.'

Use your comprehension and detective skills to find out how the Senior Sergeant knew that Powell was not telling the truth in his statement.

Imagine a cool million in 90 days!
Can you afford to invest $2957 you can't afford not to!
That's all you need to make your life rich.
Guaranteed!
P O Box 113 Canungra 9000