Sebastian the Detective

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Sebastian's smart eye scoped the bustling streets for his next case. Sebastian had been called Sean ever since high school. It was because his brother had trouble saying Sebastian and called him Sean. Sean was born in Wyoming on a snowy cold day on December 11. Sean grew up on a farm milking cows, collecting eggs, and getting dirty. Ever since his papa had told him a detective story, he had been wanting to be a detective badly. So when Sean went to college he wrestled, boxed, and learned how to use his senses to outsmart others.
As he weaved through the crowds today a glint of something particular caught his attention. A man walked into a store slowly and carefully. Sean knew that this man's cautious emotions were worth investigating. Sean walked quickly after the man, ready for anything! As he hurried after the man, Sean made notes of his every moves and emotions. Just as he reached the entrance of the store, the man abruptly looked over his shoulder, catching Sean's gaze. Sean turned his head to look down the street and the man didn’t think twice and quickly slipped into the store, disappearing from view.
“Whew!” said Sean. He carefully scanned the street once more to ensure no one was watching and then followed the man inside the store. Sean could finally get a good look at the man. The man had long black beard, a lot of gray strands, and a short lasso. As the man entered the store, Sean found himself trying to control his racing heartbeat. With a steady breath, he followed the man down the aisles, aware of every creaking floorboard beneath his feet. Sean ducked into an aisle as the man looked back over his shoulder checking for people. Finally with an evil smirk the man filled his hands with very expensive goods and groceries.
“Ha ha ha!!” the villain cackled evilly. Just as Sean reached for the man to apprehend him, the man whipped out his lasso, forcing Sean to quickly rethink his next move. They skirmished out of the shop. “I’m no fool. Stand back and no harm done boy!” said the man. Sebastian ducked just in time to avoid the lasso swinging towards him. Sean was quick on his feet, dodging the lasso and quickly lunging towards the man, pinning him to the ground. “Give up! I’m the best detective in town!” yelled Sean.
The man struggled under Sean's grasp, but Sean was determined to keep him under control. After years on the farm, Sean was ready to act like he was catching a chicken that had escaped. Grabbing a pair of handcuffs from his pocket, Sean quickly secured the man's hands behind his back, making sure he wouldn't be able to break free.
The man growled and sneered as two police men forced him to his feet. “Take another step and you’re in jail for 3 years,” said a police officer. Sean, panting but victorious, signaled for backup to arrive and take away the criminal. Sean and the police officers led the villain away, their swift action preventing any further mischief. Later that night Sean looked down at the notes he had made of the criminal.
Back at home, the familiar smell of manure from the farm filled his nostrils, a reminder of where he came from and how far he'd come as a farmer. Folding up the notes, Sean tucked them into his coat pocket, a sense of pride rising up inside him. The case may have been closed, but Sean knew there would always be more to solve. Sean would always be ready for anything. Anything at all! With a determined glint in his eyes, Sean set his concerns on the next mystery that would cross his path, knowing that as long as he was alive there would never be enough criminals in town.